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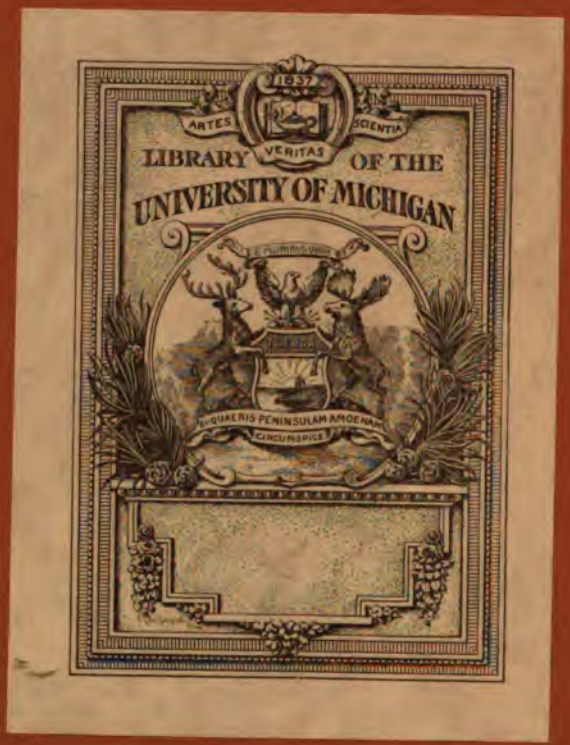

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The Lord is my Shepherd;—I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me;—thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;—my cup runneth over.
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.

Psalm XXIII.



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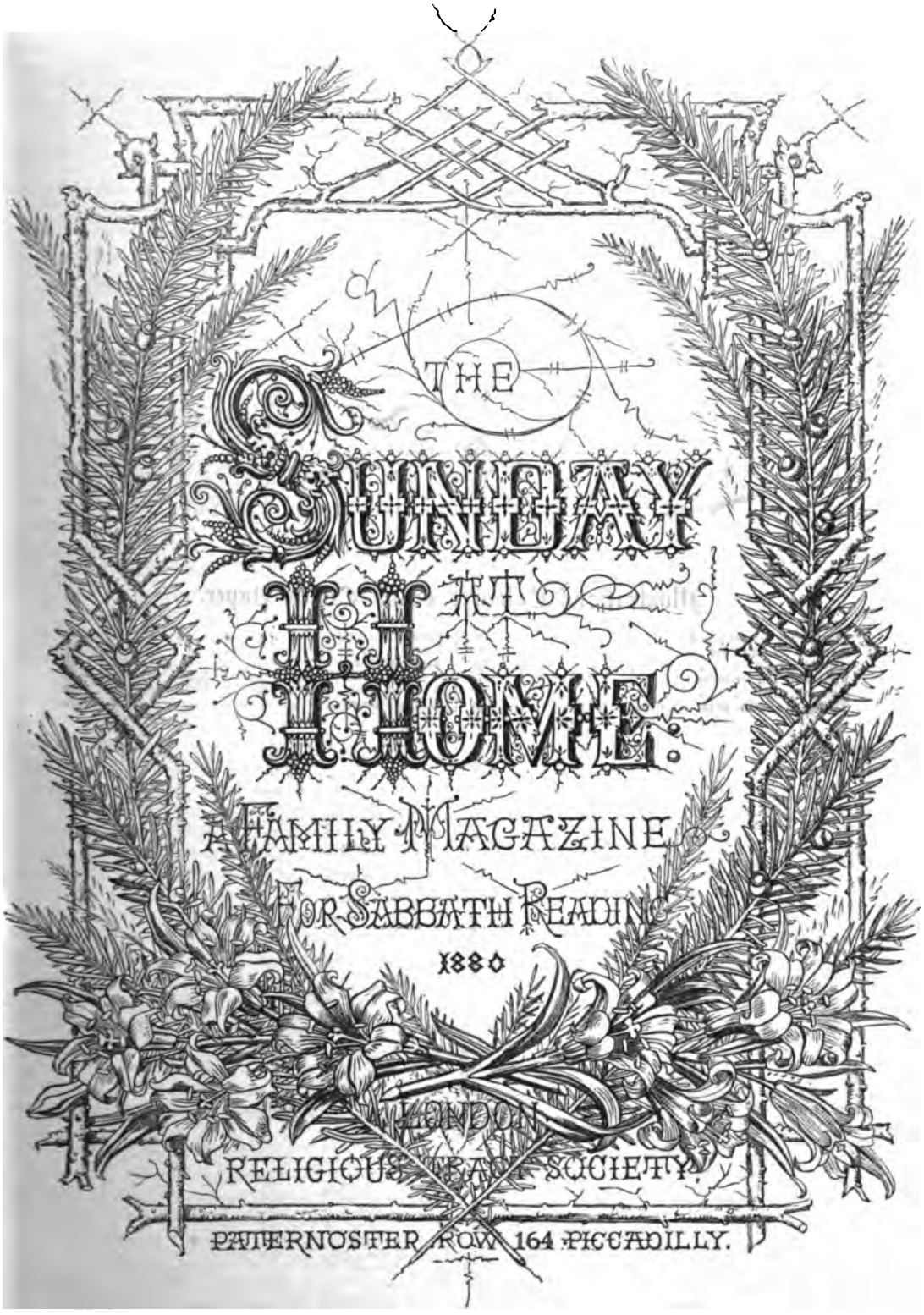

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



VISIONS OF PROSPERITY.

FARMER TRUEFIT'S BARLEY.

CHAPTER I.—BRIGHT—ALL BRIGHT! BUT GATHERING CLOUDS.

"HOW good! how very good!" cried Felix Truefit, closing his book, but still keeping his thumb in the place that contained the "very good" entry.

"Four hundred and seventy-two pounds net; enough to apprentice Jemmy at once, and a handsome balance over!"

Then he fell into a ruminating fit to this effect: "That was a fine thing, my appointment as sub-agent to Sir Blacklock; a very fine thing. Let me see"—here he began to count up all the pecuniary advantages that had come to him through his agency—"and not only my income increased, but friends—such friends—raised up to me! I have heard from Mr. Withy several times that Sir Blacklock is highly

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pleased with things; and as to him, the very last time I saw him, when we were looking over that splendid wheat-field, he said, 'Truefit, manage the land as you like; you are a capital farmer, first rate; I shall never interfere with you!'"

His meditations were interrupted by his cousin Ethelberga, who brought in her butter and cheese money and a long strip of paper with the account of prices and purchasers.

A most self-possessed, comfortable-looking person she was, with a settled, satisfied expression and the air of one supremely indifferent to general opinion. Sir Blacklock Sterne and Squire Withy not being of the number of those to whom she was directly responsible, she did not value their estimate of her "at a pin's point." To Felix Truefit she was answerable for the faithful discharge of her many duties; to Becky and Giles, her fags and factotums, she looked for a receipt in full as a mistress, and to little Jemmy for a loving testimony to her motherly care over him. With these acknowledgments she was satisfied; she cared not for "high nor low" as regarded praise or favour: as to high, she was not likely to meet her betters, for was not she descended from the Queen whose name she bore—the wife of that Edwin who was a Christian king over Northumbria in the year A.D. 627? Yes, the name had been kept up in her family from generation to generation, and she firmly believed there had never been a blur or a break in the line of descent. Could the Squire and the Baronet boast of A.D.? She doubted much if they had even come in with the Conquest!

The consequence was, she walked and talked and looked with a firmness and a dignity becoming a king's daughter; and it was with a somewhat royal air that she now spread the long paper and emptied the money-bag on the table before Felix.

"Count it and compare!" she said, pointing to it.

"Quite right—it's always right; what an excellent manager you are, cousin!" he replied, with a smile which she would once have valued, but which now was at a low price with her.

"I do believe it's the best week we have had for——" and he began to look over his book for dates and amounts.

"Never mind now," she said, "I must go and look after Giles, or I shall have to wait for water for to-morrow's wash; for he's been on a hunt after the same hen that strayed away in the spring. He believes she will come back with eleven chicks behind her, as she did then, but I tell him 'the work to pay is the work for the day.' He must prepare the water first."

Felix watched her as she left the room, and while he locked up his money and put away his book he fell into another ruminating fit, and these were his thoughts:

"Very valuable—no doubt of it; but, although she thinks so much of herself, she is very so-so to look at. And there's such consequence about her! Ordinary—well, to say truth—ugly as she is, she struts as if she really were that old queen that's somewhere in the English History, and that she is so fond of talking about. I almost wish I could do without her! but I can't yet—anyhow. I don't think she will do for Witherstowe; I shall have to keep up an acquaintance with my neighbours—several large farmers about there; and she has such odd manners—I shall be ashamed of her—and I can't keep her at a distance if I would!"

It was puzzling, and as he walked towards "the pride of his heart," his splendid corn-field, visions of coming prosperity were dimmed with perplexing fears and doubts. "But I haven't got Witherstowe yet!" he said, as the corn-field came in view, and hope triumphed, and he rejoiced in what was certainly his. "I shall have it though," he whispered to himself. "Yes—the Squire was right; I knew it as well as he did! It will be worth from 800*l.* to a 1,000*l.*, and that, with only my present balance, will come up to near 1,500*l.*; by the time I've added the rest of this year's profits—well, it will take that and more to stock Witherstowe, if I get it. I shan't be able to apprentice Jemmy yet: indeed"—here the sun lit up the corn with such a resplendent glow, as he sat on the stile looking at it, that it seemed to be reflected on his heart and to shine out on his face; and he suddenly exclaimed, "If I get Witherstowe I won't apprentice the boy at all; I'll send him to some agricultural college and bring him up a first-rate farmer! Mr. Withy will tell me the best place; he knows all such things; and he'll approve of it, I know; he likes people to rise; and he'll be sure to let the baronet hear of it. Ah! it's worth something to have a friend like the Squire!"

Felix was so well pleased at the vision he had conjured up that a smile of satisfaction greeted Ethelberga, or Miss Bergy, as she was commonly called, as she entered the kitchen for dinner. By her wish and without dissent from him hitherto, all the family had dined together (as farmers were wont to do in olden time). She had been used to the custom in her father's house in her childhood, and had established it when, at the death of his wife, she had come to superintend the domestic affairs of her cousin.

The smile faded as dinner went on; gradually the homely appearance and uncompromising manners of her Saxon Majesty, as Felix styled his cousin, clouded the brightness that had raised it, and when Giles and Becky were gone, and he had sent Jemmy after them, he determined to give vent to his feelings.

"Ahem! Ethelberga!" he cried, seeing she, having had everything cleared away to her mind and taken up her key basket, was about to follow.

"Well, Felix!" she answered, turning to the summons.

"I think you said something yesterday about preparing Jemmy to go to Mr. Thompson's."

"He's nearly done—all but aprons—he must have them," she replied.

"Ah—but I have changed my mind—at least I think so. I was rather precipitate in speaking to Thompson about it."

Miss Berga looked unutterable things, put down her key basket, and stood still, facing him. At length she asked,

"Why so?"

In reply he launched forth into a glowing sketch of his future, and of the advantages to be derived by placing Jemmy in a higher position than that of Thompson's apprentice.

"Thompson is very respectable," she remarked.

"Oh, I know that; very respectable; but he is in a very small way of business. With my prospects,

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cousin, I see it to be my duty to do better for Jemmy."

As she did not seem to fall comfortably into his way of thinking, he entered more particularly into matters, expatiating on his beautiful corn-field and its certain yield of 800*l.* at least. Also on the high esteem in which he was held by Sir Blacklock Sterne, and Squire Withy, his agent, adding, "And you know, Berga, he is a squire really, and, in his way, as great a man as the baronet."

"Richer, they say," she replied, less impressed than suited Felix' liking.

"Ah, I dare say they are right. Well, of course, the more I prosper the more I shall rise in his opinion. Don't you see that?"

"Yes, cousin, I see it plain enough. 'Help yourself and your friends will love you,' that's the way of the world," she said, with an expression of face and voice he did not care to notice.

"Yes, yes; I know it is so," he answered; "and while we are in the world we must—we must——" here he hesitated, for he did not know how far he might safely venture in a compromising avowal.

Miss Berga did not attempt to help him out; she knew well enough what was passing in his mind, but she left him to say what kind and degree of sacrifice he was ready to make to worldly policy.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" he exclaimed, somewhat angrily, as he turned away from her steady look; "it's my bounden duty to do the best I can for Jemmy; you must own that!"

"You thought, up to now, that 'prenticing him to Thompson was the best you could do!"

"I did, I know I did; but——" here he reiterated his expected advance in position and circumstances in still more glowing terms.

The corn-field, the Baronet, and the Squire, and all they were to do for his fortunes passed by her as the idle wind; true to her point she answered,

"Thompson refused Beach's boy on purpose to take Jemmy; won't he take it hard?"

"Can't help that. We must all do the best we can for ourselves." He was getting very much out of sorts, it was evident.

"The way to do the best for ourselves, is to do right by others," she replied.

"And pray whose profit am I bound to study first; Thompson's or Jemmy's?"

The sharp tone in which this query was put showed her that plain speaking-out of that which had for some time burdened her mind, would be her best course. She said quietly:

"Cousin Felix, it's better out than in: you're a changed man of late—and, to be plain, the change is no way for the better!"

He lifted his eyebrows, stared, and tried to put on a lofty air, and smile a contemptuous smile; but he did not do it well; his face quivered.

"Ah, it's only to be expected you'd be angry and scornful; never mind! Truth is cheap at any price; you mustn't quarrel with a good word because it comes out of a homely mouth; remember, the sweetest mignonette grows in onion beds."

He made no reply, and she debated within herself if she had better go on or stop. She turned as if to leave the room, but, changing her mind, she wheeled round and added, "Yes; better out than in, as I said. When I first came to keep your house you had the character and the talk, and some of the ways of a godly man; but since you've prospered so much, although you may set up for the character and the talk, you've dwindled apace in the ways. Don't stay me!" (seeing he was about to interrupt her) "it's out of right goodwill I speak. Remember, Cousin Felix, the world is never so false as when it speaks fairest; it will smile and smile while you go with it; but only let God send a rough wind to bring you back to Himself and His ways, and it will show you the worth of its favour. For every slip you make to please it now, it will pay you with slaps when you part company with it. I know the cheat of it, cousin: 'Lay up money,' it says; 'money's the thing to carry you on, and up, and through,' but the world is a liar, like its master and god, and you'll find that you may lay up silver and gold like dust, and you may prepare raiment; but the innocent shall divide the silver, and the just shall wear the raiment!"

Truth being on her side made her reproof still more unpalatable; Felix gave her, in very high words, to understand that she presumed on the score of relationship, but that he would not allow her to interfere with his ways, nor take undue liberties with him.

"Travel your own road," she said, quite calmly; "but remember another thing, with riches comes trouble. Jacob was more at peace when he was poor, than when he increased exceedingly."

Finding he could not awe her into silence, and not caring for more of what his conscience told him was the truth, he left the room with a very lofty air, debating whether any amount of thrift, providence, industry, diligence, and devotion to his interests were worth the price he must pay if she remained his housekeeper; namely, patience under lectures, and irritation under the constant supervision he saw in store for him.

"When she gets on the high horse with her religion, it turns her head; it's worse than her *anno Domini* 627!" he muttered to himself. "I wish she would go, but not yet; no, I must stop till I get yonder."

Ethelberga, calm as she had appeared, had felt troubled. She was sure she had done her duty in speaking as she had done. She had not made her charge without foundation for it; there was good reason for telling him he had changed for the worse since she came to keep his house. The practice of family worship, then rigidly observed, was now a merely nominal affair, made to give way to any obstacle of a business kind that started up. She was also much afraid that he had declined from his old habit of private prayer and Bible reading, and that the first and last hours of the day were no longer given to God.

"A little leak will sink a great ship," she thought; "I doubt he will founder at last, if he does not see to it that the leak is stopped—for a leak there is, and no denying it."

For some time she had been perplexed and troubled at the change in him; and she began to doubt if she should be doing the right thing in remaining with him. "I'm none so strong in the faith myself that I can reckon on holding on the way where the rule is to go contrary to it; 'little boats should keep near shore,' mother used to say; and she was right!"

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One thing stood in the way of her newly-settled resolve to go—this was little Jemmy.

"Poor lad! How can I leave him?" she had always asked herself, when her mind was agitating the question of what she should do; but now he was to go to a college he would not want her any longer. If he had, according to the old plan, been apprenticed to Thompson, she would have been constrained, by her promise to his mother, still to keep watch over him, for the shop was not a mile away, and she could have easy and constant access to him—but college! where and what would that be? She had no notion of the thing nor its place; it was something altogether beyond her reach.

"Well, this is how I'll settle it," she said to herself; "I'll wait till he goes to college, whatever that may be; and then I'll say good-bye to his father. I shall have done my best for Jemmy; I wish I could help Felix. His poor wife was always afraid of the world's coming in like a thief on his heart, and she thought that a friend that would bring 'the word' before him when he grew slack, would put him on his guard; but it's no use that I am of; I'm out of favour with him now, I can see; 'honey isn't sweet to a sour mouth'; and no heart is large enough to hold God and the world at the same time; so, when Jemmy is gone, I'll go!"

A few days passed; the intercourse between Felix and his cousin was restrained, but there was no avowed separation between them. At times, when proofs arose before him of her usefulness and value, Felix returned to his old manner of confidence and intimacy. But he met with no response; she maintained her uncompromising gravity, unmoved by his advances, and sometimes offended by what she looked on as the condescending manner in which they were made.

She was in the house superintending the next day's wash, when she heard Giles's voice in tones of unusual agitation, and hastened at once into the yard. He was standing in the middle of it, holding a beautiful highly-groomed, spirited horse—or, we should say, trying to hold it.

"Whoa! What a creetur this is for fidgets! But there, it's the natur' o' the beast; there's no good lookin' for anything else."

"Nature's a strong master, my lad, remember that; but whose horse is it, and how came you to be holding it?" she asked, looking somewhat apprehensively at the struggle going on.

"It's Squire Withy's horse, and how I come to be holding of him was by being put to do it; and I'll make over the job wi' lovin' goodwill to any one as has a mind to take it," he replied.

"You ought to be pumping up water for the washing to-morrow," said Ethelberga, vexed at the interruption of the regular work.

"Ought's naught when a stronger ought comes afore it," he gasped, adding, "I don't care how soon this precious piece o' natur' gets out o' my hands to his master's; I'd rather pull at twenty pumps than stand here by him! An' by his way, he don't like it a bit better nor me. Whoa! I say!" he cried almost frantically, as the animal plunged and struggled still more violently for liberty.

"Hold him fast; I'll feteh the blacksmith; he'll master him!" said Miss Berga, hastening away.

She returned to see Giles standing, the picture of dismay, with a broken rein in his hand.

"What have you done with the horse?" she said hastily.

"Nay, I done naught wi' him, but him a' done a lot wi' me—nigh wrenched my arms from my body, and flurried my heart out!"

"Dear me! What will the Squire say?" she exclaimed, moved to unusual excitement.

"Say! Know what he'd a ought to say!" he answered, looking ruefully at the blood that dropped from his face on to his chafed hands; "he'd a ought to say as he were very sorry he'd put me, as had no call to him, wi' such a awk'ard beast."

In vain she asked which way the horse had gone; all she could get from the injured Giles was that by one sharp pull he had liberated himself, left a part of his rein in his hand, and thrown him by the violence of the shock on to his face upon the stones. "A couldn't a stopped him if a would, an'——" he nearly added; "an' a wouldn't if a could!" but he forbore. He saw with disgust that what he had suffered would be counted as nothing, even by the friendly and feeling Miss Bergy, in comparison with any injury the "piece o' natur" might have sustained in its flight; and he groaned inwardly, "it's a very unfair world! A world where the strong puts upon the weak! More's the shame for the strong; more's the pity for the weak!"

It was a relief to Miss Berga when the blacksmith brought the runaway safely back into the yard. The rein was quickly repaired, but not so as to escape the notice of the Squire, who, surprised at seeing the blacksmith officiating as groom, inquired into the matter, while Felix, greatly annoyed, listened.

"It's well he hasn't injured himself," said the Squire, after examination assenting to the blacksmith's verdict that it was so; "but, Truefit, send off that muff that I left him with; he's not fit for your servant."

As he was mounting, he repeated the injunction, adding; "That muff is only fit to follow a plough or manage an ass!"

A New Year.

"Behold, I make all things new."—*Rev.* xxi. 5.

BROTHER, new heart be thine
This year new-born—new height, new depth, new scope;
New faith to hold the leading Hand Divine,
Press on, nor pause, nor grope;
New love, new hope;
New pity for the weakness of thy brothers;
New disregard of self, new thought for others.
New strength to wield the two-edged sword of God
'Gainst greed and cruelty and smooth deceit;
New strength to follow where the Master trod,
Though thorns may tear thy feet;
Yea, and to bless thy soul, and keep thee strong,
Heard in thy dreams, faint strains of that New Song!

F. L.

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HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THE writer of these papers is well aware that an ambitious title has been placed at their head. Still there is no other title which so well describes the line of thought which they are intended to follow. Paley has applied, with results of the highest value, a certain method to the writings of the Apostle of the Gentiles, taken in connection with the record of that apostle in the Book of the Acts. The applications of this method are not yet quite exhausted: and it may be used with great advantage, due allowance being made for certain palpable differences between the two cases, to that apostle who is the most conspicuous alike in the gospel history and in the early part of the apostolic history, and two of whose epistles are in the Sacred Volume.

No very precise order or system will be rigorously adhered to in these papers. They are intended to be merely a series of short detached essays, written with one general end in view. No attempt will be made in them to produce a treatise in the slightest degree resembling the "Horæ Paulinæ." Nor, indeed, do the circumstances admit of this. The materials before the author of that book, in regard to the life and writings of St. Paul, were varied and copious. In the present instance, the range of epistolary writing, which presents opportunities for criticism and comparison, is far more scanty. Thus, in the nature of the case, no scope is really given for any ambitious imitation. Moreover, it is the desire of the writer, while suggesting certain "undesigned coincidences" in connection with St. Peter, as well adapted to increase our confidence in the trustworthy character of the New Testament, to keep in view, likewise, the edification to be derived from this apostle's life and character, from his words and from the words specially addressed to him by our Lord.

In certain respects, indeed, there are advantages in the case of St. Peter for this comparative biographical treatment, which do not exist to an equal extent in the case of St. Paul. If notices of the life and character of the latter apostle can be brought together from two sections of Holy Scripture, we have much concerning the former from three very distinct sections. St. Peter comes definitely before us in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles. If illustrations of the Acts of the Apostles drawn from letters are scanty and almost invisible in the one case, whereas they are copious and varied in the other, still St. Peter binds together the early part of that history with the gospel history by the continuous thread of his own vigorous and animated life: while, in the instance of St. Paul, that close connection with Christ during the Lord's earthly life, which brings his brother-apostle's character most distinctly to view, is entirely absent. While St. Peter was living amid wondrous miracles and sacred discourses, exhibiting his own good and bad qualities, and connecting himself with incidents full of instruction for all time, nothing was more unsuspected than that such a career as that of St. Paul should afterwards be run.

Some of these remarks might be made with equal truth of St. John: and in certain particulars, indeed, as to the view we are now taking of the apostles, his position was superior to that of St. Peter. He shared with St. Peter the blessed and ever-fruitful experience of the gospel time; and, like him, is both a conspicuous figure in the early annals of the Apostolic Church, and also a writer of inspired epistles. But in other respects he has a pre-eminence which the other has not. St. Peter did not write a Gospel. St. Peter was not appointed to write the Apocalypse. St. John is presented before us not simply in three strongly-contrasted portions of the New Testament, but in four. Still, on the other hand, for the discovery and study of character, St. Peter does more for us than St. John. There is always something of mystery hanging about the latter, so that we never seem fully to know him; whereas we always appear to understand the former. His animated, energetic life is ever before us, as we read the Gospels; and this is true to a very great extent, of the early part of the Acts of the Apostles. On the whole St. Peter is, more than anyone else, the personal link which binds together all the various parts of the New Testament.

This being so, it must be desirable to bring together into one view, as far as possible, all the notices, direct and indirect, of this apostle. By this method we must find that new light is thrown on a subject worthy of careful study. From such criticism important results must follow, in the way either of gain or of loss. On this comparison of the different parts of the New Testament, through the help of a biographical thread, either inconsistencies will reveal themselves, or our confidence in Holy Scripture will increase in consequence of our finding harmony without contrivance.

And if our confidence in the New Testament is increased (as, it may safely be predicted, will be the case) on following this line of inquiry, then another advantage will indirectly follow. The Peter of the Gospels, the Peter of the Acts, and the Peter of the Epistles being compared together, we shall see him more fully and more accurately as he is; and his example will be more complete and more forcible. He will come before us as a living reality, with

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more persuasion than if we examined the detached notices of him in different places without any comparison; and the instruction provided in connection with his words and deeds will be proportionately increased, for the improvement of our own life and conduct.

One thought should be perpetually in our minds, while we are engaged in such studies. We should remember that St. Peter, when he was with our Lord on earth, was under training for the future. This fact binds together many things which might otherwise seem detached or accidental. When this thought is present with us, we look forward from the gospel incidents in which this apostle was concerned to what he became afterwards: and, conversely, when we read his speeches in the Acts, or the epistles which he wrote, we turn back, in profitable retrospect, to his journeys and his conversations with Christ. We are apt to forget that the record of the Saviour's earthly intercourse with His apostles is not simply instructive reading, to be read by all generations of men for the benefit of their souls. It is this, of course; but it is more. There is a wider view to be taken of this sacred intercourse, a view which has reference to the founding and building up the Church. To this work Peter and his brother apostles were appointed; and every word of Christ to which they listened, every deed of Christ which they witnessed, was part of their preparation.

This circumstance gives new and weighty meaning to the position of Peter on various great occasions—to his discourse at Pentecost, when the promise was fulfilled which had been so tenderly and earnestly made at the most solemn moments—to the conversion of Cornelius, when, contrary to all expectations of his own, he was made the instrument of bringing in the Gentiles, without any previous condition—to the Council at Jerusalem, when, in the critical time of transition, on the bridge, as it were, of the early Apostolic Church, this Apostle stood side by side with St. Paul. These are not simply passages of St. Peter's life, nor simply passages of ecclesiastical history, but part of a great career for the benefit of the world, the rudiments of which career were begun in personal intercourse with Jesus Christ.

Under the influence of the same thought we read the Epistles of St. Peter with more interest and advantage. These epistles must be samples of the mature teaching of this apostle in the various scenes of his ministry, the elements of which he received in Palestine from Christ himself. And even as they stand by themselves, without any reference to his general missionary work, they acquire fresh significance when set side by side with what we read in the Gospels. One illustration occurs at once to the memory. In the second epistle (i. 16–18) St. Peter writes: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of his majesty: for He received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: and this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount." This reference, however, to a great gospel scene, at which St. Peter was present, is so palpable, so intentional and direct, that we cannot build upon it any of that kind of argument which is drawn from "undesigned coincidences." In the first epistle, on the other hand, there are, as we shall see, many reminiscences of the gospel time, so delicate that they might easily escape notice, if the mind of the reader were not fixed on this line of thought, yet so striking, when observed, that from this source a strong reinforcement may be drawn of our confidence in Scripture.

And, to end these preliminary remarks by returning to the character of St. Peter, his first epistle is peculiarly precious to us in this account, because it exhibits to us his growth in gentleness, patience, and self-restraint. The eagerness and impulsiveness of the older days seem to be gone. Once he had deprecated the Lord's sufferings. Now it is become his highest joy to go in that divine path of suffering towards the glory that will follow. We must not, however, in this introductory paper multiply instances in illustration of the general subject. Such instances in detail will form the material from which the argument is to be constructed. Enough has probably been already said to show that, without any ambitious attempt at system or completeness, it will be easy so to pursue this course of thought, that, if we may give this turn to a remarkable passage of the Acts (v. 15), "at least the shadow of Peter passing by" may fall on our hearts and help us to draw nearer to his Master and ours.

THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

THE story of the pulpit through all ages, from that celebrated pulpit of wood which Ezra put up "in the large square near the water-gate," down to the present time, is one of the most impressive and interesting histories in the world. It has never, really, been efficiently recited, but it is not an exaggeration to say that it would yield to no other story in interest. The history of music, the history of any department of art, the history of the drama, the history of secular oratory, would none of them present such a variety of human interest; and not one would show such an amazing series of consequences following in its train. Whatever questions may be debated as to the power of the pulpit in our own day, it has unquestionably wrought great social changes in the past, and has been a vehicle of pre-eminent power. Reviewing the history of the Church throughout all ages, the apostle's words that by "the foolishness of preaching" God would save the world, are really prophetic. Preachers in our time are said to have alighted upon the age of small congregations. Dr. Hanna, in his

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interesting life of Dr. Chalmers, tells the story of his hearing the Doctor at the Tron Church, one Sunday evening, when the pressure of the multitudes was so tremendous that it finally resulted in the destruction of the doors. Hanna went to the Doctor in the vestry after the service, and they walked home together. Chalmers, in his simple, pithy manner, expressed his annoyance at such crowds; he said, "I preached the same sermon in the morning, sir, and for the very purpose of preventing the annoyance of such a densely-crowded place, I intimated very plainly to the people that I should preach it again." Then, with the most ingenuous artlessness, he said, "Have you ever tried that plan, sir?" "I laughed out right," says Hanna, "'No, no,' I replied, 'my good friend; there are but very few of us who are under the necessity of having recourse to means for getting thin audiences.'" Chalmers enjoyed the joke, and felt, though he modestly disowned, the compliment. It is true few preachers nowadays need resort to expedients for thinning their audiences. Cowper's often quoted words are true:

"I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth. There stands
The legate of the skies; his theme Divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him, the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and, by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace."

And only a few lines further on, from the same pen, we have quite another description of the man in the pulpit, a picture, perhaps, better known than the first.

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
Cry, hem! and reading what they never wrote,—
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And, with a well-bred whisper, close the scene."

The stories of both of these orders of men are innumerable, and as interesting as they are numerous. In the course of a few pages we will attempt to gather, from various sources, illustrations of the pulpit in its dignity and its defection.

Cowper's estimate of the pulpit seems to be very high:

"The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause;"

but the history of the pulpit may almost be described as the history of the most important achievements of the human voice conveying a message of more than human power. How wonderful is the story of St. Bernard; equally wonderful the story of Savonarola in Florence; then to think of Luther, and all the great preachers of the Reformation; and what a host of names instantly start to the memory—of men whose words kept alive a flame, however languishing, of spiritual power in the hearts and minds of men throughout Europe and America, and even in other parts of the world, and in little communities, such as those in the scattered villages of Holland, or among the Landes in the south of France. What an attraction there has been—what a human link and bond of sympathy in the preacher, either in the first instance as the village clergyman, or, in the other, as the wandering visitor and itinerant. And how simple, usually. What costly sums are expended on the stage, or the orchestra, for their great effects. The pulpit and the preacher have relied on no external attractions, and, in their most efficient moods, can only arrest souls in their times of need, and deep feeling, and thoughtfulness.

God has set forth the preacher as the world's great human renovator; and in the course of the following papers we shall attempt to show that, with all its frequent delinquencies and sad shortcomings, the human voice there has sounded out the notes of social reformation. It has been the precursor of the great conquests of civil freedom; it has been the intrepid champion of civil liberty; sometimes it has even shown its great power in more than a questionable manner, as in the days of the Crusades, when it stirred Europe to madness. More than all these achievements, the pulpit has been the "great power of God unto salvation." It is the agency through which the Spirit, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, moves the minds and hearts of men.

"There stands the legate of the skies!"

That preacher must have been such an one of whom we read in the story of the Reformation in France. He was called to preach before that cruel and licentious persecutor, Francis I. and his court, in the then most fashionable church in Paris, St. Eustache. There was an immense crowd of ecclesiastics and courtiers; and in that day, when the King and the Papists were burning men because they refused to acknowledge the sacrifice of the Mass, in that splendid assembly, the preacher had the courage to say: "The end of all visible things is to lead us to invisible things; the bread upon the altar is only to teach us that Christ is the food of the soul; seated at the right hand of God Himself, Jesus Christ lives in the affections of his disciples. 'Seek those things which are above,' says the apostle, 'where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God!' Do not confine yourselves at mass to what is upon the altar; rise by faith, *there* to find the Son of God! When he has taken the elements, does not the priest cry aloud, '*Sursum corda?*' that is, 'Lift up your hearts! These words signify, 'Here is the bread; here is the wine; but Jesus is in Heaven!'" Then with dignity the preacher turned round to the king, and exclaimed, "Sire, if you wish to have Jesus Christ, do not look for Him in the visible elements; soar to heaven on the wings of faith. What did St. Augustine say? 'It is by believing in Jesus Christ that we eat his flesh; if it were true that Jesus Christ could be touched by hands and devoured by the teeth, we should not say, "*Sursum*," upwards, but "*Deorsum*," downwards.' Sire, it is to heaven I invite you. Hear the voice of the Lord, '*Sursum Corda!*' Sire, '*Sursum Corda!*'"

This was brave preaching; and we can imagine the uplifted finger of the preacher, and his sonorous voice ringing through the crowded church, and carrying conviction, we should think, to the crowd, when a single wave of the royal hand could have delivered him to the flames; nor do we wonder,

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under the circumstances, that the king heard him no more, and that the preacher had to make his escape as best he could from the effects of his all too faithful preaching. Sovereigns have sometimes heard unpalatable truths from these "legates of the skies."

There is a capital story told in the very pleasant memoirs of that beautiful and admirable man Dr. Alexander Waugh; it was given to the doctor at the Hague, and the incident appears to have happened before his visit there in 1802. There was a young man of great ability, a student for the ministry. His father was an ordinary preacher at the Court of the Prince of Orange; the prince wished to hear the son, but would scarcely condescend to ask him to take the pulpit; but he ordered the father to push the son into the pulpit without much notice, at the last moment, in order that the prince might form a fair estimate of his powers. The prince also gave to the father the text; it was from the eighth chapter of the Acts, the twenty-sixth to the fortieth verses, the story of Philip and "the eunuch of great authority under Queen Candace." The young man was confounded, but there was no escape.

The church was crowded; the audience mostly courtly and noble. After the preliminary service, he announced his text, which he said contained four wonders which he would make the four heads of his sermon, and if he should say anything to which their ears had been unaccustomed in that place, he hoped the unprepared state of his mind, and his sudden call, would plead his apology, and that they would consider the things he might speak as, according to our Lord's promise, given to him in that hour.

"Head the First; Wonder the First. A courtier reads!" Here he explored the sad neglect in the education of great men in modern times; their general ignorance, and the little attention paid by them to books in general.

"Head the Second; Wonder the Second. A courtier reads the Bible!" Here he dwelt upon and deplored the melancholy want of religious sentiments and feelings in the minds of the great, and how impoverished and destitute such minds must be.

"Head the Third; Wonder the Third. A courtier owns himself ignorant of his subject!" And here he dwelt at length, while he exposed the conceit and presumption of ignorance in high places, which fancied itself to be in possession of real knowledge, ashamed to confess its want of information. And then came

"Head the Fourth: Wonder the Fourth. A courtier applies to a minister of Christ for information, listens to his instruction, and follows his counsel!" It was said that the prince usually slept through the whole sermon, but he neither winked nor nodded once while this sermon was going on. It is also said that this young preacher was never put into that pulpit again. The "legate" was too faithful!

Certainly such stories as these we have quoted are of men of a widely different order from him of whom Cowper speaks as "the thing which mounts the rostrum with a skip." Levity in the pulpit is, if we think of it, a wonderful thing, and it can only co-exist with an utter abandonment to conceit, and entire unconsciousness both of the sacred truth and of the deference due to an audience of thinking and affectionate beings. But levity itself is many-coloured, and there is a kind of levity which audiences have liked and encouraged, a ridiculous and flippant treatment of sacred topics, ingenious trifling, exhibiting perhaps the cleverness of the preacher, and his knowledge of his own cleverness, but out of keeping with the great business for which the pulpit was first erected. In the history of the pulpit there have been times when this ingenious trifling was greatly the fashion. A preacher of the time of James I. has left a sermon from the text, "*and* Bartholomew," the great business of which is to show that the name of Bartholomew never appears in Scripture without the copulative conjunction "and"; and from this he proceeds elaborately to argue for the Christian duty of mutual help and assistance, and all this is evolved from the monosyllable "and." There is a well-known story of one of these ingenious worthies, who was a candidate for a lectureship in one of the old city churches in London; and, desirous of giving a most favourable impression of the ingenuity with which he could torture a text to his own meaning, he took for his subject the word "but." This disjunctive conjunction led him to dwell upon the truth that there is no lot in life without its cross: "Naaman was a mighty and honourable man of valour, *but* he was a leper"; "The five wicked cities were as fruitful as the garden of God; *but* the men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly"; "The inhabitants of Ai thought they had put the Israelites to flight; *but* they knew not that there were liers in wait behind the city"; and so on went the divine, probably well satisfied with his ingenious performance. Arrived in the vestry, he was met by the chief trustee of the lectureship, who said to him, "Sir, it was a most ingenious discourse, and we are exceedingly obliged to you for it, *but* you are not the preacher that will do for us."

It has been very truly said that there is a great difference between the "foolishness of preaching" and foolish preaching. These illustrations of folly in the pulpit would make a painful story, in the memory of the entire forgetfulness such stories imply of the minister's work. But there is a phase of pulpit folly which is much more painful than the remarks of flippancy or levity; foolish sermons where the preacher is altogether unaware of the folly which is leaping from his lips. If sometimes the overflowing humour of a man have caused him to be guilty of sins against good taste, on the other hand, the entire absence of humour in some men has quite prevented their perception of the grotesque. In Robert Robinson's notes to "Claude's Essay on the Composition of a Sermon," there is a strange collection of illustrations from all preachers — Popish and Protestant — of this singular absence of correct taste. We have most probably somewhat improved in our good taste; it seems almost impossible to realize that any preacher could have used such language as that we find in the sermons of Edward Willan, Vicar of Hoxne, Suffolk, in 1651: as for example when he likens the Christian life to a game at cards, and says, "He that hath no charity in his cribbage must needs be bilkt in his last account." And very astonishing have some of the texts been upon which

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[See S. H., 1878, p. 631]

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING AT GWENNAP PIT.

[From the Picture by W. O. Geller.

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some ministers have felt themselves called to expatiate. We have heard of one, who, preaching on the types and their signification, took for his text, Leviticus iii. 3, 4, "And he shall offer of the sacrifice of the peace-offering . . . . the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is upon the inwards, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is on them, which is by the flanks, and the caul above the liver, with the kidneys, it shall he take away." A young clergyman who listened to this exposition became so heart-sick that he left the assembly, driven out by this indiscreet use of obsolete language. And yet, even in such expositions as these, perhaps, everything depends upon the man who handles the text. Probably many of our readers are acquainted with that most enchanting book, Hugh Miller's "Schools and Schoolmasters," and they will remember his account of his early minister and friend, Alexander Stewart of Cromarty, of whom the great geologist says, "How could such a man pass from earth and leave no trace behind him?" and to whom, on his death, he applies those magnificent lines of the poet,

> "A mighty spirit was eclipsed—a power
> Had passed from day to darkness, to whose hour
> Of light no likeness was bequeathed—no name."

Hugh Miller heard Mr. Stewart preach from the same subject as that of the sickening text we quoted above, and he says "He drew a picture of the slaughtered animal, foul with dust and blood, and streaming in its impurity to the sun, as it awaited the consuming fire amid the uncleanness of the ashes outside the the camp; its throat gashed across, its entrails laid open—a vile and horrid thing, which no one could see without experiencing emotions of disgust, nor touch without contracting defilement. The description appeared too painfully vivid; its introduction too little in accordance with the rules of a just taste; but the master in this difficult walk knew what he was doing, 'and *that*,' he said, pointing to the strongly-coloured picture he had just completed, '*and that is sin!*' By one stroke the intended effect was produced and the rising disgust and horror transferred from the revolting material image to the great moral evil." This is fine, but it is only great masters, alike of analogy, language, and emotion, who can deal thus with these delicate and difficult themes.

The power of the pulpit is, in one word, *persuasion*. Whatever may be its artillery, whatever its various methods and modes, it reaches its end when it fulfils this; it falls short of its end when it fails here. Its ample and moving flights of impassioned eloquence; its strong rivets of plated common-sense; its strokes of humour, sanctified and toned to high purpose, its "slap-dash" strokes, as Dean Milman characterised the preaching of Rowland Hill—every image or analogy judiciously used has this for its object. Its use of parable and anecdote; its lighter touches of description; its impassioned declamation—persuasion is the end and purpose of all. It has been said to be the firmly-linked chain of thought made red-hot with the live fire of emotion. It has often been remarked, perhaps more frequently than felt, that our Lord's discourses are the models for all preaching. They are so; but their chief element is persuasion—usually how gentle; doctrine distilling like the dew, or coming down like the soft summer rain on the mown grass, in parable, proverb, and story, with a bland and courteous entreaty, although sometimes rising to vehement invective, and stern and terrible denunciation. It is nevertheless all persuasion; whether he sits in the midst of the crowd, on the side of the hill or the mountain, or speaks to the multitudes on the shore, from the deck of the ship, or quietly pours out his stream of words to his friends in the upper room. As to the manner of what He said, it is all an impressive, subduing, and more captivating persuasiveness which arrests us. Socrates was a great talker—one of the world's most wonderful talkers—a born talker; but one cannot but feel that his first instinct with every man with whom he talked was to quarrel with him, to do exactly what the Pharisees are said to have attempted with our Lord, "to catch him in his words." This was never our Lord's method. Sometimes we find how, when they attempted it, He caught them in their own trap and toil, and moved them so awkwardly, that "from that time forth durst no man ask Him any question." But this way was not his way, nor should it be the way of any honest and ingenuous teacher. Faithful and lucid persuasion, all other things being equal, must be the preacher's highest gift and his surest guarantee of success. How many ages since Aristotle, that mighty ancient master, said, "to demand demonstration from an orator would be very much like allowing a mathematician to employ persuasion." He means to say that demonstration is the business of the mathematician; persuasion is that of the speaker.

"That is a good sermon," says Matthew Henry, "which does thee good." In the course of the following papers, the illustrations we may cite will, perhaps, show that the most extensive influences for usefulness have not always emanated from sermons either most elaborately prepared, or most in harmony with the highest classical and rhetorical rules of composition. Some of the most useful, it is said, have sinned against every precept of the schools. Scottish Church history makes mention of a sermon preached by John Livingstone, of the kirk of Shotts, which proved effective to the conversion of five hundred persons, but not a word of the sermon was ever written, and, from what we know of the excellent preacher, it was very likely exceedingly rude and homely. But it did its work. We have often been reminded of a singular illustration employed by a very useful Primitive Methodist minister, in conversation with the highly accomplished and finished orator, Dr. M'All. M'All was deploring to his ruder brother that, with all his popularity, he could not congratulate himself on being eminently useful; while, on the other hand, his Primitive Methodist friend was really renowned for solid and abiding usefulness. And the Methodist said, "You see, Doctor, the difference between us is something like this. You go down to the seaside, and you pick up a likely stone, one that you think very beautiful, and you bring it up into your study, and polish it, and finish it off, and round it, and then you take it and throw it among the crowd. Well, at the best, supposing it hit, it only hits one person; but, perhaps, by the vehemency and force with which you throw it, it goes far away beyond the crowd altogether. Now, that's not my way. I am no lapidary, I cannot polish stones, but I go down to the seaside—just

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where you went, and fill my pockets with stones, and I come back and throw them in good handfuls among the crowd, and they are pretty sure to hit."

It was the same kind of thing, said in another way, when one was asking how a certain minister had been liked, who had preached the preceding Sunday at the Kirk, and the reply was, "Weel, he's just like an angler who carries a braw rod, and a bonny long long line; but, eh mon! there's neither hook nor bait at the end o' it!" We suppose the most useful preaching has had a hitting power, and a hooking power.

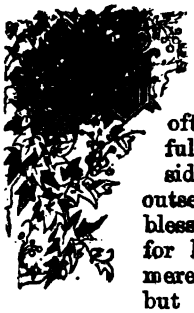
Daniel Webster, the great orator of America, used to say—our readers know that he was a statesman, and not a preacher—that "preachers should take a text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers." Luther was asked how it was he preached so successfully—Luther's audience was very frequently composed of the scholars and magnates of society—but he replied, "I do not preach in a way to suit learned men and magistrates, but I always try to preach so as to suit the poor women, children, and servants." And Wesley used to say to his preachers, "Use the most common, little, easy words in the language." Roger Ascham used to say, "We ought to think like great men, and speak like common people." The history of the pulpit in all ages will furnish us with admirable and useful anecdotes and illustrations of the way in which this Divine simplicity has become an immense power for usefulness, so that, in our close as in our commencement, we are reminded of the words of Cowper,

> "I seek Divine simplicity in him
> Who handles things Divine."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

JESUS ONLY.

"And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only."—*Matt.* xvii. 8.



WHAT better keynote for the new year could we have than this? JESUS ONLY—the words are so often taken as a motto-text that the fulness of them may be not duly considered. This we may say at the outset, that it would be a supreme blessing to any one who would take it for his text, using it, however, not merely as the sentence of a sermon, but as the secret of a life. What a glorious church, and what a changed world it would be were all who name the name of Christ found trusting and loving and living for "Jesus only."

An emperor might make this motto his *labarum*, or banner-word, and be greater than Constantine; a philosopher might make it the symbol for his school, and be purer than Pythagoras; a minister of the sanctuary might make it a legend to bind about his brow, and reflect more heavenly light than Aaron; all of us might make it our rule in life, and our hope in death, resting on Jesus only.

Let us rest on Jesus only for our *justification*. Jesus, not Moses; not the law, neither the ceremonial nor the moral. We are justified, *i.e.*, accounted righteous, by a holy God freely and fully. Not for the intensity of our love, not for the strength of our faith, not for the depth of our repentance, but only and solely for the sake of Christ; for his blood, *i.e.*, for all He did in dying, and for His righteousness, *i.e.*, for all He was in living. Do you ask for proofs—you have them in the words of Paul to the Romans, "justified by faith;" of Paul to the Ephesians, "justified by blood;" or Paul to the Hebrews, "by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified" (*i.e.*, set apart for God and sealed by Him). Peter adds, "Ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ."

"He that believeth on the Son shall not come into condemnation;" such is the tenor of the Master's teaching, and of the disciples' writings.

If we sought a compendious title for the Epistle to the Romans—of all apostolic treatises the most massive—what better could we find than this, "Jesus only"? That He is all our justification is the very substance of primitive teaching, the harmony being completed when James the apostle shows that the faith which apprehends the Saviour's sufficiency must be a living, loving, working faith in Jesus only.

Almost universally acknowledged as this truth is, it is, we fear, far from universally adhered to. If it were, how could we have so many anxious, undoubtedly anxious, about salvation, and desirous, unquestionably desirous, to obtain it, who yet obtain it not, who linger in the ranks of anxious inquirers, instead of taking their places in the army of believers? And how among the latter could we have so many who are doubtful about their present acceptance. This lack of assurance among Christians may sometimes be a sign of sin unrenounced, but is as often a symptom of the lingering impression that something must be added to the work of Christ. "Jesus only" does not make men anxious, and leave them in anxiety, or make Christians hopeful, and no more than hopeful; it lifts them out of anxiety into acceptance, and out of mere hope into assurance.

"Jesus only" for our *sanctification*—Jesus, not Elias, not prophet or poet, though divinely inspired. We need not exclude the holy influences of men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The psalms and songs of David, the sublime prophecies of Isaiah, and all the others whose books are in the Divine library, these are helpful. And there are healthy influences in high and noble literature. Far be it from me to undervalue the purifying powers of home and friendship. The education of the world does owe something to Greece and Rome as well as to Palestine, and to home as well as to heaven.

But, when we have conceded all this, we say still, "Jesus Only" for sanctification. For I know and you know well, books the best, homes the holiest, and even prophets the most divinely taught, can but surround the outward life and not touch the inward, and till that is got at, nothing is effectually done; and this Christ alone can do.

Of course when we say "Jesus only," we do not mean to exclude the Holy Spirit; He is the very agent to whom we wish to point. It is not the body of Jesus, certainly, that comes to a man, but the Spirit of Jesus; now the Spirit of Jesus is the Holy Ghost.

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Let a man get into communion with Christ, and what sort of character will he be; what sort of ideas will He have; what sort of desires and affections? Suppose him given up, the more completely you can, to all the soul-subduing powers of this Divine friendship, and have you not got the noblest conceivable type of influence over the mind and heart? Nothing healthier could happen to any man, or tend to free him so fully from prejudice and meanness and all the littlenesses that mar human character.

From which it follows, that we are not only to look to Jesus rather than to others to sanctify us, but (and this is a greater comfort still) to Jesus rather than to ourselves. He is to do the work Himself, not of course without you, but with you, whose part is simply that of yielding to the Divine suggestion, and giving yourselves up to the Divine influences. Put yourself into his hands absolutely; say to Him, "We are the clay"—we can be, we wish to be no more—"and Thou art the potter," and so let Him mould you to his image and to his will. This is the secret of sanctification. When we are made "partakers of the Divine nature," then, and then only, shall we also be made "partakers of his holiness."

More briefly must we speak of "Jesus only" for *direction*. In Him are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Accustom yourself, then, to walk with God, who is near to us in Christ. Let it be your habit to consult Jesus, for He is the "Counsellor."

But Jesus is more yet. I do not now speak of Him as made unto us "redemption"—that will be completed in another world—but He is satisfaction, and this He may be in this life.

This is what the world does not believe at all, and the church perhaps only believes one-half. The world thinks that satisfaction is to be got out of gain or gaiety, or it knows not what, certainly not out of Christ. Christ is rather a bar to its peace and to its pleasure, or if not that, He must be mixed up with worldly things, his religion presented in a worldly way to make it acceptable. Even good people go too far in this direction. Some try to find their satisfaction in books, some in business, some in pastime, some in friends, some in the living, and some in the dead.

Pleasure is the touchstone for many; running after it in this way or that, they show that they are not content with Christ. "Jesus only" may perhaps be their confidence, but He is not their satisfaction. They want something instead of Him or something in addition to Him as their satisfying portion.

Yes; "Jesus hath satisfied," as many a one at this day also can testify.

But if we can say this, let us mean what we say, let us be indeed content with Christ, and with Christ alone, and well may we be when we consider what He is and where He is. Did we but believe with our hearts that He is all we declare Him to be, and that He is with us in all places whithersoever we go, we should soon be satisfied then. We should not complain of poverty, for who could feel poor if he really believed himself the possessor of unsearchable riches; or of solitude—who could feel alone when he is always in company the very best in all the world? What Christian can complain because God has taken him at his word, and left him "Jesus only"? Realize your riches, and you will rejoice in them.

But all this is a somewhat selfish view of the matter; a man may be trusting Jesus for justification, and even for sanctification and direction, nay, he may be seeking and finding in Jesus his satisfaction, and yet be selfish, for what is all this but seeking to be safe, good, wise, happy?

Each of these things is a right thing no doubt, for all self-preservation is a first law of nature, and still higher laws called forth the other desires we have spoken of. But can we not view the matter, after all, in another aspect which shall cut down the selfishness root and branch. We have been thinking of what Jesus can be to us; but should we not do well to consider also what we can be to Jesus? We do not make the motto our own till we make ourselves His. Till He is the aim and end of our life, the mainspring of our career, the motive of our conduct, we have no right to lay any claim to use such a motto. Yet, how few are entitled to this claim! Many men do not live for Jesus at all, few men live for "Jesus only." They may do some things to please Him, but they do others to please the church, to please the world, to please themselves. For this submission in all things to Christ, taking orders from Him, showing devotedness to Him, making Him "the be all and the end all" of our existence; this and this alone constitutes living to "Jesus only." So Paul felt when he said, "If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Nor does he hesitate to say "this one thing I do," and "to me to live is Christ." A man who can say the same has mastered the motto, "Jesus only."

We do not restrict its use to such. God forbid. If any one is trying sincerely so to do, if any one of you is setting himself honestly to walk by this rule, even although he is as yet only learning to walk, by all means, in God's name, let him keep his motto; keeping Christ as the one Master whom he does at least desire and intend to serve; and surely no man can be content with less, no man can seriously say, "I will take Jesus, but not 'Jesus only.'"

And what strength would such living give to life! We are distracted between many competing claims, like a servant who feels, "I cannot stay in this place, because there are so many to please;" make this your motto, and you will have no man to please save "Jesus only."

What sweetness also would it give to life! To be distracted is to be weak; and "to be weak is to be miserable." I am sure you are not happy who go here to please one, and there to please another, with the secret sense that you are doing something displeasing to Christ, though, in your heart of hearts you really wish to please Him.

Consider, also, what beauty it would give to character. If we try to please a worldly man, we are likely to live a worldly life; if a vicious man, a vicious life; if a Christian man, a Christian life; but if Christ Himself, then it may be something like Christ's own life; and what more beautiful, what half so beautiful, life can there be? Imagine (the thing is not so impossible, after all, for Paul said, "Christ liveth in me") the sort of world we should have if Christ were, in his true disciples and wholehearted followers, as it were, so to multiply Himself that in every position, in every sphere, we were to meet with Christians who lived in and for "Jesus only."

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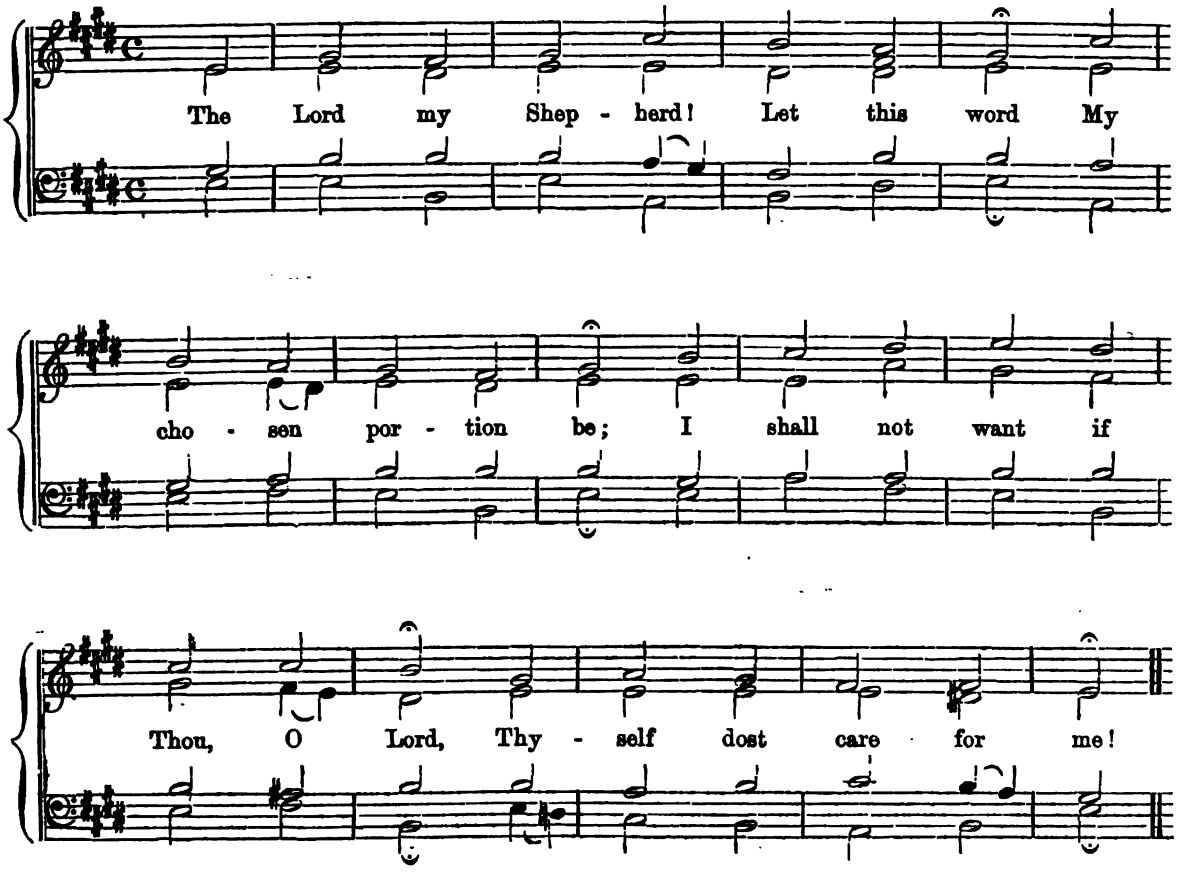
New Year's Hymn.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

German Chorale,
beginning of the 17th century.



'Tis Thine green pastures to provide
Where I may safely lie;
And Thou my feet wilt daily guide
Where living streams roll by.

My soul, that oft astray has gone,
Thou wilt restore and bless;
And for Thy Name's sake wilt lead on
In paths of righteousness.

Yea, though I walk in darkness chill
Through death's lone vale of shade,
If Thou, O Lord, art with me still
I will not be afraid.

Thy rod will all my steps direct,
And keep me in Thy way;
Thy staff will comfort and protect,
And aid me day by day.

In very presence of my foes
My table Thou dost spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And love anoints my head.

And thus, both now and evermore,
Thy goodness and Thy love
Will follow me, till, Lord, with Thee
I dwell in heaven above!

M. A. S. M.

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Pages for the Young.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND

BY HENRY H. HARPER.



SHEPHERD WITH "ROD AND STAFF."

THE origin of these letters was a simple one. Absent in a far-away land, I wished to keep up the interest of my children in Bible stories, so made pen-and-ink sketches, writing a story or explanation of what had come under my own observation. It has been thought that they would be useful and interesting to a larger circle of readers; hence their publication. Though the subjects have, of course, been re-drawn for wood engraving, the original style has been closely followed; and though some references and detail have been added to the letter-press, the original letters have been closely copied.

The author is quite aware that the personal pronoun comes in very frequently, but it was thought best to publish the letters in the exact style in which they were written. That they may prove not only of interest, but a help in understanding the Holy Bible, is the earnest prayer of the author.

I. THE ROD AND THE STAFF.

I have many stories to tell you, dear children, of shepherds; for each time I have been in the Holy Land, I travelled about a great deal, and alone, and lived in the open country, and slept in my tent, not in a town or house, and so saw much of the country life of the people. And I always liked the shepherds; they were good sort of people, always working, looking after their flocks.

A shepherd in the Holy Land always walks in front of his sheep. He never has a dog. A dog in Eastern countries is always spoken of with contempt. It was so in Bible times; it is so now. The greatest indignity you could offer to any man would be to call him "a dog." There are many illustrations of this also in the Bible. As the country in which the shepherd lives is a very rocky, hilly one, grass is not to be found everywhere. It is very scattered; so he leads the sheep to the best pastures or grass. Water, too, is rare; he knows the springs, so he leads the sheep to the water, and protects them in every way from harm. You see, he has a long rod in one hand, and hanging from his waist-belt a large wooden club. He uses the rod to help himself in walking, to count his sheep, or to guide them. But when there is any danger from wild beasts or bad men, then he takes the club into his hands. It would be a most formidable weapon in the hands of a strong man. At evening times I used always to see the shepherds take the club from their waist, carry it in their hand, and so be ready to defend the sheep if necessary. David, who knew so much about a shepherd's life, said that God was his shepherd, that He led him,

and while He did so, David said he would never fear, for that "His rod and staff they comforted him." (See Psalm xxiii.) The rod, you see, was used for guidance, for comfort, the club or "staff" for offence or defence. I think this custom explains the commands of our Lord Jesus when He sent the twelve disciples to preach "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Matt. x. 5, 6.) He told them they were not to encumber themselves by taking money or clothes, nor yet "staves" or "staff." They were not *forbidden* to take the rod; that I think was allowed them; it would be useful in walking. But the "staff" was only useful for offence or defence, so that they were not to take. (Matt. x. 10.) They were to be quite defenceless as far as their own strength went. In the sixteenth verse they were told they should be as sheep in the midst of wolves; however, they were to leave their defence to God.

The cities in which Jesus lived when He gave the command are now all ruins.

MASTER CHARLES'S CHAIR.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.—EARL'S COURT.



ON New Year's Day a dozen years ago, busy hands were at work, and rapid feet hastening to and fro in the great dining-room of a fine old country house called Earl's Court. It had been for many past generations the home of a noble family; but its titled owners were all gone. After the last of them was laid to rest in the chancel of the old church, the house and estates had become the property of a rich merchant, from whom they had in turn been inherited by a distant relative, who little thought that he should ever be the owner of such a stately home.

Earl's Court was looked upon as quite a show place, some portions of it being three centuries old, and still containing the quaint furniture of polished oak, black with age, and rich in carvings; whilst other portions were comparatively new, and furnished with everything that could give pleasure and comfort, according to more modern notions.

And what beauty met the eye on every side when you looked from the windows! Sheltering hills rose behind and at one side, and screened the Court from the bitter north and east winds. Towards the south, ornamental grounds sloped beautifully to the edge of an artificial lake, called Earl's Water, and far beyond stretched the wide park, with its glorious trees that had survived by centuries those who planted them.

Except the lodges and houses inhabited by outdoor servants, there was no dwelling within nearly two miles of the Court. Earlston, the nearest village, was a straggling, but very pretty place, at the further end of which was a railway station. This, however, was fully three miles from the great house.

The railway itself was, however, at one point within half a mile of it, and could be seen from the principal windows as it crossed a corner of the wide park, very much to the grief and indignation of the former noble owner, in whose days the line was made. Railways were new things in his day, and he hated whatever was new-fangled. So he would neither travel by train nor have a station near his home, though the railway company would have built one for his special accommodation, by way of making some amends for the invasion of his park.

As may be supposed, the present owner of Earl's Court looked on things with very different eyes, and was endeavouring to obtain what the former one had refused, a station within a more reasonable distance. Under present circumstances, all comers by train must walk, ride or drive fully three miles to get to Earl's Court.

In Earlston Church many a monument told its tale about the greatness of those who had once owned all the neighbourhood. In one place was the effigy of an armed knight who had fought in the first crusade. On the top of a great tomb lay marble figures of husband and wife in the dress of a later day; but still strange and quaint, telling of a far-away time. Curious old tablets on the walls, and brasses, with lettering hard for young folk to read, were also there, and told of those who had won fame and position or saintly characters, as soldiers, statesmen, or in the church itself.

But all these told another tale which he who knew not one letter from another, could read as plainly as could the most learned, and it was this: that earthly rank and wealth, wisdom and valour, can do nothing to resist *one* great enemy.

Warriors and great men of olden time have gone back each in his turn to his native earth, and confirmed the truth of the Bible saying that "the fashion of this world passeth away;" "all are of the dust."

It is not often that long descriptions of scenery or places are read by the young. Instead of shutting their eyes for a few moments and trying to picture what is described, they skip everything in the descriptive line in order to plunge headlong into the story itself. But they must go back again and read from the beginning, if they have done so here, in order that they may the better understand what will now be told. Then, turning their backs upon the distant railway station, the old church and its quaint monuments, they must return to the Court and enter the dining-room, where the old butler and his two assistants were busy laying the tables on New Year's Day, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight. Busily and silently the work went on, except when Bradley, the grey-haired butler, gave some directions to his younger helpers. The old man seemed little inclined to talk, though he often paused to glance through the windows at the softly-falling snow.

"If this goes on," he said at last, "I doubt whether many of the invited guests will reach Earl's Court to-night. The snow keeps falling as steadily as ever, and there is already so much on the ground that the roads will soon be blocked for miles round."

The other men agreed, and one added with a little laugh, "We should not be able to fill the table with visitors even from the highways and hedges; for there is not a human being to be seen anywhere out of doors."

Still the work went on, and soon the tables were glittering with plate and glass. But gentler and more tasteful hands than those of the old butler and his helpers gave an additional charm to the table. Groups of lovely hothouse flowers, arranged with an artist's taste, were brought in, from time to time, by a lady, who, though past girlhood, was both young and fair to look on.

Each time she entered the old butler sprang forward to take the flowers from her hands, as if jealous that any other should render this slight service, and it was plain that she accepted the help, less because she needed it, than to please the faithful servant who had grown grey in the service of one master.

After all else was on the table, Bradley brought out a peculiarly-shaped silver cup and placed it there; then, raising

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the chair immediately opposite on its front feet, he leaned it against the table, as if to reserve it for some special guest.

"Who is that chair for?" asked one of the servants, who, being a new-comer, assisted Bradley for the first time.

"That is Master Charles's chair," replied the butler.

"But why do you lean it up against the table?"

"It is a reserved seat," said Bradley; "but the visitor for whom it is kept may not be here to fill it. Anyhow, no one else sits there, whether *he* comes or not."

The other man looked as though he would like to ask more about it; but Bradley turned quickly away, as if unwilling to be questioned further.

It was still very early in the afternoon when the work of preparation was finished so far as Bradley and his assistants were concerned. Then, with the prospect of an hour or two's rest before him, Bradley called his young helper, and said: "James, I have a little spare time, and if you would like to come into my den, I will tell you the story of 'Master Charles's Chair.' Everybody in and about the Court knows it as well as myself, and it is only because you are new to the place that you wondered at seeing that reserved seat."

James was only too glad to have his curiosity gratified, and taking a seat at the invitation of the butler, he prepared to listen.

New Year's Hymn.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GERHARDT.

NOW with joyful singing,
Gracious God of Heaven,
We would thank Thee, Father,
For the blessings given.

Pilgrim-like we wander
On from year to year,
Step by step proceeding
Till the far grows near.

Over hill and valley,
Over steeps and plains,
Facing Life's stern battle,
For "the rest remains."

As, when the tempest rages,
And rolls the thunder crash,
The babe on mother's bosom
Heeds not the lightning-flash;

So safely and securely
We lean on Jesus' breast;
The storm may sweep around us,
His children are at rest.

Oh, Guardian of our being,
In vain with tears and strife
We watch and toil and struggle,
Thou only art our Life.

For all Thy faithful keeping
We praise Thy gracious name,
For ever and for ever,
Eternally the same!

Then suffer us to ask Thee,
Be with us, Father, still!
In every time of trial
Teach us to love Thy will.

And let Thy grace, descending,
Draw all we love to Thee,
Older and younger blending,
One happy family!

Cheer with Thyself the lonely,
Bring all the wanderers home,
Pour blessings on the needy,
And bid the sorrowing come.

Light up the couch of sickness,
Be Thou the mourner's joy,
And give to troubled spirits
Thy bliss without alloy.

And lastly we implore Thee
Of all Thy gifts the best—
Oh, let thy Holy Spirit
Fill every aching breast.

Guide us from grace to glory,
And let the New Year be
E'en from its very dawning
An offering unto Thee!

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. I.

1. Our *first* is the land where a garden once stood,
By a Mighty One planted, and filled with all good:
'Twas enjoyed for a while by a beautiful pair,
Who dwelt in all honour and happiness there;
But they kept not their honour, and lost their estate,
Debarred from their rest by a well-guarded gate.

2. Our *second* confirms what another may speak,
In Hebrew or English, in Latin or Greek;
No matter what language, it ever means yea,
Like God's faithful promise in Jesus alway;
The pledge that He gives to his people is sure—
Who trust in his troth are for ever secure.

3. Say *thirdly*, how Moses was told to undo
The robes of fine linen and purple and blue,
From Aaron the priest, and bestow on his son,
When the term of his service and duty was done.
And men do the same who a victory gain,
And take off the spoils from their enemies slain.

4. Our *last* in dry places we tread under feet;
It spreads o'er the desert, or floats in the street;
'Twas used by our Maker our bodies to frame,
And in process of time we return to the same:
We should then so earnestly number our days,
As to gain the true Wisdom that never decays.

The first and last letters from each take away,
And the rest laid together our *whole* shall display—
The leader of many whose clamour was loud,
For the pride of all Asia, their creed they avowed!
Yet Christ's humble messengers made them afraid,
Lest the word of salvation should ruin their trade.

W. L.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



GILES IN TROUBLE.

FARMER TRUEFIT'S BARLEY.

CHAPTER II. — BURSTING OF THE CLOUDS.

FELIX heartily assented, and listened deferentially to the additional advice to engage a smart "presentable" young man who had just left his place and for whom he had promised to provide one.

"Muff, indeed!" he cried, looking angrily at Giles, who stood struck with amazement at the flagrant injustice with which he had been treated. "You are a muff not to be able to hold a gentleman's horse. Get another place; the sooner the better."

"What! Go? For good?" stammered out Giles, who would have given his view of the case; and how widely it differed from that taken of it by the Squire and his agent; but before he could recover his breath, Felix had vanished, repeating the words, "the sooner the better."

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Is it true, cousin, that you have turned off Giles at a moment's notice?" Miss Berga asked in her driest tone and a look to match, when, having heard his story, she had gone at once to know the rights of it.

"Certainly," he said defiantly, though he felt a little frightened.

"The poor lad did his best with the unruly beast," she said.

"Then he is not fit for me. I must have a proper servant—one that can hold a gentleman's horse. Suppose it had been the Baronet? It was bad enough being Mr. Withy; but if it had been Sir Blacklock it would have ruined me!"

She smiled derisively, and was about to answer; but he cut her short with "He is a clodhopper; you don't know what is necessary for a gentleman's servant."

"Didn't know you'd set up for a gentleman!" she answered sarcastically, for she was apt to be abrupt and severe in tone when a softer word might better have fulfilled her Christian purpose.

He felt a little abashed, and said he knew his own affairs best; it was for Jemmy's interest that he should rise in life. Mr. Withy had all but promised him Witherstowe that very day, and his word was as good as the Baronet's.

He looked very lofty as he finished up with declaring that he must have a superior class of servants: "It's my duty, cousin; Giles must go. The Squire has recommended a young man to me, who will be here in a few days."

She left him with more pity for him than for Giles, saying to herself, "Downhill's easy, but it leads through smooth and soft to hard and rough; he's happy that looks to the end when he chooses his road." As to Giles, she easily consoled him with the prospect of a good place, and dwelt on the advantage his character would be to him in getting one. He was not reconciled, however, to his master's ingratitude.

"Didn't I nigh break my neck going after the doctor in the pitch dark night, when he was bad hurted? An' didn't I let him bate me a pound o' my wages once, 'cause he said as times was so hard? An' didn't I stop along of him by night and by day afore you come to him, when he had that fever as nobody else would go nearst? And haint I served him out and out well ever sin' I been wi' him? An' this is all I get! Well, I wish he may"——

Here he paused. Miss Berga's eye was on him, and he did not like to pronounce on the measure of punishment he thought his master deserved; so he left it undecided, except venturing on the comforting assurance 'that justice would be done to all,' and this came forth with such unction that she warned him to beware: "To say truth, Giles, I've thought you have grown slack about your duty to God of late; I've had it on my mind to tell you so more than once; but the word is taken out of my mouth, and God in His providence has spoken it. He has taught you by trouble. Some, like Joab, won't move till their barley's fired; better be thrown into the sea like Jonah than stop in the ship and sink it."

"If the master's barley baint fired afore long, it'll be a wonder to me," said Giles, almost crying to think that even his good friend and mistress should "turn against him." She tried hard to show him her interest in him, but in vain; he went off with a disgusted, disconsolate air.

"How crooked they all take things!" she thought, with a sigh. "What a sultry evening it is! Felix will be glorying in his corn-field more than ever; I shall be glad when the field is 'got;' he'll be reaping to-morrow, he said; well, he couldn't have a better time for it!"

As these thoughts passed through her mind, Felix came in and went towards his room.

She followed him, and, without any introduction, began, "Cousin, you expect to go to Witherstowe?"

"Yes," he replied, surprised at her tone and words.

"Then you'd best look out for some one that'll suit the new ways you are taking to; I can't begin life over again. The old humdrum is my way, and will be, I reckon, till the end."

"I can't see—I can't see——" Felix began, but he could not go on.

"Likely not, but *I* can. We are not agreed, cousin, and so we can't walk together. I'll go to our old uncle at Pennylowe; there I am wanted, and I shall be welcome."

"Very much against you, Berga, to do that!" said Felix, taken by surprise at her promptly proposing what he had been, in his mind, screwing up courage to bring about. "I'm afraid you'll find uncle's temper trying after having been your own mistress so long; and then—he is poor in means, and poorer in his ways—your lot will be hard, and not prosperous."

"Temper is bad; but there are worse things than that," she replied; "and as to living and the like, they who deserve nothing should be content with anything. I'm not of the mind of them who think they must go to heaven on roses and never have to kick at a thorn."

He understood her meaning—who could look at her face and mistake it? And he felt much satisfaction in the constancy with which she stuck to her proposal.

"I won't go till you are settled at Witherstowe," she said. "I'll see all right and straight before your new woman comes; get her as soon as you can; some one to your mind; and may God prosper you in all your ways—then you will be prospered!"

He felt awkward; although he had long been growing weary of her reproofs (and especially of that of her conduct—always godly, always upright), and though he was ashamed of her ignorance of "life" and its ways, and felt afraid she would disgrace him in his advanced circumstances, yet he had a misgiving that she would be a loss hard to replace; but he saw she was not to be moved, and a glow of satisfaction that it was so rose on his heart when he thought of the respect with which a more modish, refined housekeeper would treat him at his new farm. As to Ethelberga, there was no probability of keeping her at a distance, of putting a padlock on her wise tongue. Relationship was partly in the way of any such improvement; but, in truth, he felt it was her religion that made her a nuisance; that intolerable conscience of hers seemed to grow more awake as his sank deeper into slumber. Yes, he was glad, very glad she had resolved to go. And so was she.

She was about to leave the room, when a vivid flash of lightning made them both start, and a tremendous peal of thunder following immediately,

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told the fact that a fearful storm had begun to rage, and that it was close at hand.

"What I expected," she said, as flash and peal came in quick succession. "I was sure a thunderstorm was brewing, by the heat, and—just look!" she pointed through the window to an elm which the violent gale had laid prostrate.

Felix did look, and looked very uncomfortable; his cousin was hurrying off to see that all was made safe against the tempest, when Giles rushed in without ceremony, his face ghastly pale and quivering with emotion, crying, "Oh, who'd a' thought on't? Done in ten minutes! Poor master! I be sorry—sure I be—yes, that I be! Oh, Miss Bergy, the corn-field is all of a smash, and the trees is tore up by the roots, and the fences is all broke down, and the hail is up to your knees; oh, it's a ruination as never wer' see afore, and all done in ten minutes! Poor master! I be out to the heart for un, I be indeed, Miss Bergy."

Giles had not brought an exaggerated account; the rain and hail were still driving down with such force that Ethelberga could not venture out; but Felix had rushed out before Giles had finished his sad story, and was brought home more stunned by the destruction of all his hopes than by the huge branch of an oak which had fallen on him and crushed his arm severely.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE DEPTHS.

"One cross is more taken to heart than a hundred blessings," said Ethelberga, who was seated on the floor, patching the loose carpet.

"*One* cross!" groaned Felix from the sofa, where he was lying flushed, ill, and most miserable.

"Cousin," she said, straightening her back and looking at him; "don't take it so hard; remember the true saying, 'When God leaves a man to himself, he soon goes complimenting Babylon;' and remember, too, what mother used to say, 'Naught can be very ill with us when all is well within.' You don't know what this trouble may have saved you from. I'd sooner by half suffer the curses and blows of the Moabites than be tried by their wiles!"

Who were the Moabites in her view at this moment? Squire Withy and the Baronet! What! The friends who were to raise the pet farmer and agent to honour and affluence? The very same.

This is the story. That terrible storm, at the very moment when Felix was exulting in his brilliant prospects, was destroying the fairest hope of his heart, and laying low in irrecoverable ruin his splendid corn-field and all the produce of his farm. Yes; the wind had swept over it, blasted it, laid it low, utterly demolished it. Such a hurricane had never been witnessed before, it was said. People came and looked at the scene of desolation; it was quite "a sight to be seen." Some pitied Felix, some blamed him for not having reaped his corn sooner; some hoped it would take down his consequence, and make him less hard on other folks than he had grown to be lately, since he had got so great with the Squire.

"Perhaps," said Farmer Jones of the "Little Hill," "he'll remember the grip he put on *me* because I couldn't make my rent up sharp; he'll find, I doubt, that Sir Blacklock has no favourites but good payers; and if it's true, as I've heard, that he looked to this field for a mint of money, why, he's like to go bankrupt—and serve him right, too!"

There were echoes of Jones's sentiment from various quarters: nobody likes favourites; "Envy is as rottenness in the bones; who can stand before it?"

But worse than this, Squire Withy had called, had enquired into the extent of the loss, and, on hearing it, had looked very grave, and even sorrowful. After enquiring most kindly into the extent of the injuries he had sustained, "I hope, Truefit," he said, "you were not depending on this year's profits for meeting your liabilities?"

Felix, whose spirit was broken down by his sudden calamity, said most mournfully that he was afraid he had lost nearly everything; for his little savings in the bank would have to go to meet expenses already incurred; adding that he had since the storm received some pressing demands from creditors who complained of having suffered, as he had done, great loss from the hurricane.

Mr. Withy shook his head, saying, "That's the worst of embarking on such a business without a capital. No man should take a farm, even like *this*, without enough to stand at least a year's losses; losses in farming are inevitable. You are a good farmer, and if you had but capital, I believe you would do great things at Witherstowe—I'm very sorry—very sorry indeed!"

He looked as if he could have cried. Felix, while he thought he was very kind, was chilled at heart at the inference he felt forced to draw from his words respecting Witherstowe.

He began, after a struggle, to express a hope that, by industry and vigilance, he might be able, when his health was restored, to recover from his losses; and he would take care never again to invest so large a sum in one venture, alluding to his corn-field, which experience had shown might be, by causes utterly impossible to foresee and avert, a total failure.

The Squire smiled a sad smile; he fumbled about in his pocket as he answered, "My dear Truefit, I didn't know that you had embarked so much on that corn-field; if ever you do recover yourself, take my advice, and stick to agencies, or work of that kind!"

Felix grew colder and colder as the manner of the Squire, portentous even in its kind and compassionate tone, brought the truth home to his heart—he had lost Witherstowe!

Yes, he had—and not only so: the paper which the Squire drew from his pocket-book and presented to him was neither more nor less than a notice to quit the farm he was in, and also to discharge him from his agency.

He was struck dumb; he had not a word to say.

"It seems hard, indeed," said the Squire, "and I am very sorry to have so unpleasant an office; if I were Sir Blacklock, I might see things in a different light; but he is my master and yours, and the only way is to submit and make the best of it!"

This was the substance of what passed. Mr. Withy did his work in the tenderest way he could; but the work was done!

When Felix told his cousin what was before him, he was struck at her serene aspect; to say the truth, she was not taken by surprise. Giles had furnished

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her with the floating reports of what was at hand; and she well knew that Felix was no favourite among the tenants over whom Mr. Withy had placed him as his sub-agent, by the baronet's permission. She knew also, by report, that Sir Blacklock Sterne was, for the position he wanted to maintain in the county, a very poor man; he could not afford to lose a penny that his hungry purse had a chance of swallowing; and if Felix had but known it, he might have been somewhat consoled with the fact that a baronet put to his shifts to maintain a suitable dignity was as little to be envied as a farmer without capital.

But no balm fell on his wounded spirit as he lay on the sofa looking at Ethelberga!

"I'm sure I've done as much as a man *could* do!" he cried. "I've sat up night after night, writing letters and copying accounts for the Squire; and I've never spared labour by day; there was nothing I wouldn't have done to satisfy him—nothing! I must say he is very ungrateful."

"Who?" she asked.

"Well, I meant the Squire. But it's the Baronet's fault; as he said, 'he is his master.'"

"Like master, like man!" she said, cutting off her thread and rising from her work, which she had finished.

"Oh, no! I know the Baronet is proud, and he is too fond of money to put up with any loss easily; I'm sure if Mr. Withy had been in his place——"

"He'd have done the same!" said Miss Berga. "What other could you expect from the world?"

"Mr. Withy is a religious man," said Felix, who could not forget the sweetness of his manner when he told him of his hard fate, and who was seduced into hoping for some advantage from him yet.

"Religious!" she exclaimed. "His religion suited you, cousin, but it didn't improve yours."

"You never heard him talk," Felix argued.

"Never wanted; I know his ways, and I can guess at his talk. It's sure to be like that of the children 'who spake half in the speech of Ashdod,' so they couldn't be known to be Jews; they had the church for mother, and Ashdod and Moab and Ammon for father; how could they speak the true language of Jews? It's in Nehemiah, you know," she added, seeing that he did not understand her.

Squire Withy was not unduly set down thus as half and half; he made a very proper profession of religion, and maintained it by outward observances; he kept the sabbath to a certain extent, was regular at public worship when not hindered by important business, had family prayer when it was quite convenient, and sternly forbade anything like profanity among those he employed; but he winked at things that he chose to esteem as indifferent, which were, however, anything but indifferent in their effect on those who indulged in them. She was also quite right in her judgment as to her cousin's declension in piety having been brought about by his patron's influence and example; and after counting the cost, she was sure that Felix, for whom she felt much, though she seemed to take all so very easily, had had a narrow escape from a far worse ruin than that over which his heart was breaking, in having been driven adrift by his "Moabite friends." It was her earnest prayer that he might be brought to know the true riches.

When they quitted the farm, which Felix had been so earnestly desirous to change for one of greater extent and higher value, they went into a little cottage, till he could look round and "fix his future," as Ethelberga said. She refused, now, to leave him, though he begged her to do so. "No, cousin, I'll see you safe through this, and on your legs again," she said, "and then I'll go to uncle, if you wish to part company."

CHAPTER IV.

Squire Withy, although, to the great disappointment of Felix, he made no direct enquiries concerning him, found out, by what Ethelberga called "hook and crook ways," that he had sunk down in utter despair, and that the energy and spirit of enterprise which he had so much admired and valued in him, had entirely vanished.

He was very sorry, and declared he had given him credit for more sense; but when he discovered that his gloom seemed to increase, and that his health was failing under his depression and the effect of the injuries he had sustained, he gave up the plan he had formed of getting him appointed agent for another gentleman whose property he superintended.

"A man who plays the fool in this way must be left to himself," he said. And he acted on this persuasion, and "left him to himself," sorry that "he would be a fool," chiefly because by it he had lost a very useful servant. He liked people that prospered and did not make mistakes and get into trouble.

Time went on, and if Ethelberga had not had strong faith, she must have got faint-hearted, but with her trial rose her strength, and it was with a truly royal spirit she bore the burden laid on her.

"Stars at midnight, and brightest then," she would say to the desponding Felix; but the most trying part of her trouble was the dislike with which he turned from every effort she made to console him, especially, it seemed to her, when she drew the comfort she offered from the Bible.

"O heart of man!" she cried one night after a sharper rebuff than usual, "who can say 'Let there be light,' but One alone?" And she asked in such prayer as the Lord loves to hear, though for His own gracious reasons He may forbear to answer it at once, that light might arise in that dark soul.

"Whatever comes of it," she cried, as she rose from her knees, "I'm sure that prayer has gone up straight to the throne; and now, I've done all I can do; till he's got the faith that will make him reasonable, I can't hope to see him turn his mind to what's to be settled. And there's poor Jemmy, he's lost his 'prenticeship and his fine college too, and the money's getting very short; sewing is slow work, and brings in but a poor penny. Never mind, it'll all come right—how, I can't see; but right it will come. I'm as sure of it as if I saw it; I feel here," laying her hand on her heart, "my eyes will be opened to see the well, and I shall be singing praise for '*Beer-lahai-roi!*'"

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THE NEW LIFE.

I.—THE RISEN CHRIST.

NOT without significance is it, that the Christian day of worship begins the week, while that of the Jew ended it. "Six days shalt thou labour, and the seventh day shalt thou rest," ran the primitive command. The first day now commemorates the beginning of God's new creation in a redeemed mankind, the rest of the week is given to its perfecting in every sphere of human duty—such is the plan of the Christian practice. We which have believed do enter into rest, the rest of union with the power which wrought in Christ Jesus, when it raised Him from the dead. Let us, then, ponder how that power manifested itself in its first displays after the breaking of the bands of death, that from them we may judge how it is acting now in his Resurrection.

Victorious over the enemy that had hitherto vanquished every son of man, how awful must be the mien, how dread the advance of the mighty Conqueror. What signs bears He of the struggle with the foe? how will He mark his triumphal progress? Yet, if He be the Son of God, as well as Son of man, will not gentleness and quietness mark his way still? For the might wherewith He has been ever working to subdue all things unto Himself is one that draws instead of appalling; that is silent instead of startling in its workings.

If, again, we had asked, not only how will He appear, but to whom will He appear, could we have ventured the answer that the facts declare? There were men who had companied with Him in his brief ministry, but of them one had accomplished the will of his bitterest foes in betraying Him, another had joined in the wild curses of these foes—all had fled before their face. Not to them, at least, will He return, now that the hour of his glory is come; or if it be to them, well may they tremble at the meed of just judgment his presence will bring. Oh, fathomless, surely, beyond all its other manifestations appears the tenderness which led our Lord to seek at once the fellowship of that scattered band of his disciples! to seek it, not to condemn, but to restore; not to destroy, but to console. For them He could delay the ascension to the angels who waited for Him; for them delay even that return to the Father of which He had spoken with such longing. "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations;" and sadly as they had failed at the last to realise that honour, to them would be given the first assurance of his victory. Not their fickleness, not their faithlessness, had been able to alienate Him from them. The glory of the Incarnate Lord shines here with fulness as bright as when He first left the bosom of the Father to tabernacle with men. "Having loved his own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." To those words the appearances after the Resurrection set the seal.

Beyond imagining is the sympathy they reveal with us in our common week-day life, and the succour and the grace with which He visits it. As the sayings on the cross, in their marvellous tenderness and self-forgetfulness, fitly embody the whole spirit of Christ's earthly life, so do these resurrection utterances seem to sum up that fulness of blessing which He is shedding forth in his life in heaven. They declare Him to be emphatically the Good Shepherd, who knoweth his sheep, and calleth them by name. For there is in them an adaptation to individual needs and peculiarities, a sacred closeness of communion, unmatched even in the records of that Divine life.

Let us take, as typical of the whole, the instances of the appearances, for the sake of single individuals, of which we have full records.

In the first hours of resurrection Christ meets Peter. The angel-messengers had spoken but in sympathy with their Lord's heart, "Go, tell his disciples, *and Peter*." As His last prayer before his death had been "Father, forgive them," so, on rising again, his first words are an assurance of tender pardoning.

The Master *sought* His fallen disciple, and, in words known to none else, raised him up. The rest could wait till the evening to behold Him; Peter is not left to his sorrow one hour longer than needful. Silence like that in which all beyond the mere fact of the interview is left, alone befits thoughts of its teaching. Not less tenderly does the next manifestation tell of joy and satisfaction for hopeless yet seeking love. To meet a woman's longing the Lord reveals Himself—how simply, yet how fully. A name—a response! Can joy go beyond them? That name meant, as all living words do mean, what is deeper than thought. Life sums itself up for each of us in the utterance of a name. To be called by name—it is the recognition of the sacred and inscrutable personality that cuts off one being from all other beings. In her loneliness and sorrow, this woman hears her name spoken, as only He who had given her back her womanhood *could* speak it. She answers, "Rabboni."

Thomas, not anguish-stricken like Peter, not with tears of desolation like Mary, but with the desperation of despair and disappointment, utters his demand for a revelation to be taken hold of. Christ denies not even that. The test is offered, but there is no touch—only a cry, "My Lord and my God." Thomas, too, is called by his name. The patience and knowledge and love of his Lord, not the sign he asked for, conquered him.

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Are these to us mere faded records of a bye-gone time? Strangely familiar ere the forty days had passed must the disciples have grown with the sense of their Master's continual presence. In mercy to them and to us this time of sudden glimpses and as sudden vanishings was given as preparation for the hour when faith only could see Him. The transition-state did its work; in proof of this, contrast the feelings of the disciples after the crucifixion, and after the ascension. *Then* they had wept and lamented; "We trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel." They had sought their Master, but with no hope save of finding and doing honour to his lifeless remains. *Now*! their eyes are turned, not downwards into a grave, but upwards to a throne. For sighs we now have songs; for despair, joy. "They returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." His promise had been fulfilled, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you!" The outward reality was but the type and pledge of an inner manifestation, that shall be consummated in an unending fellowship. May it not be that, in the very hour of death, the tearing asunder of all that hindered the soul's apprehension makes audible a voice heard but indistinctly by flesh-enclosed ears? In the clear dawn of that day of the Lord, the open vision will surely come. There will be a name, and its answer, for the unfolding of which eternity itself may but suffice. The tears that the sight of angels could not dry are wiped away when the Master is come, and calleth for us. So Love lingers, waiting an eternal recognition on the resurrection morning in the garden of the Lord, where even now the Risen One stands at her side, her eyes too often gazing tearfully into the empty sepulchre, instead of into his glorified face.

C. B. L.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

I. — THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

DEAR reader, you know that the Jews, besides the weekly Sabbath had a Sabbatical year. "Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in the fruit thereof; but in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land, a Sabbath for the Lord; thou shalt neither sow thy field, nor prune thy vineyard" (Lev. xxv. 3, 4). A whole year was thus kept as a year of rest for the land, and therefore of rest likewise for the tillers of the land. Now a Sabbatical year is a very good idea for the hard-workers, especially the brain-workers of our country, and most of all for those whose vocation it is to work on Sundays as well as week-days, to work harder on Sundays than any other day. I don't mean a year of idleness, but a year of rest. My late father, Dr. Urwick of Dublin, was a hard worker, and once, when thoroughly worn with toil and knocked up, he went to Sir Philip Crampton, the eminent physician, for advice. "Rest is what you want," said the doctor, "you must get away." "I can't at present," replied my father, "it is impossible; I have so much to do." Still the doctor persisted, "I can do nothing for you, my dear sir; you must have rest and change." "Do write me a prescription," urged my father. So Sir Philip turned to his desk, and in due form wrote and signed the prescription, "Cut and run," and handed it laughingly to his patient. Well, my father did "cut and run," and came home at the end of a few Sabbatical months another man.

It has been my good fortune to have a Sabbatical year, a Sabbatical year of travel round the world. As far back as I can remember I had to work hard. And during school and college days, though I had my holidays—not nearly so many as boys now have—it was in the main the same story, hard work. The same has been true of my ministerial life for five-and-twenty years; work has been my element. So it was down to the middle of the year 1878. I was then just completing the translation of Cremer's "Lexicon of New Testament Greek," a very laborious but pleasant and instructive occupation, when Providence opened the way for a good long holiday. My companion in travel was a sister-in-law just recovered from a severe attack of fever, caught in the prosecution of her profession as nurse in one of the District Homes of London. Change and travel, especially by sea, were recommended to her, and it was arranged for us to take a journey together. America was first spoken of; we both wished to visit the United States; but when in our plans we came to San Francisco, the thought was started, "When we are so far round, why not cross the Pacific and come back the other way?" My boys were at school, my girls old enough to be companions to their mother, and my good wife bravely gave me leave. So we decided to start, but not to fetter ourselves with any "through tickets"; we kept ourselves free to return at any point, so that our proceeding from stage to stage, and especially our sailing from San Francisco, depended on the telegrams we received from home. The telegraph companies in London registered my wife's name and address, giving for my use in the messages the word "Urbanity"; they usually give you a word beginning with the letters of your name. Thus, instead of a long London address I had to send simply the word "Urbanity," and the telegram was delivered safely and directly to my wife. This arrangement is important when you have to pay from five to ten shillings a word. In the good providence of God at every stage I received and was able to send the message "all well," and now that the journey is completed, and I am come home again, and find all well at home, my purpose is to give in these papers some incidents of my journey.

My chief aim as a minister, all through my tour was to see and learn what I could of schools and colleges, and missions, while my sister-in-law's main interest was in hospitals and nursing institutions. All the journey round I have seen the work of Christ

in its various departments; and it is in this aspect that I propose to recall some of its incidents in these pages.

Now that I look back upon it, the most difficult part of the whole seems to have been the making up of one's mind to go. But given the time and given the money, nine months of the one, and five hundred pounds sterling of the other, no journey is easier or safer than a tour round the world. The one long link in the chain is the Pacific voyage of 5,000 miles and twenty days; but this, like all the voyages of the journey, forms a salutary pause and time of repose between the sight-seeing of the New World and the sight-seeing of the Old. Writing the preface and despatching the last proofs of the lexicon on the Wednesday, I embarked with my companion on board the "Germanic," White Star Line, on Thursday, the 8th of August, 1878. Thus began my Sabbatical year. It was a sudden and a perfect change. Instead of the foul-smelling, stuffy cabins, and crippling berths, with which my channel trips were associated, I found a giant ship of 5,000 tons, a floating palace, with wide staircase, spacious saloon, and airy state-rooms. The saloon of the "Germanic" is in the centre of the ship, where the motion is least felt. The ventilation throughout is admirable. We were two hundred and fifty cabin passengers on board, and all could sit down to meals together. Electric bells are over each berth, and instead of calling "steward," you touch the bell and he waits upon you. The Atlantic is a tempestuous ocean, but the steamers are planned and strongly built with this in view, and the motion is much less and easier than on board a channel boat.

The cabin passengers were mostly Americans returning from the Paris Exhibition, and I found them most agreeable and obliging. One morning I said to an American, a lawyer from San Francisco, who invited me to visit him, "Well, we are getting on admirably, are we not?" "Ah," he rejoined, "that is just the difference between the English and the Americans. You say 'getting on'; we say 'going ahead.'" Your seat at table assigned you by the purser is a matter of some importance. The great event of each day at sea is the putting up of the log immediately after the noon observations taken by the captain and officers. The log tells you where you are, how many miles have been run, and how many are still before you. A printed paper is given to each passenger, containing a list of the passengers and a map of the route, and a table for the log. There is much to learn in the vessel itself. Instead of the old-fashioned wheel, with half-a-dozen sailors toiling at it, all the steering is silently done in the middle of the ship by means of a steam engine which works the helm, and which in turn is set in motion either for port or starboard by a small wheel that a child could turn. This wheel is in the steering-house on the bridge, hung round with charts and protected from the weather, and immediately behind is a cabin for the captain, who thus may be always within call. There were four hundred steerage passengers on board, and I did not think the accommodation as good in proportion to the fares for them as for the cabin passengers. Everything, however, was neat, airy, and comfortable in the little hospital. The chief engineer—a Scotchman, of course—very sententious, relaxed one day into an offer to show us the engines and the fires. He might well be solemn, for the sight was awful. Thirty-two huge fires roaring night and day in the heart of our ship! here was the secret of our fifteen knots an hour. But the risk of fire is reduced to a minimum. All about the furnaces is iron; the ship, too, is built in compartments, and the appliances for extinguishing fire are numerous. As is usual on each voyage, the alarm of fire was given one morning, the passengers being advised of it beforehand, and in a few seconds every man was at his post, and hoses were playing through the ports and from the deck into the sea on both sides the ship. As to icebergs, the engineer has a thermometer registering the temperature of the ocean as the ship travels on, and has orders to stop her if there be a sudden fall—a sure indication of neighbouring ice. All icebergs which are seen by any steamer are noted and reported on her arrival, and a record of them, with their exact positions, is furnished to each captain. The alternations of heat and cold as you approach America are very striking; you cross successive rivers of ice-water flowing south parallel with the coast line.

The ocean itself was the source of continual interest and variety. Its ever-changing shades of colour from light green to deep blue, the resistless force and beauty of the white crests of the waves coming bang against the bow or splash upon the deck; its sea-fowl, the gulls that accompanied us as scavengers, an occasional whale, but above all, the majestic sweep of its mighty billows, were objects of never-failing wonder. There is something very solemn and very soothing in a Sunday on board ship. The officers and men, in parade dress, are all marshalled on the quarterdeck and inspected by the captain, each answering to his name at the roll call, and after this, service is held in the saloon. In compliance with the captain's request I read the prayers of the English Church with appropriate lessons, and preached a short and simple sermon. The ship was heaving considerably, and I had to hold on to a firmly-fixed chair. The solemnity of worship in mid ocean is impressive. There was a piano on board, and my sister-in-law played the tunes. We felt an appropriateness as the vessel rolled while we sang the well-known words of Charles Wesley:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

II.—NEW YORK.

How refreshing to see green again after an eight days' ocean voyage! From Queenstown, which was our last land and true starting-point for the ocean, to Sandy Hook (eighteen miles from New York) is 2,783 knots, and we made the journey in seven days eighteen hours, and had fine weather all the way across. The first land we see is the low-lying land of Long Island on our right or starboard bow. We meet several ships coming down channel

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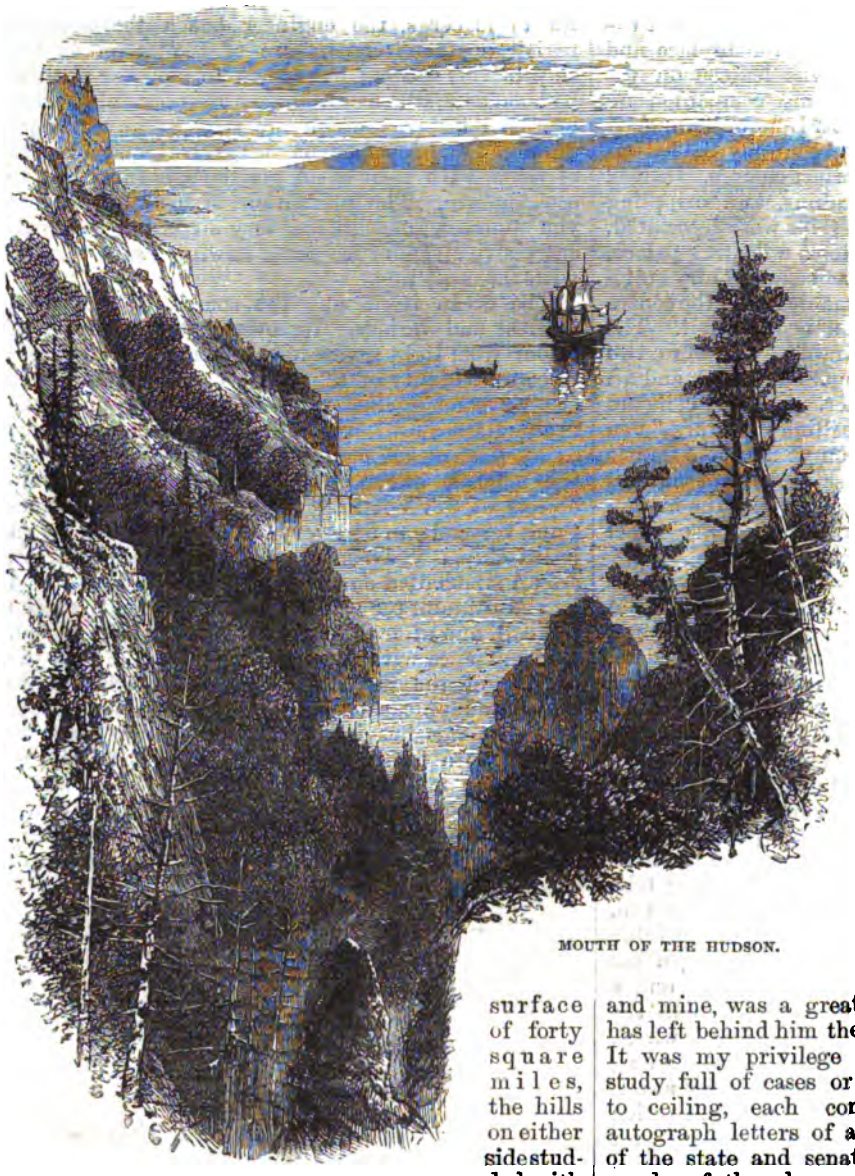
from New York, all sail set. The medical and custom-house officers come aboard, and we pause in our course while the passengers one by one make the necessary declarations as to health and luggage. Soon we are steaming north through the Narrows, having Staten Island on the left and Long Island on the right, and at this point, when New York city comes into view, the panorama is glorious. I thought it by far the finest harbour I had seen. The wide stretch of clear blue water presenting a surface of forty square miles, the hills on either side studded with trees and villas and park lands, and the city, with its fringes of shipping, rising majestic from the waters, and lit up with the bright clear sunshine, made up a picture never to be forgotten. It was Saturday, and the river steamers and ferries were plying in every direction, bearing the holiday folk to various country and sea resorts. The Saturday afternoon holiday is very general in New York, and no city is so well off for pleasant watering places at hand. We steamed into dock about three in the afternoon, and after a tedious delay and much noisy confusion in getting baggage through the custom-house, we were jolted through dingy streets to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.



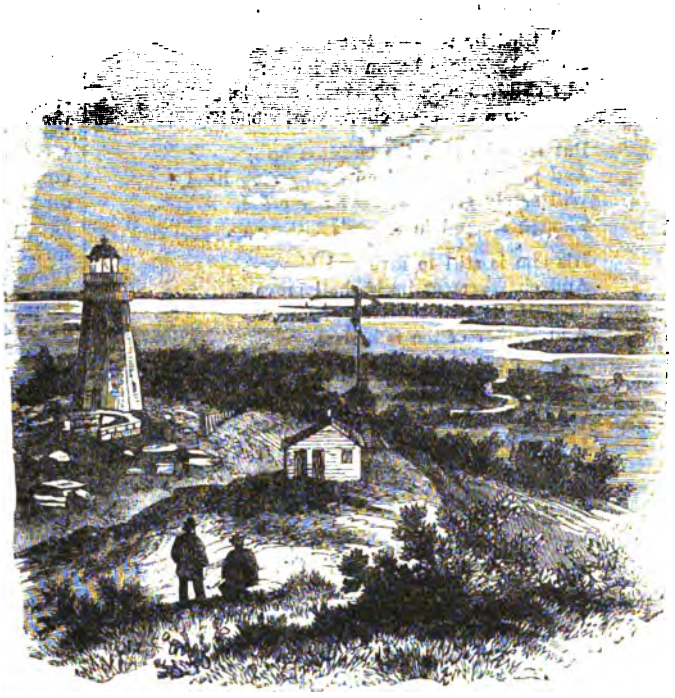
MOUTH OF THE HUDSON.

On week-days the city presents a lively scene of noisy traffic and hasty movement. A lightness of walk and jauntiness of manner characterise the New Yorker. The Elevated Railway, which runs the full length of the city from north to south, is airy, light, quiet, and easy of access, a great improvement upon our choky underground. But raised fifteen feet from the ground and on a level with the second floors of the houses, into which you can see, it darkens and spoils the streets which it traverses. From the top of the Equitable Insurance House, in Broadway, we had a magnificent view of New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey. The sky was gloriously clear and sunny, and the city, clear cut and bright, was parted by the blue waters of East River and the Hudson, with fringes of shipping, warehouses and public buildings towering high and decked with flags, while the harbour, bounded by green and wooded hills, lay spread out before us. We stopped some days with the family of the late Dr. Sprague, at Flushing, Long Island, amid the cool villas, and shady lanes, and full-leaved trees that furnish country homes for the citizens. Dr. Sprague, the well-known and highly-esteemed Presbyterian minister, resident in Albany so many years, and author of many valuable works, my father's friend and mine, was a great collector of autographs, and has left behind him the finest collection in the States. It was my privilege to spend a morning in his study full of cases or cubicles reaching from floor to ceiling, each containing carefully arranged autograph letters of all the presidents and officers of the state and senators, from Washington downwards, of the clergy of each church and country from Luther and the Mathers, besides those of the crowned heads of Europe for centuries, and dramatic, scientific, and literary celebrities all the world over. The collection is valued at five thousand pounds sterling, and negotiations are on foot for its purchase by the United States Government. Dr. Sprague was indefatigable to the last in his zest for autographs. Upon receiving from me one of F. W. Robertson's sermon notes, he wrote saying that the autograph found him ill in bed, but its arrival

had such an exhilarating effect that he was up forthwith and in the midst of his collection, happy as a king. For many years an eloquent preacher, he was laid aside from public work through loss of teeth, no dentist being able so to supply the lack as to enable him freely to articulate. His case was worse than that of Lord Brougham, who once, when speaking at one of the Social Science Congress meetings, paused, having some trouble with his artificial teeth, and in a pleasant way remarked, "These things are the first to trouble us in the world, and they are the last;" and then, after a few minutes' rest, coolly went on again. The American dentists, clever as they are, failed to supply Dr. Sprague so as to enable him to preach, and hence his retired home amid his autographs at Flushing.

Sunday in New York is better kept than in London. The Protestants are for the most part stricter sabbatarians, and the old Puritan element, in all its simple firmness, is still strong. There is a strong Foreign and Roman Catholic element; but the Roman Catholics observe reverently the first half of the day. Broadway on Sunday morning is empty and quiet, and Fifth Avenue is as still as the quiet streets and squares in the new part of Edinburgh. There are several beautiful churches in Fifth Avenue, but as it was summer time many of these were closed. There are three Presbyterian churches here, that of Dr. John Hall being the largest, a very beautiful building, but at this time closed, for the three congregations combine in the summer, their numbers being reduced, and worship together now in one place, now in another. On this Sunday, service was held in the Dutch Reformed Church, a costly building and gorgeously fitted, carpeted and cushioned throughout, books and fans provided for all. The fans seem strange and distracting, but they are necessary in hot weather, and are used alike by men and women, minister and people. The organ was beautifully played, and the singing, led by two professionals without a choir, was spirited and reverential. The sermon was read, a thoughtful and earnest discourse. At the head of Fifth Avenue, towards the north, and towering over the city, rises the new cathedral of St. Patrick, a commanding structure of white marble, but not yet finished. Over the central doorway is the triple crown, with the words "*Claudit et aperit*," *i.e.*, "He (the pope) shuts and opens." A fine Sunday afternoon sees the Central Park, north of the city, thronged with people on foot or driving.

Another place of Sunday resort is that great "city of the dead" Greenwood Cemetery, on an elevated ridge above Brooklyn, containing five hundred acres of beautifully hilly and undulating land, and with its 300,000 silent inhabitants. The high entrance-gate is pointed Gothic of red sandstone, and finely carved with four large bas-reliefs: 1. The burial of Christ, with the motto, "He tasted death for every man;" 2. The raising of the widow's son, with the motto, "Weep not;" 3. The raising of Lazarus, with the words, "Come forth;" and 4. The resurrection of Christ, with the text, "I am the resurrection and the life." These are surrounded by four figures, Faith, Hope, Memory, and Love. There are several miles of drives in the cemetery, and almost countless walks and bye-paths, now shady and secluded, now leading up to some point where the harbour and the city come into view. The monuments are very varied and costly. Perhaps the finest is that of Charlotte Canda, a girl of seventeen, who died the night before her wedding-day, and whose fortune has been spent upon her tomb, consisting of a circle of beautiful statues. The Roman Catholic authorities instituted a lawsuit in hopes to gain possession of this tomb, but the verdict gave them only the corpse, and that they have left where it is. There is also the grave of Morse, the inventor of the telegraph; a handsome tomb in memory of the men of the Fire Brigade who perished in their efforts to save life in the New York fire, on the summit of which is a fireman in bronze with a little child in his arms, carrying it out of the flames; and a monument to one of the New York pilots who lost his life in endeavouring to reach a ship in a storm, erected by his brother pilots, can be seen from ships passing the bay. Perhaps the most touching of the monuments is that erected on Battle Hill, by the city of New York, in memory of the enlisted men of her regiments who died in the war for country and freedom, that ended in the liberation of the slaves. A noble shaft rises in the centre, and figures at the four corners represent the four branches of the service, infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers. There are also bas-reliefs representing four scenes in the history of war, the departure, the battle, the wounded, and the burial. Many other monuments with their inscriptions tell not only the long death record of that war, but the depth of the conviction among the citizens, written in tears and blood, that it was a war for hearth and home, for country, and



SANDY HOOK FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.

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for liberty. Close to the cemetery is Prospect Park, and a beautiful drive leads on to Coney Island and New Brighton Beach, a charming resort, but wholly destitute of the privacy and quiet which the weary toiler needs on the day of rest.



The Orphans.

BESIDE an open grave they stand—
The joys that brighten childhood's hours
Have faded, like the drooping flowers
They carry in each listless hand.

Childhood eclipsed ere well begun,
They look around with older eyes;
Greyer have grown the summer skies,
More coldly shines the summer sun.

And life is now a desert wide,
Since God retakes the gifts He gave;
The stroke that fills their mother's grave
Has emptied all the world beside.

Mysterious seems that providence
Which such a cruel grief imparts,
And fills such young and tender hearts
With grief so poignant and intense.

And tried by reason's test alone,
No Father's love herein we know:
The children asked for bread, and, lo,
He gives a stone—a churchyard stone!

But He who took the children up
And placed His hand on each young head,
Will surely give that heavenly bread,
Though steeped in sorrow's bitter cup.

His aim is still to save and bless,
And chastisement itself shall prove
That He is still the God of love,
And Father of the fatherless.

And surely o'er the churchyard sod
The flowers of hope shall freely wave—
Who stands beside an open grave
Is not so very far from God!

ANGUS M. MACKAY.

Earth to Earth.

"He sighed, till he heard the warning word,
Shall it profit thee when it slew thy Lord?
Earth bore the thorns that pierced His brow,
Should it yield thee unfading flowers now?
Thou wilt find, some fleeting seasons gone,
A spot of earth that is all thine own;
And none will contend for thy dark abode
When thy spirit is gone to rejoin its God.
'Tis dark, but thy Saviour hath shared it too;
'Twas the only spot He could find below.
And His home in heaven is for thee to share—
Pass lightly on till thou join Him there."

CAROLINE FRY.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

THERE are few matters which have excited more interest to thinking minds in connection with the dealings of God towards mankind. While, on the one hand, some writers have maintained that the Creator acts only through general laws, and that events, apparently unexplainable by natural laws, which have been productive of unexpected good or evil to the individual, are either illustrations of some higher, unknown law, or come within the category of "coincidences," there are others equally eminent, who have argued in favour of the direct and special interposition of the Almighty in such "special providences."

Whatever may be the explanation accepted, there can be no question of the spirit in which such incidents should be regarded. The mention of a few interpositions in an otherwise somewhat uneventful life, may not be useless, recounted in no boastful spirit, but with humble gratitude we trust to the Father of all Mercies.

One summer evening, many years since, we were lodging for a few days in an ancient house in Shropshire. Our bedroom was on the third story, an apartment with deeply-recessed windows, in each of which was a shelf or high seat, on a level with the window-sill. Some forty or fifty feet below these windows was a grand old country garden, full of sweet shrubs and flowers. We had been working hard all day, and, struck with the beauty of the evening as the bright moonlight poured in through the widely-opened sash, we gathered ourselves comfortably together on one of the shelves we have spoken of, and luxuriated in the view of the garden below. Sleep stole upon us unbidden, and ere we were aware we had yielded to it. The garden accompanied us into dreamland, only, instead of lying on a wooden seat far above it, we were on a soft green turf, gazing on a knot of tiny but exquisite flowers. As we pressed more closely down to examine them, suddenly there sprang from them, and straight towards our face, a hideous reptile, a mixture of toad and beetle, we involuntarily started backwards, with such force as to fall off the seat upon the floor of our bedroom, awakening, of course, to find that the imaginary reptile had prevented our leaning still further forward to examine the equally imaginary flowers, and so to be precipitated from a dizzy and probably fatal height!

Our next providence also carries us many years into the past. We were unmarried, and living in the family home in a pleasant suburb of London. It was August, and all the members of the household, save myself and an old servant, were enjoying their usual sea-side "outing." Accustomed to cheerful voices and faces around, the solitude of the family sitting-room, ourselves alone in it, was almost insupportable. As evening closed in we lighted the gas, and tried to find amusement with one book after another, but in vain. There was a cabinet full of old curiosities and nameless "odds and ends" in the room, and in our loneliness we began turning over its contents. An old pistol attracted our attention. It had lain there may years, and we idly speculated whether it was loaded or not. We did a very foolish thing. After attempting in

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vain to blow down the barrel, we drew down the gasalier, and removed the glass shade from one of the burners; holding the pistol with the stock towards and close to the flame, we looked narrowly down the barrel. At that instant a loud single "bang" came from the knocker of the street door, and simultaneously a nervous start on our part threw the muzzle of the weapon a little on one side; an instant discharge followed, and a bullet grazing our ear, was lodged in the wall behind us.

The remarkable part of the accident, however, remains to be told. The door being opened, our father stood outside, startled by the sound of the shot, and anxiously enquired after us. It appeared that during the whole morning he had been filled with nervous anxiety about his son, which at length became so overpowering, that although more than a hundred miles from home, he had insisted upon leaving wife and children in the country, and rushing up to town, only in time by his abrupt knocking, to deflect the loaded firearm from an awful aim through eye and head!

We will relate but one other incident, no less remarkable than the former, in which we venture to think the direct interposition of Divine mercy was very wonderfully manifested towards us.

We were attending officially the assizes at Taunton, and the work being unusually light, and ending before the day appointed for the Commission to be opened at the next circuit town, Devizes, we found ourselves possessed of the luxury of a holiday. A local friend, who was a somewhat skilful angler, finding that our holiday was without employment, suggested our visiting some preserved water a few miles away, offering to lend us the necessary tackle, and, as he was unable to accompany us, to introduce us by letter to the custodian of the stream, assuring us of a kindly welcome and excellent sport. Although anything but a proficient in the "gentle art," the offer was so kindly made that we could not refuse, and on the following morning, duly equipped, we started on our excursion. Some distance out of the town we were overtaken and accosted by a somewhat shabbily-dressed and rough-looking man, who rightly suggested that we were "going fishing," and immediately, and in a confidential manner, asked our destination. We told him, and were immediately assured that our labour would be in vain: the gamekeeper was out—our companion knew him well—and even if he had been at home, we should have had all our time thrown away; there was no fish in —— stream; it had been completely drawn, etc., etc. *He*, however, could show us a wonderful place, full of fish, trout the largest we had ever seen, nobody knew of it but himself; he was a skilful man with the rod and line, and liked to assist a gentleman, and always knew one when he met him, etc., etc. Although liking a companion at all times, and anything but reserved or misanthropical, we formed somehow an unconquerable dislike to our new friend, and refused his overtures, apologetically almost at first, but, as they were renewed and somewhat persistently, at last with a degree of something very like anger, which caused him reluctantly to turn back from us, and finally to disappear in the windings of the road.

Arrived at our journey's end, we found the person to whom our letter was addressed, who heartily greeted us, set plenty of plain, acceptable country fare before us, taught our inexperienced hands (so far as the time permitted) the mysteries of his craft, and sent us home in the early evening rewarded with some glorious specimens of the finny tribe.

This adventure, like many others of a like nature, was fast fading from memory, when, two years afterwards, we were again at the Taunton Assizes, and amongst the prisoners put upon trial was one charged with an aggravated assault, "with intent to kill and murder." The case was a short and very simple one, and immediately engaged all our attention. The prosecutor was proceeding, a few weeks previously, on a little fishing excursion, when he was overtaken by the prisoner, who offered to lead him to some fine "preserved water." Accepting the invitation, he was taken by a long and lonely road into a plantation in which was a small lake which the prisoner declared was swarming with fish. Whilst adjusting his rod and line, his companion edged behind him, and suddenly struck him on the back of the head with a hammer he had had concealed about him. Fortunately the blow, though severe, did not stun him, and he was able to close with, grapple, and eventually to master his adversary, who I was amazed to find was the very same scoundrel who had forced himself into my company two years previously! Providentially his intended victim this time was a strong and powerful Somersetshire man, who successfully overmastered and delivered him up to justice in the shape of many years' penal servitude, a result which in no human probability could have been arrived at by the writer, whose puny form, but for the mercy of God, would doubtless long since have been hidden under the dark waters of that lonely lake. "The man who watches for providences," says a pious writer, "will never want providences to watch for." May some of our readers, if they have not yet done so, thankfully reckon up those of their own past lives.

VINEGAR DICK.

RICHARD VERICOMBE—or, as his "pals" often called him, "Vinegar Dick"—lived in a low district in West London. When a boy he went to a parochial school, where he picked up a few texts from the Bible. This good seed was to bear fruit, though not till after many days. As soon as the lad was sent out into the world to earn his daily bread, early and bitter trials fell to his lot in life. Having no knowledge of any trade, nor parents left to keep and guide him, he was in a lonely and sad position, not knowing which way to turn for the best.

Just about this time, poor Dick was tempted to go into a small beer-shop. Some stray men and women who were drinking at this house, took Dick by the hand, and taught him how to mend cane-chairs—a trade which he afterwards kept to, although it caused him to lead a roving and uncertain life, and often brought him into low company. Having very little self-control, he soon fell into bad habits, and became intemperate and profane. In this state of blindness and hardness of heart he remained for more than fifty years, a monument of the mercy, forbearance, and long-suffering of God.

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As a London City missionary, it was my duty to visit some of the beer-shops where Dick was too often to be found, and many were the conversations we had on the need of repentance and remission of sins; but I always felt that unless the Holy Spirit opened the heart of a sinner to receive the truth in the love of it, even the inspired word of God itself would be the "savour of death unto death." Strong and determined, indeed, was the opposition which "Vinegar Dick" would madly show the moment he heard me mention the name of our loving and gracious Saviour, Jesus Christ. The unhappy man would gnash with his teeth, as though some enemy were seeking his injury and ruin; and the idle and careless bystanders almost seemed to delight in hearing his wicked and blasphemous words against the Son of God. Had it not been for the Divine promise that the Holy Spirit would convince of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment, and the knowledge that "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved," my heart would often have fainted, and the angry chair-mender would have been passed by for more promising hearers. Many were my silent though earnest and believing prayers that God would take away Dick's stony heart, and give him a heart of flesh.

At last God's time came. I noticed a change in the tone of Dick's voice and manner. He even accepted a tract, "The Man that killed his Neighbours," and would read "The Cottager" to former companions. Let us not despise the day of small things, but thankfully and hopefully watch the signs of spiritual life and growth.

It was a drawback to find Dick still in his old haunts; but the nights were dark and cold, and the now aged man had no cheerful home of his own, where he might find quiet and peace. Drink was no longer a temptation to him. Even the publicans themselves would sometimes bring their children into the tap-room to hear the changed man read an interesting anecdote. When it happened, as sometimes was the case, that some thoughtless man let slip a coarse or profane saying, Dick would kindly, but firmly, ask him "to filter" his words. The idea was at once understood, and the gentle though telling reproof bore fruit in the suppression of bad language.

Frequently was I encouraged in my labours to reclaim the ungodly, by the earnest words and living example of the man whose previous history was so well known to the people by whom he was surrounded.

A year passed by. Dick became a severe sufferer; and when I met with him, and asked kindly after his health, he would shake his head, and look sadly. Disease was silently, though fatally, at work.

And now the afflicted man ceased to attend any of the beer-shops, and no one knew where he lived, or how to find him; so that it was thought he had ended his days in the workhouse. The missionary searched the neighbourhood, and, after much difficulty, discovered the sick man. He was alone in a small room —helpless, sleepless, starving. It was a sad sight; and the thoughts of the sufferer were that his present trial was owing to his sin in having so often reviled God during a life of impenitence. He felt the force of the words, "God requireth that which is past;" and his conscience was burdened with grief. His sorrow, however, was after a godly sort, and not that of the world. The Holy Spirit, the Comforter, did not leave him in a state of darkness, under the conviction of sin, but graciously took of the things of Christ and showed them unto him. So anxious was the dying man to realize God's forgiveness and acceptance, that, notwithstanding his agony of body, he would kneel down with the missionary, and unite with him in prayer at the throne of grace, until it pleased God to shed abroad His love in the stricken heart by the Holy Ghost. His inmost feelings were like those of John Newton:

> "Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
> Till a blessing Thou bestow.
> Do not turn away Thy face;
> Mine's an urgent, pressing case."

A Christian lady was kind enough to send some beef-tea and other nourishing food to the sick man, so that his life was prolonged for several weeks.

On one occasion, the reading of Psalm ciii. 8, gave much peace: "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." About a fortnight before his death, in a moment of depression, doubtless the result of physical weakness, Dick said, "I shall never know the meaning of the word 'home' either in this world or the next;" but he took a brighter and more hopeful view after I had read a tract to him called "The Beautiful Home," and a few verses from the 7th chapter of Revelation: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." During the last few days of his life upon earth his spirit was filled with joy and thanksgiving; and he delighted to utter, although in broken and imperfect accents, the words: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name . . . Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." He grasped, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the assurance that Christ Jesus "is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

> "Saviour, Thy promise I believe,
> Nor ever would Thy presence leave;
> But seek upon Thy gentle breast
> The foretaste of eternal rest."

The time to depart and to be with Christ now came; and it was on a Good Friday when the ransomed spirit of this repentant and believing sinner was called into the Redeemer's presence,—another witness to His grace and mercy who said upon the cross to the dying thief: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

It may be, with God's blessing, that this true narrative will fall into the hand of those who have hitherto been living without God in the world, and having no hope. Let all such repent of their sins, and be encouraged, without excuse or delay, to ask the Holy Spirit to lead them to the Divine Saviour, who will in no wise cast them out. If the reader should be tempted to feel and say, with the Pharisee of old: "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are," let him consider the Master's words: "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

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And is there not a lesson here also to those who are daily and prayerfully labouring to win souls to Christ? "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

J. C. P.

THE DEAD STEERSMAN.

DURING a very severe winter some years ago, three men stood on the top of some high cliffs, watching the strange course of a little sailing boat on the sea below them. There was only one man on board, and he sat at the helm, apparently utterly reckless of the danger into which he was running his boat, for she seemed to be driving full on shore, at a place where it was impossible for her to escape being dashed to pieces. The men on the cliff shouted to the rash helmsman, and warned him loudly of his danger while there was yet time for him to put about his helm, and save his little vessel; but he seemed deaf to all warning, and faster and faster the boat rushed on to destruction, until she was hidden from their sight below the rocks. The fate of the man seemed certain, and the observers hurried down to the rocky beach beneath the cliffs, expecting to find him and his boat dashed in pieces, and marvelling over the obstinacy with which he had slighted their warnings. They found the boat, and they found the man. His hand still grasped the tiller ropes; he still sat erect at his post; but it was not the crash of the wreck of his boat that had killed him; he lay before them a stiff and ghastly figure, frozen to death at the helm!

Alas! how many a shipwreck has been caused by such steering in the voyage of life! Have we not seen young lives thrown away, the hopes of parents ruined, remonstrances slighted, warnings despised, and at last the poor vessel hopelessly destroyed, because of the frozen heart and soul of the man at the helm? There was an appearance of life in the case of the poor steersman; he sat erect at his place; his figure deceived those who saw him; his little boat went gaily over the bright blue waves in the sunshine; and to one who was ignorant of the danger he ran from the strong current and the rock-bound shore, the voyage seemed to be all pleasure, and yet was it too surely a voyage of death!

Such things have been in the history of a church: "I know thy works," said the Lord to Sardis of old, "that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead!" (Rev. iii. 1). It was only known to the all-seeing eye of God that the life of Sardis was but a name.

Such things have been in the history of an individual. "For to be carnally minded is death." (Rom. viii. 6). "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth" (1 Tim. v. 6). The heart that is callous to all sense of duty, cold to all the love of God in Christ, hardened to fear of offending Him, paralysed to all effort to change its perilous course, is indeed dead, though it may have a name to live. But it is not the will of God that it should perish unwarned. Whoever reads this page is warned once more, and is affectionately invited once more, to come to Jesus for life and salvation.

Sabbath Thoughts.

FORWARD.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward. —*Exodus* xiv. 15.

"FORWARD! in the name of God!" Be this our spirit at this season! Before each of us there lies a new stage of life's journey; longer or shorter. Before each there are difficulties, temptations, trials; but there are also before each mercies and blessings, hopes and consolations, strength and guidance given freely for the asking; and above all there is offered to each the presence and blessing of One who can turn darkness into light, sorrow into joy—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!"

When the Lord commanded Moses to give the word of advance to the children of Israel, He did not intend them to go forward alone; their leader was with them, stretching out over the dark waters that rod by which the sea was to be turned into dry land for the chosen of the Lord, while their enemies were to be overwhelmed with ruin. Our Leader, our Moses, is ready to effect for each of us a deliverance of which that wrought beside the Red Sea was but a feeble type. He knows the difficulties of our way; He sees all the Pharaohs and the chariots and the horsemen that are seeking to destroy us—knowing far better than we do the amount of their strength and of our weaknesses; "behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save."

Let it be ours to start on our journey with fresh courage, looking to Jesus, and trusting in Him. There are times in our history when it is meet to look back, but still we must "go forward." The looking back that reminds us of God's goodness in bygone days ought to stimulate our hope and confidence in Him as to the unknown future into whose darkness we are about to venture; for, will not He who has helped us hitherto, help us still? Have we not His Word in our hand, "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path?" Have we not the promised aid of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth? Let us believe that He "who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all," has His eye upon each of those purchased ones whom He bought at such a price; He it is who desires to glorify His power in bringing them safe to the Promised Land; He it is who gives the word, and at the same time the strength, to "Go forward."

"Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

"His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil:
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labour of love."

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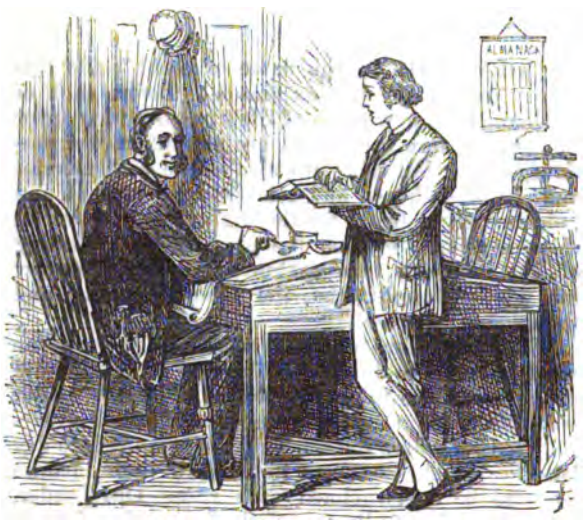
Pages for the Young.

MASTER CHARLES'S CHAIR.

CHAPTER II.—MASTER CHARLES.



"MOST people in this neighbourhood think that our master has only two children living—his two married daughters, who should arrive here in a couple of hours or so with their husbands and families to spend some time at the Court. New Year's Day, which is also the master's birthday, has always been our special time for a family gathering.

"The Squire himself does not know whether he has a son alive or not, but ten years ago he had, and our Master Charles was as fine a youth as ever stepped. Mr. Newman, our master, was not the owner of Earl's Court then. It came to him, quite unexpectedly, about four years ago, as heir-at-law to a distant relation whom he had never seen and rarely heard of.

"When Master Charles was at home, his father was a country lawyer, not a very rich man; but respected and trusted by every one that knew him.

"If ever a young man had a good example set before him, Master Charles had it in his father. Diligent in business, true and just in all his dealings, tender and loving in his home, not hasting to be rich, but doing heartily what he had to do, and using his means generously. Such was the master."

"That is a nice picture of a gentleman," put in James. "I ought to reckon myself lucky in getting a place here, if the Squire is like that now."

"He is, only better, if anything, for good qualities, fed and strengthened by the nourishment of God's word and teaching and blessing, grow like plants in good ground, James. As to Mrs. Newman, she was, and she is—as you will find out for yourself—just what a lady should be. The master and mistress have always worked together in the faith and fear of God, and striven to bring up their children in the same way.

"I have often heard the master say that his girls never gave him an hour's sorrow; but it was very different with his only boy. He was bright and clever, and did well at school; but he was also high-spirited, headstrong, and fond of change, which made him unwilling to fall in with the quiet ways and habits which rendered home delightful to the other members of the family.

"Most youths would have been well satisfied with the prospect of joining such a father in his professional pursuits, with a first-class connection all made, and the certainty of succeeding to the whole of the business. But not so our Master Charles.

"'I don't want to go on plodding in this out-of-the-way place,' he would say to me; for you must know I was then a copying clerk in the office. 'I might work till my hair was white, and sit in this office until I might as well be rooted like an old oak in the wood, for any change I should get. And for what? Just to pass my life as a country lawyer, and live and die, like the old tree, in the same spot.'

"I ventured to point out to Master Charles that if his father did spend so much time in the office, it was less from necessity than choice. That Mr. Newman's name and character were honoured alike by rich and poor. That the best houses in the county were open to him and his family; no guests being held in higher estimation; and that if they chose, they might mix in much gayer society, as they had plenty of invitations to stay in London during the season. 'You, Master Charles,' I said, 'are not bound to live altogether so quietly as they do; but it seems to me you might fall in with your father's wishes, and yet without much sacrifice on your own part.'

"A good deal of time was lost after Master Charles left school before he could make up his mind what to do; but at last he decided to make a beginning at the office. Even then I do not think his heart was thoroughly in his work, though he professed to have settled down to the study of the law. But there was a new attraction under his father's roof, which made him willing to endure the quiet, for a time, at any rate.

"One of Mr. Newman's clients had lately died and left great wealth to his only daughter. She had long been motherless, and was just turned seventeen when she lost her father also.

"The girl and all she had were entrusted to my master's care, and her father's dying wish was, that at any rate until Miss Eleanor should be of age, she should dwell under the roof of her guardian. He felt that in Mrs. Newman she would find a mother whose love would comfort her in her desolation and whose beautiful feminine character, adorned as it was by Christian graces, would be an invaluable pattern to his doubly-orphaned child. In the upright hands of my master he knew her property would be safe.

"'She has been a dutiful child,' said the dying father, 'and my great desire is, not that she may fill a high place in the world, but that she may be a true disciple of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. As to the wealth which will be hers, teach her to use it for God's glory, and in blessing those around her.'

"My master and mistress regarded the charge of Miss Eleanor Clifford as a very solemn responsibility, and faithfully set themselves to carry out the wishes of her father by giving her a daughter's place in their home and hearts.

"Master Charles was just turned twenty, and our young ladies were eighteen and twenty-two years old when the orphan girl in her deep mourning dress first came amongst us. The sweet, sad look on her dear young face touched us all, and made everybody want to do something to comfort her. She was no stranger in the house, for the families had long been close friends, and all the girls had studied together under the same masters, so Miss Eleanor found nothing but love and sympathy awaiting her on all sides.

"Time, that soothes all troubles, brought back smiles to her young face in place of tears and sadness, and it seemed after a while that her very presence had secured a double allowance of sunshine under the master's roof.

"From the very first it was easy to see what was in Master Charles's mind, and there could be no doubt that his chief object in stopping quietly at home was that he might be near Miss Eleanor. I did not live in the house with Mr. Newman's family as I do now. I had gone to his office as a mere lad, and worked my way up to the head seat in my own department of duty. I had a little home of my own and a dear good wife,

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and, in my humble way, was a very happy man. My only trials were that my dear good wife was far from strong, and our only child had been called from earth just when his pretty baby ways had made him doubly dear to both our hearts. However, He who called our child to Himself gave us in his good time a spirit of submission and the power to say, 'Thy will be done.'

"I ought not to bring in my own concerns in telling you our Master Charles's story," said the old butler, after a moment's pause, and with a little trembling of lips and voice, which showed his listener that the lapse of years had not effaced the memory of that bygone sorrow. "But," he continued, "Master Charles was so kind, and showed such feeling for me and my poor wife when we were in trouble, that it brought him very close to my heart. I could see his faults; but I always loved him dearly.

"He would often talk to me about Miss Eleanor, and would say, 'You know, Bradley, I would not tie myself to this stool and work, and pore over all this dry stuff which I hate, merely for the sake of being a country lawyer. I would rather enlist for a soldier than stay twenty-four hours in this stupid place if Eleanor Clifford were out of it. But I will have patience until she is of age, and then, good-bye to the law.' Then he would break out into praises of his father's ward, and say how good and noble she was, and how, though she had the prospect of possessing so much wealth, she was just as humble and self-devoting as some girls would have been proud and exacting under similar circumstances. He would picture the travels they would have together, the bright, gay scenes into which he would introduce her, and in which she would be a very queen of goodness, and how it should be his joy and pride to devote his life to making hers happy.

"He never saw a cloud in his prospects, or seemed to entertain a doubt that they should spend their lives together, and that all would happen in exact fulfilment of these day-dreams.

"'Why, Master Charles,' I said, 'you are just dreaming your life away, instead of spending these precious hours in steady work. You are wasting my time, which is really your father's, when I should be about my master's business, and you fitting yourself to be his partner in it; keep these love visions to yourself.'

"'Visions, do you call them, Bradley? They are visions which will become blessed realities by-and-bye. You are always telling me that I waste my time about my love story. Look at the very Book of books, man, and see if it does not almost begin with one. What did the All-wise Creator say about man's loneliness from the very first? Why, that it was "not good" for him. And do I not know that, at this very moment, whilst you are professing to throw cold water on my plans, *your* heart echoes back the great truth? And, as your thoughts wander to your home, and picture the fireside beside which your wife waits to listen for your footsteps and welcome your coming, you bless God for his goodness in having created a helpmeet for you. Why, when I read about Jacob serving seven years for Rachel, I feel full of sympathy, and think to myself I am like him as I sit here working away at a thing I hate, for the sake of my Eleanor. I am not like Jacob, though, in thinking the years "but as a few days for the love he had to Rachel." I feel as though the days I spend here were years, they seem so dreadfully long and dull.'

"I could not help smiling, as Master Charles ran on in this fashion about Jacob and Rachel, and comparing his few months of half-working to their long years of waiting. But his handsome young face was quite flushed with excitement as he spoke so confidently about his day-dreams becoming realities. And as the youth alluded to the goodness of God in providing for man's domestic happiness by giving him a fitting partner, he said it in a tender reverent way that was very sweet to witness.

"Master Charles had his faults; but they were of a different kind from those of some fast young men, who nowadays think it a grand thing to mock at divine truth, to reverence nothing and to believe nothing. He might be wayward and changeable in many things, but he had no sympathy with what was even in the least degree profane or irreverent. If he loved what was outwardly beautiful in Miss Eleanor Clifford, I am sure he cared yet more for her inward goodness, which showed itself on her sweet face and doubled every charm.

"When Master Charles appealed to me to look into my own heart and read its testimony as to the goodness of God in giving me a loving wife to share my joys and sorrows, and make my cottage home a little paradise, of course, he called a witness on his own side. Every fibre of my heart attested the truth of his words.

"I am afraid, though, I was half hypocritical and half sarcastic as I answered Master Charles, for I was unwilling to let him see how his appeal had stirred me. So I said, 'How old was Jacob when he began his first seven years' waiting?'

"'I really do not remember, Bradley, but I'll look this very minute,' and in his impetuous way, he rushed to his father's bookcase and took out a reference Bible. After a minute's search he lifted his face with an astonished look, and said, 'Why, Bradley, he was actually seventy-seven years old at least, when he left his father to go to his uncle Laban's. In those days men lived so much longer than they do now, that he would be counted a young man for all that.'

"'Jacob had then lived alone half his long life, Master Charles. Take your Bible again, and you will see that he died at the age of one hundred and forty-seven, so that he lived seventy years after he left his home, and this number included all the time he spent with Laban; and afterwards in Canaan and Egypt. Taking the present age of man at threescore years and ten, we may consider that Jacob was as old when he first saw Rachel, as a man of six-and-thirty would be in these days. There is no doubt too, that he had thoroughly learned his business as a shepherd; the same as his father's, Mr. Charles.'

"Master Charles laughed heartily, though he winced a little under this last thrust.

"'You like plaguing me, Bradley,' he said.

"'I am only telling you the plain truth, Master Charles. Depend upon it, Laban was not the man to engage another as his servant who did not know his duties. By all we read he would have very good pennyworths for his pence. But you must not say another word; you have hindered me too long already,' and turning a deaf ear when he attempted to continue the conversation, I went on with my copying, feeling not a little vexed with myself for having lost so much time already.

MOHAMMEDAN DOWAGERS AT HOME.

IN a réunion of Mohammedan begums at the Zenana Mission House, there was an old dame of severe aspect, who had condescended to honour the entertainment with her presence. I went one day to pay her a return visit. She was very aristocratically connected, her husband's aunt being wife of the brother of the King of Oude. He is the most important native in the place since the deposition of the king, and always gives a fête of fireworks and illuminations to the Lieutenant-Governor, when the latter visits the city.

We drove down a network of narrow dirty lanes, and stopped before an arched gateway adorned with painted crests. This led to the outer or men's courtyard, where a number of servants in scarlet livery were lounging. A coarse curtain of sacking, which hung in the opposite archway, prevented the male gaze from penetrating into the further paved court allotted to the women. In the centre of this was an oblong white marble tank filled with water and gold-fish and with carved marble lions at the corners. The buildings which surrounded the quadrangle were somewhat lofty in the Moorish style. The picturesque arched

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doorways at the end opened into a spacious apartment which was a most curious mixture of luxury and dirt. Gilded French mirrors hung on the walls, Venetian glass chandeliers were suspended from the gaily-painted vaulted roof; but the floor was innocent of the broom, and the filthy bedsteads of attendants littered the room. The mistress herself slept in a smaller room beyond. One of a woolly-headed group of negro slaves now informed us that the begum would receive us in the garden. Passing through a door in the wall we found ourselves in a little enclosed garden, laid out in geometrical flower-beds, filled with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Round the top of the walls was a walk commanding a fine view of the city, and on the pavement immediately below, with her feet in the gutter that ran round, sat our hostess on a spread-out sheet. A poor relation or dependent sat cross-legged beside her, nursing a naughty little boy, in very little clothing besides a gold-embroidered cap. A number of coolie women were busy tidying up the garden, and their mistress was scolding and directing them. She herself presented an extraordinary appearance. Her face expressed great determination and force of character and some pride. But her dignity was marred by her costume. She was very stout, and wore a white muslin bodice, and calico petticoat, with a sheet thrown round her. As she was suffering from a slight paralytic stroke, her head was tied up in a red turban and her chin in a pink rag. She seemed sedately glad to see us, but did not rise on our approach.

Chairs were brought for us and placed in the middle of a path, some way from our hostess, so that our conversation was conducted at the top of our voices, and hers was like a peacock's. She told us that her husband, the Nawab, had seen one of our number at a fête given to influential natives a short time before, and would like to learn to read from her. But on this lady's assurance that she never taught men, the begum had agreed that his sister should learn instead. She herself used formerly to read the Bible with the mission lady who used to visit her, but becoming old and infirm, had given it up. My companion told me afterwards that this begum had one day told her of a wonderful dream she had had. It appears she was troubled about some papers which could not be found, and were wanted in a law-suit which was going on in the family. She said that Yesu (Jesus) had appeared to her one night in a dream and showed her where the papers were. They were found next day in the same spot. The Mohammedan religion is a very superstitious and imaginative one, besides being very bigoted. Many pupils are firm believers in Christ, but yet will not leave their own religion, and try to reconcile the two creeds.

But to return to our stately hostess. Miss M—— tried to persuade her to have her photograph taken for my benefit. But after much haggling about the price no arrangement, was come to, as she found that she would have to be seen by the photographer.

We passed out on the opposite side of the garden to that we had entered, in order to look at the private family mosque. It was a tiny minaretted building with three-arch doorways. It stood in a little enclosed courtyard with a small marble tank in front of the terrace. Being women we were not allowed near, but I could see that the interior was decorated with pictures and inscriptions. A "moulvie" on the terrace outside was teaching a boy, a scion of the family, his prayers. The boy in his best clothes was prostrating himself on his prayer-carpet, and the "moulvie," with his face upturned and his hands on his ears, kept shouting "Allah!"

Our next visit was to a lady of less exalted position, but very wealthy. Her house and premises, however, were extraordinarily mean and dirty. A well-dressed young man, a son of the house, opened the gate to us and conducted us to the Zenana, which consisted of a small court and two dark-thatched lean-to rooms. Here we found the begum surrounded by younger women, servants, and children. She was exuberantly glad to see us, patting our arms and hands. It was, however, very difficult to understand what she said, as she stammered dreadfully. Her appearance, too, was not prepossessing, as she had a bad squint and her teeth were black with eating betel-nut. She professed herself delighted to make my acquaintance, asking many questions as to my husband, children, and my husband's income! When, however, my companion explained that this latter query did not appear polite to us, she apologized profusely, putting her hand up and turning away her head, and saying, "Very well, then, I do not know, I do not know." She then called in her whole establishment, and begged me to sing them something, so I delighted them with "God save the Queen." After that she read to me. She had not long been a pupil of the mission, and was not far advanced, but she seemed most eager to get on, begging my friend to come daily to her, as she preferred her teaching to that of the native Christian teacher. Others of the family also expressed a wish to learn; and all laughed heartily and quite appreciated the joke when my companion said that to teach so many she would have to become three people at once. I then asked them to show me their best clothes and jewellery, which, in wealthy families, are often of great magnificence, and handed down as heirlooms. But they told me that the Nawab was out, and that he kept the key, and seemed surprised when I produced out of my pocket the keys which I said locked up all my valuables. As we were sitting talking the water-carrier passed in and filled up the jugs. His head was covered with a cloth, that he might not see the women. When we rose to go, they all entreated us to stay longer, and with much chattering accompanied us to the door of the Zenana.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. II.

1. In every house my *first* was found,
And rolled and rumbled round and round;
And this was woman's work, 'tis said,
To fill each mouth with daily bread.
But now they press the running stream
Such work to do, or haply steam;
So changed its form, and yet its name
Still to this day remains the same.

2. My *next* once propped a pilgrim's head;
Once laid a threatening giant dead;
Once showed God's help, and power to save;
Once a new name to Peter gave.
Type of His strength who guards the humble,
But makes the disobedient stumble.

3. Part of my *first* will make my *whole*,
True picture of a callous soul!
The paradox may make you stare;
But of your own hard heart beware!
'Tis a man's life, the Law alleged,
And hence forbade it to be pledged.
A prophet once my *whole* beheld—
By a strong angel's hand propelled—
Into the deep with fury hurled,
To show the judgment of the world,
When Satan's kingdom shall be o'er,
And Babylon be found no more!

W. L.



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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



BETTER DAYS.

FARMER TRUEFIT'S BARLEY.

CHAPTER V.—ON THE MOUNT.

"*THAT* file!" cried Dr. Cameron; "and give me the day-book and ledger B, quick, quick! I'm wanted in twenty places this very minute."

The file required, the day-book and ledger B were handed to him with speed by a youth who did not look as if he could do much to help the doctor besides.

Poor doctor! He turned over leaf after leaf, he stripped the file, but all in vain: with a sigh of despair, he exclaimed, "No use! I must get help—but where? Who?"

"Please sir, Mr. Thompson the grocer wants to see you!" said the same young man in a nervous voice, waiting for an answer, as if afraid of what might come.

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The puzzled doctor, however, greatly relieved his mind by saying quickly: "The very man! I'll see him at once. Put these things away!" and pushing day-book, ledger, and file from him, he hastily left the room to find the welcome grocer.

"Ah, Thompson," he cried, "I know what you want. You are as hungry for your bill as others are for their money; I wish there were more of your sort. But I have been trying to hunt up that and some others, and for the life of me I cannot make out my own entries; no, nor have I time to go steadily over the books. And there was such a hurly-burly of work that tornado time, that it wants a cool head and leisure to make things clear. And I, why, my head is full of people and places that I ought to be looking after this moment. As to leisure, what can a poor doctor know of that?"

The grocer looked quite sorry for him, and began to say that he would wait for his bill; but the doctor cried, as he rose to take his hat and go,

"Don't go! I want to know of a fellow that can help me. I heard that you got into trouble the other day with your waterworks people, and that some very clever accountant got you straight in no time. Who is he? Could you get him for me?"

The grocer spoke most eloquently of the services that had been rendered to him, and said he did not doubt that the same benefit would be available to the doctor.

"Good! I suppose he is trustworthy, confidential. I can depend on him for good faith as well as skill; and he will not talk. Patients, of course, don't like to be chattered about!"

"As honest and true as the day, and as trustworthy as any man I know for discretion and so forth."

"Capital!" cried the doctor; "his name and address?"

"Mr. Felix Truefit of——" the grocer began.

"What! Truefit, that old Sir—what-d'ye-call—Sterne sent into the lunatic asylum?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Did he?" cried the grocer looking astonished.

"So they said. It was after the tornado affair. He was ruined by it, and the baronet turned him out of his farm and his agency by way of comforting him! And they told me he had gone mad."

"He was broken down, as any man would have been in his circumstance; but he seems to have recovered his spirits enough to enable him to work. I'm sure I can speak from experience, he is sound in head and heart, I believe; a very good fellow, and worked well for me."

Thompson's account of Felix was enough to make the doctor entreat him to send him to him that evening.

True to his mission, he did so, and just as the doctor had seated himself to his tea, Felix appeared.

The doctor felt a little doubtful when he was announced; in spite of Thompson's account of him, he could not forget the story he had previously heard; how the poor man, having lost his all, turned adrift, and suffering much from the injuries he had received in the tornado, had become melancholy mad, and been placed in an asylum.

To his great surprise, a brisk, cheerful-looking man, with a smiling face, walked in, and in a pleasant tone hoped he had not come at an unseasonable hour.

They soon got into business talk, and the doctor quite forgot his previous impressions while he watched with delight his new ally unravelling at once some of the mysteries which his haste and flurry had created in his books.

"This is admirable!" he cried, looking with supreme satisfaction on the result of the morning's labours, when he returned the next day from his rounds, and found himself entirely "master of his circumstances." "You have made quite a rich man of me; and now please to make out your own bill, and don't spare me; whatever I may have to pay you, depend on it, I shall always feel that I am under great obligations to you."

Felix took a slip of paper and wrote on it, after the £ *s. d.*, three ciphers, and presented it with a smile.

"Nonsense!" cried the doctor.

"I owe you money," replied Felix; "I was very ill once; my lad had to fetch you in the middle of the night; you came and cured me. But you never sent a bill, and—I blush to say it—I was so intent on getting money then that I was glad of it; but I said, only a day or two back, that as soon as I possibly could, I would get out of your debt—so far as money went. Now if you will kindly set my work against yours, it will be doing me a favour, and I shall be glad!"

"You are an honest fellow!" cried the doctor. "I remember your face now, but it's very much improved since I saw it then. What has shortened it so?"

"Oh, it's such a long story," said Felix, "I'll just give you the pith of it."

He then related how he had had great troubles indeed; but that God had overruled all, and brought him out of the furnace a happy thankful man.

"It was that American tornado that did it?" the doctor asked, looking at the ruined farmer's bright face with great interest.

"Yes, I occupied land, about four hundred acres; one hundred and sixty I ploughed, and such a wheat-field, I believe, was never seen before; it was the talk of the place, and, foolish fellow that I was, the pride of my heart." Here he paused a moment as if the field, first in its glory, then in its ruin, lay before him. It was, however, only for a moment. "Sir, I lost by that storm more than seven hundred pound, and worse still, as I thought then, I lost my farm, and my agency, and having little capital that was not invested, of course I thought myself a ruined man. But I was mistaken, all my troubles were to teach me what was better worth knowing than how to make money."

"What's that?" asked the doctor with increased interest.

"The value of my soul, the wickedness of my heart, and the mercy of God in salvation," said Felix, slowly and calmly, but with much feeling.

The doctor did not reply, and he continued:—

"You see, sir, before that trial came, I lived for the world wholly; to be admired and patronised by the great and rich, that was my ambition; and I stifled every warning from without and within, for I had an enlightened conscience, and although it was silenced, blessed be God, it was not dead."

"But, my good friend," remonstrated the doctor, "a man must give up his mind to his calling, and he must make use of the means that are at hand,

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friends, and so on. Of course the rich and great are far better able to help than others."

"True, sir," replied Felix, "I can't preach, but I can testify that, 'cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord; but blessed is the man that——' you know what follows!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor, "Not quite so well as you seem to do, I'm afraid; the truth is, I have such a time of it—work from morning till night—that I have little leisure to think of the best things. I often wish I could do as our good minister tells us, and study the Bible; but I must wait till I have knocked through the thick of my business before I can afford to take an hour for that sort of thing."

Felix thought of what his cousin would say to him; he ventured to reply, "That was just what I used to trust to. But you see, at the very time when my only chance of recovering myself was energetically to push on and put a good face on things, I was made miserably ill and helpless; apparently the effect of the injuries I received that terrible night, but really it was the hand of God on me for *good;* I see it now!"

"Good?" asked the doctor, smiling incredulously.

"Yes, good!" replied Felix, "for it showed me on what a broken reed I had been leaning. Sorely as it grieved me then, it was a mercy to me when I found out that nothing but self-interest had made—well, I won't mention names—so friendly to me; my money gone, my strength gone, and my spirit gone, I was nothing to him any longer."

"Good?" exclaimed the doctor; "well, it might have been good, but it wasn't pleasant I should say!"

"Ah, but I had such mercy, sir, with it. As soon as my heart left off rebelling I had but a little time to wait, and true friends were raised up to me, such friends!"

The doctor looked inquiringly.

"Well, sir, one of them was Mr. Thompson the grocer."

"Ah, he is a good fellow, honest and straightforward," said the doctor.

"Sir," said Felix, "what do you think he did? I had broken an engagement I had made with him to apprentice my little boy to him, because in my pride and folly, I thought I was rising in life, and I ought to do better for him—in truth, make a better figure! I put him to great inconvenience, for he had disappointed another to make room for Jemmy; but I had scarcely left my farm, and settled in my poor cottage when he came to tell me that through his connection with the waterworks his business had increased so much he could do well with a second apprentice, and if I were willing, he would take Jemmy."

"Very handsome!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Ah, but this was the handsomest part of it," said Felix,—"I told him I had no money and could not pay the premium; 'Never mind that, he said; 'I will see the articles made right, and they shall be signed and sealed, all duly; I shall be glad to have Jemmy; he is a good lad; he has been well trained; and as to the money, I'll wait till you have a full pocket.' You may think, sir, what a relief this was to me."

Very heartily did the doctor congratulate him; and when he told him that he had resolved never again to run the risk of farming, even if he were offered a holding of land at once, he commended his prudence, adding, "But what do you mean to do? You are not strong enough, possibly, for hard work, and for a farmer that would prosper, there must be hard work—but an agency?"

Felix shook his head.

"No, sir; I was for many years an accountant. Saving a little money I thought I might do great things; so, fancying I had a turn for farming, I took a small holding, and it turned out so well that Squire Withy (it was his land) was greatly pleased with it, and got me the farm I held under Sir Blacklock. How proud I was! I was a great man in my own eyes, I can tell you; but I was not satisfied; I wanted more; and I worked with all my heart and brain and hands, and all my strength of every kind. And I got praise that puffed me up and pretty near turned me topsy-turvy; but that tornado! why, sir, it was like that 'old Adam,' in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' that buffeted poor Hopeful and left him for dead; but, by grace, I was brought to life in good earnest."

"Tell me all about it," said the doctor, whose heart was touched by the words of Felix.

"Well, sir," he replied, "when I had nothing to talk about (though I thought then I was a very excellent Christian) I had a great taste for talking; but since I have been truly taught, I find it difficult to say much. I feel with that sweet poet, that spiritual mercies are too sacred to be made common talk:

> 'Like precious wines their taste they lose
> Exposed to open air!'

but you know the kindness of those words of the Lord in John xiv., 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' Now, I had never seen that to believe in God, his power, wisdom, and love, all infinite, was the end of my faith, such as I had; and that was why my faith brought me no comfort; for though God was all this in Himself, what was He to me? Ah, sir, then I saw, if I wanted rest and comfort, I must believe in Jesus; bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, touched with the feeling of my infirmities; my Brother! Yes, and my intercessor with the high and holy God, that I had never been able to rest in—no, nor to love—for I couldn't know and believe in Him till I knew and believed in Jesus!—and how could I love him in whom I didn't believe?"

"True, indeed," replied the doctor, gravely.

"But, sir, this Jesus, my God, and my friend with God. Oh, sir, when once I saw the meaning of his words, I cried, 'Lord, I do believe in Thee, oh, help my unbelief!' And he did, and a straw of that faith is worth a thousand thousands of corn-fields!"

Tears stood in his eyes as he softly added, "Bless his name," and tears stood in the doctor's eyes too. He shook hands with him most cordially at parting, and said, "Good-bye, my friend; if it's needful to me obtaining the peace you have found, may God send me trouble; for it will be to my profit and his praise, I'm right sure!"

From this time Felix prospered; he became accountant to some public works, was quite as rich as was needful for his comfort, and those who knew his story declared that he had come out of his troubles much better off than he got into them.

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THE OMNIPOTENCE OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

"Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—*Mark* ix. 23.

THE necessity and power of faith is the prominent lesson of this narrative of the healing of a demoniac boy, especially as it is told by the evangelist Mark. The lesson is enforced by the actions of all the persons in the group, except the central figure, Christ. The disciples could not cast out the demon, and incur Christ's plaintive rebuke, which is quite as much sorrow as blame: "O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" And then, in the second part of the story, the poor father, heartsick with hope deferred, comes into the foreground. The whole interest is shifted to him, and more prominence is given to the process by which his doubting spirit is led to trust, than to that by which his son is healed.

There is something very beautiful and tender in Christ's way of dealing with him, so as to draw him to faith. He begins with the question "How long is it ago since this came unto him?" and so induces him to tell all the story of the long sorrow, that his burdened heart might get some ease in speaking, and also that the feeling of the extremity of their necessity, deepened by the very dwelling on all his boy's cruel sufferings, might help him to the exercise of faith. Truly "He knew what was in man," and with tenderness born of perfect knowledge and perfect love, He dealt with sore and sorrowful hearts. This loving artifice of consolation, which drew all the story from willing lips, is one more little token of his gentle hand of healing. And it is profoundly wise, as well as most tender. Get a man thoroughly to know his need, and vividly to feel his helpless misery, and you have got him a long way towards laying hold of the refuge from it.

How wise and how tender the question is, is proved by the long circumstantial answer, in which the pent-up trouble of his heart pours itself out at the tiny opening which Christ has made for it. He does not content himself with the simple answer "of a child," but with the garrulousness of sorrow that has found a listener that sympathises, goes on to tell all the misery, partly that he may move his hearer's pity, but more in sheer absorption with the bitterness that had poisoned the happiness of his home all these years. And then his graphic picture of his child's state leads him to the plaintive cry, in which his love makes common cause with his son, and unites both in one wretchedness. "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on *us* and help *us*."

Our Lord answers that appeal in the words of our text. There are some difficulties in the rendering and exact force of these words with which I do not mean to trouble you. We may accept the rendering as in our Bible, with a slight variation in the punctuation. If we take the first clause as an incomplete sentence, and put a break between it and the last words, the meaning will stand out more clearly: "If thou canst believe—all things are possible to him that believeth." We might paraphrase it somewhat thus: Did you say "If thou canst do anything?" That is the wrong "if." There is no doubt about that. The only "if" in the question is another one, not about me, but about you. "If *thou* canst believe—" and then the incomplete sentence might be supposed to be ended with some such phrase as "That is the only question. If thou canst believe—all depends on that. If thou canst believe, thy son will be healed," or the like.

Then, in order to explain and establish what He had meant in the half-finished saying, He adds the grand, broad statement, on which the demand for the man's faith as the only condition of his wish being answered reposes: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

And that wide statement is meant, I suppose, for the disciples as well as for the father. All things are possible both in reference to benefits to be received, and in reference to power to be exercised. If thou canst believe, poor suppliant father, thou shalt have thy desire. If thou canst believe, poor devil-ridden son, thou shalt be set free. If ye can believe, poor baffled disciples, you will be masters of the powers of evil.

Do you remember another "if," with which Christ was once besought? "There came a leper to Him, beseeching Him, and kneeling down to Him, and saying unto Him, If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." In one respect that man had got farther than the father in our story, for he had no doubt at all about Christ's power, and he spoke to Him as "Lord." But he was somehow not quite sure about Christ's heart of pity. On the other hand, the man in our narrative has no doubt about Christ's compassion. He may have seen something of his previous miracles, or there may still have been lying on our Lord's countenance some of the lingering glory of the Transfiguration—as indeed the narrative seems to hint, in its emphatic statement of the astonishment and reverential salutations of the crowd when He approached—or the tenderness of our Lord's listening sympathy may have made him feel sure of his willingness to help. At any rate, the leper's "if" has answered itself for him. His own lingering doubt, Christ waives aside as

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settled. His "if" is answered for ever. So these two "ifs" affecting Christ, are beyond all controversy; his power is certain and his love. The third "if" remains, the one that affects *us*—"If thou canst believe;" all hinges on that, "for all things are possible to him that believeth."

Here, then, we have our Lord telling us that faith is omnipotent. That is a bold word; He puts no limitations. All things are possible. I think that to get the true force of these words we should put alongside of them the other saying of our Lord's, "With God all things are possible." That is the foundation of the grand prerogative in our text. The power of faith is the consequence of the power of God. All things are possible to Him; therefore, all things are possible to me, believing in Him. If we translate that into more abstract words, it just comes to the principle that the power of faith consists in its taking hold of the power of God. It is omnipotent because it knits us to omnipotence. Faith is nothing in itself, but it is that which attaches us to God, and then His power flows into us. Screw a pipe on to a water main and turn a handle, and out flows the water through the pipe and fills the empty vessel. Faith is as impotent in itself as the hollow water pipe is, only it is the way by which the connection is established between the fulness of God and the emptiness of man. By it Divinity flows into humanity, and we have a share even in the Divine omnipotence. "My strength is made perfect in weakness." In itself nothing, it yet grasps God, and therefore by it we are strong, because by it we lay hold of His strength. Great and wonderful is the grace thus given to us, poor struggling, sinful men, that, looking up to the solemn throne, where He sits in His power, we have a right to be sure that a true participation in His greatness is granted to us if once our hearts are fastened to Him.

And there is nothing arbitrary nor mysterious in this flowing of Divine power into our hearts on condition of our faith. It is the condition of possessing Christ, and in Christ, salvation, righteousness, and strength, not by any artificial appointment, but in the very nature of things. There is no other way possible by which God could give men what they receive through their faith, except only their faith.

In all trust in God there are two elements, a sense of need and of evil, and weakness, and a confidence more or less unshaken and strong in Him, his love and power and all-sufficiency; and unless both of these two be in the heart, it is, in the nature of things, impossible, and will be impossible to all eternity, that purity and strength and peace and joy, and all the blessings which Christ delights to give to faith, should ever be ours.

Unbelief, distrust of Him, which separates us from Him and closes the heart fast against His grace, must needs cut us off from that which it does not feel that it needs, nor care to receive; and must needs interpose a non-conducting medium between us and the electric influences of his might. When Christ was on earth, man's want of faith dammed back his miracle-working power, and paralysed his healing energy. How strange that paradox sounds at first hearing, which brings together omnipotence and impotence, and makes men able to counter-work the loving power of Christ. "He could there do no mighty work." The evangelist intends a paradox, for he uses two kindred words to express the "inability" and the "works;" and we might paraphrase the saying so as to bring out the seeming contradiction: "He there had no power to do any work of power." The same awful, and in some sense mysterious, power of limiting and restraining the influx of his love, belongs to unbelief still, whether it take the shape of active rejection, or only of careless passive non-reception. For faith makes us partakers of Divine power by the very necessity of the case, and that power can attach itself to nothing else. So if thou canst believe, all things are possible to Him that believeth.

Still farther, we may observe that there is involved here the principle that our faith determines the amount of our power.

That is true in reference to our own individual religious life, and it is true in reference to special capacities for Christ's service. Let me say a word or two about each of these. They run into each other, of course, for the truest power of service is found in the depth and purity of our own personal religion, and on the other hand our individual Christian character will never be deep or pure unless we are working for the Master. Still, for our present purpose, these two inseparable aspects of the one Christian life may be separated in thought.

As to the former, then, the measure of my trust in Christ is the measure of all the rest of my Christian character. I shall have just as much purity, just as much peace, just as much wisdom, or gentleness or love, or courage or hope, as my faith is capable of taking up, and, so to speak, holding in solution. The "point of saturation" in a man's soul, the quantity of God's grace which he is capable of absorbing, is accurately measured by his faith. How much do I trust God? That will settle how much I can take in of God.

So much as we believe, so much can we contain. So much as we can contain, so much shall we receive. And in the very act of receiving the portion of our Father's goods that falleth to us, we shall feel that there is a boundless additional portion ready to come as soon as we are ready for it, and thereby we shall be driven to larger desires and a wider opening of the lap of faith, which will ever be answered by good measure, pressed together and running over, measured into our bosoms. But there will be no waste by the bestowment of what we cannot take. "According to your faith, be it unto you." That is the accurate thermometer which measures the temperature of our spiritual state. It is like the steam-gauge outside the boiler, which tells to a fraction the pressure of steam within, and so the power which can at the moment be exerted.

May I make a very simple, close personal application of this thought? We have as much religious life as we desire; that is, we have as much as our faith can take. There is the reason why such hosts of so-called Christians have such poor, feeble Christianity. We dare not say of any, "They have a name to live, and are dead." There is only one Eye who can tell when the heart has ceased to beat. But I may say, there are a mournful number of people who call themselves Christians, who look so like dead that no eye but Christ's can tell the

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difference. They are in a syncope that will be death soon, unless some mighty power rouse them.

And then, how many more of us there are, not so bad as that, but still feeble and languid, whose Christian history is a history of weakness, while God's power is open before us, of starving in the midst of abundance, broken only by moments of firmer faith, and so of larger, happier possession, that make the poverty-stricken ordinary days appear ten times more poverty-stricken. The channel lies dry, a waste chaos of white stones and driftwood for long months, and only for an hour or two after the clouds have burst on the mountains, does the stream fill it from bank to bank. Do not many of us remember moments of a far deeper and more earnest trust in Christ than marks our ordinary days? If such moments were continuous should not we be the happy possessors of beauties of character and spiritual power, such as would put our present selves utterly to shame? And why are they not continuous? Why are our possessions in God so small, our power so weak? Dear friends! ye are not straitened in yourselves. The only reason for defective spiritual progress and character is defective faith.

Then look at this same principle as it affects our faculties for Christian service. There, too, it is true that all things are possible to him that believeth. The saying had an application to the disciples that stood by, half ashamed and half surprised at their failure to cast out the demon, as well as to the father in his agony of desire and doubt. For them it meant that the measure of Christian service is mainly determined by the measure of our faith. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that in Christ's service a man can do pretty nearly what he believes he can do, if his confidence is built, not on himself, but on Christ.

If those nine apostles, waiting there for their Master, had thought they could cast out the devil from the boy, do you not think they could have done it? I do not mean to say that rash presumption undertaking in levity and self-confidence unsuitable kinds of work will be honoured with success. But I do mean to say that, in the line of our manifest duty, the extent to which we can do Christ's work is very much the extent to which we believe, in dependence on Him, that we can do it. If we once make up our minds that we shall do a certain thing, by Christ's help, and for his sake, in ninety cases out of a hundred, the expectation will fulfil itself, and we shall do it. "Why could not we cast Him out?" They need not have asked the question. "Why could not you cast him out? Why, because you did not think you could, and with your timid attempt, making an experiment which you were not sure would succeed, provoked the confidence which you feared."

The church has never believed enough in its Christ-given power to cast out the demons. We have never been confident enough that the victory was in our hands if we knew how to use our powers.

The same thing is true of each one of us. Audacity and presumption are humility and moderation, if only we feel that "our sufficiency is of God." "I can do all things" is the language of simple soberness, if we go on to say "through Christ which strengtheneth me."

There is one more point, drawn from these words, viz., our faith can only take hold on the Divine promises.

Such language as this of my text and other kindred sayings of our Lord's has often been extended beyond its real force, and pressed into the service of a mistaken enthusiasm for want of observing that very plain principle.

The principle of our text has reference to outward things as well as to the spiritual life. But there are great exaggerations and misconceptions as to the province of faith in reference to these temporal things, and consequently there are misconceptions and exaggerations on the part of many very good people as to the province of prayer in regard to them.

It seems to me that we shall be saved from these, if we distinctly recognise a very obvious principle, namely that "faith" can never go farther than God's clear promises, and that whatever goes beyond God's word is not faith, but something else assuming its appearance.

For instance, suppose a father now-a-days were to say:—"My child is sore vexed with sickness. I long for his recovery. I believe that Christ can heal him. I believe that He will. I pray in faith, and I know that I shall be answered." Such a prayer goes beyond the record. Has Christ told you, that it is his will that your child shall be healed? If not, how can you pray in faith that it is? You may pray in confidence that he will be, but such confident persuasion is not faith. Faith lays hold of Christ's distinct declaration of His will, but such confidence is only grasping the shadow of your own wishes. This father here was entitled to trust because Christ told him that his trust was the condition of his son's being healed. So in response to the great word of our text, the man's faith leaped up and grasped our Lord's promise, with "Lord, I believe." But before Christ spoke, his desires, his wistful longing, his imploring cry for help had no warrant to pass into faith, and did not so pass.

Christ's word must go before our faith, and must supply the object for our faith, and where Christ has not spoken, there is no room for the exercise of any faith, except the faith, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him good." That is the true prayer of faith in regard to all matters of outward providence where we have no distinct word of God's giving unmistakable indication of his will. The "if" of the leper, which has no place in the spiritual region, where we know that "this is the will of God, even our sanctification," has full force in the temporal region, where we do not know before the event what the will of the Lord is, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst," is there our best prayer.

Wherever a distinct and unmistakable promise of God's goes, it is safe for faith to follow, but to outrun his word is not faith, but self-will, and meets the deserved rebuke, "Should it be according to thy mind?" There *are* unmistakable promises about outward things on which we may safely build. Let us confine our expectations within the limits of these, and turn them into the prayer of faith, so shooting back whence they came his winged words—"This is the confidence that we have, that if we ask anything according to his will He heareth us." Thus coming to Him, submitting all our wishes in regard to this world to his most loving will, and widening our confidence to the breadth of

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his great and loving purpose in regard to our own inward life, as well as in regard to our practical service, his answer will ever be, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

ROBERT RAIKES.

IT is proposed to celebrate this year the centenary of Sunday-schools. The life and labours of Robert Raikes, whose name has long been familiar as "a household word" in connection with such institutions, have, therefore, an especial interest at this season.

Gloucestershire, if not one of the largest, is certainly one of the fairest—as, indeed, its name is said to imply: from *Glaw*, an old British word signifying "fair"—it is one of the fairest, and it ought to be one of the most famous, counties of England. Many are its distinguished worthies: John de Trevisa was vicar of Berkeley in Gloucestershire, and a contemporary with John Wycliffe, and, like him, he had a strong aversion to the practices of the church of Rome, and an earnest desire to make the Scriptures known to his parishioners; and in Nibley, in Gloucestershire, was born, and lived, William Tyndale, in whose noble heart the great idea sprang up that Christian Englishmen should read the New Testament in their own mother-tongue, and who said to a celebrated priest, "If God spares my life, I will take care that a ploughboy shall know more of the Scriptures than you do." The story of the great translator and martyr is most interesting. Gloucestershire has been famous too for its contributions to the noble army of martyrs, notably, not only James Baynham, but, in Gloucester, its bishop, John Hooper, was in 1555 burnt to death. In Berkeley the very distinguished physician, and first promulgator of the doctrine of vaccination, Dr. Edward Jenner, the son of the vicar, was born; and from the Old Bell, in Gloucester, went forth the wonderful preacher George Whitefield, to arouse the sleeping church in England and America from its lethargy. There was once, as quaint old Thomas Fuller tells us, a proverb in use in England—"As sure as God is in Gloucestershire." It was very complimentary, but not very correct; it arose from the amazing ecclesiastical wealth of the county, which was so rich that it attracted the notice of the papal court, and four Italian bishops held it in succession for fifty years, one of these, Giulio de Medici, became Pope Clement VII., succeeding Pope Leo X. to the papacy in 1523. This eminent ecclesiastical fame no doubt originated the proverb, but it acquired a tone of reality and truth rather from the martyrdom of its bishop than from the elevation of his predecessor to the papal tiara; rather from Tyndale, William Sarton, and his brother-weaver martyrs, than from its costly and magnificent endowments; from Whitefield and Jenner rather than from its crowd of priests and friars.

Thus Gloucestershire has certainly considerable eminence among English counties. To other distinguished names must be added that of Robert Raikes, who must ever be regarded as the founder of Sabbath-schools. It is not intended by this that there had never been any attempts made to gather the children on the Sabbath for some kind of religious instruction—although such attempts were very few, and a diligent search has probably brought them all under our knowledge; but the example and the influence of Raikes gave to the idea the character of a movement; it stirred the whole country, from the throne itself, the king and queen, the bishops, and the clergy; all classes of ministers and laymen became interested in what was evidently an easy and happy method of seizing upon the multitudes of lost children who in that day were "perishing for lack of knowledge."

Mr. Joseph Stratford, in his "Biographical Sketches of the great and good Men in Gloucestershire," and Mr. Alfred Gregory, in his "Life of Robert Raikes"—to which works we must confess our obligation for much of the information contained in this paper—have both done honour to the several humbler and more obscure labourers whose hearts were moved to attempt the work to which Raikes gave a national importance, and which from his hands, and from his time, became henceforth a perpetual institution in the church work of every denomination of Christian believers and labourers. The Rev. Joseph Alleine, the author of "The Alarm to the Unconverted," an eminent Nonconformist minister of Taunton, adopted the plan of gathering the young people together for instruction on the Lord's Day. Even in Gloucestershire, before Raikes was born, in the village of Flaxley, on the borders of the Forest of Dean—Flaxley, of which the poet Bloomfield sings:

> "'Mid depths of shade gay sunbeams broke
> Through noble Flaxley's bowers of oak;
> Where many a cottage, trim and gay,
> Whispered delight thro' all the way:"

in the old Cistercian abbey, Mrs. Catharine Boevey, the lady of the abbey, had one of the earliest and pleasantest Sabbath-schools. Her monument in Flaxley church, erected after her death in 1726, records "clothing and feeding her indigent neighbours, and teaching their children, some of whom she entertained at her house, and examined them herself." Six of the poor children, it is elsewhere stated, "by turns dined at her residence on Sundays, and were afterwards heard say the catechism."

We read of a humbler labourer, realising, perhaps, more the idea of a Sabbath-school teacher, in Bolton in Lancashire, James Hey, or "Old Jemmy o' th' Hey." Old Jemmy, Mr. Gregory tells us, employed the working days of the week in winding bobbins for weavers, and on Sundays he taught the boys and girls of the neighbourhood to read. His school assembled twice each Sunday, in the cottage of a neighbour, and the time of commencing was announced, not by the ringing of a bell, but by an excellent substitute, an old brass pestle and mortar. After a while, Mr. Adam Compton, a paper manufacturer in the neighbourhood, began to supply Jemmy with books, and subscriptions in money were given him; he was thus enabled to form three branch establishments, the teachers of which were paid one shilling each Sunday for their services. Besides these are several other instances: in 1763 the Rev. Theophilus Lindsay established something like a Sunday-school at Catterick, in Yorkshire; at High Wycombe, in 1769, Miss Hannah Ball, a young Methodist lady, formed a Sunday-school in her

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town; and at Macclesfield that admirable and excellent man, the Rev. David Simpson, originated a similar plan of usefulness; and, contemporary with Mr. Raikes, in the old Whitefield tabernacle, at Dursley, in Gloucestershire, we find Mr. William King, a woollen card-maker, attempting the work of teaching on a Sunday, and coming into Gloucester to take counsel with Mr. Raikes as to the best way of carrying it forward. Such, scattered over the face of the country, at great distances, and in no way representing a general plan of useful labour, were the hints and efforts before the idea took what may be called an apostolic shape in the person of Robert Raikes.

For, notwithstanding the instances we have given, Mr. Raikes must really be regarded as the founder of Sunday-schools as an extended organisation. With him they became more than a notion, or a mere piece of local effort; and his position and profession, and the high respect in which he was held in the city in which he lived, all alike enabled him to give publicity to the plan: and before he commenced this movement, he was known as a philanthropist; indeed, John Howard himself bears something like the same relation to prison philanthropy which Raikes bears to Sunday-schools. No one doubts that Howard was the great apostle of prisons, but it seems that before he commenced his great prison crusade, Raikes had laboured diligently to reform the Gloucester gaol; the condition of the prisoners was most pitiable. Raikes, nearly twenty years before he commenced the Sunday-school system, had been working among the prisoners, attempting their material, moral, and spiritual improvement, by which he had earned for himself the designation of the "Teacher of the Poor"—Howard visited Raikes in Gloucester, and bears his testimony to the blessedness and benevolence of his labours in the prison there—and the gaol appears not unnaturally to have suggested the idea of the Sunday-school to the benevolent-hearted man. It was a dreadful state of society. Some idea may be formed of it from a paragraph in the "Gloucester Journal" for June, 1783, the paper of which Raikes was the editor and proprietor: it is mentioned that no less than sixty-six persons were committed to the Castle in one week, and Mr. Raikes adds, "The prison is already so full that all the gaoler's stock of fetters is occupied, and the smiths are hard at work casting new ones." He goes on to say: "The people sent in are neither disappointed soldiers or sailors, but chiefly frequenters of ale-houses and skittle-alleys." Then, in another paragraph, he goes on to remark, "The ships about to sail for Botany Bay will carry about one thousand miserable creatures, who might have lived perfectly happily in this country had they been early taught good principles, and to avoid the danger of associating with those who make sobriety and industry the objects of their ridicule."

From sentences like these it is easy to see the direction in which the mind of the good man was moving, before he commenced the work which has given such a happy and abiding perpetuity to his name. He gathered the children; the streets were full of noise and disturbances every Sunday. "In a little while," says the Rev. Dr. Glass, "Mr. Raikes found himself surrounded by such a set of little ragamuffins as would have disgusted other men less zealous to do good, and less earnest to disseminate comfort, exhortation, and benefit to all around him, than the founder of Sunday-schools." He prevented their running about in wild disorder through the streets. By-and-bye, he arranged that a number of them should meet him at seven o'clock on the Sunday morning, in the cathedral close, when he and they all went into the cathedral together to an early service. The increase of the numbers was rapid; Mr. Raikes was looked up to as the commander-in-chief of this ragged regiment. It is testified that a change took place, and passed over the streets of the old Gloucester city on the Sunday. A glance at the features of Mr. Raikes will assure the reader that he was an amiable and gentle man, but that by no means implies always a weak one. He appears to have had plenty of strength, self-possession, and knowledge of the world. He also belonged to, and moved in, good society; and this is not without its influence. As he told the king, in the course of a long interview, when the king and queen sent for him to Windsor, to talk over his system with him, in order that they might, in some sense, be his disciples, and adopt and recommend his plan: it was "botanising in human nature." "All that I require," said Raikes, to the parents of the children, "are clean hands, clean faces, and their hair combed." To many who were barefooted, after they had shown some regularity of attendance, he gave shoes, and others he clothed. Yes, it was "botanising in human nature," and very many anecdotes show what flowers sprang up out of the black soil in the path of the good man.

All the stories told of Raikes show that the law of kindness was usually on his lips. A sulky, stubborn girl had resisted all reproofs and correction, and had refused to ask forgiveness of her mother; in the presence of the mother, Raikes said to the girl, "Well, if you have no regard for yourself, I have much for you. You will be ruined and lost, if you do not become a good girl; and if you will not humble yourself, I must humble myself on your behalf, and make a beginning for you;" and then, with great solemnity, he entreated the mother to forgive the girl, using such words that he overcame the girl's pride. The stubborn creature actually fell on her knees, and begged her mother's forgiveness, and never gave Mr. Raikes or her mother trouble afterwards. It is a very simple anecdote; but it shows the divine spirit in the method of the man; and the more closely we come into a personal knowledge of his character, the more admirable and lovable it seems. Thus, literally true and beautiful are James Montgomery's words of him:

> "Like a lone husbandman, forlorn,
> The man of Gloucester went,
> Bearing his seeds of precious corn;
> And God the blessing sent.
>
> "Now, watered long by faith and prayer,
> From year to year it grows,
> Till heath, and hill, and desert bare,
> Do blossom as the rose."

Mr. Raikes was a Churchman; he was so happy as to have, near to his own parish of St. Mary-le-Crypt, in Gloucester, an intimate friend, in the rector of St. Aldate's—a neighbouring parish in the same city,—the Rev. Thomas Stock, whose monument in the church truly testifies that "to him, in conjunction with Robert Raikes, Esquire, is justly attributed the

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honour of having planned and instituted the first Sunday-school in the kingdom." Mr. Stock must have been a very young man in 1780, for he died in 1803, then only fifty-four years of age; he must have been, at the time of the first institution of Sunday-schools, a young man of fine and tender instincts. He appears, simultaneously with Mr. Raikes' movement, to have formed a Sunday-school in his own parish, taking upon himself the superintendence of it, and the responsibility of such expenses as it involved. But Mr. Stock says, in a letter written in 1788, "The progress of the institution through the kingdom is justly attributed to the constant representations which Mr. Raikes made in his own paper of the benefits which he saw would probably arise from it." At the time Mr. Raikes began the work, he was about forty-four years of age; it was a great thing, in that day, to possess a respectable journal, a newspaper of acknowledged character and influence; to this, very likely, we owe it, in some considerable measure, that the work in Gloucester became extensively known and spread, and expanded into a great movement. But he does not appear to have used the columns of his newspaper for the purpose of calling attention to the usefulness and desirability of the work until after it had been in operation about three years; in 1783, and 1784, very modestly he commends the system to general adoption. It is very remarkable that in the course of two or three years, several bishops—the Bishop of Gloucester, in the cathedral, the Bishops of Chester and Salisbury, in their charges to the clergy of their dioceses, strongly commended the plan. All orders of mind poured around the movement their commendation; even Adam Smith, whom no one will think likely to have fallen into exaggerated expressions where Christian activity was concerned, said, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity, since the days of the apostles." The poet Cowper declared that he knew of no nobler means by which a reformation of the lower classes could be effected. Some attempts have been made to claim for John Wesley the honour of inaugurating the Sunday-school system; considering the intensely practical character of that venerated man, and how much he was in advance of his times in most of his activities, it is a wonder that he did not; but his



ROBERT RAIKES INTERCEDING FOR ONE OF HIS SCHOLARS.

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venerable memory has honours, certainly, in all sufficiency. He wrote his first commendation of Sunday-schools in the "Arminian Magazine" of 1784. He says, "I find these schools spring up wherever I go; perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of; who knows but that some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?" Prophetic as these words are, this is fainter and tardier praise than we should have expected from him; but in 1787 he writes more warmly, expresses his belief that these schools will be one great means of reviving religion throughout the kingdom, and expresses "wonder that Satan has not sent out some able champion against them." In 1788 he says: "I verily think that these schools are one of the noblest specimens of charity which have been set on foot in England since the days of William the Conqueror." Some estimate may be formed of the rapidity with which the movement spread, when we find that in this year, 1787, the number of children taught in Sunday-schools in Manchester alone, on the testimony of the very eminent John Nichols, the great printer and anecdotist, was no fewer than five thousand. It was in this year also, 1787, that Mr. Raikes was visiting some relatives in the neighbourhood of Windsor. He must have attained to the dignity of a celebrity; nor is this wonderful, when we remember the universal acceptance with which his great idea of Sunday-schools had been honoured. The queen invited him to visit her, and inquired of him, he says, "by what accident a thought, which promised so much benefit to the lower order of people as the institution of Sunday-schools, was suggested to his mind?" The visit was a long one; he spent two hours with the queen—the king also, we believe, being present most of the time—not so much in expounding the system, for that was simple enough, but they were curious as to what he had observed in the change and improvement of the characters among whom he worked; and we believe that it was then he told the king, in the words we have already quoted, that he regarded his work as a kind of "botanising in human nature;" this was a favourite phrase of his in describing the work. The result of this visit was, that the queen established a Sunday-school in Windsor, and also a school of industry at Brentford, which the king and queen occasionally visited. We think it may be taken as an illustration of the native modesty of Mr. Raikes' own character, that he never referred in his paper to this distinguished notice of royalty. Such an incident now, occurring to almost any one, would be a splendid piece of capital.

Do our readers know anything of Mrs. Sarah Trimmer? A hundred years ago, there was, probably, not a better-known woman in England, and although her works have long ceased to exercise any influence, we suppose none, in her time, were more eminently useful. Pious, devoted, earnestly evangelical, if we speak of her as a kind of lesser Hannah More, the remark must apply to her intellectual character rather than to her reputation or her usefulness. Almost as soon as the Sunday-school idea was announced, she stepped forward as its most able and intrepid advocate; her "Economy of Charity," exercised a large influence, and she published a number of books, which, at that time, were admirably suited to the level of the capacity which the Sunday-school teacher desired to reach; she was also a great favourite with the king and queen, and appears to have visited them on the easy terms of friendship. The intense interest she felt in Sunday-schools is manifest in innumerable pages of the two volumes which record her life; certainly, she was often at the ear of the royal pair to whisper any good and pleasant thing connected with the progress of her favourite thought. She repeatedly expresses obligation to Mr. Raikes, but her biographer only expresses the simple truth when he says: "To Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, the nation is, in the first place, indebted for the happy idea of collecting the children of the poor together on the Sabbath, and giving them instruction suited to the sacredness of the day, but, perhaps, no publication on this subject was of more utility than the 'Economy of Charity.' The influence of the work was very very visible when it first made its appearance, and proved a source of unspeakable gratification to the author."

It will not consist with the contracted space of our pages to enter at greater length into the life of Robert Raikes, but we trust we have said sufficient to show that the term which has been applied to him of "founder of Sunday-schools," is not misapplied. He was a simple and good man, on whose heart, as into a fruitful soil, an idea fell, and it became a realised conviction. Look at his portrait, and instantly there comes to your mind Cowper's well-known description of one of his friends,

> "An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
> Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

No words can better describe him—not a tint of fanaticism seems to shade his character; he had a warm enthusiasm for ends and aims which commended themselves to his judgment. It is pleasant to know that, as he lived when the agitation for the abolition of the slave trade was commencing, he gave to the movement his hearty blessings and best wishes. At sixty-seven years of age he retired from business; no doubt a very well-to-do man, for he was the owner of two freehold estates near Gloucester, and he received an annuity of three hundred pounds from the "Gloucester Journal." He died at his house in Bell Lane, in the city of Gloucester, where he had taken up his residence when he retired from active life; he died suddenly, in his seventy-sixth year, in 1811. Then the family vault in St. Mary-le-Crypt, which sixty years before had received his father's ashes, received the body of the gentle philanthropist. He had kept up his Sunday-school work and interest to the close, and he left instructions that his Sunday-school children should be invited to follow him to the grave, and that each of them should receive a shilling and a plum cake. On the tablet, over the place where he sleeps, an appropriate verse of Scripture well describes him: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

It seems very questionable whether the slightest shade can cross the memory of this plain, simply useful and unostentatious man. And it ought to be said that Anne Raikes, who rests in the same

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grave, appears to have been every way the worthy companion of her husband. She was the daughter of Thomas Trigg, E-q., of Nuneham, in Gloucestershire; the sister of Sir Thomas Trigg and Admiral John Trigg. They were married in 1767. She shared in all her husband's large and charitable intentions, and when he died, he left the whole of his property to her. She survived him seventeen years, and died in 1828, at the age of eighty-five.

The visitor to Gloucester will be surely struck by two quaint old houses in Southgate Street—we suppose they are still standing. A few years since the old oak timbers were braced, stained, and varnished. They are specimens of the better class of old English residences of a hundred and fifty years since, and they are still remarkable in the old city, now deriving very much from the good taste which governed their renovation some years since; in one of these—that which is, perhaps, still occupied by Mr. Denton—lived Robert Raikes. Nor will it be difficult for the spectator to realise the pleasant image of the old gentleman, dressed, after the fashion of the day, in his blue coat with gold buttons, buff waistcoat, drab kerseymere breeches, white stockings, and low shoes, passing beneath those ancient gables, and engaged in those various more public and private duties which we have attempted to record in this brief paper. A century has passed away since then, and the simple lessons the philanthropist attempted to impart to the young waifs and strays he gathered about him have expanded into more comprehensive departments of knowledge. The originator of Sunday-schools would be astonished were he to step into almost any of those which have branched out from his leading idea. It is still expanding; it is one of the most real and intense activities of the universal Church; but among the immense crowds of those, who, in England and America, are conducting our Sunday-school classes, it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that in not one is there a more simple and earnest desire to do good than that which illuminated the life, and lends a sweet and charming interest to the memory of Robert Raikes.

A SUNDAY IN HEATHEN MADAGASCAR.

"HEATHEN Madagascar." The phrase probably sounds strange to some who read these pages, because, from misconception as to the size of the great African island and the work already done there, there has gone abroad an impression that all Madagascar is already Christianised. Such, however, is still far, very far, from being the case; probably three-fourths of the inhabitants of the country have as yet had no opportunity at all of even hearing the gospel, and are still sunk in gross ignorance and superstition. But happily Madagascar differs from many heathen or only partially Christianised countries in the fact that there are now hardly any external hindrances to preaching the gospel all over the island, and that there is such a kindly feeling towards Englishmen that wherever a Christian missionary may travel, he may with very few exceptions, be sure of a kindly welcome and a readiness to listen to the glad tidings he brings.

The writer has, during several years of missionary experience, spent many a Sunday in the partially Christianised districts of Madagascar, chiefly in those surrounding the capital city of Antanànarivò. Most pleasant Sundays many of these were. Leaving one of the villages early in the morning he often reached one of the native chapels at eight o'clock, at which time, or soon after, the congregation would be assembled. Clad in their neat white *lambas* (the national outer dress) the people usually presented a most orderly and pleasant appearance. After hearing a very simple sermon upon elementary truths the majority of the congregation would stay to be catechised or to listen to a Bible lesson, when questions would be asked, difficulties explained, and conversation started upon the most important subjects. Often the singers would request to be taught a new tune; and so, getting away at last with difficulty from his native friends, their missionary would have to go a few miles further to another village chapel, having again much the same experiences as at the first, together with, it must be added, a beautiful provision of rice, fowl, and milk for his refreshment. The lengthening shadows of the evening often found him at a third village, to meet another expecting congregation; so that the glow of sunset would be dying away in the west, and the broad rolling moor-like hills lying dull and cold in the twilight, before he reached his quarters for the night. And then, not unfrequently, would come in the deacons and preachers for a quiet talk, and one of them, who had gone through suffering and peril in the old persecuting days, would tell us the story of his trials and endurance, and recall how he and his companions met together in rice-pits or other underground retreats, and in fear and trembling still kept up the worship of God.

A very different Sabbath, however, from those was the one to be here described. It was not spent among the people who have now for some years past had opportunities of learning what Christianity means but in the midst of a perfectly heathen tribe, the Tanàla, or forest people, living in the dense woods which stretch along the south-east part of Madagascar.

But I must first say a word as to the interesting providential circumstances which led to my visiting these dwellers in the forest. Some six years previously, soon after the burning of the idols in the central provinces, one of my missionary brethren, Mr. Louis Street, a member of the Society of Friends, took an evangelistic tour in the Bétsiléo country, visiting many of the principal towns and villages, and preaching the gospel to the people. On reaching the southermost Hòva military post, a place called Imàhazòny, he was informed that a Tanàla king named Ambinàny, living at a considerable distance in the depths of the forest, had just arrived in the town, and that his object in coming was to make inquiry about the Christian religion. In a little while this heathen chief, clothed in his scarlet *lamba*, the emblem of royalty, made his appearance, followed by numerous attendants, many of them being apparently the leading men of his tribe. Presenting Mr. Street with an offering of poultry, a meeting was arranged for the following day; and next morning my friend, under a deep sense of the responsibility laid upon him as an ambassador for Christ, awaited the arrival of his Tanàla inquirers.

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Thus meditating and waiting, the strangers were soon announced, and the little native house was presently filled with them. But I must leave him to tell the rest of the story in his own words:

He says: "I took a seat near the king, and commenced by telling him the disinterested objects the missionaries had in view in coming to this country to teach; the nature of the Christian religion, and its softening effect upon the heart. I spoke of the nature of sin, and its separating character from God; also of the atonement made by our Lord Jesus Christ; of God's mercy to the world in giving us the Holy Scriptures; of the power of the Christian religion to elevate man above the fear of death. I also read to them some of the words of the Saviour: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you," etc., etc. Every face gave the most undivided attention, and as each subject was touched on, it was followed by an earnest conversation, in which the king and three or four of his principal attendants took a leading part. The interview, though a long one, retained its interest throughout, and did not terminate until late.

The following morning, at a great meeting in the native chapel, the king and his attendants were also present, and heard more Christian instruction; and again in the afternoon, at the close of which Mr. Street bade him and his company farewell, with some words of parting counsel.

It will be readily imagined that my friend often thought about these forest strangers thus providentially brought under his instruction, and that he frequently longed to accept their invitation to visit them, that he might know whether any effect had followed his interview. In the spring of 1876, he accordingly arranged to make a journey into the south-eastern portions of the island, and invited me to be his companion. I gladly accepted the opportunity of seeing more of the country, especially as I had myself earnestly wished to respond to a kind of Macedonian appeal which had been made to us two years previously at our Congregational union meeting in Imérina. On that occasion (June 1874) a good man from a part of the country not far distant from this Tanàla chief's forest home stood up in the gallery of the Ambòhipòtsy Memorial Church and said, "I come from the province called Màtitànana (a word meaning literally 'dead-handed'), but if you here in Imérina do not come to our rescue and teach us the gospel, we shall not only be *Màtitànana* ('dead-handed'), but also *mati-fanaly* ('dead-souled')."

With this double call to visit the heathen tribes of the south-east we accordingly left the capital city in May 1876, travelled southward in Fianàrantsòa, the chief town of the Bétsiléo country (180 miles south of Antanànarivò), and after a few days' pleasant intercourse with our brethren there, pursued our way to the south-east, until on the 12th of June we found ourselves at Imàhazòny, where Mr. Street had met his Tanàla friends six years before. It may easily be supposed that we soon made inquiries about them, and to our intense surprise and thankfulness we found that the king and his attendants were actually again in the town at that very time! It appeared that Ambinàny and his people came up there occasionally to attend service; he had arrived there three days previously, and would have returned home that very day but for the wet weather. We could not but regard it as a providential circumstance that he should have been there exactly at the time of our visit; had it not been for this, we should have been unable to proceed further, and our visit to the Tanàla would have been impracticable. He was delighted to meet his friend and instructor, and gladly agreed to guide us to his village, a place called Ivòhitròsa, as soon as the weather should clear.

I cannot here describe the incidents of that long day's journey through the dense belt of forest; the roughness of the paths, hardly passable at times amongst the crowded tree trunks and rank undergrowth, the luxuriance of the vegetation, the beauty of the rapids which we often had with difficulty to ford, and the grandeur of the waterfalls seen between the trees and resounding far through the woods. Nor can I here detail the strange experiences of our four days' stay at Ivòhitròsa among that heathen tribe, whom we found in gross moral darkness, trusting in their numerous charms, believing in lucky and unlucky days, putting to death their children born on eight days out of every lunar month, and practising strange and curious ordeals for the detection of crime. I must hasten to describe our Sunday service among "the barbarous people," who, however, "showed us no little kindness," and treated us with genuine hospitality and confidence.

On the Saturday a large number of the tribe came up to Ivòhitròsa from their own homes amongst the forest to be present at the Sunday services, so that the village, a very small one, was crowded with strangers, in addition to our own bearers and servants, nearly fifty in number. On coming up from an excursion in the valley in the forenoon we found them all arranged on one side of the little square formed by the houses in the village and the women and girls kept up a noisy and monotonous chant and clapping of hands for some time after our arrival and in our honour. An artist might have made a striking picture from the scene. Some forty or fifty women, with their brown skins, black hair, scanty clothing, and profuse adornments of beads, silver armlets, and brass rings, made a group the like of which we had never set eyes on before, either in Madagascar or elsewhere. We had our tent put up for the accommodation of the visitors, but before admitting them, I had a number of boys and girls into the tent and taught them the alphabet, at least the capital letters. I also began to teach them a hymn, "Jeso ô, Mpitia anay" ("Jesus loves me"). It was altogether very strange to them, but many tried to follow. It was the first hymn of praise to the Lord Jesus which had ever risen from the inhabitants of this heathen valley.

It rained heavily during the night, and far on into Sunday morning, so that we could not get any assembly for worship until after eleven o'clock. While we were at breakfast the village was very noisy; a drum was beating outside, and it was difficult to realise that it was the "day of rest." We appreciated more the outward quiet and decorum now common in Imérina on Sundays. However, by way of doing something, I got together the lads and young men in the tent and taught them the alphabet and one-syllable words, and also tried to teach them a hymn and tune.

After eleven it cleared a little and we got the people together for Divine service. As no house

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would have held a quarter of the congregation, we collected them on a long and pretty level piece of rock which forms one side of the little square around which the houses were built. This was about forty feet long by twenty broad, and had evidently at some remote time fallen from the hills which rise steeply above the village. The greater portion of the people came up and sat on planks laid on the rock, the women seeming very timid.

And what a glorious scene it was around us on that "Sunday Morning in heathen Madagascar." This village of Ivòhitròsa is built on the summit of a lofty conical hill rising 700 feet above the river, which wound its way far below in the valley, foaming over the rocky ledges and bars which impeded its course; but it seemed a low elevation compared with the towering hills, or rather, edges of the upper level, surrounding it. We were, in fact, in an immense bay or inlet into the elevated plateau of the interior, which here sinks down abruptly from a height of 200 to 300 feet above the maritime plains. These steep slopes rose around us clothed with dark woods; a number of bold headlands stood up from the general level with deep hollows between them, and down several of these roared beautiful waterfalls, some by a series of cataracts, and others pouring at one leap over precipitous walls of rock, descending in a long white ribbon, and almost lost in spray before reaching the bottom.

But our attention was soon recalled from the grand surroundings of our Sunday service to our congregation. When they were all assembled, there must have been nearly three hundred present, including our own bearers, who grouped themselves near us. It was certainly the strangest audience we had ever addressed: the men did not differ very much in appearence from those to be seen in remote villages, in Imérina, but the women looked very heathenish. Some few had put some slight covering over the upper part of their bodies, but many were just as they ordinarily appeared, some with hair and necks dripping with castor-oil, and their conspicuous bead ornaments on head, neck and arms. We could not but feel deeply moved to see these poor ignorant folks, the great majority of them joining for the first time in Christian worship, and hearing for the first time the news of salvation and the name of the blessed Saviour. And remembering our own ignorance of much of their language, the utter strangeness of the message we brought, and the darkness of their minds, we painfully felt how helpless we were, and how little we could do in one brief address to quicken their apprehension of things spiritual and eternal.

We first had some of our most lively hearty hymns, our men assisting us in the singing; we got one of them to pray first, and then Mr. Street addressed them, reading also part of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. After this I spoke, trying in as simple a manner as possible to tell what we had come for, and what that *filazantsàra*, that "glad tidings," was, which we preached. God grant that the words spoken may not have been altogether in vain. The people behaved with perfect decorum, and I noticed on the part of many an earnest fixed attention, as if they were striving to comprehend what we were saying. Several of the women came round the window of our house afterwards, and said that they did understand a good deal of what was said.

We had hoped to have got another service in the afternoon, but the rain again coming down heavily, we could not manage it. But a sound of native singing and clapping of hands in the tent told us that some of the people were enjoying themselves in their own way, and peeping in, I found many of the younger women and girls singing, and one in the middle dancing with a peculiarly graceful motion of the arms and hands. After a little while, I asked them to stop, and had an hour or more's teaching and singing in the tent. People came dropping into our house all the afternoon; and there was a circle of curious faces about the window, from whom we got much information. There were two especially bright, quick lads, who gave me the names of a number of birds and animals found in the forest, describing their colour, form, etc., together with those of many plants, trees, and flowers. How I longed to bring them up to Imérina and teach them. The Sunday evening was much quieter than the previous one had been, and the chief sounds were from our own bearers, who were singing some of the latest favourite tunes learnt at the capital.

And so, with our customary evening worship, closed our strange Sunday not without many an nearest prayer and hope that soon the darkness might pass away from the simple, kindly people in these dense woods, and that our visit might be the opening of brighter days for them by our being able to send them teachers to lead them into the way of salvation.

Sabbath Thoughts.

GOD'S PURPOSES.

"Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."—*John* ix. 3 (see also *John* xi. 4).

HERE was a reason of which the disciples never dreamed. They thought only of man's sin and punishment; Jesus spoke of God's glory. A great object was to be served through the dealings of God with that poor man, concerning whom for many a day God's "way had been in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps were not known." Nor could this object have been attained, if the result had been promised and expected; it was only through curing a man wholly and hopelessly blind from his birth that in this case "the works of God were to be made manifest" by the miracle to be wrought by Christ. In the same way, in the case of Lazarus, the Lord revealed a mighty purpose, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." But no glimpse of this purpose cheered the sorrowing hearts of the sisters till the fulness of the time was come; then by degrees the Saviour prepared their minds, and gave to Martha words of undying comfort, and to Mary tears of divinest and tenderest pity, all leading on to the fulfilment of His great design, till the moment when He cried, "Lazarus, come forth!"

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will."

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Pages for the Young.

MASTER CHARLES'S CHAIR.

CHAPTER III.—THE CHAIR EMPTY.



"SUCH talks as I have mentioned were very common between Master Charles and me. Many a time has he laughed at me for taking copying home to do at night, because he would talk when I wanted to work. I durst not risk mistakes by writing when his tongue was running at such a rate about Miss Eleanor.

"'I am sure you do enough, in all conscience,' he would say, 'without grinding away at home as well. My father might be the hardest master in the world to see how you slave away and hardly allow yourself breathing time.'

"'Master Charles,' said I, 'your father is a master I delight to serve with the best powers that I have, not to take into account that it would be as dishonest to rob him of the time for which he pays me as it would be to take money out of his pocket.'

"'I wish everybody were like you, Bradley. Masters would have golden times. Heigho! How sleepy these horrid law books do make me, to be sure! I wonder how Jacob would have liked studying law for seven long years whilst he was waiting for his Rachel. But I shall not have to wait seven years, so I must really go at it steadily and patiently.'

"All these conversations took place in my little private office, for, before Master Charles came, I had one to myself; but the master trusted me, and liked to have his son under my eye, and I was quite willing he should share my room with me. I was supposed to be writing, and he to be studying in his own corner, that we should not disturb each other. So it happened there was no one else to overhear these confidential talks.

"One day, when Master Charles had wasted a good deal both of his time and mine, I could not help putting into words some thought which had often disturbed my mind.

"'Do you think,' I asked, 'that your father would consent to your marriage with Miss Eleanor? Will he consider that you have a fair equivalent to offer for all those fine personal and mental qualities which she possesses in so great a degree? Master Charles, I would have you remember how conscientious your father is. He has had a great trust reposed in him by an old friend, who placed in his hands not only the fortune he had to leave, but the beloved daughter who was dearer to him than all the riches in the world. He entrusted to Mr. Newman his daughter's future welfare, so far as it can be insured by human care and foresight. You need not look at your face in the glass, Master Charles. The outside man is right enough, and would match well with Miss Eleanor's bonny one. But what about all the rest?'

"I stopped quite suddenly; for such a change passed over his countenance that it fairly stopped my preaching and questioning. He went white and haggard-looking all at once, and then asked me in a strange, half-frightened tone, 'Do you think my father will oppose my wishes?

"'I cannot tell, Master Charles, only I would have you look at both sides. You always talk as if you had no doubt about the result, and as if hopes were realities. Now your father stands in a father's place to Miss Eleanor, and he will demand—even from his only son—a worthy exchange for what he seeks in her. He will be true to his trust, even if it cost him his right hand, or, what would be far harder, the shattering of the cherished hopes of one so dear to him as you are.'

"The poor lad was silent for a while, and his face was turned away so that I could not see it, and when at last he spoke, his voice trembled pitifully.

"'It is hard,' he said, 'to be reminded of Eleanor's wealth, and to think that what I never cared a straw for, should build up a wall of separation between us.'

"'Master Charles, it is not the money I look upon as the obstacle,' I said; 'neither do I believe that would trouble either the master or Miss Eleanor. But ought you to take all and give nothing? You cannot even offer a fitting home unless you work to win it. I am only a clerk; but when I was a mere youth I had a feeling of independence that made me scorn to owe either my home or the bread I ate to anybody or anything but my own honest exertions. I was not highly educated or very talented; but I had youth, health, strength, and the sort of plain schooling that fitted me for a very humble place in this office.

"'I was resolved to get on. I took pains with my writing, and determined that, if possible, every evening should show some part of my work better done than it had been the day before, if it were only in the shaping of a letter. And all the while, I too, like you, Master Charles, could see what was to me the sweetest face in all the world, beckoning me on and cheering my path, the path that was to lead me to a dear, loving wife. But I never let that face come between me and my work or my duty to my master.

"'I got on steadily, was more and more trusted, until at last I could ask my present wife to share the comfortable home I had earned for her.

"'Now, Master Charles, what do you propose? To drag on the time as easily, and to do as little as possible, till Miss Eleanor's wealth is in her own keeping; then to throw away all you have learned during these years of what you call work, and to go and ask her to give you her fortune and herself. For what? To lead a life of pleasure, by spending money you never helped to win, and with no aim except to get through your days with as much comfort and as little trouble to yourself as possible. I don't believe your father would consent, or Miss Eleanor accept you as you are. She is a Christian lady, Master Charles, and, though so young, her aim in life is to work for God's glory and the good of all around her.'

"'So you have settled everything in advance,' said Master

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Charles, in a cold, sarcastic tone, very different from his usual mode of speaking. 'My father and his ward will both reject me as a good-for-nothing, who have no higher object in life than just to get money he never earned, and spend it in utter selfishness.'

"'I have offended you, Master Charles. I have taken a very great liberty in preaching as I have done. I have forgotten my place, and I beg your pardon,' I replied at once.

"I was vexed at myself, thinking I had done more harm than good by my meddling, and I wrote away as hard as I could, in silence, determined to say no more.

"But Master Charles soon interrupted me.

"'Never mind, Bradley, you mean well; but you judge me hardly. Look round and see how many people live at ease in this world, and have all that heart can wish, and yet never earned a penny for themselves, and in all probability never will.'

"'True enough, many are born to great estates and wealth, and, if they realise them, to great responsibilities. You inherit an honoured name; you have good abilities improved by a costly education. For these you are responsible to God, to your parents, and to all whom your example will influence for good or evil. Dear Master Charles, do show your father you can persevere even in a pursuit you do not relish, for the sake of being a right hand to him. And show Miss Eleanor that you can be not only a pleasant companion, but a man to trust, to look up to, to walk with along the heavenward road.'

"I could not make anybody believe what it cost me to talk like this to the handsome, warm-hearted young gentleman, whom I had carried in my arms many a time in his baby days, and on my shoulder when he was strong enough to steady himself by clinging to my hair. He sat so silent for a time, that I thought I had vexed him again. But at last he got up, and held out his hand, saying, 'Bradley, you are like a doctor. You have given me a strong dose which is hard to swallow. It is down at last,' and he pretended to give a gulp, and pulled a wry face after it. 'Shake hands; you are a true friend, or you would not risk offending me for the sake of doing me good, and to give me a peep at my inner self.'

"This little scene shows what a fine nature Master Charles really had. I clasped his hand in mine, and begged him to forgive me for the pain I had caused, and said, if by any sacrifice I could help him, I should be glad indeed.

"'I know it, Bradley, I know it. Now forget that I ever felt hurt at your words, and I will try to remember only to benefit by them.'

"After this Master Charles worked much more steadily. He seldom spoke of his plans, or of Miss Eleanor, and there was a gravity about him which I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry about. And so time passed on, until Master Charles's twenty-first birthday.

"There were some festivities, as may be supposed, suitable to the master's position; but everybody, when offering congratulations, noticed the change in his son. He seemed to have gone a great deal older in a little time, and I could not help reproaching myself lest my hard words might have done anything towards bringing it about. I did it for the best; but many a time since I have wished my advice unspoken.

"When Master Charles came of age he would receive a little legacy of a thousand pounds, left him by his grandmother, together with three years' interest which had been allowed to accumulate. I was not surprised to hear soon after that he intended to spend a portion of it upon an autumn holiday, and that, with his father's consent, he was going to join two friends in a little tour and to start on the fifteenth of August.

"It was said that Master Charles would be absent for at least a couple of months. I could not help thinking in my own mind that something beyond the mere wish for a change had occurred to bring about this journey so suddenly. Master Charles had always seemed as if he could hardly bear to leave home, because in doing so he must have left the roof which sheltered Miss Eleanor. He had always accompanied the family to town or to the seaside whenever it was possible, but never cared to set off with old school friends or young gentlemen who were his neighbours.

"I knew, too, of a long interview with his father, and I had seen, more than once, on the young lady's face that old, sad look which I once hoped was driven away for ever. But I could only guess what it all meant, and pray that good might in due time come, like sunlight from under a cloud, to gladden those who were dearer than most kinsfolk could be to me, their servant.

"The night before he left home, Master Charles came to my little place to say 'good-bye' to my wife, who was then very delicate. He was full of kindness, saying words of sympathy and yet cheering us both by his bright, hopeful way of alluding to her illness and anticipations of speedy recovery, and many a year of health to follow.

"'I trust you will find her blooming like a rose when you come back,' I said, half cheated into believing that it would be as he wished.

"'When I come back! I trust long before then,' he answered The cheery ring of his voice died away, and there was something mournful about these last words which I have never forgotten. He said his farewell to my wife, and then motioned me to follow him out of the cottage.

"'You were a true prophet, Bradley, when you spoke about my father and Eleanor. You might have read their thoughts and prepared their answers on the subject nearest my heart.'

"'I never had a word with either of them, Master Charles,' I answered earnestly. 'I only spoke my own fears, and I wish, with all my heart that I had been a false prophet instead of a true one.'

"'I know that, Bradley. I have been blind, foolish, self-absorbed, or I might have known it too. As an honourable man my father must be true to his trust, at any cost of natural feeling. If he had consented to give his ward and her wealth to his own son even before she was of age, all the county would have cried shame on him and said he had plotted to secure for an idle ne'er-do-weel what the best and richest in the land might be proud to win. I have had it all out with my father—not directly with Eleanor, but some gentle words of hers enforced your old lessons and showed me her mind. I would not put her to the pain of grieving me by a point-blank refusal, so I am going away for a while to lay in a new stock of courage.'

"'Why you have just arrived at man's estate, Master Charles.'

"'Yes, and I feel as if all my manhood had been taken out of me at a stroke. You will stay with my father, Bradley? I shall not be much missed in the office, for my work was worth very little, but he will need you doubly when I am gone.'

"I laughed at the idea of my leaving. 'It's hardly likely that having spent three parts of my life here I shall leave in the next two months. I shall never go, sir, unless your father ceases to require me, while I have health and strength to work. And you'll come back, Master Charles, and show the whole county that you are your father's worthy son. You'll be tired of foreign lands directly, and will come back here to work with a will.'

"'I don't believe I shall ever persuade you that I am an idle good-for-nothing, Bradley. You have given me several pictures of myself in that capacity, too; and now that I realise the likeness, you want to persuade me that it is all a mistake.'

"'It is a capital thing for us to feel good for nothing, Master Charles. It sends us to the Giver of all Good for what we have not in ourselves, and can only get from Him. There will be many a prayer offered for you while you are absent.'

"He shook my hand again and again, and said good-bye, and that, as he left by a very early train in the morning, he should not see me again; and so we parted.

"But I did see him in the morning; for I could not bear to lose the last glimpse of his handsome young face, though I

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would not embarrass him by letting him see me, or trouble him with a word.

"The train moved slowly out of the station, and, through my tear-dimmed eyes, I could just discern him leaning from the window and waving his hand to his father, who stood on the platform. That was the last look we had of Master Charles."

The old butler's voice trembled, and for a few moments he was unable to continue his story, though his listener was eager enough to hear to the end. He had asked a good many questions, and old Bradley had not given the tale as straightforward as it is told here; but as James's inquiries were no part of the butler's story they are omitted, and the narrative given in fewer words and without the interruptions.

"My spare time is nearly ended, James," he continued, after a brief pause, "and I must finish what I have to say in a few words. For a few weeks after Master Charles went away, letters came pretty often, then his fellow-travellers returned home without him. Next we heard that he was going about with an American gentleman—a great merchant—to whom he had been able to render some service during a mountain-climbing excursion in Switzerland. After that, it came out that Master Charles had arranged to cross the Atlantic with his new friend, first spending the winter amongst the principal cities of Southern Europe.

"Still, everybody expected that, in any case, Master Charles would come home before he crossed to America, and especially that on the master's birthday, he would be in his place, and probably bring his friend with him. His father expected him, I know, for never since they were born had one of the children been absent on that day. In his mother's mind was more of fear than hope; and I had my misgivings too.

"Late on that very afternoon came a letter from Master Charles to tell his father that he should not make one at the family gathering on New Year's Day, full of loving wishes and honest regrets; but saying it was better he should stay away; for coming would only make another parting harder. His friend must return to New York sooner than he expected, and, before the letter was in his father's hands, they would have sailed. He did not give the name of his American friend or the name of the vessel in which they were to cross the Atlantic, and, from that time to this, we have heard nothing of Master Charles."

"Could he have been lost in crossing?" suggested James.

"One of the great steamers was lost about that time; but his name was not amongst the missing passengers. The master believes he is still living, and his place at table has been kept for him, from that day to this. Whether he will ever fill it again God only knows; but Master Charles's chair is always set, and his room here, as like the old one as possible, is always ready; so now you understand, James, why that place will never be filled by another, so long as Squire Newman lives, or until we hear that for certain his son is dead. *I* believe I shall see him again in the flesh."

"Do you really? Surely he would have written if he had been living; for his parents' sake."

"I don't think so. I believe he had got it into his head that it would be a good thing for him to go right away, as he could not settle down to a quiet country life, and that his presence would only trouble and embarrass his father and Miss Eleanor. He felt himself bound in honour to put a restraint upon his own feelings also, and it was more than he could bear. Five years after Master Charles left home this property came to the Squire. He disposed of his practice, but, as I would not be disposed of along with it, he brought me here as his house-steward and butler, and, I hope I may say, his humble friend, who knows no greater pleasure than to devote his age, as he did his youth, to the service of such a master. The great trouble of my life, my dear wife's death, happened within a few months after Master Charles left us, and I have no stronger earthly ties than those which bind me to my dear master and his family. I have told you all this, James, because, though you are new to your place here, I have known you from a lad, and am not afraid to trust you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bradley, for your good opinion. I hope I shall always deserve it; and thank you too for telling me this story of old times. Was that sweet young lady who arranged the flowers Miss Clifford?"

"Yes, our Miss Eleanor is lovelier now than even in her girlish days. She is Miss Eleanor still; though she has had more offers than she could count, but I always think she gave her first affection to *him*, though she would not *then* have been his wife. In the meanwhile she is more than words can express to my master and Mrs. Newman, and she is loved and honoured alike by rich and poor."

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. I.

TWELVE numbered places first prepare,
Then find the following terms with care,
And place the numbered letters there.

1. One, seven, six, eight, and five, will frame
What Naomi in her age became,
And show who made Saul's grandson lame.

2. Two, eight, nine, seven, a first-born son,
Who by his hunger was undone,
And lost his rank as Number One.

3. We learn in three, nine, six, five, eight,
What magnified the Tyrian state,
And made her merchant-gains so great.

4. A warrior fleeing from the field,
To four, nine, five, and ten must yield
Who did the nail and hammer wield.

5. Five, ten, nine, twelve—'mid eastern lands,
Its name with mighty Asshur stands,
And forms Chedorlaomer's bands.

6. Six, five, ten, two, nine, eight, eleven,
Counted but once in every seven,
Was the Lord's year of debts forgiven.

7. Seven, ten, nine, twelve, the record runs,
Begat to Benjamin many sons,
All valorous archers, mighty ones.

8. Eight, nine, seven, ten, was Israel's king,
Who did those sheep and oxen bring,
And sinned in God's devoted thing.

9. God's promise is nine, twelve, five, one,
Confirming all that He has done.
By Christ, the well-beloved Son.

10. 'Twas Moses gave the ten, nine, three,
A yoke on Israel's neck to be,
From which the saints in Christ are free.

11. Eleven, nine, six, let me incline,
To heed God's oracles divine,
And find his covenant-mercies mine.

12. Twelve, five, nine, ten, a widow's store,
When famine pressed her country sore,
The more she used, increased the more.

Now the twelve letters, placed aright,
Reveal a city clear and bright,
Reserved for Abraham out of sight.

W. L.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



"THY TESTIMONIES ARE MY DELIGHT AND MY COUNSELLORS."—*Psa.* cxix. 24.

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COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES:

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

I.

"WHAT is your lesson for the Bible-class this morning?" I asked my cousin, Julia Hayward, as she and Margaret Groves, my usual companions, were sitting with me at the tea-table after one of the little afternoon gatherings, for various purposes, we so often hold.

"The multiplying of the loaves," said Julia. "I ought to find plenty to say on it, but somehow I don't feel able to bring it out as well as some other subjects we have had. It comes in course; we are going through St. Luke's gospel with the girls."

"I think it is a fuller subject than many are apt to suppose," said Margaret; "do not you, cousin?"

"I do," I replied. "There is one remarkable feature, which it seems to me those who have commented on it have rather left out of sight, and which is common to it with another very different miracle, the healing of the blind man, in John ix."

"I don't see how those two miracles could be classed together," said Julia, "only except in one respect; that, whereas in all His other miracles our Lord 'spake the word only,' or touched with His hand, and it was done, in these He was pleased to take and use earthly materials, and to make them the medium for a wonderful manifestation of His power. The loaves and fishes in the two cases of multiplying the bread, and the clay and the water of the pool of Siloam in the healing of the blind man, were made to do what of themselves they could never have done."

"I see that," said Margaret; "but how can one draw a further lesson from this?"

"I think one can, because it is very much the way in which God works now in the spiritual 'wondrous works' which are going on every day under our eyes, and which none remark but those who are minded to look for them—the conversion, and strengthening, and awaking, and instructing, and comforting souls. He uses very generally some outward means for this; very often something we should have thought quite inadequate, the reading of a book or tract, sometimes one of no great power, a sermon preached, a hymn repeated, a word spoken by some friend or stranger, sometimes a trifling incident—has been the means of awakening a careless person, or of comforting and strengthening a desponding believer, and very often has indirectly produced an effect as widely spread and disproportioned to the apparent cause, as the feeding a multitude or curing lifelong blindness did to the means employed."

"Yes," said Margaret, "it makes one think of the cases where a single copy of the Scriptures has stirred up a whole village, and a chance word roused some one who has afterwards been the instrument of doing good to numbers."

"Like the American school teacher," said Julia, "who bade each of his class bring a companion next time; and one little boy persuaded his father to come, who afterwards became the founder of many Sunday-schools."

"Just so; and many similar cases you will think of. Then the next lesson I should draw is, that such humble means being so sanctified and blessed by the Lord, we should keep in mind also His words about gathering up the fragments."

"I thought," said Julia, "that was mainly to show He would not habitually work such miracles to feed his hearers?"

"Doubtless it was. He never worked miracles except when they were distinctly called for. But I think we could find more still to draw from it."

"A lesson of order, I suppose," rejoined Julia, "to rejoice the heart of my orderly sister, Carry Linwood, who thinks the majority of men and women need teaching on that point."

"I won't say she is altogether wrong there. But there is more still to learn. I don't think any of us reflect how God utilizes every small thing in the natural world. Read any book on chemistry, or botany, or physiology, and you will see this beautiful thread running through it—nothing wasted; the smallest, the most insignificant things turned to account. Now, do we all think rightly of carrying out that principle in our lives, especially in any work we try to do for His sake, and endeavour to turn every fragment of power we have, whether in the way of time, strength, money, knowledge, opportunities, etc., to account?"

"I am afraid we none of us do," said Margaret, thoughtfully; "it never occurred to me in that light before. I suppose we all waste crumbs of usefulness sometimes, for want of thought; just as in a household, it is so difficult, unless the head of it is always on the watch, to prevent real and literal waste."

"And just as we let half our heat go up the chimney by our badly managed coal fires, as all the wise books and papers tell us," said Julia.

"Yes, and that is really not an inapt comparison of the way power is sometimes wasted, not by carelessness alone, but mismanagement," said Margaret. "But our time is up, Julia; we ought to be at our class now."

"So, to act up to our principle, we must be off at once," said Julia, rising to put on her bonnet; "but I should like to have another talk on the subject,

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it seems such a large one. I think I have gathered enough for my class at all events."

This closed our conversation for the evening; but I had occasion to recall it several times not long afterwards.

The first occasion I will name was that of a visit I was paying to a young married friend of mine in the country.

Mrs. Vernon, when formerly Agnes Forrester, had been an extremely successful and truly devoted and active Christian worker, as a daughter at home. Her father's property was in a retired and comparatively wild and primitive part of the country, and within walking distance of his house there were two or three neglected hamlets, whose inhabitants were almost in a state of heathenism. Agnes had found them out, had visited the people in spite of difficulties which might have kept back one less courageous, had opened a school for the children, set on foot cottage Bible readings, and in short, as I had learned from her family, been the means of accomplishing quite a missionary work in the place. Her powers of personal influence were great, her manner in teaching and in speaking to individuals, peculiarly happy; and she was not only beloved, but much looked up to in her neighbourhood. But like many active workers, she overtaxed her strength, which, though considerable, was not equal to the high pressure she laid on it; and a severe illness and long subsequent period of prostration was the result. On her recovery, when staying at the seaside to recruit, she met with her present husband, a clergyman, who was taking temporary duty at the same place; her engagement and marriage followed in due time.

The new home was also in a country parish, and it had been a long promise that I should visit her on the first convenient opportunity.

"You must have a large field of usefulness here, dear Agnes," I said, as we sat together in the pleasant Rectory garden, on the day of my arrival.

"I ought to have," she replied somewhat despondingly; "but I fear you will soon see that I am not doing much; not half as much as I once hoped. Before I came here, one of my husband's sisters kept his house, and helped him in all the work of the parish. She is an excellent person, not brilliant, but very steady and orderly, and I found everything well arranged, and ought to have had an easy task; but the fact is, that illness of mine two years ago has left me much less equal to exertion than I was before, and I have a continual sense of failure, though I try to keep up and do what I can."

"It is no use to overstrain yourself," I observed; "your best way is to go on very quietly, and do a little at a time, till your strength is quite restored."

"Ah, if that time ever comes! But I must not complain. I am thankful to be able to do anything. My great interest is in some individual cases I can visit, especially solitary persons who are out of the way of other help. But I have not much time for that work. My Sunday-school I hope you will help me with to-morrow; the teachers we can collect are very few in number, and one is absent just now."

Sunday morning rose, bright and fresh. Breakfast was necessarily an early meal at the Rectory, where so much was to be done in the morning. The only one present at it besides myself, however, was Mr. Vernon, a calm, thoughtful-looking man, some years older than his wife, and whose very placid, quiet manners formed just the contrast to her bright, impulsive, animated deportment, which is said to tell well in matrimony.

"I have the Sunday-school to open, and then a class of lads to teach, whom I can't well catch at any other time," he said, "so I am obliged to use despatch; but Agnes will not be down in time this morning, so you must excuse my taking her place at the table. I am sure she will not be able to join us till the school opens, but as we are to have your help, this will signify less."

As soon as the meal was over, accordingly, we repaired to the school. After the opening prayer and hymn, and other usual preliminaries, I was installed in the class allotted to me. My scholars were orderly and evidently well taught; the only hindrance was caused by the restlessness and inattention of the children in the class next me, which was Mrs. Vernon's. She had not appeared, and the young scholars, in the absence of their teacher, were, as is usual in such cases, "improving the shining hour," some by a series of teasing tricks on each other, and on those nearest them in the adjoining class, and the others by attentively examining my dress, which, sober as it was, had the attraction at least of novelty. At last the interruptions became so troublesome that I resolved on taking matters into my own hands and drafting the class into my own for the time. It made a rather inconveniently large one, but anything was better than the anarchy which had prevailed.

When the school was just closing, the teacher next me, a lady from an adjoining parish who came to help, whispered to me, in a manner more plain-spoken than discreet, her thanks for what I had done.

"Those children were dreadful, really; but they are kept so often waiting, poor little things, and I have more than I can well attend to already; it was quite a charity to undertake them, I assure you. You see Mrs. Vernon hardly ever is in time, though generally she comes in before the school is over. She is a charming person; but I suppose those poetical, clever people *can't* be punctual like others."

The closing hymn interrupted this effusion, and when the school was dispersed, Mr. Vernon came up to ask me to take the harmonium at church till Agnes should come. Something must have happened to make her so late, but he was sure she would soon be there. Meanwhile I should find the memoranda of the hymns and chants to be used on the desk of the instrument.

I took my place as requested, but did *not* find any memoranda. However, Miss Black, the schoolmistress, a quiet, methodical little woman, came to my assistance, and gave me the necessary information in a low voice. *She* always took notes of the Sunday's hymns and chants at the practising, she observed, in a tone slightly emphasized, as if to imply that if she did not, no one else would. It was easy to see that there was between her and the lady of the Rectory a little of that mild opposition sometimes to be found between those placed in such a relation to each other, even when there is real goodness on both sides, and mutual esteem at the bottom.

Just as the first lesson was beginning, Agnes came

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in, looking flushed, and evidently distressed at her own lateness. Mr. Vernon's calm countenance had not belied him; when we met at the early dinner, he only remarked quietly that he supposed something must have happened to hinder his wife.

"There was a hindrance," said Agnes. "I cannot tell how sorry I am I was so detained; but just as I was ready for the Sunday-school I was stopped at the door by the child of that poor woman I found out at the end of the common the other day. She said her mother was still very poorly, and was unhappy in her mind, and would I come and talk to her as I did the other day? I did not like to put it off, and I knew my place *could* be supplied at the school between Miss Selwyn and Mrs. Mason, so I went off at once; but I had forgotten how long the walk was, and the woman was in great distress, and kept me longer than I meant."

"Would not to-morrow have done as well, if the illness was not an immediately pressing case?" observed Mr. Vernon.

"Perhaps it might, but I really did not think of that; it seemed to me as if it would be wrong to put off; and then I have my mothers' meeting to-morrow. And there is another place I promised to go to this afternoon."

"But, my dear, you can never be back in time for church," said Mr. Vernon.

"Oh yes, I think I can, if I go at once. I ought to have gone yesterday, but could not manage it—those poor Dixons, you know."

"But you will knock yourself up, Agnes. You had much better leave it till another day."

"I must do what I can while I feel strong," said Agnes, "and I am quite equal to it now; I know those poor things will expect me. I always try to do some sick visiting on Sunday afternoons, as we have no second school."

She was gone the moment the cloth was removed, and we saw her no more till we found her on our return from the evening service, prostrate on the sofa with headache, and hardly able to look up and express her contrition at not having been able to come back in time. She had been with two sick people, and was taken with such faintness and pain when she left that it was no use to think of church. She made an attempt to join us at the supper-table, but was obliged to leave us and go to her room at once, and the next day she was laid up with severe neuralgia all the morning; she came down in the afternoon with her bonnet on, looking wretchedly ill, but declaring she must go to her mothers' meeting. A paroxysm of pain, however, obliged her to come back from the garden-gate and throw herself on the sofa in a state manifestly unfit for exertion. I offered to take the meeting for her; she thanked me warmly: "It is a disgrace to be so completely conquered," she said, "but I must give up. Some people do manage to bear up even under neuralgia, but I can't."

"It depends on the kind of attack, and the state of the person at the time, and many other things," I said; "it is no use to lay down rules for one another where no two are alike. It is clear enough in your case that you have struggled too long, and you must submit to rest. Can I get you anything to relieve the pain?"

"No, thanks; Sarah knows the drops I take; only ring for her—and if you would look for the note-book with my list of names and marks—it is in that large drawer in the next room."

She was in too much suffering to say more. I rang for her maid, and went to look for the book in question; but the drawer was one of those "omnium gatherum" receptacles which are much in vogue with persons deficient in habits of order, into which all kinds of miscellaneous articles are thrown without any regard to arrangement or classification: and consequently a vast chaotic mass of stationery, work materials, old letters, blotting-books, pencils, maps, and magazine numbers, had to be gone through before I could ascertain that the book in question was not to be found.

Not liking to disturb my poor friend again, I went to the meeting without it, hoping to find a helper in Miss Black, who undertook the details of cutting out work; and I was not mistaken. This orderly little woman observed, in a tone of mild superiority, that Mrs. Vernon's book hardly ever did come to hand, but it did not signify, as she always kept the names; and again producing her inseparable companion, the shabby little note-book of the day before, she showed me all the lists and dates of payments entered accurately.

I was rather behind time, owing to my fruitless search; but when I arrived, no one but Miss Black was present. The women dropped in slowly, and when six or seven were assembled, Miss Black suggested my beginning at once, as she thought no more were likely to come.

"We used to be twenty or more in Miss Vernon's time," put in a talkative old woman. "You see, ma'am, Mrs. Vernon's a nice lady as ever lived, only she don't come regular, if I may be so bold as to say it, and so they gets discouraged. But I never misses it, ma'am, even though I have to wait an hour. The meeting's beautiful when she do come."

I saw the only way to stop a flow of talk would be to proceed to the order of the day at once; and I found my hearers sufficiently receptive. More than one, at the close of the meeting, spoke with gratitude of Mrs. Vernon's kindness to their sick relatives. Nevertheless, it was evident that her irregular attendance had nearly ruined the meeting.

It was not till the close of the next day that Agnes was sufficiently recovered to ask me how all had gone on. She was anxious to know how many had come; but was not surprised at the smallness of the number.

"That is one of my failures here," she said with a sigh. "You know I had been thought very successful in helping others with mothers' meetings, and all my friends thought I should do great things when I came here. I found my sister-in-law had been carrying one on for some time, and I am afraid I was conceited enough to think I should interest the poor women more easily than she could, dear good soul, with her chapter steadily and drily gone through in course, and her books of 'Advice to Women,' and the like, to follow it. But there has been a blight here, the numbers have fallen off, and so they have in the Sunday-school, and I expect at last both will drop entirely. My only work at all successful is the visiting the sick people, and as most of those who want me are far off, I am sure to get knocked up, and then Henry is alarmed, and my people and his write to beg him to get a medical opinion, prohibiting all outside

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work. Ah, well, I suppose that will be the end of it."

"I don't wonder you find it trying, indeed!"

"If only I knew why these disappointments come! They must be allowed with a purpose. Is it that my time of active usefulness is over, and I am to be laid on the shelf for the rest of my days?"

"And if so, dear, that is what some of God's active workers have been called on to bear."

"I trust I would try humbly and patiently to accept it, if I were quite clear that it was God's appointment for me. If I were really and completely laid up on a sick couch, I should see that I had only to acquiesce and try to bear it meekly. But I cannot call myself thoroughly invalided. I have days and hours in which I feel quite up to anything. I have never been as strong since that long illness, or anything like it, as I was before; but still, I did hope when I married I should have been able to be a help to my husband. If I had not hoped it, indeed, I should have felt it wrong to marry. I don't think any one has a right to undertake a life involving duties which cannot be performed. If the sickness or infirmity comes afterwards, then one sees it is God's will for him and oneself; but one ought not to do it with one's eyes open, beforehand."

"I quite agree with you there," I replied. "But that was not your case."

"No, I had, as I thought, every prospect of being able to be a 'a help-meet' to dear Henry, and I am not worse in health at all than I was then; but I see I am rather a hindrance than a help. He is so good and patient, he never says a word; but I am sure things went on better, even for his comfort, when Martha was here."

Mrs. Vernon stopped to wipe the tears that would spring to her eyes. She was not given to despondency generally, and I had never seen her so thoroughly disheartened: but she was physically depressed by two days of sharp pain and overstrained nerves. I felt for her trial, and yet I could not help seeing that the remedy for a good deal of what harassed her was in her own hands; and with a little hesitation, I said something to that effect.

"I wish I could think so," said Mrs. Vernon; "the old rhyme, 'What's amiss I'll try to mend,' was always easier to me to follow than the other half—'and bear what can't be mended,' though that of course one must learn to do; and I fear I must in this case."

"I don't think so. I have a strong idea there is something which could be mended. It makes me think of a talk I was having with my cousins just before I came here."

"A talk, on what subject?"

"On the text, 'Gather up the fragments that remain.' I think sometimes we fancy all our material of life is used up when there are 'fragments' we might gather, and perhaps fill at least seven baskets, if not twelve, and that would solve a good part of our problem here."

"I suppose we do all of us leave fragments about that we might use."

"I believe we are all apt to be like the unfaithful servant in the parable. Did it ever strike you that it was the servant who had only one talent who neglected it? I think when we have five we are much more ready to make the most of them, but if we have only one, we sometimes lose heart, and hide it."

"I don't understand. Surely the parable applies differently to different people: some have five talents, some two, and some but one."

"Yes, but more than that. We lose a great deal of the good of the parables by putting a label on each part, and appropriating one to ourselves and another to someone else. Each may apply to each at different times or under different circumstances. We may sometimes, for instance, be in danger of resembling stony-ground hearers, at another time being like the ground choked with thorns. So with the talents. There may be a sense in which one of us has five talents, while in another point of view we have but one."

"Depending on what?"

"On the kind of talent in question. Suppose, for instance, A or B has five talents in respect of power of teaching or writing, or the like; that same person may have but one to his command of time, or money, or influence, or health."

"I see that. It never struck me before."

"Well, in the parable, it was the servant with the little amount of power—the one talent—who cast it aside as useless, so our temptation, it seems to me, is to neglect or misuse what we possess very little of, more than what we have much of comparatively. I speak of conscientious, earnest people, who really want to do right. Of course, others will fearfully misuse great mental power or great strength or riches; but a conscientious person will generally be eager to use a power he possesses in a considerable degree as much as possible, and to try to use it well. There is such a pleasure in exercising a power when we have much of it that even the inferior motive will stimulate us. We see it in small things. A girl who has a fine voice will never need to be urged to sing; but one who has small vocal powers will, perhaps, refuse to help in the hymns, where her voice might really be useful, because she thinks her gift of music is not worth keeping up. And so, again, a person who has very little money to spend will say, 'Oh, I would do so much if I were only rich; but I am too poor to do any good!' when perhaps that little, if well used, might fill its own place like the widow's mite."

"That is true. And I think I have seen people in rather feeble health, who, it seemed to me, might have done something useful in a humble way, and who gave up altogether and submitted to be idle. But I can't say that is my temptation."

"No, indeed, far from it! But I did not say we are only tempted to throw aside, we often misuse a talent we have but little of. We do as bad managers among poor cottagers' wives do, let things run to waste which we might utilize."

"But I can't honestly say, dear friend, that I agree with you there. I do try to use all the strength I have, as much as possible. I would not boast—I would not say so in general to others, but I do struggle against weariness and pain much, much harder than anyone knows—harder than my husband, who hardly has any experience of illness himself, has any idea of. I have often gone on writing letters and reports when I could hardly see the words on the paper from headache."

"And I am afraid I should hardly praise you for that, dear Agnes, except as far as good intentions

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go. Do you remember the story of the soldier whom Frederick the Great put under arrest for lifting a heavy cannon when not required, because he was wasting the strength wanted for the army?"

"But that, begging your pardon, dear Miss Selwyn, is not a case in point. He lifted the cannon from bravado, when there was no cause. Here there is cause. The work is there to be done. There is no one else to help Henry in these matters, and I must try and do all I can, sick or well. I made up my mind, when I saw I did not recover my old ground, that I would try and bear the weakness and pain, and go on as much as possible as I did before, so as not to trouble others, and never give way until I was forced."

"That was rather like saying, 'I had once a thousand a year to spend, now I have only two hundred, but I will go on spending just as I did when I was rich.' Would that be really using the talent rightly?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, I think it is with health as it is with money. If the Lord gives us but one talent, He does not require us to make it five, that would be really 'reaping where he had not sown.' He only asks us to make it one more. To do this we must use it, not only zealously but wisely; and the less we have, the more wisdom we need to use it well."

"But if one's talent for wisdom be small?"

"Then we have a sure remedy. 'If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God.' We are not promised that if we lack strength, or riches, or quickness, or mental power, it will be given; but wisdom—practical power to guide our life—we might have for the asking."

"I suppose the fault is, that one asks doubtingly often."

"Yes, or we ask and then neglect to apply our sense, and try to use what is given; like that girl who prayed to be enabled to know her lesson, and thought it was then quite unnecessary to learn it. Now here you have something to learn. If you have a small allowance, you would not be using it well by spending it all the day you received it; you would calculate nicely what you could afford and what you could not, and measure your shillings and pence accordingly."

"To avoid debt, that is a duty. But in case of health we have not that danger."

"No? I think we have. We get into debt to ourselves. We draw on our capital, and leave ourselves without strength for future calls. We often bring ourselves into a state which makes us give a great deal of trouble to our friends, besides suffering ourselves."

"As I did the other day, to be sure. That is true."

"Yes, and a time of sickness, we must remember, is always a time of temptation; and particularly ill health from overwork, because it implies over-strain on the nervous system. I believe it is hardly possible for the sweetest-tempered person in the world to work habitually beyond strength, without temptation to irritability; or, even if this be escaped, there will be impetuosity and headlong carelessness in the very work itself, from over pressure. I have often known active people, when hard driven, say and do things which I am sure they never would have done had they allowed themselves time to reflect, and to remember the Scripture precept to walk 'circumspectly.'"

"I think I have seen that, too. But what is one to do when there are many duties to be done, and only a slender stock of strength to do them?"

"Just what you do if you have many things to buy and only a small sum to buy with. You must put a great deal of purpose and thought into your arrangements; separate the *must haves* from the *may haves*, in the first place, and put aside for the present things which may be dispensed with, till the most important are accomplished. Without this, we cannot rightly 'gather up the fragments' of health and strength, and use them in the Master's service. And one thing—may I say it, dear?—is most specially needed for this; the homely, prosaic, often despised virtue of punctuality."

"Oh, that word of fear, how weary I am of it! I have had it thrown at me so often I dread the very sound!"

"I think they were very indulgent about it, if I recollect rightly, at your old home, were they not?"

"Yes—that is, I was considered a privileged person. My sister Ellie did all the punctuality for me and every one; was always ready to pour out tea and coffee at the right time, take mamma's place at the head of the table if she was poorly, receive visitors, and get off letters for post, and so on. Papa and mamma were very, very kind. I had the disposal of my long mornings, from breakfast to late dinner. I might go and come as I would, and the kind of work I did was not such as to need much regularity, as the management of the school was taken by a friend, and the cottage readings were done rather in an extemporized fashion, gathering together any one who was at hand. Most of my work, after all, was visiting, and it did not much signify whether I was early or late. I never seemed to feel fatigue till that sudden breakdown. But now all is different. The people here are used to have everything done by the stroke of the clock, and that is really not my line."

"But the question is whether, if you made the effort to adopt punctual habits, it would not simplify many of your difficulties, and increase your power. I don't mean to deny that there may have been those who have accomplished great things, who have been irregular and careless about times and seasons; but I do say that I am sure such persons would have done more good if they had been without that defect. I believe unpunctuality and irregular habits and want of method will always be great and serious hindrances, even where a person has the advantage of great bodily strength; but with a delicate person the evil is still greater."

"But why be always driving and pushing, and hurrying and worrying every one into a fever, merely to be at a place at three o'clock instead of half-past?"

"Just because we can't stop the world from going on, and if we don't go with it we are simply left behind. We can't prevent the sun from moving on his course and setting, and the darkness of night from coming on, and the tides from rising, and the seasons from changing; and if we refuse to make our movements in some way meet theirs, we must suffer proportionate inconvenience; not to say that whenever people are to be gathered together, be it in school, church, or meeting, there *must* be a fixed time, or they cannot assemble. I had a friend who

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used to complain of limited means, who, I believe, wasted yearly a sum, merely from unpunctuality, which might have been turned to very good account."

"Merely by unpunctuality?"

"Yes; by missing trains and being obliged to wait longer at hotels; missing a passage that had been taken, appointments which must be made again, and so on; fragments which were thus scattered, not gathered."

"Well, I believe that may be true. I have not had occasion to do that; but it is possible my 'mothers' and Sunday-scholars have dropped off because I kept them waiting. But what did you mean when you said a delicate person needed to be punctual still more than a strong one?"

"I meant to say, that bodily strength and very robust health *may* enable a person to meet the ill effects of unpunctuality with less actual physical harm than a weaker person would encounter. A strong person who is late for an engagement, can bear the results of extra fatigue, exposure to weather and night air, missing the regular meals, loss of sleep, etc. One like yourself cannot bear such a strain without serious mischief to health. I suspect you did suffer eventually from the pressure you laid on yourself in your strong days; *now*, such an attempt simply lays you up completely."

"Just as my last Sunday's work did," said Agnes. I own it; but these people in the outlying cottages and hamlets, need my visits, and to let them forego any help I could give, for the sake of my personal comfort, seemed so selfish."

"The question is whether by a little management the good could not have been done without the evil to yourself and the inconvenience to others."

"Martha Vernon would have thought it quite shocking to break through the regular Sunday course of school and church, and so on; but may not too much be sacrificed to mere drill?"

"That depends. I would not for a moment say that the rule should never be broken through. There might have been a call so pressing and requiring such instant attention, that it would be right to leave everything for it; but even then one should be careful to send word to those who are expecting one. We have no right to waste other people's time, or break our word, if we are engaged to go to them, without strong cause, and care to warn them of it. In this case it did not seem there was such a call as to make it needful; but of course in each case one must judge for oneself."

"I do abominate above all things a life of mere drill and routine, everything regulated by the clock—just like the poor Queen of Spain in Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' who was not allowed to see her little girl till the regular hour had come for the visit."

"Yes, that is as bad on one side as the opposite extreme on the other."

"And yet that is what all my friends here are always trying to drive me into," resumed Agnes, with a petulance of manner not very usual with one so naturally sweet-tempered; "lectures incessant on regularity, and mapping out everything with plummet and line! Oh, I am sick of it all!"

CHRIST IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DESPARD, M.A.

"The Lord hath blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God."—2 *Sam.* vi. 12.

IT is said that one night when some English soldiers were shivering in the cold of the Crimea, some band began to play the familiar tune of "Home, Sweet Home," and that they all burst out sobbing, because the air went straight home to the heart. Yes; "there is no place like home!" No place like it this side the grave, for there lies the place where his heaven or his hell begins for each! There, after all, is the sanctuary of life; there the man is most real; there the character is formed. There is the centre of the true life now, and thence one day he must set out on the last long journey to the far-away land.

In speaking of home we propose to say a few words, first, about some things you cannot keep out of the home, then about one thing you can bring in, and the marvellous change which occurs when it is welcomed there.

There are some things, then, which you cannot keep out of your home. For instance, you cannot, though you do your very best, make a home that will be proof against sin. You may make the walls, and the furniture, and all the arrangements perfect enough to please the most fastidious taste, but you cannot make the inmates perfect. You cannot even make yourself perfect. If God gives you abundance, you may be outwardly, what you can make the home outwardly, a perfect picture of comfort and ease. But some strings are broken in every human heart; and, unfortunately, it is these broken strings which most affect the harmonies of home life. There are faults of temper and character in every man and woman who breathes; and what is remarkable about them is that they come out when people live near together in a way they otherwise never might. The fountains of home life, that is to say, are not without sin, and so it comes to pass that sin is more or less in every human home. For this reason no home is proof against a great deal of misery. Because sin cannot be kept out, tempers and other sad home-marrers may appear. People have only to let sin be, to take no pains to watch against it and keep it down, and they run a very fair chance indeed of making the home miserable.

I am not speaking of the outside part of the matter. Some very pleasant homes, so far as such things go, are represented among my readers—homes that have pictures on the walls and carpets on all the rooms—music in the drawing-room and plenty in the larder. There are homes, too, where there are neither pictures nor carpets—only just enough to get on

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with. But happy homes are not made by furniture, nor unhappy ones by the want of it. "Better a morsel of bread where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It is not the things inside them, but the people, who make happy or unhappy homes. If sinful nature is allowed its way, it is enough to make the best furnished home unhappy. Money can buy home comforts of one kind, but not home comforts of another kind. Money may bring in the stalled ox, but no amount of money will bring in the love and peace. Money can keep out cold and rain and hunger, but not the selfish spirit, the scolding tongue, the unruly temper—which are enough to make any home more like hell than heaven. You know what the word of God says about "a continual dropping on a rainy day." How can any home be happy when there is a plague like that encouraged within it? It is poor work making a home unless the mortar you use is tempered with grace.

Neither can you make a home proof against trouble. Red eyes and sore hearts are not peculiar to homes of any one class. You will find them in the palace of cedar as well as in the cottages of the poor. In one a son has turned out badly, and in another there is a daughter that causeth shame. Family troubles are the commonest kind of troubles, and no troubles wring the heart like them. God only knows how bitter they are, and the worst of them is that they are so often self-bred. They come of neglect and carelessness, and inattention to duty—of evil influence and bad example. Every home almost has some trouble of its own—no man can ever build one, and say, "Trouble shall never come in to roost on the roof-tree." It is impossible, also, to make a home proof against sickness. Its shelter may be as perfect as can be against rain and cold and heat. Everything likely to preserve health and keep disease out, in the way of diet and clothing, may be there. But in spite of all you can do, illness will come in; there are always sick homes, and every home in its turn is sure to be a sick one. And, then, last of all, and worst of all, you cannot prevent death from coming in and taking away your treasures. The dread foe is always abroad, dropping in unexpectedly on one home after another. Now death comes and snatches away the very pillar of the home—the father or brother on whom the keeping together of the home depends. Or it comes and carries off the mother under whose wing the little ones were wont to nestle up lovingly—the softest and warmest covering in all the world.

How busy we are about making the homes, and it is well to remember how busy other things are in unmaking them! It is poor work making a home, if the only materials you make it with are those which the world supplies.

What a paradise home would be if only we could keep out the sins that mar it, and the tempers that spoil it, and the troubles that roost under it, and the death that robs it of its most precious treasures! But we should want to stay here for ever, then, and God means better for us than that! If, therefore, He allows us to make homes here, He contrives that we shall never make them other than open homes—homes open to the inroads of the many visitors who remind us of that better home whose maker is God, where alone there is "no breaking in and no going out!"

So much, then, for the things you cannot keep out of the home; and now a word respecting the one thing which you can bring in. You probably know what the Ark of God was, and the place it held under the Old Testament dispensation. It was called also "the Ark of the Covenant," and was a small chest, made under God's direction, containing the two tables of stone, some manna, and other sacred things. But the chief thing about it was that the blood of atonement was sprinkled yearly on its lid, called the mercy-seat, and that over that lid the little cloud, which was the visible token of God's presence, used to appear. It was a beautiful type of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the good things which are offered to sinners, and come to sinners, through what He has done. What He has done is to make reconciliation for sinners through his own blood; and the result of that reconciliation, when it is believed in and accepted, is the presence of God, and of every good thing which the presence of God brings with it. By a remarkable train of circumstances, Obed-edom had the opportunity of bringing that Ark of God into his house. Other people were afraid of it, because a man had been struck dead who handled it improperly. But Obed-edom saw very clearly that what people should be afraid of was not the Ark of God, or His presence, but the profane and improper tampering with it. So he opened the door of his house to receive it, and what followed was a very rich reward to him for that act of childlike faith.

Now all this is like a parable to us. We can bless God that not only may we bring Christ into our homes, but that He stands knocking at the door, entreating us to let Him in. Whatever the home may be as to outward things, it is nothing without Christ. He is the "chief corner-stone" on which God builds whatever is good and lasting, and no man can build a home, or anything else that is good and lasting, without making Him the corner stone. Jesus comes into the home by coming into the hearts of those who live in it. Religion is the only satisfactory basis of family life. Human affection may alter or grow cold, human authority may be weak, or unwisely exercised; but when you bring in Christ, and put Him on the throne, and distinctly recognize Him as the centre and law-giver of family life, you have done the one thing needful for the making of a real home, a home that will never bring you shame or pain, a home that will live for ever in the grateful recollection of all who have been privileged to dwell in it.

Now I do not blame any one for wanting to make the home nice and comfortable, a place it is a pleasure to go into. And it may be that you have been lately thinking of some things that you want in your house to make it more what you would like to see it. Perhaps you have been thinking of a new carpet, or of some more pictures, or of something fresh to replace the furniture which has become shabby with the wear of years. Or it may be that you are fond of flowers, and have been thinking where you can get some nice plants to make the conservatory gay, or to give an air of cheerfulness to the room. But oh, friends, the great want of your house is none of these things. You may get them all, bring them all in—without bringing a blessing. What you want, what we all want at home, is Jesus, and more of Jesus.

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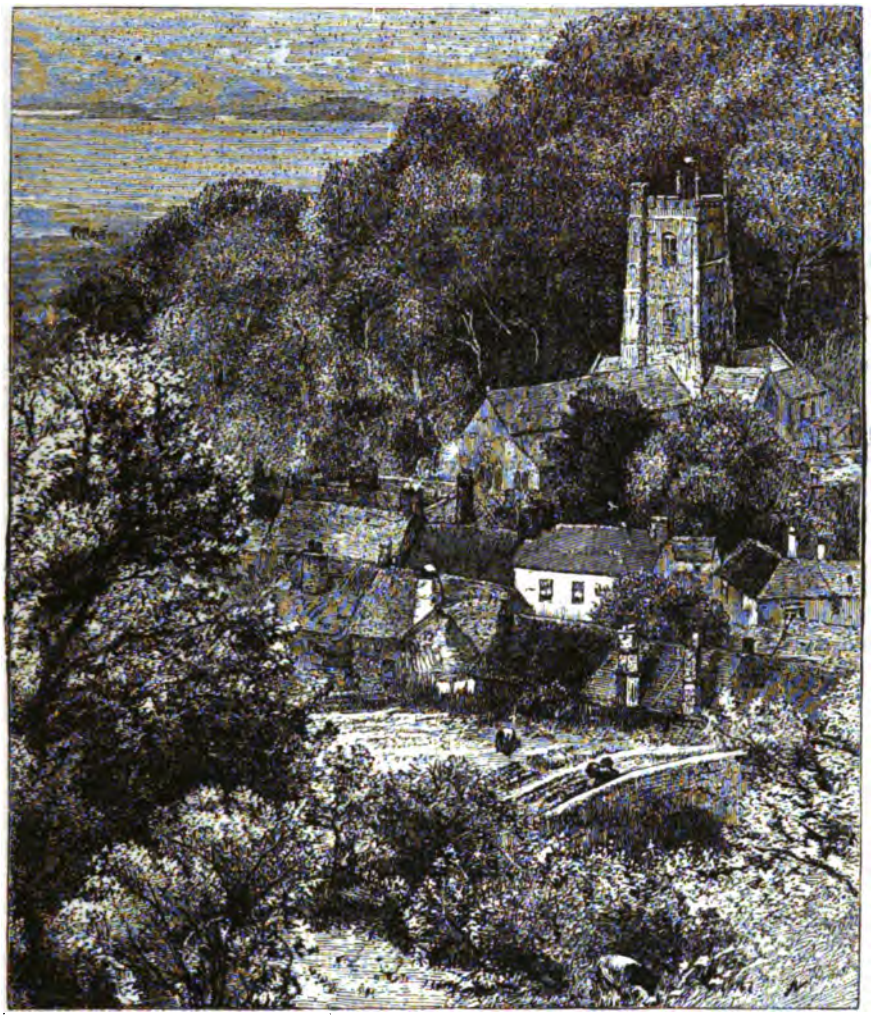
Just look at Bethany, and learn the great lesson it teaches all who would make a home on the right basis. There is a presence that may come in at the lowliest door and that may mingle with and sanctify and enhance the pleasures and the loves which grow up around the hearthstone and give you at once the secret of home, sweet home. Do you know that the door-post sprinkled with the blood of the everlasting covenant is sacred from the intrusion of the destroying angel? You remark of some families that they never seem to get on—whereas others always seem to do well. If you were to get to the bottom of the matter, you would find that the start accounts for the whole difference. Some homes are started wrong—there is a flaw in the foundation—whereas others start right: and it is evident why things never go pleasantly in the former, whatever orders it may be possible to give to the decorator and upholsterer; while things seem always to go pleasantly in the latter, though there may be a full share of hardship and trial.

What about your house? I mean your home, whether it be a whole house or only a part of one? Has there been a corner for the Ark of God? Anything to sweeten the drudgery? Anything to lighten the cares? Anything to keep the hearth bright with a perpetual light? Try the plan of Obed-edom, if you have not done so yet! Start right at home this year. Again Jesus knocks at the door and asks to be let in. You have been bolting Him out year after year, it may be. Get up now and open the door and say, "Come, Lord Jesus—oh, come, and be Thou the master of all that is in my house." Get the Bible down. Call all the family to the table. Read a chapter and say a prayer—if it be only the Lord's Prayer.

Do you know that God is asking you to let heaven into the home? For the presence of Jesus



"The cottage homes of England,
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes."

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is heaven begun—and when you get the presence of Jesus into the home—heaven is begun then. The light of God shines around the Tabernacle; and it is with you, as it was with the Israelites on a certain dark night, long ago, in the land of Egypt. There is a "light in the dwelling" which nothing can put out—a light that will "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

You know about the man who had a house full of many things—but without the one thing. What did he do but climb up into a tree to see Jesus as he passed? And what did Jesus do but look straight into his face, and say: "Come down, for I want to go into your house this day?" So down he came at once and went off and threw open the door and brought Jesus into his home; and "that day did salvation come to that house." Salvation in your house; think of it! The Ark of God had to go from Obed-edom's house in a few months; but this never goes out of the house where once it has come in. Oh, then, see that Christ is in it! "Ark of God, come in! My dwelling is humble in Israel; but Thou regardest not the outside. Come in, O Saviour, and abide with us."

This, then, is the one thing you can bring in at home. A word now as to the result; the wonderful change at home when Jesus is brought in. "The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom." From the day the Ark of God got standing room in it, the Lord blessed that house. I think it is Matthew Henry who remarks that the Lord paid well for His entertainment. Oh, yes, He pays well. The blessing of God changes everything at home. Even those things which you cannot keep out, become changed most blessedly. Sin is one of them—but grace does wonders for the sinful natures at home. It softens tempers. It keeps down selfishness. "It makes the home a little tabernacle of God."

The one thing which is the curse of the home goes out when Christ comes in, and if sinful natures do remain, yet they are kept under by the power of Christian love; and the inmates are more quick to mend their own faults than to notice and scold the faults of others. So, too, troubles are a different thing when Christ is in the house—and sickness, and even death itself. The troubles are borne more patiently, and the sickness brings out more tenderness, and death is only going to sleep till the morning of life everlasting.



Wm. Feb. 21. 1880. very good

GILES DORMER'S REMORSE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS ONLY ENEMY."

CHAPTER I.



THEY were sitting together after their stately dinner, which had been served with the usual ceremony, and eaten almost in silence. The massive dining-table was rich in gleaming silver, sparkling glass, and costly porcelain, bearing a tempting display of choice fruit. Everything being arranged to his satisfaction, Nicolls had retired, leaving his two masters to themselves—Giles Dormer and his son Ralph, known to the commercial world as the great firm of Dormer and Son. It was a moneyed firm of the highest respectability; but there was a tradition hinting of a very humble beginning, stories of old Giles Dormer's youth, that represented him penniless and fighting his way up from one of the lowest steps of the social ladder. But they had long since faded into obscure family legends, a time which had no association with the prosperous present, and took nothing from the credit of the firm. Least of all did they concern the younger of the two, who sat at that luxuriously-appointed table—Ralph Dormer, a hard-faced man, who had not yet reached middle age, though threads of silver were already scattered through the dark hair, like touches of early frost. He looked what he was, a prosperous man, who had had no battle to fight, and from whom poverty,

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failure and misfortune would receive no sympathy or help.

Old Giles Dormer was now only the nominal head of the firm which bore his name, as he had become too infirm for active business. His retirement had been hastened by a carriage accident, which had left him a helpless invalid. Thus it was that the son had filled his father's place for the last five years. Ralph Dormer had been for some years a widower with four troublesome boys upon his hands. The two eldest were now at college, the others at school. By mutual consent Ralph and his family had taken possession of the paternal home, the old man being easily persuaded to form one of his son's household. There was no necessity for him to keep up a separate establishment; he had no other ties except his son and grandsons—for his only daughter had been lost to him from the time of her marriage, which he had sternly forbidden from the day that Tom Dunstan's father became a bankrupt.

When it came to his knowledge that they had been secretly married, he ruthlessly refused to be reconciled to Grace or her husband. Years had come and gone, bringing occasional letters of pleading from poor Grace, which were all received and cast aside with the same cold silence; vain pleadings for forgiveness and help. Life had been a losing battle to Tom Dunstan, the high-minded but unfortunate gentleman to whom Grace Dormer had linked her lot. The banished daughter never suspected that she had an enemy in her brother, who had constantly fed the fire of his father's anger; but for this it would have burned out, for the old man had dearly loved his motherless girl.

At last the silence was broken by Giles Dormer saying abruptly, "Ralph."

The son looked inquiringly at him, struck by something peculiar in his father's tone.

"You remember my asking you a few weeks ago to make inquiries for me, concerning the present whereabouts of a Jacob Sudge, a pawnbroker. Did you make any inquiries after him?"

"I did."

"With what result?"

"Failure. If I had succeeded in obtaining any information I should have told you."

The old man's face shadowed; then a gleam of light came, as a new thought occurred to him.

"There is the letter Jacob Sudge sent me on behalf of Grace; that will give some clue."

"The letter was destroyed at your own suggestion, father; but if I remember rightly it came from abroad."

The answer was given in slow, measured tones. The perfect self-possession of the son was a curious contrast to the agitation that suddenly overcame his father.

"Destroyed, Ralph! God forgive me! this is the beginning of my punishment."

He dropped back among the cushions of his invalid-chair, pressing one wrinkled hand upon his temples, and repeating, "This is the beginning of my punishment."

Ralph looked at him intently. He saw the contraction of pain pinching the features and changing the colour of the face to dull ashen grey, yet he gave neither sympathy nor compassion. Whatever might be the cause of the old man's suffering, his son had no participation in it. There was silence for some moments, during which Ralph helped himself to another glass of wine, which he drank leisurely, then rose from the table, saying coldly:

"I cannot understand why you should distress yourself by raking up unpleasant reminiscences, still less that you should make them a source of trouble."

"I cannot help it, Ralph; every day I grow more miserable and conscience-stricken."

"Conscience-stricken, father!" repeated Ralph, giving the old man a look of surprise. "Those are strange words for you to make use of, you who always pride yourself on your unsullied name."

There was some of the old sternness in Giles Dormer's voice as he said, "Ralph, you are forgetting yourself, and——"

The son interrupted hastily.

"There, there, don't get angry, father; I did not think you would take it in that light. You know I am as proud of my name as you are; that is why I do not like to hear you talking about being conscience-stricken, when I know there is really no cause for it."

"God knows I wish I could think so."

There was an acute ring of anguish in the old man's voice, that startled even cold, self-controlled Ralph, who could not help being impressed; there was such an agony of self-reproach in those words, which seemed the forcible unsealing of a fountain locked for years. It was a revelation that took in the whole span of Giles Dormer's past, with its painful repression of higher instincts, its wretched self-deceptions in the years which had come and gone; the long ignoble struggle to kill the truer manhood and kindlier human nature that was in him. It gave also such a pitiful glimpse of the present, of the inner life which the weak, ailing old man was living, amidst his outside wealth, through these weary days of pain and social isolation, when the world-worn heart was sick and sore, and the fire of remorse had begun its work of purification.

Without giving Ralph time to speak, Giles Dormer went on,

"It is my punishment in these later years to be always seeking rest, and finding none, forced against my will to turn back to the past, which has borne for me such bitter fruit. Through my pain and sickness, while I have been lying by like a useless old ledger, it has all come upon me that my life has grievous wrong and injustice to be repented of and atoned for."

"Wrong and injustice to whom?"

"Need you ask? Did I not drive my only daughter from her home? and did not my harshness help to kill her?"

"Nonsense, father; you are doing yourself injustice; Grace brought it upon herself by her wilful disobedience. I should have done the same, if a daughter of mine had acted as she did."

"And you would regret it as I am doing. Poor Grace! I am glad she forgave me before she died; but I can never forgive myself. Every time I read her last letter, I feel miserable for days afterwards."

"Burn it!" Ralph exclaimed, testily. "If you had taken my advice, you would have done so long ago. Can't you see it was written purposely to work upon your feelings?"

"No, no, Ralph, you are wrong; it was written when she was dying; and all she asks is my for-

giveness, and to prove it by taking care of her child. God forgive me for my hardness! Years have come and gone since I received it, and the child may be dying as her mother died, and it will lie at my door. You must find her, Ralph, for I shall break my heart if I cannot make restitution to the dead through the living. My time is short now, and how can I hope for mercy if I do not show mercy and forgiveness?"

The old man's voice was very broken, but there was an under-current of decision and authority that did not escape the keen observation of the son; it took him by surprise; and he well knew that it would not do to openly oppose his father. He spoke coldly and calmly:

"Am I to understand that the child is to be sought for, with a view to its adoption by you?" In spite of all his efforts, he could not hide the look of anxiety that came into his face as he waited for his father's answer.

"Yes, Ralph, and—and she shall have her mother's share of my wealth; I must alter my will, for I have left it to Harry."

There was a sudden change in the expression of Ralph Dormer's face. The cynical smile gave place to a threatening frown; all his apathetic coldness of manner vanished, and he sat down again with the air of a man who was determined to gain the object he had in view.

"This is a change scarcely consistent with your character, father. Do you realize that you are about to make over the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds to the child of the man who defied you and brought trouble to us all?"

"Yes, Ralph, I do. I have been thinking it over for days, or rather weeks, and I have come to the conclusion that I carried my anger against Mr. Dunstan too far. His only fault was loving Grace——"

Ralph interrupted his father, saying hastily, "Surely your memory must be failing you, father. If his love for my sister had been his only fault, do you think I would not have sided with them against you? Have you forgotten——"

"Don't, Ralph, don't recall the past; I am trying to forget it."

As the son made another effort to remind him of Tom Dunstan's misdoings, the old man put up his hand, saying earnestly, "Don't try to influence me against my own sense of right. I have realized that we were too hard upon Grace's husband. Remember how young they both were."

"Too hard upon him? He deserved all he got; ay, and more, the mean, bad fellow!"

Giles Dormer gave his son a troubled look as he said, mournfully:

"Your very words are a reproach to me, Ralph. I am to blame for putting such bitter thoughts into your mind. Oh, if it were only possible to live the past over again."

There was an impatient gesture on the part of the son as he replied:

"I am sorry you give way to such morbid feelings, father; they should be treated as a fit of dyspepsia. Grace justly suffered for her disobedience."

"It is useless trying to influence me, Ralph. I have made up my mind to take charge of Grace's child. I hold myself responsible for its fate whether living or dead. The mother comes to me in my dreams, with a sad, white face and a look in her eyes that makes me miserable. I shall know no peace of mind until the child is found."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders, saying coldly, as he prepared to leave the room:

"I will do my best to find her; but success is doubtful."

"Stay a minute, Ralph; that old pawnbroker could tell you, if he is still alive."

"Which is doubtful, father, for it is over ten years since he wrote; and if I recollect right, you said he was older than you by some years."

A few minutes later Ralph Dormer went out, and the old man, to whom the busy working-day brought little change, was left alone lying back among his cushions, thinking with closed eyes, thinking of the unknown grandchild towards whom he felt strange yearnings, born of the remorse that was stirring his heart to its inner core. How little did he suspect what impressions their after-dinner talk had left upon the mind of his son! It would have helped to enlighten him if he had seen the look in Ralph's eyes as he bent over his papers, muttering savagely:

"Find him the child—bring them together! If I find her, it will be to set them further apart. I will take care that they never meet. The hate I felt for the father I have transferred to the child."

CHAPTER II.

It was raining still, as it had rained throughout the whole of that dreary November day, small blinding rain, that came down with hopeless persistence, heightening the discomfort of the wet, plashy streets, and doing much to depress the tone of business among the needy shopkeepers where Jacob Sudge, the eccentric old pawnbroker, kept his dingy little shop. It was there he had grown wrinkled and grey, and there, according to a tradition in the neighbourhood, he had scraped and hoarded enough money to keep him independent for the rest of his days, if he only had the heart to settle down and spend it. But the opinion of his neighbours was nothing to old Jacob, who preserved the most stoical indifference to all that was said about himself. He went on in the old groove, and lived his own life in the stuffy little back parlour that was merely a supplement to the shop. It was the same with the old man's bedroom—every available inch of space was appropriated by innumerable parcels, weeded from the overladen shelves of the shop. The pawnbroker had accumulated an extensive stock, though its commercial value could not be very high, for the neighbourhood was poor—very poor, according to his estimate—"poor and improvident and vicious and intemperate all in one." Old Jacob had a cynical tongue, that often cut keenly, and did not spare its subject. He had seen human nature at its worst—and "at its best," he would sometimes add, with an expressive jerk of his head towards the shelves. "If some of the things in those drawers could speak, they would tell tales that might make the angels glad to hear—tales of goodness that the world would never know anything about, deeds of love and self-sacrifice among the poorest of the poor."

The old man's humour was generally caustic;

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circumstances had made him something of a moralist, but his manner repelled, rather than attracted, those who came in contact with him. He was given to snapping, and launching out reflections upon men and things that were not complimentary or conciliating to that section of the public who found their way to his counter. What strange varieties of the human species had been gathered there during the course of old Jacob's business experience! A very discouraging outlook upon the world was that view across the counter, discouraging to any man anxious to have faith in his kind, and especially hostile to the growth of the charity that hopeth all things.

Jacob Sudge was not companionless, for he had the society of his apprentice and shop-boy, Joe Trimmer, an orphan whom he had taken from the workhouse. A queer-looking lad of fifteen, remarkably small and lean, a sort of chronic leanness that resisted any amount of good feeding, but he was wiry and active, and keen as a terrier; there was an odd look of sagacity about his sharp, pointed face and large bright eyes. In his way Joe Trimmer was as much a character as his master, to whom he was devotedly attached. On his part, the pawnbroker liked the lad, for there was a subtle affinity between them. Yet he came down severely on his shortcomings. Joe had something about him that fitted into the odd cranks of his master's character; and such as he was, Jacob Sudge would not have exchanged him for any other shop-boy in the world, even if he had been a model of his species.

It was not one of the pawnbroker's busy nights; and, as was his custom on leisure evenings, he was in the back parlour doing a little book-keeping. Joe was in the shop, with his elbows planted on the counter and his chin resting on his hands, thinking and speculating in a fashion peculiar to him. Suddenly his quick eyes caught sight of a figure in the doorway, a woman miserably clothed, with the wet dripping from her limbs, crushed-looking black bonnet, and from the forlorn rag of a shawl under which she concealed whatever it was that she had brought to the pawnbroker's.

It was the work of a moment for Joe to make a hasty dive into the little parlour, and break in upon his master's arithmetic with the inexplicable sentence, "Master, here's the teapot again."

Without waiting to be answered, Joe made another rush back, and took up his old position just as the woman reached the counter. There was a wistful, hungry look on her worn, haggard face, which retained some faint, lingering trace of fair comely womanhood in the past years of her life. Joe's keen eyes saw her hand tremble as she drew from beneath the miserable rag of a shawl a metal teapot, rubbed up to its highest capability of polish, but evidently in its last stage of service.

The bright grey eyes of the old pawnbroker searchingly scrutinized the woman's face through his massive silver-rimmed spectacles, as he addressed her:

"I am sorry you have come back."

"I—I couldn't help it, sir. I thought you—you seemed sorry for me."

And she glanced appealingly at the grim grey face that looked even grimmer and greyer in the flare of gas over the counter, a face so deeply seamed with wrinkles that it appeared as if time had notched there a calendar of dates.

"You've no right to think anything of the kind. Who ever heard of Jacob Sudge being accused of such weakness?"

The woman gave the old man a frightened look, for his face baffled penetration, not being ever easy to read, but that night it looked unpromising and hopeless enough for anything, and there was nothing in the sharp rasping tones to reassure her. His words seemed to crush out what little hope she had left. Her bent shoulder bent a trifle more, and she shivered as she crouched in her forlorn wet rags. Not a movement escaped the pawnbroker's keen grey eyes.

"Did you take my advice, and offer it to any one else?" he inquired, taking up the old battered teapot and examining it.

"Yes, sir."

"And how much did they offer to lend upon it?"

"They all refused to—to give me anything." Then, clasping her hands tightly together, she added, "Oh, sir, will you try and lend me something?"

"It's asking me to throw away my money," was the half-angry reply.

The woman put her hand to her side, as if in pain; and there was a half-stifled sob as she said:

"It's not worth much now, sir, but it was a present from my poor dear mother, on my wedding-day, and I—I should not part with it if I wasn't obliged."

"Yes, yes. You told me all about it this afternoon—told me all your history, I believe—took up a lot of my valuable time."

"I—I am very sorry, sir."

"Stuff—nonsense—you're nothing of the kind," snarled the old man, drawing a book towards him. He always got angry with himself when he felt that he was letting his feelings get the better of him. He continued in the same irritable tone, "Let me see; they offered to lend you a shilling——"

The woman interrupted him.

"No, sir, they refused to——"

"There, there—don't break in upon my calculations in that abrupt manner. You've not used your mother's present very kindly—now, what do you say to a half-crown?"

The hungry eyes glistened, and the trembling hands were raised for a moment to nervously push back the wet hair from her face as she gasped out excitedly, "Half-a-crown, sir, I—I did not expect——"

The pawnbroker growled out to his apprentice in a tone that was evidently intended to drown her voice, "Joe, make out a ticket."

And he put down the half-crown, then walked away, muttering savagely to himself:

"I knew I should make a fool of myself if she turned up again."

For some seconds after the woman had gone, he remained gazing at the old pot and talking to himself; suddenly he was roused to the consciousness that Joe Trimmer was gravely watching him with his head on one side. He spoke testily:

"Joe, you young monkey! don't you see enough of me without staring like that? Come, lazy bones, it's time to think about shutting up. Hallo, what's the matter with the lad?"

A singular change had come over Joe while his master spoke; his eyes were fixed upon the shop

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door in open-mouthed wonder, and he was gesticulating excitedly. "Look who's at the door, master!"

The old man turned hastily, his astonishment being even greater than Joe's, as he caught sight of a childish figure just crossing the threshold. A little slight creature, wearing no bonnet nor hat, her head being only sheltered by the hood of her grey cloak, which she now shook back, disclosing a small pale face with great brown eyes, and a large white brow overshadowed by the dark hair that fell on it in a pretty tangle of curls, which she cleared away with an impatient gesture of her small hand. Her age could not be more than eleven or twelve years at most. The pawnbroker hurried round the counter and met her with a startled expression.

"Why, what can have happened?—whatever is the matter? Mattie Dunstan, I can hardly believe it possible!"

And, as if to assure himself of the reality of the vision, he gathered the slender hands in his, and drew her forward where the light fell, his face still wearing its expression of bewilderment. He passed his hand over the cloak, which was soaked with rain. At first his scrutiny was fearlessly met, but there was a strange pleading look in the tear-laden brown eyes, and he saw her lips quiver as he questioned her.

"Mattie, tell me why you have come out like that. Why, you are wet through, child. What are you doing so far from home, without a bonnet, and by yourself? What does it mean, child?"

The answer was a passionate burst of crying.

"Dear me, dear me!" ejaculated the old man, as he gently drew the crying girl into the little parlour. "Dear me, you make me quite uneasy, Mattie. Try and tell me what it is about."

"I—I haven't got a home!" she sobbed.

"What do you say, Mattie?"

"Aunt Maria says she can't be burdened with me any longer."

Jacob Sudge looked much distressed; he took off his spectacles, and put them on again in sore perplexity, saying slowly:

"Can't be what, child?"

The answer was given with a choking sob: "Burdened with me—and—and, I've come to you."

"Come to me!" murmured the old man, staring hard at the child; and he added in the same mystified tones,—but he unconsciously spoke louder than he was aware of—"What did she come to me for? what can I do for her?"

The child wrung her hands together as she heard him, and said earnestly: "I didn't know where to go when she told me to get out of the house; but when I was in the streets I thought of you; but I lost my way twice—and—and I am so tired and hungry."

Here the little voice broke down, the over-strained courage and endurance had given way under the pressure put upon her. The trial had been too severe for the child-heart, strong as it was; but she was endowed with a fineness of intuition that intensified the keen, almost morbid sensitiveness which had helped to hasten the precocious development of her character, even as tropical heat forces the vegetation of a plant.

The child's confession that she was hungry took the old pawnbroker by surprise. It was the sort of appeal that was certain to make an immediate conquest of him. He could not bear to hear of any one being hungry: even for grown people, who might have brought it on themselves, it was sad enough, but for a child to be wanting food, and little Mattie Dunstan above all children that he knew, it stirred him through all his nature, and broke down all the cynical disguises behind which it was his fancy to entrench himself. He looked at Joe Trimmer in dismay, and Joe looked back his responsive sympathy; having more than a boy's native keenness of appetite he regarded hunger as the direst calamity that could fall to the lot of mortals.

Old Jacob took both the little hands in his, murmuring, "Mattie, my poor little woman! you shan't speak another word until you have eaten something. Joe, Joe, bring out all we have got in the cupboard."

Joe needed no second bidding; he was off like an arrow, and the table was soon spread. A few minutes saw Mattie seated, divested of her wet cloak and the worn-out shoes, which provoked a burst of indignation from the old pawnbroker. It exploded in energetic probes with the poker into the heart of the glowing fire, as he stood over it muttering fiercely:

"To think of Grace Dormer's child tramping through the streets in this sorry plight! I shan't rest till I've spoken my mind to those who have a right to look after her."

There was much suppressed excitement about the old man when he turned his attention to little Mattie, to whom Joe was zealously devoting himself. The lad had only seen the child once before that night, but she had impressed him with profound admiration, as "something prettier than he had ever seen out of a picture," and he was ready to render her all homage from that time forth. A little later Mattie was seated on a stool at old Jacob's feet, her mind made easy for the present on the subject which seemed to be her chief anxiety; she had slipped her hand confidingly into his, and with a perceptible quiver of her sensitive mouth, whispered,

"You won't ask me to go back, Mr. Sudge?"

"No, no. I should think not," the old man exclaimed, decisively.

"Then what will you do with me?"

The question puzzled him, for he had not given the subject a thought, but he answered hastily:

"Do with you, Mattie? Why, get you off to bed as quickly as possible; it is the best thing for a tired little woman."

She was not satisfied.

"I mean to-morrow and afterwards; will you let me live with you?"

"We'll talk it over in the morning."

She shook her head gravely.

"No, no. I can't go to sleep till I know that you won't send me away when I've no home to go to."

"Don't worry yourself, my child. You shall share my home as long as you like."

He spoke with the full knowledge that he was accepting a serious responsibility, and binding himself to an obligation not to be lightly broken; but he could not help it, the sight of the pathetic brown eyes and the care-burdened little face made him feel entirely in the power of that small personage on the footstool, and ready to be persuaded to anything. On her side Mattie was reassured, and rested on his words with a child's unquestioning faith.

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Pages for the Young.

MASTER CHARLES'S CHAIR.

CHAPTER IV.—SNOWED UP AND RESCUED.



WHEN Bradley had finished his story he rose from his seat, and with his young assistant went into the great dining-room again. Everything was in order, and the wintry afternoon was fast drawing to a close.

The snow was still falling softly, and nothing could be seen from the windows but the white mantle of winter spread over ground and mountain slope. Trees were decked and draped, paths were hidden, winter shrubs made tiny hillocks only, being buried beneath the snow.

The five o'clock train was expected to bring the daughters, with their families, to Earlston Station, if the snow would allow railway travelling; but with the roads in their present condition, how could the after-drive to the Court be accomplished?

"It will be moonlight directly; and if it would but cease snowing, there would be a chance. As it is I cannot help feeling anxious," said Mrs. Newman to her husband and Eleanor Clifford, who, like herself, were looking anxiously out on the beautiful, but most discouraging, scene before them. "I don't know which troubles me most—the thought that they may be snowed up somewhere on the line, or that we shall have an almost empty table to-night, because prudence has prevented them from starting at all."

"We must not meet trouble half way, dear," replied Mr. Newman. "I do not think the case is hopeless yet."

"How it makes one wish that the station were nearer instead of three miles away!" said Eleanor.

"I hope we shall have one before another New Year's Day comes round, just where the line crosses the park corner."

The train, if it did come at all, must pass within sight of the Court: and there were watchers at almost every window, longing for a glimpse of the light the very sight of which had been so hateful to the former owner. It was nearly six o'clock, and the snow at last had ceased. The moon was shining out gloriously, and no one who looked abroad could help being charmed with the exceeding loveliness of the scene. There was no hope that friends who had several miles to drive would risk the chance of being stopped on their way, and of perhaps finding themselves unable to go forward or return.

All at once Miss Eleanor exclaimed, in a joyful tone, "There is the train. I am sure I can see the lights. It is just moving; creeping I may say, but that is all."

"Bless your bright eyes, my dear," said the Squire, "they put my old ones to shame. I cannot see any lights but the moonlight."

"That is just it. They are more difficult to see on such a clear night; but the train is there. I believe it is at a stand-still now, and at the very place where we want a station."

Everybody became eager and excited. Others could see the train besides Miss Eleanor, and even the Squire became convinced that it was there. "And likely to stop there, too," he added. "You are right, my dear, they are at a dead stand. With the weight of snow which has fallen I do not believe the train can pass that corner until the line has been partially cleared. The passengers will have to get out, and we must take them in. It will be a mere trifling matter to get them to Earl's Court, a bare half-mile across the nearest cut, with such help as we can render towards clearing the way. We may find our dear ones amongst the passengers, and for them the stoppage will be a fortunate one, as it will land them at the point nearest home."

"Better for the other passengers as well," said Mrs. Newman, "for at no other place on the line between the last station and Earlston could they be so well situated for obtaining assistance and shelter."

The old butler was as excited as anybody. "There will be guests enough, if they are not just those we expected. Guests for the kitchen and servants' hall, and guests for the dining-room, too. It will cheer the dear master and mistress as well as Miss Eleanor; for they know no greater pleasure than in doing good in all ways and by all means."

No time was lost in merely talking about what was to be done. There was no likelihood of dinner being served punctually at seven; so the cook was instructed to retard the progress in her department as much as possible.

The Squire, well muffled and protected, started at the head of all the strongest servants, and with all the tools that might be useful in clearing the worst part of the road. Mrs. Newman and Miss Eleanor, with womanly forethought, sent light refreshments and articles of clothing that might be of use to any delicate females amongst the passengers; and then those left behind looked with eager eyes from the windows at the retreating figures of the relief party.

"The train is in motion!" exclaimed one of the watchers; and assuredly it did move a little. But soon it was quite still again, having only gone a few yards. It would be the work of many hands for hours to come, if the line were to be sufficiently cleared to allow of continuous motion in the direction of Earlston.

At last figures were seen coming slowly towards the house. No fear of empty seats, or a table unfurnished with guests, for that dark moving mass was composed of many figures, and when they reached the door there were many greetings and loving welcomes, for amongst the arrivals were the expected dear ones—husbands, wives, and children.

Nobody seemed any the worse for the scramble through the snow; unexpected guests were welcomed with cordial kindness, and expressions of glad thankfulness from the Squire and his gentle wife, who rejoiced that they were able to offer just what the snow-bound travellers needed. Amongst them was one young mother with her tiny babe, far too small to be journeying on such a night. But she had ventured in the hope of meeting her sailor husband, who had just returned to England after a six months' absence.

Happily the husband was not expecting her so soon, so he would be spared anxiety on her account. She had not strength to toil through the snow; but the forethought of those who went to guide the passengers to the Court had provided means for conveying thither any helpless traveller, and mother and babe arrived in safety, and without further risk to health or life, borne by strong and willing hands.

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What a bright, beautiful picture broke upon the tired travellers as they entered the house, where all was suggestive of kindness and welcome! The scene was one not likely to be forgotten. The genial master, the graceful ladies, willing servants, each and all devoting themselves to the unexpected visitors, and taking them to warm rooms, where they could remove the traces of travel, and prepare for the meal which awaited them.

Miss Eleanor only gave a moment or two to greet Mr. Newman's daughters, her own lifelong friends, and then she gently took the baby from its mother's arms, and pressing its little cheek to hers, led the way to her own room. With gentle hands she ministered to their immediate wants, removed their wraps, ordered the cup of hot tea, and all the while cheered the young wife by reminding her of the safe arrival of her husband and his good ship, and that their happy meeting was but a question of a little time to be spent in rest and safety.

"Wait and rest here for a few minutes," she added, "and I will come again to take you down. Your baby may be safely left in my maid's care." Then she hurried down to the drawing-room, where already the family had assembled. There was a good deal of laughing and cheery talk amongst them, the wives telling of the children's terror, now happily ended, and of the rueful faces their husbands had displayed at the prospect of a dinnerless New Year's Day, and perhaps many hours in a snowed-up train. And then, how wonderful that they should have been brought to a standstill at the very best spot for reaching their destination!

"How providential, my dears!" said Mrs. Newman, whose motherly feelings had been greatly stirred during that hard time of waiting which had to be got through before she knew that all was well with her children.

"Yes, indeed, mamma, and I trust we feel thankful for such a happy termination to our disasters. Papa's birthday and New Year's party will be on a thoroughly scriptural plan to-night. His guests are gathered from the railway, if not from the highways and hedges; and I know he will exercise hospitality not only ungrudgingly but most joyfully," said the elder daughter.

"That he always does," said Eleanor Clifford, and with a loving glance at Mr. Newman; "perhaps you may entertain angels unawares, as men have done before."

There was no time for more than an answering smile, for the guests began to enter, and Eleanor ran upstairs to bring down the timid young mother according to promise.

She returned with her just as dinner was announced, and Mr. Newman was saying, "I cannot undertake to marshal you in order, my friends. I will lead the way, and you must follow. I can only bid you welcome with all my heart, and say that, while I regret the disappointment some must feel through not reaching their own homes, we will do our best to make this unexpected New Year's gathering a happy one to you all."

There were, as may be supposed, hearty responses from the guests, and then Mr. Newman, offering his arm to a silver-haired old lady, led the way to the dining-room. Soon all were seated except one gentleman, who had only come downstairs in time to make the last who entered the apartment. He was a tall, fine, still young man, with bushy beard and moustache, who had made himself particularly useful in helping those of the passengers who seemed least able to care for themselves. But what with his long brown beard, sealskin travelling cap and large wrapper, but little of his face had been discernible until now.

And now, as this last guest entered and advanced towards the table, Bradley turned towards his master with an anxious, troubled face and whispered, "Sir, what shall I do? There is another guest to seat, and every place is filled except 'Master Charles's chair.'"

Mr. Newman's face showed how deeply he was touched by the old butler's words, but he did not hesitate. "Our guests are 'God-sends' to-night, Bradley. Not one must feel himself outside the circle while there is even *that* chair empty. You must put the stranger in my boy's old place."

To Bradley, his master's will was always law. Yet he found it very hard to execute this command; his mind was so full of the story he had told but that afternoon, and his heart so filled too, with the image and memory of the lad he had loved so well.

It was not with his usual quick and ready step that he advanced towards the waiting guest; but slowly he drew back the chair, and pointing to it said, "Your place is to be here, sir." At the same moment he stretched out his trembling hand towards the curious silver cup, in order to remove it. That cup, given at his christening, had been used by Master Charles, and by him only, from the day that, as a child, he first sat at his father's table.

A BURIED TEXT.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—*Psa.* xxxiv. 11.

DEAR children, come, and you shall hear
How all that unto Christ draw near,
Shall find, like me, his mercy sure,
And free for all, both rich and poor.
Oh, why do ye in darkness roam,
Like orphan babes that have no home?
Or why your labour and your life
Exhaust with care and earthly strife?
All ye that are by sorrows pressed,
Or by sin's heavy yoke distressed,
With griefs deep laden, come with haste,
And fruits of joy and gladness taste!
Think not that I will mock your groans,
And offering bread, give only stones;
To Jesus come, and you shall find
Sweet peace and rest within your mind.

Oh, come, and take the servant's place,
And share with me my Master's grace;
Nor shall His yoke your shoulders vex,
Nor press upon your weary necks.
His voice invites you; will you stay,
And love your sins, and turn away?
All His good precepts learn and do,
And learn of his example too.
His word to me has never failed,
His suffering has for me availed;
Sustained I am by mercy's store,
Though I am meek, despised, and poor;
'Tis true, I fear, and fain would hide,
And with the lowly would abide;
Yet still He shares in all my grief,
And cheers my heart with sure relief.

He once was born and dwelt below.
Of His rich grace ye surely know!
Through Him the poor shall wealth increase,
And troubled souls find health and peace;
In Him the weary rest from strife,
They labour unto endless life;
Nor will He scorn your humble claim,
Who trust your souls on Jesu's name!

My Saviour died for you, for me,
And rose to set my spirit free;
Now to His yoke I bend my will,
And find His task is easy still.

Come, then, and serve my Master too,
And prove my Saviour's sayings true;
His hand your burden hath prepared,
And all is light with heaven prepared!

W. LANGFORD.

*** *Find the text included here, the successive words in each line.*

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE RECONCILIATION.

GILES DORMER'S REMORSE.

CHAPTER III.

RALPH DORMER'S search for his sister's child proved unsuccessful, as it was sure to do, while he persisted in ignoring the old pawnbroker. He had made up his mind that if Jacob Sudge knew anything about Mattie Dunstan, he would not give him the opportunity of communicating it.

So months passed, nearly crushing out the hope to which his father had perseveringly clung. It was a dull calendar of days that came and went, bringing the same answer to the questions which he asked with such painful eagerness—days that were barren of anything that could cheer or raise the sinking courage which had nearly fretted itself out in the sickness of hope deferred. The effect was, that the old man daily became more broken and feeble, with a hold upon life frail as that of the few late November

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leaves which had fluttered through the warm autumn only to be killed by the first north wind. Even Ralph noticed the change in his father, and grieved over it, after his own hard fashion. He put down the decline to old age, refusing to believe that mental trouble had any share in it.

So time drifted on, bringing a new element of change to the dull household in the presence of the younger generation, and the little stir of excitement attendant upon the important business of settling them in their respective vocations.

Giles, the eldest, in conjunction with his second brother, Ralph, were to be the future representatives of the firm. They had already commenced their commercial drill in the counting-house, George was to read for the bar, and Harry, the youngest, merry light-hearted Harry (his grandfather's favourite), was to remain at college for another year. His profession was still under debate, but the strong bent of his inclinations was for the navy, which his father as strongly disapproved. The boy was a constant disappointment and worry to his father. They invariably clashed, for they had few tastes or sympathies in common. Harry's high spirit often grew restless under the system of irritating coercion which his father thought needful to use towards him. The wild boyish love of freedom and fun was perpetually running riot against conventionalities and outraging the gravity of the stern dogmatic parent. No wonder that the lad clung to his grandfather, that a mutual affection took root, drawing them together in a closer companionship than Giles Dormer had ever extended to anyone since his daughter Grace had left her home. Harry's presence was the one cheerful influence that broke the grey monotony of the old man's life. The only brightness that ever visited him from the outward world came through Harry—that fresh young nature was like a draught of reviving elixir to him.

About a month after Harry Dormer's return home, he burst into the old man's room with characteristic impetuosity, exclaiming, "Grandfather, I want you to make me a promise."

"Well, what am I to promise?"

"That you'll never tell anyone, and—and that you'll introduce me."

"Never tell anyone, and introduce you!" repeated the old man, with a look of astonishment at the tall, handsome-looking youth. "I don't understand you."

"It's a secret, grandfather."

"Then don't tell me; secrets trusted to your care ought not to be betrayed."

"It's my own, I—I've fallen in love."

Giles Dormer laughed as he said:

"This is the third time since you have been at home, Harry."

"It's for ever this time, grandfather."

"Who is she?"

"I want you to tell me, grandfather; all I know is that she's an angel."

The old man gave him a compassionate glance, as if he thought it useless to expect common-sense answers. He went dreamily back to his own wooing in the far-off past, as he looked at the frank blue eyes and the fair Saxon face that was just now looking self-conscious as a girl. Harry continued:

"I saw her first in the street, waiting to cross a thoroughfare crowded with vehicles; she carried a little dog in her arms, a tiny mite of a terrier. Just as she was crossing, the poor little thing dropped from her arms and would have been run over by a cab, if I had not had the good fortune to save it, and give it back to its mistress. I should be glad to go to the rescue of a dozen if I could always be rewarded by a smile like that which she gave me by way of thanks."

A faint ripple of amused interest played for a few seconds round the lips of the old man.

"Never mind the smile, Harry; I'll take them for granted, as I know you are subject to them. Get on with your story; I want to know how it ended."

"I'll tell you in a minute, grandfather; but you mustn't make fun of me, for I'm in earnest. I'd do anything to make her acquaintance; and if it hadn't been for a lanky young fellow, with a face like a razor, and eyes to match, who made a sudden descent upon us, just as I was about to offer to see her home, I'd soon have improved the occasion. He glared at me as if I had been an assassin or a pickpocket. I think he was her servant, for she called him Joe, and pretended to scold him for loitering behind. I could see by her eyes she was not scolding severely—such beautiful eyes, just like brown velvet; I never saw a pair like them before, except in that likeness of my aunt Grace."

The old man's lip trembled and his voice sounded strangely broken to Harry, as he asked:

"Did you find out her name?"

"No, grandfather, but I heard the young fellow call her Miss Mattie."

Giles Dormer interrupted him, repeating anxiously, "Mattie! Did you say Mattie?"

"Yes, and I want you to introduce me to her, for I met her again just now—can you guess where?—leaving our house in company with an old man. I saw them coming down the steps as I drove up in a handsome. It was not a case of mistaken identity, for she gave me a look of recognition. I didn't get the chance of a word with her, for the old man kept guard just as Mr. Joe had done."

Giles Dormer looked intensely mystified by his grandson's communication.

"You must be mistaken, Harry. I was not aware that there had been any visitors at the house this morning."

"There isn't a doubt about it, grandfather, for the fact is I'd just come from the place where I first saw her, hanging about with the hope that she might pass the same way again, and you may imagine my surprise and chagrin, just as I was driving up to our door, to see her coming down the steps. I'll ring for Rogers; perhaps he will be able to throw some light upon the subject."

The summons was answered by Rogers, and Harry began his questioning at once.

"Did an old gentleman and a young lady call this morning?"

The footman smiled at his young master as he gave his answer.

"Yes, Master Harry; they wanted to see your grandfather, but I showed them into your father, as he had given orders that master wasn't to be disturbed."

"Do you remember what name was given?"

"Yes, for it was curious, like the party himself—Mr. Sudge."

"Sudge!" repeated Giles Dormer, in a tone that

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startled both his hearers. Harry turned to him in astonishment and alarm. In his excitement at hearing the name the old man had made an effort to rise from his chair, only to sink helplessly back, a livid paleness overspreading his face.

CHAPTER IV.

It was five years since the miserable winter night when little Mattie Dunstan found refuge in the home of the kind-hearted old pawnbroker, five years which had developed the pale, slim child with the great eyes and prematurely thoughtful face into a tall, graceful girl, lovely as one of spring's first violets. The sight of her fair, lily-like face, set like a jewel in its frame of shining hair, and the sound of her sweet young voice as she sat singing at her work, gave quite a new aspect to the dark, stuffy little back parlour, giving them something which they had never known before, an infusion of light and beauty and harmony, which did not fail to do its work of exaltation and refinement upon the two natures brought under its daily influence: on old Jacob Sudge with his cynical tongue and true human heart, and on Joe, the faithful satellite, who was an embodiment of the old-world chivalry that would have laid down life in the service of a kind master.

The friendless girl had become so dear to the old pawnbroker, that even if she had been born in the purple she could not have been more richly dowered with love and fostering care.

* * * * *

"Have you a good fire, Joe?"

"I should think I had, sir."

"And a boiling kettle?" continued the interrogator.

"Yes, I've got everything ready for Miss Mattie to make tea, which must be wanted if people as aren't well will persist in going out on a bitter day, when they're more fit to be in bed."

Having relieved himself by this outbreak, Joe Trimmer busied himself with the removal of his master's outdoor wrappings, and the substitution of the worn old coat, which he had provided with characteristic tenderness and forethought that atoned for all shortcomings.

With a sigh of relief, the old pawnbroker subsided into the easy-chair that was waiting to receive him, surveying Joe's comfortable preparations with much internal satisfaction, that was not suffered to show upon the surface.

"You are wrong as usual, Joe; I'm not more fit to be in bed, and it isn't an extraordinarily bitter day; I've been out on many a worse."

It was the familiar spirit of contradiction, that generally seasoned the interchange of sentiment between that curiously assorted pair; there was also an affectation of acrimony in the old man's tone, but Joe saw through it. He understood his master better than anyone—except Miss Mattie, to whom Joe gave pre-eminence in everything.

In spite of Jacob Sudge's contradiction, it was, as Joe had said, a bitter day, cold, dreary, depressing, with a biting east wind which had sorely tried the old man.

He had that day acted upon a resolution which had cost him much painful thought—a visit to the house of his proud wealthy kinsman Giles Dormer, a visit seeking reconciliation for the sake of the dead as well as the living, for it had been the last dying wish of Mattie's mother, that the blessing which her father had denied to her, might be one day given to her child. He had made his attempt at mediation, as he had made it once before for the tearful heart-broken young wife, who had moved him to pity by her distress at her father's harshness, and for the second time he had failed. Ralph Dormer had frozen him by his icy coldness, giving no kindly recognition to his sister's child, but hinting at the possibility of Mattie not being Grace Dunstan's daughter at all; and when Jacob Sudge angrily declared he could prove she was, he further irritated and insulted the old man, by telling him that he could not afford to waste his time any longer, and on the part of his father, politely declining the reconciliation sought. So had ended the ordeal of that day, from which the pawnbroker had returned weary and harassed in body and mind, and greatly troubled for the sake of Mattie, whose sensibilities had been sorely tried.

"By my own will, I would not have had you grieved for anything in the world, my darling," the old man said fondly, as the girl hung over his chair, trying to hide her agitated face, that it might not be seen she had been crying. Joe was already in sore trouble and perplexity, having divined that something more than the severity of the weather was affecting his master and Miss Mattie.

The old pawnbroker went on:

"I would not have put you to this trial, Mattie, but I thought the time had come for me to take up your cause, and make good my promise to your mother. I've not been well for months, and—and I should not like to die leaving my work undone. I put it off from day to day because I was afraid they would want to take you from me."

Here Mattie interrupted, pressing firmly together her slender curved lips: "I would not leave you unless you wanted me to do so, Uncle Jacob." (He had taught her to call him uncle.)

"It would be a wrong to you, Mattie, not to give you up to better hands, but it would be a sore grief to me, my darling. I should like to keep you with me while I live, if you are happy and content." He added, hastily: "You are not a child now, and this is such a poor home for you."

This was said with an expressive wandering of his eyes round the room, ending in a wistful scrutiny of her face, which answered him with loving frankness.

"Always a child to you, Uncle Jacob. I am happy in my present home, very happy so long as I have you spared to me, for I shall never know the want of love."

"But it may not be for long that I am spared, and what then, my pretty one?"

His voice faltered into indistinctness, then broke down. Mattie clung to him in a dumb passion of grief, that found no relief in words or tears. The old man was the first to break the silence:

"This is my trouble, Mattie, the fear of leaving you unprotected in the world; try as I will I cannot shake it off, child. It is strong upon me now; even with the sting of Ralph Dormer's words coming back, I have the feeling that I shall have only half kept my promise if I do not give your cause another

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chance. I have made up my mind that it must be done; we must go again and try to see your grandfather himself."

"No, no, Uncle Jacob; don't think of going back to that house, and letting that stern, hard man send us away again. Think how he insulted you, an old man; it makes me feel rebellious and angry, and sorry that he is my mother's brother. If I lived in that house it would never feel like home to me, and I could not learn to love those who made my mother suffer."

"Hush, Mattie, you have not seen your grandfather. I hear that he has been an invalid for some years—perhaps that may have softened him. It was your mother's wish that you two should be brought together; she trusted the task to me, her godfather, and I must try once more. Yes, Grace was my godchild, as I have told you, Mattie; in those days the Dormers were not so proud, or they would not have thought Jacob Sudge good enough to stand for one of their children."

There was a short pause; then the old man added: "We will go to-morrow, my dear, if I am well enough, for I must confess that I somewhat distrust your Uncle Ralph. I should be sorry to judge him wrongly, but I think he is making it his interest to keep you apart from your grandfather."

* * * *

"If Giles Dormer has any love left for the dead, he will take you to his heart at once, my pretty one, for you're as like your mother as one lily of the valley is like another."

This was spoken by Jacob Sudge, as he and Mattie waited the return of the sedate-looking footman who had taken in to his old master the note which the pawnbroker had given him. Mattie sat, troubled and silent, watching the door with varying colour, and unmistakable anxiety in her great eyes. As the minutes passed, minutes that seemed terribly long to Jacob Sudge, he became restless, and walked about the room apparently looking at everything, yet seeing nothing but the door.

"Yes, master would see them; would they please walk this way?"

This was the announcement of the footman, who marshalled them through the spacious passages with a dignity that would have done honour to a state ceremonial.

"Courage, my darling! this time your grandfather is not denied to us."

Jacob Sudge contrived to whisper this to Mattie as the footman paused before a door and knocked; an instant more, and they were in the room, with the door closed upon them.

Whatever resentment may have been provoked in the mind of the pawnbroker against Giles Dormer for his unforgiving harshness to his daughter, it was disarmed by the sight of the helpless old man, who held a shaking hand towards him. If he felt any doubt concerning the recognition and reception of his darling, it was dispelled when he saw the eager yearning look that was fixed on the face of the shrinking girl, and heard the first broken words that gave utterance to all the latent agony of remorse which had been wringing the old man's heart:

"Oh, Grace, Grace, do you come back to me in your child?"

There was no need for introduction or explanation; a repentant conscience had made the way for Mattie, and her likeness to her mother did the rest. When Jacob Sudge led her to the side of the couch, he put out his trembling hand and drew her to him with broken words of blessing:

"God has been very merciful to spare me for this day."

"Which would never have brought you this meeting if your son Ralph could have had his will. I see now who it is that has stood between Grace Dunstan and reconciliation with her father."

Jacob Sudge spoke sternly, looking before him at the open doorway, in which was framed the figure of Ralph Dormer. Only himself had overheard the opening of the door a moment before, and only he had caught sight of that face white with anger, looking vindictively upon them. The intruder advanced saying:

"I see with regret that my orders have not been sufficient to protect my father from the visits of impostors and adventurers."

He was interrupted by his father.

"Silence, Ralph. I will not allow you to apply such language to a relative of mine. You have not to be told who Jacob Sudge is. You know well enough I have vainly asked you to seek him for me. He has already much to forgive and forget at our hands. He has been true to his godchild—truer than I was to my only daughter, or you to your sister."

It was a moment of well-deserved triumph for the old pawnbroker, but he did not openly exult in it. He spoke without passion or excitement, but his words had a pungent touch of scorn that did not fail to tell where it was levelled.

"If Ralph Dormer is troubled on the score of money, and fears that the discovery of his sister's child will involve a division of the wealth that he looks upon as his own, let him take comfort. Mattie Dunstan is independent enough to forego her share; it was not for that I brought her to her grandfather. I have been saving all my life; I shall die a richer man than any one expects, and Mattie will inherit a fortune more than double that which her mother lost by her marriage with poor Tom Dunstan, who was as true a gentleman as ever lived, with no fault but his misfortune."

Before his listeners could recover from their surprise at the unexpected communication, a new actor appeared upon the scene, in the person of Harry Dormer, who burst in upon them like a fresh moorland breeze, checking himself half way across the room, when he saw who were his grandfather's visitors, and standing overjoyed and embarrassed, betraying all that he would have concealed if he had possessed less simplicity and more art.

There was a new sting in Giles Dormer's remorse, when he heard the history of his grandchild, from the time of her mother's death, to her adoption by the benevolent old pawnbroker.

When her father went abroad to seek the fortune which never came to him, he placed his child in the care of his only brother, who died a few years afterwards, leaving his charge to his widow, who cruelly abused the trust, and at last succeeded in driving the friendless girl to seek another home.

Ralph Dormer's punishment was the exposure

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of his treachery against his sister. An interview which was not without its influence upon his character, took place between him and his father. Harry was the link of reconciliation; he had won the heart of Jacob Sudge by his devoted attention to Mattie, who had blushingly recognized the unknown hero to whom she owed the life of her pet dog. The young people seemed drawn together by the law of mutual attraction, that caused some speculation about the future by those most interested in the progress of events.

Joe Trimmer cherished a chronic grievance against the firm of Dormer and Son, for having disturbed his old life with his master and Miss Mattie; but he became partly reconciled in time, his only trouble being the failing health of the kind old master, who had now finished his appointed work, and was peacefully waiting for the end.

A CASE FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY A LONDON DISTRICT NURSE.

A FEW weeks after the "National Association for nursing the Sick Poor of London" had really started the practical part of their work, under the superintendence of Miss Florence Lees, a case came under my notice in which I soon became deeply interested. The working staff at that time numbered only two nurses, myself being one. The lists of cases that I had to attend daily included only four, whereas my fellow nurse had more than that number on hand; so when, one autumn morning, the address of a certain "Henry Hill," sick with typhoid fever, was sent to Miss Lees, the "case" was, to my intense satisfaction, and to the envy of my fellow-nurse, given to me.

Few outsiders can understand with what professional ardour a trained nurse will seize upon a "good case." A true nurse and woman will ever do her utmost to act with patience, tenderness, and sympathy to all sick, helpless creatures put under her charge. But when one is given to her care with well-marked symptoms of the worst character, causing the doctor to shake his head, and say in a doubtful aside to his faithful factotum, "Nurse, I don't think you will pull him through, but you may try so-and-so," then a proper nurse rises to the occasion, tries "so-and-so," waits, watches, tries again, until at length, perhaps, her grand reward comes, and health and strength are restored to the one she has learned to look upon as her "baby."

Henry Hill turned out just such a case. He was not interesting as an individual, in the first instance, being in a fractious state, which was excusable in a child of eight years fast bound in the fetters of that most insidious and wearisome of all forms of fever. He was the eldest son of a clever young artisan. The family consisted of four children, their rooms were at the top of five flights of stairs, and their decency and cleanliness were a wonderful relief after the dirt and squalor of my other patients.

The mother was a woman who said little, but acted much. The love of the family for one another, and a degree even of refinement that pervaded it, were a great refreshment both to eyes and ears wearied in the course of a day's work with scoldings, blows, and howls of children on all sides.

During the seven weeks I nursed Harry, he fell into every pitfall that his complaint admitted of, took the utmost amount of patience, which should be inexhaustible in both mother and nurse, and then recovered. His love for his nurse was very strong; he did not care for any other hand to touch him. I was very proud of my patient, and my visits to him were frequent and pleasant; every moment that could be spared from my other "cases" I spent with him.

The mother used to hand me the fat, delicious baby, and go off to her work; then, with the other two little ones—Georgie cuddling against me on one side, and Willy, my special pet, on the other—with Harry's brown head emerging from the bedclothes in the corner of the room, we had fine times! The place a district nurse can attain in the households of her patients is a high one.

However, Harry, as has been said, recovered; other "cases" increased, and my visits to the Hills' top floor grew scarce; only frequently, while striding at our usual business pace along the streets, I would hear a shout, then steps would catch me up, and Harry's hand would be shoved into mine, and he would insist on being my companion whether I would or no.

About a month after Harry's complete convalescence, a message arrived from Mrs. Hill asking me to go and see Georgie, who was ailing. Again the familiar five flights were climbed, and Harry's and Willy's bright faces were poked through the rails at the top, cheering my upward ascent. Mrs. Hill anxiously showed me her poor fat Georgie, rolled up in a blanket on her lap. She was "hoping against hope" that it might not be the fever, but I could not reassure her. The chubby face was flushed and heavy, and other symptoms showed only too plainly, that the poor child was in its clutches. A passionate boy of two years proved a troublesome patient. Sanitary commissioners, after repeated appeals, came and examined "drainage," and "water supply;" the latter proved faulty, and the butt was condemned to the flames, but too late to save the poor Hills, who fell the victims to the carelessness of their landlord.

Georgie, with obstreperous indignation, had fought against his unrelenting foe barely a week, when, after church one Sunday evening, I went to pay him my final visit for the night, and try to settle him for sleep.

Mr. Hill was at home, feeling as he said, "very queer." He had been shivering all day, and was very sick, and his wife said he had just received news of the sudden death of his brother. He came into the room to tell me about it, and burst out crying. His wife, too, was looking haggard and ill. They were both nervous and restless, and longed to leave the rooms they were in for others;

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for they were sure the "bad water" had affected them. I did my best to cheer them, and advised bed, and "something hot" for the poor man, but I felt heartsick for them. What should I do with the father, mother, and Georgie, all ill together? and what would become of the baby?

My fears proved too true. The loving young pair struggled hard against the approaches of an illness which must prove the conqueror at last. The doctor's and nurse's orders and entreaties to go to hospital or take to their bed, availed nothing whilst they had a leg left to stand upon, but at last they were obliged to succumb.

Miss Lees came nobly to the front, and received baby into our "Home." It was touching to see poor Mrs. Hill picking out the prettiest of her daintily made baby clothes to send with her little treasure, and the pride with which she put her into my charge, and the yearning looks cast after the "bonny little morsel" as I bore her from their sight.

There would not be sufficient space to tell of "baby's" going on in the abode of nurses, and what a tyrant she proved. Six months of life had developed a most decided character in her, and she alternately plagued and amused her slaves.

One trial more, and the cup of the poor Hills was full, and they accepted their fate with crushed submissiveness. Willy, the special pet of the household, sickened! He was a sweet, placid child, always obedient, and never cross: he was just four years old, with a lovely little face, and when the symptoms which by this time they knew so well attacked him, the poor parents broke down entirely.

My despair may be imagined! Three already down with the dire malady, no one but myself to look after them, and several other important sick cases to divide my attention. The only other friend who came near them was a woman who had to be out at work all day, for the dread of "fever" in London is so great that but few neighbours will help in such cases, and the "top floor" of the Hills' was in strict quarantine.

There was nothing for it but to get poor Willy into the hospital. After much persuasion the parents consented to let me take him to St. Thomas's. The only calm one in the family that morning was Willy himself; the father, mother, and Harry were sobbing piteously at the prospect of parting with him.

"Willy," I asked, "will you go with me to a very big house with lots of people in bed, and stay there till you are quite well?"

"Yes," said Willy, "if you will take me to your house first to see baby!"

And so he went: he cuddled into my lap all the way. He opened his blue eyes very wide when he entered the big ward. The doctor said, "How do you feel, little one?" "Quite well, sank you," answered Willy, adding in a mournful tone, "only I am *so* sore!"

The children's ward at that time was filled with "measles," so Willy was sent to the women's ward, and his tiny form looked very small indeed amongst the adult ones in the long row of beds.

Our arrangements were now very easily made. With Miss Lees' help the square front room of the Hills' wore the appearance of a hospital ward. A woman was found after a difficult search to act as night nurse, and do the washing. The "parish" took up the case at the appeal of the doctor, and allowed a fair supply of nourishment to the sick family; their scanty savings by this time had vanished.

Every moment, from early morn till late at night, that I could glean from other "cases," and all my own time, I spent with them. And as often as I climbed that weary mount, I found plenty of work to do. The poor sick pair were now quite vanquished. They lay side by side, quiet and patient, always looking their thanks with loving eyes, as I did my work about the room, attending professionally to their needs, or sweeping, cleaning, and cooking, or again pacifying the now convalescent Georgie, and keeping Harry's busy fingers employed. The clergyman came frequently to see them; and it was pleasant to notice the expression of rest and peace in their wan faces after his visits.

One afternoon towards the close of this time is very clear to my memory. It was a raw, damp day, and I was tired with a hard morning's work and pitiful scenes.

Feeling generally depressed with an accumulation of evils, I mounted, for the third or fourth time that day, the Hills' stairs. Things were not more serene inside their room than I had found them in the world outside. Georgie was troublesome and restless; Harry had fidgeted his father's and mother's patience quite out. Poor child! his life was a trying one at that time.

Peace must be restored somehow; so, after feeding my patients, cleaning up the room, and making the fire burn brightly, I took possession of about the only book the house contained, for the Hills were unlearned folk, and with Georgie on my knee, and Harry close up to me, I sat down by the blaze to explain pictures. It was a copy of "Peep of Day," and, finding the children interested, I began to read to them. I read straight through the story of the Crucifixion, only stopping to answer Harry's questions. The beautifully-told story of the "dying thief" impressed him most, and whilst reading the closing sentence, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," and the answer, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," I looked towards the bed. The firelight glanced over the faces of the two sick ones, and the expression of the father's face was so rapt and intent that I could not forget it.

That was the last happy time I spent in that familiar room. The next days of nursing were very anxious ones. Most serious symptoms attacked both husband and wife. Every care that could be taken of them was given. Miss Lees, in spite of heavy work, acted many times as night nurse, but the fever was too malignant to be kept in check. Mrs. Hill was in raving delirium. It was pitiable to see the effect of this upon her husband—his brain was quite clear, the disease having taken hold of him in another and more fatal way. He tried to soothe her excited fancies, and to calm her, and keep her in bed when she endeavoured to spring out, but it was a new experience for him; he had always clung to her as the stronger prop, and his distress at her condition could not be pacified.

After a terrible night had been passed in this way, I saw that he must be separated from her, to give him, faint as it might be, a chance of recovery. Little Georgie's sick bed might be of use now, as he

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was sufficiently recovered to share Harry's; so it was wheeled up to the side of the larger one, and in the recumbent posture, with as much gentleness as possible, the sick man was moved upon it, by the night nurse and myself. He rested more peacefully that day, but towards night he grew worse. I was with them till past midnight, and then left, with full injunctions to the night nurse, but with hope nearly gone. While the wintry dawn was yet gray, the following morning I was sent for. On reaching their room, misery met my eyes. The husband had been attacked with fatal symptoms, and was lying on Georgie's bed, gazing for me with dilated eyes. The wife was tossing about in her delirium; the children were huddled together by the fire. The night-nurse horror-stricken and stupid, had from sheer fright ceased to attend to the strict injunctions given her. I felt no time must be lost. A few words soothed the unconscious woman, whose face for a moment was lighted by a look of recognition. Palliative remedies were applied to the suffering man, and between whiles, with buckets of water and pints of carbolic, I endeavoured to exterminate infection. Again and again I had to return to Mr. Hill's side to support him in the frightful attacks of sickness that shattered the poor suffering body.

All this time his eyes followed me with the look of a hunted animal. I asked him whether he wished for anything; but he shook his head. At length my nervousness at this fixed watching grew so intense, that, made desperate, I knelt by his side, and sponging the damp dews off his grey pinched face, asked again, "What can I do for you?" The eyes, with the same hunted look, gazed fixedly into mine.

"Would you like to see the clergyman?" An expression of assent came into his face.

I asked the night-nurse to go for him, and take the boys with her, for I saw that the end was now fast approaching. They went, and I was left alone with him, save only the muttering, unconscious form on the other bed. Still that look never changed; his face grew more ashy grey; the hands in mine felt still as marble; a spasm seized him—no help from doctor or nurse could avail now! Looking into the wide-open eyes fixed on mine, I prayed, "Lord, have mercy on us; Christ have mercy on us!" There were more intense depths in the expression now. "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Such a look came then! "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." His eyes left mine at last, and looked upwards with a gaze that was wonderful in its intensity of vision; but then came a frightful spasm; his form was rigid and convulsed. With my whole strength I tried to raise his head —all was over!

I erected a temporary screen between the two beds, lest the poor wife should understand the sad occurrence, and on the return of the night-nurse, action was again necessary. An inquisitive neighbour, who had intuitively discovered that there was death in the house, came upon the scene as well, though she had offered no help when it had been so sorely wanted. However, we pressed her into our service, and before long the last offices for the poor earthly shell had been performed; and then swathed in sheets the body was carried tenderly by us three women into the adjoining room, and carefully laid upon the bed. Not a man, for love or money, could be persuaded to bear the burden for us.

A week passed by; poor Mr. Hill was buried; Willy lay dangerously ill, worn to a shadow in the hospital; Mrs. Hill with her mind still quite gone, lay in the same condition in the now emptied room. Her face always lighted up when I spoke, but instantly relapsed again into complete unconsciousness; once or twice during that week I saw her feeling the bed evidently in search of something; when asked "what she wanted" she said, "I was only feeling for Bill, I wanted to give him a kiss, but I suppose he is gone to his work." We wondered if through her apparent unconsciousness she had grasped the fact of her husband's death. On the Saturday morning of that week, it struck me, while I was washing her and changing her linen, that her mind was clearer. She was so pitiably weak, that with every tactic that practice had taught us, our moving her caused her to cry like a baby. However, the trying operation both to patient and nurse was over at last, and the poor body made as comfortable as was possible. I was sitting by her feeding her, when I was again struck with a return of mental power in the expression of her face. In order to prove whether my hopes were well founded, I repeated very slowly the first verse of the hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

She listened intently; so I went on to the end.

"Do you like that?" I asked.

"Yes," she said softly.

"Would you mind very much if you did not get better, but went to live with Jesus instead!"

"I should like to go," she said earnestly, "if it were not for my poor children."

It seemed strange that she did not mention her husband; so, partly to discover whether she knew the sad truth, I repeated, "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive, saith the Lord;" and then added, after a pause, and more slowly, "and let thy widows trust in me."

"I do trust," was the response; "I can leave them;" and then the overpowering weakness came over her again, and she was quiet. The next day, Sunday, when the bells struck up in the churches around for morning service, she calmly sank away.

Many a cold winter night during this sad time, when I could spare an hour from the poor father and mother, I had hurried off to St. Thomas's for a peep at Willy. He was the darling of doctors, nurses, and patients; his pretty manners and patient ways were touching; and his "sank you" was never forgotten. His sufferings were very quiet, and he got so weak he could not turn without our help. As soon as he caught sight of me he would brighten up; and when asked, "Who is it, Willy?" would say, with his old smile, "Lady."

Once, when he was in great pain, and I was stooping over him, he turned his face quickly, and gave me a weak little kiss. He never forgot to say, "When I am quite well again, you will take me home to mamma and daddy;" adding, "and I am quite well, only *so* sore."

One day a message came to say Willy was dying; would I go?

I hurried to St. Thomas's, as soon as my work was over, and entered the big ward. All was going on as ever, but the bed which had held the small form of Willy so long was empty. He had died two hours before!

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The "sister" told me that he began to sink the evening before. He was in great pain, and nothing would pacify him, until at his earnest entreaty "sister" and the patients sang "Washed in the Lamb," as he expressed it. The patients and night nurses were startled in the small hours of the night, by hearing his feeble voice sing, "Glory, glory, Alleluia."

His great want the day he died was to see me. "When will Lady come?" he kept saying. "I do love Lady." "Sister" asked him, "And don't you love me too?" "Yes," he said, "but I do love Lady." My last view of poor little Willy was in the large mortuary, where, accompanied by the "sister," that dark night we sought for and found amongst many others his little coffin.

Harry, Georgie, and baby, were adopted by a childless uncle and aunt, and were taken away to Birmingham. But before baby left us, one snowy, slippery morning, she was conveyed to church, by her nurse friends, and was baptized by the clergyman who had been so good to her parents. She was called by the name her mother and godmother bore.

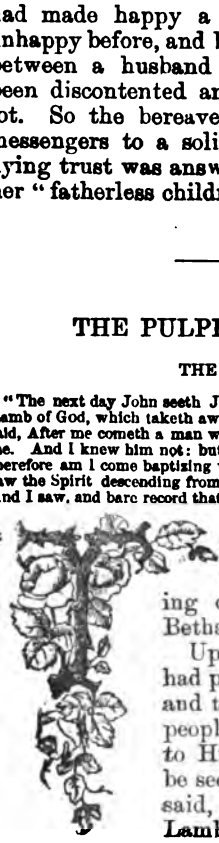
The last I heard of the children was that they had made happy a home which had been very unhappy before, and brought back peace and affection between a husband and wife who had formerly been discontented and miserable at their childless lot. So the bereaved little ones were made God's messengers to a solitary home, and the mother's dying trust was answered: God had taken charge of her "fatherless children."

A. E. G.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE LAMB OF GOD.*

"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me: for he was before me. And I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water. And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him. And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God."—*John* i. 29—34.



"THE next day" was the day after what we read of last—the coming of the priests and Levites to Bethabara to question Jesus.

Up to this time John the Baptist had proclaimed the Lord was coming, and that He was standing among the people unknown; but now he pointed to Him as actually present, and to be seen. As he saw Him coming, he said, for all to hear, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"Behold" Him; He is before your eyes; He whom you see approaching is "the Lamb of God," foretold in prophecy, and prefigured in types and sacrifices; He "taketh away the sin of the world," He is come to do so, He will do so.

Happy they who heard such words; happy they who had but to look, and they saw the Saviour! But we hear those words too; here they are, spoken to us as well as to them. And we too have but to open the eye of faith, and see the Saviour, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and therefore our sin.

Before this, John himself had not known the Lord Jesus, as being what He was. He must have known Him, for they were nearly related, but he did not know Him as "the Lamb of God;" and, again, he knew that One greater than himself was coming after him; but he did not know till now that Jesus was He. Now he knew Him fully. Now he could point to Him as He came, and say, "This is He of whom I spake." The fifteenth verse was put in beforehand, by way of explanation; this thirtieth verse comes now in its right order in the narrative.

He next describes how he had come to know Jesus fully. It was when Jesus was baptized by him, and afterwards the heavens were opened, and the Spirit of God descended like a dove, and rested upon Him, and a voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." We have the account in the third chapter of St. Matthew. Now John, at the very time when he received his commission to baptize with water, had been told by God of One who should baptize with the Holy Ghost, and had been told also that he should know Him by this very sign. When, therefore, he saw the sign given, when he saw the Spirit in the form of a dove descend and rest upon Jesus, then he knew that this was He. "And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God."

You will remember that before this sign was given, when Jesus came to be baptized, "John forbad Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" This would seem to show that John knew Him then. But this cannot have been the case; for he was to know Him by the sign, and the sign had not yet been given. He believed Him to be one far holier than himself, he may even have had a dawning belief that He was the Messiah; but the promised sign had not been given, and so he waited for it, and would neither feel sure himself, nor point to Him as the Lamb of God, till he had God's authority to do so.

No sooner, however, did John himself see than he bare record. It was for this that the sign was given him: not merely that he himself might know, but also that he might tell others. Are not we under the like obligation? We have not received so plain and personal a command, it is true; but every one whom God by His Spirit teaches to know the Lord Jesus is bound to do all he can to lead others to know Him. We also ought to be able to say, "I saw, and bare record."

But do we see? It is not enough to be shown. Many who are shown yet do not see. It is still the Spirit of God alone that causes the soul truly to see Jesus as the Lamb of God, taking away our sin. No outward sign of the Spirit's presence is now given us; no voice from heaven is heard; but we have the Bible, in which He speaks, and further the Holy Spirit is promised to all who ask; by the Word and Spirit we are still directed to the Lamb of God. This is the best of all knowledge, to know Him; and this is the best and happiest of all sights, to see Him by faith as our Saviour. This best knowledge we may have; this best and happiest sight we may see. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!

* "Family Readings on the Gospel of St. John." By the Rev. F. Bourdillon. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

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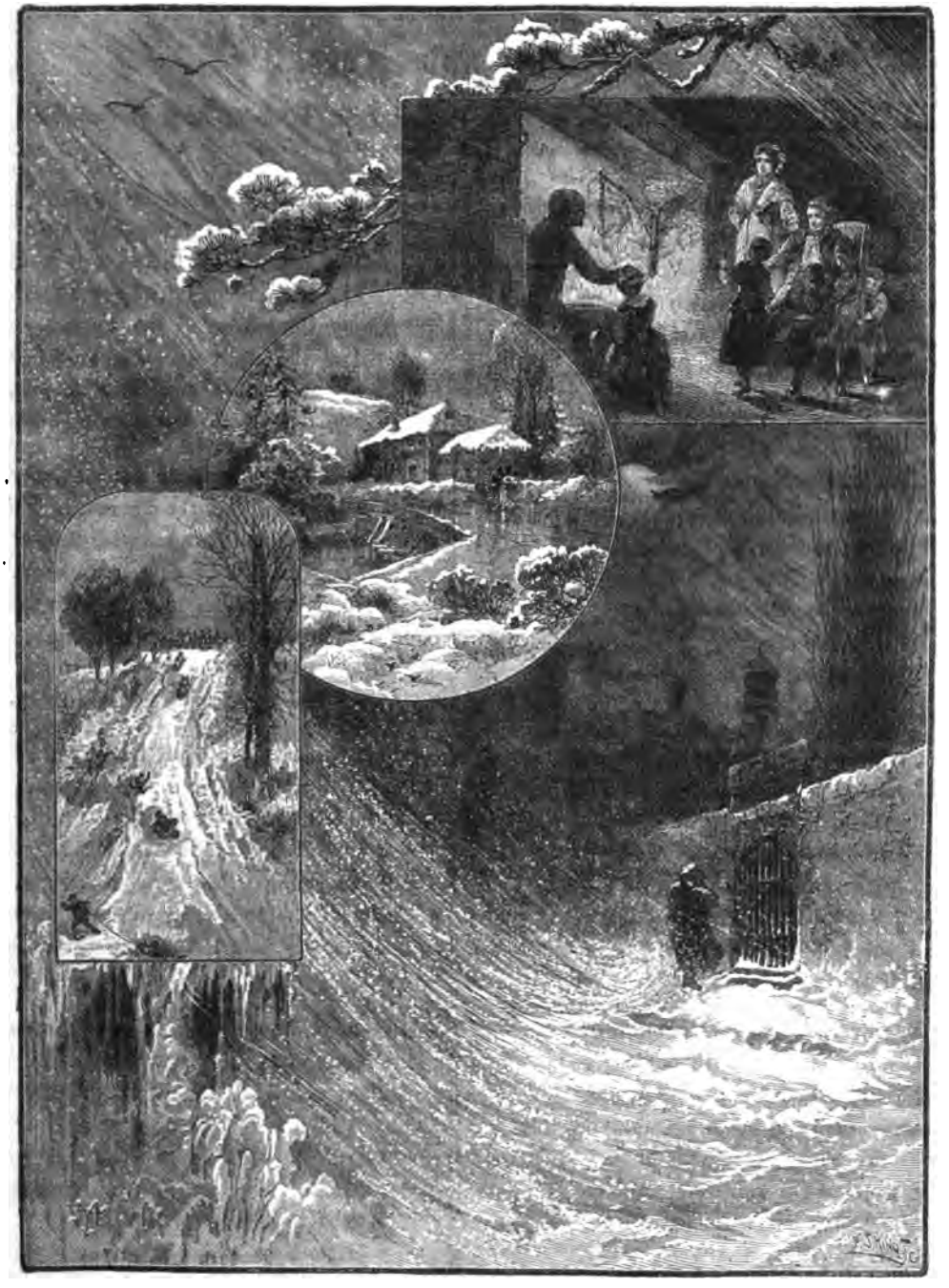
The Heart of Winter.



When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the Earth rejoiceth still and owns her Maker good.

Heber.

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Profit and Loss.

The following lines were written by the late Mr. C. R. Thatcher, shortly before his death at Shanghai. He was well known as a traveller and naturalist in North China and other regions.

LET me picture a wealthy merchant,
Who for years in China has made
An ever-increasing fortune
By fair legitimate trade;
With a healthy constitution,
A frame from diseases free,
And no anxious cares for the future,
How envied the man must be!

He lives in a spacious dwelling;
In style he delights to dine,
And in his well-stocked cellars
Are stores of the choicest wine.
He keeps a carriage and horses,
And a handsome pony to ride;
In short, there is nothing wanting
That his wealth cannot provide.

He has twice been home to England,
Twelve months each time to dwell,
He has drained the cup of pleasure,
In London and Paris as well;
Then why that look of sadness?
With what is his joy alloyed?
What the undefined longing?
What the unsatisfied void?

He begins to crave for something
He wants, that wealth can't give;
And 'tisn't alone for the money
A true man ought to live.
He knows that the wealth he has gathered
He must leave behind some day,
And he hasn't made an investment
In the kingdom that's far away.

And oft he has heard a knocking,
And a gentle loving voice:
"Oh, open thy door unto me,
And make an eternal choice;
Ah! do not grieve me to leave thee,
But welcome me in with delight;
My head with the dew is filling,
And my locks with the drops of the night.

"Cast all thy care on a Saviour,
Oh, weary one, come unto me;
Admit me, for all things are ready,
The feast is prepared for thee;
Enjoy the smiles of the Father,
And the Son's unchangeable love,
A welcome from legions of angels,
And a home in the mansions above."

But alas! he neglects the entreaty,
And keeps out the Heavenly Friend:
"At some more convenient season,
For thee I'll be certain to send."
In response, then, to such a decision,
He has heard a mournful sigh,
More sad than the breeze through the cedars,
Or the night winds rushing by.

The knocking is still continued;
He wakes up, and hears again
The invitation repeated,
But offered to him in vain.
Then comes a last wail of sorrow,
And the feet so weary and sore
Go slowly away from the threshold
To some other relentless door.

O fool! that can grasp earth's shadows,
And love these delights below;
That can open the heart to folly,
And allow a Saviour to go.
Would'st thou try to solve the problem,
While the years of eternity roll,
Where to a man is the profit,
If he loses a deathless soul?

The gloom of the evening gathers,
The day is already far spent;
O fearful infatuation,
With riches to rest content!
Arise from all that encumbers,
At hand is the darkening night!
Awake from these fatal slumbers,
And Christ shall give thee light.

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BIBLE EMBLEMS AND ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

LITTLE SINS LIKE DEAD FLIES IN OINTMENT.

(Eccles. x. 1.)

BY a little putrescent matter much costly ointment is spoiled. The same idea of little sins producing much evil is expressed by leaven, a small portion of which leavens the whole lump (1 Cor. v. 6). The leaven of the Pharisees was hypocrisy.

The tongue is also a little fire and kindles great things; it is compared to the helm which turns a big vessel (James iii. 4). The Easterns illustrate this idea by various proverbs: The Telugus say, "The remains of a debt, a sore, or a fire, should not be left, as they may increase." In the words of Veman, "A stone in the shoe, a gadfly in the ear, a mote in the eye, a thorn in the foot, and a quarrel in a family, however small in themselves, are unspeakably tormenting." The Chinese say, "It is with law as with dykes, in whatever part they are broken, the rest becomes useless;" or "No ease for the mouth when one tooth is aching." The Malabars, "A coir improperly twisted will break the whole mass." The Russians: "A spoonful of tar in a barrel of honey, and all is spoiled." It is an Oriental saying, "Good qualities efface not bad, as sugar mixed with poison does not prevent the poison being mortal," or, as the Kurds express it, "A vessel of honey with a drop of poison in it."

There is the well-known homely proverb, "For want of a nail the horse-shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse, the rider was lost."

THE SLUGGARD TAUGHT BY THE ANT.

(Prov. vi. 6–11.)

The Scriptures frequently refer to the instruction to be derived from animals. Thus the ant teaches providence for the future. The ass knows his owner, while man is ignorant of God (Isa. i. 3). The crow has no barns, yet God provides for it. The swallow knows his time to emigrate, but man forgets his time for departure from the world (Jer. viii. 7).

Chanakyea, a popular Hindu writer, states, "Man is taught by the *dog* the lessons of contentment with little, vigilant watching, gratitude and fortitude, the power of patience, indifference to heat and cold. The crow teaches providence for the future and agility; the cock early rising, sharing food, and protecting women."

Solomon remarks, "The way of the slothful is a hedge of thorns." "Idleness makes the house drop through" (Eccles. x. 18). As rust comes on iron, so do weeds on a field unused. The Persians say, "Water long stagnant becomes putrid." The Arabs, "A well is not to be filled with dew." The Telugus express idleness thus, "Lame in the village, an antelope in the jungle."

"If you talk of work my body becomes heavy;
If you talk of dinner my body swells with delight."

While the Italians use the strong expression, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

FLEE FROM SIN AS FROM THE FACE OF A SERPENT.

(Prov. v. 14.)

The Arabic proverb runs, "Follow the voice of a dog, not of a jackal; the one leads to the village, the other to the desert." "If you do not want a fool's medicine keep away from him." The Afghans say, "Who lives with a blacksmith will at last carry away burnt clothes." "Have your ass tethered if you have a thief as your friend." "A low friendship lights a fire on the forehead." The Russians, "Do not tread doggy in a wolf's footsteps; he will turn round and eat you."

MAN BY NATURE A WILD ASS'S COLT.

(Job xi. 15–17.)

The natural tenacity of sin is compared to the Ethiopian's skin (Jer. viii. 23). The Turks express the idea, "In washing a negro we lose our soap." The Tamuls, "Though he wash three times a day, will the crow become a white crane?" The Kurds, "Out of a dog's tail you cannot get fat." Veman, an old Telugu writer, "No man's disposition will alter, neither can a dog's tail be made straight; the stubborn woman will even put her husband in a basket and sell him." Again, the same writer, "If you take a bear-skin and wash it ever so long, will it, instead of its native blackness, ever become white? If you beat a wooden image, will it hence acquire any good quality?" The Badagas, an aboriginal tribe of the Nilgiri hills, say: "Even if you give milk to a young snake, will it leave off its habit of creeping under the hedge?"

FAITH WITHOUT FRUITS IS DEAD.

(Jas. ii. 17.)

The Afghans say, "Cold is not kept out with a 'for God's sake,' or 'for the Prophet's sake,' but with four seer (2 lb.) of cotton," *i.e.*, cotton is used to stuff quilts and make them warm. The Telugus, "Worship without faith is a mere waste of flowers," *i.e.*, flowers are used in worship. The Egyptians painted a tongue with a hand under it, to show that speech is good when accompanied by action. Chanakyea says, "Learning placed only in books, and wealth in the hands of others, are of no use, as not available in time of action." The Arabs, "Where the mind inclines, the feet lead. Love climbs mountains." "There are three things never hidden: love, a mountain, and one riding on a camel." The Persians, "Love and musk do not remain concealed." The Chinese, "To come to the river wishing to fish is not enough; you must bring the net in your hand."

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The Invalid's Portion, and Thoughts for the Afflicted.

Tribulation working Patience.

"TRIBULATION worketh patience." You will observe that the word translated patience is of a more active quality in the original than it is according to our customary acceptation of it. We understand it to be a mere virtue of sufferance, the passive property of enduring without complaint and without restlessness. But it really extends to something more than this. The same word has been translated "patient continuance" in that verse where the apostle speaks of a patient continuance in well doing. The word "perseverance," in fact, is a much nearer and more faithful rendering of the original than the word patience. "Let us run with patience the race set before us," says the apostle, in our present translation. "Let us run with perseverance the race set before us," were an improvement upon the sense of this passage. We wait with patience, or sit still with patience, or simply suffer with patience; but surely we run not with patience, but with perseverance. It is well when tribulation is met with uncomplaining acquiescence, or met with patience; but it is still better when it not only composes to resignation, but stimulates to a right and religious course of activity. "It is good for me to have been afflicted," says the Psalmist, "that I might learn Thy law." "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word." It is very well when affliction is submitted to without a murmur, but better still when it quickens the believer's pace in the divine life, and causes him to emerge on a purer and loftier career of sanctification than before.

DR. CHALMERS (Romans v. 3).

IT is through the Spirit of God that the spirit of man is borne up in the midst of adversities. It is He who upholds the perseverance of a disciple when all that is around him lowers and looks dismal. It is He who causes a luminousness to rest on those eternal prospects, which are seen afar through the dark vista of a pilgrimage which is lined on the right hand and on the left, with sorrows innumerable. It is when a bitterness comes upon man, which is only known to his own heart, that a secret balm is often infused along with it, with the joy of which a stranger does not intermeddle. There is a history of the soul that is unseen by every eye, but intimately known and felt by its conscious proprietor; and often can he testify of a tribulation that would have overwhelmed him to the death, had not a powerful influence from on high supported him under it.

DR. CHALMERS (Romans v. 5).

God, a satisfying Portion.

THE serious thoughts of our propriety in God will add much sweet to all our sweets; yea, it will make every bitter sweet. When a man seriously thinks: "It is my God that cheers me with his presence; it is my God that supports me with his power; it is my God that guides me by his counsel; it is my God that supplies me with his goodness; and it is my God that blesses all my blessings to me;—it is my God that afflicts me in love; it is my God that hath broken me in my estate and in my credit; it is my God that hath sorely visited such a child; it is my God that hath passed a sentence of death upon such a friend; it is my God that hath thus straitened me in my liberty; and it is my God that hath thus cast me down at my enemies' feet;—how do these thoughts cheer up the spirit of a man, and make every bitter sweet, and every burden light unto him!

THOMAS BROOKS.

My Father Lives.

From the German.

MY soul is still,
For my Father lives!
His holy will
All my future weaves.
Shall I pain endure?
Shall my heart rejoice?
Calmly in both
Shall I hear His voice.

His love keeps watch,
While He deals to me
With loving hand,
What my cross shall be.
Doth the grain not grow,
In the winter blast?
Heart! wilt thou faint
While the storm doth last?

Dark clouds may drive
Through my winter night;
In yonder sky
Is my heart's delight!
Were this world my home
'Twere a weary lot,
No joy for me
Where my Lord is not.

O blessed spark
Of undying Love,
Lighten my path
To the Home above;
That when all seems dark
My comfort may be,
My Father lives,
And He loveth me.

A. C.

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Pages for the Young.

MASTER CHARLES'S CHAIR.

CHAPTER V.—THE CHAIR FILLED.



THE old butler's outstretched hand was stayed, arrested by the grasp of the stranger. Bradley could hardly believe his senses, when the hand was laid on his, and a voice once familiar greeted his ears, though the speaker's emotion almost mastered him, and the tones were low and broken. It said:

"So the old place has been kept for me through all these years. And it tells of another place kept, too; that in my father's heart. You must leave me my cup, old friend."

For a moment Bradley looked like a man turned to stone. Then he startled all that company with the glad cry:

"O sir! O Miss Eleanor! Master Charles's chair is rightly filled again. The young master is come home."

Seizing the stranger's hand in both of his, the old man kissed it in his eager gladness, and left it wet with the tears which were streaming down his cheeks.

One glance was enough. The young man rose and looked towards one dear face after another; and the parents saw in him their long lost son. And how joyful was the welcome, as parents and sisters embraced in turn him whom they had longed for, but hardly hoped to see again on earth.

Nothing in Master Charles's appearance gave the guests an idea of a returning prodigal. On the contrary, all the surroundings of the bearded stranger told of refinement and prosperity. None the less did those old, touching words, befit the case, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee;" and they *were* whispered in Mr. Newman's ears, and answered by other words of love, and a father's blessing.

One welcome the young man sorely missed. The gentle hand he longed to clasp was powerless to greet him. Miss Eleanor, usually so brave and strong, ever caring for and comforting others, had been utterly overcome. For the first time in her life she had fainted.

But soon she took her place again with the sweet, glad look upon her pale face, which told of joy too great for words, and the good Squire briefly explained the cause of this unusual scene.

"My friends," he said, "your fellow-traveller is my only son. For nearly ten years he has been absent from us, and we have not known even if he still lived. We have kept his room and that chair ready, and his place by the hearth vacant all this while. To-day he takes them again. God grant that he may long be spared to fill them. The place in our hearts and memories has never been vacant. *That*, present or absent, has always been filled. I need not enter into particulars. Enough to say, in the Saviour's words, 'This my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.' You, my friends, have waited long for your dinner. Let us continue the parable, and 'begin to be merry.'"

Surely a bright New Year's moon never peeped in upon a happier party than were those guests, who, so strangely brought together, sat round the table at Earl's Court. Many who should have been there were absent, but the presence of that one, so long hoped for and prayed for, made amends for all.

Many were there, who, filling these places, perforce left seats vacant in other homes which they would fain have filled. But there was so much to be thankful for in the very fact of their rescue from weary waiting in a snowed-up train, that little delays and inconveniences were all forgotten. Besides, they would have been cold-hearted indeed who could not enter into the joy of their kindly host and his family.

So the meal passed in gladness; the little grandchildren making their appearance at dessert, just for once, in order to see "Uncle Charles," whose empty chair had so often filled them with wonder, and caused many a question about his long, long absence.

Later still, family, servants, and guests, assembled to sing a hymn of praise, listen to a portion of God's word, and to join in thanking the Giver of all good for the mercies of the past year, and to ask a blessing for the one just begun.

There were not many amongst them who knelt unmoved and with dry eyes, as they heard the Squire pour out his thanksgivings for his son's return, and rejoice that the one link so long wanting had been restored, and the family chain made complete.

It is not needful to tell how all the travellers were housed for the night, and how they were all enabled to go on their way the next day, carrying with them delightful memories of Earl's Court and its owners, and knowing just enough of Master Charles's story to give a still greater interest to the place and that New Year's dinner-party.

As the old butler was amongst the first to hear what had befallen Master Charles since he left home, and how it happened he was a passenger in the snow-stayed train, he shall tell the story as, indeed, he gave it to his former confidant, James.

"It's quite natural you should like to know all about it, and I am just as glad as possible to tell you, James," said he. "You remember the American gentleman Master Charles did a service to when he was travelling in Switzerland, and how he afterwards decided to accompany him across the Atlantic. It seems our young master really saved this Mr. Raynor's life, and had nearly lost his own in doing it, for nothing but the strength of a rope, from which he was dangling, kept him from going down one of those awful cracks or crevasses amongst the ice. However, they were both saved, and naturally enough, Mr. Raynor was grateful to Master Charles, and after that they travelled together for some time.

"I suppose, as they became better acquainted, Master Charles opened his heart to the merchant, told him of his dislike to the quiet life of a country lawyer, and all about Miss Eleanor and his father's high notions of the trust placed in him. And I have no doubt, from what I know of him, he would also speak of the high Christian character of both, and of his determination that Mr. Newman should not be hindered or embarrassed in doing his duty by the presence of his son.

"Mr. Raynor then told Master Charles that he could offer him just the kind of life he would like. That in his great concern there was plenty of room for the young man's energetic character to exercise itself. That he would 'see the world,' as people say, in a manner so different from what he could do in England, and in a land where everything was on such a great scale. He

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offered him a place in his business establishment, where he would not be chained to a desk, or kept at dry and distasteful studies; and, lastly, said that the very acceptance of these generous offers would confer a kindness on a lonely and childless man.

"Master Charles was quite carried away by all this. He had resolved not to come home to study law any more, and he felt bound in honour not to approach Miss Eleanor. Is it very wonderful that he accepted Mr. Raynor's offer?"

"No," replied James; "but I can't see why he should have left his parents and everybody in ignorance as to whether he was alive or dead, for nearly ten years."

"There was the wrong-doing; and nobody is now more sensible of it than Master Charles. Well, I must not make a long story of it. He stayed with Mr. Raynor, year after year, not in one place, but having given his mind to the business, he was entrusted, when his experience fitted him for it, with all the most delicate and difficult matters that had to be transacted in various countries. He had put his own few hundreds into the concern, by Mr. Raynor's wish, and his means grew with his experience, until at last he was an equal partner with his friend.

"It was in the last year of his stay in America that Master Charles found out that Mr. Raynor had a daughter who, with husband and children, were living in poverty. She had given just cause of offence to her once indulgent father, and they had been long estranged from each other. Master Charles sought her out, found her repentant, and longing for Mr. Raynor's pardon, but afraid to ask for it.

"He watched for a fitting opportunity, which came during a severe illness which attacked the merchant.

"Mr. Raynor then announced his intention of making Master Charles his sole heir, but instead of taking advantage of this, the young man pleaded for the absent daughter, and had the happiness of seeing her and hers restored to the father's home and heart. And this disinterested conduct has brought a double blessing to himself."

"In what way, Mr. Bradley?"

"First, through seeing his friend on the verge of eternity, anxious only for his soul's safety, and careless about all the wealth he had won by the work of so many years, if only *that* could be saved, Master Charles was led to take the question to himself, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' During this solemn time, my dear young master was led to estimate the comparative value of temporal and eternal things. He saw the nothingness and unsatisfactory character of worldly wealth alone; he looked into his own heart, and was just as ill-pleased with what he saw there, and so, he just cast himself on God's mercy in Christ Jesus, and found peace in Him.

"The second benefit he gained was, in seeing the father's joy in re-union with his long-banished child. He knew then, as he had never known before, how great a wrong he had inflicted on his own loving and tender father and mother, and he longed to come to those dear parents, ask their forgiveness, and repair, as far as possible, the pain he had given them. At the same time, he owed so much to Mr. Raynor, that he hardly knew how to leave him until his strength was more fully restored.

"But this difficulty was got over by the merchant himself. 'You have restored my children to me,' said he, 'and you must let me give back a son to Mr. Newman without delay. We shall often meet again in this world if we live. In any case, there is a still better meeting which we can now look forward to. We do wrong every moment your departure for England is delayed.'

"After this, Master Charles did not lose a moment. He left his friend and partner, hoping that, in due time, his son-in-law might fill the place in the business which he had left, and hastened homeward."

"But how wonderful it was the young master should be in that train, and happened to be brought to a standstill opposite his father's very windows."

"That was just the least wonderful thing about the affair. Master Charles had gone to his old home first; for he knew nothing of his father's succession to Earl's Court. There he obtained his new address, and was pushing on with all possible speed, in the hope of getting here on his father's birthday, which he was most anxious to do. He only shared the lot of all who were travelling in that direction."

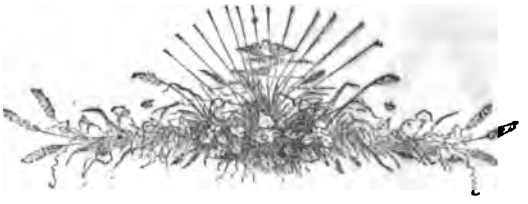
"I should think there will be a wedding at the Court before long, Mr. Bradley," said James with a smile.

"No doubt about that. It may be rather premature to say so, but I don't mind owning that Master Charles told me so himself. I was always his *confidant*, you know, and it is so delightful; he just talks to me as he did years ago in the old office, when he spoiled me many an hour's work with that busy boyish tongue of his."

"I suppose, too, Mr. Charles is quite a rich gentleman, independent of what will come to him through the Squire."

"Rich! Yes, he is rich, indeed, beyond all calculation. I am not meaning in American dollars, or English sovereigns; but I do know something about his wealth, for has he not found 'The pearl of great price?'"

RUTH LAMB.



BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE CONTRASTS.

NO. I.—*Light and Darkness.*

1. Where do we read of the creation of natural light and its separation from darkness?
2. Mention any seasons when we read of a supernatural darkness sent by God.
3. Can you give any examples of supernatural light?
4. Where is darkness used in the Bible as an emblem of a state of sin and ignorance?
5. Where do we read that "God is light," and that He "dwelleth in light"?
6. We read in the Bible of a kingdom of darkness—who rules over it?
7. Where are we told that his subjects
   (1) Walk in darkness;
   (2) Do works of darkness; and
   (3) Love darkness?
8. How does their prince keep them in darkness?
9. How can light enter such a darkened heart?
10. Where is a sinner's conversion spoken of as a turning from darkness to light?

BIBLE CLOCK.

WE resume our series of Bible Clocks with the word ABIDE. As before explained, the object is to find a word or subject about which twelve texts or portions of Scripture can be given in the form of a diagram representing the face of a clock. In the index space of II., a verse, or portion of a verse, consisting of two words, is to be written; at III., a sentence of three words, and so on. The sentences must have the exact number of words required, and must be a clear statement, whether formed of one verse, or part of a verse, or portions of more than one verse.

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Monthly Religious Record.

A TRAVELLER among the mountains of Asia Minor, who had pitched his tent not very far from the birthplace of the great apostle to the Gentiles, in the province of Cilicia, was surprised the other day, as he narrates, by a poor, ignorant Turkish woman coming up to his tent door, and asking him if it was really true that the day of judgment was near. "On questioning her," he writes, "as to her reasons for making such an inquiry, I found that she had heard the villagers, especially the leading men, express the opinion that the last days of Islamism had come, and that the whole world is about to be judged for its wickedness. To-day," he goes on to say, "I have had a long conversation with a Turkish Cadi, or judge, the drift of whose conversation took the same direction. These two persons represent the extremes of society among the Turks, yet they are agreed as to the decadence and probable collapse of the Turkish power. A large majority of the Turks are despondent. Their despondency is rather increased than otherwise by seeing their Christian neighbours hopeful and increasing in prosperity. The recent changes in the condition of the Christians in Asia Minor have been so small that it is not easy to see on what grounds they are so hopeful; yet that they are hopeful and actuated by new energy is evident to the most casual observer. I can compare their present appearance and bearing to nothing so well as to men who find themselves recovering from certain diseases—fever, for example. As strength recovers and healthy blood begins to flow through the system, we know well how such men are stirred with new hopes and earnest desires to go about their work; this is the precise condition of the Christian races in this part of the Turkish empire. Centuries of subjection to the authority of the Moslems have not utterly crushed them; their hopes are reviving, and they are looking in all directions to see what they can do to prepare themselves and their children for the new era that seems to be dawning upon them. It is interesting and encouraging to see how anxious men are among the Christians to send their sons and daughters to the best schools in the country."

PROTESTANT missions in Turkey, as conducted chiefly by the American missionaries, have not only done much to awaken this desire for education, but have also done something to meet the want in question. Not only are there sound elementary schools in connection with these various missions, but there are colleges at three of the most important centres in the Turkish Empire —Constantinople; Beyrout, in Syria; and Aintab in Central Turkey. Looking at what has been done by our American brethren for the advancement of the Christian faith and religious freedom in the East, we may well take a deep interest in their great missionary organizations. Foremost among these stands the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." This body held its annual meetings during the latter part of the year just closed at Syracuse, in the State of New York. The meetings extended over four days. There was much discussion as to the best method of administering the large legacy of nearly a million dollars bequeathed for the work of the Board, by Mr. Asa Otis, of New London, Connecticut. The recommendation of the Committee charged with the consideration of the disposal of this bequest was unanimous on the one point, that at the earliest possible moment it should be put beyond the reach of recall, lest it should contribute to the arrest of the free flow of liberality down the ordinary channels of income, and thus do as much harm as good. The inquiry was suggested whether the legacy was a call at once to enter Africa. It was finally resolved that one-third of the sum should be devoted to an African mission, and two-thirds to the development of work already in hand in China, Japan, and Turkey.

On the proposed African mission, a paper was read by the Rev. Dr. Means, who had been sent to Europe several months before, as a special agent of the Board to make inquiries. Dr. Means had personal interviews with the representatives of various societies, missionary and scientific, and also with the King of the Belgians, who is greatly interested in the subject. The region to which preference was given by Dr. Means was that of Bihé, a country on the river Coanzo, 600 miles from the west coast, and 400 or 500 miles south of the mouth of the Congo or Livingstone River, and at about twelve degrees south latitude. It is reported to be a very healthful region, occupying a plateau about 5,000 feet high, is accessible, has a dense population, and is a great centre from which caravans and expeditions depart for the interior country. Many eloquent and earnest speeches were made during the session, notably two by the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn. Some valuable papers were also read, of one of which we have spoken above. From another paper, the "Annual Survey" of the missions, presented by the Rev. Dr. Clark, we quote some of the concluding lines, which give a general idea of the last year's labours of this important organization: "We have cause for gratitude, and lively hope for the future, that so much was accomplished in a year of trial and retrenchment; that thirteen new churches were organized; that more than 2,000 converts were enrolled among the disciples of Christ; and that 700 young men were gathered in higher institutions of learning, the larger part preparing to become teachers and preachers of the gospel; that 1,200 young women in boarding schools and seminaries have enjoyed the personal influence and Christian instruction of educated women from our best institutions; that so great an advance has been made generally in the work of Christian education; that the native churches have shown such zeal in supporting their own institutions, and in personal labours of their own countrymen; that new opportunities have been opened on every hand for the wider proclamation of the gospel; and that war, famine, and pestilence were so strangely overruled for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ, in turning multitudes from darkness unto light. The new year opens hopefully with the signal blessing of God, in larger means for the development of the work in hand, and for the establishment of new missions." The total number of ordained missionaries employed by the Board (exclusive of assistants, male and female) is 150.

THE opening of a new Protestant school of divinity in a splendid edifice in Paris, provided for it by the government, as in part a substitute for that lost by the French Lutherans on the cession of Strasburg, was an occasion of much interest. M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction, presided. His speech showed the good understanding which exists between the Reformed Church and the State. Among his concluding words were the following: "You are a faculty belonging to the university. Your divinity school is an institution of the state. The legislators of the year X., penetrated with the spirit of 1789, thought that the state should not be absolutely foreign to the work of recruiting the body of religious teachers. Not only is yours a religion of liberty, but a school of liberty. Protestantism has been in modern history the first form of liberty. I salute you in the name of the government of the republic as a friendly power. We depend upon you, as you may depend upon us—upon our interest and our sympathy." Another interesting fact in France, which claims a place here, is the meeting of the Protestants of Versailles for worship every Sunday, in one of the spacious halls of the palace in that town. The Minister of Public Worship granted this as a temporary place of meeting, through the efforts of M. Jules Favre, who attends Divine service there with his Protestant wife. How little Louis XIV. foresaw that Protestant worship would take place in his own palace, and not far from the very room where he was to breathe his last! As the French government withholds its sanction from any meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Church, the evangelicals in that body are holding an unofficial synod, as we write.

FACTS are now of constant occurrence showing the hostile attitude of the Romish priesthood towards the State in Belgium. The priests of seven Belgian parishes have now gone so far as to prohibit the pupils of the Communal schools from entering the churches. The Minister of Justice has therefore called the attention of the governors of provinces to the decrees of 1806 and 1809, which are still in force, and which declare that the churches are open to the public gratuitously, and that it is strictly forbidden to require fees for entering them. The mistress of a primary school near Liége having, however, by direction of the bishop been refused the Catholic rites of marriage, she appealed to the Pope, who has ordered the bishop to allow the marriage.

FROM Italy we learn that the parishioners of Ricaldone, a town in the province of Acqui, have lately elected themselves into an independent church, which, by a decree emanating from themselves, is formally placed "under the high protection of his Majesty King Humbert and the laws of the State," and is proclaimed to be "free and independent of the Courts of Rome and Acqui, which are anti-national and destructive of liberty." The chosen first pastor of the new and free Church of Ricaldone

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is the Rev. Melchiades Geloso, whose nomination to the office of parish priest, although he was twice elected unanimously by the parishioners, was annulled by the bishop.

THE Emperor of Austria gave an interview to the deputation appointed by the Basle conference of the Evangelical Alliance, and heard their statement as to the restrictions on religious liberty in certain parts of his dominions. His Majesty received the petition upon the subject, and promised that it should be fully investigated. Meanwhile, we regret to learn that on a recent Sunday, at the very time when this deputation was in Vienna, the police found their way into a house in another suburb of Vienna, mounted up into the third storey, and there found about fifteen persons engaged in prayer. The meeting was immediately dispersed, and the males ordered to the police court that same Sunday afternoon, at three, for examination. Several other cases of a similar kind are narrated in a document before us. At Brandeis, in Bohemia, a married couple that had left the Romish Church and joined the Baptists before their first child was born, applied within the term prescribed by the law to have the birth entered in the register expressly provided for parties belonging to religious communities not recognized by the state. The application has been refused, and the parents have been ordered to have their child baptized by the Romish parish priest, on the ground that a child must have some religion, and that the parents have none! Tan Marek, at Schlan, in Bohemia, an evangelist appointed by the Rev. Mr. Schubert (a regular minister of the Reformed Church, acknowledged by the State), has been forbidden to hold Bible readings in his own house, or to admit persons not belonging to his family to his domestic worship. He has been reprimanded by the political authorities because he did not bolt his house door before he said his prayers. All this while section 14 of the "Fundamental Law" of December, 1867, expressly "guarantees full religious liberty to every individual" in the realm! On the other hand, in another part of the Austrian empire, where not so very long ago Protestants were not permitted to have public worship, even if they were allowed to reside, a fact of a very different kind from those narrated above reaches us. This is the public opening of the Protestant Church at Innsbrück, it being the first edifice of the kind which has been erected in the Tyrol. The chief authorities, the vice-governor, the burgomaster, and the municipality of Innsbrück, were among those who took an official part in the proceedings. By direction of the military commandant of the Tyrol, a regimental band was present, and it was to the music of their instruments that the notes of Luther's noble hymn were raised, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott." And on this occasion there was heard the sound of "the first bells of a Protestant church in the Tyrol."

THE Nazarenes of Hungary and the Stundisti and Molokani in Russia, have been of late attracting some attention. The Secretary of the Evangelical Continental Society lately remarked that it is difficult to obtain any exact and extended information respecting these humble believers. They seem to court obscurity, not from fear of disclosures that ought to be made, but in consequence of the way in which they have sometimes been presented. There is doubtless among them some singularity of belief and practice; but they are sober, honest, and truth-speaking. They gather around God's Word, and seek to follow its teachings; they are keeping up the flame of truth which the churches around them have well-nigh extinguished beneath a mass of ceremonies, or by a strong current of unbelief. There, on the steppes of Russia and the plains of Hungary, these communities form a spiritual power that is purging society of much of its foulness, and raising up a race of godly men and women who may yet prove to be the hope of the future.

A SCOTTISH minister who lately visited the Netherlands, writes of the longing of some of the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church whom he met to see their Reformed Church reformed. "How much this reformation is needed," he remarked, "may be gathered from the fact, that, in a ministry of 1,500 men, there are not more than 400 who preach 'the faith once delivered unto the saints.' Hundreds satisfy themselves with preaching a morality without doctrine, and therefore without life and motive; hundreds more are to be seen standing on the various descending steps of Rationalism. Some have even sunk so low as Deism, if not to a lower deep still. There are ministers in this Church who refuse to baptize in the name of the Trinity; there are some who will not even baptize in the name of the Father, but being obliged to baptize in some way, they administer the rite in the name of virtue! In the midst of this dark and disheartening rationalism and spiritual death, there are some facts of a cheering kind. The churches of the rationalist are deserted by the people; those who preach the gospel, even when they are men of moderate gifts, are crowded after by multitudes who are hungering for the bread of life. In Leyden, for instance, under the cold shade of rationalism in the professorial chairs, a simple preacher of Christ will attract an audience larger twenty times told than the whole senatus could gather around it, with its empty husks and cold negations." To meet the earnest craving for evangelical preachers which the Universities utterly fail to supply, a Theological Institute was lately opened in Amsterdam."

ONCE more the case of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie claims our notice. It may be remembered that this gentleman was, about the middle of 1878, suspended by the Court of Arches, for three years, from his office as vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, on account of his long-continued ritualistic practices. A writ of prohibition was obtained from the Court of Queen's Bench, but on the case being carried to the Court of Appeal, the prohibition was annulled. Finally, towards the close of last year, application was made to the Dean of Arches to carry out the original order. Lord Penzance now ordered the suspension of Mr. Mackonochie for three years, to take effect in a week from the date of this new order. Mr. Mackonochie, however, refused to yield, and has publicly avowed his willingness to suffer imprisonment for his disobedience to the decree of what he deems to be a temporal court which has no rightful jurisdiction over him.

THE ceremony was lately performed of consecrating the new cathedral at Edinburgh. Among those who took part in the services were 200 English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch clergy; the Bishops of Down, Oxford, Peterborough, Bangor, Durham, and Madagascar; all the Scotch bishops, and an American bishop. The choristers were 200 in number. The cathedral, which holds about 2,500 persons, was crowded. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Peterborough, from John iv. 25. Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung during the service. On the south side of the cathedral sixteen sycamore trees were planted by the bishops present, and the row is to be known as the Bishop's Walk. The cathedral, which is a magnificent structure of the Early English style, from designs by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, has cost 120,000*l.*, the greater part of the funds consisting of a bequest.

ARRANGEMENTS are being forwarded for celebrating the centenary of Sunday-schools in June next. The authorities of the Church of England Sunday-school Institute, and of the Sunday-school Union, are preparing for great demonstrations in London.

IN connection with the annual meeting of the Manchester Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society, held in the Free-trade Hall, under the presidency of the Bishop of Manchester, it is stated that not less than 335 temperance sermons were preached on the two Sundays preceding the meeting. On one week-day the Manchester Cathedral was placed at the disposal of the society for a day of humiliation and prayer for the removal of the national sin. Special addresses, characterized by much earnestness and vigour, were delivered after each service. This is, we believe, the first time the cathedral church of any diocese has been granted for a similar purpose.

THE obituary of the closing weeks of the past year includes the names of some persons whose age alone would almost entitle them to notice. The Rev. James Tripp, rector of Spofforth, has been described as one of the patriarchs of the English Church. He died in his ninety-third year. Mr. Tripp was an earnest evangelical, and was acquainted with Thomas Scott, the commentator, and other fathers of that school. Till the last few weeks of his life he was accustomed to spend many hours daily in the saddle, unattended, in parochial visitation, constantly preached, and attended to all the affairs of his charge. The Right Rev. James Chapman, first Bishop of Colombo, Ceylon, but who retired from that post in 1861, died at the age of seventy-nine. The Rev. Arthur Rawson Ashwell, Canon Residentiary of Chichester Cathedral, and principal of Chichester Theological College, who was considered an able writer, was cut off at the age of fifty-four. The Rev. Dr. James Fleming, for more than twenty-five years minister of the Congregational Church, Kentish Town, expired at the age of sixty-three. Mr. John Remington Mills, a man of high personal character and public spirit, and of large fortune, died in his eighty-second year. Before he was laid aside by age, he was a leader in the Congregational body, and throughout his life his gifts to religious and charitable objects were large and numerous. Nor must we omit to mention the removal of Miss Cecil, daughter of the well-known Rev. Richard Cecil, in the 98th year of her age. Miss Catherine Cecil, who edited her father's works, is still living, aged nearly ninety.

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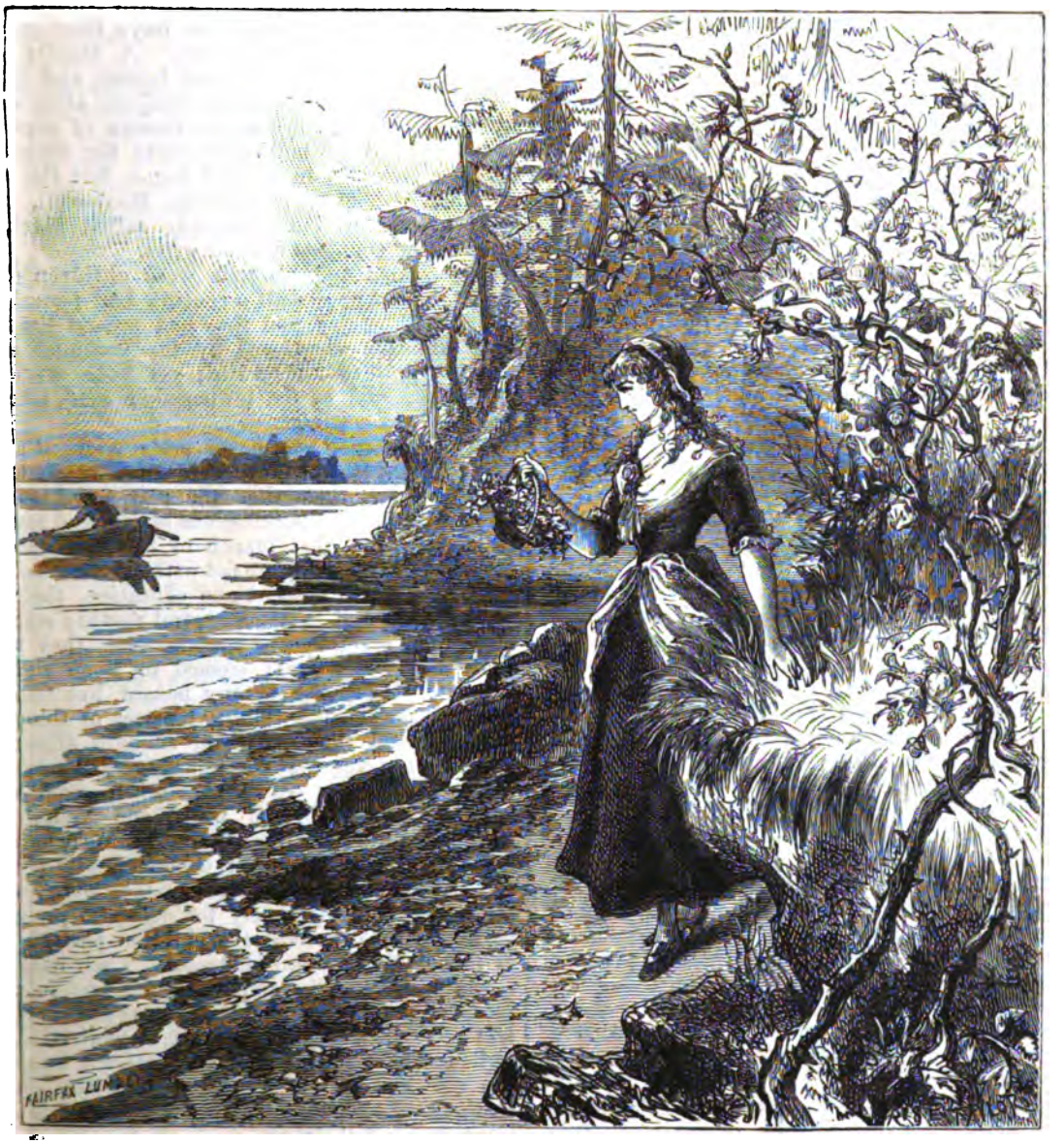
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



A SURPRISE.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

BY THE LATE FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE beautiful island lying off the southern coast of Massachusetts, and known as Martha's Vineyard, a name unaccounted for by history or tradition, is now one of the most popular places of health resort in all the New England States. Hither the inhabitants of busy port and crowded town come by thousands to spend their summer holidays, and take part in those great camp-meetings that are annually held there in the days of August. Few of the generation that frequent its splendid hotels, dwell in its city of summer houses, or lodge in the encampments of the several religious sects that have set up their tabernacles there, can imagine how different was the material and social aspect of the island

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

at the time of our narrative, about the middle of the last century. The scenery then varied between ancient woods, rustic hamlets, and pastoral farms. The woods afforded game for the hunter and fuel for the winter fire. In the hamlets and farms the descendants of Puritan emigrants lived in the sober fashion of their ancestors, untroubled by the vanities or vexations of the world.

The red man yet reckoned his thousands in the land, but just dealings and a good local government had made him the fellow-subject and friendly neighbour of the white colonist, who therefore had no Indian massacres to fear. Zealous and laborious missionaries had carried the Gospel to his wigwams, and most of the tribes were gathered into Christian communities, with places of worship and preachers of their own. The towns were few, and little better than villages; but they had their ministers and meeting-houses, well esteemed and carefully provided for, their municipal regulations clearly laid down, their civic officers duly elected, and English laws and liberty as they then existed no less strictly observed and maintained than in the most flourishing cities of the mainland.

The little trade the island had was almost confined to Edgar Town, its metropolis, and then a place of some importance, though now dwindled down to the village of Edgarton. It was an unequally built and long-drawn town; the commercial end straggled along the harbour towards that part of the coast where Greenland whales were wont to be stranded in those days, a source of profit and distinction also to the townsmen, some one of whom was annually elected, after a stout contest, to the office of whale cutter. The genteel end stretched away in an opposite direction, its homely, comfortable houses interspersed with gardens, orchards, and fields. The rank and fashion of Martha's Vineyard had their dwellings there, and among them was the residence of Colonel Markwell Mayhew.

The colonel could boast a truly noble pedigree, being descended from that merchant of Southampton who, in the days of the first Charles, obtained a grant of the Vineyard, as it was then and has since been called for brevity, and planted the first English colony there.

A man of blessed memory, whose long life was spent in the service of God and man, he had taught white men to live in peace and good neighbourhood with their red-skinned brethren, himself preached the faith he practised among the Indian tribes, and became the progenitor of a family that reckoned among its members six successive generations of able and devoted ministers, still remembered as the venerable Mayhews.

His great-grandson, Markwell, was chief of the island authorities, and worthy of the stock from whence he came. A pious Christian of the old Puritan type, a gentleman in manner and feelings, a leader on whose prudence and spirit the island men could rely in all times of danger, though somewhat advanced in life, and little experienced in camp or garrison. His military title was conferred by a commission from the Governor of Massachusetts, which, among other assignments of power and trust, gave him the command of all the militia in the islands constituting Duke's county, of which Martha's Vineyard was the principal; and be it remembered that the said force not only consisted of the respectable and well-to-do inhabitants, but formed the chief defence and dependence of every American town and province at the time.

The colonel's mansion had much the appearance of an old-fashioned English farmhouse, broad built, of two low storeys, with high pitched roof and pointed gables. Though reckoned in the town, it stood alone in the midst of meadow land, where cattle grazed all the summer. The back premises were shaded by an extensive orchard, and beyond that, a grove of stately trees grew down to the beach of one of the numerous bays that on every side indented the island shore. A family of ten children had been born in that house, and brought up to man and woman's estate; but one after another had married and gone away to houses of their own, as the young birds build new nests for themselves, till none remained in the old home but the parent pair and two of their children, Markwell, named after his father, but commonly called Mark, and Marian, the youngest of their girls.

The colonel and his wife were children of the same year. Almost half a century had passed since their wedding day, and they had passed the threescore and ten mentioned by the psalmist as the ordinary limit of human life; yet both were hale and strong, and, as the townspeople said, likely to last for many a winter.

The observation was never made without a wish that it might be so. Few were more respected by all who knew them than the pair, few better deserved respect for blamelessness of life and courtesy of manner; yet that branch of the Mayhews, like the rest of mankind, were not without their failings. Both of Puritan descent and education, their characters were cast in the ancestral mould; sincerely pious, and scrupulously conscientious, they would have maintained what seemed to them right in principle or practice at any hazard, but their restricted views made weighty matters of things indifferent, and their habits of thought allowed no place to anything that was not grave and serious.

Their house was soberly kept when young voices were heard within its walls, and young faces gathered round its board and hearth; music or merriment were forbidden things, family festivals were of rare occurrence, and holidays were few and far between. Fortunately for domestic peace, and perhaps for themselves, the children partook more or less of the parental character. Their hands and heads were equally employed, the one in useful industry, the other on serious subjects, and there was no time for ennui in a house so well inhabited; but now that the young had scattered away, and the old had so far advanced into the evening shadows of life, the Mayhews' dwelling was somewhat dull and cheerless.

It did not seem so to their son Mark, a tall young man with dark hair, of good figure and face, that interested more by its expression of earnest and elevated thought than by any beauty of form or feature. Serious and sober-minded as his parents, Mark was of a less rigid and more liberal mind; his charity was of the sort that never faileth, his nature was ardent and enthusiastic, and his energies and hopes went out on paths beyond the ordinary pursuits of youth. At an age when his brothers had been dreaming of loving partners and happy homes, and having their dreams fulfilled in weddings and

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new housekeeping—when they were beginning the world in their respective ways and becoming heads of families—he was preparing himself for the ministry by those private studies in theology which his people considered more requisite for the sacred calling than any collegiate course. Mark was still studying at home, under the direction of his uncle, the notable Experience Mayhew, then an aged minister, and yet celebrated in the records of the Vineyard for his part in the good work which his nephew hoped to finish; for Mark's chief aspiration was to preach the Gospel among the heathen tribes of red men, to whose conversion he was devoted heart and soul.

There was another in that diminished household to whom its sombre atmosphere was less congenial. Marian, the youngest of Colonel Mayhew's children, bore little resemblance to her nine predecessors. Her cheek had a softened bloom, her features and figure a symmetrical elegance unknown to the ruddy and robust family; there was a laughing light in her blue eyes not to be seen in their sedate faces, and her lustrous yellow hair, always inclined to flow down in curls, could never be as smoothly braided as the dark auburn locks of her sisters. The form of her character resembled theirs still less; endowed with a lively fancy, a ready wit, and unfailing spirits, Marian would have rejoiced in those innocent amusements and scenes of social pleasure which were practically barred out of life among her people. The girl did not repine at that; she had been brought up to think they were in the right, and tried to think so still, for her disposition was gentle, dutiful, and affectionate, but in the home where so many brothers and sisters had left her, Marian could not help feeling lonely and companionless. Between her father and mother's old age and her blooming youth, time had made a chasm not to be bridged over in this world. Mark, though but a few years her senior, was still farther separated from her by his early gravity of thought, his theological studies, and his absorbing schemes of Indian conversion.

The sense of an abiding evil is apt to come upon us at intervals. Marian found herself particularly solitary one summer afternoon. Her father and mother had fallen asleep in their rocking-chairs; Mark was in his own room reading deep divinity; Dorcas and Deborah, the two helps who had been with the Mayhews above twenty years, were dozing over their spinning-wheels. Taking a little basket in which she was accustomed to gather wild flowers, Marian slipped out of the silent house for a ramble in the grove beside the bay. It was one of her resources to while away the lonely hours, and a pleasanter place could not be found for the purpose.

A soft breeze, laden with the scents of land and sea, played among the leaves that made the daylight dim with their multitude. Summer insects hummed, and summer flowers were blooming among the grass that grew thick about the roots of the old trees. The silence of afternoon had fallen on the woodland songsters, but a dreamy music of the incoming tide came up from the unfrequented bay; and there were signs of life upon its waters, for as Marian drew nearer, she perceived a small boat rowed by a single fisherman speeding to the shore on which she stood.

The unwonted sight of boat or man in that solitary place struck the girl with such surprise that she dropped her basket, wild flowers and all, which, rebounding from the sand, rolled to the water's edge. Before she could get near enough to recover it, the fisherman with one stroke of the oar brought his boat to the beach; and springing lightly from it, picked up the basket, and presenting it to her with a bow that might have suited the court of France, said, "Permit me, madam, the pleasure of doing you even so small a service."

He wore a coarse woollen shirt and nether garments of canvas, the usual summer trim of fishermen on that coast, but his appearance would have attracted attention in any dress.

In face and figure he was a faultless specimen of manly beauty, middle-sized, well proportioned, and though belonging to the slender rather than the sturdy type, had such a look of muscular strength and activity, as would have made him a dangerous antagonist for larger men. His black hair was a mass of clustering curls, without parting or arrangement, as befitted his fishing garb; his complexion was deeply and richly dark, telling of southern European, rather than American blood; he spoke with a slightly foreign accent, but the most remarkable thing about him was an air of distinction, almost of command, which no external circumstances could diminish or increase.

His days had not been passed in catching cod or herrings; little as she knew of the world, Marian came at once to that conclusion. As he stood on the shore inquiring the way to Vineyard Haven, to Tisbury, Chilmark, and other notable places on the island where he appeared to have business, protesting that he was an unfortunate stranger quite out of his reckoning, and offering the most polite apologies for troubling a lady to direct him, the ease and elegance of his speech and manner, so unlike anything to be met with among the plainspoken and austere people of her kindred, impressed and almost charmed the gentle girl. Another moment and the spell was broken. While he stood conversing with his fisherman's cap in hand, in a half-bowing attitude and his eyes cast on the ground as if completely subdued by her conquering presence, Marian could have believed that he was the most courteous and conscientious man in existence; but a sudden impulse made him look up, and his black eyes had such a fierce and lawless fire in them, that the girl involuntarily turned from him and hastened up the grove. He moved a few steps after her, and said something which she could not catch, then suddenly checking himself returned to his boat looking very much disconcerted, pushed it off immediately, and Marian saw him rowing down the bay, as she gained the rising ground at the gate of her father's orchard.

"What a country hoyden he will think me," the girl said to herself, blushing with shame at her sudden flight, which now seemed unaccountably foolish, "to start away in that manner."

Then arose the question, How came a man of his appearance and manner to follow such a calling?

Romances were proscribed things in Puritan houses—no great loss to them, perhaps—but Marian had heard of princes in disguise, and the mystery took hold on her imagination. Knowing in what an austere light they would regard it, she shrank from mentioning the adventure to any of her family,

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and similar causes of reticence are among the perils of youth. Yet it was the mystery, and not the man, that interested her. Curiosity made her wish to know more about the remarkable fisherman, but a feeling of undefinable dread, akin to that which impelled her to fly his presence, warned the girl against closer acquaintance, and made her avoid the shores of the lonely bay.

HINDOO SACRIFICES.

THE idolatrous systems of nearly every nation show that there is truth amid error, and light amid the darkness; and the diligent search that some of the Hindoo sages made to find the truth is one of the saddest pictures in human history. The expression, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to his seat!" burst from other lips than those of him who dwelt in the land of Uz. Amongst the aborigines now driven to the forests as well as the Brahminical races, there is evidence which cannot be mistaken that the Mosaic account of the creation of man—his temptation and fall, the flood, and the necessity of sacrifice—was known far beyond the bounds of Canaan and patriarchal life. Both the Hindoos and the Buddhists give ten as the number of the commandments. The Hindoos divide the world into four periods: the first age was the purest; men were giants in those days, and lived for a thousand years. In the last dispensation, man's years are to be few and his stature small, and when the cup of iniquity is full, the rider upon the "white horse," the last of the incarnations, will come and will destroy the wicked, and bring on a reign of righteousness and peace.

In this paper we purpose giving some account of the Hindoo notions of sacrifices, and it will be seen how much they resemble the practices of the Jews. The necessity for propitiation is part and parcel of the Hindoo ceremonial. Without an offering, the worshippers very rarely enter the temple, for the idea of giving before receiving seems to have entered all their forms of worship. In the Ganjam Zillah a few miles from the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, there is an annual festival of some interest. The temple is built on the top of a mountain, and is invariably called "the Mount of Salvation." It stands amid a fertile plain, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. Mountain-tops have ever been favourite spots for Hindoo temples, and some of them are so conspicuous, that they look like the castles of the nobles on the banks of the Rhine. The Hindoo festivals, like the Jewish, are all regulated by the age of the moon. The shepherds generally bring their flocks a day or two before the arrival of the worshippers, and as the early morning is considered the most propitious time for worship, the pilgrim bands generally arrive on the previous night. There is no caravanserai, and little shelter of any kind, so that should a storm come on, which is not unfrequently the case, the women and children are reduced to a pitiable plight; but their devotion is so strong that it is always equal to any emergency. The shepherds, in their greed of gain, are very much like those who brought their flocks to Jerusalem at the time of the passover. Every animal is of the male kind, and those of a year old are almost invariably chosen, and especial care is taken to find those without blemish. When the price is paid the victim is taken to the stream of the river, where every impurity is most carefully washed away. It is then anointed with oil and vermilion, and when the family is ready, the patriarch of the household places the animal across his shoulder, and they all follow in train. As we have watched the ascent of these families in the early spring morning, we have felt that we needed no comment to explain the manner in which the seed of Jacob went up to the hill of the Lord.

Sons are still considered the strength and stay of all Eastern households. Hindoo law would give no legal right or inheritance to a widow. British power could stamp out the fire of the suttee, but however omnipotent British law might be, it could not give woman the position which she has in more civilized lands. If there be no male issue, or a son be not adopted during the husband's life, the widow is reduced to a position which is worse even than death. The Sanscrit word for son, *putra*, is literally "a saviour from hell," and if there be no son to perform the funeral rites, there can be no repose for the household in the world to come.

The greatest reproach you can heap upon a man's head is to tell him he is without anyone to perpetuate his name; and it was the fear of this that led to certain concessions being made in Jewish law, which would seem strange to us in these modern times.

At this festival on "the Mount of Salvation" prayers for sons are the most frequent and earnest of all.

Very many of the sacrifices are sacrifices of thanksgiving, for, like Hannah, many a mother brings her little Samuel to present him at the temple, and almost, if not quite, in the language of the wife of Elkanah, she says, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

On their return from the mount the headless animal—the head is taken by the officiating priest as his perquisite—is brought down to the plain, skinned, roasted and eaten. More than once we have seen Brahmins eat the flesh of the victim, and have remonstrated with them for the violation of their own ceremonial law, which forbids flesh for food; but they have invariably replied, "Except we eat the flesh of the sacrifice there can be no virtue in the offering."

There is another sacrifice even more significant. On one of the many islands that stud the Chilka lake in Southern Orissa, there is a rude temple where living sacrifices are offered. Here the animal is never slain. The worshipper presents his victim to the goddess, and after a confession of sin, he says, "O goddess, this sacrifice I offer to thee. I take not its blood, but wherever it may wander, or whatever its condition, it is thine, in life, and death, and for ever thine." So sacred are these animals in native estimation, that it would be considered the grossest sacrilege for any one to molest them, or take them away. In this sacrifice we have something like the offering of the scapegoat; and in some measure it explains the apostle's request to the Romans: "I beseech you therefore by the mercies of God, that ye

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H. A. HARPER. EDMUND EVANS.

SNOW ON OLIVET.

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present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Amongst one of the aboriginal tribes we saw a sacrifice which looked very much like the passover. The animal was a kid. The sacrifice was a household one; beside the priest the members of the family only were present. The little victim, after being carefully washed at the mountain stream, was led to the stake, and the head severed at one blow. The housewife stood by with a vessel in her hand to catch the blood, and, after mingling it with flour, besmeared the door and door-posts, and the walls inside and out. So startled were we with this custom that we could not forbear asking the good woman the reason for this observance. Her reply was, "There are evil spirits in this region that bring pestilence to our homes, blight to our fields, and disease to our cattle; but the blood of the sacrifice protects us from their power." Not one of these mountaineers could read, and for centuries they had been cut off from the civilisation of the plains. From whence and at what period this idea of the blood of the sacrifice came to them the writer cannot divine; but they must have received it before the Aryan races had driven them from civilised life.

The Meriah sacrifice on the hill tracts of Orissa was the most painfully interesting sacrifice ever known in India. Not animal but human life was considered necessary to propitiate Manickosoro, the god of battles, and Tadoo Penoor, the god of the earth. These hill tribes, or Khonds, as they are generally called, were not a vindictive people, and the rite which has made them so notorious was purely the result of religious conviction. They dreaded the wrath of their shapeless deities—they never had temples or idols—and that wrath could only be appeased by propitiation, and that must be human blood. To obtain a supply of victims, there was a regular system of kidnapping carried on by a separate tribe called Pans. These children when purchased were carefully kept, and anything they wished for was never denied; they were, however, carefully watched, lest they should make their escape. On the day of the sacrifice there was a great company, and one and all would say, "O God, we offer this sacrifice to you; give us good crops, seasons and health," after which, addressing the victim they would say, "We bought you with a price, and did not seize you; now we sacrifice you, and no sin rests upon us." The government of India determined at all hazard and cost to stamp out this practice. The local knowledge, philanthropy and Christian spirit of the men selected for the object, eminently fitted them for the task they had to perform. Captain, afterwards General, Campbell, C.B., resolved never, except under the most provoking circumstances, to fire a single shot; and though he had with him a powerful escort, he never but once was driven from his purpose. He met the people on their own native hills, reasoned with them in their own language, and he found that conciliation was not only less costly, but far more effectual than all the implements of war. Fifteen hundred victims were rescued, and two hundred of them were placed in the mission asylum in the locality. One of them is now a native minister, and others have been welcomed into the Church of Christ.

Some time ago a considerable number of the chiefs and head men came to her Majesty's representative and begged that schools might be established in their country, as was the case in the plains. The commissioner said this could easily be done, providing they would pay a certain amount of the cost, and recommended them to agree to some self-imposed taxation. After long consultation, they came to the decision that the most feasible plan would be to tax the distillers, who made large profits and did much evil.* Their proposition was at once entertained, and this interesting fact was sent without delay to the viceroy.

Amongst these mountaineers there is a fine opening for Christian work. Men of the right stamp might soon gain unbounded influence, and the old idea so deeply engraven upon the memories of their ancestors of the necessity of propitiation would prepare them for the missionaries' story of Him "who bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

The customs of the varied races in Eastern lands, with their legends and traditions, furnish indisputable proof that God has not left himself without witnesses in the history of nations as well as the works of his hands. Time may wear the writing from the tables of stone, but time never effaces every trace of God's image from the heart; words do not come like atoms in the air, but are the outcome of conviction and fact. If, then, we find amid the traditions and legends of heathen nations, words descriptive of sin, sacrifices, rewards, punishments, and immortality, we cannot but accept them as evidence that the Gentiles who have never received the Sinaitic law have a law written on their hearts which makes them accountable in the sight of God.

W. B.

SNOW-STORM ON OLIVET.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

IN March 1875 I camped outside the Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem. On a previous visit, a few years before, I had been so impressed by the lovely views from the Mount of Olives, that now, after visiting Sinai, I determined to go again, camp on the mount, and make studies of Jerusalem and the magnificent views of Moab and the Dead Sea, which are to be obtained from that locality. I have seen many lands and splendid scenery, but I know of none so wonderful, extensive, and impressive as the views from the Mount of Olives.

The mount is not an isolated hill like Tabor, but the highest point in a ridge of hills which runs opposite to Jerusalem, and is separated from it by the valley of the Kedron. Its character must have greatly changed since the time of our Lord's life on earth, as we know that Titus cut down the olive-trees to make stages for his rams and war engines; it must, too, I think, have had Roman villas, or country-houses, on the side overlooking Jerusalem, as all over that side I have found Roman mosaics scattered about in the corn lands or under the olive-trees, and in many of the rude walls separating the olive gardens, fragments of carved stone pillars and bits of marble flooring are frequently to be met with. They must have been

* The distillers are not Khonds, but people from the plain.

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found close by, or the natives would never have used them, unhewn stone being so plentiful about. Wells and cisterns also abound on this side, and show that water was stored in quantity. Yet the side overlooking the Jordan valley and Wilderness of Judea must always have been, as now, a mountain desert; and I cannot help thinking that that explains why our Lord so often went up the Mount of Olives when He was staying at Jerusalem. In the Temple or in the town, his spirit would be worn by daily conflict with the haughty Pharisees, and his incessant contact with the sin or sorrows of the people; and there, so close to the city, He could escape from its noise, and in the solitude of those hills commune with his Father in heaven, and regird himself, as it were, for the struggle. We know from the Gospels, that "as He was wont" He often sought the repose of Olivet.

The mount is, as far as I know, unique in its position in relation to a large city; in a walk of half an hour from St. Stephen's Gate you can ascend the hill and pass to the edge of a wild and solitary mountain region—Nature quite alone. This fact helps one to understand the love our Lord had for the little village of Bethany, even apart from the fact that some of those He most loved on earth lived there. Bethany is on one of the slopes of the mount, and to that also the desert and solitary hills come close up, so near to the noisy city—noisy as it is even now—and yet so different in the peaceful, absolute repose that exists there.

I arrived late in the evening after a prolonged stay on the plain of Sharon. The night was wet, with high wind. The morning broke fine, though the high wind continued, so I walked up the mount, and selected my camping-ground close under the minaret of the mosque on the summit. The day grew grey and wild, sunset very threatening, so much so that I ordered trenches to be dug round the tents, and extra ropes and pegs. At night-fall I heard English voices, and found two friends, a well-known member of Parliament and his nephew, who, hearing I was camped on Olivet, came to camp with me. But there was no room for their tents under the mosque, so we found a place at the back of the mount, with a fine view of the Jordan valley. We dined together. I advised them to make everything secure, and then I left for my own tents. In the night the weather got worse; it was not wise to go to bed, so I prepared all my baggage and sketches for any emergency, and we all had enough to do hammering in the tent pegs, securing ropes, and so forth. On Good Friday morning the sunrise was very fine, but angry; rain soon came on. My friends, like myself, had had no rest. Well clad in our mackintoshes, my younger friend and myself determined to walk over Mount Scopus, to see the fine effects.

The Moab mountains looked almost black in dark purple; the Dead Sea a yellow white. From time to time wild drifts of storm swept up the Jordan valley, and all was lost to view. The rain changed to hail, the wind blowing in furious gusts. Vivid forked lightning fell from the upper clouds, rose-coloured flashes of sheet lightning ran along the ground, and lighted up the landscape. Otherwise the darkness would have been profound. The hail was cubical, and of great size; the fury of the wind did not allow it to remain on the ground, but swept it up again in wreaths of ice—and, through all, the awful thunder. To face the storm was impossible; we crept into a cave or tomb, and then we could not help saying, "Now we can understand the full meaning of the Psalmist's words: 'He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who is able to abide His frost?'" From our shelter we had a good view of the country; the effects were truly appalling. Then came a slight lull, and we hurried back to my friend's camp to find all the tents but one down, that one rent; his servants frightened out of their senses. His forester, a tall powerful Scotchman, whom I had known years before as a most daring and untiring deer-stalker, sat cowering under a rock, bareheaded. He was paralyzed with terror; and when I went to him to reassure him, he said, "Oh, sir, it's just the end of the world." Poor fellow! He told me afterwards he knew he should not live to get over the fright, and I heard that he died soon after his return to England.

They all took shelter under the rock, and I turned to seek my own camp. Hail and lightning were again sweeping over the hill-top; it was difficult to make one's way; my tents were down, men in a panic; they implored me to enter the mosque, or I should be killed. My man Michael had by good fortune persuaded the sheikh to give me a room in the building. After some effort my men were encouraged to get the most valuable things from under the tents. Snow now began to fall heavily, then again I sought my friends to make them share my shelter; we all got safely into the little room. It was about ten feet square, a stone floor, lattice windows, lattice door, no glass, a domed roof, no fireplace or means of warming, whitewashed walls, with rude decorations of rose bushes painted on the whitewash; it was, in fact, the "hareem" of the head priest—his own particular room. The kind fellow gave my friends another smaller room for them to sleep in. We sat up till a late hour, as the storm was so awful. Near midnight a strange heaving, rocking sensation sent us all into the open courtyard; we thought everything was coming down. It was a shock of earthquake. Worn out at last, I threw myself on my camp-bed and slept a little, but woke bitterly cold; the snow had drifted through the lattice in window and door, had covered the lower part of my blankets, and was melting.

Next day, the snow still falling thickly, the sheikh, out of the fulness of his heart, gave us a larger room, the grand "hareem" in fact. It had a pointed arched roof, sides decorated with representations of flowers in pots, recesses in the walls—in those the beds of his wives were rolled up, their looking-glasses still hanging on the wall, a number of fine showy glass ornaments were put by in the recesses. Where the ladies went to we never could discover. We made ourselves very happy, and full of thankfulness to get such shelter. Our men were quartered in the mosque itself; that was full of windows and no glass, and so was very cold, but it gave them shelter.

Anxious to study the effects, I spent the greater part of each day in the minaret. They were wonderful indeed: Jerusalem white, though the upright walls were dirty orange; the Bethlehem hills covered, so also "Herod's Mountain;" those over Engedi had no snow; the Moab mountains were covered some distance down. In the foreground the olives on Olivet were bowed down, and all the ground white. The effects varied. A fog or mist came

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up with blinding snow, and Jerusalem was quite lost to sight. Then through the rifts of the storm one saw the Moab mountains, pink and red, with the evening sunlight on their sides and base, the Dead Sea a deep blue; then, again, all was lost in storm and night. On Saturday and Easter Sunday, there was still snow: the trackways feet deep with drift. It was impossible to get away to Jerusalem, and the experience was so wonderful we wished to see the end. The snow began to thaw, and the water poured through the roof of our rooms.

From the top of the minaret one looked down on the little village near the mosque. All the fellahin were on the roofs of their houses, clearing away the snow, howling and shouting as Arabs do when excited. The women below were indulging in their wild howl, half cry, half scream; the children were crying, dogs barking, cocks crowing, the wind was howling, and snow falling; while every now and then came up the sound of church bells from Jerusalem, telling of the commemoration of that day, when our Lord, "led captivity captive, and broke the bonds of death."

A day or two more the snow was sufficiently melted, and we got down to Jerusalem. A kind friend invited us to "camp" in his house, outside the walls. People had been anxious about us. So we quitted Olivet, with hearty handshaking with our friend the sheikh, and something substantial to remember us by, he giving me a holy ring from Mecca, and an earnest hope that next time I came there, by the "blessing of Allah," we should have better weather. He said he had lived there thirty years, and never known such a time. He was a true friend and acted a Christian's part. There is a Roman Catholic house on Olivet, but no offer of shelter came from them, though they could see our plight.

It has often been said by those looking over my studies, "Now we can understand why Peter wished to warm himself at a fire;" anyone will understand how glad I was to see a fire again. I was detained in Jerusalem some time, rain coming after the snow; when I did go north, the roads were either knee-deep in mud, or simple watercourses. One lived in mackintosh, the umbrella was up in the tent, and at night so arranged over the bed that the head was kept dry. Such were some of the trials of painting from nature in Palestine.*

* The frontispiece shows the summit of Olivet; the buried tents were just over the wall at the foot of the minaret. The picture is simply a reduced copy of a larger one taken on the spot during one of the pauses in the storm.

ANNA GURNEY, OF NORTH REPPS.

THE readers of the interesting memoir of Sir Fowell Buxton will remember some few scattered allusions (her own desire prevented their being more numerous) to a cousin and friend who was among his principal helpers in his labours of love for Africa. That cousin was Anna Gurney, daughter of Richard Gurney.

In her early infancy the accident took place—it was believed to be a concealed fall in the nursery—which crippled her for life, by occasioning a permanent weakness in the ankles, so that she was not only totally incapable of walking, or of standing unsupported, but could only sit upright with the aid of irons. This trial, which would have crushed and discouraged many children, seems only to have had the effect of further stimulating her extraordinary energy and resolution. She moved about in a self-propelling wheeled chair almost as rapidly as others on their feet, and appears to have kept pace with the active pursuits of her companions in a manner which would have appeared beforehand well-nigh impossible. She actually learned to swim in her childhood, supporting herself by her hands alone; and she used to speak of accompanying her brother in his shooting excursions in her chair, and even learning to fire a gun.

But her strongest taste, then as ever, was for literary pursuits. At an early age she was found with an Anglo-Saxon grammar under her pillow; and she acquired considerable knowledge of that language. She studied Latin and Greek, I believe, in company with her brother; her classical knowledge was not only extensive but singularly accurate. No one who read a page of a Greek author with her was likely ever to forget the clear, minute, and careful scrutiny with which every word and its history and bearings on the context was examined and tested. There was no possibility of being left satisfied with half knowledge, in studying with her.

When the death of her mother broke up her early home, she joined a favourite cousin—Sarah Maria, the sister of Sir Fowell Buxton—and they established themselves in a picturesque cottage near Cromer, and within easy reach of the home of the Buxton family. Here for nearly a quarter of a century the two lived together, actively forwarding every good and useful object around them, and esteemed and valued in a wide circle. They travelled much, partly on account of Miss Buxton's delicate health, and took a lively interest in all they saw. But the foundation of their home life lay in the deep, tender, firm love which bound these two friends to each other. Uniting the close intimacy and familiarity of sisterhood with the enthusiasm of the warmest youthful friendship, that bond seemed to partake of the character of a happy marriage tie; and when it was severed—for this life—by the death of Sarah Buxton, her cousin's feelings were more like those of one widowed than of a bereaved friend. There was something pathetic in the slight and reticent allusions that the strong, bright, resolute woman would make, years after, to the great loss she never ceased to feel. "Now that she is gone, it is quite different." "That is just as it was in my partner's time; I can never change it—it was her choice," she would say. Many attached friends remained to her, and most warmly did she respond to their love; but the place next the heart of the beloved "partner" could never again be filled.

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The two cousins, and afterwards the solitary survivor, were, as has been said, active in every benevolent work; in Sir Fowell Buxton's labours for Africa they were most specially associated, and the cottage was the scene of most of his labours in that cause.

But Anna Gurney was not one whose efforts could be confined to one or two objects. Her indefatigable zeal was united with a many-sidedness of sympathy and interest very rarely found united with such steady determination and perseverance. One of the objects she had most at heart from the time she first settled at North Repps, was the putting down of the fearful evil of wrecking, which was peculiarly prevalent on that coast. It was an especially dangerous harbour, and one into which vessels from the North of Europe were very often driven; and the inhabitants of two of the villages, in particular, had been tempted by the prospect of gain to make an actual profession of the horrible art of luring ships to their destruction in order to get possession of their spoils. The result was not only to be found in sad instances of cruelty, but in the demoralisation more or less of the whole district.

Anna Gurney set herself, heart and hand, to remedy this evil. By her own efforts and partly at her own expense she raised money for the purchase of a floating light-ship, to be stationed at the entrance of the harbour. But far more than this was accomplished by her personal influence. Whenever a storm rose on the coast, she was to be seen in her wheeled chair on the top of the cliff, often, as she herself has said, when the waves were actually dashing their clouds of spray over the place where she sat. She watched the coast, and saw that boats were sent to help the distressed vessels, and the wreckers knew they could never pursue their objects safe from her scrutiny. The result of this untiring vigilance for years was eventually to put down wrecking completely in that neighbourhood. Then the crew of every shipwrecked vessel were sure of a refuge and a welcome in North Repps Cottage. They were fed, tended, warmed and supplied with all needful to them; and none departed without a copy of the Scriptures in his own tongue. She kept a supply always on hand, and even acquired some knowledge of the northern languages on purpose to be able to converse with these sailors. Her efforts for the fishermen on the coast were no less constant. At one time she edited a journal for their use, with matter likely to interest and profit them; and they were among the principal objects of her care.

She had been for some little time the solitary inmate of her cottage, with the exception of the faithful and attached servants who surrounded her, when I first made her acquaintance. She had been anxious to be introduced to my father, but the immediate cause was a trifling accident. She was driving past in her little pony-chair as my father was passing, accompanied by a favourite dog, and the wheel of her carriage narrowly escaped crushing the poor creature's foot. Her love of, and sympathy for, animals was a prominent feature in her character; and her extreme distress at the idea of having hurt the dog led to her at once introducing herself. The acquaintance which followed was a source of much pleasure to both her and my father.



NORTH REPPS COTTAGE.

The recollection of subsequent visits to her can never be effaced. The cottage itself was quite an ideal picture—home for such a mistress—standing in a green wooded valley opening on a distant vista of glittering sea at the end of it. The hills round the house were thickly covered with rhododendrons, bright in their season with purple bloom; and the green, smooth lawns under the cottage windows were a refuge for pets of many kinds—old, worn-out horses grazing there after their work was over, rabbits in swarms, in a kind of half-wild, half-tame state, coursing about in all directions, and all watched over by their protectress as sedulously as her human protégés. In the midst of a lively conversation on literary or other topics, her quick eye would glance at the window; in a moment the wheeled chair would be at the other end of the room, and she would be eagerly giving orders for the care of one of the creatures that seemed ill or hurt. The rooms in the cottage were in keeping with the outside; the library and drawing-room,

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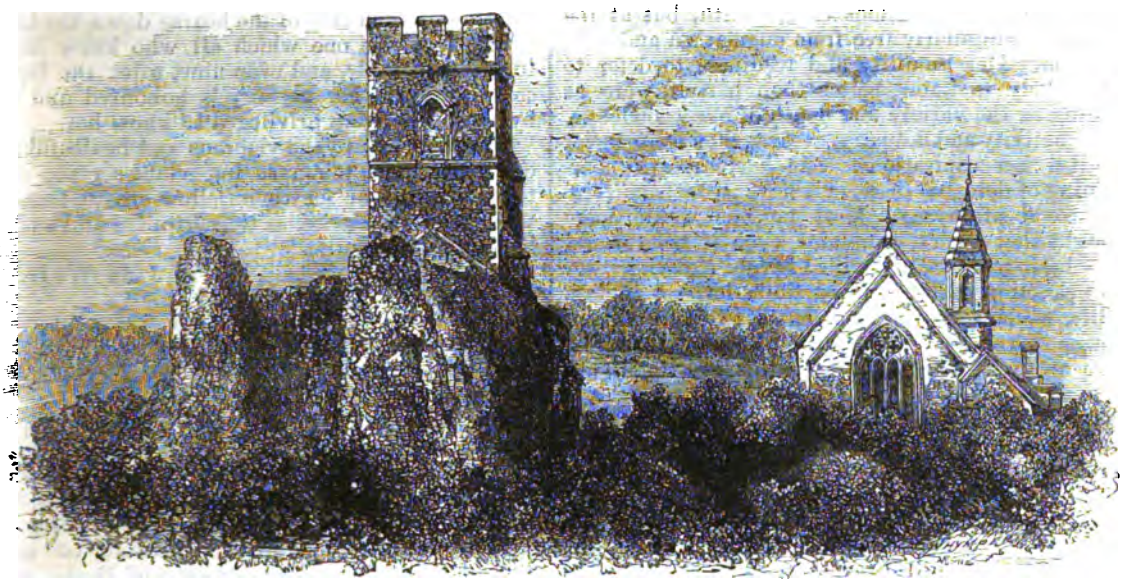
with shelves thickly lined with books in all languages and of all sizes and shapes, formed a natural surrounding for the mistress of the cottage, in her invariable black silk with the wide cardinal cape, and brooch of Cromer jet, and her white hair smoothed under a plain cap, sitting in her invalid chair before a high writing-table covered with papers, and ever ready to welcome her guests with her own cordial smile.

The variety and richness of her conversation was almost endless. Her love of classical studies has been alluded to; but she was also an accomplished modern linguist, and dipped into many languages not generally learned or cared for except by travellers. She was peculiarly skilled in philological research, and the history of derivations. On the occasion of one of my first visits she was studying Hebrew with a friend, and one of her last works was the commencement of a compilation of derivations from the Hebrew into Greek, English, and German, to show the common origin of languages. But hers was no one-sided pursuit of learning. There was an actual hunger and thirst for knowledge of all kinds, which knew no pause, and could never be satisfied. Into every topic she was ready to enter, in every branch of knowledge she was able to take an interest.



OVERSTRAND CHURCH.

In her travels she had been singularly enterprising, and in spite of her infirmity she found means of going wherever it was possible that a chair could be carried, undeterred by fatigue or danger.

The only pause in that eager and intelligent curiosity had been in the first overwhelming sorrow of her cousin's death. Then, indeed, when urged to accompany some young friends to Italy, she had almost lost heart for the attempt. In her own words: "I said, 'What did I care to see Rome?' To think of my ever saying that!"

It went further, indeed, with her, than it would with most. But even that lifelong sorrow only suspended the ruling passion for a short time; and under the pressure of increasing infirmity and bodily pain, which in later life became very severe and almost constant, her eagerness to know and see all that could be known and seen was like that of the very brightest of young people—"only more so!" Many a young person, indeed, at the entrance of life, has more of the "blasé" feeling than was ever known or even conceived by this woman of nearly threescore years, after a life of infirmity and pain: the freshness of her mind nothing could wither.

Every Sunday evening a little service was held in her library for the fishermen and their friends who lived too far to get to the nearest church where evening service was held. She conducted it herself, some friend generally leading the hymn at the little organ at one end, while round the room were grouped the rough-looking, weather-beaten men, all eyes turned to her as she read a portion of Scripture, and explained it simply. Then she would take either some part of a sermon or a simple tract likely to interest them, or some missionary account or anecdote—ending with prayer, in which their wants were specially remembered. At that time her interest was peculiarly enlisted in the attempts to discover Sir John Franklin and his companions. She actually succeeded in deciphering a part of the report of the Greenlander who professed to have seen them—with the help of the grammar and dictionary compiled by the Moravian missionaries. And in her daily and Sunday evening prayers special mention was always made of those who were struggling in the snow at the North Pole. No less warm was her interest in the cause in which she had so long laboured—the welfare of Africa. She kept up a constant correspondence with Mr.—now Bishop—Crowther, and some members of his family. The Abbeokuta mission was especially dear to her, and she was eager to forward every attempt to encourage trade in the produce of Africa to take the place of the traffic in human beings.

But the principle that pervaded the whole being

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of Anna Gurney, and influenced her every thought and action, was her firm, steady and living Christian faith. She was naturally exceedingly reticent in religious expression, and had almost an excessive dread of speaking of her own feelings: but no one could be a day in her company without seeing that the inspired Word of God was her guide and rule of life, and faith in a living Saviour the moving spring of all her actions. And she was able in a higher degree even than many more demonstrative Christians, to lay hold of and to live in the anticipation of a warm, real, active life beyond the grave—a life where "His servants shall serve Him," and we shall "know even as we are known."

"This life is only a very small part of our real existence," she would say. "I do not doubt," she wrote to a friend, at the beginning of a new year, "that this year will be a useful and active life to you, wherever it is spent; but I hope, if it be God's will, it may be in *this* life." This realising faith was one of the most prominent features in her Christianity; another was her resolute courage. It was always strengthening to converse with her; her sympathy was genuine, but it was never of the enervating character too common with persons of lively feeling. "Endure hardness, as good soldiers of Christ," was one of her favourite verses.

Her reading of the Bible was always eminently suggestive and full of thought; she was clear and decided on the foundations of the faith, but at the same time singularly free from dogmatism and self-assertion. Her humility and readiness to defer to those likely to know better than herself, were as striking as the variety and depth of her knowledge.

Her activity and industry, great as they were, never equalled her aspirations. She was always complaining of doing so little. "I have so little power," she would often say. Most persons would have thought that such a complaint, even if true, would have been more than justified by her sufferings, for some affection of the injured limbs had set in, late in life, which rarely, if ever, left her free from pain, though borne so bravely and patiently that few were aware of it, and latterly this prostrated her more and more. But such was not her view; and every moment of comparative relief was utilised. And when, in the summer of 1857, her life was rather suddenly brought to a close by an attack of illness when on a visit at her brother's house, the feeling of all who knew her was not that usually experienced at the death of a suffering invalid, but rather that a life full of earnest activity and valuable to numbers was cut short; and even the sense of her unspeakable gain could not prevent the blank being deeply felt.

Her last hours are thus described by her faithful attendant and secretary "Lucy," who had been trained up in her service, in a letter written to a friend.

"For the week or two prior to her illness, our dear mistress had a cold, but it was not till Sunday, May 31st, that Mr. Dalrymple (the doctor) came. He said it was bronchitis; but it did not appear a very bad attack. On Wednesday, the day I arrived, inflammation of the lungs came on. . . . On Friday night all hope was gone. Lady Buxton undertook to break it to her. Our dearest mistress meekly said, 'It was unexpected, but we must receive it obediently.' . . . We soon saw the end was approaching. I repeated one or two texts.—'Though I walk though the valley,' etc.; 'You need not repeat it,' she said; 'I know it.' We heard her say, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Soon after, in great peace, after a night of much suffering, she gently fell asleep in Jesus.

"On the Tuesday before she had said to Rosse, her other confidential maid: 'When we get home you must go more among the poor, and I must work more for the glory of God, and do you keep me to it.'

"Another day she said to me, 'You know there is danger. Well, dear, we must take it quietly; but I think I shall get through.' On my repeating, when she was in much suffering, 'Underneath are the everlasting arms,' 'I know they are,' she said; 'and I am thankful to know it; and for great forgiveness too.' . . . Mr. S. Hoare preached at Cromer on Friday evening from the text, 'Work while it is day.' We could not attend; but I remembered, when I heard the text, what she often said when I used to tell her she was working too hard. In her bright, gentle way, she would reply, 'I must work while it is day, you know.' And how she did work to the end! On the Friday before she was taken ill, she had the school children brought up to her. It was a touching sight, when we reached her home, to see her own group of school children standing in black, their sobs not to be restrained, and the old fishermen walking on each side of the hearse down the hill."

The loss was one which all who knew her felt to be irreparable, and even now, after the lapse of so many years, her memory is honoured and loved by those who were privileged to know her.

Few, indeed, are the vigorous and healthful existences that have taken so important a place among those who labour for their fellow-creatures, and in their Master's service, as that crippled and suffering but truly "noble life."

E. JANE WHATELY.

AN INTERNATIONAL GARDEN-PARTY.

THERE were some two thousand five hundred of us, including French, Germans, Italians, Swiss, Americans, English, and a sprinkling of some other nations beside. The greater number of us had journeyed to the quaint old city of Basle, rich in the memories of the past, to find in the present a religious fervour, rising out of a simple faith, that surprised us. No doubt the occasion was special. It is not every day, nor every Sunday, that enthusiastic crowds assemble for Christian communion. But there must be a depth and breadth in the religious life of Basle to be able to concentrate and sustain such an amount of spiritual enthusiasm. The pilgrims took some of the fervour with them, and, as iron sharpeneth iron, so did the countenance of many a man his friend. Sometimes the enthusiasm rose to great fervour. Day by day there was "a holy convocation unto the Lord." A thousand Germans would meet together and hail every day's rising with prayer and sacred song. The English-speaking Christians met in smaller numbers for a similar purpose. After the "sitting" of the

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morning at this great International conference of Evangelical Christians, smaller sectional meetings, English and otherwise, came together. But as a break to this incessant strain on mind and nerve, in the middle of the week, came the monster garden-party.

It was at the invitation of a Christian citizen of Basle, M. Charles Sarasin, that we went in our companies, to visit him at his ancestral residence at Riehen, four miles from Basle. A special train was "chartered" to convey some sixteen hundred of us, free of charge, to the place. The rest came on by road, driving or on foot. On our arrival we found the village all astir to see the crowd of holiday makers. It was an old domain we visited; the house was old, the grounds, covering a few well-wooded and well-arranged acres, were old. Summer-houses, vineries, orchards, and out-houses abounded. It was something between a farm and a pleasure-ground, or rather it was something of both.

On arriving at what was indeed the hospitable mansion, we found ample entertainment in waiting for us. At once we were invited to take fruit, syruped waters, or wine; the Germans, it was observed, preferred beer to anything—the light, almost harmless beer of the country. At once we were all in full swing, quite at home, chatting with our own parties, or observing the doings of others. Presently tea was served to all comers, with the small bread of the country. We were bidden to ask for whatever we wished, and if the house afforded it, it was supplied.

It was, indeed, a wonderful garden-party, its freedom, no less than its vastness, surprised us, the *bonhomie* of the people, and the apparent mixture of the classes; for certainly our host had not forgotten to call together the poor with those of higher rank. We were astonished at the ease with which the people "took to it," till we were reminded it was no strange thing with the Germans—and we were in German Switzerland—for it was the land of garden-parties, and that of a mixed character too.

But we were to regale ourselves with other than "carnal meats," or delicious beverages. We were men, and we were Christians, and therefore men of a high style, or we ought to have been, for we were men of somewhat high profession. It would have been impossible for such a body of people to come together without showing themselves to be Christians, and Christians in earnest. After a general reception by the host, therefore, the companies sorted themselves somewhat after their nationality, and extemporized meetings for singing hymns and hearing addresses. Here you might listen to the strains of the German chorale, and at the same time there would come floating to you on the air the sounds of French singing, and presently the familiar "Moody and Sankey" tunes would make the English and Americans feel themselves again. Most delightful intercourse was held among friends, who sat together, or walked in company, beneath shaded groves, or on the broad plateau. Here a number, of various tongues, gather at a convenient spot to see the gorgeous sun setting, its "speech" being known to them all; there, friends meet and chat wonderingly of the scene with those of their own land and nation.

As the shadows of evening gathered around, the long avenues of trees were lighted with coloured paper lanterns; and supper-tables appeared, laden with viands of various kinds, sandwiches, pork-pies, salads, pasties, and what not. It was a picnic by night. How strange the scene! How we English looked, and wondered to find ourselves there! "Was it anything like old Vauxhall?" some of us asked. At any rate, it was a Christian Vauxhall, and we were not ashamed to be there.

About 8.30 the train was in readiness for us, and the crowd hastened to get places. So, full of wonder and delight at all we had seen and felt, and full of gratitude to our host, we were conveyed back to the city, to be met on our arrival by crowds of the Basle people, who came out to see us thronging the highways in quest of our respective hotels and other halting-places. Verily we gained that day another illustration of the passage, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"SING WHILE YOU DRAW WATER."



UNDER the burning sun of India, when "the heavens are as brass, and the earth as iron," when all nature seems panting for breath and thirsting for water, no sound is so characteristic of the scene as the wild monotonous chant of the man beside the well. It is his part to urge his little bullocks up and down the inclined plane beside the great water-wheel, which brings up from the deep well below at every turn a great gush of water. This water flows into a channel prepared to receive it, and from thence it rushes into a whole network of lesser channels or rills dug at short distances throughout the whole field. I have found it most refreshing to watch the process and see the bright stream gush along: the little birds flew down to bathe and to drink; the plants seemed to lift their drooping leaves; a cool air rushed out as the glittering wheel revolved, and the droning tuneless song of the drawer of water gained from its surroundings a beauty not its own, as he obeyed the old Mahratta proverb, "Sing while you draw water."

This proverb, or rather precept, had its origin in a very kindly idea. The Mahratta sage considered how precious water is in that land. He knew how often the traveller was reduced to the greatest straits from not being able to find the well, hidden perhaps in the depths of the jungle; and with a truly benevolent regard for the wants of others, he left it as a precept to be handed down through generations

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to the husbandmen at their work, "Sing while you draw water!" Sing not only to express your gladness and thankfulness for the valued gift of water; sing, not only to lighten your work, but sing, because you may save the life of some perishing man! Your voice may reach the ear of one whom you know not; it may guide him to the water springs; it may save him from death!

This custom reminds us of the well mentioned in Numbers xxi. 16 and 17, when the Israelites, as, under the guidance of Moses they dug to reach the water promised to them by God, sang the song, "Spring up, O well: sing ye unto it."

Perhaps a song of the same kind may be spoken of by Isaiah, where it is said, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation" (Isa. xii. 3).

There is living water for all, offered freely in the Word of God: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat!" And the voice of Jesus himself invites us all, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink" (John vii. 37). This is the song at the well which has been heard by all who have come to Jesus for the salvation of their souls, and to them belongs the duty of making known to others the blessing they have found. Therefore let us consider that if we have for ourselves tasted of these living waters, we should not be content to keep the knowledge to ourselves; we should make our lives a melody of praise; we should "sing while we draw water."

When Paul and Silas were in prison, with "their feet fast in the stocks, at midnight they prayed, and sang praises to God, and the prisoners heard them." Surely none of those who heard that song and felt the earthquake that opened the prison doors, could forget from whence that deliverance came, or doubt that Christ had helped his servants. Let us never forget that our song of praise also may be honoured to lead men to know the Lord whom we have found!

A remarkable instance of the effect of such a song in the night occurred during the war in the Crimea, at a time when the sufferings of the British troops were at the worst, during the bitter cold of the winter of 1854. A poor soldier who had been long enduring the severest hardships from cold, hunger and sickness, worn out in body and mind, had been actually so depressed as to meditate putting an end to himself, when, one night as he sat brooding over his misery amidst the thick, falling snow, he heard a clear voice singing out the words of a well known hymn,

"There is a land of pure delight!"

As he listened, his heart burned with a thousand recollections of happier days and brighter hopes, when the thought of that land of pure delight had been dear to him. He called to the singer, brought him to his tent, and found him to be just the friend he needed to cheer and comfort him. He found that it was Duncan Mathieson, the Scripture-reader, who had lost his way in the storm and the darkness, and who was cheering himself amidst the sad sights of misery he had been witnessing, by singing of the happy land above. He sang while he drew water, and his song was the saving of a soul from death.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE SOUL'S HIDING-PLACE.

"Thou art my hiding-place."—*Psa.* xxxii. 7.



A HIDING-PLACE implies the idea of danger, and of fear caused by that danger. Men do not flee from what they can face, nor hide from what is not an object of fear. We readily, therefore, understand the expression when used in regard to outward danger or to bodily safety. And in this application of the figure by the Psalmist, who often had to hide from his enemies, we are taught that as a hiding-place affords safety from troubles and evils that threaten or endanger the life, so God is to the soul its refuge and salvation. "Thou art my hiding-place."

The greater part of mankind have fear only about dangers which affect the body and the outward life. They walk by sight, and are moved only by things they see and hear, disregarding things which are the most regarded by those who walk by faith, which is the evidence of things not seen. The dangers to which the soul is exposed are among the things not seen; either because they are spiritual, or because yet future.

It is of these unseen dangers that the word of God and the ministers of God chiefly warn men. The evils that affect the body and the life may be often left to the prudence and reason of man, and his instincts of self-preservation. But there are other and greater evils which no wisdom of man can meet, and no strength of man can resist. The soul is beset by enemies and surrounded by dangers. Besides the great enemy, with his legions of evil spirits seeking man's destruction, there are foes within the heart in the bad thoughts and evil passions which vex the soul; and there are tormentors and destroyers all around, bad society and bad companions, making life unsafe if not miserable.

There are in fact dangers to the soul through life, dangers at death, and dangers after death, against which a hiding-place is needed. Men may not see or feel this need, but the word of God, and the merciful Saviour Himself, has given warning of what are the greatest evils to be dreaded. "Fear not," He says, "fear not them that can kill the body, and after that, have nothing that they can do; fear rather Him that can cast both body and soul into hell fire."

What an idea is given of the need of a hiding-place, when men are said to cry to the rocks and mountains to hide them, seeking annihilation, if that were possible, to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, the once rejected and despised Saviour, before whom all have to stand in the judgment.

There are few who never have anxiety about the soul, nor fear as to its safety. At some times most

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men have their eyes so far open as to see they are exposed to danger, and to feel the need of a hiding-place. Where the word of God is known, and its great truths published, there are few without some uneasiness of conscience and foreboding of danger. Under this feeling men have recourse to various refuges. Some hide themselves in false ideas of the character of God, thinking He is too merciful to carry out his threatenings against the guilty. They forget that the Holy One is faithful and just as well as merciful and gracious; true to his threatenings as well as to his promises.

Some seek the help and intercession of saints and angels, or the Virgin, or trust to priests and sacraments for safety. Others make religious duties and observances, moral life and almsgiving, with fastings and prayers and good works, their ground of hope.

These and other hiding-places the soul is apt to get into, but they are insufficient to meet the requirements of the perfect holiness of God's law. "Behold," saith the Lord (Isaiah xxviii. 17), "judgment I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuges of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place." God only is the sure and safe and sufficient hiding-place; He is the refuge in every trouble and every calamity. "The Lord is good, and a strong hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." (Nahum i. 7.)

In the book of Isaiah (xxxii. 2), where a description is given of the blessings of Christ's kingdom, and the privileges of the Church in Gospel times, this remarkable expression occurs: "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." This sets forth the human nature of Christ joined to his divinity, as being the appointed hiding-place to our souls. God's holiness, his power, his justice, would all be sources of terror to the guilty, and are so, until by faith He is beheld in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses. In Christ he is a just God, and yet a Saviour. In Christ there is safety from the threatenings of justice; safety from the curse of the broken law; safety from the wrath to come. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." "It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." "But he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." From that wrath who can escape, who can hide? Of the workers of iniquity, it is said that there is no darkness nor shadow of death where they can hide themselves, nor escape the justice and the punishment of the Almighty. Happy is the man who out of a sense of danger is brought to seek salvation where alone it can be found. This fear is wrought of God, whose Spirit convinces of sin, and reveals Christ as the Saviour. Whereas mere natural fear drives the soul from God, trying to hide from Him and to avoid His presence, when the love of the Father is seen in the person and work, the sacrifice and the grace of the Redeemer, the anxious soul comes to Him for safety, and the weary soul in Him finds rest.

In conclusion, let us note the word, "Thou *art* my hiding-place." Jesus is not only the Saviour from the wrath to come, but He is the Saviour now from sin. Not only when first the conscience is awakened and the burden of guilt falls off at faith's sight of the cross, but all through the pilgrimage of this life the believer hears the words, "Come unto me." In sorrow, in adversity, in danger, in temptation, in life, in death, for time and for eternity, let the soul reply, "Thou art my hiding-place." "Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

Sabbath Thoughts.

"LYING VANITIES."

"I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord."—*Psa.* xxxi. 6.

"They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy."—*Jonah* ii. 8.

BY words like these we see how deep a meaning was attached to that which we are apt to regard as a very light sin, the love of vanity. "Vanities" are in the word of God "lying vanities." They engross the soul and deceive it with lies. They profess to satisfy when they only mislead and ruin those who follow after them. Therefore the Psalmist in no measured terms says that he *hates* those who place their confidence in such refuges of lies; they deceive themselves and they deceive others; he has no sympathy for them, but regards them rather with antipathy; while he glories in the Lord as the only sure ground of his hope and confidence. And observe this strong expression of his feeling is uttered in the solemn view of that which he could look upon as his trust in the hour of death: "Into Thine hand I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth;" words which the Saviour himself made use of when upon the Cross He gave up that life by which our lives were redeemed! It is with such a view of life and of death, of redemption and of the God of truth, that the Psalmist goes on to say how he hates those that regard lying vanities.

In a like spirit the prophet Jonah, from the utter depths of his humiliation, raises his testimony against the danger of false confidences, of "lying vanities." Those who regard these things, "forsake their own mercy;" they turn away from the mercy freely offered to them by a forgiving God, and having chosen lies as their portion are left to their own devices.

There are various kinds of vanities, more or less attractive, more or less dangerous, but all sufficiently deceitful to deserve the name of lying vanities. In the mind of the Psalmist idolatry was probably the special lie which he hated; perhaps idols of another kind are as dangerous to us now. Idols of money, of fame, of comfort, of pleasure, even idols of *taste* and fashion, of selfishness and ease, may present themselves and claim our homage. Be it ours to hate lying vanities, and trust in the Lord!

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Pages for the Young

MOTHERLESS BAIRNS.

CHAPTER I.—"I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN."

"Fathers may hate us or forsake,
God's foundlings then are we;
Mother on child no pity take;
But we shall still have Thee."



IT was a sharp, frosty night late in December, the wind driving the snow in unfriendly gusts into the faces of the passers-by, and compelling all who were not actually obliged to encounter its violence, to seek as speedily as possible the shelter of their own homes.

At the corner of a street leading out of one of the many crowded thoroughfares in the heart of the city, stood an old-fashioned crockery-shop, from the inner parlour of which the cheerful glow of a coke fire reflected on the window panes, made the darkness without only seem more dreary and desolate. Unmindful of wind and snow, two little faces might have been seen closely pressed against the window, eagerly gazing on a sight which greeted their eyes through the glass door separating the shop from the room behind. The muslin blind, which usually hung before it to screen those within from the gaze of the outer world, had accidentally dropped, and left to view a cheerful group, consisting of father, mother, and several children, seated at their evening meal.

The kettle singing on the fire, the cat comfortably lying on the snug hearth, the clean white cloth, with the neat cups and saucers, the home-made cake, and bread-and-butter, above all the happy faces of the children, did not escape the eager notice of the poor little wanderers, whose own sad experience of life might have been summed up in the few short but expressive words—hungry and cold, motherless and homeless. It was the old story, alas, only too common, of sin, suffering and sorrow; the drunkard husband going away, and leaving the poor, worn-out, sorrow and care-stricken wife to die in a miserable garret, and the friendless little ones turned out alone on the world which seemed to them so large and dreary. Sleeping now on a door-step, now under one of the numerous railway arches, too often the only refuge of the homeless and destitute, in the day-time begging a few halfpence, or some scant crusts, growing every day more dirty and more forlorn, no wonder that the sight of a home-which seemed to them (unaccustomed to aught but want and woe), rich in all that could be desired, should arrest their eyes and make them gaze on wistfully, forgetful of wind and cold. No such home had ever been for them; their earliest remembrances were of a dark, damp cellar, a cruel father, and a sorrowful and ailing mother; their latest, of an old tumble-down garret, where that mother lay dying, without proper nourishment or kind, loving care—no voice to whisper to her of a Saviour's love, or to bear to her heart the glad tidings which could have shed a light over the dark valley. Mingled with these came the remembrances of the coarse tones of the rough woman, who, as soon as their mother was buried, had pushed them into the street, telling them to "begone, and never to darken her doorway again, the good-for-nothing brats."

After gazing intently for some time at the happy scene before them, the elder of the two children, by a sudden, irresistible impulse, at length darted up the steps, and softly turning the handle of the door, crept inside the shop, the younger one clinging to her sister's arm. Crouching down in a corner where they hoped to escape observation, but with eyes and ears both on the alert, they bent forward to catch the sound of what was passing in the inner room. For a moment all seemed to be quiet, and then the father's voice was heard reading aloud. They saw the children seated round the table, the elder ones reading in turn, while the younger sat by, quietly listening. They could even distinguish some of the words, but, alas, they were no familiar tones which fell on the ears of the little beggar children; they heard something about a Father pitying His children, and, as the words were read, instinctively the younger child whispered, "That's not *our* father. Whose father can that be?" "Hush," softly said the elder one, "or they will hear us, and then we shall be turned out."

At that moment the outer door opened, and a strange customer coming in, Mr. Morley, the owner of the shop, stepped out from behind the glass door. It was only a message respecting some order which had been given earlier in the day, and no light being required, the trembling children remained in security in their hiding-place. At length, overcome by fatigue, cold, and hunger, they fell asleep in one another's arms, the younger child whispering as she kissed her sister, "I wish, Polly, we might stay here every night, instead of sleeping out in the cold."

Poor little ones! Uncared for on earth and deserted by the father who should have watched over them with tender care and love, but not uncared for up in Heaven, where even the little birds do not escape notice! All unseen by them, there was bending down over those sleeping children an Eye which never slumbers nor sleeps; and even now when they thought themselves friendless in the wide world, their Father in Heaven did not forget them, but was guiding their feet into the way of peace, and disposing the hearts of his servants to receive in his name and for his sake these forlorn and needy outcasts, the little ones for whom Jesus died, and whom He is ever ready to "receive favourably and to embrace with the arms of His mercy."

As Mr. Morley was putting up his shutters that night, and seeing that all was safe in the shop, he caught his foot, and stumbled over some plates which had been piled on the floor, and on bringing a candle to discover what mischief had been caused, he caught sight of what seemed to him, a bundle of rags heaped together under a shelf. Great was the good man's astonishment on a closer inspection, to discover beneath the rags, the forms of the sleeping children. Hastily calling his wife, and carefully shading the light with his hand, he stooped down and examined their faces. Traces of tears could easily be seen on the cheeks of the elder, who appeared to be about eleven years of age, and the most hasty glance at either could not have failed to discover many unmistakable signs of want, hunger, and poverty.

Touched with tender pity for the forlorn little ones, Mr. and Mrs. Morley consulted together as to what they should do for them. "Surely the Lord Himself has brought them within the shelter of our roof; and it's a mercy to think they reached it in safety, for with the wind and snow driving as they are, there's

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no telling whether the poor little creatures would have lived to see the light of another day." Then, hurrying upstairs, the kind-hearted woman speedily returned with a warm blanket from her own bed, and wrapped it carefully round the little sleepers, discoursing to herself the while.

"Certainly they might have slept in the attic, up at the top, but then there's the fear lest they might have felt frightened like at finding themselves in a strange bed, or at being woke of a sudden—no, John's right; John always knows best. Well, thank the Lord for keeping the poor babes from perishing on a night like this; and thank Him too for giving us, just now, when our hearts are sorely yearning after our own little one in the Heavenly fold, something to do for His lambs still in a world of sin and sorrow."

A tear stood in the good woman's eye as she spoke. Only a few months back, she had known what it was to part with the little child that had twined itself round her mother's heart in no ordinary way, loving little Lilly; so sweet and gentle, with such endearing ways, and taken after an illness of only a few days, leaving a sore blank behind. The tender mother's heart seemed to open at once to the little friendless ones whom God had led to her door, and she lay awake long that night, planning how to do the best for them, should it prove, as she felt in her own mind persuaded, that they were homeless and destitute.

Surely that night, over the homely dwelling, a heavenly smile was resting, even the blessing of Him who has said in his own holy Book: "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

CHAPTER II.—"IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN, THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH."

"O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do."

With her mind full of concern and kind thoughts for the poor little strangers, Mrs. Morley rose early the next morning, and hastily dressing, went down before rousing her own children, to see whether they were still sleeping. To her great astonishment on opening the door of the shop, and unfastening the shutters they were nowhere to be found. In the corner lay the blanket she had so carefully wrapped round them the night before, but no trace of the children could be seen. On examining the bolt of the front door she saw that it had been slipped back, and that they must evidently have gone out before it was light, probably fearing to encounter the cross words, or even blows, which had hitherto repulsed them from door after door where they had sought shelter. Good Mrs. Morley blamed herself greatly for not having carried them upstairs to the attic, and both she and her husband were sorely grieved to think of the poor children wandering perhaps without food, shelter or friend. "We'll leave the door unlatched again to-night, and maybe they'll come back to the place where they once found shelter and warmth. Poor things! it's a wonder they didn't take the blanket, with only those few thin rags, scarcely covering them. I had been looking out some of our Lilly's things for them: it cost me something to go to that drawer this morning, and take them out one by one, but a verse came into my mind, which helped me to give them up: 'Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing,' and then it seemed quite easy to take my darling's things and give them to Him, who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' And so now, whether these little ones come again to us or not, my mind is made up, and Lilly's things shall be given to some of the needy ones whom the Good Shepherd is going out to seek in the wilderness, and bring back to his heavenly fold."

When breakfast was over, Mr. Morley called his children, and after reading a chapter with them as usual, and asking for a heavenly blessing on each, before they set off for school or work, he told them of the little wanderers, who had found a shelter under their roof the night before, and asked them to pray each night and morning that God their Father would fetch home these poor children to his blessed fold on earth, and give them a place in his Heavenly Kingdom. The children all listened with much interest to their father's account. Susie, the eldest girl, was a pupil-teacher in the school where her younger sister and brother went, and on Sunday afternoons took a class in a ragged-school not far distant, and she had learned to feel a tender love for the poor little ones for whom Jesus died, but who until they came to the school had often heard nothing of a Saviour's love.

Elsie, the second girl, had left school and helped her mother at home and in the shop; Alice and Johnny went every day to school under Susie's care, and Daisy, the third girl, was an invalid. Crippled by a fall when quite young, in body, but not in mind, nor heart, nor understanding, Daisy, whose weak and feeble frame had long since ceased to grow, grew in grace and heavenly wisdom year by year. In her quiet corner by the fireside, or oftener lying on the little couch to which she was sometimes kept for weeks together, her sweet and peaceful face was a constant lesson to the busy ones around her, and all who knew her, old and young, would tell how the heavenly-minded child had often helped and cheered them on their way. Daisy would knit socks and comforters for Susie's ragged children, and though she could not go out to teach them as her sister did of the loving Saviour, she could speak to Him for them, and many a silent prayer went up for them from Daisy's heart into the ears of Him who so tenderly listens to the voices of little children:

"For He loves his little children,
And He pleadeth for them there,
Asking the great God of Heaven,
That their sins may be forgiven;
And He hears their prayer."

When Susan came home from her class on Sunday afternoons Daisy was always full of eager questions about the children, and would lie with her large eyes fixed on her sister, as she told of the poor little ones whom she was trying to teach about Jesus.

Susie had gentle ways, and loved her little sister dearly, and devoted much of her spare time to her, while Daisy in return unconsciously taught her elder sister many a lesson of patient submission and quiet trust. For never can the life of anyone, however young, feeble, and apparently helpless, that is really united to Jesus Christ by living faith, be spent in vain. "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life," and whether that fruit be manifested in active service or in patient suffering, it shall not be in vain in the Lord. After all, it is not so much our work as our will that God asks and desires of us—the offering up of ourselves as a reasonable, holy and lively sacrifice; and the little child that day by day looks up to Heaven and tries from love to Jesus to be gentle, loving, and obedient, or to bear with quiet patience the weary pain which keeps it still and lonely when other children are at their merry pastimes, does not live in vain, but is bringing forth the fruit of righteousness to the praise and glory of God.

Weeks and months went by, but no more was seen or heard of the little strangers, though night after night the Morleys' door was left unlatched, in the hope of their return, and every day when the children gathered round the hearth the father ended his petitions with an earnest prayer that the little lost ones might one day be found, either on earth or in Heaven. Daisy's confidence that God would hear, and that some day they would be brought back, was unshaken, though day after

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day passed by without bringing anything further to light about them. "Our prayer-children" she would call them, and perhaps few little beggar children ever had so many loving thoughts bestowed on them, so many sweet prayers breathed upwards into the ears of the Lord of heaven and earth, prayers that were not spoken in vain, but which were even now preparing a harvest of blessing.

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. II.

From the twelve following subjects frame
An ancient city's awful name:
The numbered letters form the same.

1. Find in one, ten, eleven, two, nine,
A gift and attribute divine,
Which makes earth's mighty monarchs shine.

2. Hence two, eleven, and nine, four, ten,
Describe the rank of mortals, when
They rule as sovereigns over men.

3. Three, six, four, ten—in Israel's land,
A mount, where half the tribes should stand,
And curse themselves at God's command.

4. There Joshua built, in Israel's view,
With stones, God's covenant to renew
In writing—four, ten, five, seven, two.

5. Five, nine, two, three—a city fair,
Famed for its various kinds of ware,
From many a nation bartered there.

6. Six, four, seven, ten—an idol rude,
In beast's or man's similitude,
Beguiling Israel's multitude.

7. Manoah's wife saw seven, twelve, one,
Three, ten, ere she had borne a son,
By whom great feats of strength were done.

8. Good Daniel once a beast did view,
In vision, named eight, three, four, two,
To show what Persia's kings should do.

9. God's promise to believers given,
By his Beloved Son from heaven,
Stands well confirmed in nine, three, seven.

10. By ten, seven, eight, four, twelve, is shown,
A Syrian shepherd little known,
Whom Israel's sons their grandsire own.

11. The eighth of Peleg's nephews, when
The earth was newly shared by men,
Appears eleven, six, seven, and ten.

12. On twelve, three, six, eleven, they stand,
Where Israel's dying leader scanned—
But never trod—the Promised Land.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.

1. My *first*, though great and wide,
A rod did once divide;
'Tis where God hath his way;
And where, in Moses' day,
All Israel were baptized,
While Pharaoh stood surprised;
And things of curious kind,
Who search therein may find.

2. My *next*, since time began,
Is just—a little man,
By many a father claimed,
By many a mother named;
Diverse and infinite—
Who can its names recite?
Yet still, wherever known,
'Tis clearly one alone.

3. My whole—a point sublime,
Is man's appointed time;
The time when all events,
All works, and all intents—
Whatever man can do,
Transpire in order due;
'Twas when, in days of old,
Of Herod's crimes they told,
Who did their altars stain
With blood of offerers slain;
And when the prisoner Paul
Came at proud Felix' call.

While my young friends are fain
My riddle to explain,
Let me devoutly pray
That their "convenience" may
Agree with God's "to-day!"

W. L.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. I.—p. 16.—DEMETRIUS.—Acts xix. 24, to the end.

1. E-*de*-n	. . . . .	Gen. ii. 8, 9; iii. 22-24.
2. A-*me*-n	. . . . .	Psa. lxii. 19; Rev. v. 14.
3. S-*tri*-p	. . . . .	Numb. xx. 26; 1 Sam. xxxi. 8.
4. D-*us*-t	. . . . .	Gen. ii. 7; Eccl. xii. 7.

NO. II.—p. 32.—MILLSTONE.

1. MILL: Exod. xi. 5; Matt. xxiv. 41.
2. STONE: Jacob at Bethel, Gen. xxviii. 18; Goliath, 1 Sam. xvii. 49; Ebenezer, 1 Sam. vii. 12; Cephas, John i. 42; 1 Pet. ii. 4, etc.
3. MILLSTONE: Job xli. 24; Deut. xxiv. 6; Rev. xviii. 21.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. I.—p. 48.—NEW JERUSALEM.—Heb. xi. 8, 10, 16; Rev. xxi. 2.

1. N-urse	. . . . .	Ruth iv. 16; 2 Sam. iv. 4.
2. E-sau	. . . . .	Gen. xxv. 29-34.
3. W-ares	. . . . .	Ezek. xxvii. 16, 18.
4. J-ael	. . . . .	Judg. iv. 17-21.
5. E-lam	. . . . .	Gen. x. 22; xiv. 1.
6. R-elease	. . . . .	Deut. xv. 1, 2.
7. U-lam	. . . . .	1 Chron. viii. 40.
8. S-aul	. . . . .	1 Sam. xv. 9.
9. A-men	. . . . .	2 Cor. i. 20.
10. L-aw	. . . . .	John i. 17.
11. E-ar	. . . . .	Isa. lv. 3.
12. M-eal	. . . . .	1 Kings xvii. 14-16.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE CONFIDENTIAL AIDE-DE-CAMP.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER II.

FOR some days after, Marian's walks in that direction extended no further than the orchard, which was divided from the grove by a strong fence and a gate securely barred. The fence had been erected before she was born; it was now overgrown on both sides by climbing plants, and at one corner hidden by a great apple tree, whose bowing trunk and bending branches formed a natural and deeply-shaded arbour. They called it the Governor's Tree; it had been brought as a sapling from Old England by the first of the Mayhews, and was regarded as an heirloom by his successors. Though more than a hundred years old, it was still crowned with abundant foliage, and fruit that ripened the earliest in the orchard, and Marian was accustomed to visit it almost every day at that season, to see if the

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apples were taking the rosy tinge. She was making her way through the laden trees for that purpose, in a sultry, breezeless forenoon, when, on approaching the Governor's Tree, she seemed to hear a rustling sound coming over the fence beyond it, and out of its umbrageous shadow stepped the dark fisherman.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, with a low and respectful bow, "for thus intruding upon you, but I have not seen you at the bay, and could neither fish nor rest, without asking how I had offended you, that you left me so abruptly on Wednesday last."

"You did not offend me, sir," said Marian, as soon as surprise and confusion would allow her to speak, "but—but—I was in a hurry to get home."

"I thought so, and would not have detained you for the world," said the fisherman. "Ah, madam, you do not imagine what vexation the idea of your displeasure brings to me," and he drew a deep sigh. Unaccustomed to the language of compliment or gallantry, Marian answered in all simplicity, "I am sorry, sir, that you should have had any vexation on my account; it was an uncivil act to go so abruptly, but it was thoughtlessly done, and I hope you will excuse me."

"Your action needs no excuse, madam;" and he moved a few steps nearer. "You could do nothing wrong in my eyes. My heart is at your feet; do not disdain it because you see me in this poor disguise, assumed from a temporary necessity. My birth is noble, and my fortune liberal, as a proof of which, and a token of my sincere homage, permit me to present you with this pretty trifle;" and he tried to cast round her neck a magnificent pearl necklace.

The size and lustre of the pearls, linked together as they were with chain-work of gold, would have been too much for a more vulgar-minded woman; but the colonel's daughter had too fine a sense of honour and propriety to accept such a present from a man for whom she had no partiality; and, stepping quickly back as he made the attempt, she said, with native dignity, "Many thanks, sir, but I am not accustomed to wear such costly ornaments. I cannot and will not accept it."

Though feeling herself in the right, and still determined on refusal, the disappointed and mortified look of the fisherman smote her to the heart; but in a moment it gave place to a nonchalant air, and, returning the necklace to his pocket, he said, "Well, madam, I am sorry my humble offering is not to your taste; perhaps it may suit some less fastidious lady whom I may meet on this fishing expedition of mine." Marian was about to bid him good-bye and turn homewards, but with an expression of sudden fear in his face, he darted back into the shade, and she heard him scale the overgrown fence just as Watch, the house-dog, a noble creature from Newfoundland, came bounding to her side.

The dog was followed by Zacharias, commonly called Zac, the trusty man who minded the colonel's outdoor affairs, and now appeared carrying some props for a young tree that threatened to break down with its load of apples. His distant approach, which the fisherman could see without being seen, had evidently frightened the latter away. Strange fear in a man who looked so bold and daring; but it was opportune for Marian, to whom it now seemed more advisable than ever to keep silence regarding her new acquaintance.

It was not in the nature of woman that she should be insensible to his ardent declarations and flattering homage, but what would her strict old parents say to such an interview. He had told her his birth was noble and his fortune liberal. Marian was inclined to believe the statement; but there was something inexplicable, and therefore unsafe, about the man and his proceedings, and after satisfying herself by a friendly chat with Zac that he had perceived nothing, she turned houseward, fully determined to visit the Governor's Tree no more alone.

As Marian passed from the orchard, to the meadow in front of the house, a horseman rode up to the outer gate, then stopped and looked around him, as if uncertain of his way. He had not exactly a foreign look, but there was that in his general appearance from which the least skilful observer would have guessed that his birth-place had not been in the New England provinces, but the old home of the Mayhews. Dressed in full uniform as an English cavalry officer, with gold-laced hat and plumes in the fashion of the time, he looked every whit the dashing young soldier, without any alloy of the military fop. It would not have been consistent with his robust, muscular frame, his face of the Norman type still to be found in the upper ranks of English society, his features good, but not delicately moulded, and the expression of high spirit, manly sense, and moral honesty, nature's own testimonial to the man within, that gave an unfailing charm to the whole. In the hot days of youth, that man might be imprudent, might be over-trusting, might be thoughtless at times, but he would never be found wanting in courage, faith, or honour.

That young officer had been accustomed to find men of office inhabiting halls and mansions in the old country, and their daughters destroying the peace of mankind in brocade and hoops. He glanced doubtfully from the rustic homestead before him to an address card in his hand, and as Marian passed, rather slowly it must be admitted, in her gown of printed linen, lawn handkerchief neatly folded across the bust, and snow-white cap of the form which our milliners yet call Pamela, in honour of Richardson's heroine, the trim of respectable farm-house girls in England, he accosted her in all sincerity with, "My pretty maid, will you be good enough to tell me the way to Colonel Mayhew's house? It must be somewhere in this neighbourhood, but I cannot find it."

"This is Colonel Mayhew's house, sir," said Marian, "and here is my father the colonel," she added, mischievously, enjoying the confusion which reddened the young man to the brow, and dropping him a dignified curtsey, as ladies did then, retired from the scene just as Colonel Mayhew stepped out of his own porch, and proceeded to greet the stranger at his gate.

Clarence FitzOrmond, the young officer who had drawn bridle there, held a captain's commission in a dragoon regiment, which formed part of the troops under the command of General Braddock, sent from England to defend her American colonies. It was a perilous time for them. The last great struggle between France and England for the dominion of the North American continent had begun, and

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fortune at first seemed to declare for the fleur-de-lis. From the Falls of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Florida, the English-speaking towns and provinces were arming their citizens, calling out their militia, and putting their strong places in a state of defence. The British crown had not more loyal subjects in those days than the dwellers beyond the Atlantic; an ill-advised government had not yet driven the American provinces into that rebellion which ultimately gave them a name and place among the nations of the earth; but the time was not distant. Most of the men who stood so loyally for England's honour and England's interest then, lived to become leaders in the War of Independence, which nobody dreamt of when Braddock came to his luckless defence of the western colonies.

Though a stiff-necked old soldier, the general had his partialities, and one of them was for Clarence FitzOrmond.

The high spirit, sound sense, and open-hearted frankness of the young captain gained his favour and confidence; he made him his chief aide-de-camp, and always employed him in military business or missions of special trust or importance. Strong in the Old-world prejudices, which at length led to the ruin of his army, and his own untimely fate, it was Braddock's fixed opinion that all provincials required looking after in military matters; and thinking Martha's Vineyard and the adjoining islands might be in serious danger on that account, he sent his confidential aide-de-camp with instructive despatches to Colonel Mayhew, the only governor they had at the time, and general orders to make himself acquainted with their means of defence, number of defenders, and other particulars equally interesting to a veteran commander.

The colonel received Captain FitzOrmond with the stately courtesy of his age, which the Puritan gentleman knew how to practise as well as the most accomplished citizen of the world.

He expressed his happiness in making the acquaintance of an officer so distinguished as General Braddock's aide-de-camp, and hoped the captain would do him the honour to consider his house as his own quarters while he remained in the Vineyard, a needful exercise of hospitality, for the island which now contains some of the most splendid hotels in New England, had few places of accommodation for travellers then, the best of them being a timber house in Edgar Town with the sign of Adam and Eve, which was said to be as scanty of comforts or conveniences, and as primitive in its fashion as the sign of the hostelry might suggest. The invitation was gratefully accepted, the captain was marshalled to the interior, duly welcomed by the lady of the mansion, and regularly introduced to the entire family. Mrs. Mayhew had a weighty concern on her mind that day and for many days after, that the early dinner might be got up in a style fit to set before a "king's officer," and the honour of her cuisine thereby maintained.

Her two maids found themselves sharers in the importance of the occasion; and the matron afterwards remarked, that her daughter's assistance in household business was not only active, but devoted. Through all the years in which he had presided over the isles of Duke's County and their militia, the colonel had never dreamt of so much duty to be done, as he found set forth in General Braddock's despatches. Out of zeal for the service, and consideration for a man who might have been his grandfather, Captain FitzOrmond would have willingly taken the whole upon himself, but the sturdy New Englander would not hear of his responsibility being compromised in that manner. Though he served in the king's army, and came from the old country, the young aide-de-camp had been sent merely to accompany him on a military survey of the islands, and make his report to the general in command; it was as much as could be properly entrusted to his youth and inexperience, and nothing more would Colonel Mayhew permit him to do.

They went together, now in a fishing-boat, then in an Indian canoe, from island to island, throughout that county of the sea, inspecting the defences, which in one instance consisted of a crazy watch-house, in another of an old sentry-box perched on a promontory, from which a good look-out might be kept, and in most cases of nothing at all but the deep surrounding waters. They also reviewed the county militia; every island had its company, many of the companies were but six or seven strong, few of them were more numerous than ten, and all their arms were considerably out of repair. An enemy had not been seen on these coasts since they were colonised in the first half of the preceding century. Modern men would have agreed with Captain FitzOrmond, that no enemy would think it worth his while to invade them. At the time of our story, fishing villages stood where fashionable watering-places are now to be seen, and rough farms occupied the sites of splendid mansions with tastefully laid out grounds.

However, Duke's County was part of George the Second's American dominions, and General Braddock required an accurate report of its military strength. The colonel was not less punctilious in making the survey, and between his methodical mode of procedure, the miles of salt water to be got over, and the occasional opposition of wind and tide, three weeks elapsed before it was fairly finished. Meantime, Captain FitzOrmond was hospitably entertained by the Mayhews; from every inspecting expedition he returned home with the colonel a welcome guest to the whole family. His visit was a break in the routine of their well-regulated household life; the charm of novelty was in it, and the captain was good company in himself.

Unassuming, courteous, and good-natured, he was the man to be popular in any circle, large or small. The colonel admired his military knowledge, and respectful deference to the opinions of his seniors; Mrs. Mayhew liked him because he could tell of scenes and places in the old country which her grandmother used to talk about when she was a child; for the young officer had been born in the ancestral Hampshire. Even the serious-minded and devoted Mark partially laid aside his studies for the captain's company, talked with him of the great meetings he had seen at Wesley's sermons in Moorfields, and tried to engage him in his own schemes for converting the Indians. To Marian above all the rest, FitzOrmond's converse was most interesting.

Belonging to a world outside the Puritan pale, he had much to tell of things that fascinated her youthful fancy, though forbidden among her people; describing many of the scenes and customs of town life, such as the Court promenades in Kensington

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Gardens, the brilliant assemblies and routs that himself had shared in. These subjects were generally discussed when the pair happened, as they sometimes did, to be left together, and the rest of the family were other ways engaged; Marian would sit at her embroidery for cambric aprons and handkerchiefs, the most dressy wear allowed by the sober fashions of Edgar Town—she was apt to be impatient of the work, but had grown remarkably industrious of late—and the captain at a writing-table close by, arranging his report for General Braddock.

It was surprising how many hours the two could spend, and what interest they seemed to take, in these slow and sober employments, but their real interest was in each other.

To both had come the time when the heart makes its first and truest choice of a companion for life's journey; a beautiful time of warm affections, fond hopes, and fairy dreams rarely realised on earth. The choice may be ill directed, for then the imagination reigns over the judgment, and if so, few greater evils darken the lot of man. Time and distance may divide the luckless pair, fortune may open gulfs, or build up barriers between them, but that mutual election is never wholly cancelled; it was free by its nature, and did not depend on external influence or association, so that they who have met as strangers from opposite ends of the earth are thereby made kin for ever.

The two that sat in Colonel Mayhew's plainly-furnished parlour were not yet a month acquainted; their birth-places were in different hemispheres; their early training and surroundings had been still more different, but their hearts were linked by a band not to be broken, though neither profession nor promise had yet passed between them.

The survey was finished, the report duly drawn out, and Captain FitzOrmond was to take his departure by the mail-packet advertised to sail for Boston in the evening, when it was supposed wind and tide would be favourable. Marian and he were alone in the parlour once more, father and mother were engaged with letters which the said packet had brought. A mail reached the Vineyard once a week, and a trusty old postman spent three days in distributing throughout the island its correspondence with the mainland, leaving the good people another week to get up their replies, while the packet generally sailed homeward the same evening; and the captain was bound to go with it.

He was talking against time, like a man that had to bring on some subject important to himself; his theme was the pageants and festivities with which London had celebrated the recent wedding of the Prince of Wales, known in after years as George III., "the tyrant of America," and the young Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg.

"His royal highness has some odd ways," said FitzOrmond, prefacing an *on dit* of the day. "At the first sight of his bride elect, he took her for a waiting-maid belonging to Lady Sarah Lennox, the beauty who refused him, and was about to inquire for her mistress, but some considerate courtier stopped him in time. An awkward mistake, was it not?—worse than mine when I had the pleasure of first seeing you, Miss Mayhew; none but a half-witted fellow could have made the like. What an impertinent puppy you must have thought me!"

"Indeed I did not," said Marian, "because I guessed you were from the old country, where customs are different, and the ladies dress better than we do."

"I am ashamed of myself," said the captain. "I have been looking for a proper apology every day since, and could find neither courage nor words; but now that I am going away, never to see you more may be, Miss Mayhew, will you forgive me for being such a fool, and think of me sometimes, kindly if you can, as a poor soldier who will be proud to die for his country and yours, and whose last thought shall be of you?"

Her head was bowed over the embroidery, but he saw the crimson flush that mantled her fair face, and he took greater courage to declare his feelings, adding, "My family are of the best blood in Hampshire, but not of the best estate; and I am a younger son with nothing to offer you but a stainless name and an honest heart."

"There is no earthly honour equal to that;" and the Puritan girl looked up with arch coquetry. "But has not Captain FitzOrmond made the same offer to some high-born lady in England before he crossed the Atlantic?"

"No, madam; I declare upon my honour and conscience you are the only woman I have ever loved, or ever shall love;" and the impassioned young man threw himself on his knees before her.

The action was not so strange in that generation as it would seem in ours, but a thing expected from fervent wooers. Many such remnants of the extravagant and absurd homage paid to ladies in the chivalric ages yet lingered among the upper ranks of society, but according to the lessons of Marian's youth, it was an act of downright idolatry, which merited sharp rebuke from every Christian.

"Clarence—captain," she said, "get up, for both our sakes. What would any of our people think if they saw you?" The expression of her face made FitzOrmond spring to his feet, but as he did so, Marian saw what he did not—a countenance blank with astonishment and indignation; for in the open doorway, all unseen till then, stood the yet upright and portly figure of Colonel Mayhew!

Peace.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace" (John xvi. 33).

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace" (Jer. xxix. 11).

"Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them" (Psa. cxix. 165).

"Be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you" (2 Cor. xiii. 11).

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety" (Psa. iv. 8).

"Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God" (Matt. v. 9).

"Let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds" (Philip. iv. 6, 7).

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STILLNESS IN STORM.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

"Neither be ye of doubtful mind."—*Luke* xii. 29.

I THINK that these words convey no very definite idea to most readers. The thing forbidden is not very sharply defined by the expression which our translators have employed, but the original term is very picturesque and precise.

The word originally means "to be elevated, to be raised as a meteor," and comes by degrees to mean to be raised in one special way—namely, as a boat is tossed by a rough sea. So there is a picture in this prohibition which the fishermen and folk dwelling by the Sea of Galilee with its sudden squalls would understand: "be not pitched about; now on the crest, now in the trough of the wave."

The meaning, then, is substantially identical with that of the previous words, "Take no thought for your life," with this difference, that the figures by which the thing prohibited is expressed are different, and that the latter saying is wider than the former.

The former prohibits "taking thought," by which our Lord of course means not reasonable foresight, but anxious foreboding. And the word which he uses, meaning at bottom as it does, "to be distracted or rent asunder," conveys a striking picture of the wretched state to which such anxiety brings a man. Nothing tears us to pieces like foreboding care. Then our text forbids the same anxiety, as well as other fluctuations of feeling that come from setting our hopes and hearts on aught which can change; and its figurative representation of the misery that follows on fastening ourselves to the perishable, is that of the poor little skiff, at one moment high on the crest of the billow, at the next down in the trough of the sea.

So both images point to the unrest of worldliness, and while the unrest of care is uppermost in the one, the other includes more than simply care, and warns us that all occupation with simply creatural things, all eager seeking after "what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink" or after more refined forms of earthly good, brings with it the penalty and misery of "for ever tossing on the tossing wave." Whosoever launches out on to that sea is sure to be buffeted about. Whoso sets his heart on the uncertainty of anything below the changeless God will without doubt be driven from hope to fear, from joy to sorrow, and his soul will be agitated as his idols change, and his heart will be desolate when his idols perish.

Our Lord, we say, forbids our being thus tossed about. He seems to believe that it is in our own power to settle whether we shall be or no. That sounds strange; one can fancy the answer: "What is the use of telling a man not to be buffeted about by storm? Why, he cannot help it. If the sea is running high the little boat cannot lie quiet as if in smooth water. Do not talk to me about not being moved, unless you can say to the tumbling sea of life, 'Peace be still!' and make it

> "'quite forget to rave,
> While birds of peace sit brooding on the charmèd wave.'"

The objection is sound after a fashion. Change there must be, and fluctuation of feeling. But there is such a thing as "peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." You may remember the attempt that was made a year or two ago to build a steamer in which the central saloon was to hang perfectly still while the outer hull of the ship pitched and rolled with the moving sea. It was a failure, but the theory was sound and looked practicable. At any rate, it is a parable of what may be in our lives. If I might venture, without seeming irreverence, to modernize and so to illustrate this command of our Lord's, I would say, that He here bids us do for our life's voyage across a stormy sea, exactly what the "Bessemer" ship was an attempt to do in its region—so to poise and control the oscillations of the central soul that however the outward life may be buffeted about, there may be moveless rest within. He knows full well that we must have rough weather, but He would have us counteract the motion of the sea, and keep our hearts in stillness. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but in Him ye may have peace.

He does not wish us to be blind to the facts of life, but to take *all* the facts into our vision. A partial view of the so-called facts certainly will lead to tumultuous alternations of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow. But if you will take them all into account, you can be quiet and at rest. For here is a fact as real as the troubles and changes of life: "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Ah! the recognition of that will keep our inmost hearts full of sweet peace, whatever may befall the outward life. Only take all the facts of your condition, and accept Christ's word for that greatest and surest of all—the loving Father's knowledge of your needs, and it will not be hard to obey Christ's command, and keep yourself still, because fixed on Him.

But now consider the teachings here as to the true *source* of the agitation which our Lord forbids. The precept itself affords no light on that subject, but the context shows us the true origin of the evil.

The first point to observe is how remarkably our Lord identifies this anxiety and restlessness which

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He forbids with what at first sight seems its exact opposite, namely a calmness and peace which He also condemns as wholly bad. The whole series of warnings of which our text is part begins with the story of the rich man whose ground brought forth plentifully. His fault was not that he was tossed about with care and a doubtful mind, but the very opposite. His sin was in saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

Notice, then, that our Lord begins by pointing out the great madness and the great sin of being thus at rest, and trusting in earthly possessions: and then with a "Therefore, I say unto you," He turns to the opposite pole of worldly feeling, and shows us how, although opposite, it is yet related. The warning, "Take no thought for your life" follows as an inference from the picture of the folly of the man that lays up treasure for himself and is not rich towards God.

That is to say, the two faults are kindred and in some sense the same. The rich fool stretching himself out to rest on the pile of his possessions, and the poor fool tossing about on the billows of unquiet thought, are at bottom under the influence of the same folly, though their circumstances are opposite, and their moods seem to be so too.

The one man is just the other turned inside out. When he is rich and has got plenty of outward goods, he has no anxiety, because he thinks they are supreme and all-sufficient. When he is poor and has not got enough of them, he has no rest, because he thinks that they are supreme and all-sufficient. Anxious care and satisfied possession are at bottom the very same thing. The man who says, "My mountain stands strong," because he has got a quantity of money or the like; and the man who says, "Oh, dear me, what is going to become of me?" because he thinks he has not got enough, only need to exchange circumstances and they will exchange tones.

The same figure is concave or convex according to the side from which you look at it. From one it swells out into rounded fulness; from the other it gapes as in empty hungriness. So the rich fool of the preceding parable and the anxious, troubled man of my text are the same man looked at from opposite sides or set in opposite circumstances. The root of both the rest of the one and of the anxiety of the other is the over-estimate of outward good.

Then, still further, notice how our Lord here brands this forbidden fluctuation of feeling as being at bottom *pure heathenism*. Most significant double reasons for our text follow it, introduced by a double "for." The first reason is "For all these things do the nations of the world seek after." The second is "For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

The former points the lesson of the contradiction between such trouble of mind and the position of disciples. For pure heathens it is all natural; for men who do not know that they have a father in heaven, there is nothing strange or anomalous in care and anxiety, nor in the race after riches. But for you, it is in diametrical contradiction to all your professions, in flagrant inconsistency with all your belief, in flat denial of that mighty truth that you have a Father who cares for you, and that His love is enough. Every time you yield to such cares or thoughts you are going down to the level of pure heathenism. That is a sharp saying. Our Lord's steady hand wields the keen dissecting-knife here, and lays bare with unsparing cuts the ugly growth. We give the thing condemned a great many honourable names, such as "laying up for a rainy day," or "taking care for the future of my children," or "providing things honest in the sight of all men," and a host of others, with which we gloss and gild over unchristian worldly-mindedness.

There are actions and feelings which are rightly described by such phrases, that are perfectly right, and against them Jesus Christ never said a word.

But much of what we deceive ourselves by calling reasonable foresight is rooted distrust of God, and much practical heathenism creeps into our lives under the guise of "proper prudence." The ordinary maxims of the world christen many things by names of virtues which are vices notwithstanding.

I do not know that there is any region in which Christian men have more to be on their guard, lest they be betrayed into deadening inconsistencies, than this, of the true limits of care for material wealth, and of provision for the future outward life.

Those of us, especially, who are engaged in business, and who live in our great commercial cities, have hard work to keep from dropping down to the heathen level which is adopted on all sides. It is not easy for such a man to resist the practical belief that money is the one thing needful, and he the happy man who has made a fortune. The false estimate of worldly good is in the air about us, and we have to be on our guard, or else, before we know where we are, we shall have breathed the stupefying poison and feel its narcotic influence slackening the pulses and dimming the eye of our spirits. We need special watchfulness and prayer, or we shall not escape this subtle danger, which is truly for many of us "the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

So be not tossed about by these secularities, for the root of them all is heathenish distrust of your Father in heaven.

Then, finally, we have the *cure* for all agitation. Christ here puts in our own hands, in that thought, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" the one weapon with which we can conquer. There is the true anchorage for tempest-tossed spirits, the land-locked haven where they can ride, whatever winds blow and waves break outside the bar.

I remarked that our Lord here seemed to give an injunction which the facts of life would prevent our obeying, and so it would be, had He not pointed us to that firm truth, which, if we believe it, will keep us unmoved. There is no more profitless expenditure of breath than the ordinary moralist's exhortations to, or warnings against states of feeling and modes of mind. Our emotions are very partially under our direct control. Life cannot be calm by willing to be so. But what we can do is to think of a truth which will sway our moods. If you can substitute some other thought for the one which breeds the emotion you condemn, it will fall silent of itself, just as the spindles will stop if you shut off steam, or the mill-wheel if you turn the stream in another direction. So Christ gives us a great thought to cherish, knowing that if we let it have fair play in our minds, we shall be at rest: "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." Surely

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that is enough for calmness. Why should, or how can we be, troubled if we believe that?

"He knows." What a wonderful confidence in His heart and resources is silently implied in that word! If He knows that you need, you may be quite sure that you will not want. "He knows;" and His fatherly heart is our guarantee that to know and to supply our need, are one and the same thing with Him; and His deep treasure of exhaustless good is our guarantee that our need can never go beyond his fulness, nor He ever, like us, see a sorrow He cannot comfort, a want that He cannot meet.

Enough that He knows; "the rest goes without saying." The whole burden of solicitude is shifted off our shoulders, if once we get into the light of that great truth. A man is made restful in the midst of all the changes and storms of life, not by trying to work himself into tranquillity, not by mere dint of coercing his feelings through sheer force of will, not by ignoring any facts, but simply by letting this truth stand before his mind. It scatters cares, as the silent moon has power, by her mild white light, to clear away a whole skyful of piled blacknesses.

One other word of practical advice, as to *how* to carry out this injunction, is suggested by the context, which goes on, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

A boat will pitch most when, from lack of a strong hand at the helm, she has got broadside to the run of the sea. There she lies rocking about just as the blow of the wave may fall, and drifting wherever the wind may take her. There are two directions in which she will be comparatively steady; one, when her head is kept as near the wind as may be, and the other when she runs before it. Either will be quieter than washing about anyhow. May we make a parable out of that? If you want to have as little pitching and tossing as possible on your voyage, keep a good, strong hand on the tiller. Do not let the boat lie in the trough of the sea, but drive her right against the wind, or as near it as she will sail. That is to say, have a definite aim to which you steer, and keep a straight course for that. So Christ says to us here. Be not filled with agitations, but seek the Kingdom. The definite pursuit of the higher good will deaden the lower anxieties. The active energies called out in the daily efforts to bring my whole being under the dominion of the sovereign will of God, will deliver me from a crowd of tumultuous desires and forebodings. I shall have neither leisure nor inclination to be anxious about outward things, when I am engaged and absorbed in seeking the kingdom. So "bear up and steer right onward," and it will be smooth sailing.

Sometimes, too, we shall have to try the other tack, and run *before* the storm, which again will give us the minimum of commotion. That, being translated, is, "Let the winds and the waves sometimes have their way." Yield to them in the sweetness of submission and the strength of resignation. Even when all the stormy winds strive on the surface sea, recognise them as God's messengers "fulfilling his word." Submission is not rudderless yielding to the gale. That tosses us on high, and sinks us again, as the waves list. This frees us from their power, even while they roll mountains high.

Then keep firm hold of your Father's knowledge; strenuously seek the kingdom. In quietness, accept the changeful methods of his unchanging providence. Thus shall your hearts be kept in peace amidst the storm of life, with the happy thought, "*So* He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

THE CHURCH IN CABUL.

BY THE REV. T. P. HUGHES, B.D., PESHÁWAR.

EVER since the days of Nādir Shah (A.D. 1738) there has been a "Church in Cabul." Not merely living representatives of the religion of Jesus, but also a material structure. And now, even as I write,* on the very day that General Roberts' force occupies the Bala Hisār, there exists a small Christian church within the very walls of the citadel where, not long before, the British Embassy was massacred. The Rev. Joseph Wolff preached in this little church on May 6th, 1832;† the next sermon was preached within its walls forty-six years afterwards by my native colleague, the Rev. Imám Shah, on Sunday, August 10th, 1879. He administered the Holy Communion, according to the rites of the Church of England, on the Sunday before Sir Louis Cavagnari and his noble band lost their lives in that terrible death struggle of September 3rd.

The Armenian Christians of Cabul first came to that city with the Persian conqueror Nādir Shah. They then numbered about a hundred families, but now the whole Christian population of Cabul consists of fourteen souls. Four men, eight women, and two children. Nearly all of the Armenians now remaining there have been baptized by clergymen of the Church of England. Two were baptized by the Rev. G. Pigott in 1839, when he was there as chaplain to General Keane's army. Three others were baptized by the Rev. J. N. Allen, chaplain to General Nott's force in 1842, whilst some have come to Peshāwar to receive Christian baptism from the clergy of the Church Mission. The rest of the little community, with the exception of an old widow baptized by an Armenian priest, had not received the Christian rite; hence the necessity for our native clergyman's visit in August last.

Mr. Allen's account of his visit to the Armenian church in Cabul in 1842 is particularly interesting, the more so, as one of his children, whom he then

* This paper was received just prior to the insurrection which compelled General Roberts temporarily to retire from the city.—ED. *S. H.*

† "May 6, 1832.—I preached in the Armenian church; all the women came and fell at my feet, praying that I would assist them to leave Cabul and go to Jerusalem. They are not oppressed by the Musulmans, but they have no means of subsistence."—*Wolff's Journal*, p. 221.

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baptized, is Sârkis Khidr Khân, who accompanied Mr. Imâm Shah in his recent journey. I give the following from Mr. Allen's diary, which was published thirty-seven years ago:—

"October 1st, 1842.—I went into the town, and, accompanied by Captain Boswell, 2nd Regiment Bengal N. I., set forth to make inquiries respecting a small community of Armenian Christians, of whom I had heard from my friend the Rev. G. Pigott, who had baptized two of their children when he visited Cabul, in 1839, as chaplain to the Bombay Army under Lord Keane. After some inquiry, we discovered them in a street in the Bala Hisâr, leading from the Jelalabad Gate; their buildings were on the north side of the street. We went up an alley, and turned into a small court on the left, surrounded by buildings, and filled with the implements of their trade. A little door led from this court into their church, a small dark building; but upon procuring lights, I found that it was carpeted, and kept clean apparently with great care. Its aspect was due east and west, and an altar stood at the east end, surmounted by a small picture of the holy family, much dimmed by smoke and dust. Upon the altar were six candlesticks, two small crosses and two copies of the holy gospels. In front, without the altar-rails, was a small desk, on which lay a book of daily prayers in Armenian. The altar was not against the wall, but had a space behind, and stood on a raised step. Our guides showed me a volume containing the Gospels in Armenian, and another with the Epistles; also a small English pocket Bible with clasps, Oxford edition, which I think was said to have been bought from a Hindustanee. They stated that their body came into Afghânistan with Nâdir Shah; that they were then two hundred families, but were now reduced to four, comprising thirty-five persons, men women, and children. They subsist by making Shiraz wine, and distilling spirits. They said they endured much from the Afgháns, and were often subjected to heavy exactions.

"Whether they have wealth or not it is impossible to say. The place wore an air of poverty; but the man and woman whom I saw were well dressed. If they are wealthy, which I think probable, they would be most unwise to make any show of it. I was much affected at finding this little dim spark of Christianity in the midst of such utter darkness, and earnestly prayed that it might be fanned by the breathing of the Holy Spirit to a bright and pure flame, which might enlighten the nations around. When they understood that I was a Christian priest, the woman prostrated herself on the ground and would have embraced my feet: this I endeavoured to prevent, and could I have spoken in her own tongue, would have addressed her in the words of St. Peter to the household of Cornelius, 'Stand up, I also am a man.' The man, whose Afghân name was Timour, was less enthusiastic. He clasped my hand in both his, and bowing down, pressed it first to his lips and afterwards to his forehead. They told me they had had no priest for thirteen years: that one had come from Hindustan and got as far as Peshâwar, but was afraid to venture farther. It was highly interesting to hear from the lips of these eastern Christians the names of our blessed Saviour and His holy evangelists and apostles.

"October 3rd.—I went to the town by engagement to baptize some children of the Armenians, who had joyfully availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the presence of a clergyman for procuring their admission into the Church by this holy sacrament. I was accompanied, on this occasion, by Major Stopford and Captains Macduff and Adamson, H.M. 40th Regt., and Captain Button, 2nd Regt. Bengal N. I. On arriving at the Armenian church, I found them prepared, and a large vessel of lukewarm water placed in front of the altar. The water I observed was transferred with great reverence to a large earthen jar, I presume to be preserved as holy. After the service my friends wished to examine the pictures, crosses, etc., on the altar, and asked whether they might be permitted to enter the rails. They were told that they might if they would divest themselves of their swords. These were immediately carried away by Timour, and placed outside the door of the church. I was much struck with their deep reverence and love for the house of God. My friend Mr. Pigott told me that when he asked them why they remain at Cabul in the depressed state in which they were, they replied: 'How can we leave our church?' After the sacrament of baptism had been administered, there was a little entertainment of tea and cakes in an upper room. Here I saw Secunder and Miriam, the two children baptized by Mr. Pigott. They were remarkably pretty, and with very fair complexions; indeed both children and adults were very handsome, and had most expressive features.

"'Farewell,' I thought, as I rode away; 'farewell brethren in Christ; amidst much that may be ignorant and superstitious, there is a cleaving to Christian ordinances, and a reverence for Christian teachers, which encourages me to hope that there is a love to the Master, as well as to the house and servants. We shall probably meet no more on earth but I will indulge in the hope of meeting you; where we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but shall know even as also we are known. May our one Lord, in whose one faith and one baptism we are united, watch over you and be your protector in the midst of the enemies of the cross of Christ, and cause that the blessed banner under which you and I are enlisted, may speedily be unfurled as a sign by which the kingdoms of this world shall be subdued, and become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, that He may reign for ever and ever!'"

During Mr. Imâm Shah's visit one of the Christians died from cholera. His name was Abd-ul-Masîh (the servant of Christ). He was a bright, intelligent lad of fourteen years. "From the time I arrived," says Mr. Imâm Shah, "he was most anxious to receive baptism, so on the 10th of August I baptized him with several others. The lad was much affected by the service, but he seemed very happy indeed. After his baptism he implored he might be allowed to attend the Holy Communion, which I administered a fortnight later, on the 24th of August. Although he was so young, I decided to admit him; and I explained to him fully the meaning of so great a sacrament. He received the Lord's Supper with the other communicants. Upon his leaving the church he said his happiness was complete, since he had been both baptized and had

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received the Lord's Supper, and that his peace was such he thought it would be well for him to die in that state. But the dear boy then little knew how soon his wish (which was then but a passing thought) would be fulfilled. Upon going home he was seized with cholera. The following morning he slept in Jesus."

The Armenian church in the Bala Hisār is situated in the centre of a block of buildings, and is thus secluded from the public, being approached by a narrow dark passage. It is a small, dark building thirty-six feet long and fifteen feet wide, with no side windows, but is lighted from the roof by a small skylight. At the end of the building is the altar, which is a raised platform eight feet high and five feet in breadth. It is formed into three tiers: upon the first tier is a large lamp, at the foot of which the offertory bag is placed, and on either side of the lamp are two candles; a bishop's pastoral staff is also placed on this tier: upon the second tier there are four candles and a soiled picture of the Virgin Mary; and upon the uppermost tier there are four more candles—making in all twelve, to represent the twelve apostles. Three handsomely bound copies of the New Testament, carefully wrapped up in silk handkerchiefs, are also placed upon the altar, and are treated with the greatest reverence. Underneath the altar is a box of Armenian and Persian books, many of the latter having been supplied by the Peshāwar Mission, together with a lot of empty candlesticks. In the chancel there is a reading-desk, or lectern, from which the daily prayers are read. They now sometimes use the translation of the Church of England Prayer-book into Persian. The little congregation of Christians in Cabul had not received the Holy Communion in their church once during their residence in Cabul until the native clergyman from Peshāwar celebrated it in August last; but they have consecrated wafers, sent from Jerusalem, which they partake of among themselves, sacramentally, every Easter and Christmas. The Eucharistic vessels, which are of gold, have all been carefully bricked up in the church wall, to preserve them from theft; and they refused to let Mr. Imām Shah have them for use, unless he would promise to stay and minister to them as their pastor. The congregation being quite willing to attend the ministrations of a Protestant clergyman, and with one or two exceptions having been baptized by clergymen of the Church of England, there seems to be no reason why Mr. Imām Shah should not eventually take charge of this little congregation in Cabul, when it would thus form the nucleus of a future mission in the city.



THE BALA HISAR AND CITY OF CABUL FROM THE UPPER PART OF THE CITADEL.

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The Christian cemetery is about a mile from the Bala Hisār. There was formerly a more ancient one to the west of the city, and Mr. Masson, the traveller, draws attention to a tomb on which was engraven the mitre of a Georgian bishop. The modern cemetery was originally a garden; the Armenians say it was selected as the burial place of a Christian martyr, whose tomb is still to be seen. Some of the gravestones bear date A.D. 1769 of our era. During the British occupation of 1839–41, several English officers were interred in this cemetery, but upon the evacuation of the country, these graves were opened and dishonoured by the Afghāns, who thought the graves contained some hidden treasures.

There is still an old Armenian widow lady in Cabul who remembers well the former British occupation, and who relates that she sorrowed much when she first heard that a young Englishman had been buried in the spare ground beside her father's grave, which she had hoped would be a resting-place for herself, but that her husband comforted her by reminding her that the English were Christian brethren in a strange land.

In former times the Armenians of Cabul held important posts under the Afghán government. Many of them were officers in the army. Amīr Azim Khān married an Armenian lady, who became the mother of Sardār Ishāy Khān, who is now a guest in the Russian camp at Samarkand. Of the Armenians still living in the city of Cabul, one is a physician of some reputation, and another is English tutor to several members of the Ameer's family. The latter was educated in the Pesháwar Mission School.

The Rev. Imām Shah left Cabul for Pesháwar only three days before the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari and his noble band. He came viâ the Jugdalak Pass and the Khyber, a journey of considerable peril. The following extracts from his journal will be read with interest: "On Monday, Sept. 1, we left Cabul early in the morning. We ascended the Kotal-i-Tīr. The road was very bad and full of loose stones, and in some places the road was so narrow that some of the party dismounted. We arrived at Jugdalak at noon, and encamped under the shade of some trees. Here I was recognised by a Jemidar (a native officer), who told the company that I was a Christian clergyman. Some of them called me an infidel and an atheist.

"Tuesday, September 2nd.—To-day we descended the hill and arrived at Ganduamak. It is a richly-cultivated place, and has some fine gardens. A good deal of the stores left by the English were still there, and I saw several bullocks, belonging to the Ameer, laden with casks of beer. The khan of the place was exceedingly kind, and sent a guard to protect our caravan. From his conversation I found he was friendly to the British, and he mentioned several English gentlemen by name as his special friends.

"The next day, Wednesday, September 3rd, we started later in the morning, and at the distance of about two miles we came to the Bara river. Here the tax-gatherers came and searched our luggage. A chief named Akram Khan came and spoke to me, and I found that he had been in the battle between the British and the Khughiani tribe in April last, when Major Wigram Battye and Lieut. Wiseman were killed. He said he had begged his people not to fight, but they would not listen to him. In the evening we reached Fattahābād. The people in these parts all speak Persian and not much Pashto.

"On Thursday, September 4th, we had a hot journey through a sandy plain as far as the city of Jelalabad. Here we stayed in a garden at the north of the city called Fakeen. There are so many natives of Pesháwar here that I was at once recognised. Several of them were old friends of mine.

"Saturday, September 6th.—Having rested a day at Jelalabad, we travelled through a fertile country and came to the village of Girdikach, when we were told that Sir Louis Cavagnari and the whole British Embassy at Cabul had been murdered on Wednesday last. We did not believe the news, but our informants told us that the news had come through men of reputation, and that there was not the least doubt about it. I had not seen Sir Louis Cavagnari at Cabul, as I wished to avoid all seeming connection with political matters; but my arrival had been reported to him, and I was told that Sir Louis commended the zeal and energy of the Pesháwar missionaries in having sent me to Cabul, and laughingly said, 'If the Pesháwar missionaries possessed an army, they would come and seize the city of Cabul itself!'

"Sunday, September 7th.—We reached Basawal. Here the tax-collector, Ābu Khan, was exceedingly kind to me until he knew I was a Christian, when he avoided me, and I found his servants inclined to give me much trouble. I might perhaps have been imprisoned and even put to death, but I was kindly protected by Sardar Faiz Muhamed, a Suddozai chief, who formed one of the party. The rebellion in Cabul evidently made the people less friendly than they otherwise would have been. I therefore determined to press on to the British frontier as quickly as possible, and I reached Lundi Khānā the evening of the next day, Monday, the 8th of August.

"The Khyber Pass, at one time so dreaded by travellers, is now in the keeping of the British government, and I found I could travel there with the greatest ease and safety. I rested at Ali Musjid a few hours, and then pressed on to Pesháwar, where I found my dear wife and children very thankful to Almighty God for having protected my life in so dangerous a journey."

Parables of Prayer.

I.

PRAYER is creation's passion: tears and groans
Like vast tornadoes ever sweep
O'er trembling earth and billowy deep,
From pole to pole through all creation's zones.
What ceaseless agonies! what piercing tones
Of anguish the sad vigils keep
Of hearts that burn and eyes that weep:
Of living tortures, and of dying moans!
Doth Mercy sleep? Will Pity not regard
The long loud utterance of distress?
Must Nature's pangs find no redress?
Her travail of deliverance be debarred?
Come, Lord! How long? Thy wrath no more retard!
And bid our earth her rest possess!

W. LANGFORD.

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COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES:

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

II.

THE entrance of Mr. Vernon suspended the conversation for a moment, and I did not attempt to resume it that day. It was not surprising that she should feel it hard to realise the mistake she had been making; and with all her candour and good sense, her first impulse was to resist it. I let the subject drop for the time, but, as I expected, the next day, when we were alone together, she renewed it of her own accord.

"I am afraid you thought me very cross yesterday, but really I do wish to go into the subject and see if I can manage better. I see that as things are I shall have to give up altogether if I don't."

"I do not think you need, if you manage a little more carefully. For instance, could not those afternoon visits on Sunday be deferred?"

"I don't generally make them that day, but these were people I had promised to go to every day that last week, and I had always failed them; and knowing that I had a press of work before me on Monday, I thought it best to do this on the only clear afternoon left."

"I see; still it must be very fatiguing to go straight from such visits to evening church."

"Yes, I should have been glad of a little rest, but when I was in for it, the excitement carried me through, and I was in time, only that faintness came over me and stopped me. It was very stupid to be so easily knocked up."

"Very stupid to be made of flesh and blood, and not of iron, certainly!"

Agnes could not help laughing in the midst of her vexation.

"Do you see, dear, this is the difficulty; you have a small stock of strength, and if you would utilise it you must measure your powers beforehand, and see what you can do."

"But I can't judge beforehand. I feel sometimes as if I could be up to anything."

"That is just the fallacy. I have done it again and again myself, so don't think I am only criticising you. One is tempted to judge from one's feelings at the moment, and sometimes a kind of artificial excitement deceives us."

"Then what is one to do?"

"I am afraid we must come back to the old prescriptions you dislike so much, planning one's day at the outset."

"But that is what I really can't endure."

"I don't mean like the Queen of Spain's ladies of honour you were quoting, of course, drawing a hard-and-fast line never to be broken; but making a general sketch in your own mind of the most important things, which must, if possible, be done *à tout prix*, and then letting the others come in as they can."

"And I suppose the 'musts' must always be the regular harmonium playing on Sunday, and counting the muster-roll of the classes, and such tiresome things!"

"Well, you must be the best judge of that. I cannot lay down the law for you."

Agnes was again getting a little vexed. I purposely managed to let the conversation drop, by making a little diversion, and availing myself of an accidental interruption. But a day or two later she again opened the subject. She had made another of her spasmodic efforts to get through some arrears of work which her indisposition had prevented her finishing, and had again paid the penalty in a day's prostrating headache. She came out of it more humbled than ever, and owned candidly that her way had failed.

"I have been thinking—whenever I could think at all for pain," she said, "of what you were saying. I suppose you are right, and one must choose certain things when one can't do all, and sometimes the 'must haves' may be things which don't seem the most important in themselves."

"Yes, because they are the most important to you. Now the Sunday work, for instance, of a clergyman's wife, is not quite the same as that of an ordinary person."

"I see that. Yes, of course my presence at the church and school is wanted over and above any good I could do by teaching."

"Just what I meant; and I should doubt if any one whose husband has the charge of a congregation or parish could find time for anything beyond the regular work of the day, without slighting that; and the harm done by absenting herself might be greater than any good done by desultory visits on that day."

"I believe I must make some rule of that kind, and as a general rule, leave visits for week-days."

"You will find it easier in the long run, I believe. And now, may I suggest something more?"

"Oh yes, don't fear; I really wish to learn, and I am ashamed of my impatience the other day."

"Well, another rule is not to run too close, but to make allowance for accidental delays, and mistakes in reckoning of time, and such little hindrances which cannot be always avoided, and leave a margin over. One who spends up to his income will generally spend over it, and so it is with time; unless you allow yourself a broad edge to 'turn in,'

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as the sempstresses say of their seams and hems, you will never keep within proper bounds, and allow yourself fair time for rest every day. One whose health is frail must absolutely submit to this, however inconvenient, otherwise the needful interval of repose denied is like the lost 'stitch in time,' and the penalty will be that of the 'nine' which would have been saved by timely care."

"I suppose you are right. But it does seem so humiliating and contemptible to be always attending to one's own preservation."

"It is humiliating, I admit it. And it is a trial to those who have a strong sense of the need of 'redeeming the time,' and a desire to be active in God's service, which the strong and healthy cannot even conceive. Many an active Christian worker, who goes out to her labours of love in all weathers, and perhaps thinks her delicate neighbour self-indulgent for staying by the fireside, little knows how far harder than any of her own efforts is the struggle the other may go through in patiently accepting the trial of appearing indolent and luxurious, and the blame, perhaps, of pious friends, for keeping back from activities for which her soul craves. I know what the struggle is. But, dear Agnes, both these are 'workers together with God:' the active one toiling in the wet, muddy streets, and the feeble one at home, learning meekly to take what God gives her. God does not need our work: 'those who best bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.'"

"Yes, I see that with a real invalid quite laid by; but if we have a little strength, may it not be well to do by it as the widow did by her mite, give it all to God?"

"I think we are giving it to Him, when we offer ourselves heartily and honestly to Him, to use us as He thinks fit. He is not a hard master; He knows what our bodily frame is; who can know as well as He who made it? There may be exceptional cases in which we are called on to go forward unsparingly; but the general rule is, not to fight against the trial He has laid on us, but bow submissively under it, considering that whatever work is distinctly and clearly beyond our strength or means is not God's work for us. He could give us more if He saw fit; and His denying it is in reality as clear an indication that it is not His will for us to do more, as if we heard His voice bidding us stay."

"Only it is hard to know in such cases, what God would have us do, and what leave out."

"The only way is to bring it before God simply and constantly in prayer, that He may direct you. Ask Him morning by morning, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' And then try to gather up the fragments of time and strength each day, guided by Him. If there is one thing we know He has promised all through His word, more than another, it is guidance; and if you seek it faithfully, you will surely find it."

"I see what you mean; yes, that will be a help to make my way clear. But you say a delicate person requires to observe order and punctuality more than even a strong one. Now it seems to me that the exertions necessary to be punctual and orderly are in themselves a heavy tax on strength."

"They do require some energy, and may cost some trouble at first; but in the long run you will find they save much greater exertion. It will be a little tiring, for instance, at first, to put your drawers and shelves into perfect order; but when it is once done, it is much less trouble to keep them so, and how many quarters of an hour of distracted fatiguing search for missing things it will save you!"

"Ah, like yesterday; Sarah told me she believed you had a great hunt for that unlucky book. I must try and summon courage for a regular 'clearing up,' as the old negress called it. But then, again, the difficulty of being always in time! If I had strength to get up early, and be ready for breakfast! Henry is obliged to be early every day, because of the school, and I fear I try him very much by so often being unable to be down, but no one knows how tired and unfit for anything I feel in the morning."

"No one can really judge for another in such matters. Some delicate persons cannot be up early without an effort, which knocks them up for the day; and in such a case all one can do is to try and arrange one's life accordingly, so as to give as little trouble as possible to others. But, on the other hand, I am sure there are many to whom it is a great effort to rise in the morning in good time, but who would nevertheless be much the better for making it. I have heard doctors say that in nervous complaints this is very often the case, and certainly as a class, late risers are not generally among the persons who have the soundest health and calmest nerves. But your best plan is to consult the medical man who has attended you, and who knows your constitution best. If he advises you to make the effort to be early, you may be sure you will be the better for trying. If you find it really does you harm, you may still manage matters, so as not to keep others waiting habitually. The evil of constant unpunctuality with regard to one's family and friends is, that one of two things is sure to happen: either a continual irritation and subject of mutual annoyance is kept up, if they try to make their arrangements meet; or else a kind of separation grows up out of the habits of life being different, and those most near and dear to each other may insensibly find their lives and interests drifting apart."

"What a thought that is! It makes me shudder to think of its being my case with Henry. And yet I suppose it might, if he always found me away when he wanted me, and had to go about his own affairs alone, because I was not ready. Oh, I will try! It will be very hard work, because it is so contrary to my nature, but I suppose one can work against one's natural temperament sometimes."

"No doubt one can, and what is more, the effort is good for one, better than one could imagine beforehand. I have heard it remarked that the made courage of one who had not the mere instinctive animal bravery, but had to strive for it from principle, was often the most reliable, because it was not so likely to break down on an unexpected trial. And so it is with many other virtues. I believe you are quite young enough to make yourself, or rather to seek the Lord's help to make you, all that you would most desire to be; and you will find, I think, that the 'fragments' of strength you gather up in this way will be quite as much blessed, and as fruitful as the full vigour of former days; not to say that the health you learn to manage well will become stronger

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and better than before, in all probability. There are many such cases in which 'the patient must minister to himself.' Did you ever read Adolphe Monod's 'Adieux'?"

"Yes, long ago. Why?"

"Do you remember 'The Secret of an active and peaceable Life?" If you do not, read it again attentively. Of all the Christian counsels that have ever been given by uninspired men on the management of one's own life and powers, I think it is the wisest and most helpful I have ever met with. Read and 'inwardly digest it,' and try to follow up the advice given: to look to circumstances as the expression of God's will, and seek to act from day to day on His plan for you, as He shows it you. He will give you, dearest Agnes, the hearing ear and wake you morning by morning to listen for His indications of guidance, and you will find deep peace in thus committing your whole pathway to Him."

More conversations to the same effect passed between us, and when I left soon after, I had the conviction that she would find the clue to make a "straight path for her feet" in her life-work.

An Ancient Prayer.

"Keep mine eyes, lest they behold vanity; keep mine ears, lest they hear lying; but let them ever be open, to hear the word of God.

"Keep my hands, that they may do no iniquity; but may rather be raised in prayer to the Lord, in holiness and purity.

"Keep my mouth, that I may speak no folly; that I may neither detract from the absent, speak ill to those present, nor answer evil with evil; on the contrary, may I bless Thee, O Lord, at all times; let Thy praise be ever in my mouth."

S. JEROME.

IN utter helplessness and need,
Pressed down beneath my load of sin,
Hopeless the heavenly prize to win,
Lord, for Thine aid I humbly plead.

Keep, Lord, mine eyes, lest they behold
The cup of pleasure's rosy wine,
Or jewels from the gleaming mine,
Where Mammon dwells 'mid caves of gold.

Deceiving visions of the earth,
Vain joys which mock the lustful eye,
Let me with heavenward glance pass by,
And count them less than nothing worth.

Keep, Lord, mine ears, lest they should hear
The lying words which lead astray;
But Thy blest voice may they obey,
Ever attent when Thou art near.

My hands from evil deeds restrain,
No sinful labour may they know,
No seed of wickedness e'er sow,
Nor to my neighbour's hurt be fain;

But cleansed from every stain of ill,
In holiness be lifted high
In loving trust, and purity,
Till Thou with heavenly good shalt fill.

Oh guard my mouth with strictest charge,
Lest I vain words of folly speak,
Or for the worldling's praises seek,
Or in loud boast of self enlarge.

Let not my lips with jealous sneer
The absent ever vilify,
The worth of distant friends decry,
Or evil speak to those more near.

Let me not answer ill for ill,
No words of anger rashly say,
Nought which may sacred truth betray,
Or love's blest fire may coldly chill.

But let my voice in blessing raise
To Thee, O Lord, a grateful song:
Whether my life be short or long,
Ne'er may it cease to sound Thy praise.

P. BISSON.

Sabbath Thoughts.

REMEMBRANCE OF GOD'S NAME.

"I have remembered Thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept Thy law."—*Psalm* cxix. 55.

WE remember many things when awake in the night; indeed, it is often the activity of memory that keeps us from sleeping at that season; and well is it for us, if, like the Psalmist, we can so employ those wakeful and often weary hours, as to find the highest refreshment in them, by making them seasons of communion with God. The remembrance of the name of the Lord means the remembrance of His character; it means the thought of all that He is to us, as our Father in Christ Jesus, all wise to guide, all merciful, all good, all sufficient; there is much here to afford food for remembrance. It means, too, a remembrance of all that He has been to us, of all that He has done for us, of all that He has revealed to us in the past. "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still" when you thus remember the name of the Lord! For such remembrance may be sorrowful, yet it opens the door to pure and holy gladness to all those who love His name. Think also of all He has promised to do for us; this opens a wide field.

But if in the night watches there is comfort in such remembrance of God, still more in the night of affliction, when oppressed by sorrow, bereavement, anxiety or sickness, do we find in the remembrance of this name a strong support. For true it is, and will ever be, that "the name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." And though we may truly say, "But, alas, I am not righteous!" the revelation of this name as revealed in Jesus Christ the righteous, through whom we have access and acceptance with the Father, is a ground of confidence for the sinner which can never be shaken. Through his dear Son the Lord has made Himself known to us; "the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him."

Let us then for our consolation, our hope, our encouragement, our strength, in every night season, remember the name of the Lord; and let this be also the motive to constrain us through love to new obedience; for the Psalmist not only remembered the Lord's name, but was able to add, "I have kept Thy law."

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Pages for the Young.

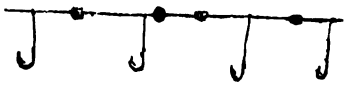
LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

II.—FISHERMEN OF GALILEE.



FISH absolutely swarm in the Sea of Galilee, though at the present time few people try to catch them. When I was last there, I often watched my Arabs fishing. They fished in what was quite a new way to me; they had no fishing-rods. The man about to fish first "girded himself," that is, he looped up his long under-shirt, that being the only dress he kept on; his line was a strong cord. At one end short strings were fastened, and fish-hooks attached to those strings, like this:



the black dots were bits of lead or stones to make the line sink in the water. He baited the hooks with morsels of chicken or shrimps. Then he waded into the water some distance, looped up his line in his right hand, just as a sailor does when he wishes to cast a rope from a ship, and with a sudden jerk cast the line straight out into the deep water of the lake. It must require great skill to do it as well as they always did. The weight took the bait to the bottom. He would wait a few moments, and then begin to pull the line in slowly. I rarely saw them do this without catching one or more fish. The fish were much like English trout, something between trout and roach, about three-quarters or a pound in weight.

When camped near Bethsaida, at the upper end of the lake, a man caught a very large fish, which he brought to me. I had never seen a freshwater fish like it; it was as large as a codfish, and had a very large and ugly head. The taste, when cooked, was not good. The Sea of Galilee is, of course, fresh water, very soft in taste, as it is greatly fed by the melting of the snow from Mount Hermon. The only boats now on the lake are used for travellers. I never saw any fishing from boats on the lake, though in the time of our Lord the Sea of Galilee was crowded with shipping, and his early disciples were fishermen. Galilee was then the great fishing station, and the place from which the Jews derived their principal supplies of fish. The lake is about thirteen miles long and seven wide, in aspect much like our Cumberland lakes; many of the views are like sketches to be made on Derwentwater. At the same time it has a lovely character of its own. Now, when you read the account of how the Arabs fish, I think it will explain that passage in St. Matt. xvii. 24—27, when our Lord Jesus was at Capernaum, which was at the upper end of the lake, he was asked for "tribute," he told Peter to "cast a hook" to take up the first fish that came, and he would find money in its mouth, and that money Peter was to pay as "tribute." Whenever I saw my men fishing in the way I have described, I thought that probably that was the way the Apostle Peter caught the fish.

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MOTHERLESS BAIRNS.

CHAPTER III.—"REJOICE WITH ME, FOR I HAVE FOUND MY SHEEP WHICH WAS LOST."



"Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood;
'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold;
'Tis He that still doth keep."

IT was a bright Sunday in July, and the bells of some of the neighbouring churches were ringing for afternoon service, as Susan Morley, after leaving her little brother and sister at the door of their school, made her way through some narrow bye-streets to the little ragged-school that was so dear to her heart, and from which on Sunday afternoons for the last four years, nothing had ever kept her absent.

It was a rough-looking place, which had formerly been used as a coal-shed, but loving hands had hung the walls with sweet texts and pictures, and transformed it into a pleasant-looking place within, while the humble appearance of its exterior had this advantage, that it attracted, while a grander building would have frightened away, the very class of children it was so desirable to get hold of. A stranger going in that afternoon, as he looked round on the clean faces of the children, and marked their generally tidy appearance and quiet, orderly behaviour, might have questioned the fact of its being a *ragged* school. Very different was the appearance of the children who attended it ten years previously, when it was first opened through the loving thought and efforts of some kind friends who had laboured earnestly in behalf of the lost little ones; and very different was the neighbourhood generally then, from what it now was. Through those years of patient toil and prayer, the earnest workers had seen, at first, perhaps, only dimly here and there tokens for good to bid them not be weary in well-doing, but now, in looking back, they could feel how the good hand of their God had indeed been upon them, and multiplied the seed sown a hundredfold. To homes once sunk in darkness and ignorance, had the blessed light been carried, and little children, taught of Jesus, had borne home to their parents the glad tidings of great joy, and taught the lips which first taught them to speak the words of eternal life. Thus had the wilderness been turned into a fruitful field, and in the day of the harvest, those patient sowers shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

As Susan opened the door of the school, a group of children followed her in, and on taking her place in the class, a little girl stepped forward, and curtseying, said: "Please, teacher, you told us last Sunday that we were to try and say 'come' to somebody else, and on the way here I saw two little girls standing at the corner of our street, and I asked them if they wouldn't like to come to school with me, and hear what teacher would tell us about Jesus, and they said they'd like to come only they'd got such ragged things, they didn't like to come in,' because, perhaps, the ladies would be angry, and send them away; but I said you didn t mind how ragged we were, if only we came. But when we got near the school they looked frightened, and said they couldn't come, unless, so be, I asked leave for them. Oh! can I fetch them in, teacher? I said I was sure you'd say yes."

The eager request was soon granted, and before many minutes the child returned, leading, one on either side of her, the poor children for whom she had pleaded. They were indeed ragged, and the sad, pinched look on both faces told of the privations they must have suffered. Susan spoke to them very kindly, and, gradually reassured by her gentle voice and manner, they gained confidence, and ventured to look round them. When prayers were over, and the other children had said their texts and hymns, Susan turned to the little strangers, and asked them a few simple questions; amongst others, whether they had ever heard of heaven? The elder of the two children looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, "Isn't that the place where nobody wants nothink to eat or drink?"

Deeply touched by an answer which told so much, in a few short words, of the suffering and want with which they were evidently so early familiarised, but unwilling to show what she felt, Susan answered: "Quite right, dear; Heaven is a place where nobody wants for anything; every one there is quite happy; but can you tell me how we may get there?" No responsive look or word came this time from either of the little new-comers, but amongst Susan's own children many a hand was held out, and when she made a sign to one of them to answer, a little girl named Jane Hardy, said, "Please, teacher, for Jesus Christ's sake."

"Quite right, dear; but now tell me what you mean when you say 'for Jesus Christ's sake.'"

"Please, teacher, because Jesus came down from heaven to die for our sins, and if our sins are forgiven for his sake, and our naughty hearts changed by his Holy Spirit, we shall go to heaven when we die."

"That's right, dear; it is only because of our Saviour Christ's great love in leaving his home above, and coming down to our earth to live and die for us, that we can have any hope of ever reaching Heaven. You know the little verse which says—

"'And this, not for anything good we have done,
But all for the sake of his well-beloved Son.'

And now tell me if Jesus is willing to receive little children into his beautiful home above."

Several hands were held out, and almost with one voice the children answered: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Susan then told the children to turn to their Bibles, and after reading with them the parable of the lost sheep, she told them as simply as possible, how Jesus is the Good Shepherd who goes out after the lost sheep, and never rests until He has found them; how by the "lost sheep," are meant those who have not known his love in dying for them; how tenderly He loves little children, and longs for them to come into his fold. She explained to them how weak and unable to protect themselves

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the sheep are, and just so, how feeble and helpless we all are in ourselves, and what need we have to be led and kept day by day in the right way. She spoke to them of the tender love of the Good Shepherd for every one, even the least and feeblest of his lambs; of their great enemy, the devil, from whom He died to deliver them; how He knows each little one by name, keeps his eye always upon them, watches over them by night and by day, goes after them when they wander from Him, and brings them back to his fold; and, at length, when life is over, receives them into his own most bright and holy Kingdom above.

The children all listened quietly and attentively, and amongst the little eyes fixed on the kind young teacher, none seemed more rivetted than the poor little stranger-children, by whom alone of all the class the sweet story of old was heard for the first time.

When school was over, the children stood up and sang together the sweet hymn, which followed so well on the subject of the lesson:

"Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?"

When the class was dismissed, Susan called the little strangers to her, and asked them their names, and where they lived, and if they would like to come to the school again. The elder of the two answered:

"I'm called Polly, and that's Lizzy. We don't live nowhere. This is a rare nice place; we'd like to come again."

"And have you no father or mother?"

"Please 'm, mother's dead, and father went away to sea long ago, and we've nobody to look after us."

"And where are you going now?"

"We shall walk about till it's dark, and then creep under one of the arches, or on to a door-step if nobody don't turn us away; but most often we get turned away from one house after another, or the police sees us, and then we has to hide away as fast as we can. It's not as bad now as in the winter. Lizzie gets a cough then; and I don't know how to keep her warm; we often shiver all night long. Arches is draughty, but sometimes we find an old barrel, and creep into that; that's the best place."

"Not quite the best," said the younger child; "we once slept in a beautiful warm place."

The elder child here shook her head at poor little Lizzie, and made a sign to her to say no more; but the movement did not escape Susan's observation, and only served to confirm what she had already strongly suspected, that these poor, forlorn children were none other than Daisy's "prayer-children." It had been her earnest hope that somehow, through means of the ragged-school, which brought her into contact with so many of the poor children and homes of the neighbourhood, she might learn something about them, and now the longings and prayers of the past months seemed at last about to be answered. Their eyes brightened when Susan asked them if they would like to go home with her, and to have some warm tea and bread and butter; and poor little Lizzie could not resist saying—"We're so hungry; we've had nothing but some dry crusts since yesterday morning."

Telling them to keep close to her, and talking to them as they walked along, of the Good Shepherd who loved them, and was even now seeking to bring them to his fold, Susan led them at last to her own home. The shutters being closed, the children did not at first recognise the place, where six months before they had found shelter, but as Susan led them through the shop, watching their faces meanwhile, to discover any sign of recognition, Lizzie suddenly pulled her sister's arm, and said in a low voice, "Wasn't this the place where we slept?" Polly looked frightened, and whispered, "Perhaps we shall be punished for it," and in another moment, both of them would have darted out at the door, had not Susan closed it and taken them by the hand, saying to them very gently, "Don't be afraid, dear children. This is the nice place where you once slept, one cold night in the winter, and we hoped you would have come to it again, and used to leave the door unlatched for you every night. God your Father in Heaven led you here, and we asked Him to bring you back, and He has heard our prayers. Polly and Lizzie needn't fear anything now, for if they are good, they shall stay here always, and never sleep out in the cold any more again."

Then leading them into the inner room, she brought them to Daisy, who was lying on her couch in the window and said:

"Daisy, here are your prayer-children, found at last through your prayers, and my dear little school."

Daisy's face beamed with joy and thankfulness. During the quiet hour while her brother and sisters were at school, and her father and mother at church, she had been praying that Jesus would suffer these little children to come unto Him, and that they might be found; and even while the prayer was rising up from her heart the answer of peace was coming down, and the promise of old being fulfilled: "It shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

There was general rejoicing that afternoon in the Morleys' home when the rest of the family came in.

Kind Mrs. Morley, with Elsie's help, soon washed and dressed the poor children in some better garments than their own miserable rags, and the loving mother's heart did not repent when she saw poor little Lizzie sitting at the tea-table that evening in Lilly's place, and clad in Lilly's things.

Happy, thrice happy, they who know the joy and blessed privilege of ministering to the Lord of glory, in the person even of a little child, and who, from love to the Saviour who loved them and gave Himself for them, receive one such little one in His name. None may take notice of the loving deed on earth, but most surely it is treasured and recorded above in His book of remembrance, who has said: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only .... verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE CONTRASTS.

NO. II.—*Light and Darkness (continued).*

1. Mention any passages in which Jesus is spoken of as the Light of this dark world.
2. Where are His people
   (1) Called children of light;
   (2) Bidden to walk in the light; and
   (3) Commanded to show light to others?
3. What has God given us to be our light on our way through the darkness of this world?
4. Where shall we no longer need a light, and why?
5. Where is sorrow compared to darkness?
6. Where is the restoration of joy spoken of as a return of light?
7. Where is our present life compared to a day with the night fast approaching?
8. Where is the believer's life compared to night with the dawn of day at hand?
9. What should be the Christian's attitude in looking forward to that day?
10. Where is there darkness without light?
11. Where is there light without darkness?



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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE WEEKLY PACKET.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER III.

THE years which make our ways slow and methodical, in the eyes of a younger generation, are apt to make them prudent and deliberate, in managing the affairs of life. A message from the master of the packet to the effect that a fair wind had suddenly risen, that his vessel would put to sea within an hour, and Captain FitzOrmond had better get on board in good time, had been delivered to the colonel, at the open window of the second parlour where he sat, and naturally hastening to inform his guest, he came upon the scene which at once surprised and shocked him. The Puritan gentleman had his temper under control at all times; he repeated the message without sign or token of the anger and amazement which Marian had seen in his face, and then returned to Mrs. Mayhew in

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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the second parlour. The captain sought refuge from the embarrassment of the moment by running to summon his servant, who had followed him to the island quarters, and was now acting as Zac's assistant in the garden. Master and man took little time to get ready, then there was a soberly civil leave-taking on the part of the elder Mayhews, of well-assumed composure on that of their daughter, and of some confusion and consciousness on Captain FitzOrmond's side, who must have inwardly remarked as Marian did, that no invitation to future visits was given, nor any regret expressed at losing his company so soon.

When fairly outside, however, he paused at the meadow-gate and looked wistfully back; it was but for a moment, but in that space of time the hale old colonel had stepped to his side, and said, "Captain, you will do me the favour, I trust, of walking with me a part of your way, while your servant with the horse and goods goes on before."

FitzOrmond stammered something about a great pleasure, and gave a sign to his servant, which the quick-witted soldier understood to mean, "Get out of hearing as fast as you can," and the two officers were left to themselves. The long street of Edgar Town, through which they passed, was at that hour in the afternoon as quiet as the open country, their time for conference was short, and the colonel began without ceremony.

"I have desired private speech with you, Captain FitzOrmond, because by mere chance, and not of my own seeking, I have seen you paying court to my daughter, in a manner which, though customary among men of the world, is by our people accounted un-Christian and unmanly, and oftentimes a deceitful trick to beguile unwary youth."

"It was no deceitful trick on my part, colonel; you surely know me better than to think so." The consciousness of having cut a foolish figure in the eyes of his senior had embarrassed the young man to a degree he was ashamed of now that his soldierly spirit was restored, and FitzOrmond spoke boldly. "The matter is not worth defending, but it is practised in the best society, and has been for ages, if we may trust the poets, an involuntary act of heartfelt homage. It was in my case; I am attached to Miss Mayhew sincerely and honourably, and if I could but gain her affections, and your consent to our marriage, I should esteem myself a man blessed beyond his merits. May I hope for such happiness?"

"Whatever you may hope," said the colonel, with some asperity, "must be settled by some other family; but before addressing my daughter on such a subject you should have consulted me; the contrary course is not one to be taken by an honourable gentleman or an honest man."

That unexpected response to his proposal fired up FitzOrmond's pride. He stopped in his walk, faced about to the colonel, and said in rather a high key, "Sir, you are Miss Mayhew's father, and have shown me much kindness, or I should demand satisfaction on the spot for the imputation your words convey."

"Young man, you forget that the godless world's code of honour has no power in the society to which I belong: we neither give nor seek satisfaction at the risk of slaying each other. I cast no unwarrantable imputation upon your conduct, but I think it my duty to tell you, that however sincere and honourable the love you profess for my daughter may be, she shall never accept it with my approbation. No husband, except a man of our own principles, would I choose for my girl whatever were his rank and fortune, and as you are a soldier and a gentleman, I request you will receive this assurance as final, remain in future a stranger to my family, and make no further attempts on the duty and obedience of my child, though I trust that by the grace of God they should be made in vain." And turning quickly away the colonel marched back to his own house, while FitzOrmond in still greater haste dashed down the street leading to the harbour.

King's officers from the old country had much the same repute among the sober inhabitants of New England, as the cavaliers had among their Puritan ancestors, as men of loose principles and licentious practice, unsafe acquaintances for families, and corrupting associates for youth. The ill opinion was in some degree justified by the laxity of morals and manners which prevailed throughout British society at the period, and more especially in military circles.

Men like Colonel Gardiner might be found there at times, but such examples were rare, and seldom followed; as regarded the great majority, vice walked hand in hand with fashion, profligacy was thought rather becoming to a gentleman, profane swearing was the rule in conversation, and the profession of religion was generally visited with ridicule and contempt.

Captain FitzOrmond had gone to none of these extremes of sin and folly; his course of life was yet undecided for good or evil, and he was apparently inclined to choose the better way. The confidence reposed in him by General Braddock, and his own frank, unassuming manner, had favourably impressed the colonel, from the first hour of their acquaintance, and induced him to invite the young officer to his house. With a soldier's facility of making himself at home in all companies, the captain had conformed to the serious habits of the family, so different to those in which he had been brought up, in the mansion of an English country squire, till the Mayhews almost forgot to what order of men he belonged, and regarded him as a familiar friend with whom there was no need of caution or reserve.

The sight of him on his knees before Marian had woke up the colonel to the traditional character of his guest. FitzOrmond was, after all, a king's officer from the old country, as unprincipled and graceless as any of his mess-room companions. How could he think of inviting a member of that profane society to his sober fireside? who could tell what impression the flattering tongue and false pretences might have already made on the mind of his youngest child?

Prejudice is a powerful magnifier, and can deceive a just man's sight; everything the colonel had observed about FitzOrmond was in his favour but that single act of extravagant homage to a lady's charms. From it he was ready to draw all sorts of conclusions against the young man; tales of deep depravity and family disgrace recurred to his mind, in spite of the captain's honourable declaration, and even had they been true, a more fitting husband might be found for his daughter than a man of the vain and wicked world.

Among the letters brought by the weekly packet

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that morning, was one from Barbadoes, addressed to Colonel Mayhew. The writer, after a pious thanksgiving for his health and prosperity, as the Puritan manner was, went on to say:

"I have sold my plantation to good advantage, and am about to take passage for Boston, intending to return by that way to my native island, and settle beside you in Edgar Town. Then I hope you will call to mind the contract made between us concerning your daughter Marian, whom you promised to bestow on me in marriage, provided I could gain the maiden's goodwill. She was then a child, and must now be a woman, fair to look upon and pleasant to dwell with, after her mother's pattern, and I do not despair of fulfilling the conditions: though the sun of the West Indies has embrowned my face, and time has somewhat tinged my hair with grey, yet my fortune exceeds that of most men in our country, and prudent maidens generally look to these things. One thing only disquiets me, I will bring with me in the ship many moveables of value, and report says that the famous French pirate, Captain La Forte, who formerly frequented, and did mighty damage about the West Indian seas, where he has his chief haunt and home in one of the islands belonging to France, Martinique by name, has lately betaken himself to the coast and isles in your neighbourhood, where he wins much spoil, and does great service to the power of France in America. Let me have your prayers for preservation from that roaring lion of the sea, and trusting in Divine Providence that I may meet you in due time, and get a satisfactory answer from your own lips, to my request concerning your daughter,

"I remain your loving cousin,
"NATHANIEL NORTON."

The author of that epistle, though a distant relation to Colonel Mayhew, was the nearest he had among the living on his mother's side.

He had gone out to Barbadoes, the El Dorado where many a New England man grew rich, some years before to manage and realize a rather dilapidated estate left him by his uncle, and as it appeared from his letter, was now coming home crowned with success, to claim a promise of which Marian had heard nothing, but her father and mother would be well pleased to fulfil. The pair were growing old, their other children were settled at more or less distance from them on the mainland of Massachusetts, to have their youngest and best beloved daughter, advantageously married and living close by, was the dream of their age, for age can dream as well as youth.

As usual with the outgoing generation, the senior Mayhews took no account of the disparity of age between the intended bridegroom and his bride; a face embrowned by the West Indian sun, and hair tinged with grey, were things left out of their reckoning; "cousin Norton" was an upright serious man of their own persuasion, well descended, and a very suitable match.

Hence there was no quarter for the captain or his suit. Marian was taken to task for having encouraged "a malignant"—the old people of New England still employed that term; warned of the sin and danger she had incurred by giving ear to a stranger, who for aught she knew might be the most wicked of king's officers, and lamented over as a child who would bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Gentle dispositions are easily wrought upon; they want the moral firmness that is not to be moved. The anxious parents had wrought upon themselves; they believed what they said, and they held forth to Marian—holding forth was a special gift of their people—till the poor girl imagined she had committed some serious infraction of duty, and partly to quiet her mother, partly to clear her own tender conscience, promised to give up from that hour all thoughts of the captain, with whom nevertheless her heart had gone away.

Unfortunately for Marian at that particular time, her brother Mark was absent. From his boyhood, Mark had been the peacemaker of the family; when his brothers and sisters were all at home, and disputes arose, as they will in any household, his just arbitration reconciled conflicting wishes, and his kindly reasoning explained away offences. Less bounded in his views, and more charitable in his judgment than the parent pair, Mark would have seen FitzOrmond's behaviour in a clearer light, and allowed for the difference of early education and social habits, but before noon on the day of the captain's departure, he had taken a friendly leave of him, and set out to keep an appointment made with an Indian chief, at the opposite end of the island.

The remarkable cliff known as Gay Head, which rises at the eastern extremity of Martha's Vineyard, was then, as it is now, a conspicuous object to mariners bearing out to the Atlantic, from the various-coloured minerals which tinted its steep sides with hues like those of the rainbow, and suggested its peculiar name. On the lands lying at its foot, the smoke of wigwams and the blaze of council-fires could be seen in those days; a tribe of Indians calling themselves Caracoes, but supposed to be a branch of the Hurons, that had split away from their distant kindred, in some far off generation, had made a settlement there, the traces of which are yet to be found in the neighbourhood. The Caracoes were the only tribe of the Vineyard Indians who had not more or less received Christianity.

They were separated from the other settlements of red or white men, by a barrier of dense and pathless woods which then overgrew the centre of the island, and none of even the devoted Mayhews had ever proclaimed the gospel among them, till the colonel's son Mark penetrated into their country in the end of the previous summer, and with some difficulty persuaded the tribe and their old chief Pocanus to grant him a patient hearing.

The zealous young man, having gained their attention, paid them many an after visit, notwithstanding the wild nature of the country through which he had to pass. His gentle manners and kindly address, still more than the great truths he preached, made Mark a welcome guest among the savage people. He had seen hopeful signs of a few turning from their heathen superstitions, to walk in the better way, and as he was now on the point of leaving home for the college where his ministerial education was to be completed, Mark wished to visit his Indian friends once more, and, if possible, confirm them in the service of the Christian's God.

Moreover, the old chief had appointed a day on which to hear him declare the white man's faith, in a solemn assembly of his braves around the council-

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fire, and with young Mayhew it was a matter of conscience to be punctual.

Alone and on foot, with his trusty staff in hand and his gun slung across his shoulders, for the puma and other beasts might yet be met with in that insular forest, the self-destined missionary traversed the wilderness.

Mark was a good pedestrian, and had got over the greater part of his journey, when the last sultry hour of the afternoon made him pause for a moment's rest under the shade of a bending tree.

The woods around him were silent as if no life was there. Worn and weary he could have fallen asleep but for suspicions of the fierce inhabitants of the wild. All at once the silence was broken by a sound like that of hurrying steps in the neighbouring thicket, and at an angle to the spot where he sat, the figure of an Indian woman rushed through the tangled brushwood, at a speed which nothing but terror could inspire. The cause was plain in another instant, something came crashing through the boughs and briars behind her, and then Mark caught sight of the glaring eyes and arched back of a puma. The woman had seen the ferocious beast before it got near enough to spring upon her, and taken to what would have been a hopeless flight. But as Mark perceived the situation, he unslung his gun with a half-spoken prayer for help whence only it could come, and darting straight between her and the pursuer, took sure aim as the puma came on, for he had the eye of a hunter. Then the report of his rifle startled the woods, and was followed by a vengeful roar as the creature made its last spring. Fortunately the puma fell short of him, rolled over and fell dead almost at his feet.

Mark turned to look for the Indian woman; she had reached a spot some two hundred yards distant, and sat down exhausted on the trunk of a fallen tree. As the young man came up she tried to speak, but could not, her frame trembled from head to foot, and her usually dark face was pale as ashes, but a spring bubbled up among the brushwood hard by. Mark ran to it with a wooden cup which served his own travelling exigencies, and a draught of the clear cool water seemed to bring new life to the worn-out girl. A girl she was in years, and an Indian too; figure, features, and complexion, belonged to the red race, but all were modified and softened into that peculiar beauty, which so often distinguishes the Indian woman in her early youth, and fades so soon after.

"Thank God your life is saved!" said Mark, in the language of her people, which, as well as other Indian tongues, he had studied for missionary purposes.

"You saved me; how can I thank you enough?" said the girl.

"It was God who gave me power and skill to shoot the ravenous beast: the God whom the white man worships, who gives all men all things. I am going to speak of Him to the Caracoe people; are they your tribe?" said Mark.

"They are; I am the daughter of Pocanus, their great chief, his only daughter. My name is Orisa; I ventured into the forest to search for a tame squirrel I had lost, and never thought the puma would come so near our camp, for it is not an hour distant. Oh good white man, if you had not been there the beast would have eaten me, but you shot it like a brave. My father will let no man take the skin, that you may have it to hang up in your lodge, and sit on at the feasts of your people," and she rose all bright and beaming with the triumphant glee of a child.

"We shall leave it here for the present," said Mark, as he reloaded his rifle; "where one puma has been, another may be, I will help you to walk quickly out of the forest," and he spoke to her with the considerate kindness of a father.

Lithe, active, and now herself again, the Indian's daughter proved no impediment to his progress, and Mark, ever faithful to his grand idea, took occasion from her own hairbreadth escape, to impress on the young girl's mind, the power and goodness of Him by whom she had been preserved from the very jaws of death. Orisa listened, and seemed to understand, but made neither enquiry nor objection, and in less than an hour, they came in sight of the Indian settlement.

THE NEW LIFE.

II.—OUR ASCENDED LORD AND GLORIFIED INTERCESSOR.

THROUGHOUT the Bible run two great lines of thought, the one leading up to the sufferings of Christ, the other to the glory that should follow. The one series speaks of a mysterious pain and anguish, beyond human thought to fathom; the other points to a glory of kingship, a jubilance of triumph also surpassing all that man has conceived. The two lines sometimes run parallel, sometimes cross each other, and in the prophecies of Isaiah both converge to a point. The "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," is yet "the King in his beauty." To that Divine poem of contradictions the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is the key, telling of One who, "when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high," "whose throne is for ever and ever." The one great hope of existence is, that the Lord who died is Ruler and Worker. He in whom all things subsist is the centre of the Universe; his Cross is the explanation of all its secrets. The ascension meant this; hence the importance attached to it in apostolic teaching, or rather to that glorification of the risen Christ of which it was the sign. The epistles to the Ephesians and the Colossians are one grand amplification of this theme.

Very impressive is it, in reading the story of our Lord's last words with his disciples, to notice how earnestly and repeatedly He strove to impress upon them the "whither" of his going. The mere fact absorbed them; He was seeking to teach them the meaning and purpose and results of the fact. In those last chapters of St. John we have our Lord's

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own interpretation of his ascension: "I go to my Father." This takes away what would otherwise have been the irreparable loss of his withdrawal. He has not, then, passed away into an unknown realm, distinct from human interests. Between Him and these whom his love had bound so closely to Himself, there is no void of strange, unimaginable existence. "I go to my Father. The grave will not hold me; stand not gazing down into its dark depths. I go to my Father. The abysses of space will not receive Me into their far-off vagueness. Think not that beyond the midnight stars I dwell. But let this be your consciousness: with the Father—your Father, as well as Mine—I live; therefore how close to you. With God—My God and your God—therefore, through Me you will draw near to Him." On the Resurrection-morning, the assurance was repeated. The first message uttered to the disciples from his glorified lips was, "I ascend unto My Father."

We may think, first, of the aspect of our Lord's ascension in relation to Himself. He bids us do so, as He bade those twelve, deep as is the mystery of ineffable joy unto which his words lead. For it is the joy of the eternal Son—a joy inconceivable by man. Yet has He Himself drawn aside the veil that hides it. Unspeakably tender is his appeal: "If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice, because I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I." You would rejoice in my joy, even while believing it were your loss.

The Only-begotten Son, who was in the bosom of the Father—was the exile on earth no pain to Him? As He mingled with men in their baseness, hardness, and unbelief, came there never into his soul the home-desire for the world where the Father's will was perfectly done; where the full symphony of the "Hallelujah Chorus" was interrupted by no tones of strife, and bitterness, and blasphemy? Very dark, surely, was the darkness to the Light shining in its midst. How can *we* imagine what, even before the supreme hour of his passion, the sinless Lord must have endured from man's sin? We can, as we read these words, catch only some glimpse of it, and wonder that such depths of the Divine nature should have been opened to us sinful men and women. "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go unto the Father." "And now come I to Thee." "Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."

But further, let us look at the significance of the ascension as regards the Church.

Our Lord's appearances after the resurrection had assured the disciples of the reality of his glorified life. The intercourse was sufficient to bridge what would otherwise have been an impassable gulf between their remembrance of his earthly life and their thought of Him at the Father's right hand. The cross, the grave, had but left upon Him the marks of a love deeper than death. So the cloud which received Him out of their sight did not hide Him from their consciousness. Fain would they, as we, have looked behind that cloud, following the track of his glory, until the portals of heaven opened in answer to the triumphant cry, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." But it is an angel's voice that recalls to earth, and in thought we gather rather with that little band who, in the upper chamber, continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, and there were endued with power from on high.

Pentecost is the true interpretation of the Saviour's ascension. The Spirit was now given, because Jesus was now glorified. Yet was it but an earnest of blessing—the feast of first-fruits; the feast of ingathering is yet to be. The ascension proclaimed, emphatically, every barrier between God and man is swept away. Freely can his life now be imparted. Even Calvary had the Lord endured, rather than that we should be cut off from that life. The Cross is the measure of his longing to bless. Through all, over all, that opposed would his love find its way to us. Yet we seek Him doubtfully, yet we trust Him tremblingly.

Why should we remain sorrowful, when we have but to ask and receive that our joy may be full? When He has cast down every obstacle, shall we erect others? It is possible that our unbelief may thwart the purposes of the love that even the cross could not baffle.

"He has received gifts for men," gifts without reserve. God never gives by halves. Is it a scanty, measured life that gladdens us in spring? Can we tread five steps on an April day without finding that we have not faculties sufficient to take in even the dimmed and narrowed glory that comes to us as we pass along the streets? Through some rift in the stony gloom we catch a ray of the beauty, a glimpse of the freshness, a breath of the fragrance, a note of the songs, and we feel as if even that were enough to last us for evermore. But more easily might we count the leaf-buds, or number the sun-beams, than measure the infinitude of gifts the ascended Saviour waits to pour out upon us.

Once more, Christ's ascension is not only *for* us; it is ours. We may know a present daily ascension with Him, which is to us the pledge of ultimate glorification. We men and women, moving in the common ways of the world, are yet deriving our life from, and in spirit dwelling with, One at the Father's right hand. From that "sitting with Him in the heavenlies," comes all the strength and gladness of our lives. By his unseen grace our nature is nourished; from his fulness our hearts are satisfied. Such communion is understood, even from the common affections of life. There is that girl in the great city, doing its work, apparently absorbed in its associations; and yet a rare, sweet embodiment of Divine freshness and self-forgetfulness and purity amidst its feverish life. Under God, all the strength and sweetness of the character comes from the cherished thought of that far-away friend, in whose spirit-presence she dwells. Could we follow the deeper currents of her nature, we should find them always setting thitherward. Thus faintly, through the dependence upon father and mother, upon husband and friend, does the Lord and Giver of each speak part of the great secret of His love:

> "By the light of Christian lore
> 'Tis blind idolatry no more."

And when thrown back upon ourselves, in the weariness that will sometimes follow the gladdest moments, is it nothing to be able to turn to the unchanging,

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unfailing joy of the life with Christ above? That life no perturbations can reach, no distrust embitter, no change blight, no sorrow mar. It is ours inalienally, eternally. Stability, permanence we need; here we have it—"Because I live, ye shall live also." When anything can touch that risen life of Christ, it can destroy ours in Him. Not otherwise. There is no strength like that which comes from such knowledge. In the darkest days of all, when the voices that gave music to the wind, and the faces that made the sunshine light, vanish, to what parts of the Gospel do we turn but to those in which Christ comforts his disciples for his own departure? So truly do his members partake of his nature that what is spoken of Him applies in a lower degree to them. A little while, and we do not see the departed, and again a little while, and we shall see them. The Eternal God is the pledge of re-union with Christ. Upon this his hope and ours is alike fixed: "That where I am, there ye may be also." Those final words of his open the gate of the long eternity. Even He could say nothing beyond them. Since He has ascended, we follow. The love of the Father in which He rests is to be our lasting dwelling-place.

Finally, from the ascended Lord we may learn the nature of the course that God thus glorifies. Was it not the life of holiness and self-sacrifice that led to the exaltation? "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name." He has ascended far above all heavens that He may fill all things; to fill, therefore, our lives. He is head over all things to the Church; head, therefore, to its poorest member. All power is given unto Him in heaven and upon earth, that He may give power unto his people. He is King, with all the riches of the universe at his disposal, that He may satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry soul with goodness. He is lifted up, that He may draw all men unto Him. Therefore with cherubim and seraphim, and the whole company of the redeemed, we join in acknowledging Him to be the Lord. To our halting songs, their triumphant voices give a deeper tone of heart-music, as we ascribe wisdom, and honour, and glory, and power to Him that sitteth upon the throne, "and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

C. E. L.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

III.—NIAGARA AND THE SAGUENAY.

"WHATEVER you pass by in your journey round the world, be sure to see the Niagara and the Saguenay," was the advice given us by a friend well up in American travel; and accordingly we made a fortnight's circular tour from New York as the centre which enabled us to visit these two greatest natural wonders of the continent, worthy to be ranked side by side only with the Yosemite Valley. Taking the day-boat up the Hudson, we passed the Palisades and West Point, and enjoyed the delightful scenery of the Catskill Mountains, equal in beauty to the Rhine at Bingen, and disembarking at Albany, the capital of New York state, the cars brought us to Saratoga, the fashionable August resort of holiday-seekers from all parts of the compass. Here one sees American hotels in all their hugeness and grandeur; three, side by side, the "United States," the "Grand Union," and the "Congress Hall," are each capable of accommodating 1,500 guests. Here statesmen, politicians, literati, clergy, the wealth and fashion of the cities congregate, hold their assemblies, conferences, coteries, and drink the waters, smoke, gossip, and dance. Saratoga is out of the world, yet it seems as if all the world had come out of the world and were keeping saturnalia. It is the centre of a district full of lovely scenery, and ranks as an inland watering-place on a par with what Newport is as a seaside resort. A day sufficed us here, and the cars brought us on, a journey of twelve hours through a picturesque and thickly peopled country, two hundred miles west to Niagara. How strange it seemed to hear the names of Utica, Rome, Syracuse, by no means unimportant towns, and stranger still was the sound of bells as we drew near each town in turn. It seemed as if it were some saint's day, and church bells were ringing for service. The fact is that each engine carries a large bell which is rung as it moves along the streets, there being no barrier to protect the rails, and the cars proceed like tramcars. In England passengers are protected like children; in America they must look out for themselves, both those in the cars and those on foot. The tolling of bells from the several engines in the neighbourhood of stations is the only warning of a train in motion, and for starting, the conductor simply says, "All aboard!" and the train begins to move.

We reached Niagara Town at midnight, and spent Saturday morning in viewing the Falls from the American side. I must not here attempt to picture what has been so often described.

Later in the day we took up our quarters at the Clifton House on the Canadian side, and facing the Falls. Here we behold them in all their grace and beauty, just as the nearer view beside them on the American side best shows their resistless power and weight. No half mile walk in the world is so grand or impressive as that from the Clifton House, in front of the Falls. The waters ever pouring down here bubble up as if from the bowels of the earth, and rise in columns of spray. The Mosaic words concerning the Deluge come into mind, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up." As you gaze on the everlasting curl of blue thirty feet thick, gliding over the rocky edge for 2,000 feet, and ever plunging down 170 feet, and ever sending up stately sentinels of spray to the height of seventy feet above their former level, all words seem puny and impertinent save those of the Psalmist, "Be still, and know that I am God;" "His voice is as the noise of the waters" (see Ezek. xliii. 2; Rev. i. 15).

No fitter place is there for spending a devout

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Sabbath than in sight of this awe-inspiring spectacle, and within the music of its roar.

On Monday we went, first by train, and then by steamer, across Lake Ontario to Toronto, the thriving and bright capital of the Western Provinces, and thence in Pullman sleeping-car to Kingston, where the steamer "Corsican" met the passengers, and conveyed us the next day through the Thousand Islands, rocky and thickly-wooded, down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. As we go down the Rapids called the Cedars, we take on board the Indian pilot, a fine sailor-like old man, who discovered the passage and has been given the monopoly of the steering. The sensation is almost choking as the steamer literally twists and tosses, and reels to and fro through the troubled waters, with half-hidden rocks ahead, now on this side now on that. But an accident seldom occurs, and after two hours' excitement we come calmly on to the great Victoria tubular bridge built by Stephenson, which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal. Here we stop, to climb the beautiful mountain that rises behind the city, and to visit its chief churches and schools. Notre Dame is said to be the largest Roman Catholic cathedral in America, but the inside is gaudy with images and altars, not unlike a Buddhist temple. The English cathedral on the other hand is plain and Protestant. Macgill College possesses a library which, though lacking several important works, contains some old and curious books, and among them a missal (1501), with singular woodcuts and rhymes, for example :

> "Jesus to Pylate by represe
> Was brought bound as a chese,
> When Pylate had done Chryst wo
> He shewed Hym and sayd *ecce homo.*
> The Jewes full of iniquite
> Cried *tolle tolle crucifyge.*"

The sway of Romanism is apparent in the huge Romanist college—where, on every door, is a small picture of the pope to which each boy must bow,—in the Jesuit collegiate church, and in the lower and more squalid quarter of the town. The host, at festivals, is carried through the streets, and passers-by who refuse to uncover are assaulted. At the consecration of one of the Canadian bishops the following language was employed: "A bishop is clothed with a greatness that God refuses to the angels. Each time he celebrates, each time he consecrates the Sacred Host, God Himself in some manner obeys his voice. He is the successor of the apostles, a new apostle; he is another Jesus Christ Himself" ("Montreal Witness"). Nevertheless, Protestantism is strongly represented here, and among the ministers the venerable Dr. Wilks ranks highest in Christian influence and esteem.

It is ten hours' sail by the comfortable night-boat from Montreal to Quebec, and you rise in the early morning, refreshed after an undisturbed seven hours' sleep, to see the beauty of the river and the commanding aspect of Quebec rising up somewhat like Edinburgh castle against the morning sky. In Quebec there are about fifty thousand Romanists, chiefly of French extraction, and ten thousand Protestants. We do not at present land, but transfer ourselves on board another steamer which runs three times a week to Ha Ha Bay on the Saguenay, and back, the entire trip occupying three days. The mountains north of the St. Lawrence and about Murray are beautifully wooded. An hour's stay at Rivière du Loup gave us a charming walk through country lanes; and we then recrossed the river six miles to Tadousac at the mouth of the Saguenay, where Lord Dufferin had built a country-house, and where there is a small wooden Roman Catholic chapel, marking the site of what claims to be the first Christian church in North America. Its date is given at 1625, but the "Relations Jésuites," which I examined in the library at Quebec, inform us that in 1642 there was only *une cabane* which served as a chapel, and that the church was begun in 1644, or more than twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

And now in the starry night we weigh anchor and ascend the gloomy Saguenay, no lights to guide us save the stars reflected in the still deep waters, and the aurora in the north, while black mountains frowned down on either hand. At times we seem to be utterly hemmed in, but the captain blows his steam horn, listens for the echo and thus calculates his distance from the rocks. The distance from Tadousac north to Ha Ha Bay is seventy miles, and the strange journey by midnight reminds you of Virgil's description of the Styx. But the stars shine gloriously, Ursa Major low in the north, and Orion high in the south. Ha Ha Bay seemed to echo to its name, smiling with the first rays of morning. The Saguenay is unquestionably one of the most remarkable rivers in the world. It is the Ultima Thule of nature's majesty; the ice king rules beyond. The sail down by day gives full opportunity to realize its grandeur. It is a tremendous chasm cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness along which the pitch-black water of eleven large rivers which unite in a lake above, slowly makes its way to the sea. Stern, sombre, savage, impressive, are the epithets usually applied to it. As we sailed down the sun shone brightly, and lit up the hills and rocks on either side mantled with firs. The grandest part is that over which two huge towering rocks frown—solemnly named Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity—each of them rising perpendicularly two thousand feet, and the river below is said to be as deep. These high sentinel rocks continue all the way down to Tadousac, and in places the little steamer literally threads her way beneath the frowning cliffs. Scenery more sublime is not to be found in America.

The view of Quebec, as you sail up the St. Lawrence, is striking. The citadel of Cape Diamond, once a fortification of great strength and the key of the St. Lawrence, is now only a picturesque relic of a bygone age. Beyond it are the heights and plains of Abraham, where, in 1759, the opposing generals Wolfe and Montcalm fell, and the French were beaten. French and English now divide the city, and live, the rulers and the ruled, in quiet and friendship in the Upper and Lower town. A drive to the Falls of Montmorency, about nine miles from the city, forms an agreeable morning's excursion. The white foam dashes down in an unbroken fall of one hundred and ninety feet, and a pleasant path leads to a series of layers of limestone, over which the river tumbles, called the Natural Steps. Travelling by Pullman night-car to Gorham we reach the White Mountains in time to spend Sunday on Mount Washington. And a calm still

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Sabbath it was among the clouds. There were about fifty visitors. We gathered in a spacious room for worship, and among those permanently stationed on the top to make observations and for other purposes, there were several hearty voices to take the lead in our singing. Our position on the mountain-top, six thousand feet above the sea, cut off from the world, naturally suggested many scenes of gospel history, the Sermon on the Mount, the resorts of Jesus for seclusion and prayer, and above all the Transfiguration, when the Redeemer led his disciples up an exceeding high mountain (probably Hermon) and was transfigured before them, "and a cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." That Saviour's voice seemed still to echo in the clouds upon that mountain top, and to find a response in many hearts.



AT THE FOOT OF THE AMERICAN FALL, NIAGARA.

IV.—BOSTON AND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Brought up in a Puritan home I was familiar from my childhood with the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, and having seen Boston in *Old* England with its memorial of the Pilgrims only a few months before, Boston in *New* England was in my thoughts, not a huge Yankee city, but the venerable home and centre, mother and nurse of American Puritanism and Independence. Right in front of the hotel (the Brunswick) in which we took up our quarters stands a noble pile, worthy monument of noble ancestors, the new *Old South Church*, in its very name calling to mind the worthies of 1630, from Governor Winthrop and John Wilson downwards, and in its chaste and costly and massive proportions bearing witness alike to the vitality and the permanence of the truths for which those heroes suffered. The present pastor, Dr. Manning, showed me the large old pulpit Bible which had been presented to the church in 1730, and the history of which illustrates the firmness of the Puritans in guarding themselves against any intrusion of sacerdotalism. The old custom of chaining the Bible to the church desk, and coming to church to read it was supposed to sanction the erroneous notion that the Church was the keeper and interpreter of Holy Writ, and the New England Puritans therefore for many years refused to have any pulpit Bible. The Bible was the possession of the laity, of the congregation, who were to read it for themselves at home, and to search the Scriptures daily whether the things preached were so. Thus for twenty years this handsome Bible remained unused, and then at length with difficulty a vote was obtained for its place and its use in the pulpit.

Three miles out to the west of the city is Cambridge, so named by those brave Cambridge

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graduates, who in 1620 and 1630 left their old *alma mater* in England, of which they were the honourable and learned sons, and founded an academy which has fully earned the name of a university—Harvard College. Here in Cambridge stands Harvard College, a noble pile of building, called after the memorable John Harvard, "an excellent minister of the gospel who, dying at Charlestown of a consumption, quickly after his arrival here, bequeathed the sum of 779*l.* towards the pious work of building a Colledge which was now set a-foot." The standard for entrance and an exposition of the chapters which they read out of Hebrew into Greek from the Old Testament in the morning, and out of English into Greek from the New Testament in the evening, the Fellows resident on the place became tutors to the several classes, and after they had instructed them in the Hebrew language, led them through all the liberal arts ere their first four years expired."

Harvard College stands now, with its new Library and Memorial Hall, a fit representative of its first days, save that the religious element has well nigh



LIBERTY TREE, BOSTON.

the curriculum in this school of 1630 puts to shame many English institutions of greater pretensions of 1880. "When scholars had so far profited at the grammar schools that they could read any classical author into English, and readily make and speak true Latin, and write it in verse as well as prose, and perfectly decline the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, they were judged capable of admission in Harvard Colledge. While the President inspected the manners of the students, and unto his morning and evening prayers in the Hall joined disappeared from the necessary curriculum. The Memorial Hall is a monument of the late war, and contains tablets bearing the names of the students who fought and died for their country; it includes a theatre and dining-hall with portraits of distinguished Harvardians. Not far off stands the Shepard Memorial Church, erected in honour of Thomas Shepard, pastor at Cambridge from 1635 to 1649, and in front is the famous Washington Elm, beneath which Washington assumed the command of the army of Independence in 1775.

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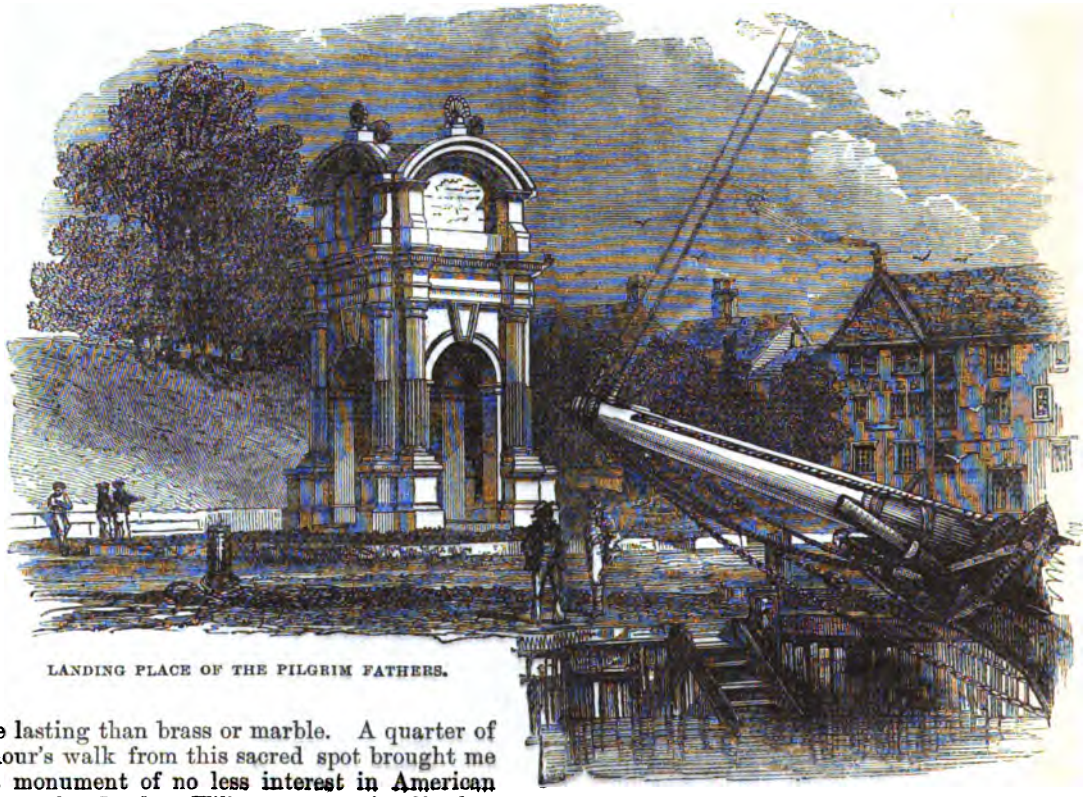
Another spot of high historic interest in Boston is Copp's Hill, the old North Burying Ground, where lie the mortal remains of the Mathers. Increase Mather, pastor of the North Church, and president of Harvard, was buried here in 1723. His son Cotton Mather, author of the "Ecclesiatical History of New England," was laid here in 1728; and his grandson, Samuel Mather, author of a work "All Men will not be saved for ever," in 1785. Their history is typical; the last work of the grandson was directed against Universalism, and his church was sold, soon after his death, to an assemblage of Universalists. The vault where father, son and grandson lie seemed open and empty, not much cared for, though the tomb is railed in and the yard kept locked. But they have left in their lives and in their works, monuments more lasting than brass or marble. A quarter of an hour's walk from this sacred spot brought me to a monument of no less interest in American history, the Bunker Hill monument in Charlestown, commemorative alike of the disastrous battle of the 17th of June, 1775, when the British burnt the town, and of Washington's victorious entry on the 17th of March, 1776.



LANDING PLACE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

I visited two institutions of modern Boston which are of great interest and importance. The Girls' High and Normal school-house in Newton Street is the largest and costliest school building in the United States, capable of receiving on the most liberal measurements nine hundred pupils in the High and Normal departments, and three hundred in the Model school. There is a chemical lecture-room, with the newest apparatus, and several class and recitation rooms, all well-lighted and cheerful, and a large hall, with casts of the Elgin marbles and of several well-known Greek statues in the Vatican, the Louvre and British Museum. Electric bells and speaking tubes connect with the master's room. Blackboards are on every side of the class-rooms. The entire cost is 80,000*l*. Here five hundred young ladies are given a sound education in science and literature and in the practice of teaching. The course is four years, and the pupils are prepared to become assistants in public schools, and governesses, and for domestic duties likewise. In arrangement and apparatus and real comfort this school seemed to me to outstrip anything we have in England; and it is open at a small charge to those who have passed the lower schools.

The Boston Young Men's Christian Union possesses an imposing building in Boylston Street, here coming to the front as in most American cities, and claiming public observation. It is emphatically a home for young men, for companionship and social intercourse, for entertainment, recreation and exercise, for mental and religious culture, and for practical philanthropy. Besides library and reading rooms, it has a spacious gymnasium and baths, a coffee-room, and a hall seating five hundred people. There is an employment bureau, to aid members in getting situations, and employers in obtaining suitable men. There are seven hundred life members, and the annual fee for membership is one dollar. Any young man coming to Boston may here at once find attention and kindness. He gives his reference, or tells his parentage, and is at once looked after, and if of good moral character he is soon provided with employment. A list of places is kept where board and lodging can be obtained at reasonable prices. A committee of ladies attend every week as a bureau of reference for *women* above ordinary servants who are obliged to earn their own living, and places are found for between one and two hundred annually. Excursions and festivals are given to needy children, and applications are received for food, lodging and clothing from the class known as tramps.

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Of all spots on the American continent Plymouth Rock is, religiously and historically, the most interesting and the most sacred. Here is the source and spring of America's greatness, the beginning and the basis of her history. A ride of an hour and half by rail along the coast south-east from Boston brought us to the little town; and an intelligent, lame old man offered his services as our cabman and guide immediately as we stepped upon the platform. He drove us first to Pilgrim Hall, in front of which is a portion of the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, and which contains a museum of relics of the "Mayflower." Here, among other things, there is a copy of the Indian Bible, translated by John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, who arrived in 1630, learnt the Indian language, reduced it to writing, translated the whole Bible into it, wrote the whole, it is said, with one pen, and had it printed and published by the year 1661. It was the first Bible printed in America. A copy was sent to Charles II., and Richard Baxter says of it, "Such a work and fruit of a plantation was never before presented unto a king." The marvel is all the greater when we recollect that the Indians at the outset were hostile to the settlers. Eliot went among them, showed them kindness, won the good-will of some, became their friend and sought their protection during Philip's war in 1675. The language, however, of his version is extinct, and only one person now living can read it. Opposite Pilgrim Hill is the Court House, where the parchment records and diaries of the first Pilgrims are kept, bearing witness to their straitened circumstances and to the great sufferings and privations of their first winter, which carried off more than half their company. Our guide then conveyed us past Cole's Hill, the first burial-place, down to Plymouth Rock, the memorable landing-place of the Pilgrims on the 22nd of December, 1620. The rock is covered with a massive granite canopy, in the upper part of which are deposited the bones, gathered from the neighbouring hill, of several who died during the first year. The place will ever be regarded with interest as holy ground by their descendants all over the States, and indeed by all lovers of Christian freedom, but we could hardly appreciate the display of enthusiasm of which our guide told us, on the part of three ladies who, when visiting the rock the week before, fell on their knees upon it, kissed it, and prayed aloud. We next climbed the Burying Hill, which commands an extensive view, and was an outpost of defence in the early days of the settlement. Here are the graves of William Bradford the Governor, Miles Standish, and many others. Behind the hotel at which we stayed the night there is rising a national monument to the Pilgrims, called Forefathers' Monument. A granite pedestal, forty feet high, and surrounded by statues, is surmounted by a colossal statue of Faith, also built of granite, the right hand uplifted pointing to heaven, and the left hand grasping an open Bible. The fairest and most durable memorial, however, of the Pilgrim Fathers is the civil and religious liberty of the United States.

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES:

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

III.

THE next place I was visiting in which the subject of our text was recalled to my mind, presented a contrast in many ways to the former one. Instead of the modest, quiet country rectory, it was one of those almost palatial country seats which form a distinctive feature in English life, and impart a certain charm to the most monotonous landscapes. The noble park and shrubberies would indeed have made a much duller country attractive; and in the interior of the house, the luxury of all the appointments was prevented from being obtrusive or oppressive by the refined and artistic taste with which the smallest details were arranged.

The mistress of the house, as she sat in her charming morning room opening into a little conservatory delicious with colour and perfume, seemed in character with the whole. She was a handsome, graceful woman, simply and tastefully attired—everything around her was pleasant to the eye, and her countenance was full of intelligence and feeling; but its expression, though sweet, was painfully anxious and troubled, and at times even melancholy. It might have taught a lesson of the insufficiency of riches to give happiness, to many a cheery-faced cottage matron could she have looked on it.

I knew her history; it was not one of any extraordinary sorrow; but her life lacked sunshine and brightness. Mrs. Travers—formerly Cecilia Aubrey—was an orphan of some fortune, and had been married when scarcely out of the schoolroom, to a man of great wealth considerably older than herself. I do not think she had had much voice in the whole arrangement; she was timid and childish for her age, and entirely under the control of the uncle and aunt who were her guardians; and she seemed scarcely to have formed any speculations for her own possible future, and had accepted the lot chosen for her as a matter of course, almost like the high-born maidens of the olden time.

Her lot was, however, a far better one than that of many who are allowed to choose for themselves. Mr. Travers was a right-minded and conscientious man, though rather dry and matter-of-fact, and much engrossed with the business in which he had made his fortune, and which he continued to carry on from choice. He was little fitted to be the com-

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panion of a young girl, but he was genuinely kind-hearted and goodhumoured, was extremely fond of his pretty young wife, and ready to indulge her in every possible way.

To some girls all this might have been hurtful; it was not so to Cecilia, at least not directly. She had no taste for extravagant display or gaieties. A moderate amount of society amply satisfied her, and for the rest, she preferred a country life, was delighted with the beauty of her home, and satisfied with cultivating her accomplishments, enjoying her garden and grounds, and receiving her friends. Her nature, somewhat indolent, though amiable and affectionate, did not seem to crave more. But the deeper part which really existed slept till the birth of a little girl some years later. Then, like Undine in the German tale, she seemed to awake to the consciousness of having an inner life and soul. All its depths were stirred; she lived for her child, till, a few months afterwards, the delicate, fragile babe was taken. The grief of the poor mother was crushing; there was little outward demonstration, but her health was broken, and her spirits seemed hopelessly depressed.

Her husband and friends were uneasy about her; change of scene, visiting, foreign travels, were tried in vain; she pined for the baby face which had been the joy of her life, and though not actually ill, continued depressed and languid.

At last, about eighteen months after her loss, the true fountain of healing was for the first time really opened to her. While staying in London she was persuaded to attend some mission services which had been a blessing to many, and among those blessed was the sorrowing young mother. She had been religiously brought up in a commonplace way, and had, I believe, always sincerely endeavoured to do right as far as she saw it, but now the light from above had entered her heart, which, like Lydia's of old, was opened to the truth, and she received it trustfully and simply as a little child. I was with her at the time, and had rejoiced in seeing how the "melodies of the everlasting chime" had entered the sad and weary heart, and made joyful music there.

Nearly a year had passed since that time; and as we sat together at her pretty "afternoon tea-table," we fell into reminiscences of that time we had spent together, so full of interest to her.

"I wish one could go back to it," she said; "somehow the brightness fades, though the real cause for it does not pass away."

"The real joy is as deep, though it may be quieter," I said. "But sometimes we let 'earth-born clouds come between us and the light.'"

"I am afraid I do very often," said Mrs. Travers. "I own I do feel troubled sometimes; but it is the life I lead which is my chief trouble."

"How is that?"

"It seems such an empty, aimless existence. I do earnestly desire to devote myself to the service of the Saviour who has done so much for me; but it seems as if my life were a sadly useless one, and yet I don't know how to help it."

"But surely, in your position, dear Cecilia, you have great opportunities for being of use, even outside the circle of the home duties."

"It seems so, does not it? And yet when it comes to the point, I can't tell what I am doing."

"Sometimes we are led to think more of what we do, than what we are, and God takes us into his school, to teach us some more of the lessons we need to learn, even if we would be useful."

"Yes, I am sure that is true; and don't think I believe that it is by doing I win the Lord's favour; I know it is all his undeserved grace, and we have to work because He has saved us, to make our whole lives an offering to Him. But how do I do this? My life seems just nothing but a round of easy, comfortable occupations—I am surrounded by luxury, and I seem to be just living to be at my ease and faring sumptuously every day; I feel quite ashamed of it sometimes. I mean I seem to be of so little good to any one but myself and my husband, and there is very little to do for him. Once," and her eye turned to a lovely picture on the wall, of a sleeping infant, "I might have had a child to train for God, and now it seems as if I had nothing."

"But how much you can do for the poor and suffering around you."

"Any one would say so at first; but when one comes to look close, how little it is! My husband always gives most liberally to all charitable objects, and for myself—I have my own allowance, and a very large one it is, and I subscribe to charities, and give a good deal in the village; but what is it? just a little out of one's superfluity. This is a regular 'pattern parish'; very small. My husband and other proprietors keep all the men in constant work; the people are carefully looked after; there are clubs for clothing, and coals, and every imaginable thing of the kind, and the school is a model of order. Everything is arranged to perfection by the clergyman, Mr. Robinson, and his daughters, who are the very soul of activity and method, and energetic enough indeed to work a parish three times the size of this. There is nothing left for me to do but to give to the regular objects, and make an occasional Lady Bountiful visit to the schools, and so forth, but to do more would be really to overdo charity, and spoil the people."

"Well, but do not you go up to town? There is so much in London which can be done for the poor and suffering."

"We have no regular house in town. Mr. Travers does not care for it, and prefers staying in rooms at his office if detained for a night or two. We go up for a short time to an hotel, or stay with relations sometimes. But it is so near, and the trains so many, that I could easily go up for the day and return in the evening, and what I should like would be to undertake some work—a ragged-school, or mother's meeting, or sick-visiting, in a poor district—as many ladies as I know do, who are not living in town, but go up two or three times a week or so. But this is just one of the few things my husband puts his 'veto' upon. He does not like the chance of coming home and not knowing where I am; and he thinks the fatigue would do me harm; all my own people, and his, have taken fright about me ever since dear baby was taken, and I was so ill. I don't believe myself it would hurt me, indeed I think more employment would be positively good for me physically as well as mentally. But, you see, I would not go against my husband's express wishes."

"No, there would be no blessing on work so undertaken."

"Well, then, what remains for me do when I have

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given all the soup and blankets that are wanted here, and sent my subscriptions for the charities? I have no power of writing; I could not set up authorship. To collect and receive for missionary objects is just what is not needed here; the Robinsons do all that there is room for, and for me, with such ample means, to send round for shillings and half-crowns would seem absurd. I see no way open. I don't want to seek work to pass the time; I can occupy myself very well with books, and drawing, and work, and driving about, and visiting, and so on—but all that seems living so entirely to myself—my conscience won't let me enjoy it! I feel as if I might apply the apostle's words to myself, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.'"

"Not exactly, dear, for your very anxiety and distress about yourself show you are alive. The dead don't feel."

"No, that is a comfort, certainly. But I can't sit still and take comfort in that, because I think I have seen people who lived in a kind of constant lamentation over their uselessness, and got somehow content with fretting. That can't be right."

"Certainly not. But there must be some way out of your difficulty. In every Christian's life there must be a possibility of following up what his Master would have him individually do, in order to 'occupy till He comes.' It may be different for different persons—some may be called on merely to lie on a sick-bed, and bear patiently—others to perform duties that seem very trifling and insignificant; but all must have something, and I am sure if we honestly pray for direction and then look out, we shall be shown our path."

"You see, if I were a poor woman, or merely living in a small way, keeping things comfortable for my husband would be work enough for me to feel I was doing what God would have me do. I should not feel I was wasting time if I had to dust the parlour, or shell the peas for dinner. But here, with a housekeeper who does everything, I seem to sit like a being to be waited on and tended, and to minister to no one. You do not know how sad it makes me!"

The tears were in her eyes as she spoke. I could see that it was not for the pleasure of talking of herself, but from genuine earnest desire to find a right way to be useful.

"Dear Cecilia, I will tell you a thought which has come to me while you have been speaking. We were discussing lately, some friends and I, the text, 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.' It struck us that there are fragments of good things in all our lives, time, strength, earthly possessions, which we leave unused because we don't see how we might turn them to account. Some good women have done wonders for the poor by collecting scraps and odds and ends of all kinds of things, and making use of them in various ways; well, I think there are often such odds and ends of everything in life, which we are apt to overlook, and especially—if you will not think I am personal—the very wealthy are apt to overlook, because they have never had their attention drawn to the use and good of such 'fragments.' Perhaps your life-work may be lying at your feet in this way, and you do not yet perceive it. I do not say it is so, but it is possible that you may find that the utilising of the fragments at your disposal might open to you a wide field of blessed, active ministration, for which you would not need either to go up to London or undertake a secretaryship."

"Oh, if you could show me, it would be such a real kindness! Can you suggest anything?"

"I will try, but it can't be done at once. You offered kindly to take me a drive in your pony carriage: it is a lovely summer evening, would you mind taking me to Millbrook—which is not far off, I know, for I passed it coming from the station—to see a sick lady and her mother, who have come to stay there?"

"Most gladly. The carriage is at the door, I see so, if you like, we can get ready at once."

As we drove along the pretty green lane outside the park gates, Mrs. Travers asked me who were the persons I wished to visit. Did she know them?

"I should think not. They only came here about a week ago. Mrs. Hayes is the widow of an officer, left with a very small pension to depend on, and several boys to educate. The eldest child and only daughter, to help her, became a teacher in a ladies' school; she seems to have been worked very hard, and to have overtaxed her strength, which was but small, I fancy, to begin with; and between overwork and anxiety she has completely broken down, and has been obliged to give up her situation and come home to be nursed. The mother was told that the only chance for recovery was country air, and some friends made a little collection to enable them to take country lodgings for a few weeks, till the boys came from school. Millbrook had been recommended to them as a quiet, cheap place, with very good air, and my friend Mrs. Morgan, who had made the collection, begged me particularly to go and see how they were getting on. I thought it might interest you to know them. They are much to be liked and esteemed."

The Presence of the Saviour.

THE presence of the Saviour,
How it brightens all my way,
How it helps me, how it strengthens,
How it cheers me day by day.

The presence of the Saviour,
How it makes the darkness light,
How it brings a ray of sunshine
Into sorrow's dreary night.

The presence of the Saviour,
How it fills the longing heart,
With a sense of deep, sweet gladness
Nothing earth-born can impart.

The presence of the Saviour,
How it chases every fear,
How it soothes the restless spirit
When faith feels that He is near.

The presence of the Saviour,
And the knowledge of his love,
How it seems a sweet, bright foretaste
Of eternal joys above.

The presence of the Saviour,
Surely it is heaven begun,
For 'twill be the brightest glory
Of the life beyond the sun.

J. S.

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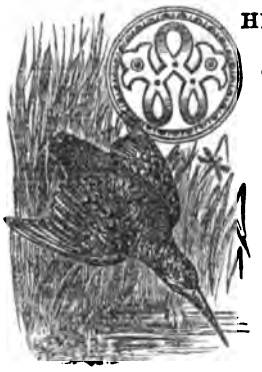
Pages for the Young.

MOTHERLESS BAIRNS.

CHAPTER IV.—"JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM."

"And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus, as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May still be folded on his breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be his little one."



WHEN school hours were over on week days, Susan Morley used often to visit the homes of her little Sunday scholars, and one afternoon, about a year after the events recorded in the last chapter, she set off for this purpose, with the wish too of seeing one of the children who had been absent from the class the day before. It was another poor child who had been brought into the school by the same little Jane, whose earnest efforts to say "come" to others had led to the rescuing of Daisy's "prayer-children." For some time the child had come regularly to the class, but when Jane called for her as usual one Sunday afternoon, she found her in tears, and on enquiring the cause, the child told her that her mother had said she should never go to the school again. Jane had tried to comfort her, by promising to ask her teacher to come and see her, and did not fail to lay the case before Susan, as soon as school was over. Susan had already made some enquiries respecting the child's home, and was much afraid, from what she had heard, that it would not be an easy matter to persuade the mother to send her. However, seeking help and guidance where none ever seek in vain, she set out the following afternoon to see what could be done, and to try if possible to soften the hard heart of poor little Bessie's step-mother, and induce her to retract her threat.

Turning down some narrow streets she made her way into the close, dingy-looking alley, in a court of which was Bessie's home. Groups of dirty children were playing about in the gutters, and women with untidy hair, lounging at their doors, stared at her as she passed, but quietly looking upwards, she made her way through the midst of them without annoyance, and at last reached the door of the miserable house, in a garret of which little Jane had told her Bessie would be found. The staircase was narrow and steep, with scant glimmer of light; and the sound of rude voices in some of the rooms, as she made her way with difficulty up the broken stairs, did not tend to reassure her. At last she reached the top, but, to her surprise, whilst pausing for a moment before knocking at the door, she heard a little voice inside singing. It was the old familiar hymn, sung almost every Sunday at the school, "There is a happy land far, far away," and the little singer seemed so to enjoy the words, and to sing them with such heart, that Susan did not like to interrupt her, but waited till she had finished before knocking at the door. When she did so, no one said, "Come in," and she was obliged to repeat her knock, this time saying as she did so, "Bessie, dear, are you at home? I've come to see you." The door was not opened, but a voice from within answered: "Oh, please, teacher, I'm so sorry I can't open the door, but mother's locked me in, and taken the key, for fear I should run out and leave the babies. I've got to take care of them till she comes home."

"Very well, dear, never mind about the door; but tell me why you did not come yesterday to school. I was so sorry not to have you in the class."

The child did not answer at once, and Susan almost reproached herself for having asked the question, for she fancied she heard the sound of a stifled sob, and then the child said in broken tones:

"I like to come to the school, but I mustn't come again. Mother says she won't have me go there, and she'll beat me if I do; but I want so to hear some more about Jesus, and I'm trying to speak to Him as you told us."

"That's right, dear; and do you think if I were to teach you a little prayer to say to Him, you would say it every night and morning, and whenever else you are able through the day?"

"Oh, yes, teacher, that I would."

"Well, then, dear, I want you to say after me: 'O God, give me Thy Holy Spirit, and take away all my sins, for Jesus Christ's sake.'"

The child repeated the words after Susan several times until she thought she could remember them. Then Susan spoke to her, as well as she could through the closed door, about the loving Saviour, who died for little children, and who would wash away her sins, if she asked Him, in His precious blood, and give her His Holy Spirit to teach and guide her in the right way, and at last, through his own great love, bring her to the happy land she had been singing about. Then taking a little card out of her pocket, with a text on it, she slipped it under the door, and told Bessie to try and learn it by the next time she came, and promised that if she knew it perfectly, she should have another. Bessie read the words on it, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me;" and then Susan said:

"Do you know who it is that says this, dear Bessie?"

"It doesn't tell us, teacher; but I should think it must be Jesus, because you said He loves us."

"And do you love Jesus, Bessie?"

"Oh yes, teacher, I do love Him."

"Why do you love Him, dear?"

"Oh, teacher, because He died to save us from going to the dreadful place, and because He's so good to us."

"And do you know, dear, what the verse means when it says, 'Those that seek Me *early* shall find Me'?"

"Early in the morning, teacher, before we think of anything else?"

"Yes, dear, we should think of Him as soon as we wake in the morning, our first thought should be of Him and his love; but it means something besides this—that while you are young, quite in the morning of life, you should seek Him as your Saviour and friend, not wait till you are grown up, because you may never live till then, and the sweet promise is for children. 'Those that seek Me *early* shall find Me.' I hope little Bessie is beginning to seek Jesus early."

"Yes, teacher, and I hope I shall see Him some day. I often lie awake at night, and through the chinks in the roof I sometimes see the stars, and they look so bright, and I know Jesus made them, and I say to myself, 'Jesus's home is brighter even than those stars, and maybe some day I shall get there, if my sins are washed away, and my naughty heart is made clean.' And when the babies are cross and my arm aches with nursing them, I sing my hymns and verses, and I forget I'm tired, and I feel so happy, but I do want to come to school again."

Susan promised the child to see if she could persuade her mother to give her leave to return to the class, but, bidding her, whether or not, to try to be gentle, obedient, and patient, and thus to show her love to the Lord who had loved her with so great a love, she said good-bye to her, and made her way once more down the ricketty staircase. As she went down, she heard the little voice upstairs beginning to sing again the old favourite hymn, and with feelings of deep thankfulness, she thought to herself, "Truly, of such is the kingdom of heaven," so simply had this little child received the message

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of Christ's love into her heart, and, as a little palm-tree flourishing in the midst of a desert land, because its roots are watered by a hidden spring, was bringing forth, in an ungodly home, and with every outward disadvantage, the fruit of holiness to the glory and praise of God.

Susan made many efforts to see little Bessie's stepmother, but without success. She went out to work early in the morning, and purposely avoided seeing her at other times. When Susan called at the house, little Bessie, if not out, was always locked into the room, but the child had many happy talks with her kind teacher through the closed door, and though not allowed to come back to the school, she learned, week after week, the verses which Susan slipped for her under the door, and was treasuring up in her heart a store of precious texts which no one could take away from her. After some time Susan managed to send her a Bible by little Jane, and the joy of the child at having one of her own was unbounded.

"I can now read all about Jesus, and perhaps some day mother will let me read it to her."

One evening, a few months later on, as Susan was sitting after tea by Daisy's couch, reading to her, the shop-bell rang, and on going to answer it, Elsie found little Jane waiting with a pale face, and tears in her eyes. She had been running fast, and was so out of breath she could not speak for a minute, but at last managed to get out that Susan was wanted directly. Bessie's mother had sent her—there had been an accident, and Bessie was hurt, and had been taken to the hospital, and was asking for "teacher." Susan was ready in a moment, and before long reached the hospital, little Jane going with her as far as the entrance, and telling her the few particulars she had gathered from Bessie's stepmother about what had happened. It appeared that the child had been sent out early in the morning with some violets to sell, but not finding as many customers as usual, and fearing her stepmother's anger if she returned without selling them, she had lingered about the streets till dusk. Jane had met her, and tried to persuade her to come home, but she said: "Oh, no! not till she had sold her flowers; mother would be so vexed if she didn't!" When Jane asked her if she were not very tired and hungry, she said she was tired, and she had a pain in her side, but she was saying over her verses and hymns, and this helped her to forget how tired she was. As Jane left her she heard her saying to herself, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom"—the last verse Susan had given her to learn. She had not been at home much more than an hour, when Bessie's stepmother ran in and told her to fetch Miss Morley at once—that Bessie had been run over by a waggon, and had been taken to the hospital.

Susan hurried upstairs to the ward where the poor child had been carried; the doctor and nurse were standing on one side of the bed as she entered, and, from the grave look on the face of the former, she guessed what was indeed the case, that little or no hope was entertained of the child's recovery. Both her legs had been broken, and her head severely injured as well. Her stepmother was sitting at the foot of the bed, and seemed half stupefied. Susan stepped forward quietly, and bending down over the poor little sufferer, said in a gentle voice, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

The little eyes, which had been closed until now, opened for a moment with returning consciousness, and the child smiled as the familiar words fell on her ear, and held out her hand to Susan. Then, looking up with a bright smile, she whispered, "I'm so happy. Tell mother I'm going to Jesus, and I hope she'll come too." She made an effort to say, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm," and then with one little sigh, turning her head on the pillow, as if going to sleep, she was gently gathered into the fold of the good Shepherd above.

Dear little Bessie! No more rough words or blows, no more pain and hunger, no more tears, "the waves of this troublesome world" safely crossed, and the little ship at anchor in the fair haven, where they who enter in "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died."

CHAPTER V.—"HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM, SO THAT THE WAVES THEREOF ARE STILL."

"Safe home, safe home in port,
Rent cordage, shattered deck.
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh, the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er."



About two years after little Bessie's death, Daisy, whose health had been failing very much during the summer months, was ordered to go away for some time to a drier and milder place, and as Mrs. Morley had a sister, the wife of a farmer, living at a little village on the south coast, it was arranged that she should spend the winter with her.

Little Lizzie was to go too, partly as a companion for Daisy, and also because she was far from strong herself, for though in better health than when she and her sister were received into the Morleys' home, she had never thoroughly recovered from the effects of early neglect, and exposure to all weathers. She and Polly had continued to go to the little school which had been the means, through God's blessing, of rescuing them from their life of misery. Their love and gratitude to the kind friends who had taken them into their home had from the first been most touching, and amply repaid Mr. Morley and his wife for the disinterested kindness and tender pity with which they had received into their home, and treated as their own children, the friendless little ones, who had no other claim upon them than their misery and wretchedness.

There were many regrets in the Morleys' home when the time came for Daisy and Lizzie to set off on their long journey; for all knew how sadly Daisy would be missed from her accus-

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tomed corner, and little Lizzie was a general favourite. Mr. Morley went with them the greater part of the way, and saw them safely into the coach which was to carry them the last twenty miles.

Daisy bore the journey better than could have been expected, and both Lizzie and she met with a kindly welcome from the good old farmer and his wife, who had no children of their own and were well pleased at the thought of having some young faces about them. The old-fashioned farmhouse, nestling down in a sheltered nook, with the hills rising behind it, was the picture of comfort and peace both within and without.

Early the next morning, as they looked out from the windows of the snug sitting-room, the quiet beauty of the scene which lay before them filled both the children with wonder and delight. The farm stood at the head of a valley well wooded with fir-trees, and opening down on to the bay; a little stream ran gurgling down its rocky bed only a few yards from the garden gate, while the cliff itself, down which a winding path led to the shore, was covered with creepers and ivy, and rich in every kind of foliage. The trees were still in the beauty of their autumn tints, and to Daisy, whose eyes never saw a tree from one year's end to another, it seemed a perfect paradise. But the crowning delight to both the children was the wide sea which bounded the view, and which stretched away to right and left, as far as eye could reach. As they looked out on it for the first time in their lives, it seemed to them more wondrous and beautiful than anything they had ever imagined. Here and there in the far distance they could see the sails of some ships bound for a far-off land, the rising sun just tipping them with gold, or nearer home, down in the bay below, the little fishing-boats returning home after the night's toil. They were never tired of gazing on the sea with its ever-changing beauty, and the kind-hearted old farmer would often drive the children in his gig down to the shore, and leave them there with their books and work for hours together. Mrs. Morris contrived an easy folding couch for Daisy, which was carried down without trouble, and on which she was able to rest, and enjoy the view without fatigue.

The soft, mild air, with the invigorating sea-breezes, soon brought returning strength to her and little Lizzie, and the quiet, peaceful life in the old farmhouse, was a time of rest and enjoyment long remembered by them both. The bright mornings were generally spent on the shore, and in the afternoon, while Daisy rested in the pleasant bay-window of the parlour, little Lizzie often went with Mrs. Morris on some mission of love to one or other of the fishermen or farm-labourers' cottages scattered over the valley. Sometimes, as a great treat, the child was allowed to go by herself, to carry a basket of eggs or a pat of home-made butter, with some tea and sugar, to an aged man and his wife, formerly employed on the farm, but who were now past work, and lived in a lonely cottage halfway down the cliff. The little girl was always welcome to the good old couple, and many a happy half hour she spent with them, sometimes reading to them as they sat in the chimney-corner, out of the large Bible which always lay open on the table. Sometimes sitting on a little stool at their feet, and listening to them as they talked of the days long gone by, when children's feet had trodden their cottage-floor, and another little girl had occupied the same stool Lizzie was sitting on. Sometimes they would go over the old story, and tell her how, one by one, all those children had been taken from them, in infancy or early childhood, and had been laid side by side to rest, in a quiet corner of the little churchyard under the hill; but how they knew and rejoiced to think that all were safely gathered into the blessed home to which day by day they were drawing nearer themselves. One day when the wind was rising, and the sea very rough, the old man told Lizzie to watch the fishing-boats coming into the bay, and then said:

"You see those little storm-tossed boats, my lassie, making for the harbour; they've had a rough time of it, and I'll venture to say, there isn't a man in them who won't be glad to set his foot on shore. It's a rocky coast this, and many's the brave ship I've known in my time, wrecked off the rocks yonder, let alone the little cockle-shells of fishing-boats. Ah, my child, it's just a picture of our life. We're all launched on a stormy sea; and though some have a smoother passage than others, I believe there are waves and storms for all. Happy for those that have with them in the ship, the One Pilot that can bring them safely through all storms, into the quiet haven."

The child looked up earnestly into the man's face as he spoke, and then said: "Daisy says she thinks the haven must be all the more welcome when the boats have had a rough passage."

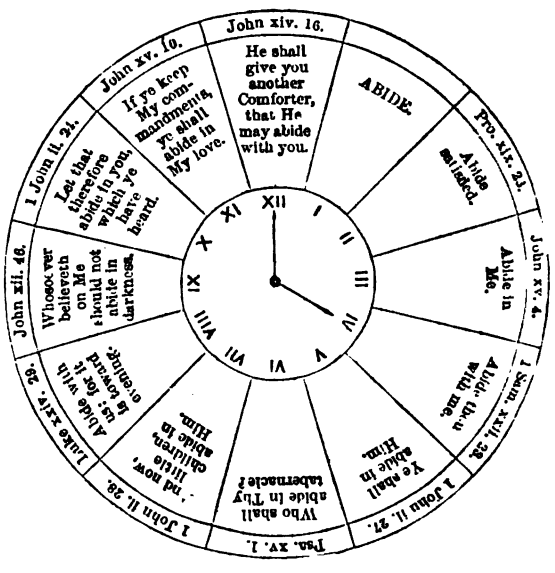
"Aye, and Daisy's right too, my child, the storms and danger make the rest and peaceful shelter seem all the sweeter; and heaven will seem all the more welcome when the voyage has been full of storms."

The old man murmured softly to himself, "Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

The wind now began suddenly to increase in violence, and fearing to detain the child any longer, the old man desired her to hurry home at once, going with her himself to the top of the zig-zag path which led up the cliff, and watching till he saw her little form disappear through the gate leading to the farm.

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 78.



Let our readers take the word BRING for their next exercise.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

NO. L.—p. 78.

1. Gen. i. 3—5.
2. Exod. x. 21—23. Psa. cv. 28. Deut. v. 22, 23. Matt. xxvii. 45. Mark xv. 33. Luke xxiii. 44, 45.
3. Josh. x. 12, 13. Luke ii. 9. Acts ix. 3; xii. 7; xxii. 6, 9; xxvi. 13.
4. Psa. lxxiv. 20. Prov. iv. 19. Eccles. ii. 13, 14. Isa. ix. 2; lix. 9, 10. Rom. i. 21. 1 John ii. 9.
5. 1 John i. 5. 1 Tim. vi. 16.
6. Luke xxii. 53. John xii. 31; xiv. 30; xvi. 11. Eph. ii. 2; vi. 12.
7. (1) Psa. lxxxii. 5. Prov. ii. 13. 1 John ii. 11.
   (2) Eph. v. 11, 12. (3) John iii. 19.
8. 2 Cor. iv. 4.
9. 2 Cor. iv. 6.
10. Acts xxvi. 18. 1 Pet. ii. 9. Col. i. 13.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE MARTYR'S SERMON.

THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

II.—TONGUES OF FIRE.

THE mediæval legends and monkish stories lurking about in the church of the dark ages were, many of them, without a doubt, foolish enough, but some of them evidently constructed and told with a wise and scarcely-hidden purpose. We know of none more singular than the very well-known story of the strange friar who appeared in a certain monastery, and was requested by the abbot to preach in the church. The strange friar went into the pulpit, and astonished the brothers and the entire congregation. His discourse produced a profound sensation; he descanted on the doom of the lost till the blood of the brothers curdled. Altogether, it was a very wonderful discourse, and the

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strange friar stepped from the pulpit amidst the awestruck glancings of the people whose amazement he had inspired. But, saith the legend, the old abbot was not taken in; following the strange friar, he discovered that he was the veritable enemy of mankind. He expressed to the preacher his wonder that he should talk in such a strain. "Think you," said the devil, "that my sermon would have the effect of teaching one hearer to shun eternal damnation?" The devil sneered at the old abbot, as he said, "I made them all shiver, but I did not make one of them weep! Think you that great knowledge and great eloquence are of any use without *unction*? My sermon was a great sermon, but it would do me no harm; it had no unction!"

Unction, then, is the tongue of fire, and it is just the very gift which no universities, no degrees, no amount of learning or critical attainment, no cultivation of the science of *belles-lettres*, of rhetoric or elocution can bestow. In contrast with the old legend we have just quoted, there is another story—but this, we believe, is a true one, and not a mere legend—of a certain bishop, eminent not only as a preacher, but for his purity and his piety, his gentle kindness and meek wisdom. He had to preach in a certain great church, and he had to travel very far to fulfil his engagement; when he arrived, he was wearied and unwell, too ill to speak, and he begged that some one might be appointed to occupy his place in the pulpit. "No," said the minister of the church, "only you go up into the pulpit, and sit down, and look at the people, and then come away." It may be presumed that the old bishop gave his benediction, but the story tells how hearts were touched, how the people burst into tears, because, say the narrators of the story, he was a man of such pure devotion, and "he who prays much is filled with a power of touching souls which is quite inexplicable." There goes forth from such a nature a subtle charm and influence; such a man has felt the powers of the world to come, and from such a nature broken and unrhetorical words have been proved to produce effects where mighty masterpieces have failed. But when the tongue of fire sits upon a high intelligence, when large powers are the chambers through which celestial lights stream, when language, and thought, and imagination are kindled, it surely is not unnatural to expect effects and influences corresponding to the magnificent vocation. The best history of the pulpit, then, is the story of the tongue of fire, from that moment when we read of "the cloven tongues of flame" sitting on the brows of apostolic men, beneath whose consecrating touch they went forth, all of them inspired, to "speak with tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." It seems only possible in this way to account for the amazing number of startling episodes in the history of the Church—in the ages of the Church of Rome as well as in Protestant countries and times.

The Church was born in the institution of preaching; it was an institution of Christ and his apostles: "To the poor is the gospel preached," was the Saviour's description of his own work; and "preach the word," was the injunction of his most illustrious apostle. Lecturing and speaking were not unknown to the ancients, but they were the recreation of the polite, and means for the education of the courtly and accomplished. It was altogether a new order of things when Christ took the poor into his confidence, and opened to them the things which had been "hidden from the wise and prudent." And the early ages of the church present to us the names of men whose magnificent sermons have, we suppose, not been surpassed by any of the splendours of speech in more highly-cultivated times. If we thought it would be interesting to our readers, we could dwell at great length on the sermons of St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Basil, and Tertullian; so far as magnificent and highly-ornamented speech, pithy and pointed words, charming elucidations of the word of God are a test of sermons, it is the highest commendation of any of our recent days that they approach the great originals of those whose names we have mentioned. Mr. Moule, in his Hulsean essay on the Christian oratory of the first five centuries, has very clearly and concisely illustrated this; and, as the history of the Church went on, the happy device of preaching became one of the best means for instructing the people and chaining their attention. Those were bookless days, and, unless our readers have paid attention to this somewhat hidden department of the story of the Church, they have no idea of the wonderful succession of preachers whose sermons, or fragments of them, are still found in out-of-the-way places in our old libraries; sermons full of wit, full of Scriptural knowledge, and, many of them, as full of parable and fancy as the pages of Hans Andersen; indeed, the fanciful, pictorial, and parabolic style was a very favourite method of speech with many of them; but they spoke their words, and went their way, and are as unknown as are the names of many of the old painters, who, nevertheless, command us to pause as we pass by their canvases on the walls in our great galleries.

What a moment was that in Florence, in 1495, when "Il Frate," the brother, as Savonarola was universally called, was listened to. Judged by any test, his was wonderful preaching; he had mighty auxiliaries, to be sure, to aid him—the terror of the plague, the shadow of the pestilence apparently approaching, the fear of the French army, surely marching on to invade; but Italian historians, like Guicciardini, pause in their narrative to express their wonder at the voice of the great preacher of St. Mark. St. Mark's church was a much larger edifice then than that which our readers have probably visited; but night after night, the whole city crowded in to hear the monk's exposition of the building of the ark, and the judgment of the flood, and when he came to the announcement of that text, "Behold, I will bring the waters over the earth," it is said it was as if a thunder-clap burst over the church. The well-known Florentine, Pico della Mirandola, who was present, said afterwards that a shudder passed through all his frame, and his hair stood on end as he listened. Florence was, at that time, probably the most dissolute nook in all Europe; even its high artist tastes were cultivated to the extreme of depravity; but before this preaching, at any rate while it lasted, it all went down, and Vasari, the charming biographer of Italian artists, tells how the wanton pictures, music, sculptures, and paintings, were all gathered and burned in an immense *auto da fé* in the great square of Florence. The scathings of the preacher's tremendous eloquence swept swiftly all round, and immoral popes, priests, magistrates, artists and

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poets, all alike were scorched and consumed by words which burn even now as we read them on the cold paper. At last they burnt the bold preacher himself. The pope fulfilled his promise made when Savonarola refused the cardinal's hat: "Then," said he, "Il Frate shall have a martyr's crown!" As one of the bishops said in condemning him, "Let us send him to death; a miserable friar more or less is of small consequence!" "I separate thee," said the Bishop of Vasona, in pronouncing the sentence of ecclesiastical degradation, "from the church militant!" "From the church militant," answered the preacher, "but not from the church triumphant; that is not given to thee!" The words have remained in the hearts of men ever since. The story of Savonarola is a chapter in the history of the tongues of fire.

And this reminds us that the voice of the pulpit has sometimes found a free course even in the very face of the flames which were about to consume the body. When Jean de Caturce was brought forth to be burned in Toulouse, a pulpit was set up, and a friar stepped into it, appointed by his church to preach in denunciation of the heresies for which the martyr was about to suffer. In a voice which was heard all over the square, the friar announced his text. "The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." The monks were delighted with so appropriate a text, until the clear voice of Caturce thundered out, "You have read only a fragment; read on!" The friar was confounded. "Read on," said Caturce, and the preacher was compelled to continue his text: "forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created, to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe." The friar was not equal to the occasion, and, strange as it seems, while the discomfited preacher was unable to pursue the sermon he came to deliver, the martyr took up the text, preached from it, in the very presence of the officers of justice, a sermon which arrested the attention of all hearers, although it did not save him, for he was burned immediately afterwards. Not easy nor pleasant preaching this, but it is an illustration of that strong faith which makes words effective and memorable when they fall from the lips of men. It would be beside the purpose of this paper to group together the instances of bold and fervent spirits who have fearlessly turned their stake or scaffold into a pulpit or whispering gallery, whence they have sent forth their convictions; only the principle of all this convincing speech has been the same. "And we also believe, and therefore speak," has been the point of contact between the soul of the preacher and his audience in every circumstance and in every place.

St. Bernard belongs to a much earlier period of the history of the Church; he must have been a great preacher, every way a great man, although his appearance is said to have been small and contemptible. But we like to meet him best, not moving about among the courts of kings, or preaching the crusades before the King and Queen of France, and such an assembly as we may imagine in the field of Sens, but in his quiet, unadorned and almost barn-like monastery in the valley of Wormwood, or Clugny. There, evening by evening, he preached those tender sermons, his contemplations on Solomon's Song, to the crowd of monks he had gathered round him, tired and worn-out statesmen and soldiers, knights and peers, young recluse students and labourers who came in from the hot and dusty fields, to be refreshed by the words of the great father. His tenderly-loved brother, Gerard, was a monk there with him—always a frail and sickly brother—and it was on the evening after his death that Bernard came, in the course of his exposition, to that text in the Song, "As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." We may suppose, naturally in accordance with usage and custom, his brother lying on the bier, in his presence, in the church; and this furnished the occasion for one of the most tender and pathetic sermons which ever fell from preacher's lips, full of rich gospel truth which a Luther might have uttered, and suggestive visions of the decaying body and the glorified spirit, until, in a passion of prayer, he closed: "Thou gavest Gerard, O Lord; Thou hast taken him away! And if I mourn for his being taken, I forget not that he was given; and I render thanks that Thou didst deem me worthy to have him. I am ashamed of these sobs, which accuse me of prevarication. What more can I say? Thou hast sought again what was entrusted to me; Thou hast received Thine own. These tears put an end to my words: do Thou, Lord, vouchsafe to put an end to my tears!" This sermon, comparatively unknown, has always seemed to us one of the most rich and tender pieces of the pulpit oratory of any age.

It must be very clear to our readers, that when we speak of the eloquence of the pulpit, we do not mean a mere flow of words, however apparently exhaustless and rapid, any more than the page of a book covered with words constitutes fine writing, or a succession of sounds fine music. So also when we accept the verdict of Shakespeare—a verdict which has the sanction also of far more ancient names—that "action is eloquence," it is not implied that eloquence is in mere action, any more than it is in mere words; in both instances, alike of words and action, there must be an accent which makes itself felt; that which Cicero means when he defines eloquence to be "a continuous movement of the soul." I will present two illustrations of what I mean: the first from that illustrious master of sacred assemblies, Dr. Chalmers. Dr. John Brown, in his "Horæ Subsecivæ," gives an instance of his listening to this great Scotch orator, when he was only a youth in the High School of Edinburgh. It was in a wild moorland district on a summer evening. Brown and some of his fellow-students, bright, gay, thoughtless lads, fascinated by the charm of the great name, had walked over to the kirk among the moors. "As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell.

> 'There was a hardness in his cheek;
> There was a hardness in his eye.'

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw him going in. The minister came in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The tide set in; everything aided

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its power; deep called to deep. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears were running down his ruddy coarse cheeks, his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's, his whole body stirred with emotion, and when the wonderful speaker sat down, how beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look. We went home quieter than we came: we thought of other things; that voice, that face, those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence, that piercing, shattering voice!"

This is a fine description of pulpit eloquence—of what we have sometimes called the Trollhatten style—eloquence leaping in its zigzag, rushing, shattering impetuosity, from the high rocks above, whirling and careering, and eddying along. How singular, including in its pulsation of passion, and bearing along by its power the rough drover of the Lammermuirs, and the gentle, sensitive, cultivated youth, who well knew what a holy life and all highest preaching was, as, himself the son of one of the most accomplished preachers and scholars in the Edinburgh of his day.

Well, then, take another instance, which may be spoken of as a pendant to that given by the author of the "Horæ." We remember to have heard a dear departed friend tell how, when a boy, he was taken by his father, one still, summer evening, across the Northamptonshire fields—I believe it was to the little village town of Thrapstone—to hear Robert Hall. It was one of those old village chapels, with the square galleries. As in the instance of Chalmers the place was crowded with plain farmer folk and a sprinkling of intelligent ministers and gentry from the neighbourhood. The minister came in, a simple, heavy, but still impressive-looking man, one whose presence compelled you to look at him. In due course he announced his text, "The end of all things is at hand; be sober, and watch," etc. Quite unlike Chalmers, his voice was not shattering, but thin and weak. There was no action at all, or only a kind of nervous twitching of the fingers; more especially as the hand moved and rested upon the lower part of the back, where the speaker was suffering almost incessant pain. As he went on beneath the deepening evening shades falling through the windows of the old chapel, his voice first chained, then charmed and fascinated his hearers one after another; the whole place seemed as if beneath a great spell. As he talked about "the end," the spell upon the people seemed to begin to work itself out into an awful, fearful restlessness; first one, then another, rose from their seats, and stood stretching forward with a kind of fright and wonder. Still there was no action, only the following on of that thin voice, with a marvellous witchery of apt and melodious words, but through them "the end of all things" sounded like some warning bell. More people rose, stretching forward. Many of those who rose first, as if they felt some strange power upon them, they knew not what, got up and stood upon their seats until, when the great master ceased, closing his passionate and pathetic accents, the whole audience was upon its feet, intensely alive with interest, as if each one had heard in the distance the presages and preludes of the coming end, and felt that it was time to prepare. My friend used to speak of that never-forgotten moment, that summer evening in the old chapel, as one of the most memorable of his life. Thus we have spoken of the eloquence of Chalmers as a rival of Trollhatten Fall; Hall's, on the other hand, was a kind of Niagara in its vast breadth and body, in its measured and nervous cadence. I am not in this saying which was the greater, only that the modes of their eloquence were so different, but, in each, fulfilling, it seems to the utmost, the definition of Cicero, "a continuous movement of the soul;" certainly they were both of them tongues of fire. It cannot be too much to say that of such eloquence we have no living examples. Faith in unseen things, in an unseen world lying round about us, is at a great remove as compared with what it was to either the audience in the Lammermuirs, or in the Northamptonshire village. Even the coarse drover had probably no barrier to put up against the preacher, excepting his wicked life, and that the fervent earnestness of the preacher overcame, and he found his conscience arrested, and his feelings wrought upon. The hearer's feelings really assisted the great preacher's words.

It may be questioned whether purely intellectual preaching, preaching which reasons and refines, has ever had this power. In the instances to which we have referred, it was the soul within the speaker which made his words move over the souls of other men as with the power of a necromancer; such eloquence as we have in our own day seems never to be of this order, although worthy of that characterisation finely given by one of our recent poets; but we confess we could never see its justice as applied to the statesman to whom the lines were a compliment:

> "An eloquence, not like those rills from a height
> Which sparkle and foam, and in vapour are o'er,
> But a torrent which works out its way into light
> Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore."

But the "filtering recesses of thought and of lore" are the impediments to that eloquence which speaks immediately to the soul, and to those movements in the atmosphere of the mind which create tempests of feeling in the hearer. Reference has often been made to a passage in the writings of Fénelon, in which he contrasts the styles of Cicero and Demosthenes, as illustrated by the effect they produced: Cicero extorting from his hearers the exclamation, "*O le bel orateur!*" Demosthenes, on the other hand, extorting from his, "*Allons! battons Philippe!*" And the contrast is suggested for the purpose of showing that the preaching which is most worthy of admiration and imitation is that which, in the spiritual world, produces an effect like the words of Demosthenes on the Athenian mind. Thus the orator of the Church of France of whom France is still most proud—is Bossuet. I never read a word of this great preacher which for a moment touched me; I cannot conceive of him as a tongue of fire. He appears to me eminently fine, artificial, rhetorical, although Mr. Hallam, in his "Literature of Europe," speaks of him in the strongest terms of praise, as "the Eagle of Meaux; lordly of force, fierce of eye, terrible in his beak and claws." Much more aptly, it seems, does Archdeacon Hare describe him, when he says, "To me Luther, if we take the two masses of his writings

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which display different characters of style according to the persons and objects they are designed for, in the highest qualities of eloquence, in the faculty of presenting grand truths, moral and spiritual ideas, vividly, clearly, in words which elevate and enlighten men's minds, and stir their hearts, and control their will, seems to be incomparably superior to Bossuet; almost as superior as Shakespeare to Racine, or as Ullswater to the Serpentine: in fact, when turning from one to the other, I have felt at times as if I were passing out of a gorgeous, crowded drawing-room, with its artificial lights and dizzying sounds, to run up a hill at sunrise." This is the verdict of a most competent witness, and it is not only true of him who is called "the Eagle of Eloquence," but it is true of all pulpit styles in which the preacher aims especially to be an artist, and to dazzle his hearer's eyes with the gorgeous displays of teeming fancy, rather than to touch their consciences by some live coal from the altar—in a word, to be to them a tongue of fire.



HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

II.—SIMON, WHOSE SURNAME WAS PETER.

THE method of the "Horæ Paulinæ" is applicable, not only to the comparison of two classes of documents, with a view of testing their honesty by seeking for consistency without contrivance, but likewise to the criticism of different parts of the same document, in the endeavour to ascertain, by minute examination, whether the whole hangs together with simplicity and reality, and not by the exercise of ingenuity, but by being true to nature. Paley himself applies this mode of reasoning to the Epistle to the Philippians in the first instance, without any reference at all to the Acts of the Apostles. The subject before him is the mention of Epaphroditus and of the business in which he was engaged. By the Philippian readers, who knew all the circumstances of the case, the references, direct and indirect, to this person would be instantly understood. But by us, who read the epistle now, "this knowledge must be gathered from a comparison of passages," interwoven, as it were accidentally, into the text and "lying at a great distance from one another." In the end, indeed, as Paley says, "the affair comes out clear, but it comes out by piecemeal." And his argument is that a forger "would have set forth his story connectedly, and also more fully and perspicuously," whereas, "if the epistle be authentic, and the transaction real," the phenomena of the document, in this particular, are just what we should expect. How far Paley is quite accurate in his mode of handling all parts of this instance is not the point before us. This subject is referred to only as an illustration of the fact that we may very properly search for "undesigned coincidences" *within* the range of a document which is under our examination, and without comparison with any other document.

In the Acts of the Apostles there is one very marked instance in which this mode of treatment is invited, though few writers seem to have perceived the invitation. There are in this book three accounts of St. Paul's conversion: one in the ninth chapter; a second in the twenty-second; and a third in the twenty-sixth. On a comparison of these passages certain superficial differences appear, which have caused difficulty to some minds. But if we go down to a little depth below the surface, we find that we can bring up strong arguments for belief in the naturalness and truth of all these narratives. It is to be remembered that the second and third accounts of the conversion are given by St. Paul himself under apologetic conditions. In each case, in fact, his speech is termed a "defence." On one occasion he is speaking before an infuriated Jewish mob in the Temple court, on the other before the Heathen governor Festus, with the second Agrippa seated by his side. If St. Paul, besides being intensely in earnest, was sagacious and gifted with presence of mind, as he certainly was, we should expect him, without deviating from truth, to adapt his subject persuasively to the state of mind of his hearers. Thus it is his business, in each case, to put forward very forcibly the *miraculous* circumstances of his conversion; and it is from these discourses (and from both of them alike) that we learn that the "light from heaven" which shone upon him in the way to Damascus was "a great light about noon, a light at midday above the brightness of the sun." Comparing now these two apologies with one another, St. Paul, addressing the angry Hebrew mob, reminds them of his early education under the renowned Gamaliel, says that those persons in Damascus, to whom he took credentials from Jerusalem, were "brethren," describes Ananias, who came to restore his sight, as "a devout man according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews that dwelt there," recounts a vision which he had in the very Temple where the crowd was now assembled, and postpones all mention of "the Gentiles" to the latest possible moment: whereas, on the third occasion, when he can speak with greater freedom, and is in the presence of a Roman governor, he makes no mention of Gamaliel or of Ananias or of a vision in the Temple, but, on the other hand, makes a full statement of his commission to the Gentiles in the very account of his conversion, describes his own actual work among the Gentiles, and (specially addressing Agrippa) declares

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how ancient prophecy had said that the Messiah should be a "light unto the Gentiles." We see at once how natural and real this is, how true to the facts of the case and the character of the man; and we become conscious, on the exercise of very little thought, how far this is from an instance of mere repetition. And here only a few of the particulars are given which will come to a careful student's view, if he will compare the three narratives minutely. It is probably good for our edification that this full information concerning St. Paul's conversion should be thus distributed and interwoven in the general narrative; while the confidence inspired by a discovery of inner harmony, where ingenious contrivance is palpably absent, has a legitimate tendency to diffuse confidence over that whole book, in parts of which we have found these features.

And, connected strictly with St. Peter, is another passage of this book, less abundant, indeed, in material, yet in certain respects extremely similar, which in its very structure presents itself naturally for the same kind of examination. In the tenth and eleventh chapters, we have two accounts of the conversion of Cornelius; one given by St. Luke in the due sequence of his direct narrative, the other given by St. Peter himself under apologetic conditions. He had been severely censured for entering the house of a heathen, and for so acting in social life as if all barriers between Jews and Gentiles were broken down. Thus it became incumbent on him so to present his experience and his conduct to the "apostles and brethren" who blamed him, as to bring into their minds the conviction which had mastered his own. He was on his defence, in fact, at Jerusalem, as St. Paul was in the Temple court and at Cæsarea. This existence of two narratives of the same great event gives occasion for critical inquiry as to whether the variations which we find in the two ways of telling the story are natural and in harmony with the circumstances of the case, so as to confirm our impression of consistency and truth. And not only so, but in this portion of the Acts of the Apostles, which extends from the beginning of the tenth chapter to a little beyond the middle of the twelfth, there is, in fact, a fourfold complication, so to speak, in the manner of presenting the narrative. For not only have we St. Luke's account of the vision of Cornelius and the trance of St. Peter at the beginning, and St. Peter's account of these things at the end; but, intermediate to them, is the relation of the vision of Cornelius by the messengers whom that centurion dispatched to Peter, and likewise the relation given by the centurion himself to the apostle, when he arrived at Cæsarea. Thus there is great opportunity in this section of the book for the exercise of very subtle analysis, including the criticism of character, as well as of facts, which may be expected to lead either to a very rude disintegration of the whole story, or to build up our conviction of the artless reality and perfect truthfulness of what is here set before us.

The subject will be resumed, and treated carefully in a later paper. Here attention is called to one point only, which belongs to the elementary part of the history of St. Peter. Great and manifold interest is connected with this apostle's name, or to speak more correctly, his surname; and the drift of these short essays being evidential, there is some advantage in having approached the subject in this way. For in this varied and complicated narrative of the reception of Christianity by the first great Pagan convert, the appellation which was given to the apostle who visited him is made remarkably conspicuous. Four times the phrase "Simon, whose surname is Peter," occurs in this short section of the history, and precisely in connection with those four separate relations which have been indicated above.

Let us look into the facts of the case more exactly. Cornelius, engaged in prayer, probably in prayer for further light, for the pardon of his sin and the strengthening of his soul, is visited by an angel, who stands before him and addresses him. The direction given is most explicit. He is to send to Joppa, and to call for "one Simon, whose surname is Peter." The designation is exact; and the place of this man's lodging is carefully described (x. 5). The messengers proceed to Joppa, and after inquiry find the house; and, when they present themselves before the gate, their words are precisely in accordance with the instructions which had been given to them. Their question is whether "Simon which is surnamed Peter" be lodged there (x. 18). Once more when Peter is arrived at Cæsarea, and seeks to hear from Cornelius himself an account of the reason why he was summoned from Joppa, the centurion relates the story of his vision, with some variations from St. Luke's direct account; but he is quite explicit in saying that he was directed to summon from Joppa one "Simon, whose surname was Peter" (x. 32), adding also what he was told of the place of his lodging and the name of his host. And, still once again, when St. Peter makes his apologetic statement before the "apostles and brethren" at Jerusalem, while he omits certain things and adds certain things in a most instructive manner, as we shall see hereafter, he, too, uses this immutable phrase. He tells his hearers (xi. 13) that Cornelius informed him how he had been directed to send men to Joppa, and call for "Simon, whose surname is Peter."

Now, as to the significance of this remarkable reiteration, it is evident, in the first place, that the exactitude of the description given to Cornelius was meant to avert all possibility of mistake as to the person to whom was entrusted the duty of communicating the Gospel to Cornelius. We may speculate on the reasons why so complicated a machinery was adopted for a result so simple. We may fancy it would have sufficed if Philip, who seems to have been in Cæsarea at that time, had brought Cornelius to the knowledge of Christ and to the privileges of baptism. But thus the matter was. Simon Peter, and no one else, was to bring in the first Gentile convert. And next, as to the arrival of the messengers at Joppa and the reception of the message by Peter, it was essential, not only that they should be able, without any possibility of mistake, to find the man who had been thus strangely designated, but that *he* should see such an indication of a Divine purpose as would justify him in taking the extraordinary step of going to Cæsarea to visit this centurion. The exact specification of his name and surname must have been one of the circumstances which startled him most after he had seen the vision and was reflecting on its meaning. And now, in the third place, the

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exact designation meets him again when he reaches Cæsarea and receives the personal explanation of Cornelius. The providence was now become so clear, that it must have seemed almost as if his Divine Master had been audibly calling him by the name which had been given to him with so much emphasis when Andrew brought him to Christ, and then reiterated when the great confession was made. We cease to wonder now that the same phrase occurs a fourth time when he makes his defence at Jerusalem regarding the events which had happened at Cæsarea. That phrase, that description of himself, which had twice startled him, must have been ringing in his ears when he told his story. The "apostles," too, must have heard it with some emotion—for they remembered how the Lord had given to Simon the "surname" of Peter; and this feeling had probably much to do with the persuasion which led them at the close to welcome thankfully the reception of the Gentiles into the Church of Christ: while with Peter must have remained immutable, in connection with his very name, the conviction of his individual calling and his personal responsibility for the accomplishment of this great work—a conviction which showed itself when he said some years afterwards at the Apostolic Council, "Ye know how that a good while ago God made choice among us, that the Gentiles *by my mouth* should hear the word of the Gospel and believe."

These reflections on the name of this apostle lead our thoughts speedily into other channels. We call to mind the giving of this name to him at the first, and the controversies connected with that subject. As to those controversies, they will be touched in a later paper on the primacy of St. Peter. We may with advantage here remember the first giving of the name on the banks of the Jordan, and the reiteration of it at Cæsarea Philippi.

The name was given, and given instantly, at the first interview of Simon with Jesus (John i. 42). The earliest group of disciples which surrounded the Saviour of the world consisted of three: John, Andrew, and Simon constituted the little community, which was the beginning of the whole Christian Church; and the faith which bound them to Christ was wonderfully mature. Andrew "findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, and he brought him to Jesus." Then it was that the name was given. "Jesus beheld him." In that look was gathered up, as it were, a prophecy of the whole career of Peter, as well as a perfect insight into his character. "When Jesus beheld him, He said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation Peter, i.e. a stone." The natural explanation surely is that the Lord saw in the young fisherman an expression of energy and force which marked him out as fit, under Divine grace, for a great destiny. It was a case similar to the naming of James and John Boanerges, or the Sons of Thunder. Still the change of name indicated a change of position, as when Abram was called Abraham, or when Jacob was called Israel. In marking Peter by a new name, as a French writer well expresses it, Jesus took possession of him and consecrated his natural qualities to the lofty work, with which He intended to entrust him.

On the second great occasion in the Gospel history (Matt. xvi. 18) when the assigning of this surname to our Apostle is made conspicuous, we must remember that the title was not then first given. It is not said there, "Thou shalt be called Peter," but "Thou art Peter." This was his surname already. Still more important is it to remember that this appellation is re-stated in connection with a great confession of vital truth. In answer to the question, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" while the other disciples seemed to waver and to be in doubt, Peter replied, firmly and strongly, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." More will be said on this subject hereafter: meanwhile the opinion is confidently expressed here, in harmony with the weightiest of the early Christian writers, that the Rock on which the Church is founded is not Peter, whether personally or officially, but the truth which Peter acknowledged, or rather Christ, who is the truth—Christ apprehended in his true character by living faith.

Nor can the consideration of this subject be properly disevered from the use of similar imagery by our Saviour on another occasion. He said once in great severity to the Jews, "Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner?" In saying this the Lord spoke of Himself. Peter heard the parable at the close of which Christ uttered those words; and he saw how Christ "beheld" the people when he spoke them. The scene must have lived in his memory ever afterwards. It is at least useful to observe how this imagery passed into his mind, what place it occupied there, and how it became a part of his own teaching. In an early part of the history which succeeded Pentecost, Peter, summoned before the High Priest and the Council, to answer for his allegiance to Jesus of Nazareth, employed these very words: "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner" (Acts iv. 11). And once more in his First Epistle the metaphor is developed into larger proportions: "To Christ coming, as to a living stone, ye also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house . . . . unto you which believe He is precious; but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner." (1 Pet. ii. 4–8). The words of the hundred and eighteenth Psalm thus become a link which, through Peter's use of them, bind together the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles. St. Peter could hardly have quoted these words without thinking of the significance of his own name; but whatever the name may have suggested to his own thoughts and feelings, the "chief corner stone laid in Zion," the "rock" on which everything is built is, in the apprehension of this Apostle, Christ, and Christ only.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER IV.



MARK MAYHEW MEETS THE INDIAN PASTOR.

A BAND of braves in full dress with war-paint, and heads scarcely to be seen for feathers, rushed out to meet the expected visitor, and welcome him with fitting ceremonies. They began with a brandishing of weapons, as if it were intended to slay him on the spot, and ended with a presentation of roasted corn and buffalo meat, by the eldest of the chief's two wives. That part of the performance was acceptable, for Mark was tired and hungry, but the council fire was lighted in its accustomed place, the braves were gathering round it, for the sun was going down, and young Mayhew made haste to fulfil his mission. When the band of welcomers first came in sight, Orisa had slipped from his arm and disappeared he knew not where; but her father, a stately old warrior, seated in the place of honour on his bison's hide, said to him, as he entered the circle, "Son of Mehoose," the Indian form of Mayhew. "Pocanus thanks you for saving his daughter's life. Orisa wanders because she is young and idle, having as yet no husband for whom to cook venison and make corn-bread; but the chief to whom she is promised, a mighty warrior of the Chippeways, comes here next moon and the wedding feast shall be spread."

The old chief deigned no further remark on the subject; it is an Indian's way to speak little of that which interests him much, but he told Mark the Caraçoes were ready to hear what he had to tell them about his gods. The braves sat round the fire in solemn silence, the squaws and less important members of the tribe formed a large circle around them, and the young man proceeded to state in plain and simple language the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. They listened with fixed attention as Indians are apt to do, whether impressed or not. Mark had come there by appointment, but the time was not propitious; the whole tribe were engrossed by the approaching marriage of their chief's daughter, an event of more importance to them than a royal marriage is to a European nation, and by the news from the main land of war between France and England, in which the Indian tribes were sure to take different sides.

The cares and concerns of this world will shut out the thoughts of another from men of any race, and Pocanus had the ancient art of putting off the consideration of religion till a more convenient season. "Son of Mehoose," he said, "time is needful for the right understanding of the things whereof you speak. My braves and I have many matters to think of now when our white fathers are going on the war-path. Visit us in another summer, when you return from the great school. Confer with the Pawaws, who have not attended this council, because it is their time to remain in the heart of the forest, conversing with the spirit whom our people fear. We shall then be able to learn if your faith is truer than theirs."

This was a courteous dismissal, and though grievously disappointed, Mark knew the red men too well to insist further on the subject nearest his heart, but was glad to accept the chief's hospitable offer of lodging for that night in his wigwam, as darkness had by this time fallen, and the whole tribe were retiring to rest.

The barking of dogs and the blowing of buffalo horns roused him at an early hour next morning; the braves were setting forth on a deer hunt, with their gallant old chief at their head, and all the boys of the village in their train.

Mark was earnestly invited to join the sport, but

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he had no mind to it, and after a few minutes' converse with one or two of the tribe, whom he had almost persuaded to become Christians, the young man turned homeward through the forest. His spirits were not what they had been on the morning of the preceding day; a damp had fallen on his hopes of the Caracoes. He thought over the whole subject with doubts and fears of his own fitness for the vocation he had chosen—the most capable men will have such at times; and at length, in hope of finding some word of encouragement, or counsel, sat down on a grassy bank and took out his pocket Bible.

Modern men might have called it superstition, but it was earnest and enthusiastic faith that made it appear to Mark like a call from Providence, when his eye fell on that text in the account of the passage of the Red Sea, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." "I will go forward, Lord, in Thy strength, and doubt no more," he said aloud. His voice sounded strange in the silence of the forest, but there was a rustling among the bushes by his side. Mark looked that way, and there, in a crouching position, as if to ensure concealment from any eye but his, was the chief's daughter, Orisa.

"What did the son of Mehoose want, that my people would not do for him," she said softly.

"I wanted them to become Christians," said the astonished Mark.

"I would become a Christian; I would learn to read and sew, and do everything that white women do." And she spoke still lower. "Has the son of Mehoose no squaw?"

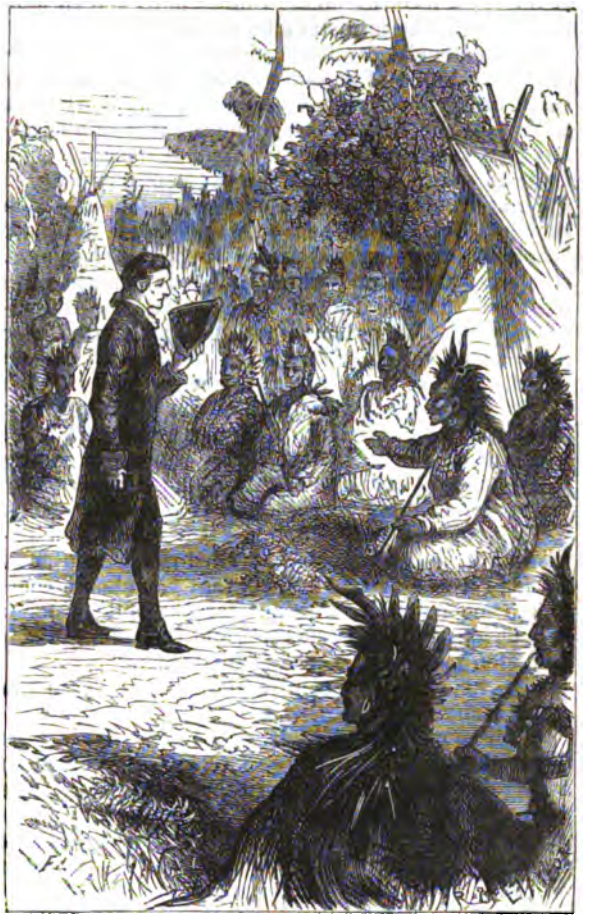
"No," said Mark, "it is not yet time for me to marry and settle; I must go to college first and learn to be a Christian minister."

"Love is better than learning, and home is better than schools. The happiest hour in all the day is when the squaw looks out, and the brave comes home, and the children play in the light of the setting sun."

"You will soon have a brave of your own to look for; the Chippeway chief is coming," said Mark.

"I will not be his wife," said Orisa, in a tone of determination that one would not have expected from her gentle character, and the usually submissive habits of the Indian women. "I will not be any red man's wife. Red men are hard and cold; they want women to hoe corn and prepare their meals, and then stand aside while they smoke by the council fire, or feast among their friends. I have heard that the white man and his wife sit together at feast and fireside, and go together to places of sport or business. Ah, that is the pleasant life."

Mark had more sound sense than to expect the proprieties of civilised life from the untutored daughter of a savage, but Orisa had given him a sad surprise. Her undisguised partiality would have flattered the vanity, or stirred up the baseness, of a man less wise and worthy, but to him it was a cause of sincere regret. Independent of every other consideration, his mind was so occupied by one great object, that it had no room for those domestic affections in which lay all the promise life had for her; His sympathetic nature understood and justified Orisa's dissatisfaction with the lot of the Indian squaw, but he tried to reconcile the girl to the prospect that lay before her. "My sister, people of the same race and customs suit best to marry and dwell together. The white man's ways are strange to the Indian, and the Indian's ways are strange to the white man. Conditions of life that are but half known to us are like distant hills, which, when the sun shines on them, seem fair and pleasant, but are found to be rough and rocky when the traveller comes near. Wed the husband your father has chosen for you, be a good daughter and a good wife; remember what I told you concerning the Lord of heaven and earth." Here the whiz of an arrow passing him at a short distance startled the young man, he looked around but could see nobody; it must have been a random shot by some hunter in the forest.



THE CHIEF WELCOMES MARK.

Mark was yet on the borders of the Caraco country, and had no enemies to fear; but when he turned to Orisa, she was nowhere to be seen; Indians have a wonderful facility for getting out of sight. Thinking it better they should not meet again, almost wishing they had never met, he rose and took his homeward way.

The declining sun was shining with mellowed brightness on the low roofs and surrounding farms of Reservation Town when Mark, having walked a long way to visit a friend there, emerged from the forest on the undulating plain where it stood. The place was little better than a hamlet, but as its name implied, the metropolis of a district which the good Governor Mayhew and his descendants had secured

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to the natives of the soil. A slender remnant of the red man's patrimony, but sufficient for the population, the copper-coloured faces and their sinewy figures, that looked out from the houses, or laboured in the fields, all belonged to the native race; but these Indians were civilised and Christian men, as their fathers had been for more than two generations, cultivating their farms, bringing up their families, and having a meeting-house and minister of their own. Like many another Indian village, the place of Reservation Town knows it no more, in every direction the red race seem to melt away before the increase of the white population; but at the time of our story it was a flourishing place of the kind, consisting of one irregular street of small but comfortable dwellings, mostly constructed of logs, and at the top a meeting-house, timber built and shingle roofed, with the minister's house hard by.

It was a rustic dwelling, plain and low, and standing in the midst of garden-ground, which was cultivated rather for use than ornament, except where a clump of rose-bushes grew round the root of a chestnut tree, that bent in bowery fashion over a bench made of woven osiers. There sat a solitary man, of the native race; though approaching fourscore, the snow of life's winter had only sprinkled his black hair that hung long and straight upon his shoulders. His erect figure and dignified bearing might have belonged to an Indian sachem in the forest-times, when the red man roamed and hunted over the western continent from sea to sea, and saw no pale-faces; but the fierce and fearless pride of the savage had in his countenance given place to a look of serious and elevated thought. He was the pastor of Reservation Town, known to his English-speaking parishioners as Minister Johnston, and to the few who yet used the Indian tongue as the Teacher Hiacoomes.

"Welcome, my friend," he said, rising and extending both hands as Mark opened the garden-gate. "I take it as a great kindness that you should come to see me before setting out for the college, for it may be long till you come back, and then old Minister Johnston may be gathered to his fathers."

"No, no, minister," said Mark, "I hope to see you again many a time."

"If it be our Master's will, my son, but the longest day will close when it grows late, and mine has been a long day indeed; it is more than fifty years since your good uncle Experience ordained me a minister of the gospel among my people. Children whom I have baptised are fathers of families now, youths whom I have made bridegrooms are grey-headed grandfathers a long day," said the minister, "but through all its length, goodness and mercy have followed me. I have been blest in my ministry, and blest in my family; though brothers and sisters, wife and children, have left me here alone, I have given thanks over their graves, for I know I shall meet them in our Father's house above. But there is one yet among the living for whom I cannot give thanks, and that is the only drop of bitterness remaining in my cup now.

"My nephew Wicomie, the only son of my youngest sister, and the last kinsman I have on earth, will not accept the faith of the gospel. They say he is coming to this island to stir up our Indians in the French interest, for he and all the Chippeway tribes have taken part with France, which seems strange to me, for they were well inclined to the English when Wicomie's father sought my sister in marriage, and feigned to become a Christian for her sake. For some time, indeed, he seemed to journey with her to the better kingdom, and I know she had good hopes for her son also; but being called to her rest while Wicomie was yet a boy, the thorns grew up and choked the good seed in his heart. Jesuit preachers and French traders got into the Chippeway country, the one with their craft, and the other with their vanities, and so enticed and flattered the father and his son, that they both fell away to their false gods again; yet I think the boy might have learned to read the Bible, for his mother taught him to speak and read English, which she and all our family could do as well as myself.

"Wicomie will not come to visit me, he despises his uncle for being a Christian, after the foolish fashion of benighted men in all ages; but I hear that part of his errand to this island is to marry the chief of the Caracoes' daughter, which might be made a blessing to them both, seeing you have carried the glad tidings to that only heathen tribe in the Vineyard. Have you much hope of them, my son?"

Mark's reply was interrupted by a blast of the postman's horn, and a letter was delivered to the minister of Reservation Town.

"It is the handwriting of your honoured father the colonel," said Hiacoomes, as he broke the seal and read, knowing that the Mayhews had no secrets from each other.

"My very good Friend,

"Hoping that you are well in health, and prosperous in all things temporal and spiritual, I write these few lines to let you know that Nathaniel Norton, my cousin thrice removed, having reached New York, in his voyage home from the West Indies, has written to advise me that the large property called Briar Woods, and situated in the west of that state, which was purchased from Lord Stirling by a maternal ancestor of mine, about the time that Governor Mayhew, of worshipful memory, planted the colony of Martha's Vineyard, has been demised to me unconditionally by its late possessor. Wherefore he judges it needful that I should appear without delay and prove my right, to prevent the intrusion of unlawful claimants; and because there is a packet to sail from this harbour on Wednesday next, which is but the third day from the present, whereas there will be none for three weeks to come, if any then, for our shipping is much fallen away through the interruption of trade and rumours of war, I purpose to take my passage therein, hoping to reach Boston in safety, from whence I can take ship for New York. My son Mark had expressed an intention of visiting you on his way home from the Caraco country; will you be good enough to advertise him of this matter, and also of my wish that he should repair to Edgar Town with all convenient speed, in order to accompany me in the said packet, and thus be in time for the opening session of the college?

"I know that your friendship will require no apology for my thus troubling you; the case will plead my excuse. Mrs. Mayhew and my daughter Marian offer their best wishes for your welfare, and sincerely uniting in the same,

"I remain your friend,

"Markwell Mayhew."

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"It will be a great inheritance for your father, and no doubt his children after him," said the minister; "but haste is needful. I fear, my son, you can only stay at my house for the night, and set forward early in the morning."

"Nay, minister, loth as I am to part from you, let me go after supper, when the moon rises; I will reach Edgar Town early in the morning, and thus gain time before the packet sails to correct the last pages of the report concerning our Indian congregations, which my uncle Experience prepared for the high commissioners, and committed to my charge when he sailed for London last spring."

The work thus alluded to attracted much attention, especially among people interested in missionary affairs. It was long an authority regarding the conversion of the Indian tribes, particularly those of the Vineyard, and was the subject of conversation at the quiet supper table. Soon after, when the moon was climbing the nearest hill top, there stood in front of the minister's house two men differing in race and years, but one in faith and charity; old Hiacoomes blessed young Mayhew, and they parted in loving kindness, as many a Mayhew and Indian did before them.

Thoughts for the Afflicted.

The Everlasting Arms.

"THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Such is the "strong consolation" possessed by the believer in every surprise of sorrow, in every crisis of adversity. Frail as a withered leaf, he fears he shall be swept before the storm. But eternity and omnipotence are behind him, and his mountain stands strong. The "everlasting arms" are his support. The very pillars of the universe are his stay. We contemplate the stupendous forces of nature in the phenomena of mountain, ocean, avalanche, and tempest, with feelings of almost painful awe; as manifestations of the terrible might of Jehovah's arm. But surely other feelings should possess us when we reflect that this arm is there for us to lean upon. The prophet (Isa. xl.) points one of the tenderest of consolations by a review of the gigantic operations of nature. It is He "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;" the "Everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth, who fainteth not, neither is weary;" who gives power to the faint, and to them that have no might increaseth strength. So that until creative energy show signs of exhaustion, and the universe go to wreck for want of ability in its Maker to sustain it, the trusting heart reads in the evidences of power which teem in the titanic processes of the physical world, the irrefragable guarantees of its own support in the hour of trouble. The "everlasting arms" themselves are pledged as the prop of the sinking heart.

But what tenderness of comfort as well as strength of support is ministered by this idea! It is not a granite pillar that is beneath me, but an arm. There is a suggestion of sympathy as well as of strength, of a Father's love as well as of a Creator's might. The "everlasting arms" can embrace as well as sustain. There is implied, not only protection and uplifting, but fond enfolding.

And the thought is that, too, of present comfort. "Underneath thee are the everlasting arms." We have not to wait for Divine succour in the hour of need. It is already there. When we are about to sink, it is by anticipation, "underneath" us. "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble."—*Halsey's Pulpit Gleanings.*

A Song of Hope.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OVERBACH.

WHY are tears so many
In this world of ours?
Why are sighs so heavy,
Making long the hours?

Nay, then, Christian brother,
Will you still rebel?
Beat the trouble under;
All will still be well.

Up, and shout with spirit;
God's eyes are not dim,
And His children's sorrows
All are known to Him.

He delights to gladden—
Sing His praises out—
With His own hands strewing
Blessings round about.

Only this weak nature
Bears not much of mirth,
So He sends some canker
In the joys of earth.

Till in death we slumber
And return to dust,
All the gifts He sends us
Are but lent in trust.

Make not such commotion
For the things of time,
There are treasures yonder
Waiting to be thine.

Are we not from slumber
Waked each morn to light?
So our life-long trouble
Lasteth but a night.

Night will soon be over,
Day comes on apace;
Ere we can believe it,
We have run our race.

Let us, then, be patient,
Schooling each our soul;
Waiting till the day break
And we reach our goal.

Then will all be over;
Then we shall be free,
Singing songs of triumph
Through eternity.

A. G.

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Pages for the Young.

MOTHERLESS BAIRNS.

CHAPTER VI.—"HE COMMANDETH, AND RAISETH THE STORMY WIND, ... THEIR SOUL IS MELTED BECAUSE OF TROUBLE."



THAT night the storm raged with terrible fury, and many were the anxious hearts in the valley, many the eyes that saw no sleep, but watched and prayed till morning light, "for those in peril on the sea."

Daisy and her little companion lay awake all night listening to the waves lashing up against the shore, and to the hurricane which swept round the farmhouse. At times it seemed to them as if the house itself swayed to and fro, and they clung tremblingly to one another, but the old dwelling was built high up on the rock, and was protected by the hill behind, and when the light of day broke over it, it stood secure. Farmer Morris was up before dawn, and calling his men together, assembled them for prayer in the old kitchen, and then telling them to lose no time in following him to the shore, he made his way down to the bay as speedily as possible. A sad sight greeted him there, a fine ship lying on her beam-ends about a hundred yards from the shore, utterly dismasted, and going to pieces as fast as possible. Some groups of fishermen were busily engaged in trying to rescue portions of the cargo, which were being continually washed up on the shore, while others with their wives were intent on ministering to the half-drowned crew, all of whom by aid of the life-boat had been rescued from a watery grave. Mrs. Morris was not long in following her husband to the shore. She was well known in the fishermen's huts, and was at all times a welcome visitor, for all knew that in trouble or trial of whatever kind, they had only to turn to the old farm under the shadow of the hill and be sure of ready help and sympathy. As she stepped out of one of the cottages, a poor woman, the wife of one of the fishermen, came out of another close by, and said:

"Maybe you'll be so good as to step into our house next, mistress. There's a poor man, one of the crew that was saved last night, but I doubt he's bound for a better shore; he was longer coming to than any of the others, and it seems from what some of them say, he's been ill a long time."

Mrs. Morris went with her at once into the cottage, and on opening the door of the inner room, stepped softly to the poor man's bedside, and sat down by him. He was asleep, but one glance at his thin face and emaciated hands, told only too plainly that the woman's words were true, and that he was, as she expressed it, soon bound for another shore.

After some time he awoke, and on seeing Mrs. Morris, he asked her if she would be so good as to read to him, pointing to a little well-worn Bible which lay on his pillow. Mrs. Morris turned to the thirty-second Psalm, and when she had finished reading it, and had spoken to him of Jesus as the sure refuge and only hiding-place for poor sinners, he looked up at her earnestly, and said:

"Blessed be God, I have found that refuge, through His grace and goodness, for never did any poor sinner have greater need of such a refuge and such a hiding-place."

He spoke with difficulty, and the effort to say this seemed almost too much for him, for he sank back exhausted. Mrs. Morris did not press him to talk any more, but with a few soothing words, and an earnest prayer that Jesus would light for him the dark valley, the shadows of which were now gathering around him, she took leave of the poor man, desiring the woman in whose cottage he was, to see that he wanted for nothing, and promising to return later in the day. The other sufferers occupied much of her time and care, and it was not until late in the afternoon that she was able to see the poor dying sailor again. She found on reaching the cottage that he had rallied a little since the morning, and was able to talk with much less difficulty. As she sat down by him he looked up with an earnest expression, and said, "I want you to tell me once again the glad news that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, I have heard it again and again, but I am never tired of hearing the same sweet sound.

"The voice that first told me of my need of a Saviour, that first bid me look to Jesus, is silent now. It was a young cabin-boy on board the ship I first sailed in from England. We had a rough voyage, and out in the Atlantic met with such a storm as made my coward heart quail. I remembered how in days gone by, as a little child my mother had taught me of God, and told me I need not fear in the dark because He would be near and take care of me; but now this thought did not quiet my heart. I felt that God was indeed near, and that it was His voice speaking in the storm, but I could not look up to Him as a friend, and the thought of His being near, only made me tremble with fear. I had lived so long in sin and without God in the world, that surely He would not listen to me now, or take care of me in the storm. All my past life seemed in a moment to stand out before me, and the thought of what a dark picture it was, filled me well-nigh with despair. As I heard the wind and the waves roaring, and looked out into the thick darkness, I felt there was not a glimmer of hope for me. Just then this young cabin-boy, who had often spoken to me of the Saviour, but whom I and another man on board had never lost an opportunity of jeering at, came past me. He had been with a message from the captain to the mate, and as he passed me in the dark, I thought I caught sound of the words, 'I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' At any other time I should probably have laughed at him, but I was in no mood for jesting now, and something forced me to call out as he went by, 'Aren't you afeared, Charlie?' for I was trembling myself from head to foot. The boy stopped and said, 'No, master, I'm not afeared. When the storm in the heart's once been stilled, the outside storms can't alarm one if one's heart is only in the harbour, there's no room for fear.

"'Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.'

"Ah, mistress, I would have given the world at that moment to have felt as that young lad did, though many a time when he had spoken to me before of the sure haven for storm-tossed souls, I had laughed at him and told him there would be time

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enough to seek the harbour when the storm came, that we didn't want it in smooth sailing. Ah, how well I recollect the sad look which would come over his face when I spoke so, and how gravely he would say, 'Ah, Master Smith, you should put into that port in bright weather, if you'd know how to find it in the storm.'

"He had hardly passed by when a tremendous wave broke over the ship, and it was hard work for the men to stand at the pumps.

"In the roar of the wind and sea I heard the young boy's voice. 'Call upon God, Master Smith, call upon God! He says, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."' And then and there in the darkest night I have ever spent in my life, and yet not quite the darkest, for before it had ended, a gleam of light had shone across my heart, I did call on God, as I clung for my life to the side of the ship, and prayed Him to have mercy on my poor benighted soul, as I had never prayed before in my life. But the lad's voice I never heard again; the wave that washed over the ship had borne away with it the soul that was the most ready of all on board to meet its God. Those words, 'Call upon God, Master Smith, call upon God!' must have been well-nigh his last on earth. The storm that was my call to the Saviour was his to go home, and sure, never was anyone so young more ready for the summons. I never knew a lad so fearless in danger, so ready to witness for the Lord, so little afeared of man. There wasn't a man on board that didn't in his heart respect him, even if he didn't think with him. I found his jacket the next morning; he had taken it off to be more ready to help the men at the pumps, and there in the pocket was the little Bible I had so often seen him reading. I couldn't help a tear or two, when I opened it and saw how well worn and used it was. Here's the Bible, mistress, I have kept it ever since, and blessed be God, through reading that Book, I have found pardon and peace, and a hope that, poor miserable sinner as I am, I shall one day reach the home that dear lad has most surely gone to, through the love of the Saviour who came into the world to save sinners such as I. That Book has been my constant companion ever since by night and by day, and, thank God, it was made the means of salvation to another man besides myself, the very one who used to join with me in jeering poor Charlie Green; he died in peace through reading this blessed Book. He too, like me, had lived in sin and in forgetfulness of God, and when he fell ill, he was afraid of the thought of death. I used to read to him; I had found peace then myself, and I couldn't do less than try to put him in the way of finding it too. I had seen the beacon light which saved my poor soul from shipwreck, and guided me into the haven of refuge, and wasn't I bound to do my utmost to point it out to some other storm-tossed soul? He told me much about his past life, how he had left his poor dying wife and children, and knew nothing of what had become of them; and he made me promise before he died, that if ever I came back to England, I would try and find out where they were, and tell them how he repented of his past life, and had come as a poor sinner to seek forgiveness at the feet of Jesus. He used often to say he knew that he was the chief of sinners, but that in this blessed Book he had found that there was hope, even for the vilest, that came and touched the hem of the Saviour's garment; and sure enough he found peace in looking to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' He often spoke of his two children, and said he prayed that God would teach them to know a Saviour's love, and that although their earthly father had forsaken them, the Lord Himself would take them up. I should like to have done what I could to find out something about them and their mother, but now I fear I shan't be able. I know I haven't long to live, and my voyage is almost over. I hardly thought I should have lived through last night. I had no strength to stir hand or foot myself, and if they hadn't lifted me into the boat I must have been drowned, for the ship was filling fast; but, oh, how different I felt from what I did in the last storm! Now I could say to myself a verse I had many a time heard poor Charlie singing when the wind was against us and the sea rough:

"'One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.'

Ah, mistress, it's one thing to have to face the storm alone, but quite another to meet it with Christ. I could now understand what Charlie meant when he said, 'The inner storm was stilled, and so the outside storms couldn't alarm him.' One had come by, and said unto my soul all tossed with sin and misery, 'Peace, be still,' and now 'there was a great calm.'

"'I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad:
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.'"

Mrs. Morris was deeply touched and interested in the poor man's story. As she rose to go, she turned once more to look at the little Bible which had been so blessed to him and others, and on opening it her eyes caught sight of the name, "Morley," written on the fly-leaf. On examining it more closely she was still more astonished at the inscription, which was as follows:

"Given to CHARLES GREEN,
on leaving the Ragged School,
with the best wishes of his sincere friend and teacher
SUSAN MORLEY.

"O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

Charles Green was an orphan boy in whom Susan Morley had taken great interest. He had attended the ragged-school regularly for three years, and during the last part of the time Susan had been much encouraged about him, and had begun to hope that the good seed had taken root in his heart. Still, she had never felt quite sure that the boy had really given his heart to the Saviour, and often after he had left the school, as years passed away without her hearing of him, she had many anxious thoughts about him. Her great hope had been in the Bible which she had given him on parting, and in the promise he had made her that he would read a few verses in it every day. No day had passed since he sailed from England, in which Susan Morley did not pray for the sailor boy far away on the sea, and ask that the word of God might find an entrance into his heart, and make him "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." And how abundantly her prayers had been answered, beyond all that she had thought or expected, we have already seen.

Nor was this all. On enquiring the name and other particulars respecting the poor man who had died in peace through reading the Bible given by Susan to Charlie Green, Mrs. Morris discovered on her next visit to Robert Smith that it could have been none other than the father of Polly and Lizzie. She took Lizzie with her several times to visit the dying sailor, and he was much interested in seeing the child of his former shipmate. Poor little Lizzie would often read to him out of the Bible her father had learned to love, and was never tired of asking questions about him, and would sometimes say:

"Polly and I used to pray to God to let us see our father again, but now we must pray to meet him in heaven."

Robert Smith did not live many weeks. He had no friends living, and seemed to desire nothing further, now that he knew that the children of his comrade were alive and well cared for. Mrs. Morris visited him constantly, and saw that he wanted for nothing. Resting on Jesus, he passed away in peace, with the words on his lips of his favourite hymn:

"Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

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Thus already had much blessed fruit sprung from the patient labours and earnest prayers of one young teacher in a little ragged school, surely only an earnest of further and fuller blessing reserved for the day of harvest by Him who has promised that His "word shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He sends it."

CHAPTER VII.—"HE THAT GOETH FORTH AND WEEPETH, BEARING PRECIOUS SEED, SHALL DOUBTLESS COME AGAIN WITH REJOICING, BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM."

"Went ye not forth in prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain.
The Sower, the Son of man was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet sign of spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the dry hard ground that ring.

But the Harvest Home ye'll keep,
The summer of life ye'll share;
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together there."

It was with feelings of deep joy and thankfulness that Susan Morley heard of the events related in the last chapter. Writing back to Daisy, who had sent her the glad news, she said:

"DEAR DAISY,

"We were all very glad to have your last letter, and Lizzie's, and to find that you are both so much better. I need not say how thankful we all were, and especially poor Polly, at hearing the particulars of her father's happy death. Though she could not help at first sorrowing that she will never see him on earth, she feels it is indeed far better to know that he is safe in heaven, and to have the blessed hope of meeting him there. How wonderful it was that it should have been brought about in that way, and through his reading Charlie Green's Bible—the Bible, Daisy, you and I asked might be made the means of guiding some one else's feet, besides his own, into the way of peace! How thankful I am, too, that one of the dear ragged boys, and especially Charlie, whom I have thought of so constantly, and have often felt so anxious about, should have been made such a blessing, and enabled to witness for Jesus in life, and to testify in death that he feared no evil because He was with him!

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that Mrs. Grey, dear little Bessie's stepmother, is beginning to read in earnest the little Bible Bessie loved so dearly, and we must pray that she too may receive the kingdom of God, as a little child. She brought the twins last week, and asked to be allowed to send them to the school where Bessie learned the way to heaven, and the neighbours say that she is wonderfully changed, and so much more gentle than she used to be. She comes regularly to the mothers' meeting, and has been at church every Sunday evening for the last two months. She often says she is cut to the heart when she thinks of poor little Bessie's gentle ways, and how hard she used to be to her. But I tell her not to grieve too much, for 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and little Bessie is where the angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, and where the broken and contrite heart is not despised. I think God is giving her this broken heart, and perhaps little Bessie is now, with those other bright spirits, rejoicing over her.

"The dear little school is prospering; Jane Hardy is a great help, and, next to Polly, the best monitress we have. They often go to read to Mrs. Grey, and she takes kindly to them for the love they bore to little Bessie. It is cheering to see how many dear children are gathering in, and everything, and especially the tokens for good God has given us lately so strikingly, seems to bid us 'not to be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'

"In *due* season, Daisy; that must mean in God's own time—sooner or later—here or there, and we in the meantime must pray and hope, and patiently wait, while we work on, till God shall call us to His own rest, and then, if not before the due time, the day of harvest will come when, He says, 'they who sow and they who reap shall rejoice together.'

"Your affectionate sister,
"SUSAN MORLEY."

Dear, patient workers for Jesus in lowly vineyards, such as this, faint not, neither be weary. Look up for the grace that is sufficient for all difficulties and all discouragements, and look on by faith to the day when you shall see, what God asks you now perhaps to take on trust, that "your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

In that day you shall find how the long years of "ploughing" were not lost, but were most surely preparing the way for the precious seed; how every grain you once scattered for Him, watered by your prayers, and perhaps by your tears, has been guarded and watched over by your Lord, and turned into golden sheaves, to be laid down by you in the day of harvest at His feet, saying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IV.

If you should these initials place,
A scripture text you then will trace;
Which will remove all anxious fear,
Teaching that God is ever near;
And good from all things He will bring
To those that love and serve their King.

1. He was the brother of our blessed Lord,
   And wrote a portion of his holy Word.
2. Where David o'er the tribe of Judah reigned,
   Before the holy city he obtained.
3. The honoured mother of the priestly line,
   Who in God's temple served in things divine.
4. A beast which typified a power of old,
   And thus, in type, its conquests swift foretold,
5. What mighty giant reigned o'er Babel's plain,
   The ruins of whose cities yet remain?
6. With this the earliest miracle was wrought,
   And thus to trust in God was Israel brought.
7. Where was a mighty image raised on high,
   And all were bid to worship it or die?
8. The town near which a wicked king was slain,
   As was foretold for his unrighteous gain.
9. What was the awful judgment that befell
   Those who against God's prophet did rebel?
10. What heavy metal on the water's brim
    Did at the prophet's word once lightly swim?
11. The spot where Israel dwelt in Egypt's land,
    And thence were brought by God's almighty hand.
12. What monarch had when sleep his eyes had sealed
    The history of the world to him revealed?
13. The land where God his mighty wonders wrought,
    And Israel's sons from cruel bondage brought.
14. Who ere the flood in brass and iron wrought,
    Which shows how soon the arts to man were taught?
15. A holy seer who urged the Jews to raise
    A beauteous temple to their Maker's praise.

E. R. W.

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Monthly Religious Record.

A GRIEVOUS infraction of religious liberty having taken place, some months ago, in Constantinople, Sir H. Layard, the British Ambassador, on last Christmas Eve made a peremptory demand on the Porte for redress, milder forms of remonstrance, repeatedly made, having been previously disregarded. The main facts of the case are stated in a letter from Constantinople. We may premise that the Rev. Dr. Koeller, referred to by the writer, though a German by birth, is, we believe, a British subject, and in the employ of the Church Missionary Society. We are told that he "has for many years past been translating the Prayer-book and other books of a religious character, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. So far he has been unmolested, and has gone on quietly in the even tenor of his way. But latterly the Turks have thought fit to have him watched, and his footsteps dogged everywhere. They brought the thing to a climax by having Dr. Koeller and his native helper arrested and taken to the chief zaptieh, or police-station. At the same time all his papers were seized and kept by the chief of the police, under the pretext that they were suspected of being political, and that they must be sent to the Sublime Porte for examination, and only at ten o'clock at night was he allowed to return to his own home under an armed escort, with the order to present himself again at the police-station in Stamboul whenever they should want him. Mrs. Koeller, when her husband did not return from his work as usual at sunset, sent her man-servant to see what was the matter; and when the servant got there he was seized too, and the first Mrs. Koeller saw of her husband was when they were marched up to the door under a guard of soldiers. The poor hoja, or translator, who had done nothing but correct Dr. Koeller's translations, was there and then thrown into prison and confined in a miserable dungeon without bed or fire, and from thence he was taken many days after before a tribunal of Mussulmans (chiefly Imaums, or priests), and condemned to death. Dr. Koeller did all he could to have the poor man liberated, and was horror-struck when he heard that he had been condemned to death." Later accounts state that the man's life will be spared, but that he will be banished from the capital, if not from Turkish soil.

MOHAMMEDAN persecution is not confined to Turkey. At a drawing-room meeting lately held at Tulse Hill, one of the speakers was the Rev. J. B. Ginsburg, missionary from Morocco, in connection with the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. He said he had been living in Africa for nearly a generation. The court of Morocco is spoken of, but, in truth, it does not exist. The Sultan is the governor and the great chieftain of his subjects; his court is his saddle; he is always on horseback, and rules and kills as he wills. His Council consists of the governors of the provinces. Mr. Ginsburg's own mission work was questioned; he was asked for his catechism to lay before the Sultan. He had a Bible handsomely bound, and presented it to the Sultan, and had heard no more of the catechism. The principles of religious liberty are not understood. Public worship had, however, been established in connection with the mission, and schools opened; many children came from the Jews' quarter, and inquirers were numerous. The famine, which cut off some 15,000 people in a few months, caused hunger for spiritual food; the Christian charity shown aroused the attention of the people. A Jewish rabbi became a convert, having read the Old and New Testament; he professed himself a believer in Jesus as the true Messiah. The triumph of the gospel stirred up opposition, and the mission-house was surrounded by soldiery, and the children who came to the school were beaten and imprisoned for twenty-one days. He himself had been confined in his own house, and had come here to report the fact, and to seek help from the Evangelical Alliance.

WE mentioned briefly last month (p. 79), the meeting of an unofficial Synod of the French Reformed Church. Its promoters were resolved, from the first, to leave the Rationalistic party in the Church to itself, to enter into no compromise with it, and to be no longer identified as a church with its extreme latitudinarianism. These principles were not accepted by the entire Synod without considerable discussion; but they were affirmed in substance, in a very unmistakable manner, by the adoption of an address to the churches, the most important features of which we now give. In this document the Synod begins by explaining its existence. Since the Concordat of 1802 the Protestants of France had called for their synods in vain. At length, in 1872 a General Synod was assembled, but a large number of consistories refused to rally around the standard of the Confession of Faith. Hence the State opposes a passive resistance to reiterated requests which have been made for the calling of another Synod. The members of the assembly declare that they remain steadfast and immovable upon this Confession of Faith. The address discusses the means of increasing the number of ministers—a question of life and death to the churches, sixty of which are now without pastors; and appeals to Christian parents to cherish, rather than stifle, the youthful desire which may lead their sons to become faithful ministers of Jesus Christ. It calls seriously upon pastors who are not in active service to confide to laymen the professional duties which may be fulfilled by others, and to return to pastoral duty. The address announces that the Synod has decided upon the opening of a Preparatory School of Divinity, the raising the salary of poor pastors, and the founding of a Central Fund to meet various pressing needs. An urgent affectionate appeal to prayer, holiness of life and union, closes the address.

AN interesting sight was witnessed last summer by travellers who went from Lucerne to the St. Gothard. "Between Brunnen and Flüelen," writes the Superintendent of the Bible Society's work in Germany and Switzerland, "under the Axenstrasse, they will have seen fresh tunnellings and cuttings swarming with Italians. From Flüelen to Amsteg, they will have found fewer works, but only to find them all the more, and on a gigantic scale, between Amsteg and Göschenen; cuttings, ravines spanned, or in process of being spanned, over by bridges at giddy heights, circular tunnels at sharp inclines being scooped out in the bowels of the rocks, and all by Italian navvies. In Göschenen, the Swiss mouth of the great tunnel, 2,500 Italians are employed day and night, working in relays, at spells of eight hours; 800 men are always in the tunnel, and 1,600 men always out of it. It was indeed a sight to see them going in and out, with their grimy faces, their loose flapping garments, their high water-boots, and their suspensor lamps. A Dutch lady took pity on these men, and, through the Lucerne depôt, put herself into correspondence with the friends in Basle, and urged them not to leave uncultivated so fine a field for Christian effort. 'Cultivation means money,' was the reply. A cheque for a large amount was the Dutch lady's immediate answer. The workman chosen was our colporteur, Nardini. And it was to visit him and see with my own eyes the work he was carrying on, that I made time for a visit to Göschenen. Nardini's work is not exclusively colportage, but direct and indirect evangelization. The direct evangelization consists in two Sunday services, and a week evening service; the indirect in a reading-room open all day, where journals and good books, pen and ink for writing, are accessible, and on a separate table a quarto Italian Bible always open." In connection with this agency the first public Protestant service for the people of the Canton of Uri was held in Göschenen.

SPAIN has some devoted labourers at work in different parts of the peninsula. One of these, whose wide range of experience and observation give weight to his testimony, writes: "From what I have seen while journeying in parts of the centre, north, and north-east of Spain, and further from what I have heard by correspondence and otherwise, I am convinced that the Gospel leaven is quietly spreading all over the land. We are apt to forget that as a rule, God's work in grace is like God's work in nature: the seed is sown, is covered up, and in darkness and silence, unobserved, it strikes root downwards, only appearing and growing upwards when so rooted. The Gospel seed, which has been largely sown in Spain through chapels, Sunday and day-schools, evangelists, and especially through the wide circulation of the Scriptures and a very wide circulation of tracts, is taking root, and in due time the fact will be seen and recognised. Such being the case—I am sure I may be allowed to speak in the name of the Christian labourers of Spain—we hear with pain and dismay that the funds of some great Christian agencies have so decreased as to compel them

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to decrease the staff through which excellent service was done for the Saviour's cause. Above all is this to be deplored in the case of the colporteurs. The real evangelist in Spain is the godly colporteur. A reduced staff of colporteurs means a reduced area of work all over Spain.

It would seem from statements in some of the American journals, that an extraordinary movement is going on among the Roman Catholics in New York. It began two years ago in the quiet earnest work of a converted priest named M'Namara, who went about exposing the errors of Romanism and preaching the Gospel of Christ in its simplicity. Converts were made. The work grew wonderfully. Large congregations of Irish assemble every Sunday, and thousands go away unable to find admittance. Other priests became associated with Mr. M'Namara, and the movement has culminated in the formation of the "Independent Catholic Church;" and one Sunday evening, towards the close of last year, Mr. M'Namara was consecrated its first bishop. There was an immense congregation, including many Protestant clergymen. Gospel hymns were sung to favourite Irish tunes. A converted priest, the Rev. Mr. O'Connor (says the *New York Observer*), preached a very long discourse, soundly evangelical, intensely Protestant, against the corruptions of Rome; and when he showed the galling and degrading slavery in which the souls of his people had been bound, and the glorious liberty into which they had been brought, the audience broke out into plaudits, unbecoming perhaps the time, but spontaneous and irrepressible. He then recounted the attempts to reform within the Church, one of them by the learned Dr. Döllinger and the Old Catholics, and another by the eloquent Hyacinthe, and explained the cause of their failure as being in their reluctance to sever themselves wholly from Rome. The present movement, he went on to say, began without observation; no learning nor eloquence had started or advanced it. It had now assumed such proportions that order required the selection of a leader or superintendent, a bishop or overseer, and no one was more suitable than the man whom God had honoured as the father of this Reformation. Mr. M'Namara then arose and responded to a series of questions, in which he accepted the Bible as the only rule of faith, and containing all truth essential to salvation; he renounced the Pope and the whole hierarchy; promised to preach Christ as the only way of life, and to be gentle, sober, and godly in the work of the ministry. Prayer was made over him; each of the four priests in succession laid their hands on his head; the bread and wine were brought to him, and he renounced the doctrine of the mass and all transubstantiation as blasphemy, while he partook of these elements of the simple bread and wine, emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Son of God. The service is described as having been most solemn, and the deepest interest pervaded the congregation. The movement is asserted by competent witnesses to be genuine, and deserving of the prayerful sympathy of all Christian people. The way in which Protestants are winning over Romanists is shown, according to an American journal, in the following instances: Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, during his episcopate received 400 such converts, two episcopal parishes in New York City are formed entirely of them, and a church at Rome, N.Y., consisting of fifty families, came over from Roman Catholicism three years ago.

A letter from the hill regions of Jamaica, gives some encouraging facts as to the progress of mission work there. One missionary, after a visit to England, has been cheered, since his return to his sphere of labour, by being privileged to baptize no fewer than 130 persons, on a profession of their faith in the Saviour; and there were, at the date of his writing, towards the close of last year, 200 more ready for baptism. The numerous attendance on public worship is a marked feature in this mission field. Two large chapels are crowded, whenever they are opened for religious services.

It has been suggested that at a time when Egypt is occupying so large a part of our attention, the mission commenced by Miss Whately in behalf of the physical and spiritual needs of its inhabitants—the only one of the kind conducted by one of our nation—should surely have a special claim on British Christians. The work comprises, first, schools attended daily by nearly 500 scholars of both sexes and various ranks and nationalities, a large proportion of them Moslems, and all receiving a truly Scriptural and also solid and practically useful secular education; and secondly, a medical mission, by means of which multitudes of the sick poor are daily ministered to both in body and soul. The average attendance is from thirty to sixty daily, and upwards of a thousand, in the few months of the existence of this part of the work, have been either cured or relieved; while the opening afforded for the teaching of the gospel is such as could hardly have been attained in any other way. But these agencies are in great and pressing need of help, particularly at this moment.

Since the Archbishop of Gondar died last year, the Christian Church of Abyssinia has been forlorn of a supreme local authority. The Church establishment of King John's mountainous realm is under the jurisdiction of the Coptic Patriarch resident in Alexandria, who nominates the Primate, or Abuna, whenever a vacancy arises in the archiepiscopate. As the long-protracted war between Egypt and Abyssinia resulted in the occupation of the Abyssinian coast by the Khedive's forces, considerable difficulty has been experienced by the people in obtaining admission to their country for the deceased Archbishop's successor. The Egyptian authorities invariably refused him permission to land. It appears, however, that a few weeks ago the new Archbishop managed to evade the watchfulness of the Egyptian officials by assuming the disguise of a smith, in which character he arrived at an Abyssinian port as a steerage passenger in a coasting vessel, and got safely ashore. By aid of certain Coptic Christians, he was promptly smuggled through the Egyptian lines, and has since been installed in office.

The Rev. John Lowe, F.R.C.S.E., Superintendent of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society's Training Institution (56, George-square), has issued a statement setting forth the objects and operations of that Society. It appears that suitable lady candidates from the various missionary societies, besides gaining a practical knowledge of medico-evangelistic work, have the privilege of six months' residence in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, where they have excellent opportunities of becoming well acquainted with hospital nursing, and receive systematic teaching in various departments. After this the ladies prosecute their studies in the Livingstone Medical Missionary Training Institution two years or two years and a half. Two days a week they attend for an hour each day the Eye Dispensary. Throughout their entire course they are taught separately, and receive their training and medical education free, the only outlay they or the Society that sends them have to meet being their own board and personal expenses.

The central premises of the Young Women's Christian Association, Great Portland Street, being no longer available, the headquarters of the institution have been removed to 17, Old Cavendish Street, where new and much more suitable rooms have been secured. The object of this association, which was founded about twenty-three years ago, is to form a link between young women of all classes of society, and, by uniting them in friendly sympathy, to promote their moral and spiritual welfare. The new premises were formally opened by Lord Kinnaird, and a very well-attended meeting for prayer and praise was held in connection with the event. About four hundred young women were afterwards entertained at tea.

In consequence of the overheating of the warming apparatus, the City Road Wesleyan Chapel was, on a recent Sunday morning, much injured by fire, and in extreme peril of complete destruction. The "Morning Chapel" adjoining, was actually consumed. These buildings were erected by John Wesley himself, a century ago, and have been long regarded as the historic centre of the world-embracing Methodist evangelism. John Wesley's pulpit, and the chair which he was wont to occupy when transacting the business of the chapel, were preserved. The losses are covered by adequate insurance.

The Right Rev. John Sutton Utterton, Bishop Suffragan of Guildford, and Archdeacon of Surrey, expired with awful suddenness on Sunday, December 21st, at All Saints Church, Ryde, where, but a few minutes before, he had concluded an impressive sermon from Matt. xxv. 24, "Then he which had received the one talent came." The sermon over, he read the prayer for the Church Militant at the Communion Table, and then knelt down for silent devotion, during the withdrawal of the general congregation, before the intended administration of the Lord's Supper. He had been thus engaged scarcely two or three seconds, when he fell forward, and within five minutes it was known that the soul had quitted its mortal tenement. The Bishop's laborious and devoted career had earned for him deep and widespread respect. His age was sixty-five. Two ex-presidents of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference have also been removed by death—the Rev. John Bedford, and the Rev. John Rattenbury. Both were about threescore and ten.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

BY THE LATE FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER V.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD and the adjoining islands were at rest and peace, but rumours of strife and disaster came from the mainland.

The disciplined troops which General Braddock had brought with him from the old country, and relied upon for teaching the American colonists the arts of regular warfare, had been signally defeated in their first battle, rather by the wilderness into which they were incautiously led, and its savage occupants, than the opposing troops of France. Dispirited by the fall of their leader, and dispersed in every direction, lost in the wilds and destroyed by Indian ambuscades, that army could not be reassembled; the entire defence of the British possessions in America was left to the native

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militia, under disadvantages which must have taxed their courage and endurance to the utmost. The genius and fortunes of Montcalm made the flag of France everywhere triumphant on the north and west; all along the English frontier, one garrison fell after another, and the red race, ever ready to fight out the white man's quarrels with their own, tribe after tribe took up the hatchet, and carried on the war from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, in their usual merciless and destructive fashion.

There was no fear in the Vineyard; its insular situation was far removed from the scenes of war, which were at that time confined to the continent, everywhere north of the West Indies; and an English fleet cruising in the adjacent waters to intercept French store and transport ships on their passage to Canada, prevented the probable incursions of privateers. Only in the house of the Mayhews was there anxiety, and fear also, not for those within the walls, but for the absent. The diminished household now consisted of Mrs. Mayhew, her daughter Marian, the two advanced maids, and the indispensable Zac. The colonel had gone to look after Briar Wood estate in the west of New York, then almost a primeval wilderness, and Mark had made his way to a college in Connecticut, famous throughout New England for sound divinity. Good news had come from them both, but every tale of Indian raids or French successes in those quarters struck terror to the hearts of the family. News and business, too, were slow-moving things at the period, yet at length, as winter was creeping on the autumn, a letter was received from the colonel saying that his claims to the property were made good; but owing to the disturbed state of the wild country, and the near approach of French and Indian troops, he had determined to leave without taking possession of it for the present, and come down the Hudson with a company of traders to New York, from whence he hoped to get a passage to the Vineyard in the good ship "Queen of the Seas," which was expected to sail on a circuit of the New England ports, early in the following month.

The Puritan family thought it an answer to their morning and evening prayers for the safe arrival of the husband and father, when intelligence reached them one morning, that the "Queen of the Seas" had entered the Sound, and might be shortly in the harbour, if the wind and tide, which were then contrary, should change in the course of the day. In these days of steam travelling, we can form little idea of the mighty powers of wind and tide over the movements of our ancestors; they did not befriend the "Queen of the Seas." When Zac went down to enquire at the close of the shortening day, the harbour-master told him that both were on the turn, there was every probability of a clear night, and that the vessel would probably cast anchor about twelve, and land her passengers immediately, having little time to spare at every port: so he would advise somebody to sit up for the colonel. "I will sit," said Marian, as she saw the tired look with which the two maids sat down to supper, after a hard day's work on the household linen, and the weary step with which poor Zac came home from the harbour. "I will sit alone, mother, and wake you up when he comes; you will all have your first sleep by that time."

Marian was famous in the family as a good night watcher, they knew she would not keep the colonel knocking; and as sleep had unusual attractions for the rest that night, they retired at their customary hour, and left the duty to her.

It was rare to see light gleaming through the parlour shutters of that regular house when the neighbourhood had been dark and silent for hours. Marian sat there reading. The house clock warned for twelve, when her ear caught the sound of coming steps, apparently those of a company, not from the direction of the town and harbour, but that of the lonely bay beyond the house.

Marian laid down her book and listened. The many steps ceased, but a solitary foot seemed to cross the meadow outside; she knew the outer gate had been left on the latch, and the next moment there was a low quick tap at the house door—it must be her father, though unlike his manner—the girl flew to open it, and had almost said, "Dear father, welcome home," when she perceived with amazement that no one was there. Not knowing what to think, Marian stepped out; the night was clear and fine; it seemed to her there was a footfall somewhere about the house: would her father play at hide and seek in that fashion? Curiosity overcame every other feeling; she hastily followed the direction of the sound to almost the other side of the meadow, when a gleam of light and a human figure suddenly rose before her, and there on the path as if to bar her return, stood the dark fisherman with a small but brightly-burning lantern in his hand.

"Madam," he said, speaking low, but bowing with as much courtesy as if it had been the broad noon day, "you will excuse my mode of proceeding when you know my errand; I feared you might not be sitting up alone, and the communication I have in charge should be made only to yourself. Are the rest of the family asleep?"

"I can wake them," said Marian, a sudden suspicion creeping over her; "they may not be sound asleep, either, for we expect my father home every minute."

"You will not see him home to night," said the fisherman quietly; "but this is for your own perusal," and he held up a soiled letter, on which Marian could see her own name in the strongly-marked handwriting of Captain FitzOrmond, with which the reports copied out beside her embroidery frame had made her familar.

The girl was young, and had never forgotten the dashing cavalry officer whom she had been required to discard from fancy and memory. Without a thought except to learn something of him she took and opened the letter, while the fisherman, saying, "Let me be your taper-bearer," held up his brilliant lamp, and Marian read:

"My dear Miss Mayhew,

"Pardon me for addressing you this first and last time, against the wish of your parents, it may be against your own, but I cannot go from life in this fearful manner without letting you know my fate. Marian, I am a prisoner in the hands of the cruel Chippeways. I defended as best I could a block-house in which I and some of my poor comrades had taken refuge from a midnight storm in Braddock's retreat; they surrounded the place and ultimately forced it, for numbers will do anything, but

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a good many lie round it to yell and scalp no more. They did not leave a living man of our company but myself, whom they have reserved in their camp to burn alive to-morrow. Out of your charity pray for me, that I may be enabled to suffer with courage and constancy, becoming an Englishman and a Christian, and especially pray that God will be merciful to me a sinner, for oh, Marian, I have not remembered my Maker as I should have done, or it might be better with me now. A French fisherman from Canada has promised to deliver this into your own hands. Farewell, and God bless you for ever more, the only woman I ever loved.

"CLARENCE FITZORMOND."

The fearful intelligence came on Marian like a shock; she turned white as ashes and would have staggered but the fisherman threw his sinewy arm round her, and said as he drew her a few steps towards the meadow-gate, "Listen, madam: it is in your power to save Captain FitzOrmond."

"How?" said Marian, unable to think of anything but the desperate case, yet endeavouring to move away from him, while the fisherman kept fast his hold.

"My boat is on the beach where I first saw you; my good ship, the swiftest sailer on the Atlantic, is anchored under the lee of one of the Elizabeth Islands. Besides my trusty crew, there is on board of it Father Jerome Le Noir, the renowned Jesuit missionary; for I am a Catholic. Yes, madam, the old religion is the only tie I have to heaven now, but whatever my past life may have been, it will be good and honest for the future, if you become my wife. I have a fair estate in the isle of St. Martinique, the paradise of the West Indies; I am well born and nobly connected, and your friends will be reconciled to the match, when they come to hear of all its bearings. Madam, you can save not only Captain FitzOrmond this night, but me also from misery and worse than death. But decide quickly, for time presses."

Marian Mayhew had little knowledge of the world, but the moral instinct that warns all honest natures against deceit, and the repulsion awakened by the reference to the false religion she had early learned to abhor, made her, even in the confusion of the moment, suspect the fisherman. A discrepancy which escaped his cunning, occurred to her simple mind with a hope that the letter, though in the captain's handwriting, might somehow be found untrue.

"How is it possible to save him before to-morrow?" she said; "where is the Indian camp?"

"I know where it is," said the fisherman, in a tone of high decision, "and he can be saved. A signal from me, wafted to the opposite shore by an Acadian runner, who would think little of swimming the Sound, will make him a free man before sunrise."

"If you can do that," said Marian, "for the sake of Christian charity, and your own soul's welfare, you will surely release the unfortunate man without exacting any condition."

At that moment Marian made one desperate effort to free herself from his grasp, and almost succeeded; but the strong arm drew her back again, and still nearer to the gate, when a yet stronger arm pushed, or rather hurled, the fisherman away, and an Indian warrior, of stately height and fully armed, stepped in between them.

"He who lays rude hands on the daughter of Mehoose, is an enemy to the son of Canemus, and the whole Chippeway race, for just and faithful have the Mehoose been to Indians, since the far-off days of our fathers," cried the brave; and Marian caught the sound of an answering imprecation in the fisherman's voice, but when she looked round he was nowhere to be seen, and a number of dusky figures whom she knew to be Indians, were silently trooping in at the meadow gate.

"Thanks, noble warrior," she said, recovering herself, for the captain's danger was still uppermost in her mind; "are you the chief of the great Chippeway tribe."

"I am the son of their chief; my name is Wicomie, and my deeds are not unknown in the war path," said the Indian.

"Then, brave Wicomie, is it true that your tribe have taken captive, and mean to burn a friend of Mehoose?" Marian put the case in that convenient form, agitated as she was.

"We did not know that he was a friend of Mehoose till the French chief Montcalm, who is our brother, sent to us saying, 'Give me the life of the English captain, for he is a valiant brave, and showed much kindness to some of our people who were his captives; moreover, he is a friend of the Christian chief who rules the Vineyard.' Then I said, 'Good,' and my father agreed; so did our warriors, and the Englishman went away with Montcalm's messenger."

"Does the fisherman know that?" enquired Marian.

"He is no fisherman," said the Indian in a tone of contempt; "he wears these garments to cheat the English, because their great ships are now about the islands; his name is La Forte, and he is a captain of sea pirates; but he comes here secretly, may be to steal away Mehoose's daughter. Why is she out of doors between midnight and morning?"

Marian's cheek burned at the insinuation, but she answered his question honestly, "I was sitting up in our parlour waiting for my father, who is expected to come into the harbour very late by the 'Queen of the Seas.' I thought it was he when that man knocked, and tempted me out of the house with that terrible letter from our friend the captain. Oh! noble warrior, it was a wicked deed."

"He saw the Englishman go safely away the day before yesterday, and made a pretence of burning his letter in the watchfire. It is the white man's way to deceive women; the Indian deceives his enemy, when he means to lay an ambuscade and take scalps."

Wicomie paused for a minute, and then said in a tone that was almost tender, as he drew nearer Marian's side, "Does the eye of Mehoose' daughter brighten when it rests on the English captain? If so, Wicomie will be the Englishman's friend, for he knows the power of love; it makes Wicomie sit alone dreaming of a Caraco girl, when the warriors gather to the evening sport, and kinsmen feast in his father's wigwam. Woman of the pale face," he cried the next moment in angry haste, "tell me where is Orisa?"

"Noble warrior, I know not any such name in this quarter," said Marian.

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"Your brother does," answered the Indian; "tell him Wicomie has death for the man who steals away the heart of his promised bride."

"My brother would steal no man's bride," said Marian, waking up to the real state of the case; "he is a servant of the Christian's God, and a teacher of his commandments."

"So you say," said the Indian, doggedly; "but he has been in the Caraco country many times, stealing away the heart of Orisa, whom her father promised to me three summers ago. The pawaw heard it when he talked with the spirits in the forest, and now when I go to rejoice at my marriage-feast, she has gone away from the land, and her father cannot find her. It is beneath the descendant of a hundred chiefs, whose fathers ruled from the Falls of Niagara, to the banks of the Potomac, before a man of France or England set foot upon the soil, it is beneath my own great deeds in war and hunting, to press any woman to be my wife; a place in my lodge is too great an honour for the daughter of Pocanus, and yet she flies from me, because of your brother."

"Not because of him, noble brave; my brother has no love affairs."

"I saw them together in the forest, woman," cried the Indian impatiently, as if it were a compromise of his dignity to reason so long with one of the inferior sex.

"Well, ask your uncle Hiacoomes," said Marian; "he will say what manner of man my brother is."

"My uncle's a squaw; he was born an Indian sachem, but the Christians have made him a squaw; they turn warriors to women, with their talk about cultivating the fields and forgiving enemies. If it be so with your brother, let him take the charm off Orisa's heart; our pawaws cannot do it. Take notice, I do not want the girl; many a great chief's daughter would be proud to wed Wicomie, but I want to know why she flies from me. Daughter of Mehoose, your brother with his book and his preaching would be no such husband for an Indian maid. How could he bring her home the sweet young venison, when game grows scarce in the forest, or the strings of scalps to ornament her lodge that I can reckon? Tell him this; if he is wise he will be counselled, and I will be a friend to your English captain, and your father's house."

For all his savage pride and ideas of masculine supremacy, the Indian warrior was as much a bondsman to the daughter of Pocanus, as the most devoted lover among the pale faces could be to his fair enslaver. According to the unwritten laws of the red race, the father's promise gave him a right to the lady, whatever her own opinion on the subject might be; unquestioning obedience is generally the practice of the Indian woman, but Orisa adopted the unusual expedient of taking a swift and secret flight before her intended bridegroom could make his appearance, for Indian life has etiquettes of its own. Her place of refuge was afterwards known to be the hut of an old squaw, on one of the smallest of the Elizabeth Islands, accessible from the Caraco country by a sort of light canoe, which every Indian girl can paddle and steer. There the shelter was safe, for the squaw, a distant relative on her mother's side, lived alone catching blue fish, and cherishing hatred to Wicomie and his father, because the latter had married the sister of Hiacoomes instead of herself twenty-seven years before.

It is a universal custom among the Indian tribes, that every young man on reaching what is considered his majority retires into the deepest shades of some gloomy forest, sufficiently remote from his kindred and neighbourhood, to spend a certain time in mysterious ceremonies and consultation with the pawaws. That order of men, a singular combination of priest and sorcerer, are yet found and feared in every division of the red race, unenlightened by Christianity. They existed nowhere in the Vineyard but the Caraco country at the time; there their authority was fast waning before the gospel which Mark Mayhew preached, and they endeavoured to stir up the disappointed lover, the angry father, and the whole tribe of Caracoes, by charging the motive of Orisa's flight on him.

The spirits, the rattlesnakes, and other trusty friends of theirs, had given information concerning the charms, spells, and incantations he employed to win away the young girl's heart from her affianced Chippeway, and as these tales are undoubtingly believed in by the forest people, Wicomie found a dangerous rival in the young missionary, especially after he had seen, from his own place of mysterious concealment, Orisa conversing with him on the day that Mark passed homeward through the forest.

The proper course for a distinguished warrior under these circumstances, whether he could conveniently tomahawk the invader of his rights or not, was to appear indifferent. It was allowed on all hands that Wicomie's deportment on the occasion was perfect, but accompanied by a band of those trusty friends on whom young chiefs of name and fame can reckon in all the emergencies of love or war, he secretly searched the Vineyard for trace or tidings of Orisa's whereabouts, and thus reached the home of the Mayhews in time to save Marian from the snare laid for her.

His search was in vain, but Wicomie could not seem disappointed. "Noble brave," said Marian, in reply to the confidential talk in which he had indulged while his friends with native courtesy retired out of hearing, "I will never forget your generous interference on my behalf this night. If I knew aught of Orisa you should know it also. I will tell my brother on the first opportunity all you have said to me; but be sure he has practised no spell on the heart of the chief's daughter."

"Oh, he may have the woman," said Wicomie, in a tone of careless scorn; "I care not for her; the Mingo chief who leads forth five hundred warriors, and owns hunting-ground that meets the sunset has promised me his eldest daughter; she is fairer than Orisa, and can sew as well as a white woman; that's the wife for Wicomie. But, daughter of Mehoose, retire and bar up the door of your father's house, for I and my people go from this place, and evil things come abroad in the night."

He moved from her side at the same moment; the next she heard through the darkness was the departing steps of the band, as light and rapid as the fall of early rain. With as much silence and celerity Marian retired into the house and barred the outer door. The distance across the meadow had spared the inhabitants any disturbance; they still slept on, though the night was far spent, but, worn out in mind and body, Marian uttered a brief but fervent thanksgiving for her own providential preservation, laid herself down, and was soon fast asleep.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

I.



THE FOUNDRY.

THE announcement on Monday, December 8th, that on the previous day City Road Chapel had been devastated by fire, excited an interest which passed beyond the boundaries of Methodism. The building was, as remarked in the "Daily News," "the first permanent home of a movement which has had so vast an influence on the English race;" and therefore every Englishman must wish to know something of that which is thus closely connected with our national history. Its importance depended not at all on its architectural character, but entirely on its religious significancy. "It was a barn-like structure, built in the usual style of Nonconformist chapels during the reigns of the Georges, improved and modernized a few years since, when the freehold of the building and the burial ground around it was bought by general subscriptions. It was regarded as a sort of mother church by all the ecclesiastical bodies into which original Wesleyanism has grown," but the sentiment of filiation was, of course, strongest in the bosoms of those who adhere to the Conference as established by John Wesley.

The neighbourhood of the edifice was a wild sort of place down to the seventeenth century, full of ditches intersecting a marshy soil; a fen and moor giving names to the locality, the former as well as the latter, still appearing in the appellation of Moorfields and Finsbury. In what came to be called Windmill Street, which significantly points to the primitive nature of the district, there were remains of a building in the year 1739, called the Foundry, from its having been employed for the casting of cannons, a circumstance which reminds us of its contiguity to what is still recognized as the Artillery Ground. These premises, containing "a vast uncouth heap of ruins," were purchased by John Wesley for the sum of 115*l*., and by means of rough patchwork and rude additions, were transformed into a chapel and dwelling-house, having a room for divine worship, and very homely apartments for the accommodation of preachers. A bell in a little belfry was rung every morning for a five o'clock public service, and every evening for family prayer. Fifteen hundred people could stand on a pewless floor, to hear a sermon, whilst a dozen benches, with back rails, were reserved for the good women who attended. "Here he comes," was a low whisper which sometimes announced the arrival of the eminent evangelist, as in clerical robes he approached the humble desk, where after extempore prayer, he would deliver a characteristic discourse, short, plain, pithy, informing the understanding, penetrating the heart. Within this humble structure the first conference was held in 1744, no one thinking then that the organisation was destined to exceed in real ecclesiastical and spiritual power the ancient Convocation of the Church of England. The Foundry was the cradle of Methodism. City Road Chapel was a sort of infant school, where the newly-born body learned some of its earliest lessons, and performed some of its earliest exercises.

City Road was a thoroughfare projected and formed by private enterprise, and opened to the public in 1761. Seventeen years afterwards, the neighbourhood retaining a rural appearance, City Road Chapel was built. The Methodists had increased, a larger place of worship than the Foundry became absolutely necessary, and indeed the old building was about to be pulled down; so Wesley and his followers migrated from Windmill Street, which ran parallel to the new City Road, and took a piece of ground in the latter thoroughfare, on which they raised a building, compared with the Foundry quite a cathedral. Multitudes assembled to see the first stone laid on the 1st of April, 1777. "The rain," we read in Wesley's Journal, "befriended us much by keeping away thousands who purposed to be there, but there were still such multitudes, that it was with great difficulty I got through them to lay the first stone." Wesley, after he had performed the office, said, in

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terms prophetic of the history of Methodism, "Probably this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth, and the works thereof, are burnt up." We sincerely hope, whatever may be done in the way of rebuilding, that this interesting memorial will be left untouched and also uncovered. Between the showers, he mounted a stone which served for a pulpit, and preached a sermon from the words, "According to this time it shall be said, What hath God wrought?" In it he described the rise and progress of his great work, and answered the question, What is Methodism?

A year before this, the founder of Methodism had made the following appeal to the Connexion, which will be read with interest, as a precursor of many appeals with regard to chapel building, for which Methodism has become so famous. The appeal was addressed to every Methodist preacher.

"My dear Brother,

"The society of London have given assistance to their brethren in various parts of England. They have done this for upwards of thirty years. They have done so cheerfully and liberally; the first year of the subscriptions for the general debt they subscribed above nine hundred pounds, the next above three hundreds, and not much less every one of the ensuing years. They now stand in need of assistance themselves. They are under a necessity of building, as the Foundry, with all the adjoining houses, is shortly to be pulled down. And the City of London has granted ground to build on; but on condition of covering it, and with large houses in front which, together with the new chapel, will, at a moderate computation, cost upwards of six thousand pounds. I must therefore beg the assistance of all our brethren. Now help the parent society which has helped others for so many years so willingly and so largely. Now help me who accounts this as a kindness done unto myself, perhaps the last of this sort which I shall ask of you. Subscribe what you conveniently can, to be paid either now or at Christmas or at Lady Day next.

"I am your affectionate brother,

"John Wesley."

It is believed that "the large houses in front" were intended to come between the chapel and the road, and so hide all view of the buildings, but, after much trouble, the trustees induced the City authorities to alter their plan. On Sunday the 1st of November, 1778, the chapel was opened for Divine worship. "It is perfectly neat," remarks the founder, "but not fine, and contains far more people than the Foundry; I believe, together with the Morning Chapel" (which adjoined it), "as many as the Tabernacle" (which had been built in the vicinity for George Whitefield). Wesley preached on the occasion, in the morning from part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, and in the afternoon from the passage in the Book of Revelation which speaks of the hundred and forty-four thousand standing with the Lamb on Mount Zion. "God," says the preacher, "was eminently present in the midst of the congregation." "Although multitudes," he also remarks, "attended on the occasion, there was no disturbance, everything was conducted with quietness, decency, and order."

Wesley at this time had passed his seventieth year, and is described as short in stature, a little below five feet five inches, spare in figure, but possessed of an amount of energy and activity which never was surpassed. On the 28th of June, 1777, soon after he laid the first stone, he records this entry: "I have now completed my seventy-fourth year, and by the peculiar favour of God, I find my health and strength and all my faculties of body and mind just the same as they were at four-and-twenty." At a period of life when most men think they may leave off work, this extraordinary person was beginning a new and laborious course of usefulness. And we find that on the following Christmas Day he preached four times, in City Road at four o'clock in the morning; in West Street Chapel in the forenoon, when he also read prayers and administered the Lord's Supper; in the afternoon at City Road Chapel again, it being crowded to the corners; and in the evening at St. Sepulchre's Church. "I felt no weakness nor weariness," said the preacher, "but was stronger after I preached my fourth sermon than I was after the first." As to the character of his ministrations in general they were very popular, much more so than is generally supposed. His fame in one respect has eclipsed his fame in another; but there is reason to believe, if he had never organised the Methodist body, he would have made an ineffaceable impression by his living voice on the mind of England. History, tradition, and a stream of invisible influence, would have preserved his name as one of the greatest of preachers. But he was of a different order from Whitefield. There is an eloquence which has in it nothing rhetorical; with no dramatic power, no melting pathos, and yet it penetrates, subdues, and leads away captive. The calm, strong, deliberate, invincible conviction expressed by every sentence uttered, evokes sympathy. Wesley's eloquence must have been exactly of that description.

At an early period of his preaching, Dr. Kennicott heard him at Oxford, and describes his then black hair—"afterwards perfectly white"—quite smooth and parted very exactly, giving peculiar composure to his countenance, and showing him to be an uncommon man. He read, according to the same authority, with "agreeable emphasis," and his sermon contained "many just invectives;" but the critic did not like "the zeal and unbounded satire with which he fired his address when he came to what he called "his plain, practical conclusion." "If his censures," adds Kennicott, "had been moderated, and certain portions omitted, I think his discourse, as to style and delivery, would have been uncommonly pleasing to others, as well as myself."

Nothing is more wonderful, in connection with the founder of Methodism as a preacher than that whilst he produced such extraordinary effects—often exciting his audience to the highest pitch, so that they expressed their emotions in the most tumultuous manner—he, unlike his great contemporary George Whitefield, remained himself perfectly calm. Memories of his preaching are obviously suggested by this notice of the place in which many of his remarkable sermons were delivered, and it may be mentioned that the pulpit which he so nobly occupied has been rescued from the flames, to be preserved for many a long year as a precious relic.

It must not be supposed that in the building just destroyed to some extent, there was lately the same appearance as presented itself on the day of

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opening and for some time afterwards. The dimensions were the same—except as to the Morning Chapel—the structure of the galleries the same, the general arrangement the same; but much was done, as time rolled on, in the way of additional accommodation and comfort; the latter quality not being much regarded in the primitive edifices of the Wesleyan denomination. In 1864 a new lease of the property was obtained from the Corporation of London, and extensive repairs and alterations were effected, in addition to those previously made. Originally, it seems, the galleries were not fully pewed, but a large space was left open for people who could not afford to pay sittings. Free standing places, rather than free seats, seem to have been the order of the day in a good many of the early Methodistical buildings, both Calvinistic and Wesleyan. Indeed, nobody at City Road was allowed to claim a pew as his own in Wesley's time, though large numbers paid for seats. For years after the opening, the trustees wished to alter this plan, but they could not prevail with the venerated founder. Entrance to the galleries was guarded by wicket gates at the foot of the stairs, and on the first landing; and the hatch-keepers received four pounds a year for their humble services.

Field preaching did not cease as chapels were erected. Wesley loved it to the end of life, and so did most of his attached followers, though some associated with him at the beginning of his career, were very unwilling to encourage what they deemed irregularities in the promotion of religion. Amongst these his gifted brother Charles was conspicuous. He did not like lay preaching much better than he did field preaching, and would have been glad to confine the proclamation of Methodist Christianity to men who had received orders in the Church of England. Hence a difficulty arose immediately after the erection of the City Road Chapel. Two clergymen had officiated at the Foundry, and Charles Wesley was anxious to restrict the use of the new building to such ministers. He himself enforced a sort of claim to preach there twice every Sunday, and this led to some contention. Also a decrease in the number of members seems to have resulted from his policy. John Wesley notices this himself. Under date October, 1779 he writes, "I found there was a considerable decrease, plainly owing to a senseless jealousy that had crept in between our preachers." But upon a representation from the trustees, what Charles Wesley desired was not continued; preachers not episcopally ordained, but more popular than he was, were allowed to occupy the pulpit on Sundays.

Before proceeding to notice some associations connected with City Road Chapel, it may be well to observe that, as with the Foundry, so with the new edifice, some arrangement was made for the accommodation of preachers. The itinerant plan rendered this necessary, as ministers were so often shifting their quarters, and they required a dwelling near the chapel in which they had to preach. A preacher's house was an early appurtenance of Methodism, and very often it was of the humblest description. Two or three rooms, perhaps over a gateway, furnished with the rudest bedstead, tables, and chairs, were at times made to serve the purpose, reviving recollections of the prophet's accommodation at Shunem; and I knew of one where a poor chest of drawers had knotted pieces of leather with which to open them. City Road Chapel House was better than that, but a small tenement, with a few rooms plainly furnished, was all that Wesley wanted himself, or allowed for his preachers; such was the modest appendage to what has been called the Cathedral of Methodism. Thither, when the new house was ready, he removed from the Foundry, and in it he pursued the same humble mode of living he had done before. Indeed, what he allowed himself and others in the way of salary, even when full allowance has been made for the altered value of money, and the altered price of provisions, is enough to make one smile. Neither he nor his brother had more than what amounted to fifty pounds a year, sometimes not so much, and whilst in London he conformed to the domestic economy of the Foundry days. Then the stewards, as they were called, provided for the food and lodging of the inmates, each preacher having an allowance of three pounds a quarter for clothing himself and family. "This arrangement was continued when Mr. Wesley removed to the new house in the City Road, and until several years after Mr. Wesley's death."

Meetings of Conference are amongst the notable historical associations of City Road Chapel. The thirty-sixth conference was held there in 1779, the thirty-ninth in 1782, the forty-second in 1785, the forty-fifth in 1788. Wesley wrote respecting this last, "he found the time little enough, being obliged to pass over many things very briefly which deserved a fuller consideration." Eight deaths were reported, among them that of Charles Wesley, whose biography occupies but eight lines in the minutes. Thirty preachers were received on trial, and a window is opened showing the homeliness of Methodism, when one finds an injunction "to provide a sufficient allowance for the preachers, that they might have meals at their own lodgings, and not have to go from house to house." The salary of a preacher, that is, in addition to board and lodgings, was then twelve pounds a year. This was the last conference over which Wesley presided, and he preached at City Road every evening of the nine days spent in session.

His end was now drawing nigh, and on the 2nd of March 1791, at the age of eighty-eight years, his wish was fulfilled:

> "My body with my charge lay down,
> And cease at once to work and live."

"I want to write," he said; a pen was put into that hand that had written so many volumes. "I cannot," he exclaimed. "Let me write for you. Tell me what you wish to say," said Miss Ritchie. "Nothing," he replied, "but that God is with us. The best of all is, God is with us." Lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice he again repeated the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us." "Pray and praise," again and again he repeated. "Farewell, farewell," he uttered, as he shook hands with all around his dying bed. "The clouds drop fatness," he went on to say, as he felt Heavenly strength shed on him, "as showers that water the earth." After a pause came the watchword, "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Scores of times he strove to say, "I'll praise, I'll praise;" but nature failed. "Farewell," was the last word on his lips, as he passed away in the presence of his brethren.

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His corpse was carried into City Road Chapel the day before the funeral, where it lay in state; his face, even in death, beaming with a heavenly smile. The crowds who came to see the corpse were so great that, to prevent any accident, it was arranged that the burial should be between five and six the next morning, and that the hour should not be known till late the night before. Nevertheless, hundreds attended at that early hour, and as the Burial Service was read, and the word *father* was substituted for the word *brother*, the congregation burst out into loud weeping.

He was interred in the chapel ground, and a "grateful record of the place made sacred by the mortal remains of the venerable and apostolic Wesley, was first erected A.D. 1791, but re-edified and enlarged A.D. 1840 (during the Centenary of Methodism) at the expense, and under the direction, of his sons and successors in the Christian ministry, the Methodist Conference, in token of their filial admiration, reverence, and love."

Some years ago, Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, visited the spot, and asked the chapel-keeper, "Is this ground consecrated?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "By what Bishop?" rejoined the Dean. "By depositing in it the remains of that venerable man of God, John Wesley," was the chapel-keeper's answer. "A very good answer," remarked the visitor.

Within the chapel a monumental tablet was also raised to John Wesley's memory, with emblems of his ministry, in a shepherd's crook and a winged trumpet, the whole surmounted by a white cloud, from which rays break forth to enlighten the world. It bears the following inscription.

Sacred to the Memory
Of the *Rev*d JOHN WESLEY, *M.A.*
Sometime *Fellow* of LINCOLN COLLEGE, *OXFORD.*
A Man in Learning and sincere Piety
Scarcely inferior to any:
In Zeal, Ministerial Labours, and extensive Usefulness,
Superior (perhaps) to all Men
Since the Days of *ST. PAUL.*
Regardless of Fatigue, personal Danger, and Disgrace,
He went out into the high-ways and Hedges,
Calling Sinners to Repentance,
And Preaching the *GOSPEL* of Peace.
He was the Founder of the *Methodist* Societies,
The Patron and *Friend* of the Lay Preachers;
By whose aid he extended the Plan of Itinerant Preaching,
Through Great BRITAIN and *IRELAND*,
The *West INDIES* and AMERICA,
With unexampled Success.
He was born June 17th 1703.
And died March 2nd 1791.
In sure and certain hope of Eternal Life
Through the Atonement and Mediation of a Crucified Saviour.
He was sixty five years in the *Ministry*,
And fifty two an Itinerant Preacher.
He lived to see in these *KINGDOMS* only,
About three hundred Itinerant
And a thousand *Local* Preachers,
Raised up from the Midst of his own People,
And eighty thousand Persons in the Societies under his care.
His *Name* will ever be had in grateful Remembrance
By all who rejoice in the Universal Spread
of the Gospel of CHRIST.
Soli Deo Gloria.

A monument was erected over the remains, on which was engraved an inscription, which is, in substance, what Dr. Adam Clarke wrote with a diamond on his study window at Manchester, shortly after hearing of the death of his endeared friend:

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE VENERABLE JOHN WESLEY, A.M.,
LATE FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

This great light arose,
By the singular providence of God,
To enlighten these Nations,
And to revive, enforce, and defend
The pure apostolical doctrines and practices of the
Primitive Church:
Which he continued to do, both by his writings and his labours,
For more than half a century:
And, to his inexpressible joy,
Not only beheld their influence extending,
And their efficacy witnessed,
In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
As well in the Western World, as in these Kingdoms;
But also far above all human power or expectation,
Lived to see provision made,
By the singular grace of God,
For their continuance and establishment,
To the joy of future generations!
Reader, if thou art constrained to bless the instrument,
Give God the glory!
After having languished a few days, he at length finished
His course
And his life together;
Gloriously triumphing over death,
March 2nd, An. Dom. 1791,
In the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Within twelve months of Mr. Wesley's interment, his vault was opened for the reception of four other bodies: his sister, Mrs. Hall, the Rev. Duncan Wright, the Rev. Thomas Bradshaw, and the Rev. John Richardson. Subsequently four others were interred with Mr. Wesley: namely, John Murlin, Thomas Olivers, Dr. John Whitehead, and Walter Griffith. Peacefully the remains of the venerable Wesley reposed in their resting-place for nearly forty years. When the vault was last opened, the decayed condition of the coffin was discovered. It was taken up, placed in a sarcophagus, and afterwards re-interred, in the presence of several of the trustees and preachers in London, and some of their friends.

Besides the monument to the founder of Methodism there were erected others in honour of distinguished ministers of the Connexion, including John W. Fletcher, Joseph Benson, Jabez Bunting, Robert Newton, Edmund Grindrod, Theophilus Lessey, Charles Wesley, Thomas Coke, Adam Clarke, and Richard Watson. One also recorded the memory of the Right Honourable Lady Fitzgerald, daughter of Lord John Harvey, and grand-daughter of John, Earl of Bristol. For fifty years she was a member of the Methodist Society. Few, if any, preachers of note in the Connexion but have ministered within the walls now left bare by consuming fire, and numerous other preachers of the gospel, including episcopal clergymen as well as those of Nonconformist denominations, have also there lifted up their voices, with what blessed results only that day can declare when "the earth and all the works which are therein shall be burnt up." And as to public meetings and religious celebrations which have been held on the hallowed spot time and space would fail to tell.

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"OLD LETTERS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.



MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

"OLD letters!" Which of us has not store, greater or smaller, of these? Tied in bundles and laid by in drawer or cabinet, neatly or not, according to our character; business letters; childhood's letters; letters that tell the story of our young days; love-letters: letters, from hands and heart that shall never fix winged words in these letter-cabinets any more. Or we may call these bins, in which we lay by the old generous liquors of the past years. Ah, the passing of these years will cause them to deposit any roughness and astringencies, which the fruit owned when it was new.

At least, such should be the work of the years. They should improve us; and the new writing should be better than that enshrined in the old letters. The old self that these appealed to should have mellowed, have lost its crudities, have gained, also, as well as lost. Yet old letters will be a valuable link between our present and our past selves.

You have deteriorated, the old letters will sometimes tell you. You are sordid now, wordly, dry and hardened, how much you hardly even dreamed, before you read the words that, from long ago, speak to another, so different self.

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Or, you were careless, godless, in those old years, and the old loving pleadings of parent or friend, wistful, yearning for you, bring the tears to your eyes, tears of humble gratitude, however, when you feel how, by God's great grace, those pleadings have been answered, those yearnings fulfilled.

Indeed, if we, on a quiet evening, finding ourself alone, give up ourself to the work, there is great interest — tender, and, almost always, pathetic, interest—in the reading over old letters.

Always, they should have been carefully sifted, before we kept them; and the cream and the essence of our correspondence should alone have been preserved. Even so, as we open envelope after envelope, what a pile of rejected addresses collects within the hearth for a bonfire! How few we really care to keep, out of the stores of "auld lang syne!" How utterly out of tune we are with the feelings and vehemencies of that dead but living past of ours! How we smile, with a tenderness, however, in our pity, as we read the words which were so precious, or it may be, so painful, to that self which they recall to us so vividly, but which seemed buried, as well as dead, until the fading characters called up before us the thin shade of that which once was a breathing, warm-blooded, living self.

Here we come upon a request refused. We wish, in our riper view of things, that it had been granted. Here is an invitation, laid by as precious, because of the handwriting, or for some youthful reason. How its pale lines call up to our mind some merry gathering of the days gone by! Where are the bright faces now, and the unseamed foreheads? How the *dramatis personæ* change, as act after act of life is played out, and scene after scene shifts! Where are the friends of our youth, our boyish chums, our loves of long ago?

It seems going into shadow-land, to undo, in later life, the yellow bundles of the old letters. Some, as I have said, we burn, when we overlook them again; some, may be, we read and re-read until the folds widen into cracks, and the pieces scarcely hang together.

Some there are, in this world of ours, who have their one solace in the study of those enshrined memories, those incarnate kindnesses of long ago. The words of a father, long since dead in England, fond words, pleading words, words of tender upbraiding—these may be read, forty years after they were written, by the bearded settler in Australian clearings, himself now a father, and with knowledge of a father's yearning love, and, it may be, even fidgety anxieties. A dimness comes over the eyes as he reads, and he wonders whether, from spirit-land, the fond look pursues him now, and the fond heart feels more satisfied.

Or the pale lonely governess, kindly treated, but a stranger among strangers, in some quiet evening, alone, loves, however in a mistiness of eyesight, to take out of the cabinet the old letters, and call back again the tender words that are but memories now, and yet that speak distinctly to her heart from "the days that are no more." No one to call her, now, by her pet-name; no, she is "Miss St. Clare," and not "little maid," or "Katie, darling." But the old letters know no change; the spell of their love is unbroken; the love in them can never vary, the sympathy in them never be withheld. Yellow they are, and worn, and broken; but they "fill a cup of kindness yet, from auld lang syne."

Often, in stories, do we see the old letters playing a part. Solitary lives, of bachelor or maid, find, in the familiar bundles, solace and company, when now their world has passed away from them, and, among the *dramatis personæ* of the new and younger world, they seem to have neither part nor lot. Then the blue ribbon, faded long ago, is untied, and the dreams of the past dreamed over again; and the love that failed, or that the seas drowned, or that friends forbad, comes to soothe the heart that God Himself hath gifted with the craving for some help-meet of human love. The young people may bring reverence and caresses, and confidences. But the lonely old heart loves to recall a time, when the offering was that of devotion and whole-hearted love. Of this only the old letters tell, now, and therefore they are supremely dear.

"Old letters." What a link are these, and, in our day, photographs also, between us who live this life on earth and those who are dead. It helps us to realise the Christian belief of communion with those gone before, and who, we trust, fell asleep in Jesus; it helps us to realise their nearness to us, and the unchangeableness of the old relations, when we listen to the dumb eloquence of their heart's love to us, speaking in the old letters still. Not unreal the voices seem to us, as seemed those of Virgil's august shades, and as our repeated words sound in our modern phonograph. Far away, indeed, the voices sound, nevertheless are they the very voices we knew, unaltered, silenced now, and yet, strange paradox, speaking still!

And so it is that most of us know what is intended by that word of Tennyson's in his "In Memoriam," when he tells how "a hunger seized his heart" for the only still possible perceived communion with his friend.

A still summer evening, with "calm that let the tapers burn unwavering," had made it seem well to bring the "fluttering urn" and the evening meal out upon the lawn; and the group had lingered there late into evening, till, while they

> "sang the song that peal'd
> From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,
> The white kine glimmered, and the trees
> Laid their dark arms about the field,"

night had fallen, or rather the twilight which does duty for summer night. And one by one the party broke up, and, in the house, as in a piece of burnt paper, the lights wandered about from staircase to staircase, and expired in room after room; and the lonely man, whose friend had gone quite out of his present ken, was left by himself in the warm dusk, alone, but with the companionship of the old letters.

> "But when those others, one by one,
> Withdrew themselves from me and night,
> And in the house light after light
> Went out, and I was all alone,
>
> A hunger seized my heart; I read
> Of that glad year which once had been,
> In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
> The noble letters of the dead.

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And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth . . . .

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
His living soul was flashed on mine."

Yes, we love to read the old letters, in spite of old aches that throb. For, where the love changed not on earth, we believe it will be immortal in the unseen land, "the land o' the leal." And so the calm and peace of the old remembrances predominate over the pain.

"And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as doves
In quiet neighbourhoods."

But old letters will be sad sometimes, words written on the other side of some dreary gulf of estrangement, or of changed love, or of wrong received or done; letters written in the old days; but now all is changed with us, and perhaps never can be again as once, in days of long-ago. A toll of "Never more" accompanies the reading of such letters; and such perusal leaves not a tender sorrow, but a dreary depression, behind.

Above all, let none keep in the hoarded bales of old letters any letter which breathed unkindness or bitterness, and wrung the heart in the reading. Let such letters soon burn, nor such "verba scripta" remain. Let the letters of those who are gone only tell us of our dear ones at their kindliest and their best; and let old resentments and old troubles be "writ on water."

But there are relics, sometimes, in these old letters. A faded flower, or seaweed, tokens instinct with memories. This was sent from Ireland, by a sister many years ago passed away. This was the treasure shut in a boyish letter of a son who is an admiral or a bishop now. This hair-bell a daughter picked on her wedding-tour; this white pink was sent you from the wreath that was laid on her firstborn's grave.

Have you ever come, in an Old Letter, upon a lock of hair—silver, brown, or golden? Ah, there is pathos in such a discovery, and a rush of old remembrances. Or it may be a few pale fine hairs, tied with blue silk, from the little year-old babe that flitted, and the mother sent them as the tenderest *souvenir* to the father far away. Or the thick curl of a bonny boy, or the ringlet of a sweet maid of thirteen years—or, the father's silver lock; or the dark hair——

The old dream, that can never be repeated, comes back again, the vision fair and mild, that vanished, and left all as before, in life, yet never again as before, and these two witnesses to its reality:

"Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild:
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blonde is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead!"

Nay, not so, O thou that mournest, but yet not as one that sorrows without hope. The time will come, and "them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him;" meanwhile, there is noble work to be done by the life which is stricken and lonely. Is there not a stirring ring in those old lines:

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward basely dies; the brave live on!"

Wide is the range of association opened by the thought of "Old Letters." How strange, for instance, in overlooking, late in life, bundles hoarded by parent or wife, to come upon our own old letters. Days of childhood, school days, college days, all brought vividly back to our present so different self! a sort of pathetic auto-biography. As tender dew such reminiscences might come back to some hearts, dry and arid now by the action of the heat and blight of the world:

"The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth."

Yet by such retrospection,

"We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

A DRUNKARD RECLAIMED;

OR, "IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?"

IS there ever hope of a habitual drunkard being reclaimed? Some high medical authorities declare it impossible, and at all events that alleged cures are as rare as those claimed for consumption or idiocy. But mere physiologists are sometimes apt to ignore or to depreciate the power of moral influences, and do not sufficiently take into account the growth of new habits gradually overmastering the old. When the testimonies are undoubted, it is the part of true science to receive cases where the commencement and progress of the cure can only be assigned to religion, or in other words, to the grace of God. Of such cases the following is an example.

At about seven o'clock on a cold winter's evening, the 4th of November, 1835, the Rev. J. N. Goulty of Brighton was sitting at tea with his family and a brother minister, when a note was brought by a messenger from a respectable public-house, stating that a person who knew him was in great distress. He recognised the writing as that of a well-known friend, and immediately commissioned the bearer of the note to see that the young man had everything he wanted—sending at the same time a half-sovereign, and requesting that he should call at his house the next day. This was a mistaken kindness, for it enabled him to spend an evening in indulgence with

some sad company. The young man was the son of an eminent minister, a friend of former days, and had been educated for the medical profession.

Not making his appearance the next morning the Rev. J. N. Goulty sent "his good man Friday" to enquire after him. He found the youth in a sad state, the result of the last night's excesses, but about noon he was brought to the house by "Friday," and Mr. Goulty recognised him as the youngest son of his old friend. "Oh, Edward," Mr. Goulty said, "how was all this brought about?" He was in such a miserable condition as not to be fit to enter the house, and "Friday" was commissioned to take him to the town, that he might have a hot bath, and afterwards to burn his rags and provide him with a change of second-hand clothing. Some hours afterwards Mr. Goulty learned from him the sad account of his falling into evil courses. While following his medical studies and walking the hospital, he had been led into thoughtless company, and trod rapidly step after step in the paths of those who were leading him to ruin.

> "Those streams were floating him along
> Down to the gulf of black despair;
> And whilst he listened to their song
> Their streams had e'en conveyed him there."

From one stage of wickedness to another had he gone till he had exhausted every means of supply, and his parents and friends, after many disappointing efforts to bring him back to a respectable life, had given up in despair the efforts for his welfare. During a reckless sojourn in London he had been brought to such an extremity as to fight for a shelter in Covent Garden, to sleep upon. Body as well as mind and spirit had suffered from this reckless course, health was shattered, and when Mr. Goulty consulted a medical man, he expressed the opinion that it would be most dangerous for him to travel further.

Accordingly he was placed in a lodging under the care of a trusty Christian friend, after which Mr. Goulty wrote to his relatives, who in reply urged him not to take the burden upon himself—that it was "a hopeless case." However, once again prayer and effort were made on his behalf. The medical friend was watchful over body and soul. By constant care the health was somewhat re-established, and after some time he was persuaded to attend once again at public worship. He went to Union Street Chapel, and an entry occurs in Mr. Goulty's journal to this effect: "November 29th, 18— Poor Edward dated his first impression from the sermon this morning." For some months the extreme feebleness of his health prevented him from entering upon any active employment. Mr. Goulty would occasionally give him some work in copying manuscripts, etc., and he was received from week to week at the house, sometimes remaining for some hours, to read or to listen to reading which would interest and strengthen the mind and spirit. His powers began to revive. Mr. Goulty wished him for the sake of others to write a little sketch of his life. This Edward attempted, but "could not bear to think over it; it was too painful"; he relinquished it.

In the following spring employment was found for him at Greenwich with a medical man; but the work proved too much for his feeble powers, and he soon returned to Brighton. The growth of spiritual power was meanwhile rapidly increasing. In the following June, Mr. Goulty wrote to an elder brother of Edward, a clergyman, requesting him to come to Brighton. Another entry occurs in the journal of the 21st of June of the same year: "I—arrived—a most affecting interview between him and his brother." They were left to themselves for two hours; and when the clergyman brother returned to Mr. Goulty, his exclamation was, "Mr. Goulty, I am ashamed of myself; my brother is before me in Christian knowledge and experience."

The change in his personal experience was now most striking. At the time of his first admittance to Mr. Goulty's house his face had showed most sadly the strong marks of depravity which converse with evil so quickly brings; so repulsive was the expression of face that it would seem to say, "You are gone too far; your case is hopeless." But Mr. Goulty was a man of hope as well as faith, and now he and all around saw the change—the image of God re-appearing in the face of him whose heart God had changed. He himself attributed this return to life, both physical and spiritual, under God's blessing, to the constant watchful care of those with whom he had been placed. "Friends," he said, "had supplied my wants, and given me money, till such time that they lost faith in me; but no one ever before took care of me."

In the month of June, Edward was admitted as a member of the church assembling in Union Street, Brighton; and some members of that church who are still living can testify to the consistency and increasing grace of his character during the last few months which were now left of his life on earth.

His cough had never left him, and as the autumn months drew on, the weakness of the chest seemed to increase. In October, while Mr. Goulty was away in London, news of his friend's condition reached him. A blood-vessel had been ruptured, and death almost immediately took place. Thus was the triumph of grace over sin most wonderfully and signally shown, as a reward to those who humbly and faithfully, in the Master's sweet service, had led to the throne of mercy one so nearly lost. Surely there is nothing "too hard for the Lord."

E. G.

LIGHT-BEARERS.*

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—*Matt.* v. 16.

THESE words, forming part of the Sermon on the Mount, were spoken by Christ to his disciples, and contain a command addressed to all true believers. Having received the word of life you are to hold it forth to others; possessing the true light, let it shine before men. Shine as lights in the world. You are in the ages to come to show forth the exceeding

* We take this from an "Address by a Scottish Elder to the Church Members in the District under his Charge." The sensible and practical exhortations form as good a sermon as may be heard from many a pulpit.

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riches of his grace; but shall not Christ be glorified in you before you go to heaven? Be followers of Him who said, "Father, I have glorified Thee *on the earth*."

Confess Him before your family and neighbours. Your lips may do much, your life may do more. The regularity and heartiness of your family worship, your considerate kindness to neighbours, your sympathy in times of sickness and trial, may exalt the name of Jesus in a whole neighbourhood. Be attentive to your business; if you are slothful in it your Christian profession will have very little weight. Pay your debts promptly and cheerfully. Keep a tidy and well-ordered house. Live in peace with your neighbours; or rather with good-will do them service. Avoid all *appearance* of evil, still more the reality. Shun all mean and shabby ways, and the taking of little advantages. A penny saved is not always a penny gained; it must be saved in a way that becometh saints; and remember that your way of conducting your business will make an impression for good or for evil that will last longer than you think. You may greatly adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour even in little every-day things. Be not greedy of gain. Act as one of God's royal priesthood, whose treasure is in heaven. Besides good sermons from the pulpit, we need good sermons from the pews. The chief priests wished to get Lazarus out of the way, for by reason of him many went away and believed on Jesus. To all the neighbours, and even the children on the streets, he was a living witness for the resurrection and the life. Let your family and neighbours learn something of Jesus by what they see of his likeness in your temper and conduct; and the living epistle will be read by many who never open a Bible. An infidel once said exultingly, when vaunting about some unworthy act of a professor of religion, "There's your Christianity for you!" And avoid a censorious spirit, which sadly misrepresents your Master, and is often the beginning of backsliding. "An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour;" but a faithful, manly, prudent talk, joined to a consistent and loving life, will give every Christian man or woman great influence for good on all around them.

Do not leave the work of seeking the salvation of souls to ministers and teachers. It was to you as well as to them the words were addressed, "Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." We live in the world's harvest-time, and the harvest is plenteous. Put your hand to the work. It is not only the duty but the privilege of all to be busy gathering in the harvest. You may be a Sabbath-school teacher, or a district visitor, a mission collector, or at least a tract distributor. If you cannot possibly be any of these, you may care for one or two individuals. Set your heart on their conversion. Speak to them of the Saviour whom you know and love, privately, earnestly, lovingly, and sensibly, as one greatly concerned for their salvation, and make their conversion the subject of continued and earnest prayer. The results may surprise you. You might also invite any careless acquaintances to come to your church with you, and hear the gospel preached.

There will always be some sick neighbours, old or young, to whom you could be useful. Remember, too, the fatherless and widows, and visit them in their affliction. Blessed privilege, to minister to one of the King's sons or daughters, and thus to do for Christ on earth what we cannot do for Him in heaven. "She hath done what she could." "Ye did it unto Me." Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily; do it with your might—do it to the Lord.

Keep your heart and hand open to do good Many things are apt to contract our hearts. The cares of a family, success in business, and other things, are apt to make us selfish, and settle down in easy-going comfort. And then there is the growing desire for a more showy and expensive style of living. Let us watch against these. In every call from the world, it is safer to say "no" than "yes;" but to every "Come over and help us," let us feel inclined to say "yes," rather than "no." There are many calls—many collections; yes, and what has our Lord given us money for? Not to bury in the earth or accumulate in the bank (a very doubtful blessing to our children); but to use, to distribute. In our day there is a vast deal of quiet money-making going on. If your riches increase, set not your heart on them. Keep your hearts, your hands, your purse-strings wide, wide open. Scraping money together is a dangerous thing; it shrivels up the soul. Our duty as stewards is not to lay up and bequeath, but to occupy. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Give to the Lord's cause liberally, systematically, cheerfully; Himself a cheerful giver, He expects us to be like Himself. Be therefore ready to distribute, willing to communicate.

Observe and improve the Lord's dealings with you in his gracious providence. He has a father's heart and a father's hand who is training you up for heaven. Meekly acquiesce in all his dispensations, even though not now joyous but grievous. And when He sends you trial in your person, your business, or your family, let it become a means of grace to you, drawing you nearer to Himself. You must be conformed to his image in suffering; and if you suffer with Him, you shall also reign with Him.

Watch and pray against besetting sins. These are the loopholes through which the enemy attacks the citadel of the heart. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, do now more havoc in the Church of God than persecution ever did. Fleshly lusts still war against the soul. Heresies in life are more common than heresies in doctrine. No professed believer can afford to forget the apostle's example, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." Dear friends, watch against beginnings of evil. And vanity, ambition, love of the world, like other things, are often slow and stealthy in their growth, but they may lead to shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

But beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak. May the God of all grace perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. So shall your light shine before men, and show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.

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Pages for the Young.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.



III.—THE BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSION.

MANY of the customs of the East are very curious. The picture shows you one I saw in Egypt. I had been to visit the governor of a city, and had stayed very late in his house, and it is very dark in the East after sunset and before the moon gets up; so my men had lanterns and walked in front to show me the way. We were passing a large open space in the town when we heard a great outcry, shouting and music; and soon we saw coming up a large procession, men in front carrying on high poles iron pots full of blazing wood (we call them "cressets"); they gave a great light; then musicians with flutes and drums, others with flags, and all coming rapidly up, making a great noise. I found that it was a procession of a bridegroom on his way to the bride's house; he was a very young man, you will see him in the picture, walking after the men with the lights. I thought I would see what was going on, so went on a little way with the procession. From round a corner came a great shriek, and soon some women came out of the darkness, carrying their lamps to meet this bridegroom. These women, like most Eastern women, had black veils over part of their faces; you can never tell what a woman looks like, as you only see her eyes and a bit of her forehead. Some of the women had tambourines or "timbrels," which they played upon. They soon came to a house, which they all entered, and I saw no more of them. During my stay in the country I saw several of these processions, but they were all very much alike. Now you will see that these women had a very curious lamp; at the end of my letter I give a drawing of one I got at Jerusalem; it is very, very old, and was dug up from some ruins. They used these lamps long, long ago, and do so even now. It is made of earth, then baked in an oven. You see it has two little holes in the middle of the upper part; they pour the oil in these; the little spout has a bit of wick or cotton put in it; they hold it by the knob at the end, then light it. Of course it is a very poor light compared to our oil lamps. These people also carry in their hand a small vessel containing a store of oil, for the lamp is so small, that the oil in it soon burns out, then they pour fresh oil in. These little vessels are made of various materials, according to the fancy or wealth of the owner.

Now, dear children, I wish you to read St. Matthew xxv.; there our Lord Jesus told a beautiful story to the Jews. He tells of some women who took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom, but some of these were so foolish as to go without any oil but what they had in their lamps. Well, the bridegroom was so long coming that they

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got tired, and all went to sleep; but when they heard the cry of his coming then they woke up and were frightened, because their lamps had gone out for want of oil. The wise people had taken a stock in their vessel, so that they could retrim their lamps and go on, but they had none to spare, and could not give any away. So the silly ones ran off to buy some oil, but when they came back the door of the house was shut, and they could not get in to the marriage-feast.

Our Lord Jesus tells us we must always be like the wise people, and never trust only to the oil in the lamp. If little children think that because they are good, kind, and do not do naughty things, therefore they need not pray to God for his help, then they are like those foolish virgins. However good you may be in disposition you cannot be good always without the grace of God to help you. Your own little stock of goodness will soon go out, but pray, trust in the Lord. He will fill up your lamp—your heart—with his grace, and his store of it never runs dry or short. There is enough for all, to be had for asking, nothing more—only to ask—not to buy. He gives it freely to all who ask.



TOT.

CHAPTER I.



TOT felt very unhappy. Outside the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang merrily, but it was all dark and dismal for Tot. He curled himself up on an ottoman, and gazed out into the street, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, and fell upon a kitten that lay fast asleep on his knee.

Presently in came nurse, and sat down with her needlework. There was silence for a long time, then Tot broke it by wailing out,

"Papa cannot love his little Tot, if he does not come home to him." Tot as often as not spoke of himself in the third person.

"Yes, he does, dear," said nurse kindly, "and it is only because the poor gentleman is very sick, and there is nobody else to nurse him, that papa is stopping away."

"What's the poor gentleman ill with?" demanded Tot, suddenly interested.

"Don't know, Master Tot; can't say. Fever very likely. People mostly do have fevers of some sort in them foreign parts."

"Think the poor gentleman 'll die, nursie?"

"Can't say, dear; that is as God pleases. Perhaps your father will give him some medicine, and make him well again."

"And papa will be ever so long making him well again," remarked Tot, after a few minutes, and then the tears broke out again faster than before.

Nurse put down her work, and walked to the window. She sat down on Tot's ottoman, put her arms round him, and drew him on her knee. Tot buried his face on her shoulder and sobbed, while nurse comforted him as well as she could. But she could not do much, for Tot's heart was almost broken, and when he wailed out, "Tot wants his mamma. If mamma will not come, Tot must die," nurse could only kiss him, and say he must try and be happy and good for dear father's sake.

"Papa'll never come again, mamma gone; and I only have you, nursie," replied poor Tot. "Oh, where is mamma? Why doesn't she come to me?"

"Hush! I will tell you, my darling," said nurse soothingly, pushing back the curls from his forehead. "God loved your good mamma very much. When He saw how often she suffered pain—Tot remembers how she used to lie on the sofa and look so white?" Tot nodded, and left off sobbing to listen. "Well, then God was sorry for her, and sent an angel to take her away to heaven, where she would never be in pain again, and never cry any more, but be so happy. Tot cannot think how happy."

"Doesn't she want her little boy with her?" asked Tot, half-reproachfully, half-wistfully.

"Yes, dear, and some day God will let you go to her."

"When?" said Tot breathlessly.

"God knows, dear; I don't. If it pleases Him not for many a year to come."

"Must I die before I can go to heaven, nursie?"

"Yes, dear, but only our body dies, that is put into the grave; our soul never dies. If we try to love God here in this world, and do as He bids us, trusting in Jesus Christ, we shall be sure to go to heaven and live with God, and all his holy angels."

"And with mamma too?"

"Yes, and Tot will go some day if he is a good boy." Nurse paused, and then murmured more to herself than to Tot, "But my darling will have many hard battles to fight, many temptations to overcome before the golden crown is won and everlasting life is granted him."

Tot tried to understand, but failed in grasping it clearly. He sat still and pondered with a world of perplexity in the little grave face. He could read a little. Over the mantel-piece nurse had hung a card on which was written in pretty gold and coloured letters, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." What nurse had said about everlasting life reminded him of it.

"Is that about the way to get to heaven, nursie?" he asked, pointing up to the text.

"Yes, and Tottie must find out the 'strait gate,' and walk in 'the narrow way,' and that will lead him to God and his dear mother in heaven."

Then somebody came and called nurse away, and Tot was left alone once more. He thought over what he had just heard, but he could not understand all. Mamma was in heaven and very happy, nurse said; but Tot doubted that she was happy. He was not there. How could she be really happy without her little darling—her golden-haired Tot—her own precious boy? No, she could not be happy, and Tot was not happy. He was very miserable—there was no doubt about that. Oh, if he could only get to her! Was there no way? Must he wait till he was an old man with grey hair, before he could find the strait gate, and walk in the narrow way which would take him to heaven and his mother? Why not begin now, this very day?

Tot jumped up as he thought of it, full of excitement. He would get his hat and gloves and start off at once. Having found and put them on, Tottie went out on the landing and called for nurse; but she was below in the kitchen and did not hear her little charge. He waited patiently for a few minutes; nobody could be seen or heard. Suddenly another idea struck

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him. Why not go without nurse? She loved him too dearly he knew to be very willing he should go. Perhaps she would say he must wait till he became "grown up," and Tot felt he could not wait. He was so miserable, so lonely, he must set out at once.

There was one more thing to be done first. He went back to the empty nursery, took off his hat and knelt down; then, with folded hands, Tottie said, with a world of confidence and trust, "Please, God, go with Tot to find the strait gate, and the narrow way that leads to my mamma. Send an angel to tell Tot which road to take, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Please don't let nursie be sorry that Tot has gone away, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

This over he got up and went cautiously downstairs. He did not wish anybody to see him, so he walked very softly, and listened for coming footsteps. However he reached the hall in safety, when another difficulty presented itself. The street door was shut, and Tot knew from past experiences that to open it without creaks and noises was beyond his power. Never mind, he would go out of the door opening into the garden, and once in the garden there was a little iron gate, which would take him across the meadow, and so into the high road. Tot managed very well; a gardener was planting out flowers, but he took no notice beyond a civil "Good morning, sir. Come out to do a bit of digging this fine day, sir?" Tot responded politely but briefly, and was soon hidden in the shrubbery. Once safely though the gate, he ran quickly across the meadow, and gained the open road. He stood for a minute or two to recover breath, and then started off at a steady walk.

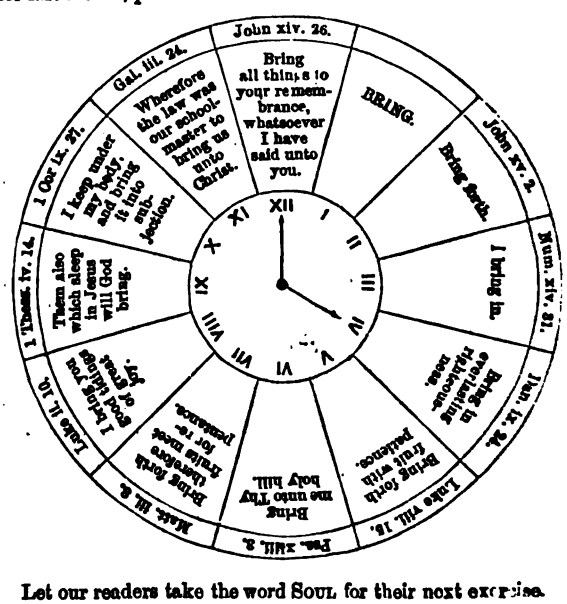
It was now about ten o'clock, and the people whom Tot met going towards the town looked curiously at him. Too curiously; Tot did not like it, and turned up the first bye lane he saw. It was very pleasant here; grass grew in the road, flowers blossomed on either side, and the hedges were tall and thick. Tot was hot after his run, and the shade and coolness were very refreshing. He looked up at the patches of blue sky, showing between the branches of the trees, and thought if he could only see the strait gate, this must be the narrow way, but he knew there was no gate, for the lane was not unfamiliar to him. No, it was doubtless miles away, and he must walk briskly on, or perhaps night would come before he had accomplished his purpose. The lane led to some fields. Tot got into the pathway, and field after field of unknown ground was traversed till he began to feel weary and tired.

The poor little fellow sat down under a hedge at last, and fanned himself with his hat. He wondered what the time was, and owned he would very much like something to eat. When he was rested he got up and made for the stile in order to cross the next field, when—oh, horror!—poor Tottie's heart gave a tremendous thump, for there stood a large white cow right in the pathway, and staring at him with all her might. Tot was by no means a coward; he was not afraid of the darkness, nor loneliness, nor of dogs, nor indeed of any one thing except cows, and they were something terrific beyond description. What should he do? Go back without having found what he sought? He could not bear the thought. Go on, and perhaps be gored to death, or, at the very least, run after and bellowed at by that dreadful white creature with the big eyes? It was well the stile was between Tot and the cow. At first he was half-paralysed with terror, but after a while, finding he was only stared and not run at, his heart thumped less loudly, and he grew calmer. Must he cross that field? He thought not, till suddenly he remembered the prayer he had said before leaving home. The very memory of it brought courage. God would be sure to take care of him; of course the angel was there, though invisible to Tot. Off came the straw hat, and once more he fell on his knees. "Please, God, dear God, let the angel go on in front, because Tottie is so afraid, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." He jumped up and opened his eyes. To his great joy the cow, instead of standing and gazing at him, was lying down on the grass and looking sleepily in another direction. Indeed she appeared quite peaceful and harmless, only Tot wished she would not move her mouth about so peculiarly—it suggested unpleasant things. Cautiously he mounted the stile, and descended on the other side. A simple and implicit trust that an angel was "going on in front," alone enabled Tot to pass the dreaded object. At last it was done; the cow had not moved, not even turned her head, only munched, munched with her mouth, and Tot breathed once more.

Safely arrived at the next meadow, he looked back and resolved never again to be afraid of cows. He had forgotten his weariness in his fright, and walked at a good rate over the next fields. They ended in a wood and Tot stepped into it glad to get into shade again. He had gone a little distance when he came to a tiny stream. The water looked very tempting, so stooping down Tot dipped some up in his hand and drank it. It was deliciously cool and refreshing, and he repeated the process many times. In drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, out dropped a biscuit. Tot wondered how it came there, then recollected he had reserved it from his luncheon the day before to give Snap, his dog. After eating it and taking another drink of water, Tot became aware he was very, very tired. He must have a good long rest before continuing his journey. So he chose a nice mossy seat under a tree and lay down. He watched the flies and bees buzzing about and listened to the little stream of water as it flowed over the pebbles. From watching and listening Tot became very sleepy, the blue eyes closed, the little weary legs stretched themselves out, and Tot slept as soundly as if he were lying in his own crib at home.

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 128.



Let our readers take the word SOUL for their next exercise.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.—p. 96.—SEASON.

1. SEA: Psa. civ. 25; Exod. xiv. 16; Psa. lxxvii. 19; 1 Cor. x. 1, 2.
2. SON: Prov. x. 1.
3. SEASON: Eccles. iii. 1; Luke xiii. 1; Acts xxiv. 25.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



FUNERAL OF LOUIS XIV.

THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

III.—CONCERNING THE LENGTH OF A SERMON.

FEW topics concerning the pulpit have been more sharply discussed, or have called for a greater variety of opinion than the proper length of a sermon. Prodigiously long have some sermons been, the words even meandering away for many hours; on the other hand, some have been just as remarkable for their brevity; and, notwithstanding the almost interminable length to which some preachers have extended their discourses, there seems little doubt that the balance of opinion, in most ages and places, has been in favour of the short discourse. Preaching in the early church was short; it is probable that Chrysostom's famous words seldom ran on beyond a period of a quarter of an hour or

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twenty minutes. In our own day, the Abbé Mullois, the private chaplain to the late Emperor Napoleon III., in his very instructive book on preaching, insists upon it that the sermon should not extend beyond seven or ten minutes; he says: "Much more can be said in two minutes than is generally thought when due preparation is made, when we have a good knowledge of mankind, and are well versed in the subject." He continues: "A sermon must not be a bore; even mediocre preachers are acceptable, provided their discourses are short, whereas the very best preachers are a burden when they speak too long." Yet brevity may be, and often has been, wearisome, if conjoined to a purposeless prolixity of manner. When George Canning heard Dr. Legge, the Bishop of Oxford of his day, after the service Legge enquired of the great orator and statesman, "How did you like my sermon?" "I thought it rather short," said Canning. "I am aware it was short," said the prelate; "but I was afraid of being tedious." "But," said Canning, "you *were* tedious."

There is another well known story of a late Marquis of Normanby, who, when he was lord lieutenant of Ireland, at the close of a service, said to his chaplain, "There were some things in the course of your sermon to-day, sir, which I never heard before." The chaplain professed himself to be flattered, but he modestly repelled the impeachment of originality, saying that the subject scarcely admitted any novelty of treatment, so that he would be glad to know what points they were which had struck his lordship. "Yes," resumed the peer, "there were some things which, in those relations, I never heard before; I heard the clock strike twice!" Long sermons do not certainly stand high in favour with audiences either young or old. That minister must, doubtless, have been surprised, when, questioning his Sunday-school concerning the story of Eutychus—the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and falling down was taken up dead—he said, "What do we learn from this very solemn event?" and a little creature replied, "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons": it was scarcely the lesson the ministerial catechist expected.

Sometimes ministers have taken singular expedients to awaken a drowsy congregation who, by the effect of their somnolent words, have been gathered to the sleep of their fathers. Sidney Smith used to say that "some preachers seemed to think that sin was to be taken out of men in the same way as Eve was taken out of Adam—by first putting them to sleep." Emanuel Deutsch, in his paper on the Talmud, recites from that collection of ancient Hebrew tradition, the story of an old Jewish preacher who, in the course of a hot Eastern afternoon, while he was expounding some intricate subtlety of the law, beheld his hearers quietly fall away in drowsy slumbers; suddenly he burst forth, "There was once a woman in Egypt who brought forth, by one birth, six-hundred thousand men!" Our readers may fancy how the audience started at this remarkable tale of this prolific Egyptian woman. Very quickly the preacher proceeded, "Her name was Jochebed; she was the mother of Moses, who was worth as much as all those six hundred thousand armed men put together, who went up out of the land of Egypt." His hearers, it is said, slept no more that afternoon.

Thus, we may suppose, the virtue of long-winded-ness comes down to us from ancient times. "What a gift," says old Thomas Fuller, with evident feelings of admiration, "what a gift had John Haslebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who, being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not!" Dr. Southey calls this Haslebach "the arch-emperor of the Spintexts," but yet he continues, "the Rabbi Chananiah may contest the palm with the Vienna professor; it is recorded of him that when he undertook to write a Commentary upon part of the Prophet Ezekiel, he requested the Jews to supply him with three hundred tons of oil for the use of his lamp while he should be engaged in the work."

But it seems probable that, with us, the era of long sermons—not to speak of them as tedious ones—set in with the era which was the immediate precursor of the Reformation. Perhaps there is something peculiarly polemical in the idea of very long sermons; they usually imply trains of argument, casuistry, and expository criticism. Every one now knows the site of St. Paul's Cross, and St. Paul's Cross was surely one of the most famous pulpits in the history of any church, or of any age; there, long harangues were poured forth, week by week, during the most exciting times, from the most various lips. That pulpit was a great sounding-board, immense audiences gathered round it, and the preachers were, perhaps, as frequently political talkers as religious instructors. In looking amongst our famous old sermons, it is interesting to notice how many of them were spoken at St. Paul's Cross. Dear old Father Latimer, no doubt, felt himself pleasantly at home there: and his happy strokes of humour, and pleasant stories and anecdotes, would be of the very kind of words to hold and entertain a large and various company. The "judicious Hooker" we cannot so well imagine there, pouring out his stately sentences of molten gold; nevertheless, it was there that he uttered many of those words and doctrines which have constituted polemical battle-cries ever since; especially those great sermons on justification by faith (although we are aware that some authorities assign their delivery to the Temple Church). And we have always thought that the arena of St. Paul's Cross had much to do with creating the long, argumentative, and what seemed to us the tedious, sermons.

Shakespeare lived in London during the time when St. Paul's Cross was in the fulness of its power, and it is impossible to read a famous passage in "Julius Cæsar," without feeling that it is a hint of Shakespeare's England, and that the great pulpit of London was in the poet's mind:

"CINNA. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
CASSIUS. Some to the common *pulpits*, and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'
BRUTUS. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.
CASCA. Go to the *pulpit*, Brutus."

And another contemporaneous testimony, that of the good Bishop, Launcelot Andrews, himself an eminent and admirable preacher, shows that the pulpit was passing into quite a new phase in church life, and that the desire for sermons, and long sermons, was becoming quite a rage. The Bishop

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says in words which really were quite prophetic: "Hearing of the word is grown into such request, as it hath got the start of all the rest of the parts of God's service. So as, but that sure we are the world will not like any one thing long, it might justly be feared lest this part, eating out the rest, should grow indeed the sole and only worship of God. This way our age is affected; now is the world of sermons. For proof whereof (as if all godliness were in hearing of sermons) take this very place, the house of God, which now you see meetly well replenished [by which the Bishop means well-filled]; come at any other parts of the service of God (parts, I say, of the service of God, no less than this), you shall find it, in a manner, desolate. And not here only, but go any whither else, ye shall find even the like." Thus the age of long sermons set in. The sermons of Andrews themselves are as prodigious in length, as they are certainly odd and quaint in their structure; he was the favourite preacher of James I., and to that monarch a short sermon was quite as intolerable as any long one would be in our times. Preachers aimed to be exhaustive; like Barrow, to whom, as all our readers know, Charles II. said he was the most unfair preacher to whom he ever listened, for he left nothing to be said by anybody else, upon any text upon which he preached. Thus was created a style of diffuseness, of meandering expatiation. Instead of taking one thought, one suggestive idea, and charging it with every power of intensity and feeling, the text became the point, as it were, of a pair of compasses extended to their utmost stretch, forming an immensely inclusive circumference, covering the whole round of Scripture, and everything on the earth beneath, in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth, as well as matters deeper and higher still. Men preached folios: would not Caryl, one thinks, have wearied out the patience of Job by those immense and closely printed folios to which his people in Bury Street had to listen? And Thomas Adams, though more pleasingly quaint and fanciful, is far more remarkable, for he beat out into one folio the expositions upon the three chapters of the Second Epistle of Peter, and all his sermons have the same painful prolixity.

It was the same with preachers in the Establishment, or out of it; their sermons were not sermons of an hour, but of hours, and Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, South, and Jackson were matched in their long-windedness by Thomas Goodwin, John Howe, William Googe, Thomas Watson, and Thomas Brooks. The curiosity is that many of these sermons are interlaced with long quotations from Greek and Latin, and references to crowds of ancient writers, many of their names to modern ears almost, if not entirely, unknown, the introduction of which into our modern sermons would sound like the veriest pedantry, and deafen the ears of a modern audience, like words from an unknown tongue. Even of the writers of this time whom we most affect, we usually feel how much every sermon would gain in force and in fact if its dimensions were diminished, and we sometimes find ourselves replying to one of these great preachers in the words addressed by a judge to a barrister who appeared to be talking against time, "Really, brother, there are some things you may take for granted, and of the knowledge of which you may suppose we are in possession." The sermons of many of these men are very great, and equally entertaining and instructive; but we have often compared them with the half-hour sermons of some of the earlier ages of the church, may we say with advantage to the latter?

Also, it is very interesting to notice how the earlier sermons were crowded with Scriptural knowledge and allusion; and here we will present our readers with a neat and impressive little sermon—we find it in Mr. Baring-Gould's "Post-mediæval Preachers"—from the text—

"'MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN.'

"Noah preached to the old world for a hundred years the coming in of the flood, and how many were saved when the world was destroyed? Eight souls, and among them was the reprobate Ham. Many were called, but only eight were chosen.

"When God would rain fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain, were ten saved? No; only four, and of these four, one looked back. Many were called, but three were chosen.

"Six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, went through the Red Sea, the like figure whereunto baptism doth even now save us. The host of Pharaoh and the Egyptians went in after them, and of them not one reached the farther shore. And of those Israelites who passed through the sea out of Egypt, how many entered the Promised Land, the land flowing with milk and honey? Two only—Caleb and Joshua. Many, six hundred thousand, were called; few, even two, were chosen. All the host of Pharaoh, a shadow of those who despise and set at naught the Red Sea of Christ's blood, perished without exception; of God's chosen people, image of his Church, only few indeed are saved.

"How many multitudes teemed in Jericho, and of them how many escaped when Joshua encamped against the city? The walls fell, men and women perished; one house alone escaped, known by the scarlet thread, type of the blood of Jesus—and that was the house of a harlot.

"Gideon went against the Midianites with thirty-two thousand men. The host of Midian was without number, as the sand of the sea-side for multitude. How many of these thirty-two thousand men did God suffer Gideon to lead into victory? Three hundred only. Many, even thirty-two thousand men, were called; three hundred chosen.

"Type and figure this of the many enrolled into the church's army, of whom so few go on to fight the good fight of faith!

"Of all the tribes of Israel twelve men only were chosen to be apostles; and of these twelve, one was a traitor, one doubtful, one denied his Master, and all forsook Him.

"How many rulers were there among the Jews when Christ came; but one only went to Him, and he by night!

"How many rich men were there when our blessed Lord walked this earth; but one only ministered unto Him, and he only in His burial!

"How many peasants were there in the country when Christ went to die; but one only was deemed worthy to bear his cross, and he bore it by constraint!

"How many thieves were there in Judæa when

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Christ was there; but one only entered Paradise, and he was converted in his last hour!

"How many centurions were there scattered over the province; and one only saw and believed, and he by cruelly piercing the Saviour's side!*

"How many harlots were there in that wicked and adulterous generation; but one only washed his feet with tears and wiped them with the hair of her head! Truly, 'many are called, but few are chosen.'"

Of course when we think of the greater length, or the condensed brevity, of sermons, several other considerations have to be borne in mind: first, and chiefly, the preacher himself. It is with the great preacher as with the great singer; it is well known that there are those who are passionately excited by music, who would gladly suffer any amount of inconvenience, and listen for a long time, to comparatively ordinary orchestral effects, in order that, at last, they may be regaled, perhaps by the rendering of one bar, or a single note, from the voice of the great master. Great singing is not estimated by the length of time it covers, but the exquisite sensation it excites. It has been very much so with many great preachers. No accounts we possess, and no reading of the sermons of Massillon can convey any idea of their overwhelming effects; it must have been in the man, in the preacher and his voice; and when we consider the exquisite sensation produced by a great and yet almost mechanical singer, it is even easy to apprehend.

Let the reader transfer his recollections and fancy to the great church of Notre Dame in Paris. The occasion is great; it is the funeral service for Louis XIV., Louis le Magnifique—Louis the Great. Of course all that could be done to heighten or deepen the sombre splendour was there; the dead king lay before the pulpit on his bier, covered with all the emblazonments, the hatchments and insignia of royalty; the vast church was draped in black; the silver shieldings flashing back the light of the torches and flambeaux. There were assembled all the chivalry of the nation, the royalty, and the courtiers, proud and dissolute men, the gay and beautiful ladies, all, of course, in mourning. In due season Massillon entered the pulpit; he stood a little while, quiet and silent, and then announced his text, "Lo, I have become great!" No doubt it seemed a fitting text to commemorate the life and deeds of the prince who had been called "The Great." The preacher stood quite still, his hands were crossed over his breast, his face settled on the bier, mighty feelings seemed struggling over the features; at last he spoke those very simple words: "There is nothing great but God!" How simple they seem, a mere truism. We have no account of the tone, only that it was the preacher's awful whisper, but the story is well known how, as he breathed the words, the whole congregation rose in consternation, and looked behind and about them; it must have been the man, aided by the universal knowledge of his holy life, and by the memory that the living conscience of the dead king had frequently trembled before the terrible preacher. It was a great moment in the history of pulpit eloquence, but it also illustrated that which we are saying; the power of the preacher is not to be tested so much by the length of time he can talk, as by the intensity of the emotion he can excite.

We are neither unduly condemning long sermons, nor thoughtlessly praising short ones. The period of long sermons, to which we referred above, was an age when, if men were strong and firm, their minds were comparatively slow; they did not leap at conclusions; it seemed to be their joy to work their way through paths of interminable discussion. How few amongst us now read, or have patience to read, those volumes through which the chapters tramp along with such majesty to words of deep, sonorous melody; such, for instance, as Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," Milton's "Defence of the People of England," Sterry on "The Will," or Reeve's "God's Plea for Nineveh," and crowds beside. And there were then few topics for popular thought to feed upon. Preaching can be of little use if the mode and matter of it be not adapted to the age (and there can be little doubt that the age of short sermons has set in—we shall not say the age of sermons of seven or ten minutes); but, perhaps we may go so far as to say, if the preacher's chief object be to stir the feelings, to rouse and excite sensation, his sermon should not pass beyond twenty minutes; if his business be conceived to be instruction and elucidation, not beyond forty. It is not uninteresting, in reading the entertaining journal of Henry Crabbe Robinson, to notice how this highly-cultivated man, the intimate friend and associate of almost every literary notability of his day, divided his Sundays in Brighton between Frederick Robertson and Joseph Sortain, whom, different as they were, he seemed about equally to appreciate: the first an eloquent expositor of ideas, whose words poured along for a period of three-quarters of an hour; the other, the passionate expression of one idea, the whole quarter of an hour or twenty minutes the intense peroration of a taken-for-granted line of thought; so that the length or brevity of a sermon must depend on what a preacher intends to do in the pulpit, and what he feels he can effect. It is an unhappy condition of things if a man can neither move the feelings of his hearers on the one hand, nor instruct their minds on the other.

The clock in the church has superseded the hour-glass; probably not many of our readers have seen the hour-glass held out conspicuously before the eyes of the audience, just as it is usual in Italian churches to see the crucifix conspicuous in the pulpit to the eyes of the preacher and his hearers; and we suppose that the use of the hour-glass arose at the time when the services of prayer and praise were shortened, and the sermon proportionately lengthened. Even then all preachers did not dilate to the length of an hour, but, during the hour, while the sands were running on, the people listened patiently, regarding that as the minister's right, his freehold, in time; if he exceeded it, there was danger that his hearers might rise and move away; unless, indeed, he were a popular favourite, and we have several stories of those who were strong enough, in their sense of the popular appetite and their power to satisfy it—to turn up the glass, very much to the delight of the people, and cheerfully say, "We will have another hour of it"; or, as

* The excellent preacher appears to have forgotten the yet more pertinent instance of that other centurion, concerning whose faith our Lord said, "I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel;" but his argument holds good.

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another expressed himself, "Come, friends, we will have another glass." In these degenerate days one knows not which most to admire, the prodigious capacity of the talker, or the singular patience of the listener. George Herbert, in his "Country Parson," gives an hour as the fitting time: "the parson," he says, "exceeds not an hour in preaching; our age would think it more than a competency, even a superfluity;" and yet, we suppose, even good George must have known preachers who were tedious: there is a couplet in the following verse which is well known:

"Judge not the Preacher, for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

ROBERT MOFFAT AND HIS MOTHER.

SEVERAL years ago, when the Nestor of African missions was in his seventy-sixth year, I had the great pleasure of spending a long evening with him; and I dare say Dr. Moffat will excuse the liberty I take in trying to tell the younger readers of "Sunday at Home" what he then told us about his mother. The veteran had addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting that evening, but his work, instead of exhausting, seemed only to have put him in good spirits. Story after story, illustrating racily the power of the gospel, delighted his hearers, and, among others these:

"When I was home the first time, that is, in 1840, I preached in Newcastle, and was going home from church with the minister's wife. We met an old man, dressed like a minister, to whom she spoke and introduced me; but I did not catch his name. He seemed anxious to talk, but the lady said, 'Come to tea, and you'll have more time to talk to Mr. Moffat;' and he said with a strong Scotch accent, 'Weel, I'll see.' Sure enough, when tea-time came, there was the old man, very frail and worn-out looking. He was sitting at one end of a long sofa, and I at the other; and he began to say, 'Your name, Mr. Moffat, minds me of a worthy woman that used to come to my church long ago when I was minister at Carronbridge. She was a very godly woman, and she always brought her son with her, a boy with a curly black head. They came into my house sometimes for books and tracts. It's long since I left, near thirty years; but her name was Moffat, and hearing your name has put me in mind of her. I wonder what has become of her curly-headed boy by this time.'

"My heart was too full to let me speak a single word, so the old man said it all over again, thinking I was deaf. By that time I had got back my tongue, and said, 'You canna be Mr. Caldwell?'

"I think I never saw anybody more astonished than the old man was when he found that I was the curly-headed boy. I had to tell him the shape of his house and of his garden, and where the potatoes grew, before he seemed quite sure; and then we talked of my mother."

Someone suggested that probably the man who had done so much for Christ in Africa, and was then handling the proof sheets of a corrected revision of the Sechuana Bible, owed his conversion to his mother.

"It was this way," said Dr. Moffat. "When I was leaving home for Warrington to work as a gardener, my mother asked me to give her a promise. I wanted to know what I was to promise; but she would not tell me, and still insisted that I would promise. I was very loth to give my word to do a thing I did not know; but I loved and trusted my mother, and so at length I promised.

"'Well,' said she, 'you'll read a portion of the New Testament, and pray for a blessing on it every day, and wherever you may be.' I kept my word to my mother; and it was some time after that I was brought to the saving knowledge of Christ."

"And did you then devote yourself to the mission work?" some of us asked.

"No, that was later. I had gone in from the place I was working at to the town of Warrington to buy a book on a Saturday night, when I saw a placard about a missionary meeting. It was an old placard, the meeting was past; but it fixed my thoughts. I went to the minister whose name was on the placard, and after I had knocked I would like to have run away. He introduced me to the London Missionary Society, and two years later (1822) I was sent out." Eighteen twenty-two and eighteen eighty! How much between!

When I recall this story I think of our Lord's words, "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together" (John iv. 36). Who will rejoice the most over the harvest gathered from the deserts of Africa—Moffat, or his great son-in-law, Livingstone, or old Mr. Caldwell, or "the very godly woman" at Carronbridge who trained and prayed for her curly-headed boy? They will rejoice together.

Yewberries on the Snow.



STOOD beneath a mighty yew-tree's shade,
Which spread its circling branches o'er the snow;
Myriads of scattered rubies lay below,
And rosy spangles on the whiteness made.
Nature, with frosty fingers, had arrayed
The earth in beauty which Art could not show,
A dazzling robe of intermingled glow,
Fair to behold, but soon, alas, to fade!
Then of a fairer, fadeless robe I thought,
In which the red gives lustre to the white,
By loving hands of Grace incarnate wrought:
His innocence is as the groundwork bright;
The rubies must on Calvary be sought—
Blest wedding garment of the sons of light!

RICHARD WILTON.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

CHAPTER VI.



WAKING suddenly from the deep sleep which long watching or weariness brings, must in some sort resemble our waking to another life, there seems such a chasm between the past time and the present moment. The late autumn morning was breaking when Marian came to consciousness again; there were sounds in the house as if everybody was up and doing; there was the unbarring of the outer door, the voices of men coming in, and among them that of her father.

It was no dream. The "Queen of the Seas" had come into harbour four hours later than she was expected, and at six o'clock on a misty morning, Colonel Mayhew returned home from that long look after the Briar Wood property. He was accompanied by his legal adviser, one of the two attorneys the Vineyard could then boast, and not by Nathaniel Norton, his cousin thrice removed, square of face and figure, as her childhood remembered and dreaded him, but the handsome, dashing Captain FitzOrmond. Presenting him to his wife and daughter, he said: "You know this gentleman; bid him welcome to our house again, for under Providence I owe my safe return to him."

The renewal of friendship between Colonel Mayhew and the captain was brought about by one of those perilous adventures peculiar to the country and time. The brave and generous Montcalm, as even his enemies called him, when he had released FitzOrmond from the cruel hands of the Chippeways, scrupled to detain him as a prisoner of war, because he had been taken, not by French troops, but their Indian allies; however, he compromised matters between his military duty and his sentiments of chivalrous honour, by allowing the young officer to return to English territory on parole, not to bear arms against France during the existence of the present war. The nearest English garrison was Fort St. John, on the Hudson, not far from the now flourishing city of Albany, but then almost in the wilderness. As the way was long, and partly through the Iroquois country, the considerate general gave FitzOrmond, by way of escort, a troop of frontier men, half hunters, half soldiers, of every nationality to be found in the North American colonies, but for the present in the service of France.

Early in the second day the cavalcade, for they were all on horseback, reached a spot where two roads met at right angles to each other; roads they would not have been called in any civilised country, but mere beaten tracks, one straining up a steep hill-side, the other dipping deep into a valley, but the only highways of traffic or travel through the dense woods that then clothed the banks of the Upper Hudson. The party paused for some minutes to make sure which way was their own, and the captain being the best mounted, galloped up the hill path to get a better prospect. From the height of the ground there he could see coming up from the westward, but still far behind themselves, two companies with some miles between them, the most forward seemingly little encumbered, and pressing actively on, while the hindmost was evidently impeded with heavily-laden pack-horses and oxen. "Too slow a pace to travel in such a region as this," thought FitzOrmond, as a vision of an Indian ambuscade set for wealthy English traders, for such they looked, rose to his mind, and instinctively glancing down to the valley path he caught through its tangled maze and deep shadow a gleam of hidden hatchets, long rifles, and fiery eyes. "It is not for us, but for yonder luckless traders," he said to himself, and instantly turning his horse and calling on his escort he dashed over the hill to meet and warn them of their danger.

A yell, that might have frightened all the panthers and pumas that ever existed there, made the woods ring to their deepest recesses, then a rifle volley rattled among the trees, and in full cry of vengeful disappointment the red and raging troop rushed after the flying horsemen. Swift as the Indian's bare foot is, it was no match for the frontier riders. The ambuscade was left behind before the latter came within hail of the travellers, and then Captain FitzOrmond, still the foremost, perceived, to his astonishment, that the unencumbered division was led by the sturdy old Colonel Mayhew, jack boots, saddle-bags, and all, as it was his wont to journey.

A few words served to explain the case to him and his company. "Let us trust in Providence, and stand on our own defence, friends," said the colonel, drawing his pistols from the holsters, and every man of his company did the same. The frontier men rather relished an opportunity for fighting at any time; as the Indians came in sight, their weapons, muskets, blunderbusses, and rifles, were shouldered, and waiting till the pursuers were fairly within range they sent them such a well-directed volley that the Indians first recoiled from the shock, and then turned and fled in wild confusion. The encumbered travellers soon found safety in the rear of the combined troop and travellers, a goodly array of fighting men, who now pressed on their journey through the forest, keeping a sharp look out against its dangers.

The lumbering company behind were a considerable drag-weight on the rest, having to be waited for at every mile or so. They were led by a square-built immovable-looking man, who himself conducted two oxen carrying ponderous packs, and whom one of the young men in Colonel Mayhew's company termed an obstinate old buffalo.

That man was the expected bridegroom, Nathaniel Norton. Any one well acquainted with the pair would have observed that a marked coolness had

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taken place between the colonel and his cousin thrice removed.

The latter had accompanied him up-country from New York, to give evidence of pedigree and kinship at the district court, a timber edifice in the midst of a forest-clearing, where civil cases were heard at most once a year. The business was finished as far as it could be, but French troops were pouring into the country, wilderness war was going on between all the six nations of Iroquois, and Colonel Mayhew thought it prudent to make no attempt at possession till better times, but return to New York with a company of traders, who were also giving up business in that location. Most of them left their heavy concerns in charge of a Mohawk chief, on whom they could depend till some arrangement could be made, but others insisted on carrying weighty valuables with them. Nathaniel Norton being a devoted trader, had improved his time up-country by purchasing a stock of beavers' skins, to sell at a large profit in the eastern ports; and neither persuasion, remonstrance, nor the dread that the "Queen of the Seas" might sail without him and the colonel, and thus keep the latter from home for some months to come, would induce him to leave them behind.

Colonel Mayhew's experience of that return journey removed his cousin to a considerable distance from his friendly regards, but a younger friend was found in Norton's stead. As the force galloped on in good order, he rode up to Captain FitzOrmond, and said in a tone to be heard between themselves, "Captain, you have this day done me a good service, which I ill deserved at your hands, by my hasty and inconsiderate conduct the last time we met."

"I should be happy to do such a service to any man, and more especially to you, colonel," said FitzOrmond.

"Let us be friends again, then," and the colonel extended his hand, which FitzOrmond took and shook warmly, and the two rode on side by side like father and son, as they used to do in their days of surveying the defences of Duke's County.

When they reached Fort St. John, the captain dismissed his escort, with good wishes on either side, and accompanied the colonel to New York, where the "Queen of the Seas" still rode at anchor. Nathaniel Norton remained behind to sell his beavers' skins; but the young soldier's occupation being gone for some time, on account of his parole, he cheerfully accepted Colonel Mayhew's invitation to become his visitor at the old house in the Vineyard. Thus it happened that a night of strange peril and fear brought a morning of happy arrivals, and if anybody regretted the absence of cousin Norton, that individual was not his promised bride.

Her father seemed equally reconciled to the worthy man's remaining at the Vineyard, and once in social converse at his own fireside remarked, it was thought with a mental reference to Nathaniel, that since Divine wisdom had declared it was not good for man to be alone, the best thing young people could do was to get married as soon as convenient, as long continuance in the single state made men for the most part regardless of others, and concerned only about themselves. The next time FitzOrmond happened to be alone with the colonel, he took occasion to declare his convictions in favour of the course thus recommended, and request the needful encouragement refused him some six months before. The conduct of the king's officer contrasted so favourably with that of his self-serving cousin, that the colonel's mind had changed sides. Moreover, though unchanged in his regard to Marian, Clarence FitzOrmond was an altered man since the day they parted in such haste and anger.

The near prospect of death in its most fearful form, and his providential deliverance, had led him to serious reflection, on the higher duties and hopes of man, and made his habits of thought and life more in accordance with those of the Puritan family. So it was, that father and mother came at length to approve their daughter's choice, and before the spring came back, it was the great news of Edgar Town that Colonel Mayhew's youngest daughter was to marry a king's officer from the old country.

While his brothers and sisters in their various places of settlement were preparing for a festal gathering in the old home, Mark Mayhew was crossing the wild and wooded district which then formed the border land between Connecticut and Massachusetts.

The college in which he had matriculated was closed, most of its students had been summoned to the defence of their native towns and villages against the inroads of hostile Indians—it was the case with many an American seminary at the time; and his course of study being thus interrupted, Mark journeyed homeward, taking a rather circuitous route, in order to make himself acquainted with some of those Indian settlements in which Eliot had long ago planted the gospel in that forest land.

Ever bent on missionary objects, it was the young man's intention, now that his college time had been broken up, to make a voyage to London in the course of the ensuing season, as his uncle's deputy, on business connected with the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the North American Indians, from whom he wished to collect as much information as possible regarding the Christian communities of red men in New England.

It was the forenoon of a day in early spring, fair and full of promise for the year, the aspect of the sky varied between light clouds and brilliant sunshine, the woods looked freshly green with opening buds and tender leaves and the odours of early flowers rose from all their sheltered hollows. There was a kindred chord in Mark's mind that answered to all the sounds and sights of nature, and his thoughts went up from the sylvan beauty of the scene, in praise and adoration to Him who appointed the march of the seasons, for ever ancient and yet for ever new. Occupied in that glorious contemplation, he scarcely perceived the change in the path before him, till he found it climbing a rocky ridge of considerable elevation, which on the right sloped gently down to a grassy dell, and on the left was so overhung by tangled shrubs and trees that Mark could not discern the nature of the ground beyond.

He had scarcely made these observations, when a figure seated in the shade of the overhanging shrubs a few steps farther on caught his attention, and he perceived a handsome young Indian hunter, who sat there silent and fixed as a statue, his rifle, and a wild turkey which most hunters would have thought

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good game, thrown carelessly on the ground beside him.

Grave and contemplative in his habit of mind, and having but few objects in life, whatever interests the Indian individually, the romance of love, the zeal of friendship or the sentiment of devotion to a leader, is apt to act upon him like a spell, and possess the whole man. It was so with the young hunter who sat thus lost in his own musings, for he was no other than Wicòmie, the still heathen nephew of the aged minister Hiacoomes.

Mark had never seen, and therefore could not recognise him, but the Indian was well acquainted with his appearance, and looking up at the sound of his approaching step, he gazed at him fixedly for a moment, and then said in good English, "Is your name Mark Mayhew, the son of the Vineyard chief?"

"It is," said Mark, and the words were scarcely uttered when Wicomie sprang to his feet, and confronting him with a look of fierce enquiry, cried, "Where is Orisa, the daughter of Pocanus?"

"I know not," said Mark. He was alone with the savage, not having even his hunting rifle, but the steady courage of the young missionary remained unmoved.

"You do know," cried Wicomie; "these are the tales that white men tell to Indians; you have stolen her away; that was the reason you went so often to the Caraco country, and deceived her eyes with enchantments."

"I never deceived the girl. The God of the Christians saved her life from the ravenous puma, by my rifle; I spoke to her of Him. I also advised her to obey her father and marry a certain chief, to whom she did not seem well inclined."

Mark spoke in all honesty, but his words roused the jealous fury and fired the pride of the Indian. Wicomie's tomahawk flashed in the sun, and that moment must have been young Mayhew's last, but as the savage stepped back, that his weapon might descend with double force, a fragment of the rocky ridge beneath his feet suddenly gave way, and rock and man crashing through the tangled shrubs rolled over a precipice beyond.

Hardly conscious of the imminent danger he had escaped, Mark ran to the brink and looked down. It was the dry bed of an ancient torrent, above which the cliff rose steep as a wall, but the forest *débris* had filled it up all but one central chasm, at the bottom of which, beneath a heap of massive stones, Mark could see the still quivering body of the Indian. "Lord, have mercy upon him!" burst from the young man's lips, as his mind took in the horrors of the situation; but a second glance showed him, that a few yards from the spot where Wicomie had fallen, the face of the cliff presented a broken and rugged slope. Descending that precipitous path, and treading cautiously over the fallen trees and piled up rubbish below, he gained the firm ground on the opposite side. The forest there was old and dense, giving no token of woodman's axe or hunter's track, and there seemed no chance of human help, till having climbed almost to the top of a tall sycamore, Mark saw a thin column of smoke rising from a dell at no great distance.

His missionary enterprise had made him a skilful explorer of the woods, but pausing to seek for neither track nor trail, he pressed right on in the direction of the smoke. The way lay through a thorny thicket, which made sad havoc on both clothes and skin, but the sight of an Indian camp pitched in the depth of the dell gave him hope of rescue for the fallen man.

The camp was that of Wicomie and his following; the young chief had chosen to relieve his melancholy by a raid on the hunting ground of a tribe long at enmity with the Chippeways, which was known to be particularly well stocked with game. Mark could speak little of their language, but little speech is required to let an Indian know the state of material things. Some followed and some ran before him to the spot where they found their chief; with care and skill the massive stones were removed; they had fallen so as to form a low arch over the prostrate man, or he must have been crushed to death, but when extricated and brought to the surface, he was still breathing. There is an appointed time for man upon earth, and Wicomie's time had not yet come. They carried him to the camp on a hastily-constructed litter of leafy branches, the squaws, for some of them always accompany hunting expeditions, making the woods ring with a shrill wailing as they went. The knowledge of practical surgery which these Indian crones are known to possess, proved an invaluable resource in the wilderness, where no other medical assistance could be found. The red warriors were accustomed to depend on it for the cure of the most dangerous wounds; sound constitutions and hardy habits were the chief helps in the healing process, and so it was in the case of Wicomie.

The injuries he had received from the deep fall and heavy stones, though severe, were not mortal. As soon as that hopeful fact was ascertained, Mark Mayhew resumed his journey, leaving the young chief safe among his faithful followers, who forthwith broke up their camp in the enemy's hunting ground, and carried him to the principal village of the Chippeways. There, under the care of the skilful squaws, he gradually recovered, but years elapsed before the son of Canemus regained the strength and activity which had made him formidable in the war path, and successful in the hunting ground. In the meantime a better change passed over the man within; Wicomie had got time and cause for serious reflection, and saw things in a clearer light than that of his fierce and fiery days. When Mark came all the way from his home in the Vineyard to see him, as he sat in front of his father's wigwam in the sun, Wicomie held out his hand to the young missionary, and said, with emotion rarely seen in the face of an Indian, "Son of Mayhew, I would have killed you, and you saved my life; none but a servant of the Christian's God would have done so; tell me of Him, I pray you, and I will try to be his servant too."

Mark shook the young chief's hand; the tears of joy almost gathering in his eyes, for another soul was won. He sat and conversed with him for hours on the things written in the Book, as the Indians called the Bible. "My mother taught me to read it," said Wicomie, "but she went from us, my mind went after other things, and I forgot the way; if one would teach me now I should remember it." Mark promised to teach him, and many an after visit he paid to the distant village of the Chippeways, on their young chief's account.

Wicomie was naturally quick of apprehension and

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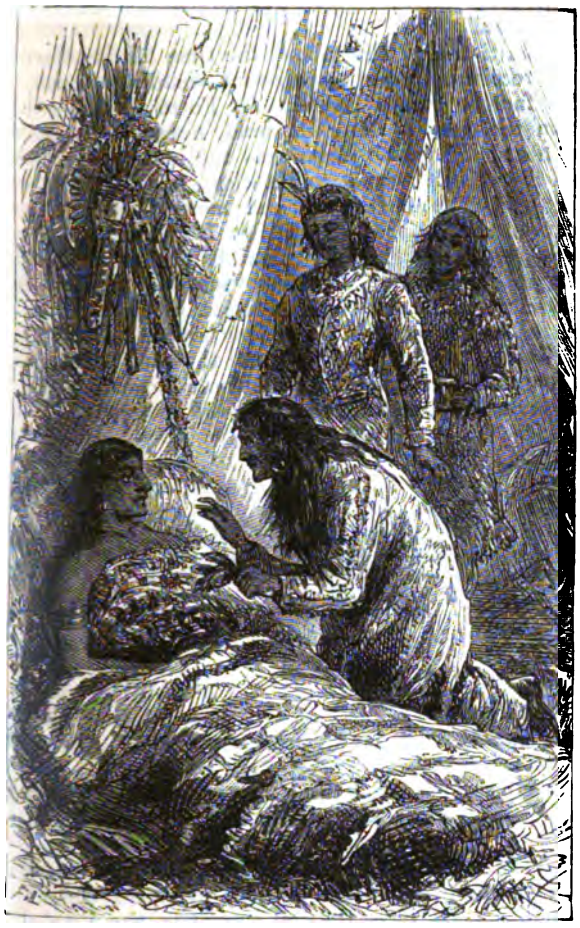
clear of understanding, he made rapid progress in Christian knowledge, and the teachings of Christian civilization also. Once when he and Mark sat together and there was none within hearing, he cast his eyes to the ground and said, "I charged you unjustly with stealing Orisa's heart from me; it was



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never mine, and I had no right to the girl because of her father's promise; marriage should be by choice, and I will tell Pocanus so," but the young man spoke with a sigh.

As time went on it became evident to Mark that his new friend might find more congenial company than the warriors and hunters of the heathen tribe. Besides, his impaired strength and vigour, things most valuable in their eyes, made him of less account than the son of Canemus had been; red and white men are the same in these respects; and it was with sincere pleasure that the young missionary brought him a kindly invitation from his uncle, to come to the Vineyard and make his house his home.

"It is the Lord's doing," said the aged minister, when Mark told him of his nephew's change of mind; "the only son of my sister shall be with me in my latter days, and follow my steps to the land of promise."

So Wicomie left the Chippeway village for the minister's house in Reservation Town, where he continued to reside, a welcome companion to the solitary pastor, who at length had the happiness of baptising him as a sincere convert to the faith he had formerly despised. He took the name of Mark, in honour of his friend; the latter was about to deliver his message regarding Orisa to the Caraco chief, but by that time it proved to be unnecessary.

The single state was in particularly low esteem with the ladies of the red race, and whether it was owing to the discreet consideration of that subject in her place of refuge, which though latterly well known, was never intruded on, or to some compunction for having so slighted Wicomie's honest addresses, who can say? but Orisa one day appeared in the wigwam, and seriously reminded Pocanus and his two wives, her step-mothers, that she had yet no husband, adding that she was now willing to wed Wicomie, because he had grown good like the son of Mehoose. The young Chippeway was still faithful to his first love, and after the Indian ceremony, which is slight on such occasions, the pair were married in the Christian fashion, and their marriage proved a happy one. Orisa adopted her husband's faith, the good seed had been sown among her people, many of them followed her example, and, as Hiacoomes had predicted, the alliance thus



FRIENDS AGAIN.

became the means of conversion to the last heathen tribe in the Vineyard.

Mark Mayhew, after his safe return from London, found quiet times to finish his college course in Connecticut, but his after life was spent as his youth had been, in the work of a zealous and self-devoted missionary. For years he laboured among

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the heathen tribes of red men, in the forests of the mainland or on the adjacent islands; returning at intervals for rest and relaxation to his old home in the Vineyard.

Its echoes answered to young voices as in the days of his childhood: a new generation was growing up to make the place busy and lively once more. It was still Colonel Mayhew's house, but people spoke of Captain FitzOrmond also, his good and dutiful son-in-law, a man so popular that the townsfolk forgot he had ever been a king's officer; for the captain had quitted his majesty's service, to be the colonel's able and active assistant in the command of the militia and defence of Duke's County.

Mrs. FitzOrmond became a leading character among the notable matrons of Edgar Town, but she was accustomed to show to private friends, on particular occasions, a pearl necklace of great price and beauty, which was carefully kept, but never worn. Late in the evening of her wedding-day, a small packet had been thrown in at the open window of her room, by what hand was never known, but it enclosed the necklace, together with a note addressed to herself:

"Madam, deign to accept the enclosed trifle, from one whom love for you once tempted to play the base deceiver. May you be happy with the husband of your choice! My presence shall never more disturb your quiet; forgive and forget the unlucky fisherman."

Tradition says that about the time Marian Mayhew received that strangely-sent wedding present, the famous pirate Captain La Forte disappeared from the coast of New England, never to be seen or heard of more. Such was the state of things when our story came to its close, but the time is far away. The century and more that has so marvellously altered the isles of Duke's County, as well as the neighbouring mainland, and changed the sober, homely Martha's Vineyard to one of the most fashionable and pleasant watering-places in the American Union, has long since blotted out of living memory the times and the story of those among its former inhabitants whose prejudices and misunderstandings were thus finally reconciled.

OUR LORD'S LAST SUPPER,

AS RECORDED IN THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS AND IN THAT OF ST. JOHN.

IT is a question, which was debated in ancient as well as in modern times, whether our Lord's last supper with his apostles, described in all the four Gospels, was or was not the ordinary legitimate Passover supper of the Jewish Law.

There could have been no doubt or difference of opinion on this point if we had only the first three (or synoptic) Gospels; in all of which it is related, without any variance or qualification, that Jesus ate the passover with his disciples. But it has been thought that the narrative in the Gospel of St. John is inconsistent with this statement, and in fact contradicts it, representing the true Paschal supper to have been eaten on the day *following* our Lord's supper with his apostles, and to have taken place in the evening of Friday, the day of the crucifixion.

This view has in modern times been advocated by many commentators; and among them especially even by so grave and considerate a divine as Hartwell Horne, in his "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," as well as by Dean Alford in the notes of his Greek Testament, and most recently by Dr. Farrar in his popular book, "The Life of Christ," in which he has given all that can be said on his side of the question in an elaborate appendix.

I look upon this view, in spite of all the names by which it is supported, as altogether erroneous, and founded on mistaken and inconclusive reasoning; it is well therefore to investigate it, and to consider carefully what has been alleged in favour of it, as well as the evidence on the other side. And the whole question may, I think, be presented to us with sufficient clearness in the following manner:

I. *The synoptic Gospels.*—In the first place it is quite certain that all the three synoptic Gospels most distinctly place the last supper in the Paschal night, and identify it with the Passover.

Thus in Matthew xxvi. 17–19, we read: "Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto Him, Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the passover? And He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with My disciples. And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them; and they made ready the passover."

In Mark xiv. 12–17: "And the first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover, His disciples said unto Him, Where wilt Thou that we go and prepare that thou mayest eat the passover? And He sendeth forth two of His disciples, and saith unto them, Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. And wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the goodman of the house, The Master saith, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with My disciples? And he will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us. And His disciples went forth, and came into the city, and found as He had said unto them: and they made ready the passover. And in the evening He cometh with the twelve."

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And again, in Luke xxii. 7–15: "Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the passover must be killed. And He sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat. And they said unto Him, Where wilt thou that we prepare? And He said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in. And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with My disciples? And he shall show you a large upper room furnished: there make ready. And they went, and found as He had said unto them: and they made ready the passover. And when the hour was come, He sat down, and the twelve apostles with Him. And He said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer."

Now nothing can be plainer or more positive than the assertions in these three narratives; all of them agreeing as to the fact that this last supper was the Jewish Passover feast, known and acknowledged as such by the apostles and by Jesus Himself,—prepared and eaten in due form, and on the proper day, in accordance with the Mosaic Law. Yet we are called upon to believe that this was all a mistake, and that St. John wrote his account to correct it! The following are Dr. Farrar's words, in which he gives us the conclusion in which he would land us on this subject:

"We conclude then that the Last Supper was not the Paschal meal .... that this supper was not, and was not intended to be, the actual Paschal meal, which neither was nor could be legally eaten till the following evening; but, by a perfectly natural identification, and which would have been regarded as unimportant, the Last Supper, which was a quasi-passover, a new and Christian passover, and one in which, as its antitype, memories of joy and sorrow were strangely blended, got to be identified, even in the memory of the Synoptists, with the Jewish passover; and that St. John silently but deliberately corrected this erroneous impression, which even in his time had come to be generally prevalent."*

II. *The evidence of St. John's Gospel.* And now let us look at St. John's account, and see what are the arguments drawn from it in support of this most extraordinary conclusion, which, however disguised in fair words, would utterly destroy all our confidence in the Synoptists' narratives by showing them to be altogether unworthy of credit, even in the plainest matters of fact which happened within their own memory, and in which one of them at any rate had himself a share.

I will give these arguments *seriatim*, as they are adduced by Dr. Farrar himself.

1. In John xiii. 1, the narrative of the last supper is introduced with the words, "Now before the feast of the passover," as if this supper was different from, and took place previously to, the Paschal supper of the Jews.

2. In John xiii. 29, we are informed that when Judas left the supper-room, some of his fellow-apostles thought that he was going to buy some things "which they had need of against the feast," which therefore, it is said, had not yet begun.

3. In John xviii. 28, it is related that on the morning of the crucifixion the accusers of Jesus "went not into the judgment-hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover," which again, it is alleged, shows that the Paschal lamb had not yet been eaten.

4. In John xix. 14, occur the words, "It was the preparation of the passover," and as this was spoken of the Friday morning, the morning of the crucifixion, it is said to prove that the Passover had not yet begun.

5. In John xix. 31, the Sabbath which followed the day of the crucifixion is called "a high day,"—"that sabbath day was a high day,"—"evidently," says Dr. Farrar, "because it was at once a Sabbath and the first day of the Paschal feast."

(*a.*) *Confirmatory considerations.*

The foregoing arguments, taken directly from the words of St. John, are supported by Dr. Farrar with several additional considerations, which, as he thinks, strengthen his conclusion that the true Paschal supper took place on the Friday evening after the crucifixion, and not on the Thursday evening preceding it.

These additional considerations are as follows:

1. The extreme improbability that St. John should have gone out of his way to adopt an error, as Dr. Farrar assumes he must have done, if the narratives of the Synoptists are accepted as correctly stating the facts of the case.

2. Friday, the day of the crucifixion, was spent in a scene of work, turmoil, and excitement wholly unsuited to the first day of a pre-eminently sacred festival, which that day was, according to the Synoptists.

3. No single circumstance is alluded to in connection with that Friday indicating that there was any observance whatever of the day as a day of solemnity or festivity.

4. Before any apparent discrepancy in the Gospels had been noticed, early Christian tradition was predominant in the assertion that the last supper of our Lord was different from the Passover.

5. A Jewish tradition also represented that the death of Jesus took place before the Passover.

6. There is an inherent and symbolical fitness that Christ should be put to death on the day and at the hour appointed for the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb, which was in so remarkable a manner typical of him; therefore the Friday at the ninth hour must have been the time for the lamb to be slain, and not the day before.

7. St. Paul's language in 1 Cor. v. 7, and xi. 23, is most naturally interpreted on the supposition that the Last Supper was not the Passover.

8. If Jesus had really partaken of the Passover on the very evening before his death, the Jews might have fairly argued that the observance of the Passover, and so of the entire Mosaic ritual, was for ever binding on the Christian church.

(*b.*). *Further confirmation from the synoptic Gospels.*

Besides all this, Dr. Farrar finds further confirmatory circumstances, mentioned by the Synoptists themselves, to help him in proving the incorrectness of their narratives about the Last Supper; and he gives them to us as follows:

1. There was an absence of all hurry and haste in the supper which they speak of; and not only Judas, as mentioned by St. John, but Jesus himself and all

* "Life of Christ," vol. ii. p. 482.

the apostles left the room after the supper, and went out to the garden of Gethsemane; both of which circumstances Dr. Farrar thinks incompatible with the observance of the Paschal feast.

2. "Judas hired a band composed in part at least of Levitical officers" (Luke xxii. 52), and came by night to arrest Jesus, an event which could hardly have been regarded as consonant with a night of peculiar solemnity.

3. The Sanhedrin had determined that it would be impolitic and dangerous to kill Jesus on the feast-day (Mark xiv. 2). Yet, if the Last Supper was the Paschal meal, this is the very thing which they did.

4. The Synoptists say nothing about a lamb forming a part of the supper, or about any other distinctive circumstances belonging to the Passover.

5. Several incidental remarks are recorded, which seem to show that this supper was eaten because the true Passover could not be eaten by Jesus; such as, "My time is at hand" (Matt. xxvi. 18); and "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (Luke xxii. 16).

6. And Dr. Farrar adds the remark, that though Herod Agrippa arrested Peter during "the days of unleavened bread," yet he expressly avoided putting him to death until after the feast was over; and therefore the Jewish rulers would not have put Jesus to death after the Passover was begun.

III. Having thus given all the arguments, direct and indirect, which the ingenuity of commentators has been able to produce on that side of the question, I hope it will not be too tedious a process to consider them again consecutively, with a view to their refutation.

(*a.*) To begin with the narrative of St. John:—

1. In St. John xiii. 1, the words, "before the feast of the passover," instead of contradicting, confirm the accounts of the Synoptists. For the washing of the apostles' feet which these words introduce took place *before the supper spoken of in this chapter;* the expression, "supper being ended," in verse 2, being an erroneous translation, which ought to be, "when supper was ready," or "was come," just as similar words have been rendered elsewhere; as, "when the sabbath day was come" (Mark vi. 2), and, "when the sixth hour was come" (Mark xv. 33). And indeed Dr. Farrar himself gives up this passage as of no avail for his purpose.

2. When Judas left the supper-room, and some of the others thought that he was possibly going to buy some "things which they had need of against the feast," this supplies no valid objection against that being the Paschal supper. Things might still be needed "against," i.e. "for" the feast, after the Passover week had begun; and if the objection rests on the assumption that no buying and selling would be lawful on that day, it must be replied that "although *servile* work was forbidden on the first Paschal day, the preparation of all needful provision for the feast was allowed; and this must have been more necessary than usual on the present occasion, when the following day was a sabbath. Indeed the Talmudical law distinctly allowed the continuance of such preparation of provisions as had been commenced on the 'preparation day.'"*

3. The Jews would not go into Pilate's judgment hall on the Friday morning, "lest they should be defiled, but that they might eat the passover," but this, when examined, is found to be no proof that the Paschal lamb had not yet been eaten. For although the word "passover" was originally applied only to the eating of the Paschal lamb, the rest of the festival being called "the feast of unleavened bread" (Levit. xxiii. 6, 7), yet afterwards the whole feast was called the Passover, as we see in 2 Kings xxiii. 21–23, Ezek. xiv, 21, and elsewhere. And in the New Testament, although the double name is found in Mark xiv. 1, the whole festival is more commonly described by either one of the appellations indiscriminately employed; as, "the feast of unleavened bread," in Matt. xxvi. 17, Mark xiv. 12; and "the passover," in Luke ii. 41, John ii. 13. And so a learned Jewish writer, Dr. Saalschutz, says, "The whole feast and all its festive meals were designated as the passover." Hence the *Chagigah*, or peace offering, which was eaten on the second day, was a part of the passover, though Dr. Farrar erroneously says there was nothing specially Paschal in it, and as Dr. Edersheim points out, a defilement incurred on the Friday morning might have prevented the Jewish priests from offering and partaking of this. And indeed this remark of St. John rather makes against Dr. Farrar's position, for a defilement incurred on that morning would have ended with the close of the Jewish day, and would not have hindered them from eating the Paschal lamb, if the following evening had been the time for it.*

4. In John xix. 14 we read, "It was the preparation of the passover;" and, if this expression stood alone, we should no doubt most reasonably suppose it to describe the day before the Passover lamb was eaten; but with the synoptic Gospels in our hands, and when we find St. Mark saying (xv. 42), "It was the preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath," and St. John himself (xix. 31), "because it was the preparation that the bodies should not remain on the cross on the sabbath day," we are justified in regarding the word "Passover" as used here in its more general sense, and "the preparation of the Passover" as the day before the Sabbath which occurred during that festival.

5. In John xix. 31, we find the words, "that sabbath day was an high day"—"so called," says Dr. Farrar, "evidently because it was the first day of the Paschal feast as well as a Sabbath." But this is by no means so evident; for it might just as well have been called so, because it was the Sabbath in the Passover week, and because it was so important a day as the second day of that festival—the day when the wave-sheaf was presented in the Temple—the first day of what was, strictly speaking, the "feast of unleavened bread"—the day from which the seven weeks were reckoned for the Feast of Pentecost.

(*b.*) The above is a sufficient reply to the arguments drawn directly from St. John's Gospel. The other collateral and, as it is alleged, confirmatory circumstances are still more destitute of force than these.

1. No doubt it is extremely "improbable," as Dr. Farrar says, "that St. John should have gone out of

* See "The Temple and its Services," by Dr. Edersheim, p. 346.

* See "The Temple and its Services," p. 349.

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his way to adopt an error;" and I deny that he has done so. It is equally "improbable" that all the other three Evangelists should have adopted another error about a very plain matter of fact, within the personal experience of one of them, and should have described it with many detailed particulars, all of them erroneous. And I deny that they have done so. For I venture to affirm, in spite of the names on the other side, that there is no real discrepancy here between the Synoptists and St. John. The former have given a true account of what took place, and the latter has not contradicted them.

2. The objection that the day of the crucifixion "was spent in a scene of work, turmoil, and excitement wholly unsuited to the first day of the sacred festival," is really nothing to the purpose. For if, according to Dr. Farrar's own view, that Friday evening had been the time for the Paschal supper, then the scene would have been equally unsuitable, and still more improbable. For then the multitude of Jews, with their chief priests and elders, must have been standing round the cross mocking and reviling the crucified One, and going with their requests to Pilate's house, during the very hours when the most busy time of the Passover ceremonial required their presence in the Temple courts—the time when the numerous lambs were presented and slain in the prescribed form, and all the other requisites for the Paschal supper were being provided. And there is this farther improbability, that Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus should have gone to Pilate to beg the body of Jesus—have waited at his palace while he made inquiries about it—and then have returned to Calvary and done all the other things requisite for the burial—when they ought to have been at their homes ready to preside at the Passover supper.*

But the fact is, the fanatical hatred of the leading Jews against Jesus overcame all their scruples about the sacredness of the day, when they had eaten the Paschal supper, and Joseph, with Nicodemus, had only to use such haste as was necessary to enable them to complete the burial before the Sabbath began.

3. The fact that none of the Evangelists allude to any observance of the Friday, the day of the crucifixion, as a day of solemnity or festivity, makes against Dr. Farrar's opinion instead of for it. For the reason why this is so is that the Paschal supper had taken place the evening before, and the ordinary ceremonies of this day did not require any particular notice.

4, 5. Certain Christian traditions of the second or third century, upon which Dr. Farrar relies, are of no weight whatever against the testimony, so plain and circumstantial, of the first three Gospels; and as to the Jewish traditions, they are "of a late date and are wholly unhistorical and valueless."

6. "The inherent and symbolical fitness that Christ should die on the very day, and at the very hour, at which the Paschal lamb was killed," appeals strongly to our feelings and imagination; and this has doubtless inclined many persons all the more readily to assent to the view put forth by Dr. Farrar and those who agree with him. But the same feeling and sense of fitness must have commended themselves to every Jewish believer, who saw in the Paschal lamb a type of the Saviour. How then can it be supposed that all the first three Evangelists would have omitted to show this, and would have given narratives expressly opposed to it, if they had not been constrained to do so by the facts of the case? This argument, therefore, is more damaging to Dr. Farrar's conclusion, than confirmatory of it.

7. The passages in St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians which are alluded to as favouring the opinion that the Last Supper was not the Passover, are as follows, 1 Cor. v. 7, 8, "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast," etc.; and 1 Cor. xi. 23, "The Lord Jesus the same night that He was betrayed took bread: and when He had given thanks He brake it," etc. The former of these passages seems to me to indicate just the contrary to what Dr. Farrar supposes; and the latter to have no bearing one way or the other upon the question.

8. It seems very strange that any one could think that "if Jesus had really partaken of the Passover just before his death, the Jews might have fairly argued that the whole Mosaic ritual was binding upon Christians." How could his partaking of this Passover supply such an argument any more than his keeping any of the former Passovers, or his observing any other parts of the Jewish ceremonial law? Jesus, as a Jew, born under the law, and fulfilling all its righteousness, kept all its commandments and ordinances; but this affords no proof that all Christians ought to become Jews.

(*c.*) It remains for us to notice those things which, as Dr. Farrar alleges, are exhibited in the synoptic Gospels confirmatory of his conclusion.

1. The absence of hurry from the last supper, and the departure of Jesus with His disciples from the supper-room, are admitted facts; but they afford no evidence that this was not the Passover supper. For the commands, "Ye shall eat it in haste" (Exod. xii. 11), and "None of you shall go out of his house until the morning" (Exod. xii. 22), belonged only to the original Egyptian Passover, which in this and some other non-essential particulars differed from the celebration of the festival in after times, when the position and circumstances of the Jews were quite different from what they had been at its first institution.

2. Judas on that evening "hired a band consisting partly at least of Levitical officers." That he should have done so—or rather should have led a band already prepared for him—on the Passover night, however out of keeping with the solemnity of that festival, was not a thing that either Judas or the malignant enemies of Jesus would have shrunk from; nor was it more unlikely or more incongruous than what, as we have seen, must have taken place, according to Dr. Farrar's supposition, on the following day.

3. The Sanhedrin had determined not to take and kill Jesus "on the feast-day" (Mark xiv. 2). Yes; but that was before they had received the communication from Judas. Their fears of a popular tumult were removed, when he offered to betray Him to them "in the absence of the multitude;" and this led them to alter their determination. Moreover, there would have been as much danger in taking Him and putting Him to death on the day before the Passover, as on the first day of the feast. So nothing is proved by this.

4. The Synoptists do not expressly mention the

* See "The Temple and its Services," p. 344.

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Paschal lamb, nor some other peculiarities of the Passover supper. True, the word "Lamb" does not occur in their account; but it is recorded by St. Mark that it was on the day when "they killed the passover," and by St. Luke, when "the passover must be killed." Besides this, why should the Evangelists have particularised any of the special accompaniments of the Paschal festival? Their object was not to describe the Jewish ceremony, but to relate some of the acts and words of our Lord on this memorable occasion.

5. To allege that the words of Jesus, "My time is at hand," and "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer," indicate that this supper was eaten because the true Passover could not be eaten by Him, seems to me to savour rather of a fertile imagination than the exercise of a sound logical faculty; to say nothing of the fact that, if we adopted this interpretation, we must conclude that our Lord invented a sham Passover ("a quasi-Passover" is Dr. Farrar's euphemism)—contrary to the law, and that the synoptic Evangelists misrepresented this sham Passover as if it had been the true one.

6. Herod Agrippa, when he had arrested Peter, would not have him executed during the Passover feast. Yes; but the enemies of Jesus did not dare to wait so long, lest a popular outbreak should insist upon His release. They felt, however, the difficulty in which they were placed, and consequently, after condemning Him to death in the night, they assembled the council again early in the morning (as the Synoptists inform us) to consider how they could ensure His execution. And they then decided to deliver Him to Pilate, that they might have Him put to death by the Roman power, and so escape from their dilemma; neither by their own authority violating the Jewish rule, nor yet running the risk of waiting until the festival was over.

And now, having dealt with all the arguments which have been accumulated on the other side of the question, I will mention one little circumstance recorded in the Gospel of St. John, and not before alluded to, which shows that he also, as well as the Synoptists, places the crucifixion on the morning after, and not before, the Paschal supper. John (xviii. 39) relates the words of Pilate to the assembled Jews, "Ye have a custom that I should release unto you one at the passover," and he then offers to release Jesus to them. The Passover therefore had already begun, and was not to begin on the following evening.

In conclusion, I venture to think that a sufficient answer has been given to all the objections which have been raised against our accepting the narratives of the synoptic Gospels in their simple and natural meaning; and that it has been satisfactorily shown that there is no contradiction on this point between them and the Gospel of St. John.

Our Lord's Last Supper, therefore, was the true and genuine Paschal supper of the Jewish law, partaken of by Him at the legitimate time. And there seems to be a manifest appropriateness in this, that He who was the great antitype of the Paschal lamb—the Lamb of God—the Lamb slain, by anticipation, from the foundation of the world—finished His earthly life with this most significant and prophetic ordinance, the blessed meaning and design of which He immediately afterwards accomplished and fulfilled.

G. A. JACOB, D.D.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE ROCK.

"The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God."—*Psa.* lxii. 7.



DAVID'S Psalms are explained by David's wanderings. His life had at one time been full of perils, and when, in this sixty-second Psalm he three times sang of God as his "rock" (verses 2, 6, and 7), the image expressed much that we can only understand by remembering his history. Hunted from place to place by Saul, he had found a safe shelter only in the caves of the rocks, and he never forgot that time of trouble. The rock that gave him refuge from his enemies became dear to him as an image of the God who was the refuge of his soul, and out of a full heart he sang the praises of Him in whom alone he placed all his trust as the Rock of his strength, and his salvation. By his words of faith and confidence in God, encouragement is given to all who, like him, feel their need of a hiding-place and a strong and secure refuge. When the Psalmist says to himself, "My soul, wait thou only upon God. . . . He only is my rock and my salvation," he speaks to our souls as well as to his own, for, as he says (verse 8)—"God is a refuge for us," not for me only. "Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your hearts before Him." The disappointments we meet with from men ought to be our warning. It is a vain thing to place our confidence in ourselves, or in any human creature, but it is not a vain thing to trust in the Lord. The idea of perfect security and stability is conveyed by the image of a rock; let us pray as David did in another Psalm, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Christ is the Rock. In Him there is a never-failing refuge, strong against all assault, and able to save all who come unto Him. We might follow out the metaphor in various directions: "He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out;" "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them;" "I will put thee in a clift of the rock." All these may afford matter for profitable study, revealing the Rock Christ as satisfying the thirst of his people's souls, and as having been Himself "cleft" that He might be their refuge.

See also Isaiah xxxii. 2: "A man shall be . . . . as the shadow of a great rock," etc. The great idea, however, which is presented in the Psalms in connection with this word "Rock," is that of security, and this is the prominent thought in that hymn so dear to every Christian heart:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

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Pages for the Young.

TOT.

CHAPTER II.



AFTER an hour or two, Tot awoke with a start. Where was he? How came he in a wood with flowers, and trees, and birds around him? Where was nurse? In his bewilderment he called out for her at the top of his voice. Then it all came back to him. He sat up, and thought it over. Almost he regretted having started on his journey. The strait gate was a long way off yet, perhaps, and Tot knew by the aching of his feet that he could not walk much farther. He stood up at last, and dipped his handkerchief in the water to bathe his face and hands. Then, not liking to carry it wet in his pocket, he left it there, by the side of the stream, and once more patiently, ploddingly stepped out on his way.

The path led some distance through the wood, and brought Tot at length to a high road. The sun was blazing down in its full power on a summer's afternoon. There was scarcely any shade, and the dust lay in scorched, glistening heaps in the road that Tot now exchanged for the cool, pleasant wood. To make it worse, it soon became uphill, and the poor child with a white face had to drag his aching legs up the weary, weary way. Courage, Tot, the narrow way is almost gained! Very soon will the strait gate be within view! The hard stones cut his delicate feet through the thin house shoes; the sun beat down so furiously that he could scarcely breathe. But on toiled Tot. Oh, he *must* hold out till he reached the hill-top. Up, up with such slow footsteps, and such a dreadful sickness and faintness, but still up, up, be it ever so slowly.

At last he stands on the summit, and a soft breeze somewhat revives him. Panting, he stood with closed eyes to recover breath. Pausing so, he heard the murmur of a distant voice, *one* voice going steadily on, as if somebody were reading aloud. Tot looked about him. Oh, joy! Surely that was a big iron gate in front of him, a tall "strait" gate, opening into a narrow road, having a thick, neatly-kept hedge on either side. What toil and difficulty had not produced, happiness and success did: Tot burst into tears. Through the open gate he went, down the gravelled road, and thence into an open space, dotted here and there with gravestones. Tot recognised this to be a churchyard or cemetery, and this was what he wanted, for was it not here he could exchange his present life "widout mamma," for an everlasting life "wid mamma"? Look! In a corner yonder was a clergyman reading from a book. A group of people was around him. Of course he was telling them how to make the exchange that Tot wished so earnestly to effect. He made his way towards them as quickly as possible. Nobody turned as he approached, and he pushed between the mourners and spectators at the funeral, till he stood on the very edge of a little grave. A very tiny grave it was. The coffin was lowered, but no part of it could be seen, only a dazzling brightness of beautiful flowers was visible. Tot waited for a pause in the reader's voice; presently it came. Then he called out imploringly, as loudly as weakness would permit him,

"Please is this the way to heaven? Mamma is in heaven, and I want to go to her."

A thrill of awe and surprise was experienced by every person present, in the momentary silence that followed this unexpected appeal from the child. A lady who had been standing with bowed head, trying to stifle her sobs, looked up instantly, and her eyes fell at once upon Tot, looking so pale and weary, but so eager for an answer to his question.

It was *her* baby, her only one, that now lay cold and stiff beneath those beautiful flowers, in its last earthly resting-place. She had lost her child; she understood from Tot's cry that he had lost his mother. It was a bond of sympathy between them. Down went the lady on the grass, with her arms stretched out towards him, and he bounded into them, feeling instinctively that he should get the help he wanted.

"Hush! Wait a little while," she said, choking down her tears. "*I* am going to heaven some day to see my little girl. Won't you come with me?"

"Yes, but now. Don't wait," said Tot, with a quiver in the sad, sweet voice.

For answer she gathered him up closely, and pressed him to her breast, saying:

"Yes, we will go together, dear; but be quiet just now."

Then she made a sign to the clergyman to continue, and the last beautiful prayers of our Burial Service were read. Before they were finished, partly from sheer fatigue, partly from faintness, Tot was unconscious of passing events. Kind friends came softly round the lady, begging to relieve her of her burden, but she shook her head, and with Tot in her arms, took a last yearning look at her darling's grave, then stepped into her carriage and was driven away. She gazed at the child's pale face, and wondered how he came to be there alone, so dusty and weary with travel. She was indescribably sad and lonely; Tot had come to her in her hour of sorest anguish, the first ray of light that had gladdened her for many a long day, for her husband was in a foreign land, and she had seen her baby-girl, pass away from earth, without the solace of human sympathy. Therefore her heart went out in tenderest love and pity towards the unknown child. She held him carefully, fearing to disturb him, but Tot lay still with closed eyes, and the monotonous rumble of the carriage acted as a soothing lullaby.

CHAPTER III.

Arrived at her own home, Mrs. Stewart—for this was the name of the lady—saw Tot placed in bed, and then debated what had better be done. Certainly the information that a child, who had evidently strayed from home, had been found and was in safety, ought at once to be made known in the neighbourhood, and then fearing he was going to be ill, for she noticed how flushed his cheeks were becoming, and how he was moaning as if in pain, she despatched a servant for the doctor. As time passed Tot's restlessness increased. He tossed about from side to side calling for "mamma," and "nursie," while Mrs. Stewart watched every moment with anxiety. It was a great relief when at length the doctor's step was heard on the stairs.

Mrs. Stewart went out to meet him and give a few words of explanation, but no sooner had Dr. Marshall seen Tot's face than he gave a start of recognition, and said softly, "Why, I know the child well. He is from Berrington—Dr. West's child. Tottie they call him. When the mother was alive I often used to see him out driving with her, but West has been on the Continent a good deal since his wife's death, and the little fellow has grown out of knowledge."

"I am so glad you know him, doctor," said Mrs. Stewart. "I will send a message to his house immediately, for by this time those in charge of him must be in a state of the greatest alarm."

"Yes, do," said the doctor; then, turning to his patient, "And now, Tottie, let me have a look at you."

Tot opened his eyes. Perhaps a man's figure bending over him made him think of his father. He cried out, "Papa, is you come back? Tottie so glad," and then nestled down on

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the pillows again with a very satisfied expression on his little face.

"There is nothing to alarm yourself about, Mrs. Stewart, I trust," said Dr. Marshall after a close inspection. "Over fatigue and a chill, probably caused by lying on damp grass, nothing more. In a few days, if we can keep off feverish symptoms, he will be all right again." Then after a pause, "It will be advisable that he should remain here for the present, if the responsibility will not——"

"Of course," interrupted Mrs. Stewart. "Do you think I could be so cruel as to send him away, ill and feverish as he is?"

"Very well," said the doctor, "then, my dear madam, take my advice and send for his own nurse. A familiar face will be good for the child, and besides, you are not strong enough to have the sole care of him."

So a servant was sent off in the gig, with strict injunctions to bring back a nurse from Tot's home, a home which was just now full of excitement and alarm on account of the child's mysterious disappearance.

It was some time before he had been missed. On returning to the nursery and finding Tottie absent, nurse naturally concluded he must be in the garden, and it was not until the dinner-hour that she went out to look for him. Then indeed her anxiety when no Tot could be found was very great. A search was made over the grounds; the summer-house, the shrubbery, every nook and corner were thoroughly investigated, but Tot was nowhere discovered. Notices of "a child lost" were sent to the principal shops in the town, and servants were despatched in different directions to make inquiries and continue the search. One of these presently returned with the handkerchief that Tot had left by the stream side, when everybody felt convinced that the child was still wandering in the wood. The man had shouted and gone a short distance in various paths, but meeting with no success, had hurried back in order to get sufficient helpers to search the wood in every part. Many were eager to go, and a good company was just starting, when Mrs. Stewart's servant drove up to the house with the very welcome intelligence of little Tot's safety.

In a few minutes nurse was ready to return with him, and she was soon at the bedside of her pet. The doctor had given him a composing draught, and under its influence he was quietly sleeping.

Nurse sat down and watched till he awoke.

Tot could not at first understand how he came to be in a strange room, with everything in it, except dear nursie, totally unfamiliar. Nurse explained, and then he remembered his long journey and the lady who had been so kind to him.

"Where's the lady, nursie, who is going to take me to mamma?" he asked presently.

Nurse did not fully comprehend his meaning, but she thought he must be inquiring for Mrs. Stewart, so she said, "The lady has gone to lie down. She has been sitting by you, Tottie, dear, for ever so long. Just now she went away to get some sleep."

Then nurse brought him a basin of steaming bread and milk, saying coaxingly, "Now Tottie must try to eat this."

He only felt weak, not in the least hungry, but he sat up, and after the first few mouthfuls, he discovered that he really needed food very badly, and that the nice warm milk and soft bread were the most delicious things he had ever tasted. The basin being emptied, Tot was equal to conversation, and began chattering away at a great rate. But nurse would not let him talk too much, so he amused himself by watching the beautiful gold and purple clouds of the sunset. Presently, when it was nearly dark, nurse lighted a lamp, and then the door opened, and Tot's new friend, Mrs. Stewart, came in. Her hair was put back loosely from her face, and she wore a long white dressing-gown. Tot thought an angel must look just so. He stretched out his hands to her, and she sat down by the crib, and talked to him in a low soothing way that Tot liked. Then she sang some hymns. Her voice quivered sometimes as she remembered the other little child who had loved to hear her, but who would never again be hushed to rest on a mother's bosom. Tot, still tired and exhausted, was soon lulled to sleep, and this time he slept soundly, and did not wake till next morning.

A beautiful morning it was too. Tot longed to get up and run about out of doors, but Dr. Marshall, who called while he was eating his breakfast, said "No" so firmly, though very kindly, that Tot put the wish aside at once, and then Mrs. Stewart brought him such beautiful picture-books and playthings that he felt he could not be better off. Once when nurse had left the room and Tot found himself alone with Mrs. Stewart, he said to her, "When is you going to my mamma and your little girl?"

It was a sharp thrust, but she swallowed down the rising tears, and said cheerfully, "When God lets me, dear."

This was too vague for Tot, he wanted her to say Thursday or Saturday, or next week, that he might have something definite to go upon. He said mournfully, "God never speaks out loud. But if we go to the strait gate and knock He will let us in. Don't wait to be letted or we will never go."

"Don't you want to see your father first, Tot?"

"Oh yes," he said eagerly, then rather sadly: "But he stays away so long. Papa won't stay with Tot, so Tot must have mamma."

Poor little lonely Tot!

"Yes, dear, I know, and I want to go to my little darling Edith, who was laid in the grave yesterday. But ever so far away in another country I have a husband, and I must stay here till he comes back. I wrote a letter and told him God had taken our little girl to heaven. He will be so sorry, Tot, and so full of trouble, that I could not bear him to come home and find his little girl and me both gone from him. So I hope God will let me stay here to comfort him, and that is why I cannot go with you yet, dear Tot."

He put up his face to kiss her, and when he saw she was weeping he said, "Don't ky, dear lady; Tot will stay too. Tot will wait till papa comes."

"That is right, my darling. And you shall live with me till he does come home, if you like, and if you are happy here."

"Oh yes," said Tot in a most contented voice, "I will, for I love you very much. And papa shall love you too."

Then he nestled down in her arms, put his head on her shoulder, and gently stroked her cheek. All at once he burst into a hearty laugh. "You is like pussy," he cried, "soft and warm like pussy. Will you be my new pussy?"

"Yes, if you like, Tot."

"Then I shall call you Pussy. Pussy, dear Pussy," and he kissed her again.

Very comforting was the child's innocent, loving prattle. God sent the bereaved mother a very sweet solace in little Tot.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE CONTRASTS.

NO. III.—*Sorrow and Joy.*

1. Where do we first read of sorrow in this world of ours, and how did it enter?
2. "There shall be no more sorrow." Where? Why? Give passages from the Old and New Testaments.
3. Prove from the Bible that in this world of sin man must expect sorrow.
4. Is there any source of *perpetual* joy even in a world of sorrow?
5. What is the end of the sorrow of the world? Give illustrations.
6. What kind of sorrow leads to joy? Give illustrations.
7. Mention any *special* sources of sorrow to a believer.
8. Mention any of his *special* sources of joy, and show how this joy is independent of earthly things.
9. Can you find any passage in which the two are spoken of as combined in the experience of a believer?

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE KREMLIN.

BORIS KORNIEFF'S EASTER FEAST.*

I.

MOSCOW, the very heart of Russia, the witness of the grandest events in her national history, the repository of her relics and archives, captivates the eye and mind of every intelligent traveller, by offering him a constant succession of sights which claim admiration or arouse reflection.

This magnificent city, stretched out in such picturesque array over the verdant hills on the banks of the Moskwa, still retains something of its ancient aspect, and has a certain Oriental air which is not its least potent charm.

The gilded cupolas of forty times forty churches, the crenelated walls of the hoary Kremlin, with its famous tower of Ivan the Great, and its mysterious

* We are indebted for this translation to the French of Baron de Derschau.

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chambers, where the czarinas used to live almost as prisoners, prior to the emancipation of women in Russia by Peter the Great, all combine to give Moscow a characteristic originality which we should seek in vain elsewhere.

If this romantic city is beautiful in the light of the sun, it is yet more so in that of the moon; but at no ordinary time does its dream-like loveliness impress the beholder so powerfully as during the solemnities of Easter Eve.

This night is a more solemn festival at Moscow than even at Rome. The brilliant illuminations of the Kremlin, and of churches and monasteries innumerable, is vividly reflected against the dark sky, and darts rays of light, flickering and broken, on the black waters of the Moskwa. At midnight the great cannon of the Kremlin is fired, to announce the resurrection of our Lord, and immediately the harmonious clangour of a thousand church bells is heard on all sides, echoing the tones of the enormous bell of Ivan the First, whose mighty tongue is audible above the universal noise, even to the last faint thrill of the vibrations dying away on the adjacent heights.

At this hour the metropolitan appears on the cathedral of the Kremlin, surrounded by his clergy, wearing the insignia of his office, clad in glittering robes, his head bending under the weight of a mitre loaded with pearls, emeralds, and diamonds.

He makes the sign of the cross, blesses the multitude, and solemnly proclaims "Christ is risen."

"He is risén indeed," is the joyful answer from thousands of voices.

Thrice does the patriarch repeat the glad tidings; thrice does the people's response wake the echoes of the ancient temple.

And then a triumphant hymn bursts from the choir, a hallowed strain so marvellously sweet that it seems less a song of earth than a melody of heaven. Indeed, so far as music is concerned, no body of Christians can pretend to vie with the Greek Church.

The great fact of the resurrection having been thus loudly proclaimed, all assembled in, or near, the cathedral at the moment, no matter whether dear friends, mere acquaintances, utter strangers, or even enemies to each other, embrace, each those standing near him; kissing one another three times, and heartily repeating, "Christ is risen." And this warm emotion radiates, quick as lightning, from the centre through the whole city.

Thus it is too in every town, in every village throughout the vast land; so that, for the moment, all Moscow, nay, all Russia, is but one family, animated with one hope, one fellow-feeling. Every man sees a brother in every other man he meets. Every one hastens to embrace every one else, in the streets, the market-places, the churches, the palaces, the cottages. The rich kisses the poor; the general the private soldier; the Czar himself the humblest of his subjects. Unity and fraternity reign everywhere, but pre-eminently within old Moscow's walls. Throughout the holy week similar demonstrations of Christian and brotherly love are prolonged; but, thereafter, etiquette resumes her prescriptive authority, and every one ascends, or descends, again to his own proper position, there to abide till the ensuing Easter week witnesses the temporary re-establishment of equality among all ranks of men, by the force of pious enthusiasm.

In calling Moscow the nursing mother of all Russia, the Russians give that city a designation which at first strikes one as whimsical, but which is doubtless referable to the almost fabulous hospitality of the venerable capital. This virtue, which is said to wax feeble in proportion to the progress of civilisation, is no longer so strikingly manifested as in times past. But it is too deeply rooted in the Slavonian—particularly in the Muscovite—heart, ever to disappear entirely.

The truly noble part of old Russian hospitality lay in this, that it was in nowise prompted by vanity. Its only reward was "the joy of doing kindnesses." No one dreamt of being distinguished by it, since, in fact, no distinction could arise from doing merely what everybody else was doing.

This kindly disposition originated a fine custom, practised by residents on the margin of that high-road from Moscow, by which the hapless exiles marched to Siberia. Whenever parties of these were about to pass, the inhabitants took care to spread out abundance of provisions before their doors, for the benefit of the sorrowful pilgrims to the dreary land of their captivity. The fate of criminals awakens so much compassion among the masses in Russia, that they are habitually termed "the unfortunate," and no one would think of neglecting to use the only opportunity of showing a little goodwill to such as are doomed to banishment.

Sympathy, a prominent feature in the Russian character—so much travestied by prejudiced strangers, who are wont to represent the Russian nature as hard and cruel—does not rest satisfied with the mere outward demonstrations of goodwill above described, but impels the rich to provide their poorer brethren with ample means of enjoying the festive season. And the poorer a man is the more certain is he to find friends to minister to his comforts at this time.

Even imprisoned debtors are often released at Easter, through rich people, who, by paying the creditors, procure their discharge; or through the charity of poorer friends, who make a collection for this purpose. Nay, some kindly souls extend their pity to the very caged birds exposed for sale in the market-place, which they purchase, in order to restore to them their liberty, that no captive's wail may be heard, in discord with the general chorus of thanksgiving.

Many people may see only an absurdly exaggerated sentimentality in this ancient usage; which is, nevertheless, an evidence of the essential kindliness of a people, to whom foreigners are apt to impute much innate cruelty, but whose gentler qualities always cropped out, even before the light of the gospel had shone among them, and while they were, but the darkened slaves of a horrid superstition.

Formerly, the intolerance of the orthodox Church in Russia was absolute. And the people bowed implicitly to its authority, and accepted as an article of faith every dogma propounded by the priests; the rather that the foundation of truth was as yet sealed to them. But now, happily, it is no longer thus.

Thanks to the legislative reforms sanctioned by Alexander II., the august benefactor of modern

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Russia, liberty of conscience is gaining ground, the word of God is within every one's reach, and a nation's blessings reward the sovereign.

All the good that a Russian formerly did from natural feeling, together with much more which he could not do, for want of knowing gospel truth, he will henceforth accomplish, let us hope, in the strength of those heaven-taught principles which it is now within his power to acquire.

A new era has dawned on Russia; and divine light is penetrating to the utmost recesses of that immense empire.

But let us go back to an Easter Eve during the reign of the Czarina Anna Joannovna. In one of those sumptuous palaces which were the pride of the old Muscovite nobility a great company was slowly gathering, to partake of the solemn collation which marked the termination of Lent. (This feast is still held, under the name of the "Rosgovene.")

The entire street was blocked by a long array of brilliant equipages, making their way to the gilded gate, over which hung a princely scutcheon. Here and there were to be seen old-fashioned carriages, far more glorious in their barbaric magnificence than any of the new and elegant ones.

On each side of the doorway stood a dense crowd of beggars, waiting for any alms that might be thrown to them by those who passed between their ranks to that marble staircase, with its costly carpet from Smyrna; ascending by which, through a double file of liveried lacqueys, the guests proceeded to the great drawing-room, glowing and fragrant with all the luxuries of the East.

In the centre of this gorgeous apartment stood the master of the house, an old man who wore his years well, clad in the brilliant garb of a Russian noble, receiving all who presented themselves with equal courtesy, kissing each person thrice, without distinction of rank, and pronouncing to each the customary formula: "Christ is risen."

Unapproachable in his grandeur all the rest of the year, this great man is wont, on this particular day alone, to load his capacious tables with the choicest dainties of the Muscovite kitchen, and to beg all his visitors, high and low, to do him the honour of tasting his "bread and salt."

In the middle of each table was placed a dish of the Easter food, a kind of cream cheese, consecrated by the sprinkling of holy water at a church.

As he salutes each guest, of whatsoever rank or condition, the prince cordially accepts from his hand the customary offering of an egg dyed red. And this holds good with regard to the lowest menial in his own service, whom on no other occasion would he deign to notice at all.

As the evening advanced, the drawing-room became more and more crowded; offering the while to all spectators a living picture only to be seen at Moscow. Rich and poor, all in their best attire, mingled there. The grey jarmah of the serf brushed against the wealthy citizen's gold-embroidered vestments. Quiet enjoyment prevaded the whole assemblage. All forgot, for the moment, the barriers which ordinarily divide class from class, and chatted frankly with their neighbours; but nobody stayed long; for nearly all purposed to visit several other great magnates, who were prepared to offer to each a similar reception, and as choice a banquet.

There was in the crowd a young man of gentle and modest mien, who, having, like every one else, exchanged the fraternal greeting with the prince, immediately placed himself at one of the tables, whose luxury evidently amazed him. He had but recently entered the prince's employment, and had, therefore, never before crossed the threshold of the palace.

This poor young man tenanted a miserable little room in one of the dark narrow streets of Moscow, and lived entirely on his very slender salary. Having inherited no money from his father, a teacher of languages, Boris Kornieff had esteemed himself fortunate in obtaining the lowly office which he now filled. Humanly speaking, he was certainly the poorest man in that vast and varied throng; but yet, in another and nobler sense, he was the richest there; for a pious father had left him with the precious possession of the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Kornieff the elder had himself been brought to God during a sojourn in Switzerland, in the capacity of tutor to the sons of a Russian nobleman.

Boris, faithful to the precepts of his father, derived all his happiness from his religious convictions, and led his sober life, in the heart of luxurious Moscow, without once envying the pleasures of those around him; thinking far more of the joys of the life to come, than of his present daily annoyances, or of the cares that pressed so heavily on him.

His post was an insignificant one; but he strove to fulfil its duties aright, knowing that God desires to be glorified by the mean man, no less than by the mighty prince; and that we do his will, in this respect, when we labour zealously in the execution of our own appointed task.

Gifts of all sorts have always been very much in vogue in Russia, and thus it is the custom for a great man to present to his dependants, as an Easter offering, a sum of money, greater or less, according to circumstances. After his light repast Boris waited somewhat anxiously to take his money from the hands of the secretary. All the others passed before him, and he could not help remarking that the sum apportioned to him was the very smallest bestowed that night. Evidently the secretary, who had no good opinion of him, had seized this opportunity of showing that such was the case.

Now this was all the more vexatious, as the poor youth had already disposed, in imagination, of the amount which he had hoped to receive, and he must go home disappointed, to make fresh calculations of his receipts and expenditure, reducing the latter to a minimum of course.

He left the drawing-room with a sigh, and soon found himself in the street, where everything was as visible as in broad daylight, under the radiance reflected from the innumerable lamps of the palace. In a corner he saw a crowd of coachmen, warming themselves at an immense fire, and, at the same time, rapidly emptying a great number of bottles, supplied to them from the prince's cellar.

In any country but Russia there would probably have been a brawl under similar circumstances, but wine seems rather to promote good humour among the Slavs, and in this instance it excited only emotions displaying themselves in maudlin tears and embraces, or prolonged peals of laughter.

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Though the peace was in no wise infringed, there was naturally a deafening tumult; but in the midst of this Boris fancied he could distinguish the thin, plaintive voice of a child in agony. He stood still and listened more intently till he had satisfied himself that he was not mistaken, and, moreover, that the young creature's cry of distress proceeded from the midst of that Bacchanalian ring. Hurrying to the spot he saw a little boy, clad in a thick blouse reaching to his ankles, and wearing a fur cap, beneath which fell the long curls peculiar to the Polish Jews. A glance at the pale, wasted little face sufficed to show that this child's health had been ruined by starvation. The coachmen were amusing themselves by throwing him about among each other like a ball, laughing the while at the grimaces he made and the shrieks he emitted each time they tossed him up in the air. A well-dressed citizen was watching this cruel game, with marked enjoyment, nay, keeping it up by rewarding such of the men as played it best, with coppers. A policeman, too, had stopped in his beat to look on, and there he stood, observing the tortures of the wretched victim most complacently, as if the barbarous pastime was perfectly legal, and called for no interference on his part.

Indignant at these scandalous proceedings, Boris Kornieff attempted the rescue of the poor boy, and finally effected it, though not without great difficulty. The coachmen eyed him with unfeigned surprise as he bore the lad away, and some of them shouted after him: "You surely do not know that you are protecting a young Jew, one of the accursed seed whom God himself commands good Christians to persecute! How could we honour this holy eve more than by tormenting one of Christ's murderers?"

Such were the revolting ideas of the people, and not merely among the ignorant men of low degree, but also, alas! among those who considered themselves highly cultured.

Unheeding of the mirth which his conduct provoked, Boris set himself to forcing a passage through the mob, and at length succeeded in conveying his charge to a quiet street not far off. But some time elapsed ere the terror-stricken boy could give any intelligible account of himself. He trembled all over, his teeth chattered, convulsive sobs interrupted his speech, and tears washed away the blood that trickled down his pallid cheeks.

By dint of patient questioning, however, Boris ascertained that he really was a young Hebrew, and that his mother, who had been lodged for some days at a little inn, was literally famishing.

"She forbids me to beg," sobbed the boy; "but knowing that nobody is refused money to-day, I thought I might go to the palace, and ask for some: but those coachmen hindered me."

Here the thoughts of what he had received at the palace gate, instead of money, caused his tears to flow afresh.

Kornieff soothed him as best he could, and then begged him to lead the way to the little inn. The boy, accordingly, guided his deliverer through a maze of courts and alleys, till they reached the door of a semi-ruinous tenement. Entering it, they ascended a staircase which became narrower, steeper, and more broken the higher they went; till finally it led them to a landing just under the roof, on which there was a low door. Through it they could hear a baby feebly wailing.

Kornieff stood for a moment on the threshold of this miserable apartment, gazing on the scene within, as disclosed by the light of the moon, shining through a large hole in the roof. Some rags huddled together on the cold stone floor served as a couch to a young woman, who was vainly trying to warm herself by drawing a ragged blanket tightly round her. A deadly pallor overspread her features; in her emaciated arms was folded a young infant, or, it might be, only its lifeless remains. The woman herself would have seemed but a corpse, had not the movements of the poor, wan lips, which seemed to be forming words of prayer, given evidence that she still lived.

Pitiful by nature, and prompted by the purest Christian charity, Boris instantly apprehended his own duty in this emergency, and hastened away to buy wherewithal to satisfy the most urgent wants of the unfortunate group before him.

Within a few minutes he returned with a well-packed basket of provisions, which he spread out on the floor of the room; while the porter of the inn set about making a fire, not without furtively casting many a bewildered glance at the respectable-looking young man, who was, as he conceived, imperilling his own salvation by thus foolishly ministering to Israelites. Whilst he kindled the coals he breathed certain ejaculatory prayers for special protection whilst he remained in this unholy atmosphere, whose dangers he was braving simply to oblige Kornieff, whose conduct was, in his opinion, perfectly inexplicable.

A genial warmth soon pervaded the garret, and the sick woman was visibly revived by it. But what she needed, above all, was nutriment; and after she had been refreshed by a generous meal Boris had the delight of witnessing a complete transformation in her appearance. The babe, too, opened his eyes, as he gratefully drank the milk for which he had too long pined in vain.

And next, poor Josipp—that was the name of the rescued boy—ate abundantly of the good things which he had been devouring with his eyes ever since their arrival. He ate and forgot all his sorrows; but, when his ravenous hunger was appeased, he threw himself at the feet of his benefactor, and poured forth expressions of genuine gratitude, in the hyperbolical language of a down-trodden race.

Kornieff, for his part, thanked God for having used him as his instrument to succour those poor ones. He was, for the moment, too happy to reflect that he was really as poor as those whom he had just relieved. Yet, on his return with the basket of food, he had given Josipp all his remaining money, and now, therefore, he was literally quite destitute.

Nevertheless, without disquieting himself by forecasting the hardships probably in store for him, he indulged himself in the luxury of feeling that he was treading in the footsteps of his Master, who gave his very life for us sinners, and for our salvation.

"Love your enemies; do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great in Heaven, for ye shall be called the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." "And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners

also do even the same." And again: "If a man love God, let him love his brother also." "Charity seeketh not her own; she beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

He called to mind the parable of the good Samaritan, and his duty as a Christian, in such a case as the present, appeared to him more than ever clear.

All the prejudices of his age and race were removed from his heart, and he regarded this Jewish family solely as objects of Christian benevolence.

The young woman, who had now in some measure recovered her strength, fondled her babe with transport, vainly seeking the while to find words strong enough to convey her thanks to young Kornieff for his goodness; but the latter begged her to ascribe no merit to him, since God, who had willed to help her, might have sent his bounty to her through other hands had He so pleased. Having arranged the scanty furniture of the garret in somewhat more orderly fashion, Boris wished his new friends good-night, and was about to leave them; but the Jewess, lost in joyful astonishment at the events of the evening, begged him to remain a little longer.

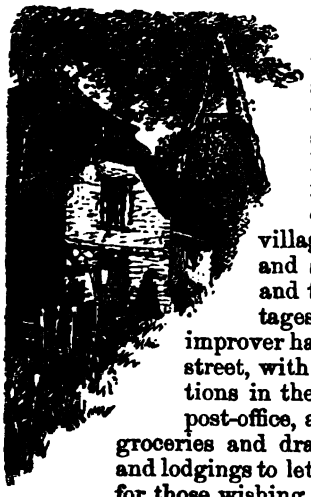
What had just happened seemed to her more like a beautiful dream than a reality. Living in a land where men in general believed that they actually pleased God by maltreating the children of Israel, her experiences of the tender mercies of Christians had been such that she regarded all Christ's followers as her natural enemies. She had never before credited the existence of that Christian charity of which she had often heard tell, but whose good fruits she had not hitherto witnessed. She had considered that Christians probably extolled that virtue with their lips, in order to escape the necessity of putting it in practice. But Boris Kornieff's conduct that evening had suddenly opened her eyes to the fact that self-forgetting love is no mere fable of the Nazarene oppressors, but a living power, mighty enough to enable a real believer in Christ to conquer the strongest instincts and most evil habits of the natural man. This discovery touched her almost as deeply as her recent reprieve from a slow and fearful death had done; and she had the most eager desire to be on friendly terms with the beneficent stranger.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES:

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

IV.



PLEASANT drive through wooded lanes, and tracts of breezy common interspersed here and there, brought us to Millbrook, originally a fair specimen of a rural, old-fashioned, English village, with its old watermill and stream, its village green, and thatched ivy-grown cottages. But some barbarous improver had added a modern village street, with staring red brick erections in the shape of public-house, post-office, and sundry shops where groceries and drapery were sold beneath, and lodgings to let were on the upper story for those wishing for a country sojourn.

At one of these we alighted, and mounting a narrow stair, were soon in the small sitting-room inhabited by the mother and daughter. A contrast, indeed, to Mrs. Travers' morning-room! It was furnished in the ugly and uncomfortable style common to lodgings of that description in England, and its single window looked out on a vista of dusty turnpike-road, only relieved by a glimpse of the trees of the more distant village green. At this window, on a small narrow couch, lay the invalid, a slight, delicate-looking young woman of two or three-and-twenty, with a sweet pale face, which spoke of suffering, but also of cheerful patience. Beside her sat her mother, a worn-looking, but evidently refined woman, in widow's garb, engaged in needlework.

I introduced myself and my companion, and gave my message from the ladies who had enabled Mrs. and Miss Haynes to come to the country, and who were anxious to know how they were going on. The mother and daughter received us with simple, quiet courtesy, and spoke warmly of the kindness of their friends.

"I trust your invalid is really improving and benefiting by the country air?" I said to Mrs. Haynes; "I shall be so glad to give a good report of you and her."

"Oh, yes, I think I shall feel the benefit," the daughter interposed promptly, and I thought somewhat nervously, "it is too early to judge yet. You know I always want you to remember this, mother dear," she added, meeting her mother's anxious and doubtful look.

"The quiet is a great comfort," said Mrs. Haynes.

"Yes, and the power of being quite still and undisturbed," added the daughter. "When one has been long ill and struggling against it, it is really a luxury to be able to allow oneself to keep quiet and rest, and one hardly asks for more or needs more."

"Yes, that is quite true in a measure," I said; "but I know your good Doctor N——, whom I saw in London the other day, laid great stress on your having a good deal of fresh air, and being much out of doors whenever it is fine, and he will be sure to ask me if you are following his directions, which he considered most important for your recovery."

Miss Haynes made no reply; her mother answered for her with some hesitation. "Yes, that is the difficulty. I had so much wished we could have gone to a real country farmhouse, but it seems there were none here where lodgers are taken, and this place was strongly recommended to us. A friend kindly came down here and engaged these rooms,

and we have no reason to complain, except that they and all the other lodgings here are so far from any place where one can sit out, and Annie is so weak that she can only walk a few steps with my arm to help her, and then gets utterly exhausted. If she could walk as far as that pretty wood, I could carry a shawl or a campstool, and she could rest there and get the benefit of the air; but even the village green is too far for her; she can only just walk down that bit of high road, and there is not a spot where she can rest. So except a little attempt at a walk once a day, all the air she can get is just here at the window, for there is not even a bit of garden or grass-plot near these houses; and I can't help feeling anxious about her not having the good of the country air."

"Oh, mother, I am sure when one can enjoy the air from the window, one has no reason to complain," said Annie, cheerfully; "and perhaps in a little time I may be able to walk better."

"I hope so, dear," returned her mother. "Don't think I meant to complain, Miss Selwyn; I am sure we can't be thankful enough to be here at all; our friends have been so kind, and without their help we could never have managed it."

"Yes, and to look at green grass and trees after London streets is much," said Annie; "and the flowers—our landlady's daughter was so kind in getting me these from a neighbour's garden," and she pointed to a tiny bouquet carefully arranged in a glass on the table. And then our conversation turned to other subjects; the mother and daughter had many interests, and could enter with lively pleasure into various topics, intellectual, social, and religious, and half an hour passed away very quickly. But as I glanced round the room, and observed the arrangements of their temporary home, I felt that these refined and cultivated women had to suffer much from the privations of that kind of poverty which, though it does not imply a want of the absolute necessaries of life, entails great trial from the absence of a number of little comforts and pleasures which are scarcely thought of by those who have always had them, but are painfully missed, especially by those out of health. How they would have enjoyed a share of some of the superfluities which my companion possessed in such abundance!

But my friend, kind and warm-hearted as she really was, had been brought up with the habits of thought and practice of those whose kind offices to others are limited to actual charity to the needy on one hand, and cordial and friendly hospitality to friends and acquaintances on the other. She was accustomed to make her guests welcome to the luxuries of her home, and to give liberally to those who could be helped by blankets and coals, and beef and pudding at Christmas. But the number of little ways in which those coming under neither of these classes could be ministered to, had never been brought before her observation, and, with all her real kindness of disposition, she was slow in perceiving it. She was not accustomed to look round and observe the signs of privation which a little kindness might have quickly relieved. She did not notice the hard little sofa, apparently constructed to suit a frame shaped like the letter S, on which the invalid was uncomfortably resting with her feet on a camp-stool placed to lengthen it. The stiff, uneasy chairs, the ill-hung blind letting in the glare and excluding the fresh air; and the various little contrivances with which the mother was endeavouring to remedy the deficiencies from which her sick charge might suffer.

But she could and did appreciate the cheerful piety, the intelligence and refinement of both mother and daughter, and she expressed her pleasure in making their acquaintance when we left them.

"I shall certainly come again to see them," she said, as she took her place in the little carriage and resumed the reins. "Poor things! How much they have borne, and how well they seem to bear it."

"And how curiously their case shows the fallacy of those who say, 'At least the blessings of sun and air and sky and verdure are free to all who are in the country, however poor.' Annie Haynes is like the lame man, who lay by the pool of Bethesda, unable to benefit by the waters. These blessings of the country are apparently within her reach, and yet practically she is very nearly shut out from them all."

"I rather wonder they came here," said Mrs. Travers; "unless they could take drives or have a bath-chair, it was useless going to those close little rooms."

"I fancy the whole matter was managed for them. Mrs. Haynes could not leave her daughter or afford to go down to the country to search for rooms, and some kind persons have a way of doing their kindnesses awkwardly and without considering the circumstances of the case."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Travers hesitatingly after a moment's pause, "whether it would be possible—whether one might offer to lend them our open carriage sometimes for a drive."

"If you could, I think, it would make the whole difference of that poor girl's deriving benefit or not from her country sojourn. Without more fresh air than she has now, I am sure she will not gain any."

"Oh, how stupid I was not to think of it! And now I think I see why you brought me here—one reason, at least—you wanted me to see that there were people I could help in ways I had never thought of."

"That *was* in my mind, I own. I think these are the 'fragments' we often neglect to gather up. Things which many might give out of their abundance, and if wisely and well applied, might bring untold comfort."

"For *we*, read *you*, that is *I*. I am ashamed of myself. I have half a mind to go back."

"I am going to send a book I promised to lend them, by a little boy Miss Robinson employs, this evening. If you like, I can send a note to tell them when you can let them have the carriage."

"Oh, I could send a man at once. I wonder is there anything else they would like?"

"I think if you could spare her a little fruit, it would be very acceptable. Did you observe the plate with a few gooseberries on the little table beside her, which she was taking so eagerly, and yet so cautiously, as if she was afraid to finish them too quickly? Her mother, I fancy, can seldom afford much even of such a humble luxury as this, and we know how the sick often long for it."

"She shall have a basket of peaches and grapes this evening, and some flowers, perhaps, she would like, too. I saw that little bouquet on the table. I believe I might give a good deal of pleasure and relief in that way."

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"More than you can have any idea of, till you try. Once when I was taking a town district in summer for a friend who was knocked up by the heat, I adopted the plan of going to a fruit-barrow on my way and bringing a leaf of gooseberries or strawberries to all the sick houses I visited; you have no idea how it was welcomed."

"I can quite believe it. Poor things! how they must long for something cooling in their close, hot rooms."

"Yes; and they value quite as much the sympathy which recognises the feelings common to all. There is a great deal of *hard* charity administered to the poor; absolute necessaries are given, but it does not seem to strike the givers that the sufferers are 'of like passions with themselves,' and can value the blessing of a cool drink or a rest for the aching frame or weary eyes as much as the rich."

"Yes, I believe that is true; we are all apt to think they can want nothing but absolute food and clothing and shelter, nothing for comfort or refreshment."

"And sometimes those who are not actually among the poor, those in the position of Mrs. Haynes and her daughter, are even more to be pitied. They suffer more from some privations, and are less easily helped."

"And I am afraid, then," said Mrs. Travers thoughtfully, "that it is often the fault of us who have wealth, that more is not done to help such persons in a way they could take it."

"Yes, that condition must always be kept in mind. Gifts roughly and carelessly given could not be accepted by those who have feelings of refinement, and are not in a position of dependence; but there are very many cases in which a little thoughtfulness might do real good, even with those who are far less straitened in means than the Hayneses are. I was once hunting through the fruiterers' shops in a fashionable watering-place to find some eatable grapes for a dear old friend who was in her last lingering illness, and could scarcely take anything else. Her daughter told me they had acquaintances and friends within reach with well-stored graperies and hothouses, not one of whom ever thought of offering to send some fruit to the invalid."

"But surely if they had supposed that such a thing would be needed, they would have sent it."

"I think they probably would; but they forgot that in such a case it could hardly be *asked* for. It was their part to inquire if the aid would be acceptable. Often friends will say, 'Let me know if I can be of use,' in general terms; most persons would feel a delicacy in saying precisely what they would like when such a phrase is used; it *may* be a mere expression of politeness, as when a Spaniard 'offers his house' to you. The only way to make an offer of help practically useful, is distinctly to ask, 'Would such or such a thing be acceptable?' Of course this involves more trouble and more thought than the other way; but can any good be done in this world without trouble?"

"I believe I have been dreadfully thoughtless and remiss. Now I wish you would make me some more suggestions."

"None I could make, dear Cecilia, could be so effective as those which your own kind feelings will present, when you once carry out the maxim of putting yourself in the place of another. What is helpful in one case may be superfluous in another. These ladies, for instance, are cultivated women, and have therefore more requirements, in one point of view, than their poorer neighbours. They would enjoy beautiful and pleasing objects, and interesting books, as much as any of us would. They are obliged to forego them, and have, therefore, patient and cheerful as they are, more unsatisfied longings to contend with, than one in a humbler walk of life."

"I daresay they would like some books. I will make a selection. And, by the way, I *did* observe that very uncomfortable sofa. I wish I could get some rest for that poor girl's back."

"I should think you must have an easy-chair or lounge of some kind which might be lent them. I would answer for its being taken care of."

"Of course I have. One of those in the little downstairs room would just do; and some cushions, too, will be useful. I begin to see there are plenty of fragments to gather."

"And if you find this with only *one* case to consider, just fancy what it will be as your experience extends! There is no danger of your being in want of work."

"Except from my stupidity. But I will try to be on the watch."

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENT IN WESTERN INDIA.

IN the province of Kathiawar, in Western India, about twelve miles inland from the small British seaport of Gogo, lies a little native Christian settlement called Wallacepoor, so named after the Rev. Mr. Wallace, who for many years laboured in these parts as a missionary, and founded this settlement. It is under the auspices of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, a society which is doing a great work in Guzerat and Kathiawar, in evangelising the heathen. Being at Gogo for a few days, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of driving over to Wallacepoor, where we spent a day and a night, and returned gladdened in heart by what we heard and saw. It is, to our mind, quite a gem of a Christian settlement; away from any town or village (the nearest being three miles off), shaded by "peepul" and "banian" trees, with a range of hills on one side, and all around pasture-land and grain fields, it lies in peaceful solitude. The first object which attracts one's attention when approaching, is the compact house, built of brick and stone, with trellis-work round the verandah, covered by a pretty red creeper—intended for the European missionary when he visits the settlement—and attached to it, forming part of the building, the chapel, plain and unpretending, capable of holding one hundred persons or so: also of stone, and well ventilated. The house and chapel stand in a compound, or enclosure, surrounded by a cactus hedge, and, immediately facing it, are the dwellings of the converts, consisting of two lines of buildings, each line having five or six houses in it, with an open space between, and, at the back of each row, outhouses for the cattle, etc.

On our arrival at the settlement we were courteously received by the superintendent, a native,

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named Chagan Lall, who with his wife and family of six children constitute part of the community. From him we obtained much information about the place and people, of which the following are the principal points: There are eight families, and between forty and fifty souls, young and old, the females preponderating over the males. The colony was first started with five or six persons eight years ago, and has since that time thriven and increased to its present size. The mission rents from the government about three hundred acres of land round about, and to each male person in the settlement are assigned thirty acres, for which he pays the society 60 rs. (6*l.*) a year, cultivating it and living on the produce, thus rendering this branch of the mission self-supporting. Agriculture is their sole pursuit, and this being the busy season (they were preparing to cut the crops and grass) the men were at work from dawn of day till dusk. We were told that the colony enjoyed exceptionally good health, and that but one death had occurred since its founding, which speaks well for the place. The air is dry and pure, heat not very great, and nights invariably cool. Then, too, the simple habits of these people, whose staple food is "bājri," the common grain of the country, rice, milk and eggs, with water from the well, clear and pure, as their only drink, living in the open air, keeping early hours, and with but few anxieties or worries, of course conduce, under the Almighty's blessing, to their enjoyment of sound health. The women attend to household duties, some few working in the fields, and make crochet antimacassars and other fancy things for sale. Every Sunday the community gather together in the little church, once early in the morning, and again in the afternoon, for prayer, praise, and the reading and exposition of the word. Chagan Lall, assisted by a trained catechist, conducts the service. He himself, he informed us, was for nearly twenty years a catechist and evangelist of the mission; he is now advanced in years. His daughter, an intelligent, good-looking girl of eighteen, who spoke English fluently, was sent home by the mission and educated at Belfast, and on her return to India was employed as a teacher in the Orphan School at Surat. She now lives with her parents, teaches the women to work, and the children to read and write, and leads the singing at service.

The catechist attached to the settlement, a young man fresh from the Mission Training College at Ahmedabad, goes into the villages round about to preach the gospel, but he reported to us that but little progress is being made in this work.

The domestic animals belonging to the community consist of buffaloes, cows, and fowls, and it was a treat to partake of the fresh milk and butter and new-laid eggs brought for our refection. There are no sheep, the people eschewing meat of all kinds.

We were particularly struck with the general air of cleanliness about the people and place, contrasting strongly with that of the neighbouring villages and their inhabitants. The women and children were all neatly dressed, and appeared intelligent. Everything betokened peace and contentment, and we could not but reflect that it was Christianity and the knowledge of the Saviour which had effected the change in this people, bringing civilisation and refinement in its train, and feel thankful for this practical acquaintance with the fact.

In the evening, after the return of the men from their field avocations, the whole community were summoned to the chapel, and there we spoke a few words to them in their own language, and Chagan Lall addressed them and offered up prayer. With the English language they are entirely unacquainted; and not being proficient in the Guzerathi dialect, we could not say as much as we would. It was indeed cheering to observe the marked attention to the addresses, and the devotion displayed by these simple people, one and all, during the service, and the heartiness with which they joined in singing that sweet old hymn, "Abide with Me," in their own tongue. There was evident earnestness and reality about their worship very satisfactory to witness.

We quitted the settlement early on the following morning with great regret, and would gladly have tarried longer in this peaceful spot, but circumstances prevented it. How it must gladden the heart and cheer the drooping spirits of the missionary, so often labouring seemingly in vain, to come upon such an oasis. Would there were more of them in this country!

J. B. BRADDON.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE COVENANT TO BETRAY.

"Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him."—*Matt.* xxvi. 14–16.



THE chief priests and scribes and elders were still sitting in consultation in the high priest's palace, planning how they might get Jesus into their power, yet fearing the people, when one entered who relieved them of all difficulty. Judas, one of the twelve chosen companions of our Lord, came to bargain with them to betray Him to them. The bargain was soon made; for thirty pieces of silver the deed was to be done. Thenceforth the one object of Judas was to find an opportunity.

We are not surprised to find the Jewish rulers plotting against the life of our Lord; for we have known long ago their deadly hatred. But here is one who has been his disciple and companion. He has gone about with Him from place to place, seen his works of mercy, heard his gracious words, shared, with Peter and James and John and the rest, the blessing of his presence. Yet now where do we find him? While the rest of his chosen followers are with the Lord, this man is with his enemies. He is shut up with them in secret, joining with them against his gracious Master, plotting to deliver Him into their hands. What an awful scene! So awful is the scene, so terrible the act, that at first sight we are ready to think of the crime of Judas as standing so completely alone in its greatness as to furnish no practical warning to others. "The traitor" is the title by which this wretched man has been known from age to age, and even the worst of men have held his name in abhorrence. This is not to be wondered at, yet let not even this case be thought to be too bad to be a warning.

1. One plain lesson from it is this: that the

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greatest religious advantages, and even the closest intimacy with the good, have not in themselves power to change the heart. Judas long heard the teaching of our Lord Himself, and was one of his constant companions, and yet betrayed Him. You may be under an able and faithful ministry, you may attend it constantly and greatly delight in it, but that alone does not prove you to be the Lord's, nor will it make you his. Again, you may be one of a religious family, or you may live in a godly household, thus you may every day mix with those who love and serve God, yet it is quite possible that your own heart may not be given to Him. More than outward means and the company of the good is needed. The heart must be changed, and the Holy Spirit alone can do that.

could they be led by it into crime. You cannot tell to what it may lead you. The word of God says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." What security have you that, if this root exist in you, no evil should grow out of it? If it be in others the root of evil, of *all* evil, why should it not be so in you? Watch against it, pray against it. Take this awful case as a warning.

3. Learn also how a wicked thought grows by indulgence. We do not know when first this idea came into the mind of Judas, we only find it there. Most likely it came into his mind at first merely as a thing that he had it in his power to do, and by doing which he might get money, and possibly he persuaded himself that, even when they had the Lord in their power, the Jewish rulers would not



THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

2. Another plain lesson is against the love of money. Judas loved money. Just before this he had complained of the precious ointment being used in anointing Jesus. "Why," said he, "was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" But it is added, "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein." It appears, therefore, that not only did he love money, but that he was led by the love of it to rob the poor. And now the same love leads him to betray his Master; for thirty pieces of silver he agrees to deliver Him into the power of his enemies.

Let none who feel within themselves the love of money, let none such flatter themselves that never

put him to death. It is not unlikely that the idea was resisted at first; possibly Judas was even shocked at his own thought. But it was not earnestly and heartily striven against and prayed against; it was allowed to come back again, and then it was not resisted even so much as before, perhaps not at all. The idea was entertained, his mind dwelt upon it, by degrees it became familiar to him, and at last it was carried into practice, and the deed was done.

Never harbour a wrong thought. Oppose its very first entrance; do not let it in; do not tamper with it. Never let yourself calculate what would be the advantage to you, if you did such and such a wrong thing. Do not cheat yourself by speaking to yourself in such a way as this: "I do not mean

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to do this, for it would be wrong; but certainly I should gain this or that by doing it." If you indulge such thoughts, what are you doing? You are taking the thirty pieces in your hand, and weighing them wistfully; you are looking with longing eyes on the wages of iniquity. Do not so. Turn from the first thought of evil; that very moment lift up your heart in prayer; let the thought itself be enough to put you doubly on your guard.

4. Once more, learn how tenacious is a wrong thought, once indulged; how it keeps its hold, notwithstanding opportunities of repenting and returning. Judas had such an opportunity. After his bargain with the Jews (how fearful is this to think of!) he sat down with our Lord and the rest at the Paschal supper. There, with that guilty secret in his mind, there he sat among the others, and there he received a last solemn warning.

"One of you," said Jesus, as they sat, "one of you shall betray Me." The disciples were "exceeding sorrowful," and began to ask Him, one by one, "Is it I?" What followed is told thus by St. Matthew: "And He answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray Me. The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born. Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said."

St. John adds other particulars. He tells us that it was in reply to his own question, "Lord, who is it?" that our Lord made this answer; and that "when He had dipped the sop, He gave it to Judas." And then, he adds, "And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. . . . He then, having received the sop, went immediately out."

Jesus, therefore, showed Judas that his secret was no secret from Him; and further, He gave him a most awful warning of the guilt of what he was about to do, "It had been better for that man that he had never been born!" Was not this an opportunity to repent and return? Even then might not Judas have fallen at his Master's feet and confessed all? Alas, how different was the end! "After the sop Satan entered into him." This was not the first entering. Already the idea was settled, the bargain struck, the price received. But now Satan suggested that the hour was come, and prompted him to act at once; and Judas yielded. Even the searching words of Jesus, "That thou doest, do quickly," seem but to have confirmed him in his purpose.

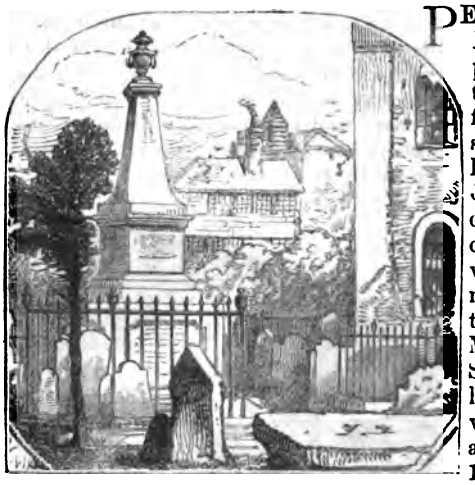
Satan will not easily let go those who have once yielded to his voice. Sin indulged fixes its hold yet more and more firmly. A wicked purpose, nursed by friendly entertainment in the mind, grows more and more tenacious. Fear this tenacity of sin. Have a wholesome dread of ever reaching a state when every warning is slighted, and every opening for repentance is turned away from, and Satan is allowed his way unresisted.

There are two great needs of every sinful creature: the blood of God to cleanse; the Spirit of God to convert, renew, keep, and sanctify. Thanks be to God! That precious blood is open to all; that Holy Spirit is promised to those who seek.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

II.



PERHAPS I may be permitted to add a few personal recollections. One of the earliest is connected with a meeting of the London Missionary Society, held somewhere about 1830, when the spacious building was crowded by the supporters of that institution, to whom, in a true spirit of catholicity, it had been lent for the occasion. This was before the opening of Exeter Hall. Many of the leaders of the Independent denomination were present; and with them members of other bodies, amongst the rest Mr., afterwards Sir, Thomas Fowell Buxton. He dwelt upon the emancipation of slaves in the British dominions, then soon to be accomplished, as amongst the fruits of missionary enterprise, and the means for its further advancement. In contending for the equity of conceding legal freedom to the black man, as well as the white, he made a slip by saying, he hoped to see the negro become brother—"brother in law," which evoked a little laughter, when he adroitly altered the collocation of his words, adding, amidst shouts of applause, "I mean in law my brother."

Next in order I would mention a visit paid to City Road Chapel in 1832, to hear the famous Dr. Adam Clarke preach for the Royal Humane Society. He preached from the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live." At the close he related an anecdote which from that time to this I have never forgotten, and which is here repeated in the words reported at the time. Referring to an interview with Dr. Letsom, the preacher related this conversation:

"'Pray, what does your experience, doctor, teach you, respecting the state of those that evidently have been dead, and would have continued under the power of death, had it not been for the means prescribed by the Royal Humane Society? Have you ever found any that were conscious of the state into which they had departed?'

"'I have never found one,' said he.

"'Not of all those that have been revived to your own knowledge, that were dead as to all human appearance, when the heart had ceased its pulsations,

the lungs no longer played, the blood no longer circulated, and there was every evidence that the person was finally deceased?'

"He again answered, 'No.'

"'Doctor,' continued I, 'I have not been so long conversant with these matters as you have been; but my experience in things of that kind has led me to different information. I knew a person that was drowned; and that person, to my own knowledge, had a perfect consciousness during the whole interim, and also declared many things concerning the state through which he passed.'

"'But was the person drowned?' said the doctor.

"'Yes,' said I, 'completely drowned; I have no doubt of it whatever.'

"'Had you the testimony from himself?' he inquired.

"'I had, sir.'

"'Could you trust in him?'

"'Most perfectly.'

"And then, assuming an attitude he was accustomed to assume, when making anxious inquiry respecting anything, he said, 'I should wish to have had the examination of that person.'

"I looked him stedfastly in the face, and I said, '*Ecce homo! Coram quem queritis adsum!* I am the very man that was thus drowned!'

"He arose immediately.

"'Well,' said he, 'what were the circumstances?'

"'I will tell them simply,' said I. 'I was a fearless lad, and I went to the shore of a fine river that pours itself into the Irish Sea, riding a mare of my father's. I was determined to have a swim. I rode the mare, and we swam on till we got beyond the breakers entirely; but when we had got over swell after swell and were proceeding still onward to the ocean, the mare and myself were swamped in a moment. I was soon disengaged from the mare, and, as I afterwards found, she naturally turned, got ashore, and went plodding her way back to home. In a moment I seemed to have all my former views and ideas entirely changed, and I had a sensation of the most complete happiness or felicity that it is possible, independent of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had felt no pain from the moment I was submerged; and, at once, a kind of representation, nearly of a green colour, presented itself to me; multitudes of objects were in it, not one of them, however, possessing any kind of likeness or analogy to anything I had seen before. In this state how long I continued He only knows who saved my life; but so long did I continue in it, till one wave after another, for the tide was coming in, rolled me to the shore. The first sensation when I came to life was, as if a spear had been run through my heart. I found myself sitting in the water, and it was by a very swelling wave that I was put out of the way of being overwhelmed by any of the succeeding waves. How long I was submerged it would be impossible precisely to say; but it was sufficiently long, according to my apprehensions, and any skill I now have in physiology, to have been completely dead, and never more to breathe in this world, had it not been for that Providence which, as it were, once more breathed into my nostrils and lungs the breath of this animal life, and I became once more a living soul; and, at the space of threescore years, you have this strange phenomenon before you—the preacher before the Royal Humane Society.'"

The effect of this anecdote on the crowded congregation may be well imagined.

Many years after that I had the honour of preaching for the Wesleyan Missionary Society in City Road Chapel, when, with true Methodistical fervour, the audience rather loudly responded to the plain declaration of evangelical truths then uttered. Afterwards I had an interesting conversation with the Rev. William Bunting, son of the famous Jabez Bunting, next to John Wesley, perhaps, the ablest supporter of Methodist principles. He conducted me to the preachers' house, and showed me the rooms occupied by John Wesley, and the chamber in which he died, and referred in his own peculiar way to the character and virtues of Susanna Wesley, the sainted mother of the founder. There is a charming portrait of her on the wall, and this brought up memories of her deathbed at the old Foundry, when she said to her family, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a song of praise to God." The funeral, in Bunhill Fields, hard by, when the son said, "I commit the body of my mother to the earth," and the sermon delivered by him over her open grave, from the passage, "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works"—all this must always be associated with the picture, when looked at by any one familiar with the life and death of that excellent woman. I may mention that on "the plain stone at the head of her grave" there is an inscription from the pen of Charles Wesley, ending with the words:

> "Meet for the fellowship above
> She heard the call, 'Arise, my love;'
> 'I come,' her dying looks replied,
> And lamb-like as her Lord she died."

No monument to the mother of the Wesleys existed within the precincts of City Road Chapel at the time I refer to; but in 1870 one was erected, which stands opposite to Bunhill Fields burial-ground, where her body awaits the resurrection of the just.

My last reminiscence relates to the Conference of 1872. The Rev. Luke Hoult Wiseman, son of a very old friend, was that year president, and on my applying to him for admission to the evening meeting after his election, he courteously invited me to ascend the platform and take my seat by his side; an honour, I was informed, never before conferred upon a minister of another denomination. I had also the privilege of opening the meeting with prayer, and after that I had a good opportunity of watching the appearance of the Methodist Conference, at least when holding a public session. The platform, which stood in front of the pulpit, was very spacious, and was furnished with desks for the convenience of the reverend officials. The pews on the floor were occupied by preachers, and the galleries were crowded with an attentive and interested audience. No ecclesiastical business was transacted on the occasion, but the president gave an address descriptive of a visit he had paid to the United States, and of what he had seen of the workings of Methodism there, which, though an independent organisation

now, is a child of the Methodist Conference of Great Britain.

Here I must conclude my recollections of City Road Chapel, hoping I shall be forgiven for an appearance of egotism, which from their very nature they necessarily involve. What will be done to repair the damage of the fire, how what remains will be preserved, and what will be attempted anew for perpetuating the early associations of Wesleyanism, it remains with the authorities of that great body to determine; and the prayer of the writer, in which no doubt every reader will join, is that the Head of the Holy Catholic Church may continue to bless and prosper "the people called Methodists."

THE AURORA BOREALIS.



THE AURORA AS SEEN IN LAPLAND.

ONE of the grandest sights in the Arctic regions is the Aurora Borealis. During the long dark night, when the sun for several months never appears above the horizon, this strange Northern Light, the *Nordlichter* of the Germans, brightens the sky with its weird splendour. In the frequent Arctic voyages of modern times, skilled observers and eloquent writers have described this wonderful phenomenon in its various aspects. It appears in every conceivable form, and often with surprising shades of colour. Most commonly there is a luminous arc or segment of a circle, from which rays and pillars of light shoot towards the zenith. At other times the rays assume a ribbon-like appearance, the light shining with a tremulous motion. The usual shade is bluish white, but there are often displays of red, yellow, purple, and other hues, in waves or sheets of moving colour.

The display is always preceded or accompanied by disturbance of the earth's magnetism, and therefore the cause is traced to changes of the electrical equilibrium, which the Aurora probably is restoring, as lightning, with or without thunderstorms, does in warmer climates.

Some observers have said they heard, or fancied they heard, crackling or rustling noise, as from diffused electric discharge, but this is doubted and denied by others. The beautiful Aurora given in our coloured frontispiece was sketched on the 3rd of October, 1878, by Carl Bock, artist and naturalist, at Kistrand, a small place of a few huts in the gigantic Porsanger Fjord, in Lapland, in latitude 71 10". Mr. Bock, in the notes accompanying his sketch, describes the magnificent display of light as thrown into greater contrast from the dark vast expanse of water, while the rays lighted up the glistening ice and snow in the foreground, and all amidst the most profound silence.

Although it is in the Arctic regions that the most striking displays of the Aurora have been witnessed and described, the phenomenon is not unfrequent in lower latitudes. There are few of our readers who

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AURORA BOREALIS.

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have not seen displays more or less remarkable. In former times, before science gave explanation of natural wonders, the Northern Lights were viewed with amazement and terror. Many of the accounts in old chronicles and histories, describing armies in the sky meeting and contending with fiery spears and darts, sometimes attended with waves of blood, can only refer to unusual displays of the Aurora Borealis. Such references are frequent in the mediæval chronicles. But before those days, Aristotle, Pliny, and other classical writers alluded to the same mysterious lights. They were usually regarded as portents of evil foreboding. But the Shetland people looked on them with brighter idea, and called them "The Merry Dancers." The North American Indians thought they were the spirits of their departed people roaming through the spirit-world.

It was Gassendi, a French philosopher, contemporary of Lord Bacon, who first gave the classical name of Aurora Borealis. Others have since called it Aurora Polaris, for there is also an Aurora Australis, similar phenomena being witnessed in the Antarctic regions. The Portuguese navigator, D'Ulloa, is the first who describes the Southern Lights, about 1743; and Captain Cook also beheld them in 1777. Sir James Ross, in his famous Antarctic exploring expedition, witnessed magnificent displays. If the Southern Lights are less frequently referred to, it may be only because fewer voyagers have penetrated to these regions or written about them.

To the devout mind the sight of the Aurora, as of all wonderful or beautiful phenomena in nature, calls forth feelings of admiration and of reverent worship. This is the feeling long ago expressed by a Russian poet, Lomonosoff, to whom the sight was no doubt common. In a poem on "The Majesty of God," he says,

"What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air?
What wakes the flames that light the firmament?
The lightnings flash; there is no thunder there,
And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blent;
The winter's night now gleams with brighter, lovelier ray,
Than ever yet adorn'd the golden summer's day.

Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies?
Some phosphorous fabric, which the mountains screen,
Whose clouds of light above those mountains rise?
Where the winds rattle loud around the foaming sea,
And lift the waves to heaven in thundering revelry?

Thou knowest not! 'Tis doubt, 'tis darkness all,
Even here on earth our thoughts benighted stray:
And all is mystery through this worldly ball;
Who then can reach or read yon Milky Way?
Creation's heights and depths are all unknown, untrod—
Who then shall say how vast, how great, creation's God!"

THE EMERALD TEMPLE.

AMONG the Buddhists, the building of a temple is considered a work of great merit; but while this belief is common enough among the followers of various religions, that of the Buddhist is distinguished by a principle which reminds us of the work for which the cathedrals built during the middle ages are famous, work intended not for the eye of man but for the eye of God. Thus in one of the most famous shrines in Burmah, far above all the decorations and ornaments which attract the eye, raised upon a lofty pinnacle, where it can neither be seen nor reached from below, stands the treasure of the temple—a pure and priceless emerald. This gem of untold value is dedicated to God alone, and is placed where it can be seen by him only. The worshipper believes that it is a small thing to build a temple which may be seen and admired by men; he desires to offer the most costly gift he can produce, and with a true belief in the All-seeing Eye which might put to shame many a disciple of a purer faith; he lifts far into the blue sky his beautiful stone as the best offering he can give to the God whom he worships. He might think that, exposed as it is, the gem might be stolen; but such is the sacredness with which a dedicated treasure is there regarded, that, however greedy of gain the spoiler might be, he would be shocked at the idea of robbing God by taking away the stone from the Emerald Temple.

There is something deeply interesting as well as instructive in this attempt to do God service, ignorant as it is. It bears witness to the power of conscience in the heart of man. It shows that even among the heathen who have none of the advantages which Christians enjoy there is a knowledge that God sees them.

The offering of a costly stone seems to be inconsistent with the belief that God is a Spirit; but the desire to give something which His eye alone can behold, reminds us of a higher teaching, and condemns those who, even among Christians, give their alms, and offer their prayers "that they may be seen of men."

There is one offering which the Lord deigns to ask from us; one treasure which He calls us to offer Him as being precious in His sight. It is, alas! but a poor polluted thing in itself; the more closely we examine it and bring it to the light, the worse it seems; and no washing of it with our tears will avail to make it purer or more worthy of His acceptance. It is a gift which the poorest may offer, and nothing that the richest can bestow will be of any worth without it. In the sight of God it is precious, because precious blood has been shed to redeem it; and when given to Him it is beautiful, because it is "accepted in the Beloved." It is not a gift to be paraded before men, "sounding a trumpet before thee;" it is offered in stillness, offered once and for ever; well for the giver if it is offered early; but from young and old it is asked by God and will be accepted. The Lord has asked it from us in various ways, by his mercies "new every morning"; by his warnings, early and late; by his messengers, ministers, ordinances. Some of us have heard the call in the assemblies of His people, where the voice, of the preacher pleaded with men that they might come to God. Others, again, have been taken into the little lonely chamber of suffering, or have been led among the graves of those that were dear to them, and have there heard the Voice they can never forget. What does that Voice say? It is the voice of a Father; "My son, give Me thine heart." This is what the Lord asks; this is the gift He calls us to give, an offering infinitely more precious than the gem of the Emerald Temple.

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Pages for the Young.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.



IV.—THE FEAST.

I HAVE told you I was often invited to dine with rich people in the East. Once the governor of a town invited myself and friends to a great feast. It began with dinner. We afterwards left that room for a larger; at the upper end of this room were raised sofas or divans, covered with yellow silk. Governor, judge, commander of the soldiery, and one or two other notables, and ourselves, sat on them, then had coffee and smoked. Women played on various musical instruments, and also danced. But what was so strange to us was that everybody of the place seemed to have been invited, but they were at the lower end of this large room; some sat on low wicker seats, others on the ground. They all came just in the dresses they usually wore. Several of my own native men were there, and I recognised even the boy who usually drove the donkey I often rode.

From time to time the governor would get off the sofa and walk down to the lower end of the room and bring up some man or other. He always introduced them to us and said something about them, such as, "This is a friend of mine." One time he brought up a young handsome-looking man, and he said, "My friend speaks English." We found that, when a boy, a good English lady had lived there and had taught this boy English. In the course of the evening he brought up and made them sit near us, more than six people. Once, too, in Egypt, at a festival where the Viceroy of Egypt was, I saw some of the very poorest of the *fellahin*.

So they must have had the same custom in our Lord's day, for in the gospel of St. Luke (xiv. 7) we read that He, seeing people choose out the higher seats, told them that when they were asked to a feast, they should choose the lowest room, and wait till the giver of the feast should see them, and then if he knew them he would say, "Friend, go up higher." Thus Christ said everyone would respect those modest people.

Children should always be humble, modest, gentle, never thinking a great deal of self. Jesus loves to see children meek. He will help them to be so if they pray to Him, and by his grace they will overcome all pride, haughty manners, or words, and so resemble Jesus.

Farther on, in that chapter of St. Luke, you will see that Jesus said we ought always to do what the governor of this feast did where I was, that is, we ought to remember the poor, the sick, and all those who have nothing to give us in return, for we shall be recompensed by God.

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TOT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day a long-expected letter arrived from Mr. Stewart to his wife, the contents of which turned her as pale as death, and then sent a thrill of thankfulness to her heart, as she learnt from what further sorrow God had delivered her. Only a few brief lines were written in a familiar hand, but there was a long explanation from a stranger, who had fallen in with Mr. Stewart at a time when he was in sore need of a friend. It appeared that on receipt of the letter that informed him of his child's illness, Mr. Stewart had set out instantly for home. Part of his journey was obliged to be made on horseback. He was caught in a violent thunderstorm, got thoroughly wet, and neglected, in the haste he was in, to change his damp garments for dry ones. This caused a severe cold, which turned to fever, and had it not been for a gentleman, an English physician, who happened to be at the hotel and who nursed him day and night, he would probably have died. Now all danger was passed, and he hoped soon to be able to continue his homeward journey. He was full of gratitude to this doctor, who had most generously postponed his own travelling arrangements and devoted his whole time to his patient. "Strangely enough," wrote Mr. Stewart, in a scrawling feeble hand, "this good friend of mine is Dr. West, an inhabitant of Berrington, and therefore no very distant neighbour of ours. He has recently lost his wife, and is on the continent for change of scene. It was a mercy I met him. Under God I owe him my life. He has one little son, and I hope both he and his child will be no strangers to us for the future."

How wonderfully God had cared for her after all! A few days ago and the world had seemed very blank and dreary to Edith Stewart. True, she had a husband, dearer to her than her own life; but he was far away just then. She had stood alone by the deathbed of her little one; she had followed the body to the grave, all without the sweet comfort of human sympathy, thinking no sorrow had ever been greater than her sorrow, when, even then her husband was being snatched from the jaws of death—was *saved*, and would be hers again, please God, for many years to come. And how marvellously it had been ordered, too, that Tot, who was certainly this good Dr. West's child, should wander into her arms, and lie down there in loving trustfulness. She felt glad that for the man who had saved her husband's life, she had unwittingly done some small service.

Ah, yes! God was *very* good. She would never doubt it again.

Then Tot was told all about it, and his joy that his father was coming home knew no bounds. He wrote a wonderful letter with "Pussy" to guide his hand. Her own epistles were harder work. Mr. Stewart was longing for news of his child (the last letter had missed him), and she feared the shock of hearing what had happened might cause a relapse. Still better that than suspense, and as Dr. West had not forbidden it, she broke the sad tidings as gently as possible. Dr. West she thanked most earnestly, saying she owed him a debt of gratitude for life. She entered into no particulars respecting his child's strange introduction to herself; merely that certain circumstances had made her acquainted with him, that he was at present staying at her house, and hoped there would be no objection to his remaining some time longer. He was happy there, and it would cheer her greatly to have him.

Then succeeded many pleasant days and weeks for Tot. Letters came frequently from abroad; each one brought better news and spoke of a speedy return. Nurse went to and fro between the town and Mrs. Stewart's. Sometimes Tot accompanied her, but he was always glad to get back again to "Pussy." The two were fast friends. Tot could not bear to see her sad, and often when old memories brought the tears to her eyes, he would say with instinctive sympathy, "Don't ky, please, Pussy. We won't have to wait much longer now." She understood what he meant by "waiting," so for Tot's sake sorrowful thoughts were put aside, and some amusement found for him.

And Tot was very happy. The old loneliness had passed away, and when once sufficiently recovered to be out in the garden, and take as much exercise as he pleased, there was not a more contented, cheerful child than Tot.

But Tot was to be happier yet. It was about a month since the memorable day on which he had set out on his search for "the strait gate and narrow way." Summer had given place to early autumn. One afternoon he was sitting with Mrs. Stewart under the cedar-trees on the lawn, listening to one of the delightful fairy stories she often told him. Presently wheels were heard coming up the drive. Tot watched the carriage coming nearer and nearer. It drew up to the hall door, but had scarcely stopped before a gentleman's head appeared at the window, and with a bound and a shriek of, "Papa, papa, oh papa," Tot was rushing across the lawn and into his father's arms.

Just for one minute the boy was folded silently in a close embrace. Dr. West's heart was too full for more words than, "Tot, my own Tot!" but what Tot saw in his father's eyes was enough. How those two loved each other!

By this time another occupant of the carriage had alighted; a gentleman who kissed Tot, and said in a husky voice, for *he* had returned to a childless home, "Where is your friend Pussy, little one?"

Tot pointed across to the figure under the cedars.

Mrs. Stewart had risen on Tot's exclamation, and had endeavoured to follow him, but the realisation of what she had so long wished for almost overpowered her, and now as her husband hurries towards her, she is unable to meet him, and stands with outstretched arms, her whole frame heaving with an indescribable mixture of grief and joy.

Let us reverently turn aside our gaze from such a meeting between husband and wife.

Well, I have little more to tell you, dear reader. Perhaps my story will be best finished by repeating a certain conversation that took place one evening in Mrs. Stewart's drawing-room. Dr. West sat in an armchair by a window with his boy curled up in his arms. It was getting dark, and Tot lay quietly watching the stars as they slowly appeared one by one.

"Papa, do the angels wear di'monds?" he asked presently, after a long silence.

"I don't know. I don't think so, Tot. What makes you ask?"

"Because," said Tot, thoughtfully, "mamma's di'monds used to shine like the stars do. I thought maybe the angels had them, and then when they opened their wings and flew quick, the di'monds fell off on the sky, then they twinkled and sparkled till the morning, and then the angels pick them up again. Do you think so?"

"No, dear; I'll tell you what I think some other day."

Tot was silent again for a while, but his brain was busy at work. Then in a whisper he began, "Papa, Tot is going soon to mamma."

"God forbid!" was the instant cry that rose from his father's heart, but he only asked, "What makes you say that, my boy?"

"Oh, I did go once ever so long ago, when you was away, papa, and nobody was left to love Tot but nursie." Then he

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told the story through in his simple childish way. Dr. West had partly heard it before from Mrs. Stewart, but he had not fully understood that Tot had had a definite object in wandering forth from home alone. Now as he listened his conscience smote him severely, for he saw that he had selfishly indulged in his own sorrow for the loss of his wife, and never dreamt that another heart besides his own was nearly broken.

Tot paused at the end of his tale—then looking wistfully in his father's face: "Mrs. Stewart says I must not go to find dear mamma till you go away again and don't want me any longer."

"But, Tot, supposing I say I won't go away at all, but will always stay at home with you. You won't want to leave me, will you?"

"Always stay?" repeated Tot doubtfully, as if it were too good to be true.

"Yes, always stay. I will never leave you again, Tottie. We will try to be good, and gentle, and patient, as your dear mother used to be, and wait till God sends for us both to go to her."

"Oh yes," cried Tot, "you come too wid her and me."

"What is that about me?" asked a soft voice behind him.

"Papa will go too to see mamma and your little girl, Pussy," he said joyfully. "And you too?" with a questioning look at Mr. Stewart, who was standing with an arm round his wife.

"Yes, Tot, I too. I made that resolve when I thought I was on my death-bed, and with God's help it shall be kept as faithfully now that I trust I have many years of life and happiness before me," said Mr. Stewart, solemnly.

Then, as the darkness deepened upon the group at the window, somebody said, softly and reverently, "And a little child shall lead them."

A BURIED TEXT.

II.

Now for a story, and what shall it be?
Guess who are they with their babes on their knee.
Why have they brought them where Jesus is sitting?
Children so young in a crowd—is it fitting?
Why should the children to Jesus be brought?
They are too simple to learn what He taught.
See, they have reached Him, the multitude pressing;
Now they entreat that He give them His blessing!
Did they not see He was busy to-day?
Did they not fear He should turn them away?
No, they entreat Him to touch and caress them;
No, they have brought them for Jesus to bless them;
Some from near places, and some from afar—
Had they not heard of His kindness and care?
Only they feared His disciples denying—
Had they not oft rebuked strangers for crying?
Why should they hinder those seeking His aid?
'Twas to the poor that His love was displayed!
So said the mothers that brought them to Jesus—
"Would He but touch them and pray, it would please us!"
So they came near, but the twelve, with a frown,
Said, "Keep away when the Master sits down."
Was it that Jesus approved of their action?
No; for He saw it, and gave satisfaction:
First on the infants He tenderly smiled—
Oh, how rejoiced was each mother and child?
Then with much sorrow the twelve He corrected;
He was displeased when the babes were rejected.
So they drew back, and the children drew near,
Charmed as He said they might come without fear.
Then while He prayed unto God for a blessing,
He put His hands on them, each one caressing.
Why should they suffer, while He could relieve?
Jesus would all the dear children receive!
Though they be little in wisdom and stature,
Happy are they who are children in nature:
Though they are born to be sinful and weak,
Yet may they come to the Lowly and Meek!
Jesus still speaks unto sinners believing,
"Come unto Me, My salvation receiving!"
Come, then, dear children, and taste of His love;
None shall forbid them who seek Him above.
Jesus invites them to trust Him for ever—
Surely He will not refuse them, no, never!
Come, then, at once, for the Saviour still lives,
Now you may taste of the mercy He gives.
Only be willing, and such is His glory,
None is cast out who is taught the sweet story;
All shall appear in the clouds with the Lord,
All in His kingdom shall share His reward;
All who partake of His Spirit and favour,
They shall see God, and be with Him for ever!

W. LANGFORD.

*** *Find the text included here, the successive words in each line.*

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. "Letters of commendation"—where are they mentioned? Give examples of their use.
2. When was an open letter sent by a servant with the intention of damaging the authority of a governor?
3. What faithful servant carried the letter to his captain which contained his own death-warrant?
4. What letter was written to ask the forgiveness of a Christian master for a once dishonest but now repenting slave?
5. What king was enraged at the receipt of a letter asking him to cure of leprosy the general of another king?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

NO. II.—p. 96.—GREAT BABYLON.—Dan. iv. 30; Rev. xvii. 5.

1. G-lory . . . . Dan. ii. 37; vii. 14.
2. R-oyal . . . . 1 Chron. xxix. 25.
3. E-bal . . . . Deut. xi. 29; xxvii. 13.
4. A-ltar . . . . Josh. viii. 30—32.
5. T-yre . . . . Isa. xxiii. 1.
6. B-aal . . . . [Rom. xi. 4
7. A-ngel . . . . 1 Kings xviii. 21, 22, etc; Judg. xiii. 3, etc.
8. B-ear . . . . Dan. vii. 5.
9. Y-ea . . . . 2 Cor. i. 20.
10. L-aban . . . . Gen. xxxi. 43.
11. O-bal . . . . Gen. x. 25—29.
12. N-ebo . . . . Deut. xxxiv. 1—5.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

NO. II.—p. 112.

1. Isa. xlix. 6. Luke ii. 32. John i. 4, 7, 9; viii. 12; ix. 5; xii. 35, 36, 46.
2. (1) Eph. v. 8. Luke xvi. 8. John xii. 36.
   (2) 1 John i. 7.
   (3) Matt. v. 16. Phil. ii. 15, 16.
3. Psa. cxix. 105. Prov. vi. 23.
4. Rev. xxii. 5.
5. Job xxx. 26. Psa. cvii. 10. Eccles. xi. 8; xii. 2.
6. Psa. xviii. 28; xxx. 5; xcvii. 11; cvii. 14.
7. John ix. 4.
8. Rom. xiii. 11, 12.
9. 1 Thess. v. 5—8.
10. 2 Peter ii. 4. Jude 6. Matt. viii. 12.
11. Rev. xxi. 25; xxii. 5.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE EXILE'S RETURN.

BORIS KORNIEFF'S EASTER FEAST.

II.

MOFCHA'S wife was a native of a village near the Polish frontier, and her husband kept a small inn, but under great difficulties, as the local authorities never let slip an opportunity of harassing him on account of his faith; and it was but too well known that both civil and ecclesiastical law furnished them with innumerable pretexts for so doing. The slightest legal offence—the mere omission of a formality—on the part of a Jew was held to warrant the officers of justice in dragging him to the recruiting office, and compelling him to enter the army, though he might be the only son of his parents, or himself the father of a numerous family. The unhappy children of Israel, too well aware that any complaint they might address to high quarters only irritated the local magnates who wronged them,

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

and would never be suffered to reach the higher powers, who might possibly redress their grievances, commonly bore their sorrows in patient silence. Besides, they had, in fact, no legal means of refuting any accusation that might be brought against them, however false. They were usually condemned and sentenced unheard, simply because they bore the name of Jews. On no account were they permitted to approach the capital, lest their presence might infect its atmosphere. There are, however, a few cases on record, in which, by virtue of a special permission, obtained with great difficulty, Hebrews did go thither, but their stay in the city in no cases exceeded twenty-four hours.

It should be mentioned that the Russian empire was, at the time of which this narrative treats, governed by Biron, Duke of Courland, the favourite of the Czarina, Anna Joannovna. The whole country then swarmed with his secret agents, who made themselves both feared and hated by every one, so greatly did they abuse their inordinate powers.

There was such an agent in the border village above referred to, and he specially detested Mofcha, the Jew, because the latter had had the courage, or the imprudence, to refuse payment of an illegal impost.

A short time after that an inn next door to that of Mofcha had taken fire. The flames had broken out in several places at the same time, and the house was speedily reduced to ashes. That of Mofcha also caught fire, and was likewise burnt to the ground. The unhappy tenants barely escaped with life; of their property nothing remained to them. In those days there was a wretched band of organised incendiaries who made it their business to spread destruction of this kind through whole districts, whenever they imagined that the misfortunes of others could, in any way, be turned to their own profit. The attention of the government had recently been drawn to the crimes of these miscreants, and, as it was impracticable to reach and punish them all, extreme severity was exercised against any who were brought before the tribunals for this offence.

The secret agent denounced Mofcha to the government as the author of the calamitous fire in the village; alleging that he had taken measures to destroy his neighbour's house from spite at his success in trade, and with a view, also, of drawing more custom to his own. The wretch was hypocritical enough to add in his report that Providence had already seen fit to punish the Jew, by causing some sparks from his neighbour's house to ignite his own, thus forestalling man's mere tardy justice.

Without any preliminary examination, Mofcha was, on the strength of this untrue charge, thrown into prison, where he was ordered to be detained till a band of convicts, among whom he was numbered, should be despatched to Siberia. The little ready money, which he and his wife happened to have about them, was seized and presented to the other innkeeper, who was not a Jew.

Happily, the Israelites rarely or never desert their co-religionists in distress. So there was no lack of sympathising friends ready to help the poor woman and children, who so unexpectedly found themselves without either shelter or food.

Wishing to pass for a kind-hearted man fulfilling a painful duty, the accuser had interceded, in his report, on behalf of Mofcha's wife, that she and her children might be permitted to accompany him into banishment. Her true affection for her husband caused her to look forward with a species of pleasure to this sad journey; and, when the band was being formed which she was to accompany on foot, she went to the prison, carrying her babe, and followed by Josipp, whose tender age and delicate frame seemed ill calculated to withstand all the hardships in prospect. But for the parting gifts bestowed on her by her co-religionists, the poor woman must certainly have died of hunger by the way, notwithstanding the traditional kindness of Russia to the exiles. For compassion was never extended to her. The provisions lavished on her fellow pilgrims were hastily withdrawn from her reach, the moment her Jewish extraction was recognised. Pitiful faces were averted from her and her children. A disdainful smile or a scornful epithet was all that fell to their share.

The half-starved woman, therefore, well nigh succumbed to the fatigues of the march; the sense of man's cruelty rendering her toils doubly distressing. A vague hope, however, sustained her fainting heart. A friend of her father had promised to transmit some money to Nijni Novgorod, on her account; and perhaps this sum would suffice for all the wants of the remainder of the journey. On the arrival of the exiles in that city, where they were to remain several days, she went to the post-office to claim the expected letter, which she duly received. Its contents drew torrents of tears from her eyes. It told news surely too good to be true! It came from a lawyer of the district in which the fire had occurred.

This lawyer belonged to a type known only in Poland. Such a man is a kind of commissioner, and may be very clever or quite the reverse. In either case, everybody knows him, and he knows everybody; for no business can be transacted in the district, without his intervention.

Now the officers of the garrison employed the particular personage in question; and one evening, about a month after Mofcha's departure, he was sent for by one of those officers. This officer happened to be lodged in the same house as the infamous agent whose false report had ruined Mofcha. The man had just been taken dangerously ill, and his life was now despaired of. Warned by his physician that his end was approaching, he had become a prey to frightful presentiments. Conscience had made a coward of him; and he was shuddering at the idea of the doom that he so soon must meet, with all his crimes to answer for, and the curses of many a victim rising to Heaven against him. "Bring a priest to me," cried he; "and, for the love of God, let him come as fast as possible!"

But the messenger returned with the information that the priest had lately gone out. His servant, however, had promised to send him immediately on his return. Just then, the lawyer entered the hall, where he sat down to await a summons from his client; and he could not help overhearing what was taking place in the chamber of death, where the sick man was writhing in agony, and, at the same time, lamenting his sins and cursing his fate.

Moved to pity, the physician was trying, by various means, to quiet the patient; but all he

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could do was to induce a heavy somnolence, during which the patient seemed to suffer almost as much as when awake. By-and-bye, the restlessness of the sleeper indicated that he was tormented by a painful dream, the nature of which was soon revealed by his exclamations of horror. He seemed to see the two houses on fire, and hear the crackling of the flames and the shrieks of the terrified inmates. The name of Mofcha was distinguishable amidst his half-articulate murmurs.

Rousing from his awful sleep, in a great horror of remorse and fear, he besought the doctor to hear what he had to say. "Save me," he exclaimed. "Listen to my last confession. Who knows but my punishment may be mitigated, if I make it? And bring in all the people of the house, that my guilt may be publicly known. Make haste, make haste, doctor; don't let me die and be lost!"

The doctor hastened to comply with his wish. Passing through the hall, he opened the door of the officer's apartment, where he found him sitting with two brother officers.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I beg you will accompany me into the neighbouring room, to be present during a poor man's last moments."

The officers at once laid down their cigars, and followed the doctor.

The lawyer, who had been so long sitting unnoticed in the hall, was also a witness of the closing scene on that fearful death-bed.

Sustained by a strong effort of will, the dying man rallied for a brief space, during which he made a formal and circumstantial confession of his crime, begging his listeners would take measures to secure that the monstrous injury which he had done should be repaired and that without delay. He confessed that he himself had set fire to the inn of Mofcha's neighbour, in hopes that the conflagration would spread, as had actually happened. It had then, he told them, occurred to him that he might complete the ruin of the Jew, by denouncing him as the incendiary. He added that poor Mofcha had really never done anything to merit the intense hatred which he had felt for him. In conclusion, he again earnestly implored his hearers to lose no time in representing Mofcha's case in high quarters, and procuring his release.

They, on their part, immediately drew up a formal document in legal terms, embodying all that they had heard. Their promise to forward this to the proper officials, and without delay, served in some degree to tranquillise the troubled spirit of the dying man.

Utterly exhausted, he was scarcely able to append his signature to his statement, and soon afterwards expired.

The officers faithfully kept their promise and duly transmitted the dying man's confession to the office at which such matters were dealt with. But it only elicited a very severe reprimand for their impertinence in meddling with what was no business of theirs, together with a strict charge not to divulge any of the circumstances with which they had become acquainted. The authorities declared themselves of opinion that it was expedient to hush up a transaction which might, if publicly known, compromise the reputation of the respectable magistrates who had had the misfortune to pronounce a sentence as unjust as it was grievous.

They ordered the document, which should have procured the liberation of the Mofcha family, to be destroyed. One of the officers who had ventured a remonstrance, and had strongly asserted that he thought he had done no more than his duty in complying with the wishes of the dead, was summarily dismissed from the service.

After narrating these occurrences which so deeply concerned her, as fully as the compass of a letter would admit of, the lawyer counselled the Jewess to act with the utmost circumspection in the affair, since the slightest imprudence would inevitably ruin her cause. In his opinion, he said, her safest course would be to seek an interview with the Czarina. The friendly adviser concluded by cautioning her to entrust her secret to none, as, by so doing, she would most likely expose her husband to the vengeance of his persecutors.

He enclosed the promised money, but with instructions that she must expect no further remittances, all communication with Mofcha and herself having been prohibited to their kinsfolk, with a view, no doubt, to the more effectual concealment of their betrayer's crime.

On the wings of a joyful excitement, which she found it no easy matter to conceal, the poor woman flew to her husband's prison. As an extreme precaution, she had concealed the all-important letter under the folds of her luxuriant hair, lest it might occur to the soldiers to search her person. And now, even though no one at Nijni Novgorod understood their dialect, she could hardly venture to impart her astounding tidings to her husband.

Notwithstanding her reluctance to leave him, she afterwards started without delay for St. Petersburg, where the court then was, taking with her the children.

The journey as far as Moscow, made under the escort of a train of waggoners, was a fearful test of the woman's powers of endurance. By dint of resolution, and with the help of her money—some of which was extorted from her at every station on some pretext or other—she arrived at Moscow, but so faint and worn that the further prosecution of her journey was a physical impossibility. So she took refuge in the first humble inn she could find, and tried, but unsuccessfully, to discover some of her own nation in the city.

After the lawyer's warning, it would have been not only useless but dangerous to attempt to write to her relations. So, in her extremity, she had the hardihood to present herself at the door of a lady noted for her beneficence, and to confide to her the straits to which she found herself reduced, which, as she thought, could not fail to touch a tender heart.

Alas! the poor woman had solaced herself with a pleasing illusion. The moment the lady comprehended that she was addressed by a Jewess, she abruptly checked her, and commanded her to be turned out of the house. "What!" cried she; "you dare to try to impose on a Christian with your falsehoods! Begone!"

The bitter cup was full to the brim, at last; and she was already on the point of succumbing under her load of misery, when sickness seized her children.

Such was the story as it was now related to the benevolent stranger.

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III.

The heart of Kornieff was wrung by this sad recital. What would he not have given to possess the means of extricating this family from the straits into which they had been brought through no fault of their own! From compassion he readily relapsed into indignation against his countrymen, so fatally blinded by prejudice.

He was about to debate within himself why earthly power is so often conferred on those who are not disposed to use it aright; but a passage of Scripture occurred to him very opportunely, and checked this useless train of thought: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." And Kornieff reproached himself for having forgotten an exhortation so peculiarly applicable in the present case.

And now the promises with which the Word of God abounds for those who truly pray, came to his mind, and recognising the omnipotence of believing prayer, he humbled himself for his recent want of faith. Call on Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me. Fear not, only believe. Believe, and thou shalt see the salvation of God. Such sentences he quoted to himself to strengthen his own faith, and then he poured forth an ardent prayer, not in audible voice, beseeching help and guidance.

As he was leaving the house, he met on the staircase the porter of the inn, who addressed him very deferentially, first thanking him for having had the goodness to buy his wood, and then handing him a note which he had been playing with while he spoke.

Unfolding the missive, with much surprise as well as curiosity, Kornieff found that it contained an invitation to go that day at noon to speak with a noble lady, who was constructing a stately palace in the immediate neighbourhood of the little inn. Kornieff was at a loss to know what this meant, but the porter was able to throw some light on the subject.

"You can hardly imagine, sir," said this man, "how amazed I was, when I carried up the wood, to see a good Christian man like you taking up the cause of a Jewess, and that on the holy eve, too! So extraordinary did this seem to me that I could not refrain from mentioning it to the grocer at the corner of our alley, whose shop is the resort of all the servants in the district. It seems there was one of the countess's people present while I was speaking, and he went home and told a fellow-servant what he had heard. And then that other man repeated it to the housekeeper, who told the lady's maid. So at last it came to the ears of the countess. And as she has sent for you she must have been as much surprised as all the rest of us."

Precisely at noon Kornieff presented himself at the palace gate, not without some uneasiness. He was not kept long waiting for an audience, and so gracious was the countess that the young man completely laid aside his habitual shyness, and related his adventure with all the warmth of a generous nature, dwelling especially on the terrible privations of the Jewess, and discreetly omitting to particularize the services which he had rendered her.

Following the harrowing recital with implicit attention, the countess was several times obliged to wipe away the tears which it drew to her eyes.

"I am deeply distressed," said she, "by what you tell me of the sufferings of those poor creatures. As to you, sir, you have done your duty as a Christian, and nobly. Perhaps you have done more to show forth the Master's glory, by this one deed of Christian charity, than any one in all Moscow, at this holy season. We have sought to honour Him by burning incense, singing hymns and bowing before his altars. But you, with truer instinct, have sought to obey His holy will. God has enabled you to enter into the spirit of the blessed Gospel, which too many people fancy they understand, because they honour with the lip Him whose precepts they contemn. We do many works; but it may too often be asked, to what purpose are they all? we forget, in our often ill-judged almsgiving that to please God an action must always be done as unto Him, and in his sight. And ere we attempt to work for Him at all, we ought first to have surrendered our hearts to Him; for want of which essential condition, the love of Christ is too seldom manifested in the works of his professed disciples. In hearing of what you have just done, I could not but feel that the mere desire of doing a meritorious work was not your motive; and that you must have been constrained by the love of Him who first loved you. I desire to become better acquainted with you. I wish to assist you with the wealth and influence of which it has pleased God to make me his steward. But, in the first place, let me ask you a question. I have been, for some time, in search of a manager for a benevolent institution of which I am the patroness. It is not a charge which I could entrust to any man who might offer himself. But in you I believe I recognise the qualities requisite to a right discharge of its duties; and I therefore request you to accept it, with the utmost confidence. I hope you will not object to living under my roof; for, as you will have to act as my private secretary, I must, of course, have you always at hand."

Without waiting for a verbal reply from Kornieff, whose assent she read in his sparkling eyes, the countess continued:

"You will inaugurate your new duties, by superintending the removal of your Jewish friends, for whom a suitable apartment has been prepared in the left wing of my house. This very night I will despatch a messenger to St. Petersburg, with a letter to the Czarina, to whose judgment I will submit this terrible story, imploring her to cause poor Mofcha's character to be cleared, and his chains struck off immediately. Knowing, as I do, the humane and just character of her Majesty, I do not, for a moment, doubt that she will at once redress the poor man's wrongs."

Kornieff was literally overwhelmed by this sudden turn of affairs. Thanking the countess in broken accents, he left her, treading on air, and never knew how he traversed the space between the palace and the hovel where the Jewess was lying.

In her presence, however, he recovered his senses and his speech, and hastened to communicate to her his wonderful news.

But the young woman could not realise such a rapid transition from all manner of hardships to

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comfort and even luxury. She dared not credit her own ears. She gazed at Kornieff vacantly as he spoke, and pressed her babe to her bosom as if to assure herself that he, at least, was still her own.

But when she saw two servants arrive prepared to transport her to the palace, she thought she really must believe in her eyes, and accept this ray of sunshine, though it seemed too bright to be meant for her.

"You have saved me!" she exclaimed, kissing Kornieff's hand and shedding grateful tears. "May the God of Israel bless you!"

"May He bring you to the true Saviour of all mankind in his infinite mercy," replied Kornieff gently.

The countess loaded her Hebrew guests with kindness, and the Jewess suddenly found herself an object of care and consideration to all around her, which, considering the way in which all Christians had hitherto treated her, naturally astonished her beyond measure.

In this home of peace and abundance, where every one showed her kindness, she rapidly regained the strength which had been wasted by prolonged privations, and greatly rejoiced in the health and happiness of her children.

But they were by no means her only sources of consolation. For, in the deepest depth of her heart, there welled up a fountain of hope, and as she drank of it she lived in the future as much as in the present.

The Czarina had been excessively indignant on reading the letter of the countess. For a long time she had refused to believe that the administrators of imperial justice could have been guilty of such iniquitous procedure. But when the results of a searching inquiry which she commanded to be made had confirmed all that the countess had stated, she resolved to execute summary justice on her faithless servants. She ordered Mofcha's immediate release, and the restoration of all the property of which he had been plundered. But she was desirous of getting at the root of an evil so monstrous, being aware that such a case could only occur as a consequence of deep-seated general corruption.

Strict inquisition was therefore made into the conduct of the executive department, throughout every province of the empire, by which process innumerable abuses were detected, all referable to the same source, all traceable to the nefarious actings of one man. Taking advantage of the confidence of his royal mistress, the Duke of Courland had contrived to crush, with the iron heel of a despot, the country over which she reigned, a mild though an absolute sovereign.

The true character and policy of Biron having been fully exposed, thanks to the malice of his rival, Minich, he was forthwith stripped of all the honours which the Czarina, in her too credulous goodness, had formerly conferred on him, and sentenced to suffer the penalty of his evil deeds in that Siberia which his tyranny had peopled with so many innocent victims. On the distant confines of Asiatic Russia, it was his hap to meet the vehicle in which Mofcha, the Jew, was being conducted back to the bosom of his family, and to the pleasing toils of a lowly but honest labourer.

In this instance Divine justice had indeed signally interfered to crush the oppressor and relieve the oppressed.

On his arrival in Moscow, Mofcha's strongest wish was to pass the remainder of his days in that city; and it pleased the Czarina to issue a special authorisation to that effect, in order that he and his wife might have the pleasure of living near the excellent countess and their beloved benefactor.

Their intercourse with the latter had gradually the effect of working a complete change in the religious views of the Hebrew couple. They began to perceive that the cruelties commonly practised by Christians against Jews were really the fruits of human depravity, not those of the Gospel. In Kornieff they beheld a Christian faithfully following the precepts of the religion which most of its professors dishonour by want of love. And Mofcha studied the whole character of his friend, analysing its elements, and wondering at the self-forgetfulness which entered so largely into its composition, acknowledging to himself, as he did so, that he never would have done half as much for a Christian.

True, he was a mild, kind-hearted sort of man, and never had any Hebrew sought aid of him in vain. But to succour a Nazarene would have been the last thing that would ever have occurred to him. Christians had hitherto been his natural enemies; and to love and succour an enemy demanded virtue of a higher kind than he possessed: "Let them see to themselves; let us care for our own people," had been his rule of conduct in this particular.

But now he blushed for his own narrow views, when he compared himself with the Nazarene who had actually given his last farthing to relieve the wants of Israelites.

"This is real Christianity," said he to himself; and the once detested faith begun to acquire an ever growing beauty in his eyes.

The silent preaching of Kornieff sunk deep into the heart of Mofcha; for the former taught by example only, much unlike the hypocrites, who say well, but practise not; who, professing to worship Christ, hate and persecute the seed of whom, as concerning the flesh, He came.

Mofcha, upright and serious by nature, could not deal slightly with vital questions. He was not a man to take up the first plausible opinion that might present itself, in order to avoid the trouble of further speculation, or to cast a difficulty aside without attempting to solve it.

Wishing to ascertain the principles of the faith which he saw he must altogether have misunderstood, he went straight to the fountain-head, and carefully studied the New Testament. Now, when that study is deliberately taken up by a mind prepared like Mofcha's to give a favourable hearing to gospel truth, it is no difficult matter to predict the result. The Jew perceived the errors and defects of modern Judaism. He became convinced that only the blood of atonement could wash away sin and save the human soul. And heartily echoing the evangelist's saying, "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," he addressed his first prayer to his long-despised Saviour. Shortly after this, he communicated his altered views to his wife.

"I have long felt thus," cried she, joyfully; "the Lord Jesus has long been drawing me to Himself; I would fain have spoken to you; but I thought it right first to ponder the matter well in my heart."

"Let us thank God," replied Mofcha. "If the

blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctified to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who by the eternal Spirit offered himself to God, purify our consciences from dead works to serve the living God?'"

When the Mofchas expressed their intention of making a public profession of the faith which now animated their hearts, they requested Kornieff to stand godfather to them, and to their children also. They could have conferred no greater favour on him than the requesting of such a service at his hand. And, Easter being not far distant, it was agreed to postpone their baptism till that great feast, when it was publicly celebrated amid the heartfelt sympathy of all true believers.

E. G.

EASTER-DAY.

THE day in which Christ rose from the dead stands out in the world's calendar, distinct from days gone before and days following.

And yet of what happened during the hours of that day save of the great event itself we know very little. Where was the risen Christ? What was he doing between the early morning and some hours after noon? No record is left. So far as we know no eye saw Him. Yet He may have been close to his disciples although unseen. For now the conditions of his life were changed. His body in its passage through the grave had acquired new and awful powers. Heretofore as man He was subject to the conditions which we call natural laws. If He needed to go from one city to another, He must toil along the beaten way; when He was hungry He as man could not make stones into bread.

But now all that is changed. Of course, as God He had ever lordship over nature, and at fit times He used it. But now He claims it as man.

As man, He changes his form so that his brethren fail to know Him. He vanishes suddenly from sight. Closed doors do not bar his passage now, his body passes through into the midst of the startled midnight assembly.

And yet it is a body, for the sceptical Thomas touches it, and in a burst of rapt joy exclaims, "My Lord! my God!" The marks of past suffering are there. But all that is over now, death has no power over the resurrection body.

This first Easter-day was Sunday, the first day of the week. A Sunday in spring, when all the valleys in Palestine were bursting into fresh joyous life, uplands and terraces zoned with purple, scarlet, and green—all the sweet blossoming of the wild flowers of spring.

In the first dawn of that Sunday morning, while the city lay hushed, still asleep, and while the shadows of night still lingered in the fresh dewy hollows of the glen that runs between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, three women crept out of the city gate. It was that gate just opposite to where daybreak was now beginning to show its amber light behind Olivet. They took their way in the twilight beneath the fig-trees of the gardens under the city wall, down to the plot belonging to Joseph the Councillor, where, let into the face of the terraced rock, was the sepulchre. But although they were so early they were not early enough—the tomb they were hurrying to was empty.

They had been puzzling themselves as they came along as to who would be strong enough to move the stone. But, lo! it was already done, and the tomb was empty. But where was the body of Jesus which they had come to embalm? Nobody was about to tell them.

It was so early that the husbandman had not yet come to his work. All nature was then so still and tranquil, and balmy, that it might seem as if no Jesus had died—as if there were no sorrow, or bereavement, or death in the world at all. These women then, in their bewilderment, left their spices, and ran back through the gardens into the sleeping city to tell Peter and John.

Peter and John, incredulous with astonishment, casting off their slumber, ran to the place—ran together through the quiet city streets, out by the gate, and in the gardens to the tomb. What strange feelings must have filled the hearts of those two men during that breathless race—Peter, who had so lately denied; John, who had lain on the bosom of his Lord! John was the youngest man, and he outran Peter, coming first to the cave. Something, however, perhaps deference to his elder companion, stayed him on the threshold. But when Peter came up no scruple hindered him; he stooped down and threw himself into the opening.

But they found nothing. The tomb was tenantless, only a face-cloth and linen shroud to tell of that which had been there. It was all a mystery to the minds of these two men. The fact of the removal, however, was manifest: why tarry? So they went back to their home, for, as St. John himself tells us, "They as yet knew not the Scriptures, that He must rise from the dead."

But by this time Mary Magdalen had got back to the sepulchre. She could not so easily tear herself away. Deep affection is not very logical. Woman's clinging instinct chained her to the place, when to all outward seeming it was of no use to tarry. Her love kept her lingering, and her faith was rewarded. She heard a voice behind calling her, probably the gardener or keeper of the cemetery, just come to his morning work. She turned herself. He said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Dulled with pain and sorrow she cared not to answer about herself, but earnestly entreated him: "Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

"Mary," and then she knew Him. With a cry of "Master," she fell at his feet in a burst of rapturous joy.

Well, that was our Lord's earliest salutation after He was risen from the dead. The other women also saw Him. He met them saying, "All hail!" but they were the only three so honoured that early morning, and honoured too in virtue of their tenacious, trustful love.

Jesus now disappears until the afternoon. Jerusalem doubtless was soon ringing with the rumour of this strange mystery. But nobody understood, no one believed. That which these women affirmed was a romance, an idle tale. Even the disciples were perplexed, amazed, incredulous.

That afternoon two of them set out to walk to a country village about seven miles away. Their

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path lay up hill and down dale by pleasant shady-lanes among the olives and vines—a thoroughly country road fresh with the stirring airs of the budding spring. Nothing could better soothe their perplexed minds than that Sunday evening's walk in the soft Judæan spring-tide.

They were of course soon in deep talk about the strange rumours of the morning.

Sad they were at heart, for their minds were troubled with the Jewish argument, that if Jesus had been truly the Messiah, He would either by some display of power at the crucifixion, or at least on this the third day, have manifestly asserted His kingship and overthrown the Roman usurpation. Thus they were disappointed and sad.

As they walked along another traveller overtook them on the road. He courteously saluted them, enquiring what was the subject of their discussion and why they were sad. They told him the Holy City was ringing with the matter of their talk, but forasmuch as he seemed to be a stranger they would explain the chief points of it to him.

Then the traveller began to reason with them, He began to show how narrow a conception theirs was of the Messiah their scriptures had prefigured. They had thrust their own preconceived notions into the words of scripture instead of humbly seeking to learn what those words meant.

And so they walked on; time passes quickly in talk, and now as the shadows were lengthening, they neared the village whither their steps were bent. They passed the outskirts; the sun was near on its setting over the western sea. Rustic peasants in orchards and vineyards were going home from their toil in the dusk of declining day. In the village, at cottage doors—such doors as that of the house at Bethany, where of evenings Martha and Mary waited for their beloved guest—at cottage doors mothers and children stood watching for the fathers' return from the fields. But these travellers passed unheeded on, passed on till they came to the village.

Then Jesus, who was unknown to the travellers in the way, made as though He would have bidden them adieu. But in some way the hearts of these two disciples had got knit to Him in their talk along that summer road. They could not part with Him thus. So they courteously pressed him to turn in with them and tarry. They constrained Him: "Abide with us," they said; "it is evening, the day is far spent."

And so Jesus, who was about to depart, yielded to their prayer and went in to tarry. Little did those two men think that Sunday evening what guest they had with them at their humble table. The Scripture says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have entertained angels unawares." But here were two men who unwittingly entertained the Lord of Angels.

They sat down to the evening meal. But at table the position was changed. It is the traveller in disguise who now makes Himself master of the feast. To their amazement, "He took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to them." And then—and then their eyes were opened, and they knew who it was. But before they could gather their thoughts the Master was gone. There was no room for mutual explanation. He had vanished out of their sight.

Picture the joy of these two men! "Did not our hearts burn within us?" they said, as their thoughts reverted to their talk by the way. And then, forgetful of their meal, and of everything else besides their Master, they started back to Jerusalem—hurrying back through the moonlit fields to tell the other disciples of their joy.

One word more. How did matters stand with these two men, that Jesus should thus honour them with his company?

They were manifestly in earnest, or they would not have been so sad. Lukewarm, half-hearted people are never very sad about anything relating to another life. To be in earnest about the things of Christ, and sad in spirit because of his absence is a disposition of mind that often attracts Jesus into fellowship.

They did not recognise Jesus. To people who are in earnest and sad, Jesus sometimes comes as a companion in disguise. Jesus speaks to them, and they do not know that it is the Lord. They fear that He is buried and in the tomb so far as their particular case is concerned.

Their hearts were open to receive the truth. God's word commanded the avenues of their minds, as the Scriptures were opened to their understanding. The unrecognised voice made their hearts burn within them; in their sadness it had a tone telling them to take courage and look up, and so they would not let the gentle Presence depart, but clung to it, restrained it from going. And Jesus was willing to be constrained. And then they knew Him, knew who had been with them all along.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."

HOWARD HOPLEY.

The Walk to Emmaus.

IT happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event.
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enrich'd them still the more.
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appear'd to have done;
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
We must not now be parted; sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

COWPER.

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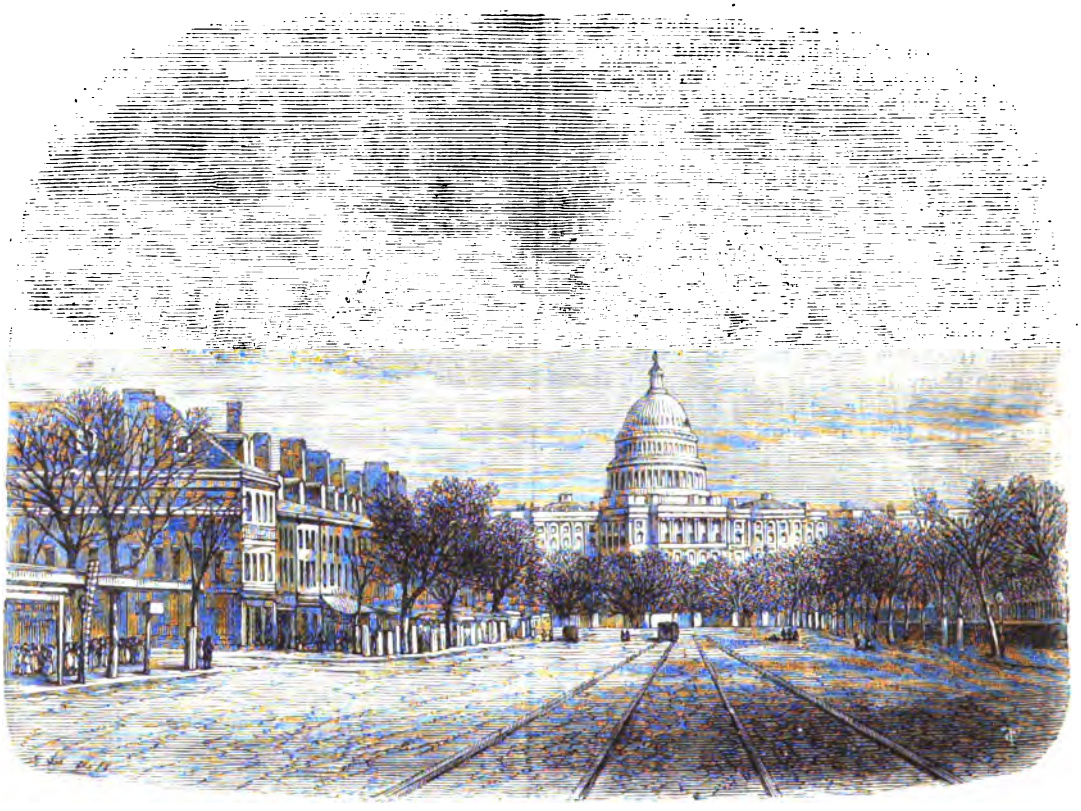
INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

V.—WASHINGTON AND CHICAGO.



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

FROM New York for the West the Baltimore and Ohio route led us through Philadelphia and Baltimore, and enabled us to spend a Sabbath in Washington. The journey direct to San Francisco takes seven days; and it is a question often asked and nearly as often wrongly answered, "Supposing, as is the case, that a through train leaves San Francisco daily for New York, how many through trains will you meet on your seven days' journey from New York to San Francisco?" The usual reply is "Seven;" the true answer is "Fourteen:" because, of course, you meet those of the previous week as well as those of the week you travel. Crossing the ferry, we came by the New Jersey Central through several rising towns to Philadelphia, the approach to which is heralded by rows of little houses like bathing-boxes, flat-roofed, two storied, and, though small, having an air of comfort.. We took a drive round the Park, where the more stable buildings of the Centennial Exhibition still stand. There are several groups of statues—one to Washington, another to Lincoln, a third to Father Mathew, the Carrolls, father and son, and Barry, and a fourth commemorative of the War and its results, with the following brief extract from the Constitution put upon the base of the monument: "Congress shall never make laws to establish any one religion, nor to hinder the free exercise of religious worship by all."

At Baltimore we began to see the coloured people, once slaves, now moving about in the streets and taking part in the business of the city. You see little of them further north save as servants in the hotels. In Baltimore they are numerous, and here too we found Romanism very strong. About fifty women were in the cathedral kneeling before images and waiting their turn at the confessional. A baptism, too, was going on, with ladle and cloths, and candles and cross, with finger and thumb, and all the paraphernalia of the Romish ritual. To my sorrow I failed to meet the son of my father's friend and my own, the Rev. W. U. Murkland, a most useful minister of the Presbyterian church in this city. He and his father (who was coming up to meet me) were thrown from a buggy, and both of them badly hurt. The American carriages are very light, and while this is good for the horse, it does not feel pleasant or safe, at least to an Englishman.

The following Sunday we spent in Washington, and right well kept the Sabbath seemed to be—the streets quite quiet save before and after service. Professor Westcott, tutor in theology in the Howard University, preached in the Presbyterian Church from

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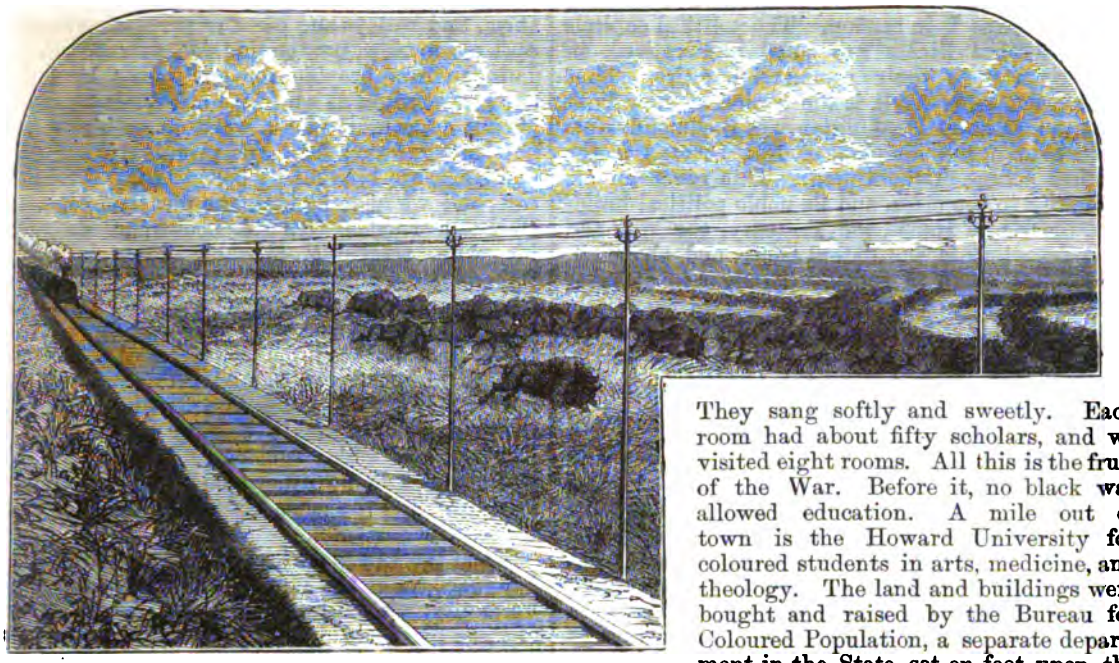
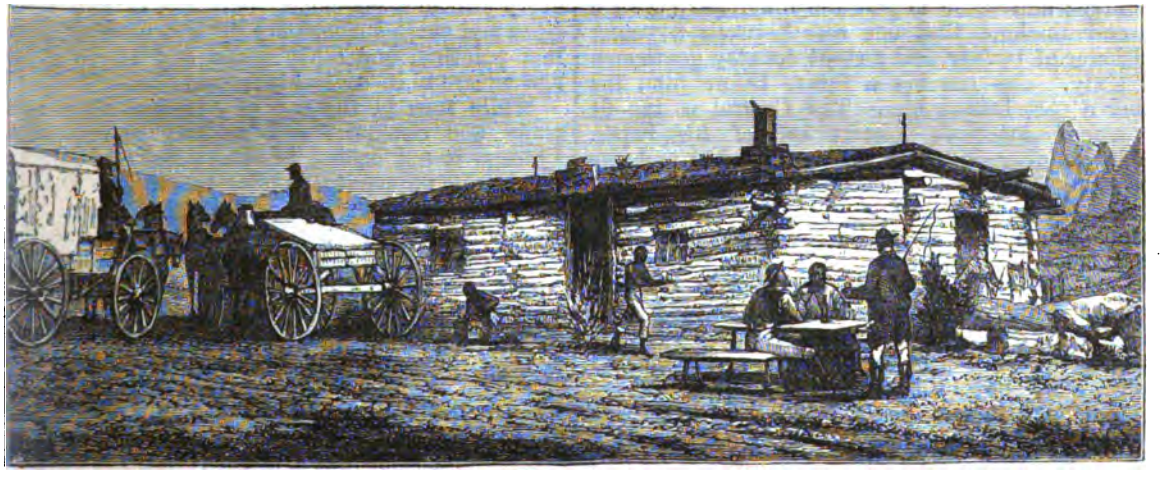


OVER THE PRAIRIE.

2 Peter i. 3—5, and at the Methodist Episcopal Church in the evening we heard Dr. Harrison on 2 Cor. iv. 17—v. 1, "Vicarious Suffering the Lot of Man," a thoughtful sermon, extempore but with slow delivery. The Congregational Church is a noble building; Dr. Burton is the pastor, but there is no evening service. Next morning, under the kind conduct of Professor Westcott, we visited the chief schools and public buildings. In one of the public schools for coloured children the neatness and cleanliness of the children and the comfort of the apparatus quite surpassed an ordinary govern-



OLD POST-STATION ON THE PRAIRIE.

ment school in London. Each child down to the infants had a separate desk and chair. The head master and mistress and all the teachers were negroes; some of the children looked so fair that I took them to be whites, but no whites are admitted.

They sang softly and sweetly. Each room had about fifty scholars, and we visited eight rooms. All this is the fruit of the War. Before it, no black was allowed education. A mile out of town is the Howard University for coloured students in arts, medicine, and theology. The land and buildings were bought and raised by the Bureau for Coloured Population, a separate department in the State, set on foot upon the liberation of the slaves, but afterwards suppressed by the Democrats. The college, losing this means of support, has had a struggle, but the medical school still receives aid from government, and has a hospital with three hundred beds. There are in all two hundred coloured students, and there is a preparatory normal school for those who cannot pass the entrance examination. Coloured ministers for the Methodist and Baptist churches are here helped in education, but only a quota of the students are candidates for the ministry. There are four theological tutors, Dr. W. W. Patton, the President, Professor Westcott, and two pastors, residing in town. Much good is being done here, and they aim at high things in the future. They confer degrees, B.A., M.A., etc. They have a few female students. The tower of the building commands an extensive view of "the City of Magnificent Distances," as Washington has been fitly called.

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Washington has been laid out for a giant city, but it numbers only 150,000 inhabitants, excepting while Congress is in session. The political capitals of the several States are small and retired, in comparison with their commercial cities. Thus Albany, not New York, is the capital of New York State, and so quiet Washington, not Richmond, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or New Orleans, is the political centre of the Union. This gives an air of dignity to the place, and its noble political buildings, the White House, the Treasury, the War and Navy departments, the Patent Office, and, above all, the Capitol, stand in solitary grandeur in different parts of the city. The Capitol impressed me greatly as the most beautiful modern building in the world. It is the crowning edifice of the American Union. What Niagara is in nature the Capitol is in art. Majestic, massive, graceful, one never wearies of looking upon that dome, rising three hundred feet against a clear blue sky. The building inside is in keeping with the majestic exterior. The corridors and staircases are of marble, and pictures of historical subjects clothe the walls. The Senate House and the House of Representatives are larger, more airy, and with far greater accommodation for strangers, than our Houses of Lords and Commons. The dome is painted inside with frescoes, and from the highest outside gallery a glorious prospect lay before us, north, south, east and west, the avenues radiating from this centre. The dome is surmounted by a colossal female figure of Liberty. To see the Capitol lit up by moonlight is a sight never to be forgotten. It seems as if it had dropped down from heaven upon a rough country, and the people perceiving the incongruity were doing their best to build up to it. Streets are laid out, but come to an end half way; everything is new, nothing "finished off." Pavements are roughly put down, and some of the side paths are of boards. The streets are mostly surrendered to the tram-cars, which run in all directions, drawn sometimes by "dummies," *i.e.*, locomotives disguised as cars. Washington, as much as any city, reminds you that America is a young country; and there is just the difference between it and England that one sees between a young cricketer of twenty, and a stout country gentleman of sixty. The one has a future before him, the other a past behind him. The Capitol is the fit centre of America's history and of her hopes. As a building, it rivals Milan Cathedral and the Taj of Agra; and the associations that gather round it, and the purposes to which it is devoted, place it on a far nobler platform than any Romish shrine or Mohammedan tomb.

From Washington to Chicago is eight hundred miles and thirty-six hours, and the railway runs through an interesting country and fine scenery. It follows the course of the Potōmac, passes General Lee's seat, now the burial-ground of 16,000 soldiers, and in two hours brings us to Harper's Ferry, at the junction of the Potōmac and Shenandoah rivers, beautiful in situation, with the Maryland heights on one hand, and the Bolivar heights (Virginia) on the other. Here, in 1859, the well-known hero of suffering and of song in the cause of freedom fell, John Brown, and here North and South alternately lost and won, during the great war of 1861–2. As the line with many curves and high gradients winds through and over the Alleghanies, the mountains are seen clothed with woods to their summits, the beautiful river makes its way among them, and valleys and glens of surpassing loveliness open out to view, now on this side, now on that. The Pullman cars provide for our meals by day and our rest at night as we travel on; their construction giving opportunity for a walk, or an airing on the outside platform; fruit and pamphlets, newspapers and books are brought by boys passing through the cars, and we have besides, the pleasant company of Christian friends, General Lockwood Brown and his wife, returning to their home in Chicago. General Brown is one of the oldest inhabitants of Chicago; his father owned a lonely farm, where the metropolis of the west now stands, and, reared there from boyhood, he has seen the marvellous growth of village or hamlet into town, and town into city of 500,000 inhabitants. The latter part of the journey is across a country rich indeed, but flat, through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois. The sunset was glorious as we came along the shores of Lake Michigan, and the moon shone out from the east as we reached our hotel.

From the two great fires of 1871 and 1874, Chicago has sprung, like the Phœnix from her ashes, a well-built city, with substantial streets and warehouses of stone like those of Liverpool. Hither the produce, corn and live-stock of the western states flows in like a mighty river; and the elevators receive and discharge the grain, and the stockyards receive and kill and salt and "can" cattle and hogs and sheep, presently to be sent out for food to the four quarters of the earth. Wholesome water is pumped from the lake, through a tunnel running two miles out, and up a tower 160 feet high, to supply the city with seventy-four million gallons a day. The view from this water-tower of the city, lake and surrounding country is impressive. Parks, six in number, have been laid out, with hills and lakes and rustic bridges and plantations and statues and flowerbeds, connected by boulevards running along the three land sides of the city, to secure for the inhabitants fresh air and recreation. An exhibition is held every year in a permanent building, of new inventions and curious machinery for shoemaking, tailoring, printing, and other trades, and above all, for agriculture in its several branches.

While thus in the van of American cities as to trade and commerce and sanitary arrangements, Chicago is not behind in educational and religious effort. Its university, founded by Stephen Douglas, overlooks the lake four miles from town. The Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the Congregationalists, have each a theological school. In that last named are forty students, with the eminent Dr. Fisk at their head, and with Professor Curtiss, a young American already distinguished in Germany, as their Hebrew tutor. Hearing that through pressure from the Romish hierarchy, the Bible and all religion had been lately excluded from the routine of the day school, I went one morning at nine to the large Scammon schools, so as to be present at the daily opening; and I must own to a pang of shame and regret, to a moral chill, as I heard the thousand bright children assembled for the day, sing a merely secular song, and then disperse to their classes without one note of prayer or praise to their Heavenly Father, without one word of narrative or of promise, of admonition or of precept, from the

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Holy Scriptures. Chicago is, I believe, the only city in the States where the priests of Rome have succeeded in excluding the Bible from the school, and here I was given to understand it was only a temporary compromise likely soon to be reversed.

In Chicago, as in most cities of the United States, the Young Men's Christian Association stands out prominently both as to its premises and its influence for good. At noon one day I turned in to attend the daily prayer meeting, and found about a hundred men gathered to spend half-an-hour or three-quarters together in prayer and praise and Bible reading. This, I was told, is an ordinary attendance. As a stranger from England, I was asked to address them, and received a cordial welcome from them. Here, in their book depôt, I learned the complete and universal system of International Lessons for Sunday-schools at work all over the States, and guiding the teachers of the pulpit and the church, of the home and the family, as well as of the Sunday-school, from the Bible-class down to the infants. Not only lists of lessons, thus, "Lesson I., July 7th, Birth of Christ the Lord, Luke ii. 8–20," and so on for each Sunday in the year, but notes and memoranda for elucidation, questioning, and illustration, are prepared and published in a graduated series suited as helps to the teacher of each class, from the highest to the lowest. Thus, one of these "Helpful Hints" gives answers to the questions, "1. What points need to be illustrated in this lesson? 2. What are these points like in the Bible? 3. What are they like in nature? 4. What are they like in common life? 5. What are they like in history and biography? 6. What are they like in maps and pictures? 7. What are they like in song?" Then follow in each lesson directions and illustrations for black-board, slate, or note-book, simple pictures to be drawn, or words to be strikingly arranged; thus, for example,

THE FOUR ALLS OF THE ASCENDING CHRIST.

GO.
TEACH
TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS
LO, I AM WITH YOU THE DAYS.
POWER
IS
GIVEN
UNTO
ME.

With such helps as these it is impossible for a teacher of any capacity to be at a loss or to be dull. He has appliances at hand, and sources of variety and interest which, if used with ordinary talent, must attract and impress his scholars. And these are used in the family as well as in the school. Over and above the three hundred churches and chapels in Chicago, Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Tabernacle stands, not only the memorial of a past revival, but the centre of Christian work and influence still. Before the hours of public service every Sunday this building is filled with classes made up of scholars of all ages and both sexes, just as one sees them in the chapels in Wales. Curtains are drawn separating each block of seats in the galleries and below, and thus a series of private class-rooms is formed, each with its teacher, and the instruction given is preparative to the service which follows. Mr. Moody's place, during his absence, is occupied by an able and zealous substitute, Mr. Moreton. The work evidently is of a steady and permanent and not merely passing or fitful value; and the single-minded, true-hearted evangelist returns to his home and his home labour in Chicago, the place of his first evangelistic efforts and the sphere of his early zeal, able to hold his own among his fellow citizens, poor in spirit but rich in faith and works, and universally esteemed.

VI.—OUT WEST.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." No words more fitly describe the transformation that has taken place in the far-reaching and wide-spreading districts lying west of Chicago and marked in the maps of our childhood by the parallels of latitude and the meridians of longitude only. To go no farther back than the well-known "Penny Cyclopædia," still a valuable store-house in any library, we find this description: "The features and general conformation of the territory contained between these limits is very imperfectly known; even in the settled districts there is great want of accuracy and precision in the maps and in geographical descriptions." Now, on the contrary, every schoolboy's map shows you a succession of states—Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, California, each with its cities, towns, and hamlets; and through these runs the great highway between the oceans, the Central and the Union Pacific railways. Reading of the Rocky Mountains thirty years ago, a railway over them must have appeared as a chimera. But in this generation we have been taught as men never were before how the word impossible may be deprived of its first syllable. There are now three distinct lines of railway, each provided with the luxuries of the Pullman dining-, drawing-room, observation, and sleeping-cars, by which you may travel five hundred miles west of Chicago to the mighty Missouri, with Council Bluffs on its east bank and Omaha opposite on its west bank, the river itself spanned by a noble bridge. By these lines you cross the great rolling prairie region fifty years ago uninhabited, now teeming with an industrious and thriving population. From the windows of the car we saw the sun set in a cloudless sky, and the moon—it was the harvest-moon—rise gloriously in the east; and the Redeemer's words, as we looked out upon the plains had a wider significance for us than ever before, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." Here, indeed, was a harvest stretching thousands of acres north and south for hundreds of miles as we journeyed on, typical of those vast populations of Japan, China, and India, lying spread for missionary enterprise. In the car were a young American missionary and his wife, with two little children of five and two, on their way to the mission fields. Near us sat the American Secretary for War, the first United States soldier I had seen. Not a soldier was visible in New York, nor in Boston, nor even in Washington; not a sentry at the White House, the Treasury or the Capitol. For one thing, soldiers, privates as well as officers, in America, do not wear their uniform when off duty; and for another, the army at the

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end of the war was disbanded, and only about 20,000 of a standing army kept. It is a striking feature that what many feared and most expected, a permanent war-spirit in the people begotten and nurtured by the war, has not been realised. The soldiers, on the contrary, and sailors too, went back, when the war was over, to peaceful pursuits. They practically turned their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Moreover, what soldiers there are are utilised, put to work at road-making, fort-building, and the duties of police; so that they are not an unproductive burden to the country. Many of the officers also whose names were famous in the War are now occupying honourable posts in various spheres of peaceful life.

From Omaha we have still four days and a half and two thousand miles to San Francisco. It is more like a voyage than a journey, a voyage across the billowy prairie, the great rocky plateau, and the great American desert. The train goes at an easy, gentle speed, eighteen or twenty miles an hour, day and night, stopping for breakfast, lunch and dinner; and you make yourself comfortable, get out your books, your wraps, your games, your writing materials, and the time goes smoothly on. Sunday comes; and you may if you like break the journey at some lonely wayside station, where you are for four-and-twenty hours in the midst of wildness and desolation, without church or chapel for hundreds of miles, and no human being save the handful of officials belonging to the depôt. We found it wiser, with the missionary and his family and other Christian people "on board," to spend the Sunday in the cars, while the huge engine weighing thirty-one tons, smoothly drew us on; and it was literally Sabbath with us. We rested, we read our Bibles, we had pleasant Christian converse together — "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another;" we sang and prayed; all this without regular service, but none the less "in spirit and in truth." This was our Sunday in the Pacific Railway; as quiet, as lonely, as undisturbed, as on the ocean.

Eastertide.

WRITTEN ON A BIBLE.

"THE Lord is risen." Yon empty tomb
Irradiates creation's gloom:
Ascended to His glorious throne,
Still the Good Shepherd loves His own,
And in the Holy Ghost imparts
Celestial fire to our cold hearts.

Risen with the Lord, and born anew,
Our daily work we fond pursue:
May He who human frailty knows
No task beyond our strength impose.
Pardon we beg on bended knees
For failures where we sought to please.

To Thee our Father in the sky
We, reverent, lift a hopeful eye:
Thee would Thy children more and more
Resemble, serve, enjoy, adore,
And now to all the world proclaim
The honour due Thy blessed name.

R. A. MACFIE.

Pages for the Young.

EASTER EGGS.

I.



"LOOK what I've got! Look what I've got!" cried Evelyn Reed one Easte rmorning, as she lifted the small black and red doyley which she found spread over her breakfast plate in the dining-room.

"Oh, oh, but look what I've got!" almost screamed Harry and Zoe in their excitement, as they also pulled off the little black and red coverings which they had found over their plates.

For some moments all three children had stared in the greatest amazement at the unexpected appearance of the breakfast-table. They had often seen those little doyleys used for dessert, but never before for breakfast. But there they were now, three of them, and each rising up in the middle as though a miniature mountain were beneath, and falling to the edge of the plate all round. The three pairs of big round blue eyes looked as grave as though they supposed a live mouse, or perhaps one of the new jumping frogs, were beneath those covers. At last, however, Evelyn took courage. She was the eldest, and accordingly felt bound to be the bravest. With very gingerly-moving finger and thumb nipping up a tiny atom of the very centre red square, Evelyn lifted up the mysterious doyley, and then, as her anxious gaze fell upon what lay beneath, she dropped it, her face relaxed into a delighted smile, and her rosy lips opened with the exclamation with which our tale begins—"Look what I've got!"

What she had got was so delightfully astonishing that her brother and sister lost no time in tossing off their doyleys to see if they had got the same. They clapped their hands as joyously as Evelyn had done, and repeated her words with such a shout that their mamma laughingly put her hands over her ears to shut out the noise.

"Little people, little people, do have some mercy upon us, please," she entreated, and catching the jumping, shouting Harry as she spoke, she drew him into her arms, and shut his chubby mouth with a kiss. "There," she added, "that's punishment for one of you, and now you two other small disturbers of the peace will have to be punished if you don't take care."

"I don't think we shall take much care not to get that sort of punishment, mamma," laughed Evelyn. "But really, mamma dear, it is very wonderful, is it not? I never did see such beautiful eggs in my life before."

"No; and I never knew before that striped eggs grew," exclaimed Harry's shrill voice, as he once more escaped from captivity, and passed his fingers most affectionately over the special object of his admiration, one of four eggs which lay on his plate surrounding an egg-cup which contained a fifth. The whole of the eggs were of the most brilliant colours, but the particular one on each of the three plates which most delighted the children displayed every colour of the rainbow. Harry might well say that he never knew before that striped eggs grew!

"I don't believe that these grew, either," said Evelyn, examining hers all round very carefully, and even smelling it. "I guess that they are painted, and I expect I guess right."

"And I expect so too," exclaimed Zoe; "for one of my eggs has got a funny little man on it, and a little pig, and I am quite certain sure that eggs don't grow with pictures on them, even if they do with all this lot of colours."

"I should think not, indeed," laughed Evelyn, "and I've

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got an egg with a little house on it, and a chimney-sweep sitting on the chimney."

"And I—I—I—I've got a—a," stammered and stuttered Harry in his excitement, "a little dog begging on one side, and a duck saying 'quack' on the other."

"Can you hear it?" cried Zoe, flying round to her brother's side of the table at this astonishing piece of news.

Harry broke into such a hearty laugh at this question, as indeed did every one else, that he could hardly answer—"No, of course not. How can you? But it's written, don't you see? 'Quack'!"

"Oh," said Zoe, going back rather disappointed to her own treasures. There had been so many wonders that she would not have been at all surprised to find another.

"And now, little people," said Mr. Reed, as he recovered from his laugh at his little daughter's question, "Now, if you please, we will have breakfast, for you see mamma has not given me a fine plateful of coloured eggs, and I should like to eat the white one before it is quite cold."

"And are we to eat those lovely yellow ones in the egg-cups?" asked Evelyn.

"If you like," replied her mamma with a funny look in her eyes, and the beginning of a laugh which changed into a sort of cough. "They are yours to do as you like with, and I certainly think you had better eat one of them. You will not wish to keep them all."

"Only they are too pretty to eat," replied Zoe, stroking them each in turn.

"Oh, I don't think that at all," said Harry quickly, and seating himself as he spoke and pulling his plate closer to him. "I think it is very nice to eat pretty things. They taste all the gooder for being pretty to look at."

With this declaration he seized his egg-spoon, and brought it down with a sharp tap on the top of the yellow egg. The next moment his brave, determined voice broke out in a sobbing cry. The new egg-cup had split into two bits, and the yellow egg had rolled down on to the floor, followed by two big tears from Harry's eyes. Evelyn and Zoe looked on aghast, with their spoons held in the air. Harry gave another sob.

"Never mind, my little old man," said his mother lovingly, and leaning across the table to him. "Don't cry over your broken egg-cup, but eat it up instead; you will find it even better than a bit of papa's toast, I expect."

Harry looked through his tears at his mother, and then stared at the egg-cup. Finally he picked up one half, and nibbled the edge, and then crying changed to laughing.

"Zoe, Evelyn, it isn't an egg-cup at all—at least not a proper one. It's made of sweet biscuit."

"And are the eggs too?" wondered Zoe, picking up one of hers, and trying to bite it. But that certainly was not biscuit, neither, luckily for her, was it a soft boiled egg, and as it suddenly slipped out of her hand back into the plate it tumbled into two pieces, showing the inside of a neat little wooden box filled in tolerably tightly with a little book.

"Oh, dear, another surprise," almost sighed Evelyn. She was beginning to feel as some little boys do at Christmas-time, when they see so many good things on the dinner-table that they are afraid they will not be able to taste them all.

"You are like Toddy, Miss Pussy," laughed her papa. "You 'don't want to be boddered wi' lots o' fings,' I suppose."

"Shall I take some of them away?" asked Mrs. Reed.

Evelyn looked round quickly at that question, and clasped her hands over her possessions. "Oh no," she began, and then she broke into smiles again. "Oh no, mamma, and I do thank you for them so much, and I do want to be bothered with them—I mean they don't bother me at all. Only I don't seem to be able to think of them all just yet."

"Well," said Harry, in a tone of great satisfaction, but with a voice that sounded as if it came out of a rather full mouth, "Well, any way I've got one thing less to think of now that's all gone."

"Well done," cried Mr. Reed, laughing heartily; "Harry has actually managed to eat up his broken egg-cup."

"Both bits of it," added Zoe. "Only think! But I mean to keep mine to show nurse."

"And meantime, my three little kittens, you really must eat your breakfast now, and put away these treasures for the present. It is Easter Monday, you remember, and papa wants to take you out, and the servants will want to clear the things away."

"Yes, mamma," said Evelyn and Zoe, beginning obediently to gather up their pretty Easter eggs to put away.

Harry looked a little doubtful.

"What is the matter, my boy?" asked his father.

"Only—only—they are very pretty, but—I wish one of them was a real egg to eat."

Mrs. Reed laughed. "You hungry little man! But be comforted. Not only one, but two of them, are real eggs good to eat. And here are real egg-cups, so leave your other prizes where they are for the present, all of you, and pop your scarlet ones into them, and make your way inside the shells, and enjoy them before they are quite cold. For fear your little heads should be wondering over the others all day, I will tell you that the blue ones are hard-boiled eggs, which you may eat to-morrow if you like, the yellow ones, as you see, each have a little text-book in them, the striped egg-shaped boxes are full of sugar-plums, and the green ones are bits of chalk."

"But what made you think of them, mamma, and why did you call them Easter-eggs?"

"I thought of them to please you all, my darling, and I will answer your other question to-morrow afternoon, when you come down to me into the drawing-room."

II.

"Did you have any nice little boys to teach yesterday, papa?" asked Harry, as they all walked home across the fields.

Mr. Reed sighed slightly as he answered, "Yes, Harry dear, I had one very especially nice little boy in my class. A very sad-faced little boy, too. His father came here from London about two months ago to work on the railway, and was knocked down and killed by a train soon after. Since then the poor little boy and his mother and sisters have had very little to eat, I am afraid, from the look of poor Jem's face."

"Poor little boy," murmured Zoe softly; then she asked aloud, "Is he very little, papa—littler than Harry?"

"No, my child, I wish he were; then he might have his nearly bare feet covered by a pair of Harry's old boots, but he is as big as Evelyn, and his feet are larger than hers."

"Then we must buy him a pair," said Mrs. Reed in a cheerful tone of resolution. "At this season, when we are reminded especially of our Saviour's fulness of love to us, our hearts should surely remember to be full of love and pity also. Suppose we devote a part of to-day to gladdening poor Jem and his mother by carrying them something to eat, and promising the boots shall follow to-morrow?"

It is needless to say that this proposal was thought a capital one by everybody, Mr. Reed as well as the children, and accordingly the whole party directed their steps across the garden with its beds of crocuses and primroses, round the field, and up the lane to the tiny two-roomed tumble-down cottage in which Jem and his mother and sisters had lived very sorrowfully since his father died.

"May we come in?" asked Mrs. Reed's kind, gentle voice, as she stood in the doorway, having previously prepared for the visit.

The poor woman looked up from the half-starved baby she was trying to soothe in her arms, and Jem jumped up from the floor. He blushed timidly on seeing the stranger lady; but when he caught sight of Mr. Reed he flew forward, exclaiming gladly, "Oh! mother, the kind gentleman who took me to school yesterday. Please won't you come in, sir?"

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"Do you like school?" asked Harry, following his father into the room. "I don't, at least I don't like lessons."

A smile lighted up Jem's pale face at this remark, but he only said in a low tone, "I daresay, though, when you are bigger a bit you will. But it wasn't the lessons I was so glad of this morning, it was the kindness."

"Oh! I see. Yes, that's different. We all had some kindness too, this morning, and we liked it very much. We had some Easter eggs, we don't know what that means; but we liked them just as much without knowing—at least, I did—and Evelyn thought you might too, so we have all brought you one."

Even the thin, tired-looking little baby sat up in its mother's lap when it saw the gay-coloured eggs taken out of the little visitors' pockets. And while Mrs. Reed rejoiced the poor mother's heart with her basket of bread, meat, tea, sugar, and bacon, the six children were equally happy together, giving and taking the eggs. Evelyn and Zoe gave their bright boxes of sugar-plums, Harry his blue hard-boiled egg, and a piece of cake given to him for lunch; and when the three children looked at their remaining treasures the next day the pleasure they had in them was none the less for remembering the wondering joy and delight that their presents had given the previous day to Jem and his little sisters.

"Please, mamma," said Zoe, as she said good-night that evening, "dear mamma, I have learnt my text out of my new little text-book, and it is such a pretty one, too."

"What is it, my darling?" asked Mrs. Reed, taking the little one on her knee.

"Little children, love one another," murmured Zoe softly, and ten minutes later the little one was asleep. Her heart was full of love for every one, and every pleasure given her seemed to make it more so.

III.

"Please mamma," cried a chorus of voices the next afternoon as the drawing-room door flew open; "please, mamma, you promised to tell us where the Easter eggs came from."

"Or, at least," corrected Evelyn, "why they are called Easter eggs."

"Yes," said Mrs. Reed, smiling; "you are right, Evelyn, for there is not much need for me to tell you where your Easter eggs came from. I think Susan got those you ate out of the nests in the hen-house as usual, and the imitation eggs came in that box of toys I ordered, and a pretty little book about Easter eggs came with them."

"And do they tell you there, why they are called Easter eggs?"

"We are told what is well known to be the reason of their name, which is just because they have from ancient times been used as gifts at the time of the festival of Easter. But the much more important supposition is given also, as to why they were given or made much of at this season."

"Has it anything to do with Jesus Christ dying and rising again, mamma?"

"No, dear, nothing at all originally, although it has to do with thoughts of hidden, hoped-for life. In very early times people learned to look upon eggs with a kind of wondering admiration, because of the knowledge they had gained that there, hidden in the egg, was the possibility of a little living bird. By degrees, as they watched and thought more, they began to think that winter and spring were something like the egg. Trees and flowers looked still and dead, but in reality their life was only shut inside winter's shell, and spring came and chipped away the shell, and out sprang the living leaves and flowers."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Zoe, "and so they called them spring eggs—at least, oh, no," disappointedly, "but they didn't, they called them Easter eggs."

"That meant the same thing, my child. The Easter festival was in honour of the sort of fairy being people believed in in those days, and called a goddess, who was supposed to belong to the spring and look after it."

"But, mamma dear," asked Evelyn in a puzzled tone, "if it was in those once-upon-a-time days that people had these eggs, I don't see why we have them now, and at our Easter, which is kept for such a different reason."

"Well, dear, that comes from several different causes. When Christians began to teach the poor ignorant believers in imaginary gods and goddesses the true faith of Jesus Christ, they made use of everything the poor people already thought of to help in the teaching, and amongst other things they made use of Easter. 'You see,' they said, 'how Nature rises again from sleep in the spring, and you rejoice. Go on rejoicing and giving thanks for this mercy, but give your greatest thanks of all at this season, because the Lord of all also, in like manner, has slept and risen again for our sakes.' And the egg which the heathens had taken as the sign of hidden life, the Christians adopted as the same symbol. So you see, little people, that Easter eggs have a very beautiful and glorious meaning attached to them, the happiest and most joyful hope of any that we can have, besides being pretty and pleasant like many other things, the green leaves and flowers, which our loving Father gives us at this season. But there is a ring at the bell. I daresay that is poor Jem come for his new boots."

"Yes, it is, mamma," said Harry; "I saw him coming up the walk, and he has got, oh, such a pretty flower-ball in his hand."

The next minute they were summoned down to the dining-room to receive Jem's offering, the pretty Irish Easter egg of primroses, with the white passion-flower for the centre.

GRACE STEEBING.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.

1. FIRST I demand a pointed instrument,
For one on slaughter bent,
Tipped like an arrow, or with steel or flint,
Or with a fiery glint.
Nor shall the prey escape, or beast or man,
Save Job's leviathan.

2. *Next* I require what Jesus is to those
Who follow where He goes?
They learn His doctrine, and His yoke they own,
Servants to Him alone.
Oh, might we all His gracious bidding do:
For none can follow two.

3. *Thirdly* I ask why Israel's daughters went
One yearly to lament?
Why did the sons of Eli use their hook,
Why so God's offerings took?
And when the Lord called Levi to his feet,
Where was his public seat?

4. Half of each answer, if you choose aright,
Will bring our *whole* to light.
From that old city Abram's steward came;
Proud Naaman did the same;
Saul was converted as he thither went,
And to the Gentiles sent;
So after, while the gates were watched, did he
Down from a window flee.
That ancient city's gates—so travellers say—
Remain until this day;
And while our riddle brings these things to view,
We prove the Bible true.

W. L.

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Monthly Religious Record.

WE mentioned last month the circumstances of the arrest, by the Turkish authorities, of the Rev. Dr. Koelle, of the Church Missionary Society, for years past resident in Constantinople, and of the Mussulman (Ahmed Tewfik) who assisted him in the work of translation. Not only was diplomatic action taken in the matter, but there being some delay in the reply of the Porte to the demand of Sir Henry Layard, official relations were for a short time suspended by the British Ambassador. At length the Sultan, with his own hands, returned to Sir Henry Layard Dr. Koelle's manuscripts, which had been taken from him by the Turkish police—translations into Turkish of the English "Book of Common Prayer," and his tract, "Christ the Word of God;" but no compensation was obtained for the indignity and wrong to which he was exposed. Ahmed Tewfik is pardoned, but removed from Constantinople to Scio, an island having a Christian population. It appears that Ahmed Tewfik is a Mohammedan, but at the same time one of the most learned, enlightened, and liberal amongst the Ulema. About two years ago he wrote for the Sultan, at his Majesty's own request, a report on reforms in relation to Islam; and at the time of his arrest was professor of a college connected with the mosque of Beshiktash, head master of the grammar-school at Eningan (his salary for which is now twenty months in arrear), tutor to the Sultan's brother-in-law and to the family of Reshid Pasha, the first reforming Grand Vizier in Sultan Mahmoud's time. Hafiz Pasha, who was responsible for the arrests and imprisonment, instead of being dismissed from the office of Minister of Police, as demanded by Sir Henry Layard, not only retains his post, but has received from the Sultan a most distinguished mark of his favour, the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Medjidie. Moreover, the Porte has addressed a note to Sir Henry Layard, in which it argues that the proceedings of Dr. Koelle justified the seizure of his papers, which were only returned to him out of regard for England. It further states that Ahmed Tewfik deserves the punishment awarded to him in conformity with the religious laws of the country, and that he was liberated only by the clemency of the Sultan. The Constantinople correspondent of one of the daily journals has seen the returned manuscripts. He says: "In the translation of the Book of Common Prayer all expressions indicating the divinity of Christ are carefully erased. The Sultan professes to have done this with his own hand, and maintains that, as a good Mussulman, he was bound to do so."

THERE has been great distress, during the past winter, in some parts of the East. The President of the Central College, in connection with the American Mission at Aintab, in Central Turkey, wrote lately: "Prices are almost at famine rates, wheat being now 260 piastres a kilé, instead of 80 last year. We find it very difficult to meet our daily expenses. There are now eighty-four young men in the college, of whom fifty-three are boarders. All the pastors and preachers of this mission are in distress, and need aid. Prices have not been so high as they are now for ten years past. The college is prospering well. The students are poor, but work faithfully. As to the missionary work generally in this part of Turkey, it is going forward successfully. Good books and Bibles and Testaments are purchased in large numbers; the schools are full, congregations are large, and good attention is given to the preached word. Pray for us that God may guide us in these days of wonderful changes." Colonel Miles telegraphed from Mosul that there had been lately much distress there. Several deaths had occurred, and children were being sold and abandoned. No effective steps were taken by local government to afford relief. People flocking in from neighbouring villages increased the gravity of the situation. Captain Everett wrote that there was very great want and suffering amongst the Armenians in the districts of Van and Bayazid, and urgently asked for means of relieving them, as many were starving. From Oroomiah, in Persia, an American missionary writes, expressing his belief that twenty or thirty thousand people in that city and vicinity were sure to starve if they did not receive relief, the crops having been cut off for two years. In other parts of Persia, and in Kurdistan, the famine has been severe. One telegram tells of several deaths from starvation, and of many people eating grass and roots. People have been dying from hunger in Bayazid, Kara Kilissa, and elsewhere.

THE International Association for the Promotion of the Observance of the Sabbath, which many months ago offered a prize of 2000fr. (80*l.*) for the best essay in support of the principle of "Sunday Rest," received up to the final date for sending in contributions, fifteen treatises in all. They are in English, French, and German, and have been written by natives of Switzerland, Germany, England, France, and the United States of North America. The average length of the essays is such as to fill 250 octavo pages of printed matter, so that it will be some time before the committee of adjudication will be able to get through their labours of examination and make the award.

WE learn that the Rev. John R. McDougall has just secured a most central building in Venice—so central, indeed, that the principal entrance is from the grand old Square of San Marco itself. While the premises have been purchased, at a moderate price, for Italian evangelisation, we are informed that Mr. McDougall earnestly desires to have the Gospel preached in English, in this easily-found building, to the crowds of English and American visitors who throng the renowned city on the sea, especially in the spring.

THE banker of the Vatican, who managed all the Pope's financial business in Rome, has taken to flight, and has left behind debts amounting to more than 700,000 lire. Several high ecclesiastical officials, who had entrusted all their fortune to the specious swindler, are suddenly plunged into the greatest distress. One of the last cardinals created by Pius IX. is said to have suffered so severely by the defaulter that he has not a centime left.

AT a meeting held lately at Sion College, the Right Rev. Dr. Titcomb, Bishop of Rangoon, gave an interesting account of his work in Burmah, and urged young men to seek the mission field. He reminded his hearers that mission work tended to increase the knowledge of mankind, and it was therefore interesting to men of letters and men of science as well as ministers of religion. In Burmah there were four distinct races, with four distinct languages and religions, and these had to be coped with by four missions. In Burmah, Buddhism was the religion, and as far as heathenism could go it was a noble religion. It might, in fact, be called the Protestantism of Hinduism; it was a fight against that religion, which had been grinding the people in the dust. The morality of Buddhism was simple and grand; but, passing from ethics to theology, its dreadful deficiency came in sight. The Buddhists believed in the existence of no Deity. It had no priesthood; it was an abject, hopeless, aimless Atheism, and the positive sides of that religion showed that very existence was mere misery; and it was from this misery that Christian Missions sought to deliver this interesting people. In Rangoon itself there was in one college there established not only the youth of Burmah, but that of various other races; and at present there were 500 students entered on the books of the college. To this college a chapel was attached, and here he was glad to observe from Sunday to Sunday how the number of converts increased. In Rangoon and its suburbs the missionaries visited from house to house, for there was no such thing as caste amongst the Burmese, as with the Hindoos. Men and women were there as free and courteous in their intercourse as ladies and gentlemen in this country. As a practical conclusion it was resolved:—"That it is desirable to support a student to be chosen from the young city men in St. Augustine's, Canterbury, to be educated for missionary work." A committee was formed to carry out this proposal.

THE Rev. Henry Lansdell, whose journey in Northern Russia was last year narrated in our pages, has returned from a most enterprising journey through Siberia. Having obtained at St. Petersburg full permission to distribute Bible and tracts, he set off with 3,000 portions of Scripture in Russ, accompanied by a young man who acted as interpreter. Entering Siberia at Jekaterinburg, on the eastern slopes of the Urals, he proceeded right through the country until he came out upon the Japanese Sea. At a recent meeting of the Bible Society Committee he had the satisfaction of reporting that he believed a supply of books and tracts had been made to every hospital and prison in the whole of Siberia.

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For some time in the United States, it appears that the most successful advocates of temperance reformation have been those who have based their appeals upon the gospel, and have conducted their mission upon religious principles. A New York journal gives a deeply interesting account of the work of one of these temperance missionaries. It says: "About a year and a half ago, Mr. C. W. Sawyer began a series of evangelistic temperance meetings at Cooper Union. He has remained at his post ever since, having been absent from it but three meetings in the eighteen months. His duties have borne heavily upon him, for his relationship to the converts has been that of a father to a family of children; but still his zeal has been unflagging; until now he has built up a band of Christian workers numbering about one hundred and fifty, and has recorded in all over four hundred sound conversions. Twenty-two families that had long been rent asunder by drink and sin, have been joyfully reunited. The indirect influence of the meetings, however, is beyond all calculation. Letters are daily being received from all parts of the country from those who have here been converted, and have carried the glad tidings to other and remote places. Many of the writers are unknown to Mr. Sawyer and his fellow-labourers. A prominent merchant of Mobile was stopping for a few days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Out of curiosity he attended one of the meetings, and was converted. A young lady was attending school in this city, and entered one of the services. Being deeply impressed by what she heard she asked for advice and counsel, which resulted in her conversion. She is now an earnest worker, and writes from her home in a neighbouring city to ask if Mr. Sawyer cannot come and labour there. An influential business man from the northern part of this state attended the meetings, but left the city before he was quite sure that he had obtained full salvation. He now writes that he is preaching the gospel to his fellows, and endeavouring to lead them into the way that he has found. Instances like these might be multiplied almost endlessly."

In the settlement of affairs in South Africa, much dissatisfaction was expressed at home by some of the friends of missions that the native chiefs were allowed full power to exclude from the territories made over to them by the British Government all Christian missionaries. It was alleged that the principal chief, a man of partly European descent, John Dunn, had resolved to exercise the power thus conferred upon him. Chief Dunn, however, is now understood to have stated that the way had been opened once again for mission work in his territory, and that most of the missionaries had taken advantage of his permission. Such is the statement of a Natal journal, which, after referring to affairs in Zululand, says: "We hear that the missionaries in other districts have had a warm welcome back, and the Zulus would no doubt be glad to see white men settled among them. This, however, having been forbidden, our Natal natives are said to be crossing the boundary in considerable numbers, tempted by the absence of taxation and the facilities for marriage."

For the past two and a half years, the Rev. J. Inglis, of the Free Church of Scotland Mission to the New Hebrides, has been in this country carrying a translation of the Old Testament, in the language of those remote islanders, through the press, the New Testament having been printed previously. Mr. Inglis brought over with him contributions raised by the natives of the small island, sufficient to pay the whole bill for printing. He expresses a just pride in the reflection that the people of Aneityum should have paid in full for every copy of the Scriptures they have received.

At a recent sitting of the Court of Arches letters of request were presented from the Bishop of London for the institution of a new suit against the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, as incumbent and perpetual curate of St. Alban's, Holborn, for continuing ritualistic practices in the Communion Service, after the monition issued against him to desist, and notwithstanding his suspension for three years, the object being, if he persisted in his contumacy, to deprive him of his benefice. After hearing the letters of request read, and eliciting the fact from the learned counsel the object sought by the new suit, Lord Penzance granted a citation to issue to Mr. Mackonochie. This has been accordingly served upon him.

At a recent meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop of London in the chair, the Secretary moved, on behalf of the Standing Committee, the following resolution: "Whereas it has been alleged that a person in holy orders has recently gone out from England with the intention of acting ministerially under the authority of Dr. Colenso, as Bishop within the colony of Natal, and has publicly made a statement as to the sanction given to such intention, the society hereby solemnly reaffirms the several resolutions by which it ceased to recognise the episcopal authority of Dr. J. W. Colenso, and records its firm determination to uphold and maintain, as far as lies in its power, the sole episcopal authority of Bishop Macrorie within the colony of Natal as committed to him by the Church in South Africa." The "person" referred to in this resolution was the Rev. Mr. Colley, who left England a few months ago, and is now acting as dean and archdeacon under Bishop Colenso. The "sanction" mentioned, as alleged (unwarrantably, however) by him is that of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Exeter and Worcester. The Rev. Berdmore Compton moved an amendment. Archdeacon Denison had given a notice of motion practically amounting to a censure on the Archbishop and two Bishops named. He was, however, absent from illness, and it was not moved. A long debate ensued on the rival merits of the resolution of the committee and that of Mr. Compton, the latter of which recapitulated the various steps taken by the South African Church in the matter. The Dean of Westminster spoke, amidst frequent interruptions, in favour of Bishop Colenso. At length, the amendment was rejected by 107 to 106, and the original resolution was carried.

The meeting of Evangelical clergy, which takes place at the commencement of each year in Islington, was held in the month of January at the Memorial Hall, under the presidency of the Rev. Prebendary Wilson, Vicar of Islington. The attendance, amounting to between 300 and 400, included Bishops Perry, Ryan, and Riley, and a large number of the Evangelical body. The subject at the morning sitting was introduced in an able paper by the Rev. John Richardson, being "What are the distinctive features of Evangelical Churchmanship viewed in relation to the present times?" The selected speakers were the Rev. F. F. Goe and Canon Hoare, and a general discussion followed. At the afternoon sitting the subject was "The Observance of the Lord's Day," Canon Ryle being the introducer, and Bishop Riley, of Mexico, and the Rev. John Gritton, the selected speakers. In the general discussion which followed, the meeting was addressed by Bishop Perry, the Rev. Joseph Bardsley, and the Rev. Prebendary Cadman.

A meeting for thanksgiving and prayer, in connection with the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, was held lately at the Church Room, Clifton. The Rev. T. H. Clark, the Honorary Clerical Secretary, referring in the course of his speech to the sufferings of the people in Ireland, said that most of them would probably desire to give to the general fund for the relief of Irish distress, but he thought they might also like to send a special contribution to be applied to the relief of Protestants. Canon Cory, to whom he wrote, replied that it would be kind in the extreme to have a fund for the poor Protestants in Connemara. He feared they would otherwise be swamped, and the money given to the priests used as a means for their extinction. Any contributions from readers of the "Sunday at Home" will be well dispensed, if sent to the Rev. Canon Cory, Clifden, Galway.

Considering the depression of the times, the progress of the Wesleyan Methodist Thanksgiving Fund is remarkable. The total amount promised is 230,000*l*. A very large amount has already been paid and applied in liquidation of the debts on the various Connexional funds, and the Executive Committee are anxious that the promises should be paid as soon as possible, in order that the debts may be all cleared off, and leave ample funds to provide for the erection of the new college near Birmingham. A very large amount of extension at home and abroad is aimed at by the Thanksgiving Fund. Home and foreign missions, extension of Methodism, middle-class education, and many other parts of Wesleyan Church work will be greatly enlarged by the fund in the course of the next few years. Several central district meetings have yet to be held.

The specimens of Afghan poetry given in an article in the "Sunday at Home" for last November, were from Major Raverty's 'Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans,' published by Williams and Norgate. The article having reached us from Peshâwar, we received it without being aware of the extent of the writer's indebtedness to Major Raverty, whose translations were made from the original Pushto manuscripts, and whose book opened up a new field of literature to the scholars of the West. Of his work we intend to give fuller notice, but take the earliest opportunity to supply the omission in the article referred to.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



MARIE AND HER GUIDE.

THE YOUNG REFUGEE.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.—FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO SOHO.

"SOHO! Soho! De grâce, montrez-moi Soho!"
("Be so kind as to direct me to Soho!")

Such were the entreating words of a young girl who had just landed at London Bridge from France, in the autumn of the year 1870. She knew no one, she could not speak English, and she was, literally, alone in London. It was the time of the Franco-German war, and crowds of refugees were continually inundating the English ports, so a foreigner more or less attracted little attention. Her name was Marie Altmann; she was about thirteen years of age, and she had found her way from France to England in search of her parents, who had, she believed, fled from Paris for their lives, while she was in a boarding-school in the provinces.

No. 1353.—APRIL 3, 1880.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

Young, pretty, a foreigner, and alone on London Bridge! Happily, she did not realize what this meant; she only knew that she was in free and happy England, whither, she had been told, her parents had gone before her, and she had no doubt of finding them. Still, as she stood on the huge bridge amongst the ever-shifting, jostling, selfish crowds that passed her by at every second, she could but feel bewildered and alarmed; and when she found that her password "Soho! Soho!" was unheeded, and she herself only a unit in the multitudes around her, her brave heart naturally sank. Her father was of German parentage, though he had lived in Paris from infancy (one of the "fils des étrangers," as they were called); her mother was a Frenchwoman; she was, herself, altogether French, born and bred in Paris, so she scarcely understood why her parents should have been compelled to leave what they looked upon as their native country. But she had been informed by her governess that all the Germans had received notice to quit Paris or risk the consequences, and that her parents had left for England. So she had escaped from school, in the general panic, to follow them. She had heard and read that the French congregated in Soho, and her one idea was, that she should find them there; and this was why she repeated the word to the busy, hasting, pre-occupied throngs that hustled her as they passed her by unheeded.

She was sick and giddy from the effects of her voyage and long abstinence, and as she gazed at the scene before her, she felt as if she must fall. She crept along the parapet to one of the abutments, and seated herself on the stone bench that surrounded it. Curled up in one corner, she tried to reflect on what she had so rashly done, and what she was now to do. But she found reflection almost impossible, for in spite of her trouble, her eyes followed the incessant stream of monster vans, waggons, carts, barrows, cabs and horses that poured in monotonous succession over the broad causeway; and the influx and reflux of the thousands of foot-passengers that appeared to rush past her like torrents. Then beneath and around her were the Thames and London, of which she knew nothing, but that the one was the chief river, the other the capital city of England. She gazed from the forest of masts to the wilderness of houses, and her young heart sank within her.

"Why did I leave my pensionnat?" she thought. "But every one was in terror. Yet mamma is French, and why did she flee? Perhaps she still remains in Paris. Perhaps she waits for me. What if papa was taken prisoner? Oh! the cruel war! the cruel war! Soho! monsieur, Soho!"

These last words were addressed to a young man who had seated himself near her, and put some questions to her in English. She glanced at him from beneath her pretty hat, and either her words or the half-frightened, half-naïve expression of her dark eyes, made him smile.

"Soho is miles away," he said, pointing towards the city. "Come with me, and I will take you there."

Fortunately she did not understand his words, and his sinister looks displeased her. She got up and hurried from the place.

"Where are you going so fast?" were the next words that greeted her, while she was arrested by a hand on her shoulder.

"Soho, monsieur!" she cried, and found that her interlocutor was a policeman.

She had a child's terror of the police, and strove to escape; but he held her fast. He took her for one of the juvenile pickpockets to be found in most great London thoroughfares. He had, indeed, been watching her, and seeing her pursued, had stopped her.

"What have you in your hand, and bag?" he asked severely, but not understanding him, she could not reply.

She spoke to him, however, rapidly in French, and he led her over the bridge through the crowds to a comparatively quiet spot at the entrance. Here he touched her clasped hand, and she opened it in terror, for it contained a franc, the only money she now possessed. She had spent all she had besides in her railway and steam-packet tickets. The young man who had spoken to her had disappeared, and the policeman knew that his suspicions were unfounded, so he bethought himself of what to do with Marie.

There are no kinder men living than the London police, abuse them as we may, and he heartily pitied the young foreigner whose language he did not understand. But he dared not go off his beat, so he beckoned to another policeman, who joined him.

Meanwhile, the terrified child stood trembling before them, now, with eloquent tongue and natural action pouring forth her story, in which her password often occurred, anon, in frightened quietude, wondering if they would carry her to prison.

"They said these English gave the strangers welcoming, but oh, they are hard—hard," she thought. "Have they thus received my dear papa, my tender mamma?"

While she was thus meditating, she was handed over to the second policeman, upon which she was overcome with fear. She fell on her knees, clasped her hands, and uttered a passionate remonstrance in French.

He took her gently but firmly by the arm, raised her, and led her, trembling, up crowded King William Street, to a shop on the right of the colossal statue of that monarch. Pointing to the window, he showed her the words, in large letters, "Ici l'on parle français" ("Here they speak French"), at sight of which she nearly clasped him in her arms with delight, exclaiming, in French, "Now I shall find them. Now they will direct me to Soho. A thousand thanks, monsieur; a thousand thanks."

Still holding her by the arm, the imperturbable policeman took her into the shop, which happened to be a draper's, in which a small army of young women seemed, to Marie's anxious eyes, to be busily engaged.

"You speak French here, sir," said the policeman to the very gracious and polite shop-walker. "Here is a French girl; just landed, I should think. I can make nothing of her. Will you let her speak to somebody who can understand her?"

"Our young French lady's whole time is taken up talking to the refugees," replied the puzzled man, glancing at Marie's tearful, large black eyes. "London will be fuller than ever of foreigners eating us out of house and home; and there are already Germans and French enough to people Paris and Hamburg. Why can't they stop at home and eat one another?"

"Can't say, sir. I wish they would," returned

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the policeman. "We don't know what to do with 'em. But we mustn't let 'em stop up the thoroughfares; and they don't know what we mean when we tell 'em to 'move on.'"

While this was passing, Marie was casting appealing glances from one to the other, her lips, usually apart for laughter and chatter, were firmly closed, as if she knew that speech were vain; and her generally rosy cheeks were white with anxiety. Seeing the shop-walker go down the long shop and disappear, she clung to the policeman, who patted her shoulder encouragingly, and said to the young men and women as well as the customers, who were looking on enquiringly, "All right. Only a foreigner."

"A votre service, mademoiselle," suddenly fell on Marie's ear, as she hung her head and drooped her eyes beneath so many strange faces.

The words were magical. She started, and looked up. A young girl, only a few years her senior, stood before her. She was dressed in black, and her dark hair was thrown off her pale face in the easy fashion of her countrywomen.

"You are French!" cried Marie, and threw herself into the arms of one, who, though personally a stranger, was yet a compatriot.

The scene was so affecting that the kind-hearted spectators were moved. However, business must go on even if death be in its midst, and a young man from behind a desk came forward and said so in a few words of incomprehensible French. At the same time he beckoned the policeman and the two girls into an office at the back of the said desk, where they were unobserved.

Here Marie told her tale, and entreated to be taken to Soho, where she knew her parents were. Her new friend spoke about as much English as the young clerk French; but they managed to make the policeman understand between them.

"My mother and my grandmother, and our dear Lisette, they lodge in Soho, and I return there after eight. Our name is Le Beau. We are many months in England. I am Adèle Le Beau, and am only just placed here," said the young shop-girl rapidly to Marie. "We die of hunger ourselves, sometimes, but we help our compatriots; and the good English help and shelter us all—God bless them! There are yet three hours before I leave this, or you could accompany me to Soho."

"Tell them to direct me there, and I shall find my way," said Marie, enthusiastically. "I have no fear if I can reach Soho."

"I will put her in the way," said the young clerk from his desk, whence his attention was attracted from the voluminous ledger and lines of figures before him, to what was passing behind.

"Then I give her our address," returned Adèle. Then to Marie: "Monsieur will point the way; my mother will help you to find your parents——"

"Mamselle Le Beau! Mamselle wanted at once," came from the shop.

"At the instant. Here, monsieur," cried Adèle, who lived in constant dread of not being able to keep her situation.

"Tell me the address. I will write it," said the clerk.

"Numéro 3, Danémark Street, Soho," replied Adèle. "Tell my mother that I send you," she continued to Marie. "I would keep you here but we incommode the customers. Three, Danémark Street, Soho." Then the two girls embraced as if they had been long acquainted, and Adèle hurried back to her work.

Both the policeman and clerk imagined that Marie had found an old friend, and felt satisfied about her. The latter wrote, in fine, round, clerkly hand, as follows: "Madame Le Beau, 3, Denmark Street, Soho. Allé par Mansion House, Poultry, Cheapside, Newgate Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, Soho Square; draw"—by which last word he meant "droit," straight.

If the worthy clerk, nephew of the head of the house, spoke French ill, he wrote it worse, and when he put his directions into Marie's hands, she was as much bewildered as ever. But her elastic nature was at rebound, and she uttered a hundred thanks in a breath, courtseyed to her new friends, and was about to hasten away when the policeman once more detained her.

"I will see her past the Mansion House," he said. "Tell her to ask her way of the police."

"Demandez—ha—demandez le way, des pollisses hommes," stammered the clerk.

"He bids me avoid the polissons (rogues)," thought Marie, and vehemently promised so to do.

"Give her something to eat," continued the clerk to the policeman, offering sixpence.

"Give her the money yourself, sir," was the reply, and Marie again uttered thanks for what she considered half a franc.

Then the policeman led her quickly through the shop, followed by the wondering glances of all its inmates, and hurried her on until they reached a pastry-cook's. Here he bade the waitress give her a bun, and Marie exchanged her silver for pence which she did not understand; after which she was taken, bun in hand, safely across the crowded thoroughfares round about the Mansion House, and finally landed in Cheapside. Astonished at all she saw, so different from Paris, her thoughts were withdrawn from herself to her surroundings, and she found herself wondering that there were so many people in the whole world as she had seen since she landed at London Bridge. She was recalled to her position by being brought to a standstill, and having her paper of directions taken from her hand by the policeman. He showed her the word "Holborn," pointed forward, returned her the paper, and left her. She was again alone. "But I know where to go," she thought, putting the untasted bun into her bag, and the pence into her pocket, and walking steadily onwards.

By the time she reached the terrible walls of the prison at the end of Newgate Street, it was beginning to grow dusk, and she was uncertain about the wide crossing at that point. But she had acquired confidence in the power of the police, so she boldly held her paper before one of those stalwart sons of Janus, and he conducted her over the crossing.

"Pass the Viaduct yonder; up Holborn and Oxford Street. Ask again for Soho Square," he said, pointing straight on. Marie shook her head, but her mute language was unavailing, for he was gone. She followed the direction of his finger, however, and managed to cross the Viaduct; but Holborn Circus, with its divergent streets, puzzled her again. As she was gazing about her, a creature such as she had never seen stood before her, bowing and gesti-

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culating, and pointing to the opposite side, with the words, "Take you across, my lady." It was a small, unkempt, barefooted imp of a juvenile crossing-sweeper, who held a broom in one hand and a lock of straggling hair in the other. Marie could not help laughing at his gestures and queer little face, which caused him to throw a somersault for her amusement, and then, with a broad grin, and a "Give us a copper, miss," to make a backward movement towards the opposite side. "Soho! Soho!" cried Marie.

"Take you there for—let's see—one, two, three pence," he replied, meditatively, checking off the numbers on three of his fingers as he spoke, then pointing his right thumb over his left shoulder with a knowing wink.

Marie had stepped off the pavement in her eagerness to understand him, just as a number of vehicles were rounding the corner, and were compelled to pull up suddenly on account of a block somewhere or other. She missed her footing, and would have fallen, and probably been in danger from the wheels, but for the timely aid of the city arab who was about to conduct her to Soho.

"Take care! Take care!" he exclaimed, narrowly escaping himself, and dragging Marie back to the pavement. "Now I shall charge a tanner for Soho."

He held out one hand to her, and pointing with his broom in the direction of the central lamp-post, gave a cunning wink, as much as to say that he knew all about it. She, hearing her password, put her hand confidingly in his black little palm, and gave herself up to his guidance. But her terror was great, as he dodged in and out of the block of omnibuses, cabs, and waggons, until he landed in the centre of Holborn Circus; and it increased when the vehicles began to move, and he signed to her, with marvellous gestures, to follow him through the mass. She was courageous and quick, however, and obeyed, not considering that where such an eel could glide, she could not. Had not a cabman pulled up short, with something like an oath at the boy, she would have been run over; and as it was, she barely escaped, and that thanks to the self-confidence of her conductor.

"Swear away, guv'nor. She don't hear. She's deaf and dumb," he cried, which caused another cab to pull up, and Marie escaped. "They all stops for the p'lice and me," he added with a grin, and preceded the girl up Holborn.

As his bare feet pattered over the pavement, she had scarcely strength to follow. Now she would lose sight of him among the crowds; anon he would reappear, holding up his broom as if it were a signal-post. The lamps were alight before they got into Oxford Street. Still Marie had perfect faith in the boy, for, in spite of his odd ways, his face looked honest.

It was late when they reached the turning into Soho Square, and she was well-nigh exhausted by the rapid walk and long fasting. But he led her triumphantly into the square, and, stopping underneath the first lamppost, pointed with his broom to the words "Soho Square," on the direction board at the corner, and held out his hand for his reward, with a grimace and pull of the forelock. She seized the thin, dirty hand in her gratitude, and kissed it, which caused him no small wonder and amusement. Then she emptied her pocket of the fivepence, and took the bun from her bag, wisely retaining her franc. He counted the money, took the bun, and threw another somersault there beneath the lamplight.

"Rue Danémark?" said Marie, questioningly.

"Never heard o' the gonleman. Better ask in a shop," replied the boy, and disappeared, leaving Marie once more alone.

"I am in Soho! I shall find my parents. I shall meet Adèle again," she thought, as she glanced round the quiet darksome square.

With the solemnity of night, and the comparative repose, came the recollection of One whom she had forgotten in the light and bustle of the day.

"I have not said my prayers. The good God will be angry with me," she reflected, for her ideas of the Supreme Being and of prayer were confused.

She repeated rapidly such few prayers as she had learnt, then found herself wondering whether they would be effectual in England when said in a foreign tongue. Her notions of religion were but crude; still, as she looked upwards, and saw the moon right above her head, she suddenly received enlightenment, and said within herself,

"The good God and his dear Son are everywhere. Bring me to my parents, oh, my Lord."

This was, perhaps, the first spontaneous prayer she had ever uttered, and it seemed to give her strength and faith in a guidance unseen but sure.

Some one stopped near her, who took out his watch to ascertain the hour by the lamplight. She glanced up and saw a gentleman whose face looked kindly, and she said to herself, "Perhaps the good God has sent him to me as soon as I asked."

"Rue Danémark, monsieur," she exclaimed, holding the clerk's direction paper up beneath the watch.

He read it, and spoke to her in French. Although his French was easy and fluent, she perceived at once that he was not her countryman; still she was thankful to be understood. She asked him to direct her to the address written on the paper, and in doing so, she burst into tears. Her strength was, indeed, nearly spent, and the sound of the familiar language caused her to break down.

"Follow me, my child, and I will conduct you to Denmark Street," he said in French. "But you must make haste, for I have an appointment."

She summoned her scant remaining powers, and walked by the stranger's side through several dark, dreary, and, it seemed to her, poor streets and courts. He asked her history, meanwhile, but she had no longer strength to tell it. She was, besides, frightened at the dreariness and loneliness of the district.

"Have no fear, my child," he said, taking her hand. "I know Madame Le Beau, and we shall soon be with her. Put your trust in your Father in Heaven; He knows your grief, whatever it is, and will be your guardian and guide if you ask Him."

These words seemed to reassure Marie, though they redoubled her tears. She could not speak, and they walked on in silence.

They reached Denmark Street at last; a retired, desolate-looking corner of mighty London, that might have been some village court for all the life there was there.

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"Here we are; follow me upstairs," said the stranger, opening the front door and entering without knocking.

Marie hesitated, for she felt doubtful for the first time of submitting thus to the guidance of a stranger; and, indeed, the wisdom of such submission was more than doubtful, in such a huge wilderness as London, where "If good abounds, evil doth much more abound." Besides, the stranger had not, like the crossing-sweeper, shown her the name of the street as they entered it. He seemed to understand her hesitation, smiled, and left her for a moment in the passage, which was quite dark but for the gleam of lamplight that crept in. She heard him pause on the first landing, knock at a door, and say cheerfully in French, "I have brought you a friend, Madame Le Beau."

"Ah; but it is you, monsieur. But enter. Excuse us, for we are in déshabille. We wash," sounded in Marie's bewildered ears in a language that she not only recognised as her own, but spoken by a Frenchwoman.

Either the previous fatigue or the present joy overpowered her, and staggering towards the uncarpeted staircase, she fell upon the steps, and fainted.

And thus she was found by her guide and a woman who followed him downstairs bearing a candle. They raised her, and saw by the white face that she was insensible.

"I do not know her. I never saw her before," said Madame Le Beau, holding the light before the closed eyes.

"Another refugee from the war. Poor child; we must do what we can for her. You cannot turn her adrift," replied the gentleman, picking up Marie's paper of directions that had fallen from her hands.

"But no, certainly. Still we have nothing; and Adèle is only just placed, and I have only two lessons of music the week. Ah! but she is pretty, the poor child. Bring her up, monsieur."

The gentleman took Marie in his arms, and carried her upstairs into what, at first sight, appeared to be an empty room. But it was not quite empty, for an old woman was standing by an elbow-chair, that she had vacated, near a grate in which was a handful of embers, on which a saucepan made believe to boil.

"She will recover quicker on the floor—a thousand thanks, madame," said the gentleman, rejecting the offered chair. "A little water, Madame Le Beau."

He laid Marie down on the dryest spot he could find, for some sort of wash had been in progress, the result of which was that there were two wash-hand basins full of soap-suds on the boards, and a variety of damp garments hung on cords across the room. He administered the water, while Madame Le Beau unfastened Marie's hat-strings, and the old woman began to stir the pot au feu. The latter was Madame Le Beau's mother, and she soon ladled from her saucepan into an empty jam-pot some of its simmering contents.

"She is cold and hungry; this will be better than water," said the old woman, passing her soupe maigre.

So it was; for the strong, and possibly familiar taste and smell of garlic, revived Marie. She opened her eyes, and glanced in bewildered astonishment round the room, and lastly on its tenants. Four bare walls; clothes on lines; Madame Le Beau in a loose print dressing-gown, with a kind, handsome face, and dishevelled, wavy, black hair; the aged mother with her head enveloped and bound with kerchiefs, a wooden spoon in her hand; and the good gentleman who had brought her there.

"She recovers. Thank God!" cried Madame Le Beau.

At this moment something stirred in the farthest corner of the room, and Marie's eyes were riveted in sudden terror on some creature that jumped with one bound to the door, stood on its hind legs, and began, so it seemed, to dance. It had an enormous tail, and was magnified before her dazed vision into some abnormal creature.

"Ha! but it is our Adèle. Lisette hears her step before us, because we are occupied," exclaimed the grandmother, hastening to the door.

"Lisette! You have still your cat?" said the gentleman.

"But yes! She is our second child. We would not part with her for a thousand pounds," returned Madame Le Beau.

"Lisette, ma petite amie, ma chérie!" sounded on Marie's ear, and in another moment Adèle appeared. "But must thou always have the first greeting; and wilt thou ever dance?" she added, taking the paws of Marie's bête noire, which was a tortoiseshell Angora cat, and waltzing with it into the room. "A thousand pardons, Monsieur. But what is it? Ah, my child; thou hast found us! We feared, Monsieur Merrie and I, thou wouldst be lost."

"Adèle! Is it thou? Adèle!" whispered Marie, and rising with a great effort she once more threw her arms round her young countrywoman, who embraced and supported her, while the mother and grandmother shed tears, and the gentleman crept away to keep his long-delayed appointment.

Invisible Dross.

THE sunshine streaming through the pane
Athwart the gloom now throws a beam;
And o'er this light and mystic chain
A myriad atoms dart and gleam.

The room is full of finest dross,
Though pure as ether seems the air;
'Tis only when the sunbeams cross
We see the dust-specks dancing there.

Our lives are little else but dross;
And yet we fondly deem them free,
Until, with dazzled gaze, we cross
Those rays, O God, that fall from Thee.

W. W.

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THE SLEEPING APOSTLE.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

"Simon, sleepest thou?"—*Mark* xiv. 37.

IT is a very old Christian tradition that this gospel is in some sense the Apostle Peter's. There are not many features in the gospel itself which can be relied on as confirming this idea. Perhaps one such may be found in this plaintive remonstrance, which is only preserved for us here. Matthew's Gospel, indeed, tells us that the rebuke was addressed to Peter, but blunts the sharp point of it as directed to him, by throwing it into the plural, as if spoken to all the three slumberers: "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" To Matthew, the speciality of the words was unimportant, but Peter could never forget how the Master had come out from the shadow of the olives to him lying there in the moonlight, and stood before him worn with His solitary agony, and in a voice yet tremulous from His awful conflict, had said to *him*, so lately loud in his professions of fidelity, "Sleepest *thou?*"

It was but an hour or two since he had been saying, and meaning, "I will lay down my life for Thy sake," and this was what all that fervour had come to. No wonder if there is almost a tone of wonder discernible in our Lord's word, as if He who "marvelled at the unbelief" of those who were not His followers, marvelled still more at the imperfect sympathy of those who were, and marvelled most of all at such a sudden ebb of such a flood of devotion. Surprise and sorrow, the pain of a loving heart thrown back upon itself, the sharp pang of feeling how much less one is loved than one loves, the pleading with His forgetful servant, rebuke without anger, all breathe through the question, so pathetic in its simplicity, so powerful to bow in contrition by reason of its very gentleness and self-restraint.

The record of this Evangelist proves how deep it sank into the impulsive loving heart of the apostle, and yet the denials in the high priest's palace, which followed so soon, show how much less power it had on him on the day when it was spoken, than it gained as he looked back on it through the long vista of years that had passed, when he told the story to Mark.

The first lesson, to be gathered from these words, is drawn from the name by which our Lord here addresses the apostle, "*Simon*, sleepest thou?"

Now the usage of Mark's gospel in reference to this apostle's name is remarkably uniform and precise. Both his names occur in Mark's catalogue of the apostles: "Simon he surnamed Peter." He is never called by both again, but before that point he is always Simon, and after it, he is always Peter, except in this verse. The other evangelists show similar purpose, for the most part, in their interchange of the names. Luke, for instance, always calls him Simon up to the same point as Mark, except once where he uses the form "Simon Peter," and thereafter always Peter, except in Christ's solemn warning, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you," and in the report of the tidings that met the disciples on their return from Emmaus, "The Lord hath appeared to Simon." So Matthew calls him Simon in the story of the first miraculous draught of fishes, and in the catalogue of apostles, and afterwards uniformly Peter, except in Christ's answer to the apostle's great confession, where He names him "Simon Bar Jona," in order, as would appear, to bring into more solemn relief the significance of the immediately following words, "Thou art Peter." In John's Gospel, again, we find the two forms "Simon Peter" and the simple "Peter" used throughout with almost equal frequency, while "Simon" is only employed at the very beginning, and in the heart-piercing triple question at the end, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

The conclusion seems a fair one from these details that, on the whole, the name Simon brings into prominence the natural unrenewed humanity, and the name Peter suggests the apostolic office, the bold confessor, the impulsive, warm-hearted lover and follower of the Lord. And it is worth noticing that, with one exception, the instances in which he is called by his former name, after his designation to the apostolate, occur in words addressed to him by our Lord.

He had given the name, and surely his withdrawal of it was meant to be significant and must have struck with boding, rebuking emphasis on the ear and conscience of the apostle. "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you:" "Remember thy human weakness, and in the sore conflict that is before thee, trust not to thine own power."—"Simon, sleepest thou?" "Can I call thee Peter now, when thou hast not cared for my sorrow enough to wake while I wrestled? Is this thy fervid love?"—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" "Thou wast Peter because thou didst confess Me; thou hast fallen back to thine old level by denying Me. It is not enough that in secret I should have restored thee to My love. Here before thy brethren thou must win back thy forfeited name and place by a confession as open as the denial, and thrice repeated like it. Once thou hast answered, but still thou art 'Simon.' Twice thou hast answered, but not yet can I call thee 'Peter.' Thrice thou hast answered, by each effacing a former denial, and now I ask no more. Take back thine office; henceforth thou shalt be called 'Cephas,' as before."

And so it was. In the Acts of the Apostles, and in Paul's letters "Peter" or "Cephas" entirely obliterates "Simon." Only for ease in finding him, the messengers of Cornelius are to ask for him in Joppa, by

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the name by which he would be known outside the church, and his old companion James begins his speech to the council at Jerusalem, by referring with approbation to what "Simeon" had said, as if he liked to use the old name, that brought back memories of the far-off days in Galilee, before they had known the Master.

Very touching, too, is it to notice how the apostle himself while using the name by which he was best known in the church in the introduction to his first Epistle, calls himself "Simon Peter" in his second, as if to the end he felt that the old nature clung to him, and was not yet, "so long as he was in this tabernacle," wholly subdued under the dominion of the better self, which his Master had breathed into him.

So we see that a bit of biography and an illustration of a large truth are wrapped up for us in so small a matter as the apparently fortuitous use of one or other of these names. I do not suppose that in every instance where either of them occur, we can explain their occurrence by a reference to this thought. But still there is an unmistakable propriety in several instances in the employment of one rather than the other, and we may fairly suggest the lesson as put here in a picturesque form, which Paul gives us in definite words, "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh." The better and the worser nature contend in all Christian souls, or, as our Lord says with such merciful leniency in this very context, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." However real and deep the change which passes over us when "Christ is formed in us," it is only by degrees that the transformation spreads through our being. The renewing process follows upon the bestowment of the new life, and works from its deep inward centre outwards and upwards to the circumference and surface of our being, on condition of our own constant diligence and conflict.

True, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" but also, and precisely because he is, therefore the daily and hourly exhortation is, "Put on the new man." The leaven is buried in the dough, and must be well kneaded up with it if the whole is to be leavened. Peter is still Simon, and sometimes seems to be so completely Simon that he has ceased to be Peter. He continues Simon Peter to his own consciousness to the very end, however his brethren call him. The struggle between the two elements in his nature makes the undying interest of his story, and brings him nearer to us than any of the others are. We, too, have to wage the conflict between the old nature and the new; for us, too, the worse part seems too often to be the stronger if not the only part. The Master has often to speak to us, as if his merciful all-seeing eye could discern in us nothing of our better selves which are Himself, and has to question our love. We, too, have often to feel how little those who think best of us know what we are. But let us take heart and remember that from every fall it is possible to rise by penitence and secret converse with Him, and that if only we remember to the end our lingering weakness, and "giving all diligence," cleave to Him, "an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into his everlasting kingdom."

We may briefly notice, too, some other lessons from this slumbering apostle.

Let us learn, for instance, to distrust our own resolutions. An hour or two at the most had passed since the eager protestation, "Though all should deny Thee, yet will not I. I will lay down my life for Thy sake." It had been most honestly said, at the dictate of a very loving heart, which in its enthusiasm was over-estimating its own power of resistance, and taking no due account of obstacles. The very utterance of the rash vow made him weaker, for some of his force was expended in making it. The uncalculating impulsive nature of the man makes him a favourite with all readers, and we sympathise with him, as a true brother, when we hear him blurting out his big words, followed so soon by such a contradiction in deeds. He is the same man all through his story, always ready to push himself into dangers, always full of rash confidence, which passes at once into abject fear when the dangers which he had not thought about appear.

His sleep in the garden following close on his bold words in the upper chamber, are just like his eager wish to come to Christ on the water followed by his terror. He wants to be singled out from the others; he wants to be beside his Master, and then as soon as he feels a dash of spray on his cheek, and the heaving of that uneasy floor beneath him, all his confidence collapses and he shrieks to Christ to save him. It is just like his thrusting himself into the high priest's palace—no safe place, and bad company for him by the coal fire—and then his courage oozing out at his fingers' ends as soon as a maidservant's sharp tongue questioned him. It is just like his hearty welcome of the heathen converts at Antioch, and his ready breaking through Jewish restrictions, and then his shrinking back into his old shell again, as soon as "certain came down from Jerusalem."

And in it all, he is one of ourselves. We have to learn to distrust all our own resolutions, and to be chary of our vows. "Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay." So, aware of our own weakness, and the flutterings of our own hearts, let us not mortgage the future, nor lightly say "I will"—but rather let us turn our vows into prayers,

> "Nor confidently say,
> 'I never will deny Thee, Lord!'
> But, 'Grant I never may.'"

Let us note, too, the slight value of even genuine emotion. The very exhaustion of the strained emotions which these disciples had been experiencing had sent them to sleep. Luke, in his physician-like way, tells us this, when he says that they slept for sorrow. We all know how some great emotion which we might have expected would have held our eyes waking, lulls to slumber. Men sleep soundly on the night before their execution. A widow leaves her husband's death-bed as soon as he has passed away, and sleeps a dreamless sleep for hours. The strong current of emotion sweeps through us, and leaves us dry. Sheer exhaustion and collapse follow its intense forms.

And even in its milder, nothing takes so much out of a man as emotion. Reaction always follows, and people are in some degree unfitted for sober work by it. Peter, for example, was all the less ready for waking, and for bold confession, because of the profound emotions which had agitated him in the upper chamber. We have, therefore, to take care, in our religious life, of feeding the flames of

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mere feeling. An unemotional Christianity is a very poor thing, and most probably a spurious and unreal thing. But a merely emotional Christianity is closely related to practical unholiness, and leads by a very short straight road to windy wordy insincerity and conscious hypocrisy. Emotion which is firmly based upon an intelligent grasp of God's truth, and which is at once translated into action is good. But unless these two conditions be rigidly observed, it darkens the understanding and enfeebles the soul.

Lastly, notice how much easier it is to purpose and to do great things than small ones.

I have little doubt that if the Roman soldiers had called on Peter to have made good his boast, and to give up his life to rescue his Master he would have been ready to do it. We know that he was ready to fight for Him, and in fact did draw a sword and offer resistance. He could die for Him, but he could not keep awake for Him. The big thing he could have done, the little thing he could not do.

Brethren, it is far easier once in a way, by a dead lift, to screw ourselves up to some great crisis which seems worthy of a supreme effort of enthusiasm and sacrifice than it is to keep on persistently doing the small monotonies of daily duty. Many a soldier will bravely rush to the assault in a storming party, who would tremble in the trenches. Many a martyr has gone unblenching to the stake for Christ, who had found it far harder to serve Him in the common duties. It is easier to die for Him than to watch with Him. So let us listen to his gentle voice, as He speaks to us, not as of old in the pauses of his agony, and his locks wet with the dews of the night, but bending from his throne, and crowned with many crowns: "Sleepest thou? Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation."

BIBLE EMBLEMS AND ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

THE RIGHTEOUS AS A SHOCK OF CORN.

(Job v. 26.)

THE Turks say, "Weep not over the dead, but over the fool." The Canarese, "An old man may have a youthful heart; a poor man may have a noble inclination." "Nothing like newness in clothes, like age in men." It is an Oriental proverb, "A good old man is like old wine which has deposited its lees." The Arabs: "The remembrance of youth is a matter of sighing; the remembrance of death refreshes the heart." In the "Raghuvansa," a celebrated Sanskrit poem, we read: "The men of feeble mind think the death of a friend a thorn fixed within the heart, whereas the wise men look on it as extracted—for death is the gate to happiness." "The king performed the obsequies for his deceased wife, of whom nothing, except her virtue, was left."

HEARERS NOT DOERS, LIKE A LOOKING-GLASS.

(James i. 23, 25.)

The Chinese say, "The doctrine that enters only into the eye and ear is like the repast one takes in a dream." "Better return home and make a net than go down the river and desire to get fishes." "To look at a plum is not to quench one's thirst." As the Bengali say, "One man is being impaled, while the other counts the joints on the stake." A celebrated Telugu poet, Veman, says, "Let the sinner listen to holy texts he will not relinquish his vile nature: though you wash a coal in milk—will the blackness be removed?" "Whatever he devoid of understanding may read his virtue continues only so long as he is reading, even as a frog is dignified only so long as it is seated on a lotus leaf."

THE RIGHTEOUS BOLD AS A LION.

(Prov. xxviii. 1.)

The Russians say, "Fear has many eyes; he fearing the wolf enters not the forest." The Chinese say, "Men who never violate their conscience are not afraid of a knock at their door at midnight." The Urdu proverb states, "The leaf cracked, and your servant fled." The Persians say, "He fled from his own shadow." The Arabs, "No religion without courage." The Turks, "Among ten men nine are women." The Canarese, "An elephant fears not fishes, neither do the good the bad."

Grandmother's Birthday.

DRESS, children, on her withered cheek
The sacred kiss of innocence;
Well may that aged form bespeak
Your tender love and reverence.
Bring flowers—the fairest of them all,
No fitter off'ring can be given,
Forgotten years they will recall,
And whisper of the nearer heaven;

The heaven that seems so far when yet
Youth's golden slope is ours to climb,
So nigh when its bright sun has set,
And comes the placid evening time.
We faced our threescore years and ten
With ready heart and open brow;
What looked an endless journey then
Is but a fleeting vision now.

Bring flowers; nor marvel that she sighs
To hear your wishes kind and true;
There looms before those gentle eyes
The vale we all must travel through;
She does not fear life's latest stage,
Mercy and goodness guard the way;
God bless her in her ripe old age,
And crown with joy her natal day.

S. E. G.

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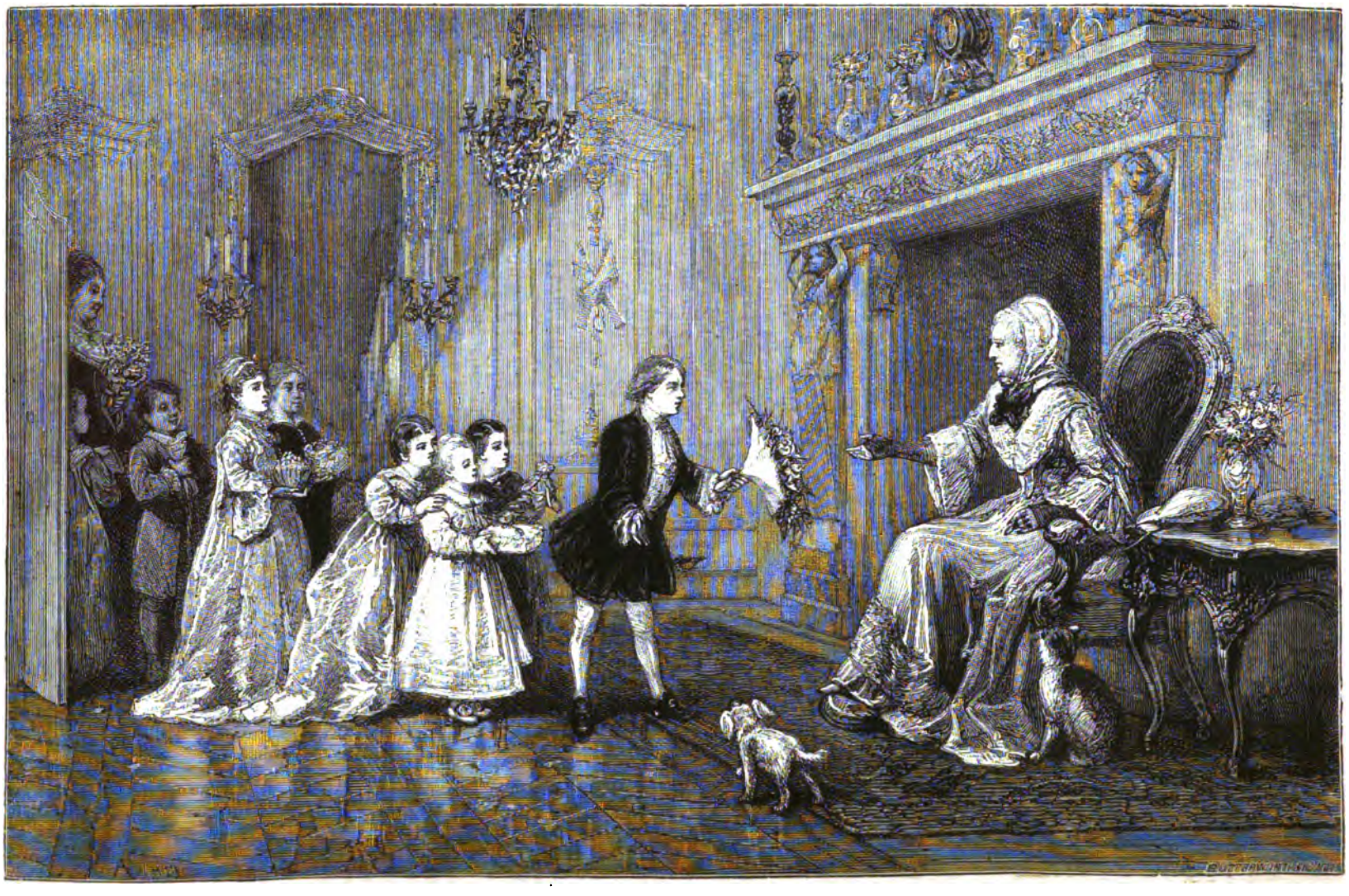

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

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CROSSING THE THRESHOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

THERE are few passages in the lives of our fellow-mortals so interesting to us as the manner in which they finally quit their earthly surroundings. In our inmost hearts there lurks a vague hope that the dark mystery of that common thing, death, may be lightened a little by the words and looks of the dying, whose feet are just crossing the awful threshold of the unseen. And though it is not wise to attach too great a significance to the varying expressions of the last few moments of failing life, all of us find more or less encouragement and consolation in the records of a peaceful death. The happy close of a happy life, with scarcely a cloud upon either, is too rare a circumstance to be allowed to fall into utter forgetfulness.

Not long ago a friend mentioned to me a dead book, published early in this century in the house where I was born, and probably printed on an old, black, cumbersome press which forms the dim object of one of my earliest recollections. It was written by the vicar of a country parish in 1808, and is styled "A Monument of Parental Affection to a dear and only Son." It is addressed to his friends and neighbours, the inhabitants of his parish; and the picture it presents of the life of a country clergyman of that time is very beautiful. He appeals to them whether he has not striven to console them under their afflictions; and owns that every one of them has not only witnessed but shared his sorrows

The little village of Wrockwardine, in Shropshire, is built upon a rocky cliff, jutting out like a headland into a broad expanse of fields and meadows. It is still in the heart of the country, where, if anywhere in these days, a tranquil life might be calmly spent; but eighty years ago it lay apart from the great high-roads, which were then the currents along which flowed the political and commercial life of the nation. The church is a fine old edifice; and the churchyard continues to be to this day one of those silent, pleasant places, where one feels that the dead are truly at rest. The vicarage, built on the brow of the cliff, commands lovely views of a rich and varied landscape, with the western skies above it, where, now as then, evening after evening the sunsets and twilight are full of that pensive and unapproachable charm which makes the close of day so much more pathetic than the dawn.

Whatever may be the truth concerning the country clergymen of the early part of the century, those of the closing period, unless that part of Shropshire was singularly favoured, were many of them men of high culture, of simple faith, and of a deep spirituality. Mr. Gilpin, the author of our book, who became vicar of Wrockwardine in 1782, made himself the tutor of his son, whose life he records. At an early age he taught him Latin and Greek, and "when he had made no small progress in these studies he introduced him to the science of numbers." In about three weeks the child, amusing himself only in an evening with his treatise on arithmetic, became so expert as to consider the extraction of the square root, or the cube root, to be nothing more than a mere diversion; and though his father withdrew the book, not wishing him to take time and attention from his classical studies, he continued to astonish him, and to amuse himself by intricate numerical speculations.

Of his own accord, at the age of three, the child had begun to draw animals and figures, and acquired considerable skill, until, having reached the age of five, his father thought it necessary to draw him off from this pursuit. His mother taught him music, upon what instrument we cannot tell, probably upon the old harpsichord; and he attained a delicacy and sweetness of execution which filled both his parents with delight, when, as their custom was, they began their peaceful evenings with a little music. Nor was play forgotten. The father and son were playfellows together: "Many a gleeful hour have we passed," writes Mr. Gilpin, "in trundling our hoops, in whipping our tops, in flying our kites, and in brandishing our battledores." But the boy's activity could not be satisfied with playing with toys; he must needs construct them for himself, and he showed no small skill in the manufacture, only trusting his father with the less delicate portions of the work. "Several monuments of our joint dexterity in this way are yet remaining," says his father, "and they are likely to fill the places which they have occupied for several years past, since I have not the resolution to remove them out of my sight; his bow lies unstrung, his horses stand harnessed by their well-hung carriages, his printing-press is no longer employed, his telegraph stands still, and his yeomanry troop is called out no more."

The father's most anxious thoughts, however, were fixed on the religious part of his son's training. "It was with much diffidence," he writes, "that I entered upon this momentous part of my plan, lest by some unhappy mismanagement I should produce disgust where I wished to excite desire. Out of the many rules which I prescribed to myself on this occasion, the following are among those from which I never saw it good to depart: not to burden his memory with long forms of prayer; not to depress his spirits by the exaction of rigorous observances; and not to weary his attention by frequent and tedious discourses."

When at length it was thought necessary for this only son to have the companionship of other boys,

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the father and mother found it impossible to part with him. They therefore took lodgings in a town about eight miles from their own village, where there was an excellent grammar-school. "Twice in the day we parted," writes Mr. Gilpin, "and never without a momentary feeling of regret; and twice we met each other with unfeigned pleasure, as dearest friends are accustomed to meet after a tedious separation." The boy quickly rose to the highest seat in the school, and at the age of seventeen gained a scholarship for Christ Church, Oxford, at a public examination before the magistrates, clergy, and the school visitors, in which he acquitted himself so well, that a petition was sent in by the visitors to the managers of the school funds, requesting that the yearly income of the scholarship should be doubled, in consideration of young Gilpin's extraordinary attainments. Early in the following October the father and son visited Oxford, where the boy was entered a fellow commoner of Christ Church College. "For nearly eighteen years," writes Mr. Gilpin, "we had been inseparable companions; and now, while various preparations were making, under our own eyes, for the projected removal of our dear son, we were often ready to address each other in the passionate language of Ruth—'Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge'—not knowing the appointment of God, that nothing but death should be permitted to part us."

It was a wonderfully pure and happy life that was drawing to its close. From his birth, father, mother, and nurse had sheltered it from every trouble. That which the boy's soul most delighted in, leisure and tranquillity for study, a lovely country, a peaceful rural life, the unbroken companionship of those dearest to him; all these had been given liberally to him. What he wished most for he had; what he had was exactly that which best suited his pure and lofty nature. Once when he was congratulated on his prospects in life being uncommonly promising, and that he might look forward to events of the most satisfactory kind, he answered, "that he looked forward to no future event whatever, with any kind of desire, perfectly assured that no possible change could make any addition to his present happiness."

One quaint passage of our dead book seems worth transcribing, as showing the estimation in which the "Pilgrim's Progress" was held by cultivated and intellectual persons eighty years ago. After speaking of the books they read together, "when the evening had drawn its curtains around us, and removed all danger of interruption from without, and our domestic pleasures were carried to their highest pitch," Mr. Gilpin says, "I will beg leave to name one, which cannot fail both to interest and edify the serious reader. I am well aware that it requires no ordinary degree of courage, in this fastidious age, to mention so despised a work as the 'Pilgrim's Progress'; though it is a work which deserves not only to be mentioned with honour, but to be recommended with importunity. The author, it must be confessed, was an illiterate man, and destitute of those qualifications which are necessary to form a great writer. Though the defects of his work are many and glaring, they are more than compensated by a vast profusion of excellencies. His language indeed is intolerably coarse, his conversation pieces are sometimes indiscreetly managed, and his humorous essays are not always seasonable; but then he treats his subject in the manner of a master, his characters are all admirably portrayed, and his descriptive passages are inimitable. I have heard the 'Pilgrim's Progress' treated with the utmost contempt by some of my learned brethren, who, amid all their affected superiority, might have laboured long, and yet have laboured in vain, to produce so important a work. Notwithstanding, however, all the profane raillery which the sons of pride and prejudice have poured upon this instructive allegory, I may venture to predict, that it will long survive many of the most polished volumes of modern times. Had I listened to the urgent entreaties of my beloved son, I should have undertaken the revisal and correction of this antiquated production, partly for the purpose of amending its vulgar phraseology, and partly with a view to the improvement, or rejection of its most offensive passages. But after patiently weighing the various difficulties, I thought proper to decline the task altogether; lest while I gathered up the tares, I should root up also the wheat with them." But after the death of his son, Mr. Gilpin attempted the task of making Bunyan "speak with a little more grammatical precision; of moderately abating his extreme coarseness; and of rendering him less obscure in some passages, less tautological in others, and offensive in none." "I may venture to assert," he adds, "that the Pilgrim of Bunyan comes abroad into the world with an improved appearance!"

But to return to the father's record of his son's life and death. It seems so great was the aversion of the parents and son to be separated, that young Gilpin remained at home during the winter after he had won his scholarship. Symptoms of consumption, which had threatened him before, again appeared, and an attack of influenza made his case hopeless. This boy, who had every reason to cling to life, was called to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"Our dear son went down into the valley without disquietude, and walked deliberately through it without apprehension. We attended his steps from the beginning to the end of the painful journey without ever withdrawing ourselves from his side. Though he was fully sensible whereto his steps were tending, yet he went cheerfully forwards, neither hinting at the uneasiness of the way, nor casting one wishful glance behind. He surveyed the shadowy scenes around him without any consternation, and met every threatening appearance with an undisturbed serenity; discovering nothing but security and order, where others have found conflicts and terrors, perplexity and amazement. His faith and his patience unweariedly performed their proper work, this alleviating present pressures, and that unveiling future glories."

The father and mother, heart-sick with anguish, and ready to snatch at any hope, were strongly urged to try the hot wells at Bristol; and though their dying son shrank from quitting his beloved home, he was unwilling to crush their expectations, and whilst they were busy about the removal, he employed himself in setting his own little affairs in order, knowing well he should come back no more, though they were looking forward to a happy return. In those times the journey was a long one;

and they seem not to have perceived how feeble and worn out he was. Their son rose and dressed as usual, sat with them through the day, regularly partook of their meals, and conversed with his ordinary animation; yet in eleven days after they reached Bristol the dreaded end came. It is the account of this last day of a singularly happy, tranquil, and pure life, which to me is one of the most remarkable and touching records of death I ever read.

The boy, for he was not yet nineteen, rose at his accustomed hour, seven o'clock, though he had suffered a restless and painful night, which he had passed alone, for none but himself knew how closely death was gaining upon him. He went down to breakfast, and joined in morning prayer with his usual composure. The morning was not fine enough for him to go out of doors, and he sat quietly in the house reading his little Bible, which, with the Greek Testament, were the only books he had brought from home. He sat down to dinner with his father and mother; but instead of sleeping afterwards for an hour or so, as it had become customary for him to do, he suddenly turned upon them an expressive look, and asked them to listen to what he had to tell. These are his father's words:

"He had long desired to make us acquainted with several interesting particulars concerning the state of his mind; but perceiving our inability to bear any such communications, he had reluctantly forborne to open his heart. Nor had we suffered less uneasiness on our part, having many things to say, and yet fearing lest our awakened feelings should break the settled tranquillity of his soul, and hurry us away into an agony of distress. As it was with Elijah, and his attached successor, on their approaching separation, so it was with us in like circumstances. These holy men maintained a delicate reserve towards each other, while they proceeded from Bethel to Jericho, and from Jericho to Jordan; the one not daring to glory in his expected ascension, nor the other to express his sorrowful forebodings; lest they should mutually agitate one another, and disturb the order of the approaching solemnity. But, as the awful moment drew near, and he was about to be gone, Elijah rose above the weakness of humanity, and openly asserted the purpose of heaven. So, when our son was made sensible, by some internal and infallible token that his hour was at hand, he thought it unsuitable to our common character, that he should leave the world without giving glory to God.

"Under this impression, he expressed himself, with all his wonted calmness and deliberation, to the following purpose: 'I have long known my disease to be a dangerous one, and now I perceive the danger to be very great; but I am resigned. I have daily hesitated to make you acquainted with my real state, lest I should add to the sufferings I have already brought upon you. But as we must all die, I think it unhappy, when a man is approaching death, that either he or his friends should fear to make it the subject of conversation. You have often led me to this serious duty, in seasons that are past; and it becomes us not to shrink from it now. When I look back upon my past life I see nothing in it but what is sinful; and it seems almost incredible to me, that a dying man should ever speak of himself as a harmless and innocent creature; though I have heard this is sometimes the case; if such a case is really possible, it must surely be one of the most discouraging that can fall under the notice of a pious minister. I know myself to be a sinner; and I have not been, even to you, what you had reason to expect.'

"Hitherto we had permitted our beloved one to proceed without interruption, imposing upon ourselves a restraint which could scarcely be maintained from one sentence to another. But, at this last distressing word, we fell upon his neck and kissed him, with passionate assurances that he had been better to us than all our hopes. Till this moment he preserved his characteristic serenity; but now his tears flowed apace, his bursting sobs could be no longer suppressed, and his feeble frame was shaken with the tenderest emotions. This part of the scene was too distressing to be either endured or described; and it was happy that his mother could so far prevail, by her affectionate entreaties, as to assuage the anguish of our hearts.

"In a short time he wiped away the last tears he was ever to shed, and assuming his former composure he thus continued his discourse: 'My complaint has been of long continuance; but I have reason to be thankful that it has not subjected me to acute pain; since under a state of bodily torture it must be difficult to preserve the mind from distraction. I owe it to the goodness of God that I have been permitted the free use of my thoughts through the whole of my sickness, and I rejoice especially in this, that they have been directed to subjects of inestimable worth.'

"After a pause of some length he turned to me with the following affecting questions: 'Father, what is your opinion respecting the circumstances of the soul immediately on its leaving the body? Do you suppose it instantly to pass into the presence of God; or do you imagine it to be detained, for an uncertain space, in some separate or inferior state?' I answered, with confidence, that the passage of the righteous soul from earth to heaven was assuredly instantaneous. 'And that,' replied our dear son, 'is my opinion; for doubtless those words of our Lord concerning Lazarus may be depended on—Lazarus "was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."'

"After reposing himself for a short space upon the sofa, while we were endeavouring to recover our spirits from the agitation into which they had been hurried, he attended us at the tea-table. The evening was devoted partly to his favourite writer, and partly to silent meditation. The happy frame of his mind was discernible through his tranquil countenance. Had he found in us a temper sufficiently firm there is reason to believe that he would now have added something to his former communication. But after the painful experience already made, he thought it advisable to restrain his own feelings rather than to run the risk of again excruciating ours. The distance between us was every moment increasing, and though this was mutually marked and mutually lamented, he dared not venture a descent to us, nor had we power to rise to him.

"It was now our evening hour of prayer; and we engaged, for the last time, in an act of family worship. Though it could not be performed without a struggle, yet our supplications and our praises ascended together. A deep conviction of human

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frailty, a strong perception of our dependence upon God, an enlarged view of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, and an enlivening hope of future blessedness, all united to quicken our devotions at this awful period, humbling, melting, and animating us, by turns, beyond all possibility of description.

"After a short and peaceful interval we invited him to our frugal board. He accepted our invitation, and gratified us by partaking of our repast with an unexpected degree of cheerfulness. He could not refuse to sit at our table, though the last messengers were even now in waiting to conduct him away, and in this state he received our anxious attentions with a most engaging sweetness, frequently looking upon us with expressions of great tenderness and benignity, neither wholly restraining his feelings, nor yet allowing them too large an indulgence.

"The volume of truth was lying open before me; and as I turned over its sacred pages my attention was drawn to the seventh chapter of the Revelation of St. John. I repeated the concluding part of it to my listening companions: '"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in his temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." '

"This sublime passage produced upon our spirits a sort of electric effect, while it offered us the last delightful prospect in which we were allowed to participate below. We closed the book, and gazed on each other in an holy ecstasy, attempting to express what could not possibly be uttered. Heaven itself lay open before us; the angels, the elders, the spirits of just men made perfect; and as their song of adoration came pouring upon our ears, we found ourselves involuntarily rising from our seats to ascribe with them, '"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!"'

"We had sat up to a later hour than usual, and we now conducted our dear son to his room, where he requested to be left alone that he might enjoy a short season of secret and unreserved communion with God. On our return he placed himself very composedly in his bed, and seemed disposed to slumber. Lest our presence should interrupt his repose, we left him to the care of his watchful nurse, and quietly withdrew to our apartment. There we passed more than an hour in a state of fearful suspense, endeavouring to stay our minds upon God. At last he was heard to cough, and his distressed mother went down immediately. In a few minutes she called me. I found him patiently sinking under the last effects of his disease, with a countenance full of tranquillity and sweetness. My approach produced in him a slight emotion, but he had proceeded too far to return. I softly inquired by what means I could yet minister to his comfort. He replied with a gentle request that I would cease to speak. After hanging over him for a few minutes in unutterable distress, I involuntarily repeated my question, when in a tone of tender affection, he returned me the same answer, 'Please not to speak.' He had already opened a communication with the interior world, and had fully surrendered himself into the hands of his invisible attendants, and he was unwilling to be recalled or interrupted by any importunities from without. We received his request as a sacred charge; and binding ourselves to silence, we kneeled beside him in a state of trembling expectation. A short and solemn pause succeeded, when, after a few soft groans, without the slightest change of posture, he peacefully breathed out his soul into the bosom of his Father, and our Father, his God, and our God."

My task is ended; for those who have read thoughtfully the foregoing record of a happy simple life, and an exquisitely peaceful and heroic death, will not miss the lessons it teaches in these days of feverish and hurried existence, which hardly spares us time to die tranquilly. It seems to me that this old country vicar's dear and only son passed away into the unseen world as the beloved disciple might have done, if Christ had been watching beside his death-bed, and whispering to him those words of infinite comfort and encouragement: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. Because I live, ye shall live also."

The Voice by the Way.

"Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?"

SPEAK by the way, O Lord! O let thy voice
Fall on mine ear;
Speak, and my weary spirit shall rejoice,
Since Thou art near.

Speak by the way, lest thoughts of unbelief
My heart assail;
Lest, in the depths of some o'erwhelming grief,
My faith should fail.

Speak, when my darkened vision sees Thee not,
My risen Lord!
What time the sacred promise is forgot
Of Thy blest word.

Then speak, dear Lord, for Thou this very road
Thyself hast ta'en;
Thyself hast shared the pressure of my load,
My care and pain.

Speak to my heart! Thy glorious self reveal,
Lest earth's base joy
My priceless heritage of love should steal,
My peace destroy.

Speak! let me know that Thou art here, my Lord,
No Saviour dead!
The living witness of Thy truth afford,
My King, my Head.

E'en as Thy voice, that earliest Easter day,
Although far spent;
Straight to Thy doubting followers' hearts a ray
Of comfort sent.

So cheer me, Lord! Thy radiant beams Divine,
Pour in my breast;
Till, where Thy glories all unclouded shine,
With Thee I rest.

L. E. BINGHAM.

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Sabbath Thoughts.

EARLY TEACHINGS.

"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old."—*Psa.* xliv. 1.

IN early times it was by the teaching of their fathers that men learned to know the Lord, for as yet his word was not circulated among them. These fathers fulfilled the command given to them through Moses (Exod. xii. 26). It was expected that enquiry as to the meaning of God's appointed passover would be made, and an answer was directed to be given: "It shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover," etc., and so with other memorials in the history of Israel (see Numb. xvi. 38; xvii. 10; Josh. iv. 6, 7, etc). The memorials were to be explained by the words of faithful men, and their words were to be illustrated and confirmed by the memorials. "We have heard with our ears, O God," says the Psalmist. Their fathers had been faithful to their trust; the sons had not been careless or negligent, and so there had been built up a knowledge of God in his works of love and power for the good of Israel, which led his people in time of sore trouble to fly to Him in confidence of being heard.

The teaching of their fathers had been their Bible. They had made themselves thoroughly acquainted with it, and now found it an unspeakable comfort in their affliction to be able to turn with confidence to their fathers' God. How unspeakable is the blessing of having godly fathers! How important is it for fathers and mothers and all who stand in a parental relation to the young to fulfil their work of making known the work of God! They know not what may be before those young creatures in their future history, but this they do know, that faith in God will be their best preservative from sin, their surest guide in difficulty, their greatest comfort in sorrow, their highest happiness in life, and their best preparation for the life which lies beyond the grave. We have heard not only of the works God did in days of old, but of the great work He wrought in sending his own dear Son to save us. Great as was the deliverance from Egypt, a greater by far was wrought out for us by Christ. We have heard of this with our ears, it has been sealed to us by the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and we can read of it daily in God's own book. If the ancient Israelites, even when "counted as sheep for the slaughter," found comfort in considering the ways and the works of God in the times of old—much more may the Christian rejoice in the far clearer revelation made to him in the gospel of Christ; and coming to Him for life and light, may say to his early teachers: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Pages for the Young.

THE BLESSED PALM.

BY CRONA TEMPLE, AUTHOR OF "NOBODY CARES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



"I'LL be easy now, Grace, darlin,' till I be back?"

"Tell me, mother, where it is that you're going," and the speaker, a girl of about fourteen years old, whose childish face made her appear yet younger, stretched out her hands imploringly. There was something strange in the gesture; those poor hands were more to the girl than hands are to most people. Grace Delany was blind.

"I'm only going to Killamore; I shall be back afore dark," the mother answered; but an unusual tone in her voice made Grace sigh uneasily.

"Well, then," she said, "since you're hiding something from me, I must fain be content; it's easy work to deceive me now."

"Gracie, Gracie, ahaska,* don't ye speak that way. Is there a being in the wide far world that I love like I love ye? There's your sup of sweet milk all ready, and the praties are roasting lovely in the ashes. Ye can find them handy with the tongs, Gracie, and rake them out when they'll be done."

"Yes, mother, I can find them."

"An' ye'll be happy, Gracie, and not be thinking long?"†

The girl murmured something indistinctly. Poor child! her blindness was a new thing to her—a strange and a terrible thing. It had followed a fever which had nearly taken her life. Her mother had buried two of the children, and Grace, the sole surviving one, recovered, but recovered to be utterly blind. How could she be "happy" alone, and in the dark? She was so weak and so helpless, and that awful blackness pressed so drearily against her sightless eyes.

The mother lingered a minute, placing fresh turf upon the blazing fire, and folding a scanty garment of her own across Grace's shoulders to guard her from the draught. Then, assuring her once more that she should not be long away, she went out, closing the door behind her.

Mary Delany had been the wife of a pilot on the western shores of Ireland. She had enjoyed a sort of rude plenty during her husband's life, for Frank Delany had a "tidy bit of a farm" to depend upon, besides the one-pound notes which he received for steering safely into harbour those few vessels that found it worth while to venture round the rocks of Targan Head. But two winters ago Frank Delany's boat was washed up broken and empty, upon the strip of shore beside his home, and Mary knew that she was a widow.

Her grief had been of that violent kind which wears itself out by its own fury. She wept and moaned in the abandonment of sorrow until she could weep no more.

The springtime came, and the crop had to be sown in the fields; and so she roused herself to handle the spade, and fling the barley broadcast upon the rich brown mould, that had been trenched and dug since last autumn. It is no unusual thing for women to work as men on the farms in the west, and Mary Delany scarcely thought it a hardship, although her tears again

* "Dearest." † "Feeling lonely."

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fell fast, as she remembered the dead husband whose strong hand would never delve upon that land again. Her brother assisted her with some of the heaviest of the labour, and she hired a lad to be a sort of farm servant; and, although her neighbours pitied her widowhood, they all agreed that Mary Delany was doing well.

Then the fever came. Her two sturdy boys sickened of it, and in spite of the mother's tireless nursing, in spite of her agony, and the long prayers the priest had prayed for them, they laid their bonny heads down in death.

Then Grace, her eldest born, was taken ill of the same disease, and Mary thought it was God's will that she should be stripped desolate upon earth. But after a long and weary battle, the fever was subdued, Grace's life was spared, although her sight was gone.

The days were very bitter now to the widow and her sole remaining child. It was almost more than Mary could bear to watch the look of pain in the sightless eyes that kept turning restlessly from side to side, seeking for the light which might never enter them more. It was bitter for Grace, too—bitter to sit there in helpless idleness—bitter to know that the sweet sunbeams were falling on the sea, that the moor-flowers were peeping from the turf, that the wind was tossing the great fern leaves to and fro, but that she should never look again upon the sea or land, that there was for her but darkness for evermore.

One day, when chatting with a neighbour upon the beach, Mary Delany heard a bit of news. News, so good, and yet so strange, that she dared not tell her child, for fear Gracie should build false hopes upon it; but her own heart thrilled with a joy and hope which it had not felt for many a day.

Sir Alexander Darrell lived at the great house near the town of Killamore. He had lately returned with his family from a lengthened stay in foreign lands, and it got whispered through Killamore that amongst the treasures and curiosities which he had brought home, there was a sacred thing, a palm-leaf blessed by his Holiness the Pope himself. My lady's maid had seen it on the day it was purchased in Rome, and she it was who told the gossips of Killamore that it was actually at that moment safely placed in a cabinet in the drawing-room of the great house.

This was the news which made Mary Delany clasp her hands with a sudden throb of joy. "Sure, then," murmured she, "sure the Blessed Palm will cure my darlin', if aught on earth can cure!"

CHAPTER II.

She would not wait a day; she would go that very hour to Killamore, and beg upon her bended knees for a loan of the sacred leaf which might bring back the sight of the eyes to her stricken Grace! Was it not well known that the touch of any relic blessed by the Pope would cure the worst disease? Had not miracles been worked before now by such holy things? And if for others, why not for Grace?

What did it matter that many miles stretched between her cottage and the Darrells' stately home? What did she care if the proud English servants laughed at her, or if the master himself were offended at the liberty she took? She would make her way straight to Sir Alexander, and beg, and beg, and beg, "and it will be a harder heart nor that of the Lord of Killamore that will refuse me this day," said she.

She made Grace as comfortable as she could before she left, and asked her friend Bridget O'Laughlan to look in after a bit to keep the child from being lonely; and then she started on her way with hurried steps, and eyes alight with love and hope.

Very ignorant, indeed, are the Roman Catholic peasants of this distant corner of Ireland. They know but little, even of their own religion, dark and degraded as that is. Their priests are few, and do not try to teach the people; they find them more submissive in their ignorance.

But Mary Delany knew something about the Pope of Rome. She believed him to be the representative of God upon earth. She had heard of miracles which had been wrought by him, so it was said, and by the blessed saints who were dead and gone. She thought that so holy a relic as a palm-branch his Holiness had touched could scarcely fail to bring Heaven's aid to her suffering Gracie.

It was almost dark when she reached the great house, "Killamore Castle" as it was called, although the term scarcely described the plain square white stone building with its long rows of windows, and pillared hall-door.

Lady Darrell was reading in her own sitting-room: two children, pretty fair-haired babies of three and five years old, were playing with a kitten at her side. She looked up as a footman entered.

"A woman, my lady, has called to see Sir Alexander. As he is from home, she entreats that she may see your ladyship."

"What does she want?" asked Lady Darrell.

"She won't give her message, my lady," answered the man; "but she seems in great distress, and she looks decent and respectable."

Lady Darrell sighed. She feared to hear some tale of unpaid rent, of sorrow which she could not relieve; but she longed to help her husband's tenantry, and to remove as far as she could the evils of which the Irish complain so bitterly.

"Show the woman up," she said.

Two or three minutes afterwards, Mary Delany stood courtseying at the door.

"What can I do for you?" Lady Darrell asked kindly.

"I hardly know how to be telling your ladyship," poor Mary said, nervously twisting the fringe of her shawl around her fingers as she spoke. "But oh! my lady, it's in sore, sore straits I am."

Then the thought of her blind child sitting sadly in her darkness in the cottage beyond the hills, gave her courage and eloquence, and she rapidly told the tale of her sorrows, and of her new-born hope.

"And ye'll lend to me the blessed branch, my lady; ye'll lend it to me for the love of heaven?" she said, as she finished the story.

Lady Darrell was dismayed at the idea.

"But, Mrs. Delany," she said, "it could not do your poor daughter any good. Indeed it could not! We brought it from Rome merely as a curiosity; I had not the slightest notion that the people knew we possessed it."

But Mary only clasped her hands and repeated, "I'll be taking the tenderest care of it, I will! Ye'll lend it to me, my lady dear?"

The tears dropping upon the starched strings of her cotton frilled cap proved her earnestness. Lady Darrell had a gentle heart, and her eyes filled in sympathy.

"As far as concerns the palm itself you are most welcome to it," she said. "But, Mrs. Delany, it is utterly useless, believe me; a doctor would do your child far more good than this withered bit of a tree."

"Ah, it's breaking of my heart that I've been over doctors, my lady; they couldn't save my two brave boys from dying—they couldn't save the light of her sight to my Grace. No, no, it's Heaven, and Heaven alone, that can bring comfort and help to my sorrowful home!"

The words of the woman, spoken as they were with all the fervour and passion of the Irish nature, melted all Lady Darrell's objections. She rose from her seat, and crossed the room to a cabinet which stood opposite. From one of the drawers she took a long, straw-coloured, plume-like object, twisted, and curled, which was in fact the dried leaf that Mary coveted so sorely.

"Take the palm," she said; "and may God really send you the comfort and help you need."

Mary threw herself on her knees in an ecstasy of gratitude. Broken words of blessing fell from her trembling lips; she

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pointed to the children, who, heedless of anything but their kitten, still played upon the floor.

"May your motherly heart ne'er know aught of the black trouble that mine has tasted," she said. And then she rose to her feet, and clasping the precious palm to her breast hurried from the room.

Lady Darrell looked after her uneasily. Already she feared that she had acted wrongly, weakly, in granting the poor woman's request. "I have encouraged her in a silly superstition," she said to herself; "but how could I refuse her?"

The long hilly road leading from the castle to Mary's cottage wound for miles along the bleak shore, crossing roaring streams, and passing beneath huge masses of rock, bare and grey in the faint starlight. But Mary Delany cared little enough for the length and loneliness of the road. She wrapped her shawl more tightly round her, and hurried on. The last hill was climbed, and she could see the twinkle of the firelight through her own cabin door.

"Gracie, Gracie, *avourneen*, *mabouchal*,* were ye lonely without me?" she cried, flinging her arms round her daughter's neck, and kissing her again and again. "Gracie, see what it is that I've brought you—— Ah, saints save us! ye cannot see! But, Gracie, my lamb, here's a holy thing I've brought for ye to lay upon your eyes—a palm, blessed by the holy Pope himself! Sure that will be the Touch of Power, it will! I got it from Killamore; and as I was saying—Ooh, I clean forget what it was I was saying! But now, my darling, please God, you shall look at your mother with your own sweet eyes once more!"

On finding a flower, which had long been preserved in the Pages of a Bible.



PALE flower! What crowding mem'ries come
Of that dear spot, my boyhood's home;
Of love, which through all good and ill
Hath, like thy perfume, linger'd still.
Speak to my heart of sunny hours
When thou, amid Spring's early flowers,
And I, with youth's companions sweet,
Existence lov'd—too bright and fleet.
Recall those friends, revive each scene:
Those paths of peace, the village green,
The hill-side copse, the sandy way,
The cornfields on the Sabbath day,
The turf-bound graves beneath the yew,
The distant woodlands, soft and blue,
The church-tower grey, the rich and poor
Who passed beneath the sun-lit door.
Sweet flower, thou hast a charm divine;
Rest, sacred relic, in thy shrine;
Ne'er was the kiss of devotee
More warm than that I press on thee.
Or, silent warning, art thou sent
With mild reproof, yet eloquent,
So long preserved in holy page
To question my maturer age,
Of gifts misused, of years misspent?
How many Sabbaths must have been
Since that pale leaf with life was green!
Alas! I have not found since then,
Along the thorny ways of men,
The simple flower, the verdant sod
Of that soft path which led to God.
And hath my heart, like thee, remain'd
From worldly contact, pure, unstain'd;
Like thee, amid the storms of youth,
Found safety in this Word of Truth?
Sweet flower! once bright with dewdrop clear,
I answer with a contrite tear.

P. S.

* "Dearest, my darling."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.

Surely the Lord is in this lonely place;
Lie down in peace, on stony pillows sleep;
He o'er thy head His loving watch will keep,
And show in dreams the brightness of His face.

The exile sleeps; now may his mental eye,
Close shut to earth, angelic forms discern:
We, from this link 'twixt earth and heaven, may learn,
That, though by us unseen, our home is nigh.

1. Arise, my son, to Padan-aram flee,
And to his house whence I thy mother gained;
Flee till thy brother's anger be restrained,
Till thou, once more, in peace thy home mayst see.

2. The father speaks; the son obedience pays;
Exiled, yet blest, he parts, with contrite tears,
And, like "the ready scribe," after long years
Returning, he the exile's God shall praise.

3. But first, he, guileful, is by guile deceived,
His seven years' toil by treachery is repaid;
That epithet describes the daughter, made
By fraud his bride, and how is she received?

4. Her heart is sore oppressed; unloved she lives;
For still her husband's soul is filled with *this*.
True, she may claim a mother's sevenfold bliss;
But what of that, if this be all he gives?

5. Twenty long years are fled: the brothers meet,
Who erst in anger parted, and in fear;
With thankful joy the younger may uprear
An altar to the Lord; its name repeat.

6. Look forth with him, when in his dying hour,
He tells of glory promised to his son;
How Judah's house shall nevermore fail *one*,
Till Shiloh rule in majesty and power.

F. M. E.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IV.—p. 142.—THE LORD REIGNETH.—Psa. xcvii. 1.

1. T-haddæus. . . Mark iii. 18; vi. 3; Luke vi. 16; Jude 1.
[There has been much discussion as to the identity of Jude, the brother of James, with Lebbæus and Thaddæus, and as to his relationship to our Lord. The different views will be found fully stated in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."]
2. H-ebron . . . 2 Sam. ii. 3, 4; v. 1–10.
3. E-lisheba . . . Exodus vi. 23; Num. iii. 10; xviii. 7.
4. L-eopard . . . Dan. vii. 6, 17.
5. O-g, king of Bashan Num. xxi. 33.
6. R-od of Moses. . Exodus iv. 1–5, 30, 31.
7. D-ura, plain of . Dan. iii. 1–6.
8. R-amoth-Gilead . 1 Kings xxii. 29–38; xxi. 19.
9. E-arthquake . . Num. xvi. 30–33.
10. I-ron . . . . 2 Kings vi. 5–7.
11. G-oshen . . . Gen. xlvii. 27; Exod. xii. 51.
12. N-ebuchadnezzar . Dan. ii. 1, 28–45.
13. E-gypt . . . . Psa. lxxviii. 43–52.
14. T-ubal-cain . . Gen. iv. 22.
15. Haggai . . . Book of Haggai.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



NEWPORT MARKET.

THE YOUNG REFUGEE.

CHAPTER II.—MARIE'S PARENTS.

WHEN Marie had swallowed the best part of the soup, and eaten with it a crust of very dry bread, she revived, and was ready and able to answer all the questions put to her by Madame Le Beau, and to recount her history.

"Hem! Thou art the daughter of Monsieur Altmann the great jeweller of the Faubourg St. Honoré!" exclaimed Madame Le Beau. "But I bought these ear-rings at thy father's shop, and oh! I desired to be rich, to purchase many of the magnificent ornaments I saw. He was worth his thousands, I wager, and now he is as poor as we are."

Madame Le Beau touched a handsome gold ear-ring with her finger as she spoke, and Marie looked at it eagerly. Madame Mercier, the grandmother, had re-seated herself in the elbow-chair, and Adèle

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had drawn forwards as seats a box for her mother, and an empty mignonette box for Marie and herself. This latter had probably adorned the sill of the dark window during the tenancy of some former lodgers, and having been left behind was thus utilized by Madame Le Beau.

"Have you heard of my dear papa and mamma?" asked Marie breathlessly. "I know they are in London. I feel they are in Soho. Help me to find them, I entreat."

"London is enormous. Soho is a large town of itself. Thou must have patience, my child," replied Madame Le Beau. "But the gentleman who conducted you here is a city missionary, and he knows everything. The English, they are religious, ma foi! and they think of our souls as well as our bodies. They provide as many as nine missionaries to foreigners, I hear, and Monsieur Brun is ours. We were here five months before he found us—starving in fact. But now—well! we live."

"But you are not refugees?" said Marie,

"Not of the war. We were unhappy in France. Our extravagant, speculative husband who left us—but I speak no more of him. I was a singer, a professor of music. I lost my position, and hearing that foreigners were well received in England, and that the streets were paved with gold—we find them less well paved than our boulevards, ha, ha!—we sold our furniture, gathered all the money we could, and came to England, my mother, Adèle, Lisette and I. Ha! the cunning minette! she hears her name, and wakes, expecting her cocoa. You see, we have always cocoa, for my husband was a grocer, and had patents for his cocoa, and when he left us, he gave us our inheritance before his death—his cocoa tins, and his patents."

Madame Le Beau laughed heartily, and pointed first to Lisette, nestled in Adèle's lap, and then to a mantelpiece crowded with tins and jars, some of which were enveloped in paper wrappers.

"There is also the Bible that our good Monsieur Brun presented to us," she continued, indicating a book at the end of the mantelshelf. "He teaches us things of which I had not before thought. 'To the poor the gospel is preached,' and 'Blessed are the poor,' never came home to my heart until I suffered."

Marie opened wide her large black eyes; for if she had heard those words before she had not realized them.

"We must not begin theology to-night, mamma," interrupted Adèle. "May we have our cocoa?"

A general bustle succeeded, for the fire was extinguished and there was no more fuel.

"I will go out and seek a salad and a mouthful of cheese. There is the soup for la grand'mère," said Madame Le Beau.

"Ah! but I have drunk all the soup!" exclaimed Marie.

"And M. Merric has not yet paid me my week," sighed Adèle.

All the countenances fell.

"The Lord will provide. Thou hast had thy dinner, Adèle?" said Madame Le Beau cheerfully.

"Yes; but the appetite failed me, thinking of thee, grandmamma and Lisette, without food."

Marie had been searching her bag, and had furtively drawn out her franc. She placed it shyly in Madame Le Beau's hand, saying,

"For the salad and the cheese, madame."

"Ah! said I not that the Lord would provide," cried Madame Le Beau ecstatically, taking Marie in her arms and kissing her on both cheeks. "Now I have three children. I go to ensure our welcome home for the new-comer."

Hastily putting on a bonnet and mantle, she hurried out, and threading a maze of streets, reached the famous Newport Market, where, by the glare of lamplight, questionable viands were sold to the poor. A strange scene it was. Lanes, scarcely a yard wide, with open shops on either side—streets, with more shops, and barrows on the pavement, and people in crowds everywhere. In the midst, Newport Refuge, surrounded by a starving, ragged throng, craving admission. Madame Le Beau went straight to a certain barrow that she knew, where endive, and many other vegetables dear to the French, were displayed. It was presided over by a Frenchwoman, and an animated discourse and some chaffering ensued. Madame bought her salad and left the market, for she put no faith in any of its other commodities. Returning homewards she entered a shop where "fromager" (cheesemonger) was displayed in large letters. Here, all the people were French, and she was again at home. Having purchased a small quantity of a cheese with a knock-me-down odour, they all began to talk rapidly of the war.

"But Paris itself is in danger! What will happen next?" said one.

"Down with the Germans," said another.

"Have you heard of a Monsieur and Madame Altmann, who have fled to England from Paris?" asked Madame Le Beau, cautiously.

Furious gesticulation ensued, for the name was German-Swiss, and nobody wished to know anything of a German.

"But they are actually French," pleaded Madame Le Beau.

"We know nothing of them; we wash our hands of them," exclaimed the fromager, suiting the action to the word.

Madame Le Beau shrugged her shoulders and went on to another French shop, where "boulanger" was over the door. Here she purchased one of the long French loaves, or rolls, and again a fierce talk of the war ensued; while she once more inquired for the Altmanns, with a similar result. She might have been in her native country to all intents and purposes, in that quarter of Soho, only she was safe from the war. She suddenly remembered her husband, and, with one of those strange contradictions to which we are all subject, she thought with a certain amount of terror of him, probably shut up and starving in Paris.

"We also starve, and it is his fault," she muttered, hardening her heart as she left the shop.

While she was absent, Adèle had made her grandmother drink the remainder of the soup, and had introduced Marie to an inner room, which she called the chambre à coucher. Here was a bedstead, on which was a good bed—which Madame Le Beau had brought with her—several boxes, many good garments hung against the wall, and a looking-glass.

"A good friend of Monsieur Brun has given us the bedstead. Ah! but they are generous, these English! And now that I am placed, and that maman has lessons, we shall be well. If only thou couldst hear her sing!" said Adèle.

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Poor Marie, who had not yet known what absolute destitution was, looked aghast at the small apartment and its furniture. She was weary and sad, and the mere thought of singing in her profound unhappiness seemed like profanation. She thought of her bright, luxurious home, and instinctively contrasted it with this dreary dwelling. Tears came into her eyes, but she repressed them, and tried to smile, remembering that she might have been alone and unbefriended in the streets but for these good people.

"Is not the grandmother wonderful?" said Adèle cheerily, purposely ignoring the tears. "She is eighty-four, and she is as young as I. Works, and makes us all cheerful. Ah! Lisette, but you are importunate! She will soon accustom herself to thee, Marie, but she avoids strangers."

Lisette's tail did, in fact, increase to double its size when Marie attempted to stroke her; still she had never seen so remarkable a cat, and Adèle, to divert her attention, began to put her through her facings. She could dance, and leap, and do everything but speak, she said.

"Lisette! Lisette!" sounded from the other room, and the cat disappeared instantly, to share the grandmother's broth.

"How greedy I was. I thought of no one but myself!" said Marie. "And Madame Mercier thinks of Lisette."

"Ah, but then she is our child. She has shared in all our privations, and, indeed, she was at one time nearly starved; and you should have seen her poor tail."

Marie could not help laughing, and when Madame Le Beau came in with more of sunshine than lamplight on her face, she ran up to her and thanked her for all her kindness.

"I have been inquiring for thy parents, and we are sure to find them. But first we partake of the supper thou hast given us," returned Madame Le Beau.

Adèle dragged a box from the inner room, and spread some sort of cloth over it, upon which were laid her mother's purchases, and several empty cocoa or jam-pots turned topsy-turvey. Two knives appeared, one being placed before Marie, and when Madame Le Beau had said grace, they began their supper, and never were the most costly viands better appreciated. Marie found her appetite, while her spirits rose insensibly with those of her friends. She and Adèle still sat on the mignonette box, and Madame Le Beau on the other box, Madame Mercier occupying the seat of honour near the empty grate.

"Ah! Mademoiselle Marie, thou art not accustomed to this sort of thing. But one gets used to it, and I find the bottom of a jam-pot makes a good plate, but small, while it serves for a cup on the other side. Adversity makes resources. We expect more than we deserve. We must be thankful for all, as good Monsieur Brun says. Now, Adèle, recount to us your history."

Thus spoke Madame Le Beau, and her daughter related the events of her day. She had scarcely sat down for trying cloaks and mantles upon the customers, and the mignonette box seemed luxurious; but every one had been kind to her, particularly the young Mr. Merric, who persisted in speaking to her in what he believed to be French. But she was far too polite to laugh at his mistakes, and they agreed in saying "he has good intentions, this young man." But she had not seen him after Marie left the shop, and she begged her to relate, in turn, what had happened to her.

Then Adèle, with intuitive hospitality and good breeding, took Marie into the inner room, where she helped her to undress, and, with many apologies, pointed to a small bed on the floor in one corner, which she had improvised, it was impossible to say how, and asked if she would mind sleeping there, because the grandmother required much room. Marie acquiesced thankfully, for she longed to lie down, were it even on the bare boards.

"We will offer a little prayer," said Adèle. "Since we attend the mission services we never neglect that."

They knelt down, and Adèle asked, with childlike simplicity, that "the good God would reunite Marie to her parents, as well as her own father to her; and continue to them all their daily bread, for His dear Son's sake." Then she returned thanks for the blessings of the day, and poured forth a supplication for their native Paris. This caused both the girls to shed tears, though they little realised the state of that capital at that moment.

Happily, the sorrows of youth vanish imperceptibly as the land of dreams is entered. Marie was tired out, and no sooner did she lie down in her corner than she fell asleep. In that blessed dreamland she knew not whether her weary limbs rested on down or straw. She was not conscious that Madame Le Beau's treasured boxes had been rifled to form her bed and pillow, or that a blanket had been removed from the larger bed to cover her. She was once more happy with her father and mother.

It is now time to inquire what had actually become of those beloved parents.

It is matter of history, that in the month of September, 1870, the German inhabitants of Paris had notice to quit that city. Two days was the time allowed. It was but natural that, in a war between France and Germany, the natives of the latter country should scarcely be safe in Paris. Still, as Madame Altmann was actually French, and her husband had been bred from infancy in Paris, though his parents were German, they believed themselves unjustly dealt with. At first, Madame Altmann determined to remain in Paris, being French, and to take care of their property. They believed Marie to be safe en pension in the country, and resolved to leave her there until she could rejoin her mother. But preparations for war are terrible things, and almost at the eleventh hour her heart failed her, and she could not let her husband go without her. In the terror and uncertainty she wrote hurriedly to Marie's gouvernante, and said they had not a moment left—they must take flight without their child, but she would write from England, whither they were going. Barricades, fortifications, soldiers, cannon, within and around the city, and a foreign foe at no great distance without, were enough to cow the stoutest heart; but perhaps nothing was harder than to be banished from what you looked on as your native place because your forefathers had belonged to the enemy. Monsieur Altmann's sympathies were divided, but he had no choice—he must quit Paris. He placed his possessions in the care of his wife's relations, secured such money as he had in the house, and prepared to depart from the Faubourg St. Honoré.

But at the twelfth hour his heart failed him concerning his only child.

"I would rather die than leave Marie behind," he said. "We shall be safe en province. I don't believe they will dare to touch me."

This was actually spoken at the Gare du Nord, or, as we should say, "Great Northern Station." Most people have seen crowded railway stations, but few have beheld such a crowd as thronged the Gare du Nord that day.

Half the Germans, many of the French, and most of the English inhabitants of Paris were there with their wives and children. All were bound for that refuge of the destitute, England. All were clamouring for tickets, and while such a babel of voices sounded as might almost have overtopped a cannonade, Monsieur Altmann waiting his turn, made up his mind to seek Marie, and risk the consequences. He was a resolute man, and all his wife's entreaties to let her remain and depart himself were unavailing. To avoid suspicion, however, he took tickets to Calais; and when they were at last on their way thither, he and Madame Altmann slipped out at one of the first stations, and proceeded, by a circuitous route, to seek their child.

It was a fatal delay. When they reached the school, they found its mistress in much anxiety, not only on Marie's account, but on her own and that of her establishment. It was rumoured that the enemy was close at hand, and in her terror she had despatched most of her pupils to their respective homes, and was considering what it would be best to do with Marie since her parents had fled to England, when it was discovered that she had run away.

"Gone! where and how?" asked her bewildered father, while the mother broke out into passionate reproaches.

"It must have been after I read her your letter, announcing that you were on the eve of departure for England," replied Mademoiselle De Beauvoisin, the governess.

"She would expect to catch us before our departure, and accompany us," cried Madame Altmann. "She should not have been told. She is so eager—so affectionate. She loves us with such extreme tenderness. What will become of her? What if she fall into the hands of the savages?"

"They are still Christian men and will respect her youth and innocence. Besides, they are, in effect, her father's countrymen," replied Monsieur Altmann, somewhat hurt, as he often was at his wife's abuse of the German nation. "War is cruel, but the combatants are human. They are also equally civilized on each side, and no savages, Madame Altmann."

"They are worse than savages, for they know right from wrong, and yet they come to make war on our own beautiful France," returned the excited wife. "How shall we find our child, our cherished one, our Marie?"

Monsieur Altmann was a man of quiet, decided character; his wife was all fire and excitement. While he stood considering what to do under the circumstances she enquired concerning Marie's dress and resources. When she heard that she had left the pension in her ordinary morning walking dress, and had taken only a small bag with her, she asked to be allowed to see her wardrobe.

"You had better pack up her clothes and return with them to our house," said Monsieur Altmann. "If she has gone home, you will assuredly find her there; and being both French, you will be respected. I will make my way to Dieppe, and as I speak German and French equally well, I may escape both parties."

Upon this, poor Madame Altmann threw her arms round her more sedate husband, and declared that she could not separate herself from him.

"It is like the Roman women in the great picture between the two armies. Husbands on one side; fathers and brothers on the other," she cried.

"But you and Marie can rejoin me in England, or perhaps en province. I will write and give you the address. It is only a few days more or less," replied Monsieur Altmann, embracing his wife.

He little knew how soon all postal communication would cease between the two countries, and egress from Paris be as impossible as ingress into it.

"And what will become of you? Will you not return to Germany? There you are safe," she shrieked.

"And you; and Marie? You are French, and would not be received there at present," he replied. "No; England is our only refuge till the danger is past. You will come to me there. We have no time to lose. *I* endanger Mademoiselle De Beauvoisin by remaining here—*you* leave our child to the mercy of the world!"

Monsieur Altmann's voice trembled, and his poor wife burst into passionate weeping and remonstrance. But he was firm; and bade her be quick and go with Mademoiselle for Marie's clothes, after which he would see her off for Paris. In his heart he did not believe that he should be obliged to quit France, and counted on remaining in the provinces as a Frenchman till the crisis was past. Neither had he any doubt but that Marie was in Paris with her grandmother.

"It is cowardly to run away when danger menaces the country of one's adoption," he reflected, as he paced the room in which he was left alone for a little space, while the ladies rapidly packed a portmanteau with Marie's "effects," as her mother called them. "I will remain, if possible, and share the fate of my friends. But what if my brother, who is in Germany, should have joined the opposite party? C'est affreux."

It was, indeed, frightful—and he covered his face with his hands, and prayed that some way of escape might come.

The fiacre that had brought them from the small post town was still waiting at the door, and when his wife and Mademoiselle De Beauvoisin returned, dragging the portmanteau between them, he hurried Madame Altmann off, and they drove quickly to the station.

"Tell our darling to be patient. Be patient yourself," he said, with a broken voice, as they bowled along, past excited villagers, soldiers, and wondering, anxious peasants.

No one knew what would happen next, or when or where German troops might pass. They reached the station in safety, however, and the ticket for Paris was taken. A hurried embrace, and Madame Altmann was whirled off, more dead than alive with fear and sorrow, while her husband turned to take his ticket for Dieppe, where he reckoned he might either remain a few days or cross to England.

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Madame Altmann reached Paris safely; but she had to walk from the station to her home, for she could gain neither omnibus nor cab, every vehicle being employed by people leaving Paris for other capitals or countries. When she reached her house in the Faubourg St. Honoré she found her mother and a brother in charge, and the shop still open. The siege and the scarceness had not yet begun.

"Marie, Marie! Mon enfant!" she cried, when her astonished mother came to meet her.

"She is not here. Why hast thou returned? What has become of the child; and thy husband? Where is he?" were the questions that greeted her.

We already know that Marie was not in Paris, and her agonised mother found that she had left her husband in vain, and that she must, at least, wait until she heard of him.

He, meanwhile, was on his way to Dieppe, feeling morally certain that his wife and child were in Paris. Still he had an uneasy doubt concerning Marie, who, he felt, might have persuaded herself that he and her mother had started for England, and had, therefore, rashly pursued them. Thus, while his natural countrymen were steadily advancing and surrounding Paris on the east, he was distancing them on the west, and when, at last, he reached Dieppe in comparative safety, he wished himself either back in Paris, or among the combatants on one side or the other. Inaction seemed death.

But he was not allowed to be long inactive. He had forgotten that, although he had a French tongue, he had a German face.

"Your passport?" sounded suddenly in his ears, as he was about to leave the station.

He presented it to the official who demanded it, and who did not chance to know that German citizens had been ordered to leave Paris.

"Friedrich Altmann and his wife. From Calais to Dover," he read meditatively. "You are German, monsieur; you must come with me."

"I have lived in France all my life. My wife is French," pleaded Altmann, but he spoke to the winds.

"That is not my affair. You must show yourself to the prefect," replied the official.

"I may be taken for a spy, or for anything they please," thought Altmann, following him.

He was taken before the prefect, who had his hands, mind, and heart so full that he had not room in either for the numerous causes he had to settle. He therefore disposed of some in a summary manner, and delayed others. Altmann came under the latter category. It was in vain that he argued that he was a citizen of Paris, and himself virtually French. That he had received orders to quit Paris, and was going to England, and that he had not been in Germany since he was an infant. He was personally unknown at Dieppe, and, at the moment, could think of no one whom he could ask to appear as witness of his truth. He was, therefore, condemned to wait, in temporary confinement and under supervision, until further inquiries could be made respecting him. He was searched, and his money, valuables, and such few papers as he had about him were taken from him. When he remonstrated in French that he had, at least, no symptom of foreign accent, he was assured that inquiries should be made, and that he should be released as soon as orders were received from headquarters.

Fretting under these hardships, he was taken by a gendarme to safe quarters. Days sped on, and public anxieties thickened, while he remained in durance, and heard that the siege of Paris had begun.

HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

III.—EARLY TRAINING IN GALILEE.

IT was remarked in the first of these papers that, under our present point of view, St. Peter must be regarded, in all the notices which we find of him in the Gospels, as under training for the future. Every word which he heard spoken by Christ, every deed which he saw done by that Heavenly Master, every expression of that sacred countenance, had some share in forming the impressions he received as a preparation for the work to be done afterwards. What is true in this matter of all the twelve, is true of Peter in common with them. But some words were specially addressed to him, of some things he was pre-eminently the spectator, some experiences belonged to him more intimately than to the rest. It is such cases that we are bound particularly to keep in view.

And it is no slight advantage, leaving other aspects of the subject on one side, to contemplate St. Peter's earlier biography exclusively in this way. It is one thing to regard our Lord's discourses and the incidents of his earthly life as recorded for the instruction of mankind and for example useful to all future ages; it is quite another thing to view them as part of the Divine schooling of our apostle, as a seed-time which was afterwards to bear fruit in St. Peter's life and writings and his influence in the world. We should expect the results of this kind of study of the Gospels to be different from the results attained in a general reading: by which is meant, not that the former are contradictory to the latter, but that they are specific and restricted, and on this account have a value of their own. Let us now contemplate, with this purpose in view, the earlier part of our Lord's ministry, confining ourselves to Galilee, and following the trains of thought into which we are naturally led.

We pause, in the first place, on the word "Galilee." For students of the lives of the Saviour and his apostles there is a peculiar sacredness in that northern part of Palestine. Why our Lord identified Himself and his earlier work with this region, we are not able confidently and completely to say. There may have been many reasons for the arrangement which we cannot understand. But this we must remember, that, as to the local influences which surrounded Peter at the first, and the hereditary character which belonged to him, those influences and that character were Galilean. And

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certain points implied in this statement we may note with confidence. In Galilee were those cornfields, those wild flowers, those birds of the air, which made our Lord's teaching more beautiful and forcible in its appeal to the heart. The notorious turbulence of the Galileans is a proof that they were energetic: and, while thoroughly Hebrew in their convictions, they were more simple, more honest, more easily convinced than the men of the schools in Jerusalem. By these men the early disciples of Christ were despised; and such contempt was part of their discipline. If it was natural to ask, "Doth Christ come out of Galilee?" we are prepared for the proud question addressed to one of his followers, "Art thou also of Galilee?" (John vii. 41, 52).

This being our starting-point, it is interesting to observe how the remembrance of Galilee colours both the later association of Peter with Christ in the Gospel time, and also the earlier parts of the Apostolic history. This mark is indelibly fixed on the sad story of the denial of Christ by Peter. "Thou art a Galilean: thy speech betrayeth thee." We know from modern experience how those who have grown up to manhood in the use of a Scotch or an Irish accent, or an English provincial accent, retain a trace of this peculiarity ever afterwards. And Apostles were not exempt from such conditions. It is probable that St. Peter spoke throughout his life with that Galilean accent, which differed in its guttural sounds from the customary language of Judæa. We must not forget here the meeting in Galilee after the Resurrection. Surely the earlier days were intentionally connected with the later, when the angel said: "Tell his disciples and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee" (Mark xvi. 7). But turning now to the Acts of the Apostles, we find Galilee made conspicuous at three very marked moments of St. Peter's life, and, we may add, made naturally conspicuous, without any suspicion of ingenious design. On Mount Olivet, when Peter and the others are gazing upwards, the words of the angels are, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?" (Acts i. 11.) How these words seem to connect together this great consummation with the early days of Bethsaida and Cana! At the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, when St. Peter stood prominent among the twelve, the exclamation was, "Are not all these which speak Galileans?" (ii. 7). Once this allusion to the dialect of Galilee produced in him a feeling of terror. Now he is a changed man, and speaks out boldly for his Master. And again, at the other great critical moment of his mission to the world, he sets the Gospel before Cornelius as "the word which was published throughout all Judæa, and began from Galilee" (x. 37). It seems to us that it was hardly needful to have named Galilee on this occasion: but the old days came back upon his memory as he spoke, and he could not omit the allusion, when speaking of Him "who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." At the second Pentecost, as at the first, the speaker who stands before us is still "the fisherman of the Galilean lake."

In this phrase we touch another part of the early training of St. Peter for his future work. He was a fisherman: and this fact can never cease to be an essential element among the various things which give to us our impression of the man. Here again it might be asked, as before, why the Lord Jesus chose fishermen to be his earliest disciples. And we may very willingly admit that we are not able to give a complete answer to the question. But a partial answer, and a very satisfactory one, can be given without difficulty. Let us ask what other business in life could have been so well chosen, as a mere matter of taste and poetical fitness, for association with the early life of Apostles. None other will commend itself so readily to the reflecting mind, except indeed the occupation of a shepherd; and with this too we shall have occasion to deal very definitely, before the closing of this series of short essays. Then let us consider the useful training of character involved in the craft of a fisherman —the hardihood, the patience, the skilful vigilance, the prompt action in emergencies, which are essential, in such a case, for successful experience. And this leads our thoughts to a still more important part of the answer. The occupation of a fisherman was to St. Peter a prophecy of his future spiritual vocation. It is true that this occupation is not a complete image, on all sides, of ministerial work in the Church. But no image of spiritual things can be complete in all its parts. For representing the missionary work of the Church none can be better than the fisherman's craft. He obtains success not by violent pursuit, but by vigilance and persuasion. The gathering of all kinds of fish into the net, and the drawing of them safely to the shore, have their true analogies to that diligent mission work, age after age (far less diligent, indeed, than it ought to have been) which has gradually resulted in Modern Christendom.

This comparison has been familiar and dear to devout minds in every century since the beginning of the Gospel. And that such thoughts are not mere fancies, and that we do right in connecting them very especially with St. Peter is shown by our Lord's words to that apostle himself on the occasion of the first miraculous draught of fishes. For the account of this transaction we turn to the narrative of St. Luke (v. 1–11). It is not needful for our present purpose to attempt to decide whether St. Matthew and St. Mark, in their relation of the call of Andrew and Simon, James and John, refer to the same occasion. The third Evangelist tells us that it was "Simon's ship" into which Jesus entered, and from which, after they had "thrust out a little from the land," He "taught the people." It was to Simon, too, that "when He had left speaking," He said, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught;" and it was Simon who answered, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." Here we have already, at this early period, the well known characteristics of the man, his impulsiveness and his readiness to expostulate with his Master on the one hand, and his affectionate loyalty to that Master and ready obedience on the other. And then follows the marvellous result of obedience to the Lord's command; and then the agitation and alarm in this disciple's heart, under the sudden consciousness of nearness to Divine power and holiness, quickening that sense of sin which so terribly separates us from God. "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." This was a moment in his experience which could never be forgotten, and

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the effect of which could never be obliterated. The impression of it must have remained on all his Apostolic life afterwards. And once again, it was to him singly that the concluding words were addressed. All were "astonished at the draught of fishes which they had taken;" but to Peter personally was spoken the sentence that contained the great promise: "Jesus said unto Simon, 'Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.'" Can we hesitate to see here a part of his early training in Galilee for his work in the world? The promise is clothed in language connected with the familiar things of his boyhood, while the commission stretches far into the future. All parts of his life seem bound together by this occurrence on the lake. Henceforth he must have been conscious of a mysterious vocation connected with the cause of his Master whom he had learnt to love. Dimly, no doubt, these things were apprehended at the first: but they became clear to him in after days.

Another deep lesson, however, and a lesson full of admonition for the future, was presently to be learnt by Peter on the Galilean lake. He had been made conscious of his sin; he was now to be made conscious of his weakness without Christ. Energetic he was in his temperament, and warm and honest in his affections: but in this very circumstance lay a temptation. He was in danger of self-confidence; and it was essential that he should learn the rudiments of the lesson of self-distrust. The miracle of the feeding of the five thousand is over. The multitude are dispersed: and while Jesus is on the mountain in prayer alone, the disciples are crossing the lake in obedience to his word. Our attention is, of course, to be fixed chiefly on that part of the miracle that follows, which especially pertains to Peter. But we must not lose sight of the general instruction of the occasion: for this belonged to him in common with the rest, and this was the introduction to the peculiar discipline provided for him. The hard struggle and danger in the midst of the lake, the darkness, the sense of desolation without Christ, all that is involved in that significant sentence: "It was now night, and Jesus was not come to them" (John vi. 17), and then the miraculous walking on the water, the consciousness that they were not forgotten by Him, the sudden calm after storm, all this was for Peter, as well as for his companions. And especially we must lay stress on the adaptation of this lesson of faith to their own experience. Christ accommodated Himself to their particular case. Their own seafaring life had made them acquainted with the irresistible power of storms; and though other miracles might not have produced their due effect, this could hardly fail to leave a deep impression in the end. We cannot doubt that afterwards, in the retrospect of these things, Peter would thankfully feel how much had been done to convince them of their Master's ever-present goodness and power. What was wonder once became faith afterwards. But our main point, in our present course of meditation, is the incident in this narrative, which was confined to Peter alone (Matt. xiv. 28–31): "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee on the water; and Jesus said, Come." This confidence at the first, then the loss of faith, and the sinking in the waves, and the despairing cry, "Lord, save me;" then the Lord's outstretched hand, and the encouragement mingled with rebuke, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" this experience must have been to Peter afterwards a perpetually-present spiritual power. We know, indeed, from a sad subsequent story, that he did not at once gather up all this teaching into a practical discipline of his life. The character of the man is precisely the same here on the sea of Galilee, as afterwards at Jerusalem in the High Priest's house. He is forward and self-confident, and wishes to display an allegiance to his Master beyond the rest of the disciples. It is exactly what we find afterwards at the great denial. "Though all shall be offended, yet will not I." The two recollections would blend afterwards in Peter's memory, and keep him mindful of his own weakness and his Master's love. And may we not add, if we turn suddenly to exercise the function of critics, that all this unity of character so delicately interwoven into two very different narratives, is beyond the power of a forger?

But a third miracle, connected with the Sea of Tiberias, which certainly exercised a strong power over the future life and teaching of Peter, must now be named. It is possible, indeed, that some liberty is taken with exact chronology in comprising this within the early training in Galilee. We are, however, not following a precise chronological line, not even a precise biographical line, but rather grouping together incidents which illustrate character and the training of character. The miracle of the coin in the fish's mouth (Matt. xvii. 24–27) is unique in its nature, and it is connected, by all the features of a most marked individuality, with this Apostle. Those who received the customary tribute-money for the Temple "came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay the tribute?" And Peter with his usual impetuous haste, answered, "Yes." He could not bear the thought that his Master should be thought defective in regard to any religious and loyal duty. But "when Peter was come into the house, Jesus prevented him." This singles him out from among the rest; and still more is such the effect of the concluding words, "Take the piece of money, and give it unto them for Me and thee." It would be well worth while, if general edification were our purpose, to dwell on all the instruction contained in the remarkable words addressed by Christ to Peter on this occasion, as, for instance, on the one hand, that He was Lord of the Temple, and the injunction, on the other hand, that we cannot be too careful to avoid placing stumbling-blocks in the way of the ignorant. But another part of the instruction is more in point here. The duty of paying tribute, whether secular or religious, is most clearly inculcated in the story of this miracle. Now St. Peter not only says in his first epistle, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; honour all men; honour the king;" but he adds that we are to do this "as being free," and yet not using our freedom so as to do harm (1 Peter ii. 13–17). And Christ said to his Apostle by the side of the lake: "Then are the children free; nevertheless, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast a hook." Can we fail to see in this part of the epistle a reflection of the Lord's Galilean teaching, especially when we remember the words that were spoken in Peter's hearing on another occasion: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's?"

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And if incidents connected with the Sea of Galilee had elements of powerful training for this apostle's future life, we can still more definitely localise sacred influence of this kind in the city of Capernaum. This was the Lord's "own city." It also became the home of St. Peter. If we place these two facts together, they give to us a result full of meaning. Let us briefly employ two miracles to illustrate this general statement.

It is difficult to think of the centurion whose servant was healed at Capernaum, without calling to mind another centurion with whom Peter, a few years afterwards, was in close intercourse at Cæsarea. The admirable character of the two men must have left a deep and permanent impression upon his mind. The testimony, too, of the Jews was remarkably similar in the two cases. In the former instance they besought the Lord earnestly that He would grant the centurion's request, "saying that he was worthy for whom He should do this: for he loveth our nation, and hath built our synagogue" (Luke vii. 4, 5). In the latter instance the messengers who come from Cæsarea to Joppa bear testimony to Peter that Cornelius is "a just man and one that feareth God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews" (Acts x. 22). Nothing could be more likely to prepare Peter for the work which he was destined to do afterwards at Cæsarea than the occurrence which took place at Capernaum. He had heard his Lord say of a Heathen soldier that "He had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel," and that "many should come from the east and west, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. viii. 10, 11). Such words must have found a lodging among Peter's thoughts, though they waited long before he was conscious of their full power. The silent loosening of prejudice is often imperceptible to the prejudiced mind itself.

And the other miracle touched the life of Peter very closely in the domestic sense. Jesus, we read, after the healing of the centurion's servant, came into Peter's house (Matt. viii. 14). The second evangelist says, with an addition which gives a still more domestic character to the occasion, that it was "the house of Simon and Andrew" (Mark i. 29). The mention of Peter's brother should not be overlooked. The third evangelist, after his manner, uses the technical language of a physician, and says that Peter's wife's mother was "taken with a great fever" (Luke iv. 38). The mercy of that day must often have been a subject of conversation within the household so long as it remained united, and long afterwards during the missionary journeys of this apostle with his wife (1 Cor. ix. 5). Such experiences live long in the power which they exert over the heart. Nor must we end here. That day at Capernaum was a very memorable one. "When the even was come," multitudes were brought to be healed of their sicknesses, and to be delivered from the power of evil spirits; and it is said of this work of Christ that it was a fulfilment of the prophet's words: "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." It is possible that these words were in the mouths of the disciples, and that Peter himself heard them or used them then: and it is observable that in his own writings he applies this same sentence to Christ. "His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24). And if he uses the passage in a deeper spiritual sense than St. Matthew, and refers rather to the penalty of sin than to the burden of sorrow, in this there is no contradiction. Sin and suffering are two sides of one common calamity: and if in his mature teaching this apostle lays chief stress upon the former, it is because his spiritual insight has become more penetrating, and because he has now been fitted by long Divine training to put sacred truth in its right proportions before sinful and suffering humanity.

It is obvious that merely a limited portion of the early training in Galilee has been touched in this paper. Only the Miracles of Christ, and not all of them, have furnished materials for comment with this subject in view. The Parables, for instance, and the Sermon on the Mount, have been entirely omitted. But perhaps the force of the argument is most clearly seen when it comes before us indirectly and unexpectedly. At all events, in carefully putting together these slight illustrations of a great principle we have been obeying a precept which was given on the shores of the Sea of Galilee: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

VII.—SALT LAKE CITY.

AT Sherman we reached the highest railway station in North America (8,235 feet), crossed the ridge of the "Rockies" streaked with snow, and descended by a gradual incline into the sage-covered plains of Laramie. Here is a wide expanse as yet uncultivated and uninhabited, save by droves of cattle, horses, buffaloes and antelopes. We had nine soldiers on board, armed with rifles and fifty rounds of ammunition each, as a security against train robbers; but how robbers or any living thing can find sustenance in such an inhospitable region it is hard to imagine. Thus while the first five hundred miles west from Chicago presents to us a country once unpeopled now blossoming as the rose, the second five hundred over the Rocky Mountains, with its sage bushes and barren rocks, reminds us rather of the forcible references of the Prophet Jeremiah: "He shall be like the heath of the desert, and shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, a salt land and not inhabited." Nevertheless, even this high table-land is productive, and 100,000 head of cattle are fed and fattened there annually.

It was in the year 1846 that the first band of Mormons, led by Brigham Young, left Nauvoo in Illinois (where their founder, Joe Smith, had in vain set up his New Jerusalem) and made that terrible journey over the Rocky Mountains and across the desert plains, which cost them bitter hardships and many lives. They came at length to the Wahsatch Mountains, through which, by way of Echo Cañon,

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the railway now threads its tortuous way, following the Weber Creek, and where the scenery becomes green and grand. Sandstone rocks tower high, presenting fantastic shapes and looking down upon green slopes of sward and groves of pine. Passing "thousand mile tree," a fir exactly that distance west from Omaha, we see the Devil's Slide, cleft in the mountain, with two serrated dykes, and wind through the ravine—seemingly through an impassable mountain barrier—into the smiling valley of Ogden, Utah territory, whence a branch railway conveys us along the banks of the Great Salt Lake to the Salt Lake City upon the Jordan River. The successive trains of pilgrims chiefly from the northern countries of Europe—deluded wretches, allured in their ignorance partly by religious fanaticism,



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

partly by vice—year after year wended their way across those plains, exposed to the pangs of famine, the fierce fires of the sage jungles, and the strength of swollen rivers, to find a home full of hardship and of wickedness in this treeless region west of the Wahsatch range. They were wont to come, not by Echo Cañon but by American Fork Cañon, which leads direct to the "Holy City." Year by year new companies made that dreadful journey out



NEVADA FALLS.

of the world, to find only the hardships and the wickedness of the world concentred here in the "City of the Saints." In those days it was at the risk of his life that a disappointed dupe dared to write the truth home, and it was a sort of tacit creed —"Better quietly make away with the weak brother disposed to apostatise—that soul and body may be saved,—than permit him to ruin both by desertion." Now, however, things are changed; the strong arm of American law rules this territory and holds the serpent of polygamy in its grasp, ready at a word to crush it out. But it is thought wiser to let the moral force of public opinion do its work rather than give the semblance or the plea of persecution.

Mormonism in its distinctive and hideous features would already be well nigh dead, were it not fed by repeated immigration. A young man in the cars returning to the Salt Lake City, the home of his childhood, said to me, "My parents brought me from England when a child to the Salt Lake City. I love the mountains here, and I am coming back after two years' travel here to live; but I am no longer a Mormon. Our young men when they get out into the world feel the stigma of illegitimacy; they feel that a wrong has been done them; they will take care not to hand down that wrong to their descendants." Salt Lake City now, like any other city, has its tramcars, its theatres, its stores, with all the Paris fashions (which greatly adds to the expense of the spiritual-wife system), book-shops too with the latest novels and the works of John

Stuart Mill, and Bain, and Herbert Spencer; and hotels for Gentile visitors kept by Gentiles. In fact, of the population of 30,000, fully 5,000 are "Gentiles," that is, Christians of various churches, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, each sect with its church and school, and all working harmoniously against the common enemy; and it is significant that many Mormon parents prefer to send their boys and girls to a Gentile school rather than to their own Mormon schools. There are no Government schools at the Salt Lake, each church providing its own. I visited the Congregational day-school in company with the minister. We found both master and mistress at work among a hundred scholars, well-to-do children, boys and girls neatly dressed, in rooms that would be a credit to an English school. Thus, in education and by preaching, a good work is going on in the very head-quarters of Mormonism; and though the walls of the huge temple, to cover some acres, are slowly rising, their foundations are as surely being undermined, and the system is already tottering to its fall.

The great tabernacle, with its mushroom roof, looks when empty a wilderness of seats, and it is not filled on Sundays. The plurality of wives is open now, as in the East, only to a few, the richest, who practise it, I was told, in this way: if a man wants a good cook, he marries a woman who can do the cooking; if he wants a washerwoman, a housemaid, he marries these, and so on; and then they cannot give him a month's notice. Besides the 5,000 Gentiles, there is a population of 5,000 who have virtually abjured the system, the present adherents not numbering more than 20,000; and these are held together, now that Brigham Young is dead, mainly by the hope of office among the men. There are twelve apostles, seventy elders, besides bishops and deacons, and these all mean places of civil as well as religious power and emolument, the spiritual rulers being the municipal overseers of the city. It does not need much sagacity to foresee that with the sweeping tide of civilization which the railway now brings from the east and from the west, with the growing commercial intercourse between the inhabitants and the United States, with the righteous rule of American law over the entire territory, and, above all, with the spread of pure Christianity from the several churches planted in the very heart of the Mormon settlement, that settlement will gradually lose its hideous and revolting features, polygamy will be crushed, and within the next twenty years the morals of social Christian life may be established as firmly as in any other city of the States. The Mormon has good elements of character: he is sober, industrious, frugal; he is a teetotaller, even to the extreme of forbidding tea and coffee, and wine at the communion. But he is enervated and unmanned by a lax drivelling code of morals towards women, who are for the most part degraded as the mere chattels of men. Hence the rolling eye and the pharisaical mouth. "Holiness to the Lord" is the sacred motto that repeatedly meets the eye, and that is prostituted to be the badge and covering for a sensuality which Holy Scripture throughout condemns. The spirit of Christ that tears the mask from the hypocrite, and lays bare the exceeding sinfulness of sin even in the thought of it, alone will completely accomplish the purification of this people. "God," says the apostle (1 Thess. iv. 7), "hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness," and "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

VIII.—THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Separated by a wide belt of desert on the east, that abnormal settlement, the Utah territory is bounded by a belt of desert on the west also, and the traveller has still a dreary five hundred miles of sand and sage to cross, before he reaches the grandeur of the Sierra Nevada range. Here at length he finds the most impressive scenery of the long and weary journey. Up the deep ravines, the little train winds its way amid shady firs and rocks and roaring torrents over the Sierras, fitly termed, on account of their saw-like summits, often crowned with firs; and then down on the western side with vistas of lovely plains stretching towards the ocean. One particular turn is called Cape Horn, where the railway doubles an immense rock 800 feet high, on the face of which the line is cut, the engineers and navvies having been suspended by ropes to carry on the workings. Here the cars come to a stand, and passengers are invited to alight and to walk round the precipice so as to get the full sweep of the view. It is very grand and very awful; you feel safer on *terra firma* than in the bending cars. From this point the track runs down through lovely woods and vales to Lathrop, the station at which you leave the main line when visiting the Yosemite. Here a grizzly bear is kept as an emblem of the wild scenery you are about to visit, the Indian word "Yo-se-mi-te" meaning "Great Grizzly Bear." Three hours' journey along the branch line south to Merced brings you to the true starting-point of the Yosemite trip, a trip which means at least four days of hard driving to and from the valley and at least three days more to explore the scenery there.

With a very intelligent post-boy, courageous yet careful in his driving, we set out in a jolting carriage along a hot dusty road forty-four miles from Merced to Mariposa. This is a good day's work, considering the nature of the road and the machine in which you ride. We see Indians standing afar off here and there. "I find," said John, our postboy, "the negroes have black skins but white hearts; and many white skins have black hearts." Nature now is in her native wildness; save here and there a deserted gold-washing, no trace of man appears, but owls, squirrels, lizards, and flocks of quails hold undisputed sway. At Mariposa, once a thriving, now a deserted village, we met the Washburns, the enterprising workers of the Yosemite stage, who make the roads, keep them in repair, and provide ponies and vehicles for tourists. Mrs. Washburn has written a poem upon the Valley and its wonders, in which she has interwoven some pretty Indian legends. As she truly says:

"Thy power, Yosemite, each heart will feel,
And every year some new-born charm reveal.
Thou'rt like that Paradise so fair of old,
Ere sin the requiem of virtue told.
And yet no language of this world can give
The splendour of each scene, and bid it live.
No, no, Yosemite—the eye alone
Can bear thy impress to the mental throne.
No mortal pen can truly picture thee,
Thy regal grandeur—God-like majesty."

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A second day's jolting over rough and steep mountain tracks, brought us to Clark's, the halting-place for the famous Grove of Big Trees. Two hours' ride on Spanish ponies through the primeval forest, brought us among the giants which here number about four hundred, each tree specially marked and named after some United States senator or city. They are called Wellingtonia by the English, Washingtonia by the Yankees, and Sequoia by the Indians. Some of them are 350 feet in height; but many are burnt at the stump, the Indians camping among them from time to time, having left their fires burning at the foot of the trees. One tree lying prostrate is climbed by a ladder, and on its stem, like the deck of a ship, a party can picnic or dance. Another standing in its strength is hollow, and thirteen mounted persons can crowd together within it. A third, hollowed by fire, lies prostrate like a tunnel, and we rode through it from one end to the other without once stooping. We brought some twine to put round the Grizzly Giant, the largest of the standing trees. Our measure taken about three feet from the ground, was ninety-eight feet, making the diameter about thirty-three feet. Standing amid these giants of the forest, many of them more than two thousand years old, one is impressed with the littleness of man and the majesty of nature, one is awed by the thought of these solitudes, these eternal sabbaths undisturbed save by the voices of nature hymning the great Creator's praise. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted;" and the firs of California hath He planted too. "Praise the Lord, ye mountains, and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars. All the trees of the wood shall rejoice before the Lord, all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." These are the passages, mostly from Isaiah who delights in trees, which the contemplation of these giants of nature suggests. Like the layers of rock on the earth's crust, these trees embody and call up a history of silence and of beauty, of life and decay, death and resurrection, stretching into the far distant past, and reminding us that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Another thirty miles still uphill, over a rough, dusty road, the next morning, brought us into the Yosemite Valley. It is not yet thirty years since the wonders of this scenery became known to civilized man. A party of gold diggers in 1850, pursuing a band of Indians, saw them disappear in the depths of a strange mountain gorge. They dared not follow, but on their return told of their whereabouts, and a stronger force, organised as the "Mariposa Battalion," attacked and drove out the Indians. To the astonished gaze of these pursuers the precipices of this valley unfolded themselves; they rode into it and explored its falls and gorges. The government set it apart in 1864, to be preserved in its native wildness, as "a place for public use, resort, and recreation," and ever since it has been visited by travellers from the east and west for six months of every year. The floor of the valley, which is about three miles wide and fifteen long, is 4,000 feet above the sea, and the mountains stand as sentinels arrayed on either side, El Capitan, Cathedral Spires, South Dome, North Dome, Cloud's Rest, the Three Brothers, Sentinel Dome, towering up from 3,000 to 6,000 feet, still higher, with waterfalls tumbling and leaping down on either hand. Descending from the plateau 8,000 feet above the sea, we come to Upper Inspiration Point, where the view in all its grandeur opens upon us. Next, the winding track brings us to Lower Inspiration Point, commanding a nearer view, and four miles more bring us right into the valley to our hotel, beneath the shade of these white giant cliffs. Under the shade of these we spend our Sunday, and a pleasant congregation is gathered in the large room of our hotel, consisting of summer residents and visitors to the number of about a hundred, to hear the message of Christ's love, and to sing his praises in the favourite songs of Sankey, songs which I have heard on the top of Mount Washington, and in the depths of the Yosemite, in the woods of Japan and the streets of Canton, in well nigh every language under heaven.

On my way to the Yosemite more than once it was told me that a couple were there waiting the advent of a clergyman to join them in holy wedlock. "They have been waiting for weeks; how glad they will be to see you!" And I was not in the valley many hours before a worthy German, a worker in Yosemite woods, called upon me with his intended bride, an English widow who had come as governess to the hotel-keeper's daughters, asking me to perform the ceremony. The license had been obtained and all was ready, but they did not wish, as others had done, to leave the Valley for Sacramento or San Francisco to have the union sealed; they preferred to be married in the Valley, and it would be the first Christian marriage ever celebrated there. Finding all right I fixed the day and hour, and on Monday afternoon when I came down from Glacier Point, all the inhabitants were gathered in and about the bridegroom's shop. His chief chess-table, covered with a comely cloth, served as the altar. As I read the service and put the usual question, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" etc., he being German did not know the English phrase in reply, but the bride was quite up to the occasion, and quietly whispered, "Say 'I will.'" So he said, "I will," and all was concluded smoothly; cake and ices being improvised for the occasion. This was the first wedding in the Yosemite. In the evening I found sent to my hotel a beautiful little box of Yosemite woods, eleven kinds, the work of the bridegroom, presented to me in remembrance of the event. The happy pair were evidently highly respected in the Valley, but like the rest of its summer inhabitants they leave for Sacramento in the winter. The population of the Yosemite visit it like the swallows; few if any stay through the winter months. On far into May snow envelops the hills and blocks up the tracks, and all through summer the loftiest domes of the range are snow-capped.

Some students already, geologists, artists and poets, have tried to read the great book spread out before them in this tremendous gorge. Professor Whitney explains the phenomenon by the word "subsidence." Others attribute it to glacial action, and others again regard it as a violent rending asunder of the mountains, in some primeval convulsion of nature from within. The Indian names and legends are suggestive. The graceful fall, the

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height of the Staubach in Switzerland, which faces us as we enter the valley on the right, now named the Bridal Veil, they called the Pohono or the night wind, and their tradition is that an Indian girl gathering herbs near the precipice, lost her balance and fell over with the avalanche of water. Hence the Indians were wont to hurry past this fall in terror, fancying the voices of the drowned constantly wailing in it. With all its grace and beauty, it was to them an evil spirit. The peaks called the Three Brothers, they named Pom-pom-pa-sus, or "the Mountains playing at Leap-frog." El Capitan is the translation of the Indian name, which signifies "the great chief," a block of granite jutting into the valley, and rising perpendicularly 3,300 feet. The dome-shaped masses of rock which form the mountains round, are not uncommon in granite regions, but here they are developed on the grandest scale. The most distant, twelve miles away, are called, after the Indian names, Cloud's Rest and Star King. The upper or south end of the valley divides into three cañons, each with its river and its falls, meeting below and forming the Merced River. These three cañons are beheld in all their glory from Glacier Point. Here a scene unparalleled unfolds itself, "like the entrance to eternity," while 3,000 feet below the valley smiles, a superb oasis, and the cliff is so perpendicular you fancy you can drop a cent down into the orchard below, whose trees look like gooseberry bushes. Opposite is the cliff called Hunto, or "the watching eye." Tis-sa-ack, "the dome of the fair angel," rises before you, and at its feet the Mirror Lake reflects its beauty.

"Far down its breast a mirror lies
That rippled 'neath the angel's sighs,
And on its sheen her eyes of blue
Set their own tender, summer hue."*

* "Yosemite": a poem. By Jean Bruce Washburn.

The poor Indian saw in this awful, sublime and beautiful scenery, the mighty spirit that was ever before him, Yo-ham-e-ta, a spirit beneath whose wild cliffs he found a secure refuge; and ill-defined as his ignorant ideas were, we may trace in them a whisper of the Psalmist's inspiration, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," and of the prophet's vision, "God came from Teman, the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. He stood and measured the earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting. The mountains saw Thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by. Thou wentest forth for the salvation of Thy people, even for salvation with Thine anointed." Such are the thoughts, thoughts that wander through eternity, which crowd into the mind as one contemplates these wondrous scenes, and reflects upon the long Sabbath of centuries through which they have remained wrapped in solitude and silence; but now they begin to echo the Redeemer's praise.



MIRROR LAKE.

"BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END."

A PASTOR'S SKETCH.

HAPPENING to be in the country, on one occasion, in course of a pastoral visitation, I found my way into the house of one of the most respectable ploughmen on the farm at which I was visiting.

It was in the evening, and John having gone to "supper the horse," I found his thrifty wife sitting at the fire-side busy mending a pair of stockings.

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At her invitation I took my seat in an arm-chair at the opposite side of the fire to that at which she was seated; and having made a few preliminary remarks in the way of inquiring after her health and the welfare of the family, I contrived to direct the conversation to the great concerns of the eternal world.

On the table in front of the fire lay a large family Bible, out of which John, as his wife informed me, had been reading a lesson just before going out to attend to the comfort of his equine fellow-labourers.

Drawing the great book towards me and expressing my gratification at perceiving that it was not neglected by its owners, nor kept by them merely as a sort of ornament to be looked at only on certain extraordinary occasions, I expressed the hope that she knew from experience how well it was fitted to comfort and sanctify or to convert and save the soul.

"It's a guid book," she replied; "and John and me tak a lesson oot o't every night."

"You do well in doing so," I remarked; "and I hope that John and you have found the Saviour whom it is the grand object of the book to reveal."

To this her rejoinder was, "We're aye doin a' we can."

"Is it long since you began to do what you could?"

"Oh yes," she replied; "I may say we hae aye been doin' what we could."

"Then you must have found the Lord ere this."

"I wadna like to say that I hae found Him yet."

"But if you have found Him, why should you not like to say that such is the case?"

"Because I am not sure whether I have found Him or not."

"Why, here is a strange thing," I replied: "you tell me that you have all your lifetime been doing all you could to find the Saviour and to obtain the salvation of which the Bible speaks, and you are not yet sure whether you are saved or lost. You must surely be mistaken in thinking that you have been doing all you could, or else you must be under some misapprehension as to what it is you ought as a sinner to have been attempting to do: what is it you have been doing?"

I perceived she had some difficulty in answering this question. It came gradually out, however, that she had been accustomed to read the Bible and to repeat the Shorter Catechism, to say her prayers and attend the church since her early years, and that she had all along been trying to live a virtuous life, but it was also sufficiently evident that she had very erroneous notions in regard to the way of salvation. She had failed to apprehend the grand fundamental doctrines of justification by faith alone, full and free pardon and acceptance on the ground of Christ's substitutionary obedience unto death; and was under the delusive impression that she could do something in the way of making out a title to heaven—that Christ had done part, and that part remained for her to do. She had been going about, like the Jews of old, to establish a righteousness of her own, and, as a consequence of this, she had remained a stranger to peace, and to the joy and strength which a well-grounded assurance of one's personal salvation is fitted to impart.

"Do you then imagine," I asked, "that by your doing what you can in the way you have been doing you are pleasing God, and making sure of being admitted into heaven at last?"

"I would hope so," she replied; "and if we do not get to heaven many a one may be feer't." She would never use the first person singular, but persisted in the use of the more vague and general *we*—strikingly characteristic this of a large class of professors, who dislike nothing so much as personality when speaking on the subject of religion.

"Then you think you have a chance of getting to heaven because you have all your days been doing what you could by saying your prayers, reading the Bible, going to the church, and, in short, by trying to be good?"

"And how else," she exclaimed in tones of amazement, "do you think we should do?"

I opened the Bible and read: "'This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.' 'Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' Believing then, you see," I remarked, "and not doing or working, is what God requires of you; believing on Jesus Christ whom God hath sent. Until you believe on Him, you can do nothing that is well pleasing to God."

"But," she interjected, "we a' believe on Him."

"Speak for yourself, my good woman," I replied; "and tell me if you believe on Him."

"We a' believe on Him," she persisted.

"Nay," I replied, "that is a great mistake; there are comparatively few who really, practically in their hearts, believe on Him; but do tell me about yourself."

At last I succeeded in getting her to speak of herself, and she answered: "I have always believed the Bible since I knew anything."

"Yes, granted that you have, but have you ever felt the truth of the Bible in your own experience, and feeling yourself to be a lost sinner have you ever gone in prayer and spoken to Jesus personally, and accepted Him as your Saviour and your Lord? Have you ever so committed yourself to Jesus? Can you say that you know whom you have believed, and felt peace through believing?"

She had to confess that she was a stranger to any such personal dealing with the Saviour as my question implied, that she had never consciously appropriated Him to herself. She had believed that He had done something for her on account of which God would pardon her and take her to heaven at last, provided that she should, in the way she had described, continue to the end doing what she could.

I pointed out to her what I considered to be the grand mistake she had made in putting her good works before faith in Christ, and in trusting in them as having anything whatever to do with pardon and a title to heaven. The truth all at once seemed to dawn upon her mind, and after a moment's pause she replied, "I see how it is; I have begun at the wrong end."

"Yes," I replied, "you have been trying to make the fruit good before grafting the tree—trying to heal yourself before placing yourself in the Physician's hand, trying to work out your own salvation before receiving the salvation to be wrought out. I am glad that you have seen the mistake. Now

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see that you seek to please God by believing on the name of His only begotten Son.

"'Believe thy God, believe His word,
His promise and His Son;
Only believe the dying Lord,
And all the work is done.
Come, eat His flesh and drink His blood,
Make all His merits thine;
Sure as thy body lives by food,
Or feels the strength of wine.'"

W. H.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL NIGHT.

"That night they caught nothing. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore."—*John* xxi. 3, 4.

THAT long, dreary, unsuccessful night was a lesson of patience not for the seven apostles in the boat only, but for every fisher of men who, since those days, has cast the gospel net into the waters of human existence. There is something of deep significance in the labours of that night; it was not a night of storm like some of those wild seasons that the boats of that chosen company had formerly encountered. It was only a dark unsuccessful night, when they had no food and no hope of gaining food; they had gone forth, a select band of friends, knit together by the strongest ties and by loving remembrances of Him with whom they had so often in happier days sailed on these waters; now He could no longer be present with them, and their hearts were saddened by the overthrow of their hopes as to His kingdom, and the still heavier loss of His loved presence. Hour after hour they toiled, and caught nothing; it would not have been wonderful had they said, "Let us go ashore. We have laboured in vain; why should we continue rowing any longer beneath the stars? We are only wasting our time and strength to no purpose." They might have said all this, and they might have done it; and so they would have lost the joy that came with the morning, that joy whose full extent they did not at first recognise, but which dwelt in their hearts as long as they lived, for "when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore!"

Among the many thoughts that arise from the story of this wondrous meeting—thoughts of His care for His own followers, thoughts of His marvellous risen condition, thoughts of His words to Peter and His condescension to them all—we would select just this lesson for ourselves from the conduct of those patient fishermen, "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." It is often weary and seemingly hopeless work fishing to bring souls to Christ; but the hour of morning joy may be nearer than men think, and even now in the darkness Jesus may be standing near ready to reveal Himself, and to pour out an unspeakable blessing.

Pages for the Young.

THE BLESSED PALM.

CHAPTER III.



WHEN Sir Alexander returned home that night his wife told him of the visit she had received, and how the poor woman had gone away clasping the palm-leaf, believing that in it lay a charm which would restore her daughter's sight.

"I fear I may have done wrong to give it to her," Lady Darrell said sorrowfully, "but, indeed, it was quite impossible to refuse her."

Sir Alexander looked grave.

"I think you did do wrongly," he said.

"I am so sorry," she responded; "it was very weak and foolish not to have been more firm, and explained——" She stopped, hesitating, and her husband said:

"I have heard of this superstition about palms before. All these country people take bunches of twigs to mass on 'Palm Sunday' and lay them before the altar. The priest blesses the heap, wholesale, and sprinkles holy water. Then the people scramble for the bunches, and carry them carefully home. Some they hide in the roof of their houses, to 'keep away sickness'; some they bury in the fields to make the crop good; I have even heard that they stitch these twigs into the clothing of the children to act as charms against all evil. Mary Delany has done this often, no doubt, and she thought a real palm, brought from Rome and blessed by the Pope, would surely be twenty times as powerful as her bits of willow-rod, gathered on the hills above her own house. Poor thing!"

"Poor thing," echoed Lady Darrell, sighing. "I am sorry that I gave her that palm. If I drove over to her cottage to-morrow, do you think I could explain to her how vain it is to put faith in such a senseless thing; do you think I could do do any good?"

"Yes," answered he, placing a caressing hand upon his wife's hair, "yes, I think you could do a great deal of good. At least you can go and try."

Early the next day the Killamore carriage passed along the road towards Targan Head, and the footman asked the way to "Mrs. Delany's house."

"Is it Mary M'Bride ye are wanting?" asked the person he addressed, giving the widow her maiden name, according to the usual custom; "then there ye are, that white house just fornenst ye."

Mary came forward in great consternation as the horses stopped at her door. Had the lady come already to reclaim her precious prize?

Lady Darrell entered the cottage, and, after a few kindly words to Grace, she said, "I came, Mrs. Delany, to tell you how exceedingly sorry I am that I let you go last night without telling you more strongly how useless it is to think that the dead leaf which I gave you can possibly do this poor child any good."

Mary was rather awestruck by her visitor's unexpected presence. She polished a chair with her apron and begged her to sit down.

Lady Darrell had been thinking "what she should say" for

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hours, but now that the time for speech had come, she felt nervous, and doubtful of her own powers of explanation.

"Shall I tell you," she asked, "why it is that you and your neighbours value the palms, and leave you to judge for yourself if you do wisely or no?"

"If you please, my lady."

"Eighteen hundred years ago," began Lady Darrell, in a low sweet voice, that grew firmer and clearer as she forgot herself in the dignity of her words, "eighteen hundred years ago the Lord Jesus Christ left his home in heaven, and was born upon this earth as a baby. The reason that He came was that men were wicked, and could not make themselves fit for heaven if they had tried ever so hard, and the merciful God was grieved that they should perish in their sins, so He sent his Son to show them the way to God, and to cleanse them from their evil deeds. The Saviour came. But most of the people then on earth would not believe that He could indeed be the Son of God. Instead of welcoming and thanking Him they treated Him with scorn and contempt, and went about trying to kill Him. Only the poor loved Him for his holy words, and for his loving acts to those who were sick and sorrowful. The poor came to Him in crowds, and He gave strength to the weak, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, and sight to the blind."

"Ah, if He were here now!" murmured Mary below her breath, whilst Grace turned her sightless eyes towards the lady's voice.

"If He were here we should not ask his help in vain, for He went about doing good, and offering, not only earthly health, but everlasting life to all who would believe on his name. It was no wonder that so many who looked upon his face and heard his words loved Him. But the rulers and the great men of the country were full of anger, and resolved that He should die. He was willing to die—if He had not been willing they could not have touched a hair of his head—but He knew it was necessary that a sinless life should be offered as a sacrifice for the sins of his people; so He willingly came to the city of Jerusalem, where He knew that He should be put to a cruel death. He rode upon a colt, and hundreds of people came to gaze upon Him as He passed. The rulers and the great men stood apart, but the poor welcomed Him as their Saviour and their King. They blessed Him, and cried 'Hosanna!' and they strewed his path with green leaves as though He were an earthly conqueror and king.

"The trees which grow commonly in the country about Jerusalem are palms, and it was the leaves of palms that the people threw at his feet and waved in the air as signs of their joy. And it is in memory of that day, that day so many years gone by, that the palm leaves are gathered and prized. The Roman Catholic church called one of its festivals Palm Sunday, and it is just before Good Friday, the day kept in memory of the Saviour's death."

"True for ye, my lady," Mary said; "and is that the meaning of the palms?"

"Just tell us the end," said Grace in a low tone. The story of the Son of David was strange to her ears.

"The end came very soon: the Lord entered the city, which looked so fair and beautiful, but which was full of rage and wickedness. He gathered his few disciples, his friends and his followers, around Him, and He told them that the time had come for Him to leave them alone. His work on earth was done, and now He was about to die a shameful death upon the cross that his blood might flow to cleanse the sins of the world. He told them that He should go to his Father, where He would pray for them, and wait for them, and prepare a home for them in a country where there should be no more malice and evil, no more pain and death. Then the rulers who hated Him sent soldiers to take Him, and they bound his gentle hands with cords, they smote his flesh with thongs, they laughed at Him, and mocked Him, and as the people had called Him a king, they said that He must wear a crown. So they plaited one of thorns, and put it on his head, and put a reed from the river as a sceptre in his hand. And then they killed Him—they crucified the Lord of glory—He whose every thought was goodness, whose every word was love."

Lady Darrell paused. The tale she was telling was one of such divine grandeur, such unearthly power, that she felt her own poor language could not tell it as it should be told. "It is all written in a book," she said; "perhaps you would like me to read it to you?"

She drew her Bible from her hand-bag, and read the story of the rejoicing people, and of the palm-leaves strewn in the path of Him who rode to his death.

"I never heard the like before," said Mary, very low; "yet sure I know about the Lord Jesus and the cross;" and she pointed to a rude crucifix nailed to the wall above her bed.

"There is a great deal about the Lord in this book; things as true as the story of the cross. I wanted to tell you all this to show you that the palm is used now as a trifling remembrance of the Saviour's entrance into the city, and that it is no more than any other leaf in its power to work wonders. Ask the Lord Jesus to help you, dear Mrs. Delany; but don't, don't think that the branch you carried home last night can do you or your child one atom of good."

"And what, my lady, do ye allow for the Pope's blessing?"

Lady Darrell had not expected this question; it might be unwise to hurt Mary's Roman Catholic feeling of adoration for the head of her Church, and yet how could she answer truly without doing so? Presently she said,

"If the Pope were here, and prayed from his heart to God to help your daughter, his blessing, were it in earnest, would be welcome; but I think that his blessing on a dead leaf is of no use at all. And I also believe that God will listen to the Lord Jesus far sooner than He would listen to the Pope; and Jesus will speak to God for you, if you ask Him."

CHAPTER IV.

Long after Lady Darrell's carriage had returned to Killamore, Mary Delany and her daughter sat talking of what they had heard.

The story had sounded strangely sweet and wonderful to their ears. They had heard so little of the simple human life of the Son of God; their priests recited long prayers in Latin, and sometimes told them of the suffering on the cross, of the sorrow of the Virgin, of the doings of St. Peter. But the teaching given to the poor Roman Catholics in Ireland is scanty and oftentimes foolish. Their Church undertakes all for them, leaving nothing for each one to do but attend mass and confession, and repeat prayers over and over in a foreign tongue.

Lady Darrell's words were easy to understand, and her voice thrilled with earnestness as she spoke of the love of the Lord. He had cared for the poor; He had cured the blind; He had listened to the voices of children. He would pray to his Father for them now—so the lady had said.

"Let us ask Him, mother; do you ask Him," Grace murmured.

"Oh, child, what can *I* say fit to be heard in heaven? If the blessed saints——"

"The lady didn't say aught about the saints, mother."

"Speak then, yourself, darling; sure, and haven't I five-and-twenty years of sins on my head beyond what you have?"

So Grace knelt, there on the sanded floor, and lifting her sightless eyes she said in low broken tones, "O Lord Jesus, ask God to have mercy upon us; do, O Lord! Ask Him to give the power of my eyes to me again. On earth you comforted the sorrowful, and healed the blinded ones; have you any pity left now for a widow-woman and her dark child?"

And Mary said "Amen."

The untutored words came straight from hearts that believed

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that the Lord who had listened to the hosannahs of the poor in Judæa long ago, would not shut His ears to their cry. And the prayer was heard, and answered, although in a way they thought not of.

Grace Delany is still blind.

Blind, that is with her bodily eyes, but she beholds better and fairer things than the sunshine, and the sea, and the golden blossoms of the gorse. Her heart is filled with a radiance that comes from the light of the smile of God.

Her bitter feelings and her sad hours are over for ever. She sits knitting by the fire, and as she knits she sings. Lady Darrell has taught her many songs; but her favourite one has a clear ringing refrain—"Hosannah! Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!"

When the days are warm and bright Grace leans upon her mother's arm, and they saunter along the shore; the great Atlantic waves keep up their ceaseless music on the sand, and the wild birds cry to each other from the island beyond Targan Head. Grace loves to listen to it all! She knows when the sea is awakening before the coming storm; she can tell when the seagulls have hatched their broods upon the ledges of the cliff; she hears the note of the wild geese as they fly in wedges to the north; and she can trace the honey-bee to his nest amongst the purple heather. She has learned wonderful things about God's plans for the world, this blind girl, who knows so little of what men call learning.

Sometimes she wanders as far as the smooth rocks which lie like a giant's pavement around the headland, and sitting down she lays her head upon her mother's lap, and they speak of the day that is surely coming when they two will enter into the land where Jesus is, and will look upon his face with joy.

The glorious sunsets of the western coast glow and deepen above the sea, and Mary Delany tries to tell to Gracie all the beauty which is pictured there, and Grace listens and smiles as she responds, "It is only the sun, only the sun, mother. There is no sun in the Lord's Land, for He Himself giveth them light! We shall need new eyes, the two of us, you as well as me, mother, to look upon that glory."

One day she said, "I know now that it was good for me that I lost the sight of my eyes. And didn't the palm bring a blessing, after all, mother? If I hadn't have been blind ye'd never have gone to Killamore, and my lady would never have visited us so constant as she has done, bless her! and we might never, never have known all she has told us and read to us about Jesus the Lord."

"'Tis little yet that we know," the mother answered; "but though it's poor and ignorant that we be, the dear Lord loves us, and will teach us all the rest his own self by-and-bye, maybe."

"And by-and-bye I shall *see* Him!" murmured the blind girl softly.

The Resurrection.

CROWDED inn and cattle manger
Welcome Jesus to the earth;
Angel hosts His glory singing,
Shepherds poor attend His birth.

In the garden dark and lonely,
Lo, the agony of blood!
Purple robe and reedy sceptre
Mock the thorn-crowned Son of God.

Calvary's hill of shame and hatred
Bears Him high in cruel death;
Quaking earth and midday darkness
Testify His parting breath.

Heavy stone, and seal, and soldiers,
Guard the new-made, silent grave;
Spotless shroud and fragrant spices,
Those are His who came to save.

Soon, behold, the tomb is empty,
See, the clothes in order lie;
Glorious is the angel's message;
Jesus lives, no more to die!

G. E.

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

Once more commencing another series of Scripture exercises for the children's "Sunday Album," we repeat our instructions. Let our young readers provide neat blank books, suitable either for drawing or writing. We shall give from time to time a subject for study, illustrated by a picture. This picture they may copy, or ask their friends to copy for them, to put into the Album. Then on Sunday afternoon or evening they will gather with their Bibles in their hands, and find out as many verses in the Bible as they can in which the subject for the day is found. Some of the children will recollect one verse and some another. Even little ones who are not able to read can help in this exercise by remembering the Bible stories in which the word in question is sometimes found. Then the teacher will write out the verses, or at least the most important of them, round the drawing in the centre, marking below each verse the initials of the child who found it.

Let our readers take the word Cedar as their first subject this year.



ANSWER TO BIBLE QUESTION.

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1. 2 Cor. iii. 1. Acts xviii. 27. Col. iv. 10.
2. See Neh. vi. 5, 6. Sanballat sent his servant to Nehemiah with the letter.
3. Uriah the Hittite carried the letter from David to Joab. 2 Sam. xi. 14, 15.
4. The Epistle of Paul to Philemon.
5. Jehoram, the son of Ahab, king of Israel, received the letter from the king of Syria concerning his servant Naaman.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE SILENT LAND.

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COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES:

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

V.

WE were joined at the turn of the road home, by a group of walkers, the two Miss Robinsons, daughters of the clergyman, and a young niece of Mr. Travers, a bright, animated girl of sixteen, who was spending part of her holidays at Beech Park, and who had been accompanying the ladies from the rectory on some parish visits.

"Oh, Aunt Cecilia!" she cried, as she came up to the carriage, scarcely giving Miss Robinson time to greet us. "I have such a favour to beg of you! I have been seeing the dearest little girl in the world!"

"And you want to adopt her?" I asked, laughing, as she stopped for breath.

"Oh no; of course she has her mother alive, and besides, she is too big for that. Don't laugh! She is the schoolmistress's daughter, Lucy Williams, that pretty child you noticed the other day. She is ten or eleven years old, I think; but she has the most wonderful talent for music! It would be a shame if she did not learn, she might give lessons and help her mother in a few years, if she could practise now. The organist of S——, Mr. Waller, kindly gives her a lesson once a week at his house, and she can practise the day she goes, on Mrs. Waller's piano; but it is too far for her to go oftener than that one day, and she has no other place where she can find a piano."

"We are not musical, you know," interposed Miss Robinson, apologetically, "or of course we should be too happy to help you."

"But, aunt, if you would only let her come and practise on the old piano in that little room opening into the back garden, it would be such a kindness, and I know she would be very careful and not do any mischief. Do say she may!"

Mrs. Travers paused, and looked at me with a smile.

"You see, 'when it rains, it pours,'" I observed; "here is another case in which one of your 'fragments' may be very helpful."

"If Miss Robinson approves, I think it might be managed," said Mrs. Travers, turning to that lady.

"I think it would be doing a real service," she replied. "I can answer both for Mrs. Williams and Lucy, that no encroachment need be feared."

"Well, then, we can fix a time that would suit them, and she can come every day. Can she come alone?"

"Oh yes, she is quite independent."

"And such a darling child, so pretty, and with such a sweet voice," interposed Beatrice.

"Don't spoil her, Beatrice," said Miss Robinson, "or I shall be sorry I took you to her."

"Oh no, I won't, I promise you; but now, Miss Robinson, we had another favour to ask Aunt Cecilia. You know that poor consumptive boy you brought the fruit to; Miss Robinson gives him all her strawberries, aunt (you must not interrupt me, Miss Robinson, you know it's true), and they are all come to an end now; would you let him have some? there are such quantities in the kitchen-garden."

"I am afraid if we come upon Mrs. Travers for all our poor sick people, we shall seem quite unreasonable," said Miss Robinson.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Travers. "I only reproach myself with having been so long forgetful of sharing my luxuries; but I do mean to turn over another leaf. You can take the pony-carriage round to the stable, Thomas, and we will all come by the short cut through the shrubbery."

"Oh, delightful!" said Beatrice; "and will you come at once to the hot-houses and kitchen-garden?"

"Yes, I suppose I had best. I own I am a little nervous," Mrs. Travers said, a little hesitatingly; "it is like pulling the string of a shower-bath."

"How so?" I asked.

"Oh, I know," said Beatrice. "You are afraid of Maclean, the grand Scotch gardener, are not you, Aunt Cecilia?"

"You are a saucy girl, but I am afraid I must own it. You see, Miss Selwyn, he is a very clever gardener, gets half the prizes at the county horticultural show, and Mr. Travers thinks greatly of him. But he is rather despotic, and can't bear me to meddle with the gardens, or even gather the flowers. He always sends in the supplies for the drawing-room and hall himself; the only flowers I am quite free to help myself to at pleasure are those in my own little conservatory."

"And the vegetables, aunt!" added Beatrice. "Don't you remember promising Uncle and Aunt Johnson a hamper of asparagus and early peas last spring? Well, I was there, and what do you think was in the hamper? Nothing but a few common vegetables, such as they could have got at their greengrocer's; not one of the things promised were there!"

"But you should have told me that, Beatrice."

"Aunt Johnson would not let me, for fear you and uncle should be annoyed; but I did not promise to be silent, so now, you see, I have let it out! Maclean is a regular dragon."

"It is very tiresome, the way we often have to

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submit to these people," said Mrs. Travers deprecatingly. "I often think a poor cottager who has only a patch of garden that he digs himself, has more real pleasure out of it than we have with our fine green-houses, and flower-beds full of choice plants."

"Yes, that is quite true," I said; "but is this evil unavoidable?"

"Do you think it could be avoided?"

"I ought not to speak confidently, not being in your position; but as you ask me, I can't help asking in my turn whether the evil may not, at least, be increased by the owners of great places habitually leaving all details to those under them, and taking no part in the arrangements made? If a gardener or steward has been left with the entire management in his hands, we can hardly wonder if he learns the lesson of irresponsible power a little too thoroughly, and occasionally abuses it."

"Yes, I suppose that must be the case," said Cecilia; "but then the question is whether it is worth making a fight about such trifling matters?"

"Isn't it always worth fighting in the cause of justice?" cried Beatrice eagerly.

"Ah, you young folks like fighting," said her aunt smiling; "as you grow older you will wish to avoid it."

"I would avoid all unnecessary disputes," I said; "but these little things, though they seem insignificant, may involve more of principle than we are apt to think."

"In what way?" asked Mrs. Travers.

"In this, I think. If we are truly God's believing children and servants, we are 'not our own, but bought with a price'; everything we have, then, is our Master's, because we are His. That is to say, all we possess, property, strength, talents, are ours with an absolute claim that we should use all for Him. The Jews of old acknowledged this, and as a sign of their allegiance, gave tithes of all they had; even the Pharisees who tithed their 'mint, aniseed, and cinnamon,' were not blamed for that; the Lord said, 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' It was the neglect of the 'weightier matters' that was blamed, not the strictness in trifles."

"But we are not under the law, but under grace," said Cecilia.

"Yes; but the law pointed out the principle; and surely it would be unfitting that those who are led by love to the Redeemer who saved them should do less than the Jews under the law?"

"But would that show we ought to give up everything we have?" said Beatrice.

"No; the young ruler had a Divine command, and manifestly an exceptional one. No such command was given to Joseph of Arimathea, or to the 'women who ministered of their substance' to the Lord. In ordinary cases we should not be called on to do as He bade the ruler do; but the spirit of His commands is shown by our looking on whatever we have—house, or money, or garden, or field—as something to use for Him; to enjoy for ourselves thankfully, as He has given them to us, but not for ourselves alone; and to look at each of our possessions as a trust for which we are responsible to Him, and to ask Him to show us how we can best use it in His service."

"That does put the matter in a new light," said Mrs. Travers; "and I suppose it would not, in that point of view, be right to leave one's gardens and hot-houses in the gardener's hands undisputed. My husband leaves me completely free to do what I like in that department."

"And that places the responsibility in your hands, otherwise you would not be the one called to account for it."

"Yes; as long as I keep some fruit for luncheon and dessert, and have flowers on the drawing-room table, I may dispose of everything as I like. It is quite clear, then, that it would not be using these things for God to refuse them to these poor sick ones to please my gardener; so I will screw up my courage and speak to Maclean."

"Oh yes, auntie, that's right, and I'll stand by you!" cried Beatrice.

Her aunt could not help laughing. "A formidable auxiliary, to be sure," she said. "But I think I had better take the initiative, my dear little heroine. So now for it! This is the way into the kitchen-garden. We shall find Maclean among his cucumber and melon beds."

I admired the gentle but dignified firmness with which she made her wishes known to the gardener. I knew it cost her an effort, but she did it well. I will not say that the autocrat of the hot-houses and graperies took it very contentedly; but he saw his mistress was in earnest, and he obeyed. He looked extremely black, and cut the grapes and flowers with the air of a captive prince compelled to give up his spoils on the field of battle; but the work was accomplished, and the hampers of fruit and flowers sent off in triumph that evening; the one to Mrs. Haynes in a cart containing also a comfortable *chaise-longue*, with cushions, a parcel of books and magazines, and a note promising to send the carriage early next afternoon for the invalid.

I accompanied it, and it would have been a reward for a much greater effort to see the delight and thankfulness of the mother and daughter. The next thing was for Mrs. Travers to call for them herself and bring them to Beech Park for a long day. Everything was done to make the visit a restful and pleasant one to the sick girl; and she and her mother thoroughly enjoyed it. That time forth drives were almost daily taken by the invalid, and the effect was speedily visible in her manifest improvement in strength. The hue of health began to return to her pale cheek, and brightness to her eye; and long before the time when they were to return to town, her progress towards recovery had become rapid.

"But for these drives there would never have been this change for the better," said the grateful mother. Meanwhile Mrs. Travers' work grew on her; the supply of fruit and flowers to the sick was a constant interest; a hamper of the latter was sent up weekly to a friend engaged in the work of the "Flower Mission" to hospitals, and many a sick bed cheered by the lovely, fragrant messengers from the country. Beatrice, who was beginning to illuminate nicely, undertook the texts which were to accompany each tiny bouquet, and entered into her work with zeal.

The little musical student, again, came regularly to practise, and was so grateful and so diligent, that the only difficulty was to withhold Beatrice from making her so much of a pet as to do her harm.

But more objects came under Mrs. Travers' notice as she became more awake to her responsibilities. A friend of mine, who was superintendent to a very efficient and devoted Bible-woman in one of the worst parts of the City, wrote me word that she was anxious to find some means of giving her a week or two of complete rest and change, as she was worn out with her labours in the district, and no room could be found for her in the Convalescent Homes to which she had applied. I named her case to Mrs. Travers; she had learned enough since she first drove with me to see the Haynes, to make her ready to take the initiative, and she herself proposed having Mrs. Smith down to Beech Park to stay, taking her meals in the housekeeper's room, and being free to enjoy walks in the park and shrubberies.

The offer was thankfully accepted; and the visit proved a success. Poor Mrs. Smith's gratitude and delight in the verdure and fresh air, was pleasant to witness; and, though quite unconsciously on her part, she in fact gave as much as she received, during her stay. She was a quiet, unassuming woman, but possessed of intelligence and powers of observation, and capable of relating simply and agreeably what she had seen and heard—a talent often wanting in persons of higher pretensions. We used to get her, as we sat under the trees in the park, to tell us of her experiences in visiting the poor, and a new world of interest was opened to Mrs. Travers and her niece. Hearing about these things from an eye-witness was different even from reading about them in the most interesting journals. Mrs. Travers found that she could help the sick and poor even though unable to go to them herself; and plans were laid for sending various little comforts to Mrs. Smith's superintendent, Miss Hunter—who readily undertook to see they were conveyed to those needing them—and flowers to distribute at the mothers' meetings. Beatrice set up a collecting-box for the East End poor, and was eager to help in various ways suggested by Mrs. Smith's conversation, by working for poor children, illuminating texts for sick rooms, etc. But the good Bible-woman's mission did not end here. Her judicious Christian influence was much blessed, as I afterwards found, to one of the young servant-girls in the house; and Mrs. Travers' own maid, Gresham, a reserved and rather depressed, though sincerely pious and upright woman, was so cheered and strengthened by the intercourse with the new guest, that she declared when she took leave of her, that they had "entertained an angel unawares."

This, again, resulted in further good effects. Mrs. Travers was led to take a more active interest than she had ever done before, in the moral and spiritual welfare of her household. Like many kind-hearted but somewhat indolent heads of families, while providing amply for the bodily comfort of her servants, she had left their higher interests little attended to. She found, on looking into matters more closely, that few of the under-servants ever went to church; and this not from any actual hindrances interposed, but simply from want of arrangement and care to see that each in turn had the opportunity. A little attention to details soon enabled her to set this right, in spite of much passive resistance from the housekeeper, Mrs. Malden, a matron who had ruled supreme in the household ever since Mrs. Travers' marriage. She was very soft, sweet, and plausible in her manner, and professed to be "very glad that the maids should get to church; she valued the privilege so herself! and oh, what a pleasure it was to hear that good Mrs. Smith talk so beautifully!"

Mrs. Travers had been accustomed to believe firmly in Mrs. Malden; however, when she found that in spite of all this protestation, the two young housemaids, one of whom had been so impressed by Mrs. Smith's conversation, were constantly kept away, she began to inquire farther, and soon found where the real hindrance lay.

She began Bible-readings with the young maids on Sunday afternoons, and found the same difficulty.

"I have fixed an hour again and again," she said to me, "and tried to choose time I was told would be most convenient, and yet they tell me they can never be spared."

"I suspect you will find that Mrs. Malden is at the bottom of it all."

"Do you think her untruthful?"

"I can't tell. I have known a woman in her position, who was really both honest and religious in her own way, and yet from pure 'muddle' and want of management, was always keeping those under her away from the readings her mistress wished to arrange. But she failed from natural dulness and indecision. In this case there is no lack of intelligence, as any one can see, but it struck me that 'the lady did protest too much.' I don't like to judge, but her tone did not sound real."

"What can I do, then?"

"Only go on as you are doing, and look more and more into things."

"Well, I have been more downstairs lately, and I have begun to fear there is a good deal of waste."

"There is in most large households, I fear."

"And certainly, if we *are* to 'gather up fragments,' that can't be right."

"No, indeed. There is many a great house, where the milk wasted in many ways would have kept alive delicate babes who were pining for it, and whose mothers could not procure them a drop, and where meat boiled down for soups and then thrown away might have fed a hungry person. I fear there are many Lazaruses in our days who don't even get the crumbs from the rich men's tables."

"How dreadful that seems! Well, we don't give great dinners, but still I did see things the other day which made me sure there was something wrong. I will look into it more."

The final results of her researches were that Mrs. Malden gave warning, declaring it hurt her feelings to see that she was suspected. Mrs. Travers had taken great care to do everything with delicacy and gentleness, and was pained at the housekeeper's abrupt departure; but she soon found that the step had not been taken without reason. A system not only of waste but of petty peculation was discovered, which cost her much trouble and anxiety to set right. She had never worked so hard in her life. Fortunately I was able to recommend to her, through a friend, a really worthy and respectable successor to Mrs. Malden, and matters were placed on a better footing, and the "fragments" saved were utilised, with the help of the Miss Robinsons, so as to give timely help to many of the sick poor.

Under the new *régime*, the Sunday readings were easily set on foot, and Mr. Robinson undertook a

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Bible-class once a week for all the men and boys, out and indoor, who were willing to attend.

All this did not take place in a day, as may well be supposed; it was the work of time.

The alterations for the better came gradually, bit by bit, as the way opened, some of them long after I had left, and they were made more slowly than would have been done in some other cases, for my friend's natural character was timid and diffident, and only her really high principle and thorough earnestness of purpose would have stimulated her to make the efforts she did. But the work she had found, braced and strengthened her whole being. Her general health and spirits improved, and long before all the changes I have spoken of, even when the day came when other engagements obliged me to take my departure, the light in her eye as she stood at her hall-door to see me off, told more than words could do, that her "gathering up" of her "fragments" had brought new life to her.

PAT MACDONOGH,

OF THE 87TH REGIMENT, OR ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS.

IT is some years now since the body of this humble but loyal and pious soldier was laid in its resting-place in a quiet parish on the west coast of Ireland. By the few friends who knew him his memory will be cherished, and I wish now to lay on his grave a wreath of loving and respectful remembrance.

Patrick Macdonogh was left an orphan at a very early age. He was sent to one of the then newly-established mission schools (of the Irish Church Mission Society), at Errismore. This was in the year 1849. The church and school at Errismore have always prospered, although few places have witnessed such cruel and persistent persecution at the instigation of the Romish authorities. Against the true love of Christ and of God's word, the storms of persecution beat in vain, and even when spiritual religion is not professed, Irishmen love liberty and hate oppression, so that the Protestants at Errismore have not been destroyed. Many hundreds of children have been trained at this mission-school, and have done credit to their training wherever their lot in life has been cast.

Pat Macdonogh was always remarkable, even as a boy, for his seriousness. His head was bowed, and his eyes were closed during prayer, as if he felt the presence of God. He read and spoke the Irish language fluently, was well versed in the Romish controversy, and never missed an opportunity of laying before his Romish neighbours and relatives, in an earnest and kindly way, the errors of their religion. He had in him a strong hatred of tyranny and wrong, with a keen sense of humour, which the following incident will show.

The scholars were very much annoyed by the priest, who walked up and down before the school-gates, at the hour of their coming to school. His reverence pretended to be reading a book, his breviary, but in reality he was watching the scholars, and taking their names in order to intimidate them. He would say to one, "Where are you going to?"

"To school, sir."

"You are not going to the devil's school, I hope."

"No, sir," a child would answer, "I am going to a school where the word of God is read, and where we hear about the Saviour."

"But ye cannot go to heaven if ye should die, while going to that school."

"If you prove that out of the Bible," was the usual reply, "we will believe it; otherwise we don't believe it. Good morning, sir," and the priest was left to continue his reading of his breviary.

But other children were in great terror, and screamed, and climbed over the walls, and ran across the fields to avoid the priest.

Pat watched the priest, and saw what he was doing. Pat would have behaved respectfully to any one worthy of respect, though he might differ from him, but the priest was not in the way of duty in thus frightening and bullying the children. "Wait a while," Pat said, "and I shall soon put an end to this work."

He got a black cloak and flung it over his shoulders, and put on a small cap. Thus dressed, he seized a book in size like the priest's breviary, and in a few minutes was seen behind the priest, reading his breviary just as his reverence was reading his.

The school-master and his scholars were soon at the door, watching the scene and laughing heartily.

Pat struck his breast each time the priest did so, and he lifted his cap at the end of the Latin prayer in the breviary; Pat also spoke aloud his Latin as well as his reverence.

The laughter at the school-door increasing, the priest looked behind him, and what was his horror to see the small edition of himself, exactly imitating him in dress and in his evolutions whereby he hoped to overawe the children. The shock was too much for him; he cleared the wall quickly. Pat cleared it too; in a few minutes he was over half the field. Pat like his shadow—for he had no fear—was after him. Still reading his breviary, and mumbling some unintelligible jargon—the priest looked behind from time to time and hastened away quicker and quicker, until Pat gave over following him. From that day no priest ever attempted to read his breviary before the school-gates.

Pat was well instructed, as I have said, in the Romish controversy, and was clever in exposing the errors of the Church of Rome before his Romish neighbours and relatives.

The Irish are very fond of an argument, and to decline controversy would be considered a confession of weakness. The priests sometimes command their people not to listen and not to argue, but most Irishmen know that this is a cowardly course, and are not willing to shut their eyes and open their mouths so as to swallow whatever is presented to them. This silencing of argument is more successful in England, I am told, than it is in Ireland. Pat was ready to argue, but he had his Irish Testament always at hand to prove his statements.

One day as he was on his way to school he met

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a party of men on their way to the confession-house, to attend the Station of Confession. They laid hold on Pat and insisted on his coming with them to the priest. Pat resisted; they told him he should come to the priest. Some of them were his own relatives, so Pat was not much afraid. "But the priest is not at the confession-house," said Pat; "I passed it just now, and I heard them say the priest was sick, and could not come to-day."

"Well," said one of the party, "we shall not go; let us return home."

"Why should you?" said Pat; "sure his mother is there. Has she not as much power as her son? Does not the priest tell you that the Virgin Mary has as much power as her Son, and why should not the priest's mother have it also?"

"What do you mean?" roared one of them. "Do you want us to confess our sins to the old woman?"

"Certainly," said Pat, "you should do so, if the mother has as much power as the Son, as your priest tells you and your church. But your Bible tells you that neither the priest nor his mother can do it, for 'who can forgive sins but God only?' That is the doctrine it teaches."

"Well, I think you are right," said one. "It looks like the truth, and for my part I shall not trouble the priest or his mother for some time to come," and from that day until he emigrated to America he never attended a Station of Confession.

Pat met the priest another day; Pat passed without the usual salutation, which he might have given. The priest looked after him, and said, "Well, my boy, where are you going to?"

"To school, sir," said Pat.

"You don't mean that school near us?" said the priest.

"Yes," said Pat, "to that very school."

"Are you a Protestant, and were your parents Protestants?"

"I am a Protestant, but my parents were Roman Catholics."

"And pray what fault do you find with the Catholic Church?"

"No fault," said Pat; "I am a member of the Holy Catholic Church, but I left the Roman branch of that church."

"And what objection have you to the Roman Church?"

"I do not believe in many things you teach: I do not believe your doctrine of transubstantiation, nor your masses, nor your prayers to saints, nor your purgatory."

"Well now," said the priest, "let us take one of these doctrines, say, transubstantiation; come, tell me what you have to say against it, as you are such a theologian."

"I object to it," said Pat, "because the Bible says, 'They be no gods that are made with hands,' and surely you would not deny but the host is made with hands. Again the Bible says, 'The workman made it, therefore it is no God.' And our Lord at the Last Supper said, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' And St. Paul said, 'For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup ye do shew forth His death till He come.' You see our Lord and St. Paul, an inspired apostle, knew nothing of transubstantiation."

"Come, come," said the priest, "that will do for the present; have you another reason against it?"

A crowd was now gathered to hear the boy and the priest, and the latter did not want them to hear the passages of Scripture.

"I have," said Pat: "God has given me five senses—hearing, seeing, smelling, touching, and tasting; and these five senses tell me it is bread and wine after the words of consecration as well as before it."

"If you put a straight stick into water will not your sight tell you it is crooked? What becomes of your sense of sight then? It deceives you; how can you rely on it after that?"

"Yes," said Pat, "but if I take it out of the water my sight will tell me it is straight, or else how did I know it was straight? The water is the cause of the mistake, and when the cause is removed then the testimony of my sight is correct—else I should never know that the stick was straight. How could the people know the truth of the miracles of our Lord if they could not believe the evidence of their senses. Yet our Lord appealed to these miracles as proofs and evidences of his Messiahship, and the Holy Ghost, in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, calls them 'infallible proofs.'"

"I see," said the priest, "you are well up in controversy. Good morning; I am in a hurry now; I cannot stay longer."

"Good morning," said Pat; "may the Lord remove the bandage from your eyes, and change you from a Saul into a Paul."

Pat enlisted in the 87th—the celebrated "Faugh-a-Ballagh" ("Clear the way")—and passed many years in India with that regiment. Captain Hall was wont to call him his chaplain, for he helped him so much and conducted his prayer-meetings in his absence, sang and prayed, and invited his comrades to attend the meetings. Pat remained many years in India, but his health failed; that insidious fatal disease, consumption, had far advanced before Pat was aware of its danger. He was sent home an invalid with a pension of a shilling a day, and came to reside with a Romish brother, who was very kind to him, and always maintained that he had a right to liberty of conscience. Pat might be seen day after day reading the New Testament in Irish to those who came to his brother's house, or visiting his neighbours and reading about Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph, and the Prophet Elijah on Mount Carmel, or other marvellous interesting events of which they had never heard a word before. He told them of the idols of India, of the self-inflicted penances he witnessed there, and showed their resemblance to the idols and penances of Rome, and there is reason to believe that of the thousands in New York now hearing the Reformed priest MacNamara there are many who heard the truth in Ireland from Pat Macdonogh, and others like him, who taught them first in Ireland, but they had not the moral courage to profess it at home.

Pat became very weak, and was unable to quit the house, and soon afterwards was unable to leave his bed. But even then he sang hymns, preached to those around him, and prayed, and told them of the Saviour who loved them and died for them, and rose again for their justification. But he became so weak that he could not talk much, and one evening it was feared he would not survive the night. The priest had many consultations with his brother and sister-in-law. Pat suspected their object, and asked his brother about these conversations. The brother

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told him, and asked would he have any objection to permit the priest to anoint him, so that he might be buried in the family burial-ground? His Romish relatives tried hard to induce him to consent to have the priest to attend him, so that they might be able to lay him beside his father; but he would not hear of it on that condition, and he gave them his reasons for refusing, while the Romanists could give no reason but "habit," "custom," "and dying in the true church," and having his "relatives at his funeral."

"Now tell me, Pat," said his brother, "what harm can it do you? You say it will do no good; but tell me what harm it can do?"

"Oh!" said he, "it would be denying my Saviour. It would show that I have not placed my whole trust in Him. He is able and He is willing to bear my sin."

"How is that?" said the other. "Do you mean to say that we do not trust in Him as well as Protestants?"

"We all have a heavy load of sins," said Pat. "If we believe Jesus is able to bear our load, we need not ask the priest for help, nor St. Peter, nor St. Patrick, nor any other saint or angel. Now I believe He is able and willing to save me, and I do not need the priest nor his oil to help Him. If I had a thousand souls instead of one, and a mountain of sins in addition to my own, I would lay them all on Him, and I would have no fear or doubt but He is able and willing to carry them all; His power is infinite, and His mercy is without end."

The brother's wife now became very angry, especially when she heard one of those present say, "You are right; I understand it all now, and I believe every word you have said." She said her house should not be any longer the abode of Jumpers and Protestants, and that she would not see the sick man for the future, and that if he refused to have the priest, he should leave her house.

"Very well," said Pat, "you can turn me out if you like, but I could die happy on the dung-heap at the door, for I should die there with my Saviour as Lazarus did, rather than in a palace without Him, and I shall never suffer a Romish priest to stand between me and that Saviour."

We wrote at once to his minister, and stated his position. He was removed forthwith to a Scripture-reader's house, where he departed in peace.

His last words on earth were,

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly."

We laid his remains in the parish churchyard, with a black board at his head with his name and age, thirty-three years, and the words,

"HE DEPARTED IN PEACE, REJOICING IN HIS SAVIOUR."

When I call to mind the great work done by the Society for Irish Church Missions, throughout its various mission-fields since the year 1849, and the work in which it is still engaged in various parts of Ireland, I feel constrained to lift the heart in gratitude to the Good Shepherd who has so abundantly blessed the seed sown, and the increase which followed as the consequence of that blessing. No one can tell the number of young men and young women brought into the glorious liberty of the gospel by the instrumentality of one of God's faithful servants, the founder and father of that society, the dear departed Alexander Dallas, who though dead yet speaketh. The present writer has been personally acquainted with hundreds of these converts from the Church of Rome. Had all remained in Ireland there would be a great Protestant community in the west of Ireland, but the largest number emigrate, and seldom return to the poverty and darkness of papal Ireland. I have letters from old scholars of the mission in all parts of the colonies, as well as in America, some of them now occupying positions of trust and of influence. Of none have I more pleasing remembrance than of Pat Macdonogh.

GOLDFISH *VERSUS* MOSQUITOES.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

MOSQUITOES multiply in the pools and tanks and reservoirs which are so necessary to the gardens of Mentone. It would be quite impossible to fish out their larvæ; whoever should attempt it would find it an endless task, like that of getting all the polly-wogs out of the rain-water at home. A friend of ours has placed goldfish in his tanks, and these very speedily settle the question by devouring the creatures which would erewhile turn into noxious insects. The goldfish are in themselves an ornament, and are still more valuable as preventives. Who would not sooner breed goldfish than mosquitoes?

Herein lies a lesson worth learning. In our hearts evil thoughts and temptations are sure to multiply, either springing up of themselves, or being infused by Satan. To attempt either to keep them out or to get them out would be a very difficult operation. Thoughts are slippery things, and move so rapidly that it is hard to deal with them. If, however, we are taught of God to put into the soul a holy passion, a living principle, a sacred pursuit, it will act like the goldfish, and utterly destroy the wrong thoughts and emotions which else would multiply. When there were poisonous gourds in the pot, the prophet did not try to remove the deadly elements; but he threw in good meal as an antidote. The surest and best way to destroy the serpents of Jannes and Jambres was to cast Aaron's rod down among them, for it speedily swallowed up their rods. An idle man is an evil man. He who has nothing to do will do mischief. He who has nothing to think about will think of sin. Occupation and meditation are great preservatives against temptation. The grace of God first, and an engrossing engagement or an interesting contemplation next, and Satan will be doubly shut out, and the heart bolted and barred against him.

The goldfish plan is one which we strongly recommend to those who have to do with children and young people. Does your boy purchase a sensational paper containing a tale of doubtful character? Give him a first-class book, or "The Boy's Own Paper," either of which will be far more interesting than the "penny dreadful." Does a young lady of your acquaintance dote upon the last novel, fresh from the loan library? Do not scold her, but lend her a better work, and gently lead her to another class of literature. Use one wedge to drive out another. Young men who begin to spend their

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evenings in questionable places, should be enticed to their homes by such happy arts as fathers, mothers, and sisters can easily use if they will but put their heads together, and consider the boy's taste rather than their own. Active minds should not be forbidden their chosen pursuits, but they should be decoyed from them by the presentation of something more excellent. Working men have been *scolded* for spending their evenings in a tap-room, but a more effectual method is to open a coffee palace, and to give them decent houses to live in, and open public washhouses, so that they may not be driven out of the one room by the steam of the week's wash. The Tract Society's coloured pictures hung up on what else had been bare walls have given home a cheery look, and served as the goldfish to eat up the mosquitoes. The old plan often was to put up a stern notice, "*No mosquitoes may be hatched in these waters*," with the result that all things have gone on as if no edict had been promulgated. The method which we would suggest is to slip in the goldfish in the most quiet and unobserved manner, and say nothing.

Is not this the Lord's way in this sinful world to overcome evil with good, and evil men by good men? Is not that the reason why dear saints are sometimes found in the lowest slums, in back courts, and in families abandoned to vice? May it not be for this cause that a precious babe is dropped into a graceless family, to grow up and sing its little hymns, and talk of "gentle Jesus," till blasphemy is hushed, and crime is ashamed to own itself? May such a curing blessing be applied to all earth's stagnant waters till the powers of evil shall sting no more.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

V.—STONING.

ONE day, travelling on camel-back through that portion of the Desert of Sinai called the Desert of Sin, my Arabs all of a sudden left their camels and me, running on in front, leaving the caravan to come on as best it could. When I came up to them I found them congregated round a heap of stones and sand. They were crying out with loud voices, throwing stones, too, at this heap, and kicking up the sand with their feet, all of them in a most excited state, even spitting violently, which is quite an Eastern way of showing contempt or hatred. I called out to know what was the matter, but they began again, going on worse than ever, till they were quite exhausted. Then the following story was told me. Once upon a time a bad man, a very bad man, lived thereabouts, but, said they, "Praise be to Allah," which means "Thanks be to God," he was killed, his body was put in the sand there. Everybody was so glad he was killed that whenever a native went by the grave, he threw stones and sand at him, cursing at the same time the name and memory of the dead man. From the heap of stones and sand it showed that people must have done this for some time.

You can read in the Bible of the same sort of thing being done by the Jews. There was once a man named Achan; he did what all the people had been told not to do, he was wicked, disobeyed God; of course was found out, he was killed by the people for his wickedness. After burying him, they covered his body with stones, and then all the people cast stones at the grave; this they did for years after. You can read about this man in the seventh chapter of Joshua; also in the next chapter we are told of a king who was killed, and his body also covered with a great heap of stones.

Among the Jews the most awful form of punishment by death was that of "stoning to death." The man condemned was taken out and stoned by all the people, and the awful character of the death would be that it was such a lingering death. The whole village or town would cast stones at him, not big rocks, as some people fancy, but stones. It is still quite an Eastern practice; whenever people wish to show hatred, they cast stones and dirt at you. I have had volleys of stones thrown at me merely because I was a Christian. The Jews in the Holy Land have still the same customs as their forefathers. In the valley of the Kedron, near Jerusalem, there is a building called the "Tomb of Absalom"; all round it lies a great heap of small stones. I have often watched Jews passing it; when they came to it they would pick up some stones and cast them back again at the heap with every expression of contempt and hatred. We are told in the Bible that when Absalom was slain by Joab, his body was cast into a pit, a great heap of stones being laid upon him.

We are told that Absalom, having no son in his lifetime, raised a pillar to himself in the "king's dale," to keep his name in remembrance. This so-called tomb I have told you of is situated at the entrance of what was the "king's dale," or garden. It is a fertile garden even now, for the water from Siloam passes through it. In all probability this so-called "tomb" marks the place where this "pillar" stood, so that this rebellious son is remembered to this day, not, as he had hoped, with honour, but with horror and contempt because of his crime in rebelling against his too indulgent father, King David. Absalom forgot the commandment, "Honour thy father;" rebelling against him he lost his life, and to all time is an awful example of a bad son. See how God punishes rebellion against parents: look at the difference of the two sons, Absalom and Solomon; the one died a despised death, the other came to great honour, being chosen by God to be king. He had the blessings and prayers of his father David, who asked God to give his son Solomon a "perfect heart" (1 Chron. xxix. 19). Solomon, too, was told by God to "ask what shall I give thee." His answer was, "Give me now wisdom and knowledge" (2 Chron. i. 10). After that prayer God promised that, because he had asked that, He would not only give it to him, but riches and honour such as no king had ever before or since. Dear children, ask that God will give you the grace to pray the prayer of Solomon, then his blessing will rest upon you for ever.

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ARABS THROWING STONES AT A GRAVE IN THE DESERT.

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THE YOUNG REFUGEE.

III.—MARIE IN SERVICE.



CAN be no longer an incumbrance on you, madame. I must find something to do. I could sing in the streets, or sell matches, or even wash the door-steps, but I can no longer be idle. I seek my parents in vain. I see foreigners and foreigners; I even recognize some. I enquire for my dear father and mother, and nothing is known concerning them."

Marie had been some time in England, when she said this to Madame Le Beau.

"We will consult the good Monsieur Brun," replied madame. "But for him and his pious friends, Adèle would not have been placed, and I should not have my three lessons in singing. I now go to give one, and will call at the Maison des Étrangers on my return, where he is every day. Oh! the blessed institution that it is. It is already crowded with foreigners, and has not been long opened."

"May I go there, dear madame?"

"Assuredly when the services are sufficiently organized. But I must not delay. Adieu, my mother. Adieu, my child. Thou takest care of the grandmother when we are absent, Marie. Now we are busy, we could not do without thee."

Madame Le Beau kissed her hand, smiled, and disappeared.

"There must be two Madame Le Beaus," thought Marie, looking after her. "She is now quite a lady."

Such was, indeed, the case. The loose princesse dressing-gown had been laid aside, and replaced by a perfect costume extracted from one of the boxes in the adjoining room; for a Frenchwoman keeps her clothes, if nothing else.

The wavy hair was surmounted by a Parisian bonnet, maintained in the mode by daily retouches; and Madame Le Beau might have been fresh from Worth's for aught her clientèle, as she called her three employers, knew to the contrary.

"And she is so handsome," sighed Marie. "I wonder Monsieur Le Beau could have forsaken her and Adèle."

"Now that we have arranged our affairs, thou shalt read to me," said Madame Mercier.

The arrangement consisted in preparing the vegetables for the soup, and placing the disused boxes and empty tins and pots round the walls. Marie seated herself in the window, where there was happily a bench, and whence she could look into a small, dark court below, and up to innumerable chimney-pots above. She began to read the Bible to Madame Mercier.

"Where the good Monsieur Brun has turned down the leaf. It tells me what I am by nature, and what he assures me I may become by grace," said Madame Mercier, taking up a stocking she was knitting for the wife of a neighbouring butcher.

Marie obeyed, though she found the chapter indicated rather difficult of comprehension. She was not quite the Marie to whom we were first introduced; for her colour and general appearance had faded together. As to Madame Mercier, her head was still swathed with a bandage, beneath which her black eyes twinkled restlessly; and she often interrupted the reading by reproaches to Lisette, whose big tail would entangle itself with her worsted, as she alternately slumbered and woke up on the old woman's lap.

There was a knock at the door, and Lisette jumped off.

"Enter. Open, Marie," said madame.

To the surprise of both, a smart young gentleman came in, whom Marie recognised as Mr. Merric.

"I beg your pardong. Je croyais Madame Le Beau," he said, glancing round at the nearly empty room, and being about to beat a retreat.

"It is Madame Le Beau's mother—Adèle's grandmother," said Marie, half in French half in English, for she had picked up a few words in the latter language.

"Ah! You are the little girl who came with the policeman. And is this where Miss Le Beau lives? And is that her relation? I had business in the neighbourhood, and I called to—to—see her mother," said the young man surprised out of his attempt at French.

Marie explained everything volubly, but he understood little. He made out, however, that Madame Le Beau was from home, and with a pitying look at Marie, and a polite bow to the grandmother, was about to depart, when he turned and whispered to Marie,

"Ne dites pas cela—que—that, don't say that—j'appelle—I call."

Marie understood. He did not wish Adèle to know that he had found her friends so circumstanced.

"It is doubtless another demand for my daughter," said Madame Mercier. "She is so clever she must make her way when known. She was professor in Paris, and sang formerly in public. But fortune changes with facts. Continue, my child."

Marie had not long recommenced the difficult chapter, when there was a great noise as of many feet on the usually quiet stairs, followed by a knock at the door. Marie opened it, and was asked whether "This is Madame Le Beau's?" She nodded, and the next moment a man came in backward, followed by a couch and another man. No sooner was the couch placed on the floor than the men disappeared, muttering "Nothing to pay." They were succeeded immediately by a third man, bearing a moderately-

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sized round table, who also vanished, while Madame Mercier was asking many questions in French.

"Our Adèle will be ruined, and we shall need the money; but, indeed, it is a delightful couch, and will serve thee for a bed, Marie," said the old woman, sitting down on the leathern seat of a respectable, though apparently second-hand sofa. "And the table! It is mahogany! But our Adèle could not find money to pay for this. It is our good fairy, Monsieur Brun, and his friend, eh, Lisette?"

"It is the young Mr. Merric," thought Marie; but she respected his desire for secrecy, and was silent.

Lisette jumped first on the sofa, then on the table, and to judge from her purr and her tail, knew more about it than either. Marie, forgetting her own troubles in joy at the new arrivals, began to dance with Lisette, and to embrace the grand'mère, who, in her emotion and gratitude, found her youth, and began to foot it also.

"Now let us arrange the room against their return," said Marie. "Your chair on this side the fire, madame—it is the warmest—the couch on the other; the table between. We shall no longer need the poor boxes, though Adèle and I found room on the green one."

"Ah! but Monsieur Brun and the Bible are right! The good God answers our prayers," said Madame Mercier. "You see, He even sends us furniture, and shall He not provide food? I go to return Him thanks."

The difficult chapter was laid aside for that day, while madame went into the other room, and Marie arranged and re-arranged the new possessions. It was pretty to see her, with flushed face, moving them with a sort of mathematical precision, until her eye was satisfied that they were precisely where they ought to be. Then she took Madame Mercier's knitting, and placed it on the table, laid the Bible near it, drew her chair close to it, and stirred the fire and the pot-au-feu. Glancing around for other ornaments, she spied a piece of music and something like a workbox in one corner, which she put upon the table before the couch.

"There is nothing else but those terrible cocoatins, bearing the name of Le Beau," she murmured. "Oh! had we but some of our beautiful bijouterie! But doubtless that is consumed in the horrible war."

Tears succeeded smiles, but she brushed them off, thinking to herself that she must be gay with the gay, and that if it pleased God, He might send her parents to her quite as easily as He could send furniture to Madame Le Beau and Adèle.

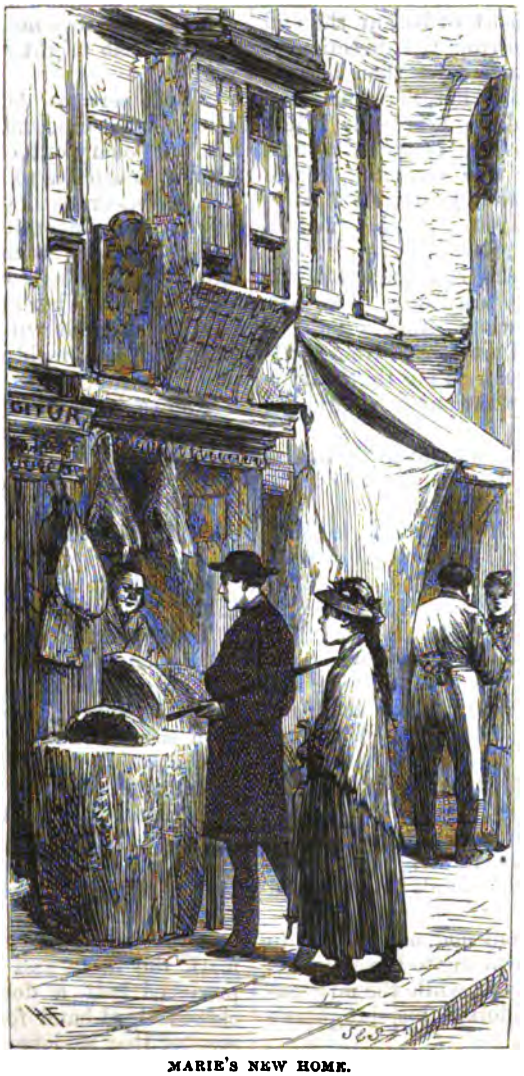
Madame Le Beau came in, followed by the missionary. Her mother reappeared at the same moment, and there was such a hubbub that a listener on the stairs might have imagined at least a dozen people in warm discourse. Madame Mercier recounted facts, her daughter laughed and cried by turns, and declared them fables, while the missionary disclaimed all knowledge of the donor, and preached a sermon on the goodness of the Almighty. Marie answered innumerable questions without betraying the confidence of Mr. Merric.

"You must not pawn them whatever your straits," said the missionary, who knew that all available articles had been pawned for food.

"I consider them only as a loan," replied Madame Le Beau, seating herself on the sofa, before the piece of music. "I feel once more myself! Mother, we are again at home."

"It is Marie who found thy music, my child," said Madame Mercier.

"And I come on her account," said the missionary, laying his hand kindly on Marie's shoulder. "You wish to work, my little one. I have a friend who is desirous to procure a French girl, not only to nurse his baby, but to speak French to his eldest girl, who is his accountant. He is a butcher, but that does not signify. He lives in Soho, and you will still have a chance of meeting your parents."



MARIE'S NEW HOME.

It must be confessed that Marie's countenance fell. She had conceived a horror of the butchers' shops she had seen in Soho, and indeed, of such places generally. But she recovered herself.

"A thousand thanks, monsieur. When shall I go? I have nursed my baby cousin. I will do my best."

"Then come with me and I will introduce you, and see what my friends Mr. and Mrs. Pargitur think of you."

"Ah, but not at once, Monsieur Brun!" cried Madame Le Beau.

"Strike the iron while it is hot, madame. They are worthy people, though ambitious for their children."

Marie put on her hat, and glancing dejectedly at the new furniture, followed

the missionary. Passing through one or two streets, they reached a butcher's shop, which Marie was delighted to perceive looked, at least respectable, and the meat displayed fit for human food and not for carrion, as was much of that sold in the poorer neighbourhoods. They entered the shop, and the missionary introduced Marie to a stout, red-faced man, who had just shaken hands heartily with him. Marie shivered as she looked from his round face to his round blue apron on which hung, châtelaine-wise, the implements of his trade; and she felt sick as the smell of the meat penetrated from nostrils to throat. But he had a benevolent face, in spite of his surroundings, and she took courage while she tried in vain to understand his discourse.

"Hem! she looks slim for a nurse-girl, and my missus is all for growth. She don't think French necessary, as I do. You see, it is a language that carries us all over the world, and here, where there are such a deal of foreigners, it is inconvenient not to be able to parley-vous frongçais. I don't want to cheat or be cheated, but to drive an honest trade; and 'tis easier to knock down an ox—which is done in a minute and without pain, if you know how—than 'tis to knock one's meaning into the brains of one as don't understand your lingo. So I want to make my girl there talk French."

Mr. Pargitur pointed to a sort of box at the end of the shop, and Marie, following the direction of his finger, saw a girl, not much older than herself, seated within it, a ledger before her, her elbows on the desk, and her eyes fixed on her. She had a wideawake look, caused possibly by eyes, mouth, ears and hair being all on the stretch. Marie meeting the round, staring, blue eyes, made a little frightened courtesy, and received a familiar nod in return.

"She's a good girl, a capital girl, though I say it as shouldn't," continued Mr. Pargitur. "Can cast up accounts, and calkilate prices, from a pair of sheep's trotters to a quarter of mutton, or from pettitoes to sucking-pig—which reminds me that Christmas 'll soon be here, and you must put in your claim with the rest of the beggars."

Mr. Pargitur laughed, and the missionary thanked him heartily, for he knew that he meant to give a portion of his Christmas meat to the poor.

"Shall we introduce my little friend to Mrs. Pargitur?" asked the latter, laying his hand on Marie's shoulder.

"No need. She'll do. She's French all over," came in a decided voice, from the box.

"All right. If Maria Amelia is satisfied, her ma's sure to agree," said Mr. Pargitur, giving the missionary a knock on his back. "When shall she come, my dear?" turning to the box.

"To-morrow at eight A.M. Can have her meals and stop till eight P.M. If she teaches me French, and keeps Alma Edwin quiet, shall have half-a-crown a week, rising sixpence if she is here this time six months. I'll settle it with ma. She can't make mischief, for she don't understand English."

Miss Pargitur gave a confident nod, and turned to one of the men who had been waiting to have change for money paid him by a customer; while the missionary asked her father if he endorsed his daughter's proposal.

"All's correct that Maria Amelia says," replied the butcher with a wink. "There ain't two such girls in all London. She's worth as many beasts as all Smithfield will hold. But what does the little Frenchwoman say?"

The missionary repeated the proposal to Marie, who accepted it at once, and in her gratitude ran to Miss Pargitur's box, and would have embraced her, had not that young lady put her aside with decision, and the words,

"None of that sivvy play. Don't kiss my servants—know my place. What's the ticket, Thomas Scroggings?"

Marie withdrew, abashed, to her friend's protecting care, while Mr. Pargitur laughed, patted her on the back, and said:

"You see she's busy. Has to keep the accounts and give change, and she'll sit there, cold or hot, till morning if she can't balance 'em to a fraction. All Soho knows Maria Amelia's abilities."

"She is a good girl. Let her come to our French service in Greek Street. That will help her with the language and religion at the same time," said the missionary.

"I mean to," exclaimed Miss Pargitur, who had been listening to him with one ear, and to Thomas Scroggings with the other.

Marie was thankful for everything; but especially so, that she was not to begin her duties that day, and that she might return to Denmark Street every night.

"But perhaps Adèle will like to sleep on the couch," she thought, as she was about to follow the missionary out of the shop, after making many elegant courtesies to Mr. Pargitur and his daughter.

She was arrested on the threshold by the latter, who forced something into her hand, and told her not to make a tom-fool of herself. The "something" was a bone of beef wrapped in paper—the tomfoolery was her elegant courtesy.

"The French will make a week's living out of that," she said, nodding familiarly to the missionary and returning to her box.

And so it proved; for it was stewed and stewed, until the bone was, indeed, a bare bone, and yielded a halfpenny from the rag, bone, and bottle gatherer who frequented that district.

Both it and Marie were warmly welcomed, however, by kind Madame Le Beau and her mother, who satisfied her by the assurance that they could not sleep without Adèle in their bed, nor Adèle without them.

They were all three in a state of great excitement until Adèle returned, and it increased tenfold when she opened the door, and stood, dumb with amazement, to survey the new possessions, which had been scoured and rubbed into brightness. It was evident to all that she knew nothing of them, and Madame Mercier declared solemnly that they had come direct from heaven in answer to her prayers.

The way they laid supper on the new table was a sight worth seeing. The soup was turned into one of the basins already referred to as Madame Le Beau's wash-tub. This was carefully balanced on a large cocoa-tin, lest the hot soup should mark the table, and when all was prepared Adèle produced half a dozen spoons that she had purchased third-hand for as many pence. It was no wonder that Madame Le Beau should exclaim, "It is a supper for an emperor. Now, all the kings of the

earth may sup. Marie has brought good fortune with her."

The remainder of the evening passed in speculations on the good fairy who had visited the dwelling, and on Marie's future prospects; so that for once they forgot Paris, and the horrors of war, and slept in comparative peace in their land of refuge.

But Marie, after all, did not sleep so well on the new couch as on her doubtful bed in the inner room. She was continually waking up with the recollection that she was to be in service at eight o'clock, and when seven struck from a neighbouring church tower, she rose in the dark and began to dress herself. Adèle soon joined her, and lighted the candle; after which they kindled the fire, so that when Madame Le Beau appeared, the new furniture was visible. Marie found concealment of the donor more and more difficult, and the name of Merric fairly burnt on her tongue.

"I know my way, madame. The house is fortunately near," she said, when dressed as neatly as untoward circumstances permitted.

"But thou shalt not go unprotected the first day," replied Madame Le Beau, throwing some sort of cloak over her uncompleted toilet, and a shawl about her head.

As it was so early, she did not consider her general appearance important, and Marie was too well-bred to remark upon it; so, after many embraces, they departed together for Mr. Pargitur's. Madame was proud of her English, and had prepared a speech for the benevolent butcher and his wife, to whom her mother was also indebted for the order for the stockings she was knitting; but her "Tousand tanks, sare; much oblige, ma'am," was cut short by Maria Amelia, who met them at the door, where she had been standing about a minute, her eyes on the church clock. Eight struck just as they arrived.

"All right. Like punctuality. Breakfast ready. What's that in French?" said Maria Amelia, beckoning Marie.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle. Grand merci," returned Marie, looking at Madame Le Beau.

"That it ain't. That's 'Good morning, miss,'" laughed Maria Amelia, leading Marie through the shop into the house, and leaving Madame Le Beau without. "Ma, here's the French nurse-girl that is to keep Almar Edwin quiet by teaching him French before he can speak English."

"Bosh! your pa's out of his senses!" was the reply of Mrs. Pargitur, a little round, apple-dumpling of a woman, who put no faith in foreigners.

Bewildered Marie fancied the room was full of children, all of whom were staring at her; but she afterwards found there were only five, including the baby, who was screaming somewhere. Mrs. Pargitur produced him, and taking him to Marie, placed him in her arms. Marie was fond of babies, and began to fondle him in a way that softened Mrs. Pargitur, and silenced Alma Edwin. Mr. Pargitur came in, and the family sat down to a substantial breakfast, Marie remaining without the pale. She remarked that the room was comfortably furnished, if gloomy, and the children well behaved, also that Mr. Pargitur said grace.

"That boy Alma Edwin's asleep already. Put him in his cradle, ma, and let his nurse-girl begin to teach me French," said Maria Amelia, and as everybody obeyed her, the baby was placed in the cradle.

Marie trembled lest she should have held him ill or otherwise offended; but she was reassured, when both Mr. Pargitur and his daughter called her to the table, and motioned her to a seat between them. The former began to fill her a plate with food, which was more than Maria Amelia bargained for, while that damsel pointed to a dish of sausages, looked resolutely at Marie, and said, "Sivvy play." Poor Marie did not understand her meaning, but Pargitur said, "Parlez-vous frongçais," and she at once gave the name of the sausages in French, which his new pupil repeated after her, and which was re-echoed by the whole family, amid shouts of laughter.

"Shut up," said Maria Amelia authoritatively, and there was instant silence. "I don't mean your mouths. Eat your breakfast, and say after the nurse-girl," she added.

The lesson continued by her pointing to the various viands and other articles on the table, and repeating them, together with the rest of the family after Marie in French. She was pursuing precisely the same system as the illustrious Coleridge, when he went to Germany, and located himself in a German family in order to acquire that language, at a time when it was all but an unknown tongue to the English. Marie was naturally clever and lively, and entered with interest into her work. In her distress at the villainous pronunciation, she stood up and pointing from one to the other, made them repeat the words after her again and again, until the sound more nearly approached the sense. In her excitement, she alternately clapped her hands or shrugged her shoulders, which caused the children so much amusement, that they were at last obliged to cover their mouths with their hands to avoid provoking Maria Amelia, and even this could not restrain their merriment, which burst out at last, to their sister's anger and Marie's distress. The explosion drew Maria Amelia's attention on the culprits and gave her father an opportunity of touching Marie's shoulder unperceived, pointing to the plate before her and saying, "Eat your sawsiss."

Marie began her breakfast thankfully, and soon found herself alone. Pargitur and his daughter went into the shop, the children to school, and the wife to call the maid-of-all-work, whom she afterwards assisted in clearing the table. Miss Pargitur returned before Marie had finished, and beckoned her to her box, where she made room for her at her side. Pointing to the figures on the ledger before her, she gave her to understand that she wished to learn them in French, and Marie began to teach her "un, deux, trois," &c., with proper solemnity and perseverance. She had mastered several, when Alma Edwin's cry was heard simultaneously with the appearance of a customer, and Marie was remanded.

This commencement may be considered as an epitome of Marie's day. The one-year-old-baby was left almost entirely to her care, while at meals and every spare moment the oral lessons were repeated. She was tired but hopeful when she returned to Madame Le Beau.

At the end of her first week, Maria Amelia condescendingly gave her half-a-crown, taking that opportunity of learning the French of it, as nearly as Marie could teach her. She carried it to her friends; but asked to be allowed a small portion for herself that she might put it by against her parents came. The request brought the tears to her eyes;

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for those parents were rarely out of her mind, and Madame Le Beau wished her thus to appropriate all her earnings, but this she positively declined.

One Saturday evening when the Pargiturs were waiting tea for the father of the family, he came in much excited.

"I have just met with half a dozen poor foreigners wandering about without money or lodging," he said, addressing first his wife and then his daughter. "I can't let my fellow-creatures die of cold and starvation while I have an empty room and more meat than I can sell. They can't speak a word of English, but I suppose that missionary who brought Marie here would understand them and interpret. Send her to fetch him, Maria Amelia, while I give them shelter, for one night at least."

Mr. Pargitur went out of the house by the private door, without awaiting an answer, and returned to it by the same, followed by a shivering, dripping party of two men, one woman, and three children, whom he beckoned through the passage and up the stairs to a room formerly occupied by a lodger who had furnished it, but which was now empty.

"There never was such a man! He'll ruin his own fam'ly," exclaimed the wife.

"No he won't. 'Give to the poor lend to the Lord,'" returned her daughter. "Marie, allez, go. Monsieur Brun; ici, here. Umbrella, parapluie. Maison des Étrangers. Queek!"

Marie understanding only in part, took the offered umbrella, and ran as fast as she could to Greek Street. She knew the way well, for she had attended the French services there, both with Maria Amelia and Madame Le Beau, and managed daily to pass and repass the Maison, in the vague hope of finding her parents. When she arrived, the missionary was engaged. Marie crept into a corner of the room and waited.

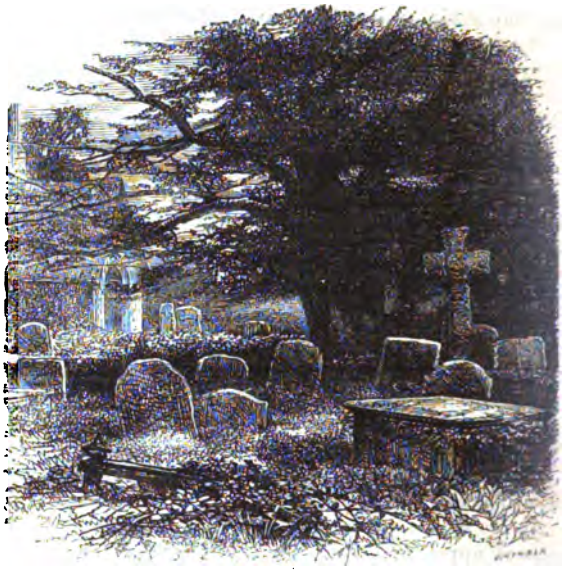
The Maison des Étrangers had been opened the previous October, only for the benefit of the refugees. It was already crowded from morning to night with foreigners, who came under all sorts of circumstances. At that moment the missionary was concluding a short service, and he and his strange congregation were engaged in prayer. The room was small, old, furnished only with chairs and a sort of desk; but there was a fire, and in the window the words, "Soyez les bien-venus. Be welcome." Here friend met friend, and here difference of creed and nationality was ignored. Here, also, help, advice, and sympathy were readily bestowed, and friends and members of the City Mission did their best to prove that Christianity is for all times and for all people, and its Divine founder "the only salvation." *

When the prayer was concluded, Marie pierced the little crowds, and delivered her imperfect message to the missionary. Then she added, "Ask if they have seen my father and mother, dear sir."

"Does any one here know anything of Monsieur and Madame Altmann, of the Faubourg St. Honoré?" he enquired in a loud voice; but there was a silence, and a shaking of heads. "I will return immediately. Make yourselves at home," he added, and taking Marie by the hand, accompanied her to Mr. Pargitur's.

* The Maison des Étrangers is now removed from Greek Street to 6, Frith Street, Soho, the mission to the Italians occupying the room in Greek Street.

The Silent Land.



THE world has many teachers
To warn man of his doom,
But the sternest of her preachers
Is still the moss-grown tomb.
For death alone is certain,
And life is shifting sand,
And fragile is the curtain
That veils the Silent Land.

But those who pass the portal
May never more come back,
And only eyes immortal
That awful road can track.
Ah! human hearts and histories,
So hard to understand,
Will all resolve their mysteries
Within the Silent Land.

The busy town lies yonder,
And here the cypress waves;
We have not far to wander
In search of crowded graves;
For earth's wide-stretching regions
Hold but a little band
Unto the mighty legions
That throng the Silent Land.

O wondrous death, that orders
This transformation strange!
O wondrous life, that borders
Upon so great a change!
Men toil, and race, and riot,
But none their fate withstand,
And at the churchyard quiet
They gain the Silent Land.

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Vain task it were to number
The days we there must dwell;
But what will break our slumber
Let faith's clear accent tell.
'Tis the archangel's warning—
Behold the Lord at hand!
Then in the light of morning
Shall fade the Silent Land.

S. E. G.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE APPEAL OF THE AFFLICTED.

"This Thou hast seen, O Lord."—*Psa.* xxxv. 22.
"I have seen, I have seen the affliction of My people."—*Acts* vii. 34.

IT is one thing to view as at a distance the great truth that God sees all things, but it is quite another thing to take it home to our hearts, either as our guide or our comforter. Here it is in the last of these senses that it is used; the afflicted Psalmist in the midst of enemies turns to his one Friend. The tongue of slander attacked him, "*false* witnesses did rise up" against him, as they afterwards did against David's Son, and David's Lord; "they opened their mouth wide against me, and said, Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it" (verse 21); but turning from them with calm dignity, he appeals to another eye: "this *Thou* hast seen, O Lord." All was known and seen above; all the cruel persecution, all the bitterness of enmity, all the sharp words, the proud looks, the false accusations: "Thou hast seen, O Lord!" Thus the dove flies up and hides in the cleft of the Rock, even the Rock of Ages!

This thought of the Psalmist and the comfort he took from it were perhaps suggested to him by God's own message to his people in days long gone by, as delivered to Moses: "I have surely seen the affliction of My people" (Ex. iii. 7); words quoted with even more emphasis by Stephen in his own hour of anguish and of victory, "I have seen, I have seen!" (Acts vii. 34). To Stephen as well as to Moses and to David, there is a deep well-spring of comfort in this assurance; nor are those waters exhausted. There is not one of the Lord's poor, afflicted, persecuted children who may not drink, and be refreshed at the same old fountain. Your affliction, be it what it may, the Lord has seen it; He knows exactly the nature of the trial, and he knows it, O Christian, not only as the Allseeing God, but much more as the man Christ Jesus, Himself "acquainted with grief." How wonderful is the thought of his most close and intimate sympathy with the sorrows of his afflicted people! The Lord Jesus says to them not only, "I have seen, I have seen," but "*I have felt!*" and that sorrows which He sees and feels He can give strength to bear, and grace to profit by, until at last in His own time, which is sure to be the best time, He sees fit to remove it, either in this world, or in that world where He wipes away all tears from the eyes.

Pages for the Young.

THE LOST BIBLE; OR, THE VALUE OF A BOOK-MARKER.



BY MRS. CAREY-HOBSON.

MY mother's Bible was lost, and what a loss that was!

"Oh," I fancy I hear some one say, "in these days of Bible societies that would be a loss easily replaced."

And so it might have been if we had happened to be near any place where a Bible might have been purchased, but when the loss was discovered, we were upon an almost boundless Karroo plain in South Africa, eighty miles from the nearest town—and that a Dutch one; besides which I am writing of more than thirty years ago, when people travelled about, as they still have to do in the Transvaal, in bullock-waggons.

We did not lack Bibles. Every member of the family had his or her own, and the one lost was not my mother's only copy of that book which was to her, whether bound in the plainest leather or in the richest gold and vellum, "God's own blessed word," but still it was, *par excellence*, "mamma's Bible." Out of that Bible she had read to us night and morning as long as we could any of us remember. People might and did say that all Bibles were alike, but to us there was a difference; somehow all the most beautiful verses and certainly all the most beautiful Bible stories were bound up in mamma's Bible. And then the birthday book-markers it contained! Their name was Legion. Our first attempts at anything in that line had all been worked for mamma, and when we were perfect of course the best ones were for her also, and they all went into the Bible, because she saw them there most frequently. The same verses, mottoes, or words were there in duplicate or triplicate; but no matter, she loved to have them there, and we loved to see them there.

And there were book-markers worked by everybody, that is of our little world, except of course my father, and he had done his part by writing out for us mottoes in Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew. I shall never forget guiding the fat, chubby fingers of my little brother as together we persevered in putting the needle in and out of those innumerable little holes in the perforated cardboard, because he would persist in saying, "Me want to make a mark for mamma's Bible too." We chose the word "love" as being short and embracing a great deal; but when, with unwearied patience, having, at different odd moments stolen from play, we arrived at the last stitch of the "v," the little man started up exclaiming, "Now it am done. Don't you think mamma will say it's a beauty one?" It would have been hard to disappoint him at that moment by telling him that it was not finished. However, it was subsequently, so far as the letter "e" was concerned, and the loving mother never prized a piece of home work more than that little book-marker, notwithstanding that it was presented to her on her birthday without any border.

And the Bible was lost!

I must tell you how it was. I said we were travelling in Africa; my dear father's health having given way, we had gone to that sunny clime in the hope that it might be restored. Soon after our arrival at the Cape, a kind friend from the country had brought down his two bullock-waggons to take us up to his farm in the Karroo. What a pleasant journey that was! We all thought it just like a long picnic, with the advantage of being in a new country, and finding no end of curiosities, animal, mineral and vegetable; we were all wild with delight at every new discovery that we made—my father and his friend

enjoying it as much as we did. And then the last thing at night before we all retired to our different sleeping-places in the waggons, either my father or mother would read a chapter in the Bible. The night previous to the opening of my story, the chapter had been read, we had reverently closed the day, and when we were all comfortably under the blankets and karosses, the oxen were put into the yoke and we travelled on through the night.

For the past three days we had been journeying through magnificent scenery—mountain passes, gorges, and torrents—but this morning upon awaking what a contrast met our view! As far as the eye could reach it was a plain—a great bare plain—not a tree in sight, except one little white-barked one that stood as if it were a great umbrella stuck into the ground, shading a hole of muddy-looking water, near which we were evidently going to have our breakfast; behind us, and in the clear atmosphere appearing still quite near, were the hills we had passed the day before; and now we had all new experiences to gain: the great plain, although almost treeless, was covered with flowers and curious little plants—growing up out of the sandy soil, or from between the strata of the quartz rocks which at frequent intervals traversed the country.

I was dressed first (alas, that was not often the case!) and my father, Uncle Barnard, as our friend had taught us to call him, and I started off upon a short botanical ramble, while Klaas and Rose, our Hottentot servants, broiled the mutton-chops, and made the coffee.

Upon our return the first question asked was, "Have you seen mamma's Bible?"

No, of course we had not; but we immediately took our turn at searching for it. Then Rose turned all the bedding out, but to no purpose—our precious book was gone. The waggon being an old-fashioned one, it must have slipped out between the wood-work at the side and the sail-cloth tent covering.

"I put it close to my pillow," said my mother, "and I felt it there when I woke in the night. I think we must have been going through a river bed, for we jolted over some stones."

"And that is no doubt where it tumbled out," said Uncle Barnard; "it is only the dry bed of a mountain torrent, so that it may still be all right. Saddle the horse, Klaas, and ride back as far as the spruit, and look for it."

Klaas did so, and with anxiety we awaited his return. Four hours passed, and then we saw a little cloud of dust in the distance, which of course we all guessed must have Klaas in the centre of it.

"Well, Klaas?" said his master, as he came up.

"Nay, Baas, I have not found the book. A little Hottentot bushman had crossed the road above the spruit, and I traced his footsteps to the farm; close by there the sheep had just been turned out, so I lost all trace on the homestead, but I asked all the people, and no one had been there with a book."

"Didn't you see anything else, Klaas?" asked my brother.

"Yes, little master," replied the man as he took the saddle from the horse and led it away to where its forage was cut up and placed ready to be eaten. "First of all I saw a tortoise, and I said, 'You poor old tramp-slowly, you don't want a book; you are like a Hottentot, quite happy if you've got a hut over your back and plenty to eat.'"

"Now then, Teddy, boy, jump into the waggon, or we shall leave you behind," said my father.

In due time we reached uncle Barnard's farm, where we found plenty of companions of our own ages. Of course they heard of the loss of the Bible; but it was gone, and another was used in its place; the only thing we could do was at all events to make a few fresh book-markers.

I brought out a sheet of perforated cardboard and some coloured silks, and the work was found so fascinating that not only were my sister and I making book-markers, but we were called upon to initiate our friends into the mystery of making them likewise.

We were very busy at it one day when we had been at the farm about a month, every girl cardboard in hand, when a nice old couple from the neighbouring farm, twenty-five miles distant, came over to pay a morning call to my father and mother as visitors to their friends.

Naturally the lady soon enquired with a show of interest as to what work we were doing.

A small book-marker was shown to her.

"How very odd!"

"Do you mean the text?" I said.

"Oh no, my dear, that is a very beautiful one. I will tell you why I said so directly."

"Selah." "God is Love." "For dear mamma," were all put before her in turn.

"Tell me, my dear, has your mamma lately lost a Bible."

"Yes, indeed she has," replied we all, mamma included, coming up at the moment. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Three or four weeks ago," said the old lady, "a Hottentot brought me a Bible, which he said he had picked up on the waggon-road; of course, as he could not read, it was of no use to him, and I gave him something in lieu of it. There was no name in it, but my husband and I thought from the notes, as well as from the number of book-markers it contained, that it must be valuable to someone; we therefore advertised it in the two local papers of the town nearest to us (papers that we never saw), but having no answer, I was beginning to think that I should never find out to whom the Bible had belonged; but all these industrious young fingers have put it beyond a doubt. There are markers exactly like those you have shown me, and many others besides. I cannot tell you how gratified I shall feel in being able to restore to its rightful owner the book as it was brought to me."

My dear mother's happiness at the prospect of having her beloved old Bible back, and our genuine delight, quite charmed the dear old lady. We were a happy party that morning, when some one suddenly said,

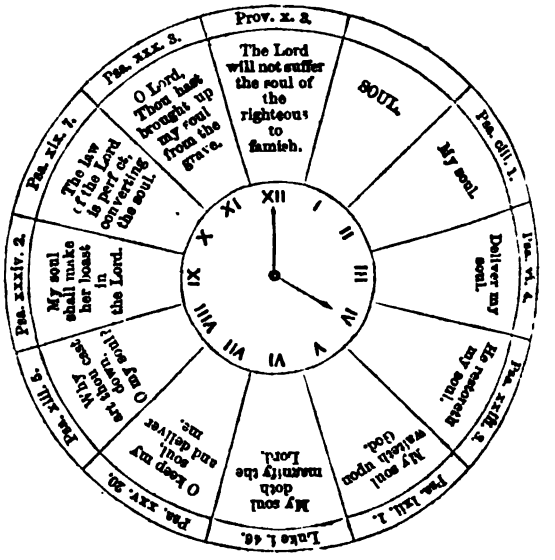
"What shall we do with all these new book-markers?"

"Oh," I said, "we will give them to the kind old lady who has found our book for us."

And so we did, and I do not think we could have shown our gratitude to her in a way that she would have liked better, for she had already learned to love the book-marker that reminded her of some promise in God's word.

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 160.



Let our readers take the word GLORIFY for their next exercise.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



A FAREWELL GIFT.

THE YOUNG REFUGEE.

IV.—MARIE AGAIN AFLOAT.

WHEN the missionary and Marie arrived, Mr. Pargitur was waiting for them at the door, and told them both to follow him upstairs. Marie asked her friend if she were to come, and receiving an affirmative answer, found herself in a room which she had not before seen. It was empty of all furniture, but good Mr. Pargitur had ordered the servant to light a fire, round which his six shivering guests were gathered. The room was full of smoke, the chimney not having been heated before during that winter, so the inmates looked like shadows. The missionary approached them, and inquired their history. One of the two men acted as spokesman, whose French, though good, had a German twang, which Marie easily recognised. He said that he and his wife and children had remained in France

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imprudently long, but that they had managed to escape at the last moment, having left Paris for the Provinces before the siege commenced. They had arrived in London from Dieppe early that morning, and had been wandering about ever since. They had been told of an hotel called the Maison des Étrangers, which was somewhere in Soho, and they had found it with difficulty. The door was open and they looked in, but there was nothing but straw chairs and books. They were mistaken—this was no hotel. The missionary explained that the room they had seen was no inn, but a place where spiritual food was administered, and whence temporal aid came as its result. The Franco-German scepticism scarcely believed this, but the stranger was too polite to say so. He wound up his history by narrating how that "good gentleman there" had taken pity on their forlorn condition, and had invited them in; and that they now hoped to gain some kind of employment.

"You have repeated one of the Saviour's texts, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me,'" said the missionary.

"And we are all safe!" ejaculated the woman, who was kneeling before the fire, surrounded by her children.

A groan burst from the other man, who had not spoken, and who was leaning against the mantelpiece with his face towards the fire, smoke still enveloping the group.

"Monsieur! Madame! I entreat, tell me if you have heard anything of Monsieur and Madame Altmann?" here broke in Marie, unable longer to restrain herself.

She was standing behind Mr. Pargitur at a little distance. At her words the silent man turned, leapt forwards, nearly knocked down his benefactor, and caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "My child! my angel! my Marie!"

Then there was silence for a few seconds in the empty, smoke-filled room. It was broken by an unrestrainable sob, and a hysterical cry.

"My father! my father!" half shrieked Marie, clinging to the neck of him who held her, and passionately kissing him.

It was indeed Altmann, who could not speak for sobs.

Mr. Pargitur turned inquiringly to the missionary, who explained, in a whisper, that the child he had benefited had found a father in the stranger he was sheltering. The worthy man passed his hand before his eyes, and then laid it on Marie's head with the words, "A good girl, Mariar Ameliar says so. A very good girl." Monsieur Altmann caught the kindly hand and pressed it to his lips, which so overpowered Mr. Pargitur that he hastily left the room, and was followed by the missionary.

When he related what had passed to his expectant family, reproaches died away on their lips.

"Take them something to eat," said Mrs. Pargitur.

"Let Marie off. I'll nurse Almar Edwin to-night. Give her three shillings. Let her take her father to the Café Monaco," cried oracular Maria Amelia, fixing her round eyes on the missionary.

He went back and repeated this to Marie, who was now surrounded by all the refugees, and telling her story between laughter and tears. Her father's arm was round her neck, and the flames were beginning slowly to disperse the smoke.

"We will go to Madame Le Beau. She, the grand'mère, and Adèle will rejoice with us. I shall then hear of my mother," said Marie.

They went accordingly, thoughtless of rain, of cold, of hunger, of all external influences. Hand in hand through the foggy streets, silent for very happiness.

"I have found my father!" cried Marie, as she entered, leading a haggard, unkempt stranger by the hand.

The fumes of coffee greeted them, and a fire burnt in the small grate. Madame Le Beau and her mother rose impulsively with many exclamations, but their words died on their lips, when Mr. Altmann sank down on the end of the couch and burst into tears. He was exhausted by emotion and abstinence, as Marie had been on a similar occasion. Madame Le Beau poured him out some coffee, which Marie gave him, and he soon recovered.

"Excuse me," he said. "Anxiety concerning my wife and child have nearly killed me, and the joy overpowers me."

"Where is she? Where is the dear mamma?" gasped Marie.

"Thou must positively ask no questions till thy papa has made his repast," interrupted Madame Le Beau. "You will excuse our service, Monsieur Altmann. You will have heard of Monsieur Le Beau, grocer. These are his legacies."

"But, yes; I have tasted his excellent cocoa," replied Altmann, brightening at the familiar name, and then thankfully eating the cheese and roll placed before him, and drinking the coffee.

"How thin thou art! How ill thou dost look, my papa!" said Marie, stroking her father's cheeks, whiskers, beard, and embracing him incessantly.

Adèle came in, and was introduced by Marie as her preserver, her guardian angel; and by degrees the little party settled down, and Monsieur Altmann, with Marie's hand in his, began to relate his adventures. We need only briefly take up his story from the period when we left him in detention at Dieppe.

He was vexatiously kept there, without sufficient reason, until the eve of the day on which we meet him again. As his statement concerning himself was found to be correct, he was finally released, but only a portion of his money was returned to him. He had left France for England by order of the authorities, and had no choice but to leave his wife behind him. He had written to her but had received no letter from her, so he could only suppose that she was shut up in Paris, whence no letters now came.

"And but for me she would be with us now!" cried Marie. "Had I patiently remained with Mademoiselle Beauvoisin, we should have been all three together. Thou wouldst have taken me with thee, and we should have escaped at once. Forgive me, dear papa. Alas! my poor mamma."

She burst into tears.

"Then we should not have met, Marie, ma mie," said Madame Le Beau. "Thou wouldst not have known Monsieur Brun, and the good Mr. Pargitur. All is for the best."

Marie was somewhat consoled by this reflection, and inquired concerning the family now under Mr. Pargitur's roof.

"I came over with them from France, and we fraternised, as the unfortunate ever must," replied

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Altmann. "I was so lonely that I clung to them, and wandered about London with them. On our way we were directed to a court, where hundreds of starving ragged people stood about an iron railing surrounding a door. Within was a curious restaurant whence issued the odour of soup, and where waiters in white aprons were ladling it out of boilers. We joined the crowd, and a man beckoned us inside. There we had a basin of excellent soup, though, it must be confessed, our companions at the repast were of the canaille de la canaille. There were at least fifty seated on forms at long tables, replaced by others so long as the soup lasted."

"It was doubtless Ham Yard," interrupted Madame Le Beau. "They are charitable these English, and we formerly dined there free of expense."

"It is that!" returned Altmann. "Afterwards we roamed about again until my Marie's excellent friend found us. And you know the rest. I have my treasure, my cherished one, my Marie."

Here Adèle whispered something to her mother and grandmother, the result of which was, that they insisted on Altmann's taking possession of Marie's couch for that night at least, and leaving the empty room to the other refugees. He could scarcely be prevailed on to accept the kind offer, but they finally overruled his objections, and Marie once more slept in her old corner, while her father gratefully laid down on young Merric's welcome present.

It is unnecessary to give in detail the events of the following week, or the privations of the numerous fugitives from Paris. It would be difficult to say how they managed to exist, but they thought themselves fortunate if they procured one meal a day, whether at the soup-kitchen in Leicester Square, that in Ham Yard, or through the bounty of such kindly souls as Pargitur. Most of them had a little money or some valuables, which they eked out until they procured employment; but furniture or bedding they had none. Many haunted the markets for the refuse, like our own starving poor, and some of them made mattresses of the chaff and leaves left from the Indian corn. The Maison des Étrangers, opened on their account, proved truly a home of refuge and salvation to hundreds.

It was here that the well-known philanthropist, Mr. George Moore, whose biography by Smiles has been read by tens of thousands, gave them a supper, and we resume our story at that repast. Invitations were issued to more than the room would conveniently hold, but numbers of uninvited came, so that the crowd of hungry guests could scarcely see one another. Marie and her father, as well as the Le Beaus and the inmates of Pargitur's empty room, were amongst them. It was Christmas-tide, and the cold was intense, so that the warm room was, in itself, welcome. Meat and coals had already been distributed by the missionary and his friends to the most necessitous, and foreigner as well as native experienced at that thrice-blessed season that old English hospitality was ever new.

Marie sat by her father's side, and listened to the excited talk of her elders. She was happy, though in spite of Madame Le Beau's best efforts, her clothes were worn and shabby. So were her father's. Here and there, however, bright colours shone in fashionable bonnets, as, for instance, in Madame Le Beau's and Adèle's, who were, so to say, amongst the best off of the gathering—for poor were the richest. Viands dear to Frenchmen were provided, and the sauce of hunger was superadded. Altmann had not yet succeeded in finding employment, and his day had been spent in seeking it. He had tasted nothing since early morning, and then only a cup of coffee; for although he still accepted the hospitality of the couch, he could not be prevailed on to share Madame Le Beau's hard-earned food. She, however, insisted on his taking half of Marie's weekly earnings, and if Marie had ever felt repugnance to her situation, she now hugged it to her heart in her gratitude and desire to help her father.

"The dear Miss Pargitur begins already to understand and speak our language. She is so clever! And the baby loves me," she whispered to her father, during an interval of the repast. "Ah! but thou art hungry, my father."

"What excellent coffee, my child! What haricots! What salad! They have hearts these English," he replied.

"When I return to Paris, I shall say, 'Glory be to the English!'" shouted some one amongst the crowd.

"Rather, 'the God of the English,'" returned the missionary.

This produced much controversy, for there were those present who scarcely believed in a God, but all other topics merged into that of Paris, and the starving state of its inmates. It was difficult for Frenchman to keep his hand off German, even though they came from the same city.

The supper was followed by friendly and religious addresses from friends of the mission, in the midst of which the missionary held up something that had been brought to him, exclaiming, breathlessly, "A letter! A letter! From Paris. Dropped from a balloon. Any one here of——"

"For me! for me!" cried the excited throng, rising simultaneously and holding out the hand.

"For Mr. Altmann! Directed first to Dieppe. Thence sent to London, apparently, on the chance of its finding him," replied the missionary.

All sat down again except Altmann and Marie. The former was too much overcome to speak, but the latter exclaimed, "It is my father. Monsieur Brun, you know us."

The letter was handed to her over the heads of her country-people, who were packed so closely as to be almost unable to move. All eyes were fixed upon her as she gave the torn and soiled missive to her father, and the breathless silence of expectation succeeded the previous bustle. When he had opened and read it, impulsive inquiries followed as to what was the news.

As soon as Altmann could speak for emotion, he rose and said, "It is from my wife. Our fellow-citizens are starving, keeping life in them by eating dogs, and cats, and rats, and the refuse of everything. The siege continues. Why have we been cast out, as mongrels, unable either to attack or defend?"

This question was answered by many voices; for there was scarcely any one present who had not relatives and friends in the beleaguered city.

"I should like to go over and help them—to see how the aid sent out by us English is administered," said the host, to whom the missionary was rapidly translating what was passing.

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And he, George Moore, did in effect afterwards go as one of the English delegates to Paris—the Hon. Mr. Kinnaird being the other—to distribute English bounty to the famished inhabitants; his sympathies having been aroused at this gathering.

When the excitement calmed, the missionary sought to influence the disturbed minds of the party to thankfulness for their present personal safety, and asked them to give "glory to God" for his loving-kindness in sending his only Son, not to shut the gates, as in Paris, but to open those of everlasting life to all believers.

Meanwhile Altmann and his child were poring over the feeble lines traced by the wife and mother, which showed a tender anxiety for them while herself in the depth of distress, yet expressed gratitude that they were, at least, not in Paris.

"My father is there," whispered Adèle, who sat next to Marie.

Adèle's attention had been much divided, for amongst the few English friends and helpers present was young Mr. Merric, and Marie had not failed to perceive that he had managed to force his way to their table with plates of good cheer more than once, and had spoken so kindly to Adèle that the colour had risen to her pale cheeks. He had also noticed Marie, who had managed to make him understand that she had kept his secret. It will be remembered that Adèle owed her situation in the establishment of the uncle of Mr. Merric to the missionary, whose acquaintance that young man had made when visiting a distressed foreigner in his neighbourhood; for he, like hundreds of his class, was desirous of devoting himself to the service of his heavenly Master.

When the party broke up, after many kindly speeches and assurances of welcome and good-will, the strangers gathered round their entertainers, and such as had been unable to find employment, craved it. Altmann was amongst these. He had been trained in his youth to watch-making, and although he had long ceased to perform the manual part of his art, he had not forgotten it. A gentleman gave him a card of introduction to a firm he knew, and when he, Marie and their friends, left the hospitable Maison, he said that if only he could get work, he would strive to help those who had sheltered his child, and to make a home for his wife against she escaped from Paris.

Scarcely had he uttered these words when he was joined by young Merric, who accompanied him, almost in silence, to Denmark Street. When they arrived at the lodging, Madame Le Beau invited them all upstairs, and Marie forgot her grief for her mother in her childish joy at seeing her friend Adèle and Mr. Merric together, close by the shining table he had presented. It was quite astonishing what progress they had made in their respective languages, and when Madame Le Beau complimented Mr. Merric on his French, he pointed to Adèle, and with a blush, said, "J'ai à—à—I have to—remercier —thank—mademoiselle."

"To tank my daughter! Oh, but it is you we tank," cried Madame Le Beau enthusiastically.

Then Mr. Merric and Adèle between them managed to make Altmann understand that he, Merric, would accompany him to the address given by Mr. George Moore, on the morrow, as he was acquainted with the firm.

It chanced that the head of the firm knew Altmann by reputation, and engaged him at once; so that he was able to take a small furnished lodging for himself and Marie, not far from Madame Le Beau's, Marie continuing her service at Mr. Pargitur's.

"Three shillings a week now. Sixpence extra for stopping Almar Edwin's mouth; worth it," was Miss Pargitur's fiat.

"Mariar Ameliar can parlez-vous it famous. That'll be worth more to me than my empty room and odds and ends of meat," remarked her father.

That room was occupied for about a fortnight by the poor exiles, during which period a waitership at an hotel was found for the father, who had been the principal of one in Paris. He also procured a lodging within a stone's throw of the butcher's shop, and looked from his garret with a sort of reverence, down upon his benefactor's dwelling.

It is scarcely necessary to say that he, Altmann, and Madame Le Beau spent all they could afford of their small earnings at Pargitur's where they had been benefited, while others of their compatriots followed their example. As time rolled on, therefore, Maria Amelia had plenty of opportunity of "airing" her French, and Marie was frequently seen seated at her side with the baby in her lap, prompting when necessary. But she soon learnt not to hazard a word until asked for it; for such was Maria Amelia's self-confidence that she preferred stumbling through her difficulties her own way, to being preceded by any one else.

Marie had enough on her hands and mind, at that period of her life. Her daily prayer was for her mother, her desire for her father. To reach their poor lodging before he returned at night, and to leave it hand-in-hand with him in the morning, was her object and happiness on the week-day, and to induce him to accompany her to the French services at the mission-room on Sunday evening, was the aim of her Sabbath. He, like too many of his countrymen, was a free-thinker; she, poor child, had never thought at all on sacred subjects until she fell into trouble and was led to read the Holy Scriptures to Madame Mercier, and to hear the missionary expound them. She became convinced that they alone could "make her wise unto salvation," and she asked God to open her father's heart, by his Holy Spirit, to receive a similar conviction. To please her he went to hear the gospel in its simplicity and purity, and afterwards, to please himself he attended also the meetings opened for the benefit of the sceptical, in which questions were debated which concern the vital interests of every human being. Suffice it here to say, that he was one of the many who were enabled, finally, to bless the Lord who led them to see the truth through much humiliation and trial; and to thank Him for putting into the hearts of his servants to seek out the perishing, whether native or foreigner.

Spring and summer saw him and his child still in England, but brought no news of Madame Altmann. Letters were written in vain, even when the war was at an end. They had nothing to do but to work, wait, and pray. One Saturday afternoon, when the day's labours were over, Marie prevailed on her father to retrace with her the way she had taken when she came from London Bridge to Soho, for she remembered every step of it. They were now respectably if plainly dressed; for Altmann's

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employers found his services so valuable, that they paid him accordingly.

"This is the lamp-post where I met Monsieur Brun," began Marie, when they reached the square. "It was here, dear father, that I uttered my first real prayer."

"It has been answered, my darling. I now acknowledge that prayer unlocks the gates of Heaven," replied Altmann.

"It was beneath this direction-board at this corner that the crossing-sweeper performed his somersault in return for my ten sous," continued Marie as they proceeded, laughing merrily at the recollection. "Good Monsieur Brun has interceded for him at some home they have here for the gamins, and he will perhaps be adopted. Adèle says he is still where I found him."

The boy was, in effect, at Holborn Circus when they reached it, and although it was a dry, bright day, and sweeping not very necessary, he still held his broom in one hand and his forelock in the other as he ambled across before them.

"Tere, my dear boy; remember you me?" said Marie, seizing him by the hand when they had reached the pavement, and placing a long-hoarded sixpence within it.

"My eye! yer ave recovered your speech! Here's a go!" he cried, with an inimitable caper. "Where have yer a been ever since I purtected yer?"

"My fader," was Marie's reply, as she passed on.

She pointed out Mr. Merric's shop—closed early, as it was Saturday—and such other points as were of personal interest, and they finally reached London Bridge. She saw her friend, the policeman, on his beat, and arresting him, placed in his hand a small pocket-testament, with the words, "Tank you." He recognised her, and smiled; but the crowd soon separated them. When they reached the landing-stage, she and her father stood to watch a vessel that lay alongside landing passengers. They heard French spoken; and Altmann accosted the speakers as soon as they came near. One of them, an emaciated-looking man, said he had come over from Paris in search of friends; that he had been there through the war and siege, and was penniless. Altmann asked his name, and if he had heard of Madame Altmann.

"Le Beau; Alphonse Le Beau. The shop of the Altmanns' is still in the Faubourg St. Honoré, but under another name," was the reply.

Marie uttered such a cry that all the bystanders turned to look at her. She whispered to her father that it was the husband of Madame Le Beau—it must be; and entreated him to take the omnibus, and to restore him quickly to her. He did so at once, telling the man to come with him, and to give his valise to the conductor.

Few words were spoken until they all reached Denmark Street, when Marie ran upstairs to prepare her friends for a surprise. Her excited manner was preparation enough; but when she said, "We have found Monsieur Le Beau," the effect may be imagined. At first it was not all pleasure; but when the wan, famine-stricken man followed Altmann into the room, the past, whatever its faults, was forgotten, and Madame Le Beau and Adèle clung to the bewildered husband and father with a passionate joy that foretold forgiveness and reunion.

"God be praised we have re-united them," said Marie, as she and her father stole away and returned to their lodging.

Here another surprise awaited them. They found a letter on the floor, pushed, apparently, under the door. Marie picked it up, and seeing the direction, threw her arms round her father, with the words, "Oh, mon Dieu! it is the writing of my mother."

And so it was. When they were sufficiently calm to open it, they found that Madame Altmann had only received her husband's last communication, which she had answered at once. "Thanks to English bounty," she said, "she had survived the war and famine; but she had rather wished to die since she had lost her husband and child. However, her friends had acted for her, and when peace was restored, had re-opened the shop under her maiden name. Their losses had been great, but not irretrievable; and she entreated her husband to return at once to Paris, and resume his business."

This was, indeed, good news, for which Altmann and Marie thanked God on their knees.

The remainder of this history is soon told. Marie and her father did not return to France until they had in some degree repaid the benefits they had received in England. Madame Altmann, in her gratitude for her child's safety, scraped together all the money she could possibly save or gather from relatives to enable them to do this. Marie was to discover what Madame Le Beau would like best; and to endeavour to gratify her wishes. She found that her friend had no desire to return to France, but would be quite happy if le cher vaurien, son mari, could procure occupation. He was consulted, and his one idea was grocery in the French quarter of London. With the aid of the missionary, a very small shop was taken in Soho, and stocked with French and English saleable articles. Thither the Le Beaus went, installed by Marie; and hence, in after years, Marie received many letters from her friends, all of which tended to show that the precious jewel adversity had purchased reformation for Monsieur Le Beau, who not only became steady in business, but joined his wife and mother-in-law in their religious observances. Adèle, as the reader has already suspected, became, in the course of time, Mrs. Merric.

Marie had the satisfaction of leaving Maria Amelia sufficiently advanced in French to transact business with her French customers; and Madame Le Beau promised to complete her education. A handsome gold watch-chain came, in course of time, for Mr. Pargitur; and no one was forgotten who had been kind to Marie. When she and her father took leave of the missionary, it was agreed amongst them that whenever mission-work brought him to Paris—as it soon actually did—he should make his abode in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

The next time that Marie found herself at London Bridge, it was to embark for sunny France. She and her father were surrounded by the friends of their exile; and many tears were shed at parting. Her last words to Madame Le Beau were, "Thou hast been my mother here; but my other mother waits me there. Adieu. Au revoir!"

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THE SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE.*

"THOSE who boast or think that the intellectual battle against Christianity has been fought and won, are reckoning without their host. Christianity, even in its sadly imperfect development, is, as a matter of fact, at the head of the world." So said one of England's greatest intellectual men, Mr. Gladstone, in his address as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He referred to the tone of assertion to which we have been accustomed of late years in sceptical works. Some scientific men, not of the highest class, but prominent in position and of popular note, have spoken and written as if Science and Revelation were at variance, taking for granted that Science must be right and Revelation wrong. Some Christian people, well-meaning but ill-informed, have been misled by this hardihood of assertion, and have felt an uneasy doubt as to the strength of the old foundations of the faith.

In fact, we are supposed to be drifting towards the same condition in which England was when Bishop Butler said, in the Advertisement to his "Analogy":

"It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world. On the contrary, thus much, at least, will be here found, not taken for granted, but proved, that any reasonable man, who will thoroughly consider the matter, may be as much assured as he is of his own being, that it is not, however, so clear a case, that there is nothing in it. There is, I think, strong evidence of its truth; but it is certain no one can, upon principles of reason, be satisfied of the contrary. And the practical consequence to be drawn from this is not attended to by every one who is concerned in it."

Every thoughtful Christian must welcome the honourable and accredited herald who reconciles the opposing armies of faith and science; armies which ought to be fighting side by side instead of against each other. The overweening estimate of their own departments of research by some men of science is not to be wondered at. But it is a strange delusion to suppose that the knowledge of any department of natural science qualifies a man to speak with authority on ethics or divinity. "Some recent writers of the materialistic school," says Mr. Ruskin, "have used the word science solely with reference to the knowledge of the material world; as if the world of mind did not also belong to science and philosophy."

There are three ways of looking at the controversy of faith and unfaith. First, there is the old dogmatic arrogance of the Middle Ages, which doomed to the flames everything which seemed in the least opposed to the traditional interpretation of Scripture. Secondly, the modern reactionary revenge of scientists who look upon faith as the target, and science as the arrow; who think that whatever science even hints must be right—let who will say nay. A third view is most ably and thoughtfully maintained by the author of this book—that religion and science are the two handmaidens of God, between whom can be no real variance, because they are both divine, both complete, both do the work of their Lord. If they seem at variance, it is only because the dull sense of men cannot understand the beautiful variety yet the heavenly harmony of their manifestations.

The book, thoroughly scientific, is written at once in a faithful and affectionate strain. "We do not deal," he says, "with the controversies amongst believers, nor with scepticism in some of its rationalistic doubts; but with those who deny supernaturalism, who refuse to believe in a personal God—our Creator, our Preserver, our Father. We undertake a conflict the momentous nature of which involves our highest interest; nothing less, on the one hand, than the loss of everything which can elevate man; and, on the other, his degradation to a brute nature. Those who trifle with unbelief should well understand this ultimate issue, and draw back while there is time. It is well that the Materialist should undeceive himself as to the imaginary benefits delusively hoped to result from his philosophy; should see that to unfaith men takes from them everything which can preserve from evil and lead to good; well for him to be aware that without a sense of holiness, of devotion to a higher Being, degradation enters."

The author devotes the first study to the solution of the question—"Is intellect divorced from piety?" and proves from the follies as well as the wisdom of men that "Piety is the crown of intellect." From proving that all phenomena are a manifestation of underlying energy—of the supernatural, he enters the "Threshold of Creation," carries us to the "Rudiments of the World," states "the Origin of Life," and gives the true "Theory of Law." Every objection is answered—indeed, the author condescends to reply to many which we think were scarcely worth his care. There is not one objection urged against the Bible account of the supernatural in nature, as far as we are aware, which has not been satisfactorily dealt with in this book.

In Study XXI., "Follies of the Wise," which is one of the ablest in the whole book, the writer points out with great eloquence and learning, and without giving way to the bitter sarcasm of which one can see he is capable, that wise men after all are mortal and fallible like ordinary beings. He shows how in every age they have erred—how they have been

* "The Supernatural in Nature." By the President of Sion College. C. Kegan Paul, Paternoster Square, London.

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constrained again and again to change their weapons —whilst the shield of faith, however men sought to bruise and batter it in many a close-fought combat, has never been pierced, never been broken. He shows how many things there are, even simple things, of which professors are confessedly ignorant. He asks whether, seeing their knowledge is so imperfect, they will prefer the dim uncertain shadow of their own ignorance to the solid blessedness of revealed truth. He shows that refusers of revelation are not agreed amongst themselves, have no creed, no unity. Every man for himself, for his own purposes, raises his arm against the old faith; all the while knowing that should it be possible to destroy it, darkness will cover the earth, and hope of Heaven be taken from the heart.

The last study, "The Kingdom of God," conducts the reader through an elaborate inquiry as to man's knowledge of God. The stores of learning at the writer's command are well used: so that mind and heart, equally well-content, are like the traveller who, having seen many wonderful things, is thankful to be at home and to declare the works of God.

These matters are discussed openly and candidly. The book covers an immense range of scientific investigation, and is remarkable for accurate thought. It is most interesting to the thinker, and sets the timid Christian believer free for ever from the dread that his cause may prove to be a weak one. The scientific man will find in it the key to many of the difficulties in which he is involved. The unscientific reader finds in every page suggestions for thought, and reason for thankfulness, is armed against conflicting doubts in his own mind, and enabled to confirm the faith of others. He will believe more firmly than ever the motto of the book, "Verbum Domini manet in æternum" ("The Word of the Lord endureth for ever").

We should like to have given an analysis of the contents of the volume, but must be satisfied with a few brief extracts to show the style rather than the substance of the book.

REASON AND REVELATION.

"Revelation, the Divine warrant for piety, far from opposing intelligence, is a special message to our intelligence, and unites the reasoning power of the philosopher, the imagination of the poet, and the inspiration of the seer. This trinity of graces renders the power of the Bible—one book, greater than the whole literature of Greece—many books. This one Book, from a nation despised by all in former and by some in present times, holds the world in awe. It is read and preached in hundreds and thousands of churches. It is in the cottage of the lowly man, and abides with the honourable; it weaves the literature of the scholar, and sweetens the common talk of life. It enters the closet of the student, the king's chamber, and the counsel-hall. In sickness and sadness, in perils and partings, in life and death, it tempers our grief to finer issues, and gladdens joy with yet brighter hopes. Our best prayers are in 'its storied speech,' which tells of earthly duties and heavenly rest, as if Plato's wisdom, Newton's science, and Raphael's art, had sought to make it beautiful and good. No other book, sacred or profane, can pretend to the suffrages of so many men of great genius, of so many intelligent and educated adherents from so many nations and races, or has formed, like it, 'a succession of men heroically bent on making it universal.' A Book, thus winning reason's highest triumphs, the crown of poetry, and glorification by art, revealing wisdom from the depths, morality from the heights, and transforming the death-angel into a heavenly messenger, approves itself to the best and wisest of our race, unites intellect and piety in sacred bonds by authority of God."

Some persons talk of the uniformity of nature, as if the "laws of nature" were necessary instead of contingent; depending on brute matter instead of on the Creator's will. Bishop Butler thus refers to this notion: "Though one were to allow any confused underminate sense, which people might please to put upon the word 'natural,' it would be a shortness of thought scarce credible to imagine that no system or course of things can be so, but only what can be seen at present." The "laws of nature" refer only to the existing order and condition of things, which might in many respects be different, and may be different in future.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE IN NATURE.

"If we look at Nature in her working dress, we find that the elements are not apparently of the same relative use and importance. It is a startling fact that the variety of existences which nature contains, far from exhausting all the forms and combinations of which the elements are capable, only uses a few. The solid globe, whithersoever our search extends, is composed of say—silicon, aluminium, iron, magnesium, sodium, potassium, and oxygen. The broad ocean composes its vast masses of fluid principally from two elements—oxygen and hydrogen; and the salt consists mainly of chlorine, sodium, and oxygen. The air is formed of nitrogen and oxygen. The animal and vegetable worlds, innumerable in forms and functions of life, are chiefly built of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen. It is, indeed, astonishing that the great variety exhibited in the whole world is unfolded out of few materials. The Creator has taken but a handful of elements wherewith to form, in the main, the gorgeous structure of our dwelling. Do we ask why? The answer comes —as yet the world, to us at least, is rudimentary. Eternity and space contain endless surprises and possibilities; we know not what we shall be. There are latent forces of development which, when called forth, will exhibit new and exquisite powers. The elements, now little used, may hereafter display magnificent variety and surpassing beauty. The great Master has wrought charming music with few notes; what soul-stirring melodies will awake gladness when all the chords are touched!"

Of the author's style of dealing with the theories of materialists here is a sample:

LIFE THEORIES.

"One professor supposes, 'that by the different grouping of the same units, and then by combination of the unlike groups, each with its own, or each with other kinds, you get everything else.' Another professor talks about 'Nature's great progression from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind force to conscious intellect

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and will,' and the thing is done. The former professor gravely assuring us, 'the system is now complete, no further advance in the same direction is probable or required;' the latter stating, those who do not accept it have not kept pace with recent advances in natural history, are behind in science, and generally unworthy of consideration. So there is causality, but no Cause; power, but no Person; rule, but no Ruler. The physical action which accompanies vital changes is said to be an undulatory displacement of molecules, resulting in myriads of little waves or pulses of movement, so that states of consciousness are attended by the transmission of a number of little waves from one nerve-cell to another. Now, because life and consciousness and thought thus act on our bodies, we are told that the unit of motion is identical with the unit of feeling; that between the two there is such an unfailing parallelism that the one group of phenomena can be correctly described by formulas invented to describe the other group. Why, it is equal to the absurdity of saying that the oscillations of a needle are identical with magnetism, and that the two are to be recognized as one.

"We are told: 'Life essentially consists in the continuous adjustment of relations within the organism to relations in the environment.' It is nothing of the kind; the adjustment is caused by life, is the exhibition of life, not life itself. Some, seeking great accuracy, state: 'In the vegetal world, and in the lower regions of the animal world, the life is purely, or almost purely, physico-chemical; it becomes more and more predominately psychical as we ascend in the animal world, until at the summit it is mainly psychical.' Now, physicists are well aware that we do not know matter, only know states of consciousness which we call preceptions of resistance, extension, colour, sound, odour; do not know motion, only know the sequent states of consciousness produced in the muscles of the eyes, or of the tactual, or of other organs, in the act of attending to the moving object; it is therefore rather strange that they should expect to be believed that, by the thing which they know not, they are able, without any *occulta vis*, to explain some other thing which is more unknowable.

"No one pretends that he can 'cognise this *occulta vis*;' yet it is sought, strange to say, among the dead; for taking protoplasm, that simplest substance in which life manifests itself, they kill it, find three compounds, carbonic acid, water, ammonia, the result of decomposition, which certainly possess no properties other than those of ordinary matter, and then try to find amongst these dead, the life—the *occulta vis*. Not finding it, they assert: 'This protoplasm is composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated, and is again resolved into ordinary matter when its work is done.' Then, to excuse the blunder of seeking the living among the dead, it is stated: 'The compounds or constituents of protoplasm, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless; but when brought together, under certain conditions, they exhibit the phenomena of life.' When we ask for proof, and carbonic acid, water, and ammonia are brought together, there is no protoplasm, nor any sign of life, nor is any process known in our laboratories by which life can be brought into existence. The mystery remains unsolved.

"No natural process has been discovered which can explain the origin of living matter; and if such process were discovered, it would only show that God had mysteriously bridged the gulf which separates the dead from the living.

* * * * *

"Scripture draws another picture, not of the How, but of the Why there is life. By this picture we understand that through creation, redemption, regeneration, we have in time, in nature, in history, a revelation of those great acts by which the Eternal graduates us for everlasting existence. As in matter, the visible garment of the Almighty, there are infinite metamorphoses; as in life, we behold illimitable progression; as in the historic development of thought, we find how the mental habits of bygone generations enter the very spirit of present modes of thinking; so in Revelation we are taught to adore—not a Vastness which oppresses us, not a Power which terrifies us, but a Father who is leading us to complete fulness of life. Every temptation we resist, every generous impulse wisely yielded to, every noble thought that is encouraged, every sacred aspiration realised, adds its own energy to the impetus of the great movement which is bearing all true-hearted men towards a higher character and richer existence."

We have no wish to bring authority into the discussion of philosophical points, but when there is assumption of superior intellect in some of the smaller lights of physical science, it is well to remember the grand profession of Sir Isaac Newton at the close of his immortal "Principia": "This admirably beautiful structure of sun, planets, and comets, could not have originated except in the wisdom and sovereignty of an intelligent and powerful Being. He rules all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the Lord of all. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration is from eternity to eternity, and his presence from infinity to infinity. He governs all things, and has knowledge of all things that are done or can be done. He is not eternity and infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration and space, but He is ever, and is present everywhere. We know Him only by means of his properties and attributes, and by means of the supremely wise and infinite construction of the world and their final causes; we admire Him for his perfection; we venerate and worship Him for his sovereignty. For we worship Him as his servants; and a God without sovereignty, providence, and final causes, is nothing else than fate and nature. From a blind metaphysical necessity which, of course, is the same always and everywhere, no variety could originate. The whole diversity of created things in regard to places and times could have its origin only in the ideas and the will of a necessarily-existing Being."

One word, in conclusion, about the plan of the book. No one interested in the questions discussed will think it too elaborate. But to plain people whose belief in the Bible has never been shaken, some of the arguments may seem needlessly diffuse. If the author would supplement this volume by a briefer statement of the positive arguments for the supernatural in nature, he might produce a book suited to modern phases of thought, as useful in defence of the faith as was Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion."

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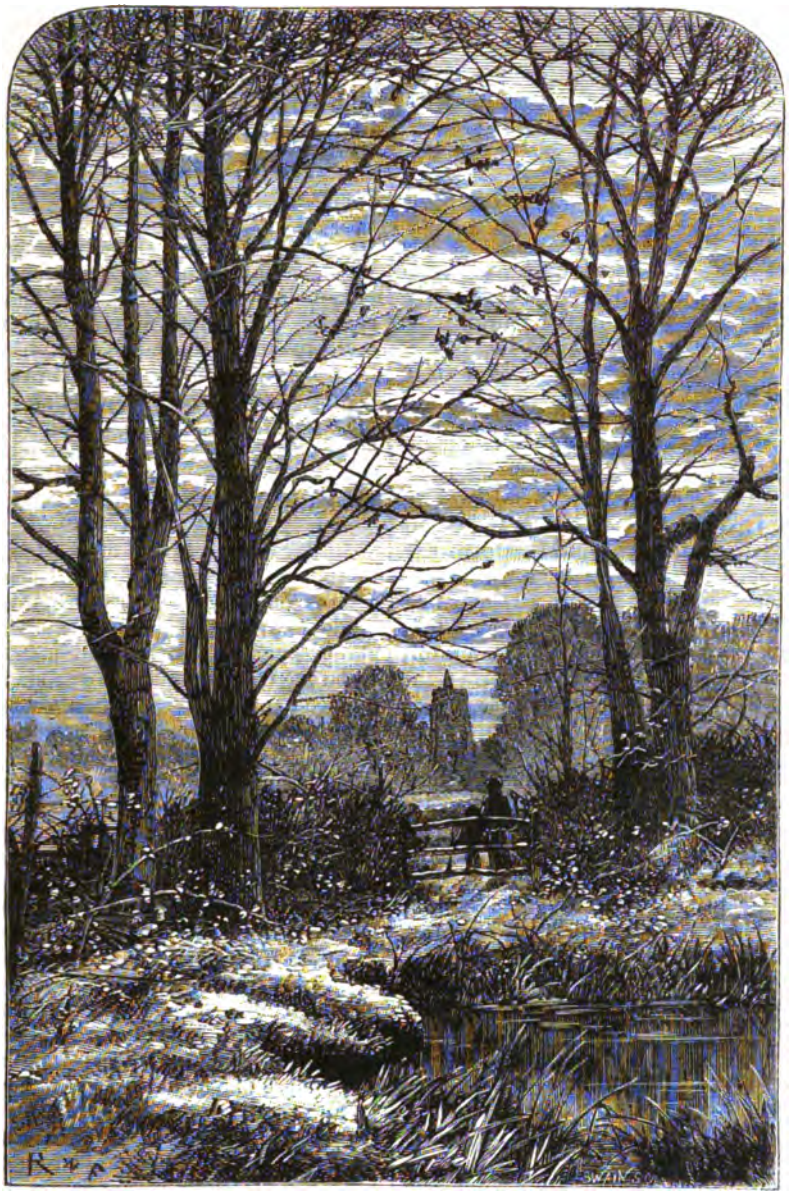
Sabbath Bells.



Sabbath hours, all tumult stilling,
Bringing heaven so near our eyes,
All our soul with comfort filling,
Help us o'er earth's cares to rise;
Help to arm us for the striving,
Cheer us for the daily fight,
By cool streams each heart reviving,
Giving strength, and hope, and light.

Sad would be our life, and dreary,
Dark would seem the way, and long,
Faint would grow our hearts, and weary,
Were it not for Sabbath song.
Let us then, all else forgetting,
On this day which God hath blest,
Hearts and eyes towards heaven setting,
Worship Him in holy rest.

J. S.

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THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

IV.—THE THRONE OF ELOQUENCE.

DEAN MILMAN, in a noble passage in his "History of the Early Church," has, with great truth and propriety, shown that oratory in the new civilization was born in the church. It surely is not uninteresting to notice that as it expired in Greece and Rome with the decay of their republics and the decline of popular freedom, so the free spirit of Christianity again awoke, and gave utterance to that free speech which is wholly incompatible with despotic institutions. Secular oratory has no doubt been guilty of many sins in its vehemency of passion, and sacred oratory has not always been wise; but it is almost safe to say that, except in alliance with the great and glowing sentiment of freedom, oratory has no existence at all. Further than this, we are prepared to maintain that the *pulpit* has been the throne of the orator, not the senate, not the bar, not the platform; the voice raised in these various arenas, because it has appealed to more immediate and evident interests, has, perhaps, won a more extensive temporary fame; but, with a few exceptions—and those quite doubtful—the pulpit in its history throughout all ages exhibits the most splendid conflagrations of eloquence, and rolls over the minds of men the most impressive and portentous thunders. There is, at once, reason in this and for this, and it is found in what we said just now. The highest and noblest speech is always in alliance with the affirmation of the highest and noblest destinies of the human mind and soul; and the preacher, as beyond any other orator he deals with these, so when he is a man of eminent genius, like Chrysostom, Basil, Jeremy Taylor, or Robert Hall, possessed of reason, passion, and imagination in equal and eminent proportions, he becomes something of a bard in his character of preacher or teacher, and deals with interests and matters which, as they are beyond the ordinary argument of the secular orator, appeal, indeed, to more remote interests, but touch the deeper foundations of human nature. The genius of Romanism, especially in its later ages, has sought to raise the orchestra and all the paraphernalia of the altar, its blazing lights and robes, and dumb, mysterious motions, above the pulpit. The genius of Protestantism, and of the Greek and Latin churches also, in the earlier years of their history—before they had corrupted themselves—employed the pulpit for vocalizing ideas, in order that they might create a moral impression, and be a moral force over the natures of men. Thus, as it has been said, eloquence in the pulpit was a comprehensive, intellectual virtue. In its great ages it had a power such as we know nothing of now, very much resembling what we know of the eloquence of the ancients—monopolising the function of the press, the senate, and the school, and moving men to flock in throngs and crowds to hear the many-gifted man who was to utter some mighty and comprehensive idea which would enchain their memory and their conversation for months, perhaps years, after the event was passed. Those days have gone; gone, most likely, never to return. A new order of things has succeeded, but we must feel that a *power* has passed from the world.

In our last paper we devoted some little attention to the consideration of what constitutes eloquence, a topic on which we venture to believe very many students are entirely at fault. See in how many instances, and with how many men who would not like to be regarded as inferior preachers, the idea of eloquence is quite corrupted into what has been called from old time, the use of *sesquipedalia verba*, words possibly very well in themselves, but put together, as Lord Macaulay would say, upon principle, so as to mean nothing in heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; and having as much relation to real eloquence as the colours in a Turkey carpet have to the same colours in one of Raphael's pictures. We remember to have met with the following passage from a sermon—we will not be so cruel as to give the reference;—the preacher wanted to say that every man has a sense of deathlessness, of immortality in him. He announced his doctrine in this pleasant fashion: "The deep intuitional glance of the soul penetrating beyond the surface and sphere of the superficial and phenomenal to the remote recesses of an absolute being, adumbrates its own immortality in its precognitive perceptions." And it was from the same region that we fell in with the divisions of a sermon upon a text whose awful topic ought really to have made the preacher modest, and to have imposed upon his lips the sentiment of holy ground, and a bush burning with fire. Not so, however. The text was: "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth"; upon which the preacher said: "The text naturally divides itself into three parts: first, we have presented to us the transcendental properties of the divine nature. Second, we have the anthropomorphic relations under which those transcendental properties in the divine nature stand revealed and become apprehensible; and third, we have the appropriate symbolism by which those anthropomorphic relations and illustrations of the transcendental properties in the divine nature constitute worship."

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This has always struck us as a fair illustration of what may be called "the-house-that-Jack-built" style of eloquence. It has ever seemed to us amazing that there should be men able to talk after this profane fashion; yet even the use of fine words has not always been related to this thoughtless profanity, there have been men-preachers who seemed naturally to think in this odd style of speech, this bombastic phraseology. We take up a volume in which we find a preacher in the course of his sermon has to describe a tear; he speaks of it as "the small particle of the aqueous fluid which trickles from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, betokening grief." And there is a story told of a Rev. John Hamilton, of South Leith, who, many long years since, was in the habit of astonishing his hearers by such marvellous words as the following, with which he introduced a sermon upon the text, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself:" "I shall not nibble at niceties, nor ingeminate prolixities, but with the sword of brevity shall cut the Gordian knot of obscurity, and so proceed to give you the genuine purport of this mellifluous and aromatical subject, calculated allenarly (only) for the meridian of that microcosm—man!" Perhaps our readers may say, "Too much of this"; it is still true that ignorance has frequently been delighted with these exhibitions, and certain preachers of shallow attainment have been as frequently fond of this verbal pedantry. Even great men have indulged this habit, men like Samuel Johnson, Samuel Parr, Winter Hamilton; they were all great scholars, but they could not apparently take off what must always seem to their readers to be the seven-league boots of language; they neither of them served their reputation by the practice, and each of them, and many others beside them, would have been more popular had they been more simple. Is not the highest eloquence simplicity? Try it by the most impassioned paragraphs from Chrysostom, or from Robert Hall.

Perhaps a great attribute of the highest eloquence is that it throws a spell and an enchantment over you; as with those subtle gases which reduce us to their power, you are fully conscious, though unconscious of what it is which is mastering you. And this reminds us of a great mistake which Sir Walter Scott once made, and it was the keen critical eye of Lord Jeffrey which instantly detected it; it is in that touching scene in "The Heart of Midlothian," in which Jeanie Deans appears before Queen Caroline to intercede with the sovereign to save her sister's life. The queen had charged on Jeanie some knowledge of the Porteous riots, and she replied: "If it like you, madam, I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie—still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye ken'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—O, my leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thought that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow." Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn. "This is eloquence," said her majesty to the Duke of Argyle.

Now the speech of Jeanie may have been eloquence—we should assuredly say it is eloquence of the highest order—but Lord Jeffrey very shrewdly remarked that if it were so, that would not have been her majesty's comment upon it. True eloquence—perhaps the very rarest gift possessed by any son or daughter of man; far more rare, we believe, than the art of poetry, or the power of the painter—never leaves that impression on the mind that it is *eloquence:* pure eloquence is not like a mirror in which you see the speaker; it is like transparent glass through which you behold that which he has been attempting, with a perfect self-abandoned, but chastened consciousness, which has kept him entirely out of the hearer's eye, to describe.

Sermons are generally regarded as uninteresting reading; what immense piles of them, what continents of volumes of them line the shelves of the booksellers' stores, and even of the libraries of readers; and from many of them, pleasant, and even interesting selections may be made; but they are not—the *pulpit.* The interest has very greatly vanished, even if they are associated with great names; the interest does not so much attach to those volumes; the interest hangs round the men. That is true of most published sermons, even of very eminent preachers, which the poet Wordsworth once remarked to the writer of these pages, in the little back parlour at Rydal Mount. After a cup of tea the writer took down from a shelf a volume of "The Works of Samuel Johnson." "Ah," said the poet, "the time has come when people read the works of Johnson as a commentary on, or because they are interested in, Boswell's life of him!" It is so with the sermons of the great dead preachers. Even sermons preached by men in churches or buildings which were thronged to hear them for hours before the preacher went into the pulpit, do not interest us much. We do not associate the pulpit with the volume—when the man was in it, it was a throne. We are, of course, speaking of those masters to whose memory these pages are principally an offering; these volumes are little more than the dead wood of that

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platform from whence the man threw forth his words of power, but which is now mere wood and nothing more.

We do no dishonour to, we are guilty of no disparagement of the immense number of faithful and useful men who, as sowers, have gone forth to sow; but preachers are of three orders: first, we have the *talkers*—we are only speaking of good and useful men—men who are born talkers, to whom it is easy to pour out words, like waves, bearing the freightage of venerable, useful, and awful truths; then we have the *essayists*, men whose power is chiefly in the study, who carefully and conscientiously arrange their thoughts upon any given subject, and array them in a vesture of beautiful and appropriate words, lightening them up by helpful analogies and images; but neither of these represents him of whom we speak as the third man, eminently the *preacher*, the man of a large soul, and to whom thoughts and words are vehicles of expression, but whose nature is susceptible of a blaze of enthusiasm, which, when he speaks, wraps every soul in it as in a flame, and bears all before it as an irresistible torrent. The old world appears to have had a few men of this order. The Christian centuries present to us a few of this matchless and marvellous type. Many masterly critics will have it that oratory has none of its most lofty and overwhelming performances outside of the languages of Greece and ancient Rome; we listen to the verdict, but do not believe in it. Preachers of the order we are indicating look to us almost like supernatural men; they were literally men who, by the constant burning of a sacred fire within their souls, by their perpetual residence within the neighbourhood of highest truths, appear to have been prevented from taking any counsel with flesh and blood, or counting their lives as of much importance in comparison with those lights which they saw perpetually shining from behind the veil, and which they were perpetually attempting to make visible to their hearers.

How all this might be illustrated, did time and space permit, from the life and words of Chrysostom! But many instances illustrate this, although, perhaps, that order of eloquence which has wrought the most effective changes in the minds and consciences of men has been far removed from the magnificent harmony, and impetuous but classic vehemence of the great masters of speech. The Reformation was introduced into Spain by John d'Avila; his sermons were overwhelmingly effective, his power of persuasion immense, so that people inquired where it lay. Was it in his doctrine, the fervour of his love, the tender fatherliness of his character, his humility, his gentleness? Where was the secret of his homiletical power? Some person wrote to him to ask him, and he gave his science of homiletics in a very summary manner. "I know no better way," he replied, "than to love Jesus Christ." This love was the strength of his eloquence. Of course this love must be real; love cannot be simulated long; dissimulation will not bear the stretch of many sentences. The secret of all eloquence must be in some strong, overmastering and uniting affection; it is this which gives that rapid harmony which is exactly adjusted to the sense; it is this which makes it to be a vehement reasoning without any appearance of art, and which compels disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, into a stream of argument. Wherever in speech we detect a relish for false and glaring ornament, for what have been called the sweet vices of fancy and meretricious expression, there, we may be sure, is the proof that the speaker is false to his implied affection, and it is the absence of all this glare of false ornament which has given to the great orators of the ancient world their abiding sway over the minds and hearts of men.

Perhaps this suggests the reason why the question has been so often proposed, whether satire, and even elaborate humour, are compatible with the highest order of eloquence; whether they do not interfere with the great object of the preacher, which should be to affect the passions of the soul? The subtle, almost-concealed passing stroke of satire, which just glances along the vehemence of the speaker, may not be detrimental to his power; but sustained satire, we may be sure, never converted a soul, never drew tears from the eyes, although it may have been a means of instruction, and may have elicited something even like a sense of shame.

One of the most remarkable instances of the use of satire in the pulpit is that of Antonio Vieyra, a celebrated Portuguese, who has been called the last of medieval preachers. He was a Portuguese Dean Swift; his command of language was unbounded, and if he need an apology for the style he adopted, it is to be found in the fact that the polished style in the pulpit in his day had reached the height of absurdity, something like that we have mentioned above in our own time, or such as we had in the euphemism of the times of our first James. Antonio Vieyra was queer and quaint, it has been said resembling our Launcelot Andrews; again, he is sublimely terrible; but one of the most extraordinary of sermons on record for bitter irony, and power of satire is his celebrated Sermon to the Fishes. He took upon himself a mission to the Indians of South America, where Spaniards and Portuguese had large settlements.

The town of Maranhao was on the sea coast, and said to be the most scandalously demoralised spot on the face of the earth inhabited by Christians. Upon one occasion, after announcing his text, he proceeded to say that he had preached in the church so often, with doctrine clear and solid, and true, but without effect, that, on this day, he was determined to turn from the earth to the sea, and since men would not profit by his sermons, to preach to fishes. "The sea is so near," said he, "they will hear me easily; they can hear though they cannot speak—two good qualities in hearers. One thing might discourage the preacher," he continues, "that fishes are a kind of race that cannot be converted, but this circumstance is so very ordinary, that, from custom, one feels it no longer. To begin, then, with your praises, fishes—and brethren; of all living and sensitive creatures you were the first which God created, the most numerous, the only tribe in connection with whose creation a name is mentioned—'God created great whales,' and the three musicians of the furnace of Babylon mentioned the name of the same fish, 'O ye whales, bless ye the Lord!' But these matters are only fit for an audience of men—who permit themselves to be carried away by these vanities—and are only suited to those places where adulation is allowed, and not to the pulpit." Again, he says, "Great praise do ye merit, O fishes, for the respect and devotion which ye have had to the preacher of the word of God. Jonah went as a preacher of the

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same God, and was on board a ship when that great tempest arose; how did men then treat him? and how did fishes treat him? Men cast him into the sea to be eaten by fishes, and the fish which swallowed him carried him to the shores of Nineveh that he might there preach, and save those men! Is it possible that fishes should assist in the salvation of men, and that men should cast into the sea the ministers of salvation? Behold, fishes, and avoid vainglory—how much better are ye than men!"

Passing over his next division in which he says: "Fishes, by how much farther you are from man by so much the better!" and his droll illustration of the flood, "when, of the fishes, not only all escaped, but were much more at liberty than before, because the land and sea were all sea!" and some other favourable aspects presented to him by fish, he proceeds to the items of blame. "The first thing which does not edify me in you, fishes, is that you eat one another; a great scandal in itself, but the circumstances make it worse—you not only eat one another, but the great eat the little; if the contrary were the case the evil would be less; if the little ate the great, one would suffice for many, but as the great eat the little, a hundred, nay, a thousand, do not suffice for one. I preach to you, fishes, to show how abominable is the custom. Look, fishes, from the sea to the land! No, no, it is not that way I mean; you are turning your eyes to the forests; here! here! It is to the city you must look! Do you think that it is only the Indians who eat each other? White men eat each other far more! Is any one of them dead, they all fall upon the miserable man; his heirs devour him; his legatees devour him; his executors devour him; his creditors devour him; the commissioners devour him; the physician, who helped to kill him, devours him; he is devoured by the grave-digger, by the bell-ringer, by the priest. The poor man is not yet swallowed up by the earth, but he is already swallowed up by its inhabitants."

Then the preacher proceeds to remonstrate with particular fishes, "fishes and brethren;" first, with the bully fish, then he says, "With the flying-fish I must also have a word—and my complaint is not a trifling one—tell me, did not God make you fish? why, then, do you set up to become birds? See, fishes, the chastisement of ambition, the flying-fish was made by God a fish, he desired to be a bird, and God permits he should have the perils of a fish, and beside them those of a bird. He that desires more than befits him, loses that which he desires and that which he has; he that can swim, and desires to fly, the time will come when he shall neither fly nor swim!" He concludes, "I bid you farewell, or allow you to bid me farewell, my fishes," but in doing so, he proceeds to comfort the fish because they are omitted by God from those creatures which were to be offered in the ceremonial law. The motive for the exclusion of fishes was this: "other animals can go alive to the sacrifice, but fishes not so, and God desires not that any dead thing should be offered to Him. This point," he says, "would be very important and necessary if I were preaching to men: how many souls come to the communion in a state of death and mortal sin? Fishes, give great thanks to God that He has delivered you from this peril; better not to approach the communion at all than to come in a state of death!"

This is a poor outline of a remarkable sermon, we think the most remarkable of its order with which we are acquainted, in which a kind of divine anger revealed itself in the most bitter satire; which has, indeed, been appropriately described as wrath revealing itself by laughter. But we have not quoted this because we have any faith that the employment of such means is likely to effect a cure of the sins it denounces. Nor, indeed, does it appear to us to be what we mean by the eloquence of the pulpit. It draws too near, in its vehement force, to the world which it despises, and, however faithful a man such a preacher may be, there is in such discoursing too little of the "powers of the world to come" to move an evil conscience, or to lift lost affections. Saint Augustine used to say that he never felt that he was doing anything with his audience until he saw them all in tears, but it would be very long before sermons so clever, so severe, and so bitterly barbed, as the sermon we have just quoted, would produce the effect of tears either from the heart or the eye of the hearer.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

VI.—THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

YOU see by this picture that sometimes in the East they fasten different kinds of animals together to plough the land. We have here a camel and an ox. I made the sketch from nature. It is not at all uncommon. They are fastened together by a thing they call the "yoke"; it is made of wood, and fastens on the neck. It ought only to be used for animals of the same size and nature, because if one of these animals is taller than the other, the yoke gets tipped up. Then one has longer legs than the other; they cannot possibly keep step, and the yoke gets awry; therefore they cannot do equal work, one must do more than the other; they must be a constant source of annoyance to each other. I am sure they must dislike each other very much. I have often seen an ox yoked to an ass. Moses in old time made a law that that should never be done (Deut. xxii. 10). I should think that would be because animals of different strength and size could not work fairly together. St. Paul must, I think, have often seen this kind of unequal yoke, for when he was writing to the Corinthians (2 Cor. vi. 14) he gives quite another meaning to it. He says we must not join ourselves to, or make friends of, people of quite another way of thinking; especially we are not to join ourselves to wicked people—they would always lead you wrong. Little children must not make friends of or copy what naughty children do, but choose for friends good children, then you will help one another, growing better and happier each day, which is what God wishes us to do.

I have told you these animals are fastened together with a thing they call the "yoke." People do not leave this in the fields, but when the man goes out in the morning to plough, he carries it on his shoulder, and the plough too, bringing it home at

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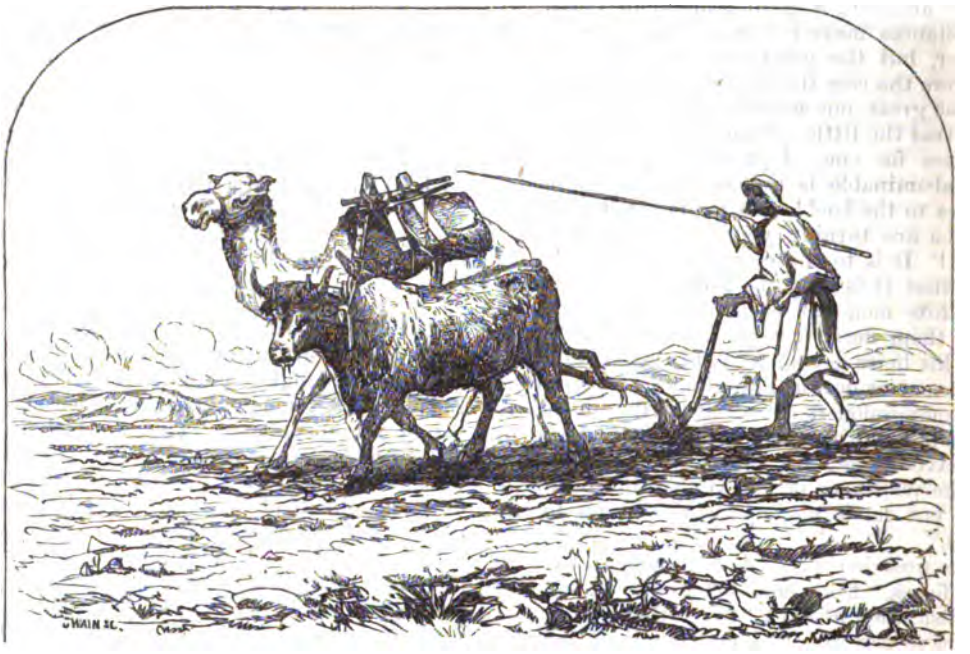
night. This I have often seen done. You see, of course, it is a very different sort of plough to the one we use in England; yet it does require a strong man to carry it. Our Lord Jesus told people to take his service or "yoke" upon them, and they would find it light. He complained that the Pharisees laid too heavy a "yoke" upon the people. You see He used the illustration of a man carrying his yoke and plough to the fields to work, a thing which must have often been done in those days.

I was once at "Sanur," a little village in the Holy Land, and was making a sketch of the place; several of the people came to look at what I was doing. Close by there was a man ploughing with two oxen. He got very curious to see what I was about. I was sitting quite at one side of the field, close to the trackway or road. He directed his oxen so that they should plough close to me; as he passed me he turned his head to see what I was doing. In that instant the oxen went out of the straight line, striking the plough sharply against a rock which projected from the field, breaking the ploughshare or iron-shod part of the plough at once. The man stood aghast for a moment, then he abused me, saying I must have had an "evil eye" and so made the oxen break the plough. He and the people got so angry I was obliged to give up sketching and ride away. This accident happened because the man took his eyes off his plough. To do his work well he must not only lean his whole weight on the plough, or otherwise it would not go in the ground, but he must keep looking straight forward, or it would go in a wrong line. Our Lord Jesus said, "a man putting his hand to the plough and looking back was not fit for the kingdom of heaven." He meant us to understand that when we try to do His work and what is right, we must do it with all our might, not in any half-hearted way—we must always keep looking straight forward to Him—keeping in the straight path of duty; if we do not, we cannot show forth his honour and glory on earth, or praise Him in heaven.

I want to tell you something, too, about the man who is holding the plough; he has "girded" himself. What does that mean? I will try to explain. Men in the East wear long shirts which reach below the knee; they also wear an upper cloak, but when they work in the field they take off the upper cloak. They then tuck up the white shirt through the waist-band, so that it comes above the knees, and leaves them free to run, jump, or anything active. I saw a striking instance of this once. I had been to "Shiloh," a very heavy storm came on; we were delayed for a day. When it passed somewhat, we again set off. Some of my men always walked, to enable them to look after the mules and baggage. These men all "girded" themselves, took off their heavy cloaks, even their clumsy shoes, packing them away on the mules. They knew that after this storm the roadways would be more difficult, from the quantity of water and mud, and that they would have hard work to get the mules along, so they got themselves ready for anything. This custom is often mentioned in the Bible. Elijah the Prophet "girded" himself when he was about to run before King Ahab's chariot; and when he told his servant to go off in a hurry a long way, he told him to "gird up his loins."



PLOUGHING.

Our Lord told his disciples they must live as if they were always "girt about" and ready for Him. He girded himself when He was about to wash the disciples' feet. Our Lord once said to Peter, "When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkest whither thou wouldest." That quite describes the character of Peter: he was a very active, impulsive man, ready to act on the spur of the moment.

We should learn from this man not to be so cumbered by the things of this world that we are not ready to do our Lord's work. He always has something for us to do for Him. May we pray that we shall be ready "girt about" when he calls!

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THE EXODUS: FIRST MARCH OF THE ISRAELITES.

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Monthly Religious Record.

THE pulpit of the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, where the Dominican Lacordaire, and in our own day the Carmelite Hyacinthe were wont to command the rapt attention of assembled thousands by the spell of the finished eloquence which those celebrated preachers displayed in their lectures, or "conférences," as they were called—is usually the chief attraction to fashionable churchgoers during the Lenten season in the French metropolis. This year a talented man, known as Father Didon, has drawn large numbers of hearers in Trinity Church, Paris. He has achieved the greater notoriety from the fact that a course of sermons on divorce, which, not very long before his appearance as a Lent preacher, was being delivered by him at St. Philip's Church, in the same city, was suspended by the archbishop. This time the archbishop must have sanctioned both the invitation offered to Father Didon by the rector of the church, and the subject chosen by the former. The spacious church was crowded. Father Didon openly declared himself a disciple of Lacordaire, and maintained that the antagonism was only between sectaries on each side, that Roman Catholicism could and would adapt itself to democracy, as it had successively done to the Roman Empire, the barbarians, feudalism, and monarchy. He insisted that of the three solutions—the destruction of modern society by the Church, the destruction of the Church by society, and the harmonising of both—the last was alone consistent with history, the providential government of the world.

THIS is not the only instance which might be cited to show that the spell under which Moderate Roman Catholics in France have lain for some years is not improbably at an end. Father Didon's suspension, it may be remarked, was soon removed, and indeed, when told that he might be rebuked by authority, he is said to have replied that his opinions were known and approved at Rome. But to mention other cases. The Bishop of Châlons, in a pastoral deprecating secular education, exhorts parents, if this system should be adopted, to repair the misfortune as far as they can by undertaking themselves in their own homes the task of Christian instruction hitherto devolving on schoolmasters and mistresses. Monseigneur Guilbert, Bishop of Gap in 1877, who was struck off the list of patrons of the Toulouse Catholic University because he had declared that the Church should not ally itself with any political party, has lately, on his translation to Amiens, reiterated the same doctrine, and this time without a murmur of disapproval from his fellow-prelates. Lastly, the Bishop of Tarentaise, in a pastoral lately published under the title of "Leo XIII. and his Providential Mission," represents that mission as one of pacification. The bishop, who has paid a visit to Rome, and had several conversations with the Pope, reviews his career both before and since his accession, dwelling on his contact with the Italian Government while Bishop of Perugia, his exhortation to Roman Catholic journalists to avoid violence and rancour, his advocacy of philosophical studies, his condemnation of attacks on the Belgian Constitution, his upholding of episcopal authority, his overtures to Germany and Russia, etc. The bishop's conclusion is that Leo XIII. will reconcile faith and reason, the Papacy and secular governments. What gives significance to this pamphlet is that the Pope, while modestly transferring to the Church the encomiums lavished on himself, distinctly endorses this view of his mission. The Popes, he says, have always aimed, according to time and circumstances, at harmonious relations between the spiritual and civil power, and he holds it fit not to deviate from this line of conduct.

FATHER HYACINTHE, now known as M. Hyacinthe Loyson, recently celebrated the anniversary of the opening of his Gallican church in Paris, but a memorial which he addressed to the municipality for the use of a church has been rejected by the committee to which it was referred. He will still, therefore, remain dependent on the contributions of his flock or of foreign sympathisers.

AN Encyclical had been long expected from the Roman Pontiff. It is now issued, and the Latin text fills twelve columns of the "Osservatore Romano." The subjects are matrimony, considered as a divine institution, and divorce. The Pope's immediate design is to remove marriage from all civil jurisdiction whatsoever. Tracing its history from patriarchal to apostolic times, he endeavours to show that Christ elevated it into a sacrament which only His Church could administer. The attempt, says the Pope, made under various guises by the modern spirit to rob the Church of her right either to impose or dissolve the marriage tie must be resisted by the whole Catholic world. He then indicates the conditions under which the separation of husband and wife may be sanctioned by the Church, and concludes by exhorting the universal episcopate to communicate his teaching to the faithful for their welfare in both worlds. Though there is not anything alarming in his condition, the Pope's state of health is unsatisfactory. An account before us says: "He is much aged in appearance since his accession, and his health has become more precarious. He is of an exceptionally nervous temperament . . . The enemies who surround him are numerous and incessant in active hostility. And this, to a man of his mental and physical organization, is simply killing him by inches."

THE interview of the deputation appointed by the Basle Conference of the Evangelical Alliance to wait upon the Emperor of Austria in the interests of religious liberty, will not have been forgotten. It has certainly not been in vain; but the limited amount of the concessions granted will be seen from the substance of a communication addressed by the Austrian Minister of Worship and Education, to the Rev. E. A. Adams, missionary of the American Board of Missions, stationed at Prague, which we here transcribe. The decision of the local authorities, prohibiting certain religious meetings in Prague, is cancelled by decree of "the Imperial and Royal Minister," and the bearing of the "Fundamental Law" of December 21, 1867, which expressly "guarantees full religious liberty to every individual" in the realm, is thus authoritatively declared: "The liberty of holding religious exercises in private houses in the presence of specially invited guests, is not to be refused to the adherents of a religious confession unrecognized by the law, so long as these religious exercises are limited to the families of those who conduct them, and to specially invited guests; and that children of an age to attend school, belonging to a recognized church or religious society, shall be excluded. Under the same condition (viz., the exclusion of children belonging to another confession and of school age), it is declared allowable to conduct public meetings under the regulations of the Law of November 15, 1867, when such meetings are for the purpose of religious exposition or devotion, and so long as the rules prescribed by the above-cited law are obeyed." We should hardly call this religious liberty in England; but still something has been gained; and as one sympathiser with the persecuted brethren writes in a Continental journal, "although the presence of school children is not yet allowed, this difficulty will be satisfactorily solved in time."

THE annual meeting of the incorporated members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held recently at the Westminster Palace Hotel, which was crowded to its utmost capacity by clergy and laity. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, supported by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Ely, Chichester, St. Albans, and Rochester. Archdeacon Denison, who had given notice of his intention to oppose the re-election of the Bishops of Worcester and Exeter, on the grounds stated last month (p. 208) proceeded to read some letters which had passed between him and the former prelate, in which the Bishop stated that he strongly repudiated the doctrines ascribed to Dr. Colenso, and explained the meaning of passages in previous letters from his lordship, which the Archdeacon now confessed that he had misapprehended. The Bishop of Exeter had simply acknowledged the Archdeacon's letter, but the latter stated that in consequence of the Bishop of Worcester's explanation he did not intend to oppose his re-election, nor that of Bishop Temple, who, he hoped, would ere long satisfy the conscience of his brethren. The Rev. H. R. Baker, of Woolwich, moved an amendment proposing that the Bishop of Worcester's name should be omitted from the list of vice-presidents, unless a letter from the Bishop of Capetown to the Secretary were read. The Secretary stated that the Standing Committee had refused to

give permission for him to read it, and he had not brought it to the meeting. Much divergence of opinion was expressed, but the Archbishop of York moved that the letter be circulated. On a show of hands this was carried by a large majority; Mr. Baker withdrew his amendment; and after some expression of regret from the Archbishop that the amendment had ever been moved, the list of the vice-presidents, including the names of the Bishops of Exeter and Worcester, was unanimously accepted by the meeting.

A MEETING was held in the library of Lambeth Palace towards the end of February, in order to listen to an address from Archbishop Migherditch, of Aintab, in Central Turkey, who desires to promote a reformation upon the model of the Church of England in the Armenian Church in which he was ordained and consecrated. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and the meeting was addressed by his Grace the Earl of Shaftesbury, and other well-known speakers.

IT is a good sign for India and the East generally that the idea is now taking hold of the minds of so many missionary workers that female agency must be much more largely employed in that work than hitherto. One evidence of this is the new issue of the "Indian Female Evangelist." This is a quarterly magazine, published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., which records in detail the work done by the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, which pleads the claims of degraded womanhood in the East, and which shows how the moral and spiritual elevation of our eastern sisters may be best secured. The first number of the new series, now before us, opens with a learned and interesting article by Professor Monier Williams on "Co-ordinate Education in its Bearing on the Women of India," and contains other papers well adapted to promote the objects already named. One of the topics discussed in the new magazine deserves specific mention, inasmuch as our attention has also been called to it from other quarters. There is about to be established in London, by Dr. G. de Gorrequer Griffith, a Zenana Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies. The object is two-fold: first, to have medicine, minor surgery, etc., midwifery, and dispensing taught by competent teachers, clinically and by lectures. The clinical instruction will be given amongst the in- and out-patients of the Hospital for Women and Children, founded some years ago by Dr. Griffith, and the lectures will be delivered at the house where the ladies will reside with a Lady Superintendent. The other object of the institution is to foster and cultivate a missionary spirit by Christian teachings, and by enabling the pupils to qualify themselves for missionary labours by work among the patients. The Christian element will thus be combined with the medical training, which latter will extend over a period of two years. Full particulars about the institution can be obtained by applying to Dr. G. de Gorrequer Griffith, 9, Lupus Street, St. George's Square, S.W.

THE little island of St. Kitts, in the West Indies, has been lately the scene of a most appalling calamity. Probably owing to a water-spout, tapped as it were by the Monkey Mountain, the highest peak, the heavens seemed to be emptying themselves, and the mountains poured down volumes of water in the greatest fury. This miniature deluge occurred on the night of the 11th of January and early morning of the 12th, desolating the town of Basseterre and adjacent estates, and carrying between two and three hundred souls into eternity. The account of the superintending missionary, the Rev. Mr. Zippel, is this: "The floods came down, not at all in the usual watercourses, but simply in one great and widespread sheet from all sides, overspreading the whole valley, and rushing with the greatest fury. Divided by our premises, it went down over the whole town, meeting in a furious whirlpool below us. Suddenly, without any warning for the people to save either themselves or their property, the houses thickly congregated below us were broken up or swept off bodily with their inhabitants. The night was pitch dark, and the rain pouring in torrents. None could render assistance: the shrieks were heartrending. Small cottages were instantly destroyed; but large and substantial houses were taken up bodily, and either broken to pieces by being bumped and hurled about, or carried out to sea. Some were seen going down at an immense speed, with the people in them and their lamp burning. One went out to sea on fire, the lamp having exploded. Large buildings were carried to quite another part of the town, and placed in the streets. The space once occupied by streets is now packed and blockaded with buildings and ruins, and where houses formerly stood is now a bare, level spot. The damage to town property is estimated at about 20,000*l*. The sea has receded one-eighth of a mile by the wash, and is filled with floating ruins and rafts. Early in the morning, when I went out to look for our people, the very site of their houses could not be recognised. The wail of grief as one body after another was found, was piercing. Our congregation has lost some of its best members. For the last three nights we have had about 250 of the homeless, houseless, and clothes-less in our schoolroom." In another letter the same writer adds, "As time passes on we can more fully realise the awful extent of the disastrous flood. In the mountains we can see the yawning ravines that have been scooped out from their sides; from all sides and from entirely new watercourses the flood has come upon us. In some of these the water has been running in a stream from 10 to 15 feet deep, and about 300 yards in width. In the street behind us, the marks left by the water show a height of 10, 12, and 14 feet. The work of emptying the lower stories of the chief houses and stores is progressing: all the cellars are filled, and the streets raised far above the level, in some cases 5 to 6 feet higher than formerly. Up to the present time we are sure of 242 dead and missing; 17 had floated to St. Eustatius, about 12 miles distant." Donations in aid of the suffering survivors, which are earnestly requested, will be thankfully received by Rev. H. E. Shawe, Secretary, 29, Ely Place, London, E.C.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Keith ("Prophecy Keith") at Buxton. Born in the manse of Keithhall, Aberdeenshire, in 1791, he studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and was ordained minister of St. Cyrus' parish in 1816. His first book on "The Fulfilment of Prophecy" appeared in 1823. It soon took its place as a standard treatise on the "Christian Evidences," and after passing through a vast number of editions, and in many forms, has recently been reprinted in a series of cheap volumes along with Paley's "Evidences," Butler's "Analogy," and other classics. There are few foreign languages into which the book has not been translated. At subsequent periods Dr. Keith published various works on prophetical subjects, the most popular of which were "The Signs of the Times, illustrated by the Fulfilment of Historical Predictions," and "The Harmony of Prophecy," being a comparison of the Book of Revelation with other prophecies of Scripture. But none of his works reached the popularity of the "Evidences," of which Dr. Chalmers said that "it is recognised in our halls of theology as holding a high place in sacred literature, and it is found in almost every home, and known as a household word throughout the land." For many years Dr. Keith has retired from public duties, but continued to the last to take a deep interest in his favourite studies. He contributed only two years ago a series of papers to the "Sunday at Home" on "the prophecies concerning the Russian and the Turkish Empires." In 1843 he was among the founders of the Free Church of Scotland, the Moderatorship of which was repeatedly offered to him, but declined on account of his infirm health. It was his custom every Sabbath to have Mr. Spurgeon's sermon of the previous week read to him, and the great preacher of the Tabernacle had not a more devout hearer than this grand old seer. On the 8th of February, the last Sabbath and the last day of his life, he heard part of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon preached at Mentone on the patience of Job. He retained perfect consciousness till the vision of earth was changed for the vision of heaven. He was buried at his own request in an old Nonconformist graveyard at Chinley in the Peak of Derbyshire. A memoir of Dr. Keith, with portrait (at 70 *æt.*), appeared in the "Sunday at Home" for 1862.

WE must content ourselves with the bare mention of a few other names from among the many of those which have ceased of late to belong to the living. Two ecclesiastical dignitaries are among the departed: the Hon. and Very Rev. Dr. Duncombe, Dean of York, aged sixty-six; and the Very Rev. Henry Parr Hamilton, Dean of Salisbury, aged eighty-five. There have also died recently the Rev. Henry Moule, A.M., for more than fifty years Vicar of Fordington, Dorset, a stanch upholder of Evangelical and Protestant truth, and well known as a sanitary reformer, aged seventy-nine; the Rev. William Calvert, Minor Canon of St. Paul's and Vicar of Kentish Town, aged sixty; the Rev. Dr. John Grant Wright, twenty-five years minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Southampton, aged fifty-nine; the Rev. Dr. James Paterson, senior pastor of Adelaide Place Baptist Church, Glasgow, aged seventy-eight; and Canon Oakeley, one of the earliest of the Tractarians who joined the Church of Rome, aged seventy-seven. The decease must also be recorded of Dr. Archibald J. Stephens, Q.C., the eminent ecclesiastical lawyer. From abroad we hear of the death of Hannes Arnason, professor of philosophy at the Theological School of Iceland. He has left 30,000 crowns for granting stipends to theologians who wish to study philosophy abroad, especially in Germany.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



A FAREWELL.

ANNA CAVAYE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "JANET DARNEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—IN BROOK STREET.

THE great house was very quiet, and nobody came to disturb little Anna Cavaye as she lay curled up on a couch in the drawing-room. It was Whitsuntide. Anna's grandmother was shut up in her own chamber, nursing a cold; and her aunt had gone out of town for a few days. Worst of all, her governess was taking a holiday.

Grandmamma might stay shut up as long as she pleased, and Anna would never miss her at all. Yet the dowager Countess of Westmoor was not unkind to her grandchild, and took care that she should be well brought up, and watched over. She would have been uneasy in mind if Anna had not received due attention; but it had never occurred to her to kiss and pet the child as some grandmothers do.

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The countess never petted anybody, nor kissed anybody. She offered her waxen old cheek for Anna's salute, and that was all.

Lady Mary Cavaye was not so cold as her mother, but she had no spare time to give to her young niece.

There was a great deal to be done in Lady Mary's world, and she worked as hard in her way as did any of the toiling sisterhood who made her dresses. She was terribly tired sometimes, when her maid arrayed her in lace and flowers, and she stepped into her carriage to be driven away to a ball. Often and often she would have given much to fling off the gay trappings, and lie down on her bed to cry herself to sleep.

And yet when she had first set foot in this world of hers it had seemed very pleasant indeed. She had been glad to escape from the school-room, and go out with her mother as Lady Alice had done. And after Lady Alice's marriage the Countess had given her whole care to this younger daughter, who was prettier and brighter than the elder girl had ever been. Poor Alice, after making a match which had thoroughly satisfied her family, had died before one year of wedded life had passed away.

There were times when Anna felt that she really almost loved Lady Mary. I say "almost," because she was not a child whose affections were quickly won. Although there was in her nature a passionate desire for love, it was not easy to make her love people. A very little attention will win some hearts, but others, like certain flowers, require a great deal of sun before they will open their buds. Now Lady Mary had to shine so much in society that all her brightness was spent abroad, and there was little left for the shy child at home.

Miss Gower, the governess, had come at Easter to live with the family. She had taken the place of a lady whom Anna had strongly disliked—a certain Mrs. Nightingale, who had been engaged to teach the child for a few hours every day. It was time, said Lady Westmoor, that Anna should have a resident governess. Lady Mary had suggested that Mrs. Nightingale should give place to a younger and more efficient teacher, and Miss Gower was chosen to fill the post.

"Why should she want a holiday?" muttered Anna, crouching sulkily among the cushions. "I don't tease her; I try to be as good as I can. I know I used to give Mrs. Nightingale a headache sometimes, but that was because she was so disagreeable. Miss Gower doesn't love me; if she did, she wouldn't have left me alone."

There were tears in her dark eyes, and a woebegone look on her little brown face. She thumped a satin pillow to relieve her feelings, and a cat, asleep by her side, was rudely roused from its slumber.

"You selfish thing," she cried, addressing the tabby. "I brought you here to amuse me and be a companion, and you tucked up your paws and went to sleep. You'll be wide awake enough when tea-time comes, and you're looking out for some milk. Oh, I've no patience with cats; they are a set of furry, purry hypocrites! Hyp-o-crites! Yes, that's what they are."

The tabby stretched herself and yawned. And then the door opened, and a good-looking, portly woman came in.

"Miss Anna," she said, reprovingly, "you ought not to bring pussy into the drawing-room. A satin sofa isn't the place for a cat."

"I shan't bring her here any more," answered Anna in a tone of disgust. "She hasn't amused me a bit, and I wanted her to play with me."

"Oh, you are getting too old to play with cats, missy. Why don't you read that pretty book that Lady Mary left for you?"

"I just looked into it, nurse, and that was enough. It's another of those stories about a dirty little girl who lived in a dismal court, and was nearly starved, and died very happy. Those tales used to make me cry at first, but I've read so many of them that I've got used to the misery and all that. So are they used to it, and don't feel it much, I expect."

"I'm afraid you have an unfeeling heart, Miss Anna," said nurse, shaking her head. "Anything more touching than those little books I never read. Peerson says she calls them quite lovely. And just think how thankful you ought to be that you are not a poor tattered child with a drunken father!"

While nurse spoke she was patting the sofa pillow into shape, and dislodging the sleepy cat. All her movements were quiet and leisurely, and there was a settled, placid look on her comely features. The little girl was watching her with shrewd eyes.

"You are a good deal like a cat yourself, nurse," said she. "You don't love people much, but you have soft comfortable ways, and you're selfish, nurse—very."

"I never take any notice of your sayings, miss," replied nurse with dignity. "You talk quite unlike most other little girls, at times. And now, please, come upstairs to tea."

"What, is it really five o'clock?" asked Anna, getting off the couch. "Then Whit-Monday is nearly over!"

"Yes, it's nearly over, and a great many people will be sorry for it; bankers' clerks, and such-like folks, who can only get a holiday now and then," said nurse complacently.

Nurse's notion of "such-like folks" was that they had to work for their living, and could only get a holiday now and then. She had no respect for people who were not connected with what she called the "harlstocracy." It was a curious fact that nurse, who prided herself on correct speaking and pronunciation, should always put in an unnecessary h when she used that word.

The upper room that was once spoken of as the nursery was now known as the school-room. But Miss Gower had not been disposed to give the apartment a studious or dull air, and under her rule it had grown brighter than it ever was in former days.

She had put coloured pictures on the walls; pretty bits of woodland scenery; children nutting and blackberrying; gleaners coming home in the sunset; a little village church among old trees. She used to say that warm colours cheered the spirit unawares, and made one think of pleasant things. And she must have been right, for Lady Mary, coming into that room in a fit of the blues, declared that the pictures did her good.

After hearing that remark of her ladyship's, nurse was careful to speak in flattering terms of Miss Gower's pretty taste.

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At first she had been a little inclined to sneer at the coloured wood-cuts, and had said that the room looked more like a nursery than ever. But if Lady Mary approved of the new governess's ways, why, of course they must be right. Nurse was far too well-trained a servant to have a mind of her own, and always faithfully echoed the opinions of those above her.

The dowager Countess of Westmoor was not rich, and hers was as economical a household as her rank allowed. Her elder son, the present earl, was the father of several children; but little Anna was the only child of the younger son, who had given much trouble to his family. The Honourable Arthur Cavaye had got deeply into debt, and had come for help so often to his relations that he had thoroughly worn out their patience, and then he had added a foolish marriage to the catalogue of his other follies, and having exchanged into a regiment ordered to India, he had gone abroad, taking his helpless young bride with him.

When Anna found herself in the cheerful school-room her temper improved. It was much cosier than the large drawing-room with its mirrors and couches. The tea-things were on the table, and the cat, having followed her upstairs, stood watching the milk-jug with greedy green eyes.

Nurse Brown's plump figure moved softly about. She poured out tea, and supplied her little lady with bread-and-butter.

"Were you ever fond of me, nurse, when I was a baby?" Anna asked after a pause.

"Yes, Miss Anna, of course I was. You were a little morsel of three when I first took care of you. Your poor mamma was dead, and your papa came with you himself to this very house. Such a weakly gentleman he looked! And he died soon after he had brought you here to my lady."

"And I am a little orphan," remarked Anna, enjoying her bread-and-butter. "I know all about myself. Mamma died in India, and papa brought me home, and died here. Somebody ought to write a story about me."

"Oh no, miss; nothing has ever happened to you that would make a story," nurse replied. "You have never been starved and ill-treated, you see. It's the poor little low-born creatures that are put into story-books, not little ladies. Ladies don't have any ups and downs in their lives."

"I should like to have some ups and downs in my life," said Anna.

"That is just one of your queer sayings, Miss Anna. You forget how good the Almighty has been in making you a born lady," responded Nurse Brown in a pious tone.

"Isn't He good to the little girls that He doesn't make born ladies?" Anna demanded.

"Yes, in a sort of way I suppose He is. But not as kind as He is to you."

"Then that isn't fair, is it?" Anna asked.

"It's well I'm not one to be easily worried," said nurse, drawing a long breath. "If I hadn't a strong head I should be all of a muddle when I'm with you, miss. Your questions are so dreadfully confusing and worriting."

The day had been showery, but the evening was bright and clear. As Anna sat at the window and watched the cabs and carriages passing along Brook Street, her thoughts strayed off to country places far away; it was early summer, just the time when fields are greenest and sweetest, and hawthorns are in bloom. There was a calm golden sky above the roofs of the high houses; a few little clouds, as white and soft as swan's-down, floated softly aloft. Oh, to stand in a wide meadow with buttercups and daisies at one's feet, and see such a sky as this! Oh, to see not only those few small clouds, but hundreds of snowy cloud-mountains, touched with rose and gold!

The Countess of Westmoor had never loved the country. She had let her country house, and when the town season was over she went with her daughter from place to place. She usually stayed a month or two with the earl, her son, who had an estate in Warwickshire, where he spent most of his time. And it was her custom to spend part of the winter in Brighton. As to Lady Mary, she seemed to approve of all her mother's plans and arrangements, and was never heard to sigh for the old manor house in Sussex in which she had passed a great portion of her early girlhood. The mansion was situated in a lovely spot near Chichester; but the dowager seemed to have taken a dislike to the place, and said that it was damp and unhealthy.

Little Anna and her nurse were always sent to the seaside for six or seven weeks in warm weather. But the pair were seldom sorry to come back to Brook Street; Anna soon wearied of sand and shells, and would have been a hundred times better pleased with wild flowers. The dowager, however, had a fixed idea that salt air and sea-bathing were necessary for her granddaughter, and these holidays certainly did Anna a great deal of good.

"I wonder what Miss Gower is doing now," said the little girl after a long silence. "She didn't tell me where she was going to-day, nurse. Do you think she has gone into the country?"

"No, Miss Anna, she hasn't left London. I heard her say to my lady that she was invited to stay with some very old friends—a clergyman and his wife."

"I wish she hadn't any friends," Anna cried, pettishly. "I don't like her to care for anybody but me."

"Well to be sure, missy, you're very violent in your likings," said nurse, with a slight toss of her head. "And Miss Gower has been here such a short time!"

"She is nicer than any one I've ever seen," Anna went on. "And Aunt Mary likes her."

"I'm sure I've nothing to say against her," rejoined nurse, quickly. "She's a good governess, and a very pleasant-spoken young person indeed. But you always either love or hate, Miss Anna; you don't know any middle course."

"Oh, I am glad she's coming back to-morrow evening!" sighed Anna, turning to the window again.

The light faded but slowly. Tired of the window at last, the child left her seat, and began to walk round the room, looking at each coloured picture in turn.

"Miss Gower has told me stories about all these pictures, nurse," she said. "I think the prettiest was the story of this corn-field. Look how yellow the corn is, and how thickly it grows! If we are good we shall be gathered, like wheat, into God's garner when the angels come to reap the world.

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There are things called tares, that spring up with the wheat, and look something like it, but they are good for nothing. It is very sad when people are tares. Do you think, nurse, that you will go into God's garner by-and-bye? Are you really a good woman?"

"That's a very unbecoming question, miss, for a little girl to ask," replied Nurse Brown with offended dignity. "I hope I do my duty; and order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters, and hurt nobody by word nor by deed," she added, taking refuge in the Catechism. "My lady would be willing any day to give me a first-rate character."

"God won't ask grandma to give Him your character," said Anna. "He knows all about you because He looks straight into your heart. I'm tired now, nurse, and I want to go to bed."

"Bed is a very nice place for little ladies," nurse answered in a tone of relief. "If you had gone on talking, Miss Anna, you might have had a headache."

CHAPTER II.—AT PADDINGTON.

Whit-Monday had passed away. To little Anna Cavaye the long hours of the following day dragged wearily by, and tea-time came round again.

"I thought Miss Gower would have come home to tea," she said disconsolately to nurse.

"Oh, she'll be here by-and-bye, miss," nurse answered, with exemplary patience. "Eat some marmalade, and don't be fretting out your heart for her."

At the very same hour two persons, a lady and gentleman, were sitting side by side in the general waiting-room of the Great Western Railway station, at Paddington.

They had chosen a remote corner in the great dim room, seating themselves far away from the few people who were there. Their tones were low, and they talked earnestly.

The lady was two- or three-and-twenty; the gentleman might have been nine or ten years older. She was a quiet-looking little woman, with a soft round face that dimpled when she smiled. Her eyes were beautiful, clear eyes that gave you an open glance, and won confidence at once. Without being a beauty, she was very pleasant to look upon; and other people besides little Anna Cavaye had found out her charm.

Her companion was a tall fair man, whose skin was bronzed by the sun, and his delicately-cut features sharpened by the wear and tear of life. In his whole look and tone and bearing there was that indefinable something which we call high-breeding—a something which nearly always clings to its possessor through the sundry and manifold changes of the world. Of these changes Douglas Kerr had seen not a few; but they had neither enfeebled nor embittered him. And without the reverses and trials that had fallen to his lot, he would never have been the wise and thoughtful man that he was, never have been the dear friend and safe guide that Eva Gower had already found him.

"I shall go back cheerfully to my work, Eva," he said. "I have satisfied myself that you are well and happy."

"Quite well and happy," she answered brightly. "I think I'm a very fortunate little woman, Douglas. It isn't every governess who finds her first place as easy as mine."

"It is not every governess who takes such pains to give satisfaction," he said, smiling. "You know you started with the resolve to make the best of everything, and you are making the best of it all. But don't you find that queer little pupil of yours rather trying?"

"Yes, Douglas, I do," she admitted frankly. "She is a very odd child; I think I never knew anybody so exacting. You have no idea how she grudged me a holiday."

"Can't she be taught unselfishness?" he asked.

"I am trying to teach it to her, but it is slow work. No one has ever brought any influence to bear upon the poor little thing; and she cares for very few. I believe she feels a sort of affection for her aunt, Lady Mary Cavaye, but it is not a deep feeling."

"And this aunt—this Lady Mary—do you see much of her, Eva?"

"I get occasional glimpses of her, and we have had snatches of talk together. But she really has not time to know anybody, nor to let herself be known. Oh, Douglas, what a dreadfully wearing life this living for society must be! When preachers warn people against the 'pleasures of the world,' the warning must sound like a grim satire to such women as Lady Mary. She has worn out the world's pleasures long ago, I am sure."

"She must make a good match, I suppose, before she is allowed to take any rest," said Douglas, in rather a hard tone.

"Yes, I daresay that is the end that is hoped for. I think she had a disappointment when she was younger. Nurse Brown told me that she had been engaged to a baronet, who died soon after she had accepted him. I feel very sorry for her," added Eva, looking almost sad.

"My dear child, she would not thank you for your pity," Douglas answered with a slight sneer.

Eva looked up into his face in grave surprise.

"You don't know Lady Mary," she said softly. "But if you had seen even as little of her as I have, you would feel kindly towards her. She would be quite another woman if they had let her live a simple, natural life. Sometimes, Douglas, dear, I think you are too hard upon women. And yet I don't like to say or to think so."

He touched the small gloved hand lying in her lap, and spoke with much tenderness.

"I never like you better, Eva, than when you are standing up for your sex. I daresay I do seem hard sometimes; but remember, I am only severe on a certain class of women—I mean women of the world."

"I know very little of the world, or of women of the world," Eva confessed with simple frankness.

"You certainly are not of the world worldly," he said smiling. "What a little daisy you seemed to me when I first knew you, two years ago! Can it really be only two years ago since you came to Bristol?"

"That is all, Douglas. But oh, how much graver and older I feel than I did before I went to Bristol! One looks back on one's life as on a tale that is told. It seems an age since my poor aunties lost their money, and grandmother took me to live with her.

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What a grief it was to leave the aunts, and how I hated the thought of a new home!"

"I'm afraid it was not a very pleasant home, dear Eva."

"It became pleasant when I began to know you," she answered with glowing cheeks. "And indeed I think poor grandmother meant to make me happy. When she died I was very sorry that I hadn't loved her more."

"Nearly time for my train to start," said Douglas, looking at his watch. "I don't know when I shall get another holiday, Eva; not till autumn, I fear. This has been a bright time. And I am glad to feel, dear, that you have friends in London. If anything should happen—if those people in Brook Street should ever be unkind, you would go straight to the Pentons and find a home with them?"

"Oh, yes, Douglas. They have asked me to come to them if any difficulty arises. But I think I shall do very well in Brook Street."

"You must not stay there unless you are kindly treated. Anyway it will only be your shelter for a time. I wish I could take you away at once, Eva!"

"I am not impatient," she replied, lifting her bright eyes to his. "We can wait and trust in God, and each other."

"The waiting is harder, I think, for me than for you," he said sadly. "Already a great deal of my life has been wasted. But God has given me far more than I deserved."

They went out of the dim waiting-room and on to the platform, from which the train was to start. It was an oft-repeated episode in the story of human life. That platform had been the scene of thousands of partings, some "full of hope, and yet of heart-break;" and others, eternal farewells that forbade the faintest dream of reunion. For just a second or two they lingered outside the carriage-door with clasped hands.

"Good-bye," said Douglas in a low voice; and then he stepped into his place.

Eva walked away towards the doors of the railway station, only casting one look behind at the departing train. A few moments more and she was outside the building, threading her way through the busy thoroughfares of Paddington. On she went, past the Great Western Hotel with its pillared portico and long ranges of windows; on and on, quite heedless of people and shops, and absorbed in her own thoughts.

Little Anna Cavaye was comforted by the sight of her governess before her bed-time. And nurse was heard to utter an exclamation of thankfulness when Eva's face appeared at the schoolroom door.

"I never was more glad to see any one, Miss Gower," said the much-tried woman. "Miss Anna's been going on to that degree about you, that I'm pretty nearly worn out."

Eva responded affectionately to Anna's kiss; but the child's quick eyes noticed that she looked pale and weary.

"Are you sorry to come back?" she asked anxiously.

"No; I am only tired," Eva answered.

"But you'll tell me a story before I go to bed? Do, Miss Gower; I've had only nurse and the cat to talk to for two days. And they are both dreadfully selfish."

Nurse glanced at the governess and slightly raised her eyebrows, but said nothing.

"I am afraid somebody else is selfish," said Eva gently. "Do you know whom I mean?"

"Me?" inquired Anna, with dark eyes widely opened.

"Yes."

There was a brief silence. Nurse's face wore a quiet smile of satisfaction.

"It's very unkind to say so," at length burst out Anna. "I've been without you two whole days. And now that you have come back you are not glad to see me, and don't want to tell me a story."

"Now listen, Anna," said Eva, still speaking gently. "I am very tired this evening. It is true that I have had a holiday, and a happy one; but I have been with dear friends, talking about things that interest me deeply; and that has made my head ache. I daresay you can see that I look worn and pale."

"Indeed you do, miss," nurse remarked. Anna pouted in silence.

"Still," Eva continued, "if you do not mind making my head ache worse, I am willing to tell you a tale. If you would rather that I should go to bed in great pain than that you should miss your story, you shall have your desire. But just think a moment—can you really enjoy a pleasure that costs me suffering?"

There was another and longer silence. Nurse looked on with some interest, although she was almost sure that Anna would insist on the story.

"There's no give-up in Miss Anna," she had said to the other servants often enough. "She will have anything that she's set her heart upon."

Eva, too, was quietly watching the child, and hoping that her better self would triumph. She could see that there was a struggle, and was perhaps a little too sanguine about a favourable issue. But Eva was by nature trustful and hopeful, always ready to believe the best of everybody, and reluctant to admit that evil does too often get the mastery over good.

Moreover, she had taken great pains with her little pupil, and had striven hard to uproot the ill weeds that marred her character. Nor had she toiled without seeking a greater strength than her own. Earnest prayer and earnest work had gone on together, and she now looked anxiously for the results.

"I want you to tell me the story," said Anna at last. She spoke in a sullen, determined tone, and with a slight frown, as if she were prepared to harden herself against reproaches.

Nurse gave a little sniff that plainly said, "I thought so," and went on moving quietly about the room, gathering up dolls' garments and putting books in order.

Eva was bitterly disappointed; far too disappointed to remember at that moment that defeat is only often the prelude to victory. But the reproof that Anna had expected did not come.

Very composedly, but in rather a weary voice, the governess began her tale. It was a quaint story taken from an old book of German legends, and told in Eva's own simple and beautiful way. Yet, although it was quite as interesting as anything she had ever heard from Miss Gower's lips, Anna failed to enjoy it.

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Charming as the story was, the little girl could not help thinking of the story-teller's head-ache, and looking remorsefully at her pale face. But not one penitent word did she utter, and her sulky "Thank you," at the end, had a most ungracious sound.

The hands of the school-room timepiece pointed to eight, and nurse reminded her little lady that it was bed-time. She said her prayers in a cold, formal way, wished Miss Gower a curt good-night, and marched off to her room at once.

When she was gone Eva sat by the window, and looked down into Brook Street with weary eyes. This vast, crowded London, how empty it seemed to-night! Last night, just at this hour, she had been sitting with Douglas in Mr. Penton's house in Islington. And now he was miles and miles away, and she was alone among strangers. She longed to give way to a flood of tears, but nurse's step was again heard, coming downstairs, and she controlled herself.

A few minutes later her supper was brought in, served daintily enough upon a tray covered with fine white damask. She forced herself to eat, and then went quietly away to her own chamber.

Between her room and Anna's was a door which was closed, but not bolted. Eva's window looked out upon chimney-stacks and the backs of houses; but her apartment was well and comfortably furnished. It was a much larger and more commodious chamber than her good aunts had been able to give her in their little country home far away. And it was a great deal better than her sleeping-room at Bristol. But both those rooms had pleasant associations which made them dearer than the London room could ever be.

Sitting down at a little table she opened her Bible and read a few verses before going to rest. She had turned to John xiv.—a chapter to which Christ's weary ones often go for refreshment—and drew strength and comfort from the familiar words. Dear, well-known words of Jesus, the only words that a hungry soul can ever feed upon and be satisfied, they have kept their savour and sweetness from age to age! "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

Eva Gower was one of those who had heard and answered the Master's call very early in life. His voice had come to her across green pastures and still waters, and had blended with all the sweet household tones of her childhood. There are some who travel many a mile upon their life-journey before that voice reaches their ears, and it comes to them, it may be, over wild hills and thorny ways which they tread with bleeding feet. But it is always the same voice that calls, and the invitation is the same. To the fresh young pilgrim and the tired wayfarer the Master speaks in the same tender, persuading tone—the tone of infinite love.

Our heroine could scarcely be said to have had any history. She had led the simplest and most uneventful of lives. Her earliest recollections were of buttercups and daisies, and the kind faces of the two aunts who had taken charge of her when her mother died. Untruthfulness and hypocrisy were horrors that she had heard of and read of, but they had never come inside her homely little world. Her opportunities of studying human nature had been small, and she did not realize how hard it is to break up the dry clods of a stubborn heart, and lay it open to the dews of heaven.

A sense of failure was added to the sense of loneliness; never had Eva stood more in need of the Divine comfort—"Let not your heart be troubled." For a little while she sat still, with the open Bible before her, and let the words sink into her spirit.

Half an hour later she was sleeping peacefully. In her dreams she saw Douglas Kerr's face again with just the same look upon it that it had worn on the railway-platform. It was a sad and tender look that brought tears to her eyes; but while she watched that face it underwent a change. The sadness passed away from his lips and brow, and calm happiness came in its stead. The scene was changed too. The great Paddington railway-station vanished, and she was standing by his side on the deck of a large ship. A voice in her heart seemed to tell her that all their life-partings were over, and only death could ever sever them again.

Then the visions faded, and her slumber was deep and dreamless. The repose that she had needed was granted to her; body and mind rested together, and she slept on until the early June sunlight began to make its way into her room.

But it was not the sunshine that awoke her at last. She was roused by a vague consciousness that some one was looking at her intently, so intently that she was compelled to open her eyes.

Perched at the foot of her bed, was a queer little figure with a face that looked exceedingly brown against its white night-gown. A quantity of black hair surrounded its head; the hands were clasped about the knees, and the countenance wore a most doleful expression.

Only half awake as she was, Eva surveyed this strange shape with wonder. It was not unlike the form of a little Polynesian islander as represented in missionary magazines; and for a few seconds, the governess believed herself to be still dreaming.

But for background the figure had neither plantain nor cocoa-nut palm, but an English wardrobe and wash-stand, substantial and prosaic enough to convince Eva of their reality.

"Is it you, Anna?" she said at last. "Why have you left your bed? It can't be time to get up yet."

"I was miserable," the figure answered.

"Miserable! Do you mean that you are ill?" asked Eva, still too drowsy to remember the scene of last evening.

"No; miserable. Worse than being ill."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Eva, keeping down a strong inclination to laugh.

"I made your head ache awfully last night."

When the figure had uttered those words, it broke into a howl that no genuine Polynesian could ever have surpassed.

Eva raised herself from her pillow in dismay. How to stop the dismal wail was a difficult question, and yet if it continued it must, she thought, be heard all over the house.

"You will indeed give me a dreadful head-ache, Anna, if you make that noise," she said, pressing her hand to her forehead.

The wail quavered, and died away into a sob. The child's dark eyes were overflowing with tears, and Eva was deeply moved.

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"My dear little Anna," she said tenderly, "I'm quite well this morning. You need not fret about me."

"But I was very selfish last night, Miss Gower. Worse than nurse or the cat."

"Well, you will try not to be selfish any more. Come, and give me a kiss, pet, and leave off crying."

Anna came readily, and nestled in her arms. The tears ceased to flow, and when she was calm Eva drew her watch from under her pillow.

"It is only five o'clock," she said, "and nurse will not call us till seven. You must go back to your bed, dear child; and by-and-bye we will have a long talk. Kiss me again, Anna—you are quite happy now?"

"Yes, nearly quite."

Then the poor little islander slipped off the bed, and crossed the floor with small brown legs and feet just visible beneath the white robe. Eva was left once more in peace.

It was all so pathetic and comical that she could have cried and laughed at once. Not until the day was farther advanced did she fully realize that her seeming defeat had been in truth her first victory.

If Anna had proved unselfish enough to forego the story, there would have been self-satisfaction instead of penitence. And Eva was wise enough to know that the child's sorrowful repentance was a surer promise of better things than her sacrifice could ever have been.

"MY FRIEND JOSHUA."

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP.



I BEGAN my ministerial life in a country town some forty or fifty miles distant from London, and before I had been long at work I was told off to conduct an evening lecture in an outlying hamlet, tenanted for the most part by humble but respectable people, who valued the means of grace. The place of meeting was my friend Joshua's cottage, which stood in a small plot of carefully-cultivated ground. Joshua indulged himself with a few flowers, chiefly of the old-fashioned sort: stocks, and gilliflowers, and double daisies, and "bachelor's buttons," and such like; but the greater part of the space was occupied with small fruit-trees, and with the fragrant herbs that were in request amongst his neighbours, either for culinary or for medicinal purposes. We used to call the spot the "garden of herbs." A wicket-gate opened on a pathway made of red brick, and bordered by a hedge of yew, and this led to the good old man's door, which I so often entered in those early days of my ministry, and never entered without pleasure.

The cottage itself was the perfection of neatness. My old friend's wife was, like himself, a devoted Christian, and she looked upon her little home as he looked upon his little garden, as a trust from God, and a trust to be improved to the uttermost. And a good painting in the minute and homely Dutch style might have been made of the interior, with the clean platters on the sideboard, and pots and pans polished till you could see your face in them, and the eight-day clock ticking soberly in the corner, and the little round table by the fire with the Bible and prayer-book on it, the former comfortably ensconced in a coat of green baize, and the arm-chair for the young minister; and the rough, yet kindly faces of men and women, who crowded into the house and occupied every available inch of space, and who waited, with just occasional snatches of neighbourly whispering, for the commencement of the service. Ah me! it was a pleasant time we had of it in those days. The beginner in the ministry is not weighted with that heavy load of responsibility which presses upon him when he undertakes a charge of his own, and old Christians are kind and considerate to the youngster. If he stumbles in his exhortations, they say he will get on better next time; and their chief concern is that he should not have the fear of man before his eyes, but should learn betimes to be "faithful." Take the word in its broadest acceptation, and what better lesson could a minister learn? And if the singing was not by any means artistic, and each gave out lustily and with a good courage the tune which he knew or liked best—what of that? It sounded well in the ears of the angels, I'll undertake to say, and, at least, it was in accordance with the apostolic precept, "singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

Well, such was the setting of the picture: now let us paint in the man who was the central and most prominent figure in it.

"My friend Joshua" had had a somewhat remarkable history. Enlisting early in a dragoon regiment, he had passed without a scratch through the vicissitudes of the Peninsula War, and on the fall of Buonaparte had been discharged with a good-conduct certificate, and a small pension. He was then—if I remember rightly—about thirty years of age. In his soldiering days he had been a great favourite with his comrades. He had a fine voice, and could sing a good song. Bright, lively, ready with his tongue, he could easily gather a crowd of his companions around him, and entertain them. Everybody liked him. But, as he afterwards confessed to me, he was at that time as thoroughly godless, as thoroughly ignorant even of the meaning of religion as a man could be; and had he been cut down in one of the many conflicts in which he was engaged, he would have passed inevitably to the abode and doom of the lost.

But God had mercy in store for him, and pre-

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served him from the bullet and the sword; and in his own good way brought him at last to Himself. Like Saul of Tarsus, like John Bunyan, like a host of others, my friend Joshua, in his smaller and humbler fashion, was a "chosen vessel," set apart for the glory of God, and for the great benefit of his fellow men.

Shortly after his return to England, he happened, accidentally as we say (though the Christian recognises no *accident* in the history of one of God's people), to stroll, without any distinct purpose in view, into some place of worship, at the time of the sermon. At first inattentive, he was after a while drawn irresistibly into the circle of listeners, and the word of the preacher, winged by the power of the Holy Ghost, shot like a sharp arrow into his heart; and for the first time in his life he knew himself to be a sinner. Then ensued a long period of intense mental distress. The law of God armed itself with all its terrors against him; and knowing of no shelter to which he could flee, he was often in such an agony of alarm as to be tempted to put an end to his own existence, so utterly wretched was he, so heavily burdened with the consciousness of having transgressed against God. Presently, however, the light broke in upon his darkness, and Christ was revealed to him as the loving Saviour who had borne *his* sins in His own body on the tree, and then deep peace came down and settled upon his soul.

From that moment began a life of Christian activity and usefulness, brightened by most manifest rejoicing in the Lord. When I knew him first, Joshua was already quite an old man, of established character, ripened experience, and held in honour by all his neighbours—even by those who laughed at religion, but knew how to respect consistency of conduct. He was a regular worshipper in the house of God; scarcely ever did you see his place vacant; but what, perhaps, was more characteristic of the man than anything else was his most earnest devotion to the study of Holy Scripture. David's words, "Oh, how I love Thy law: it is my meditation all the day," seemed to be literally true about him. He had taught himself to read and write after he was thirty. His writing—well, that was not grand, nor could I say much for the accuracy of his spelling; but he had for years made a practice of reading the Bible through from cover to cover in the course of the twelve months, beginning Genesis on the first day of January, and ending the Book of the Revelation on the last day of December. He had acquired an acquaintance with the volume and its inner meaning, which would have astonished all but those who know what a teacher the devout and earnest student of Scripture has in Him who indited it. Without human learning of any kind, without even a commentary to help him, with only the text, and the instruction he received in the house of God, *and* the Spirit—Joshua had become a truly wise interpreter of Holy Writ, capable of expounding the deep things of God.

For a year or two after I had left the place, I used to receive queerly-written and queerly-spelt epistles from him, in which he always addressed me as "Dear Under-shepherd," and never failed to add some original, and occasionally striking, remarks upon the portion of the Scriptures he was then engaged in studying.

I may add to this brief sketch of the good old man, long since entered into his rest, that his Christianity had made a true gentleman of him. In his behaviour to his wife, in fact, in his behaviour to everybody, he showed the quiet self-respect, the respect and consideration for others, the delicacy and tenderness of feeling, which are the marks and tokens of gentility of spirit; and which, as I venture to think, can only be produced in their reality by the faith of Jesus Christ. I may add also that his well-known Christian character gave him many opportunities of being useful. When neighbours were sick or dying, when trouble and distress came upon the humble household, it was as common a thing to send for my friend Joshua as to send for the clergyman of the parish; and yet that clergyman, at the time when I knew the parish, was one of the excellent of the earth.

This is a true history, true to the very letter, so far as my memory serves me, of one of our cottage patriarchs. When I think of it, it recalls the wonderful expressions of the 119th Psalm, and this verse more particularly, "I have more understanding than all my teachers, for Thy testimonies are my meditation."

A Morning Walk.

IF thou wouldst taste a pleasure born
Of purest feeling,
Go wander forth, when early morn
Her wide dominion doth adorn,
Through wood and plain and meadow stealing;
There's not a bud on plant or tree,
No song-bird's carol wild and free,
But is a messenger to thee,
God's wealth of love revealing.

Go forth; the throbbing heart of spring
Shall set thine yearning
For more than mortal life may bring.
Leave the gay crowd awhile, and fling
Aside thy books for simple learning;
Thou wilt not value earth the less,
But heaven the more that it can bless
Thee with this gentle monitress,
Thus year by year returning.

At dawn come peaceful thoughts as balm
To recollection;
And in these hours, so bright, so calm,
Nature doth sing her morning psalm,
And call to holy, sweet reflection;
Our fairest hopes like flowers unfold,
We catch a glimpse of joy untold,
And in the wakening world behold
A type of resurrection.

S. E. G.

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MORNING WALK.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF OUR INDIAN ARMY.

BY AN OLD INDIAN MISSIONARY.

OUR first introduction to military life in India was a most favourable one. We had not landed in Madras many hours before we were sought out by three Christian officers. We carried with us no letters of introduction, neither did we need them; the one common bond that unites all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity was sufficient to secure for us a hearty welcome. They told us that they had "a church" in their regiment that garrisoned the fort; that they had a chapel made out of a bomb-proof room; and that they would be glad if, during our sojourn in the city, we would meet with them.

These soldiers owed their conversion for the most part to the American missionaries in Burmah. Our visits to the bomb-proof chapel were most grateful, and can never be forgotten. When the time came for us to embark for Calcutta, the soldiers, as well as the officers, gave us substantial help to enable us to carry on our work.

"Do these men," said we to the major, "take any advantage from your thus communing with them in Christian fellowship?"

"Not in the least," was the reply. "In this little chapel we meet as brethren in the Lord, but no liberty is ever taken in consequence, either in the mess-room or on parade."

This was our first introduction to Christian life in the Indian army, and it gave a pleasant first impression. From many incidents that came under our personal knowledge we select a few that seem characteristic, or that may give encouragement to others in the cause of truth and right.

CONFIDENCE IN THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

A force was despatched to one of the Hill States to chastise a Rajah who had defied the local authorities and been guilty of barbarous crimes. The encamping ground where the colonel in charge had to wait for formal orders and reinforcements, was near our residence. While in camp he converted his tent into a sanctuary, and though no formal invitation was given, he took care to let it be known that a service for reading and prayer would be held every evening. There was a native sergeant in one of the regiments, and notwithstanding the wide difference in social position and rank between himself and the colonel, yet they took counsel together on religious matters. They resolved to have a special meeting, and special supplication that their mission might be accomplished without the destruction of life. At length the final order came for them to march to the scene of action. Soon after midnight we heard the sound of the bugle for the tents to be struck, then a second blast for the men to fall into rank, and ere long, in the still morning air of an Indian cold season, the last strains of the band died upon our ears. We wondered how many would die in the conflict, and how many homes would be made desolate. In a few weeks the colonel returned; his mission had been successful; the chieftain had been captured, and not a single life had been lost in the expedition.

DISINTERESTED LABOUR.

The deeds of some men are but little known beyond the immediate sphere in which they have lived, and such was the case with Captain J. P. Frye, of the M.N.I. He received his first religious impressions through the preaching of a Primitive Methodist; he could not mingle with the crowd in the street, but he heard the address while standing in his father's garden. The fruit of this good man's rustic eloquence was found amid people of which perhaps he had never heard. Captain Frye graduated at Oxford, and from early life showed great aptitude for the acquisition of languages. While in his teens he obtained a commission in the M.N.I., and very soon after his appointment passed the requisite examinations for staff employ. When he found himself in the land of so many tongues there seemed no limit to his research. In a short time he could preach in three of the dialects, and frequently occupied the pulpit in the mission chapel. To him pertains the honour of reducing to writing the language of the hill tribes in Khondistan. He soon discovered that the language of these aborigines had no aspirates, and that from its peculiar blending of sounds it was as liquid as water. If he had been seeking goodly pearls he could not have shown greater interest and enthusiasm. After preparing a grammar, dictionary, and elementary works for schools, which he hoped to see established, he set himself to the laborious task of translating the Scriptures. As he was engaged in official work during the day, night was the only time he could take to carry out his project. He literally wore his life away, but when remonstrance was given, his only reply was, "I would prefer a short and useful life, to a long and fruitless one." His zeal consumed him. He died a martyr to the one passion of his life, and found a grave amid the scenes of his toil.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

In the right wing of one of the regiments with which we were brought into close intimacy, five out of the six officers in charge were ever ready for any good work. They rented and fitted up a bungalow at their own expense, and twice or thrice a week conducted a religious service for the drummers and bandsmen. One of these godly men in his early youth had been accustomed to hear the Rev. Capel Molyneux at the Lock Hospital church, and from the ministry of this eloquent man he received im-

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pressions which were never forgotten. A short time before Mr. Molyneux's death it was our privilege to convey to him the good news of this young officer's conversion, and his work for Christ. Mr. Molyneux said how grateful he was to us for bringing such good news from a far country. He desired us to send Christian greeting to the young officer, and to wish him God-speed in his work. Eventually one of these gentlemen was removed to a separate command in the interior, and two hundred miles from a missionary station. When he saw the destitution of the people he resolved to send copies of the gospels to all natives in government employ, to all the native princes, chiefs, and headmen of every village. It was a most difficult task, and one that required much labour, as in many of the states there was no postal communication at all. Every parcel he made up with his own hand, and though a grant was offered to him from one of the Bible societies, he paid the full price for every copy. If "the seed of the word abides for ever," what may not be expected from this good man's toil?

A SEVERE TEST AND A TIMELY REBUKE.

When Lieutenant —— went to the mess-dinner the first time after his conversion and professing himself a Christian, he was accosted by the colonel, who said loudly, "Well, sir, I understand you have become a new light!" a term of reproach better known a quarter of a century ago than it is now. All the guests expected to see the young officer put to the blush, but every man felt rebuked with the dignity of the answer: "Yes, sir! I believe I have seen the new light, and a great light it is." There was an ominous silence, and from that night forward the spirit of persecution was rebuked.

THE COLONEL TAKING LEAVE OF HIS REGIMENT.

When an officer has been in command of a corps for a long time, attachments are formed which cannot be severed without sorrow. Colonel H., worn down with long service, was about to return to England. A farewell dinner was given, and by courtesy we were numbered with the guests. When the cloth was drawn the major rose to propose the health of his superior officer, and to assure him of the goodwill that had ever prevailed during the time he had been in command. The colonel responded, and his words were very tender and full of emotion. The corps was one of the finest in the presidency, and the tie was hard to be broken. Then after an ominous pause he said: "Gentlemen, I shall never meet you again in the barrack or on parade, and I cannot say farewell without commending to you all the Christian religion. Recognition of faithful service on earth is grateful, but how much more the recognition and reward in heaven? We part to-night in all probability for ever, but if you consecrate your life to God, then I may confidently expect to meet you in a land 'where pilgrims never roam, and soldiers war no more.'" Two days afterwards he left for the coast, and all the men, of their own accord, accompanied him out of the city. Few commanding officers were ever more honoured. The Sepoys regarded him with paternal veneration, and we believe that it was the integrity of his life that gave him the position he attained.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.

Few men will be remembered with more grateful affection than Colonel Brown, who was long resident in Madras. It was his custom to invite young officers on their arrival in the country to his house, not simply that he might give them the rites of hospitality, but that he might warn them of the dangers to which they would be subject, and best secure their own happiness and promotion in the service. They generally tarried some weeks, waiting for final orders before their appointment to a regiment, and therefore had many opportunities of seeing in an Indian home the power of Christian example. In his later life he became a brigadier, and was sent to the northern division of the Presidency. It was when he came in this capacity to review the regiment at our station that we came into contact with him. Knowing his antecedents, we invited him to attend our English prayer-meeting. For many years he had conducted a weekly prayer-meeting at his own house, and so well known was it, that it became almost proverbial in the city.

Immediately after he had received our invitation, he received another from the colonel of the regiment to attend the review dinner, and to open the ball that would immediately follow. The only reply given to the colonel was, that he had a prior engagement, and therefore could not accept his invitation. Military etiquette, some would say, should have taken him to the mess-house, but Christian inclination took him to the very plain structure where famine orphan children were educated. The schoolroom is not far from the mess-house, and we can hear distinctly every strain in the band. The festivities of the evening were about to commence, but the general was kneeling at the throne of grace, asking God to save his countrymen, and make them lights to the heathen. The contrast between the two scenes could never be forgotten. When he left for the north to finish his tour of inspection, he requested us to furnish him with a good supply of tracts, saying, "If I cannot speak the language of the people in these parts, I can with tract and gospel leave a witness behind me wherever I go." And the soldier, with a district under his command as large as England, might be seen in this quiet way seeking the weal of the peasants every night in the vicinity of his encampment. When he had finished his term of service he returned to England and became one of the lay secretaries of the Church Missionary Society, and to the end of his life took a deep interest in its welfare.

THE SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO CHRISTIAN WORTH.

In the month of August, 1857, when like a wave the spirit of mutiny was spreading over the continent, a soldier was seen standing with head uncovered beside an open grave in one of the cemeteries in Calcutta. He had come to pay the last office of respect to an assistant missionary whose social status had been much inferior to those of European birth

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and blood. The soldier was the one only man to whom all eyes were turned at this terrible crisis, and in a few days he was expecting to hasten to the scene of action. He was overwhelmed with work, and every moment was of consequence. "If it had been the funeral of some great gun," said the soldier to his old pastor, Andrew Leslie, "I could have found a hundred excuses to have kept away, but this man was faithful and true, and if he were thought little of for the uncouthness of his speech and the colour of his skin, I feel it a privilege to shed a tear over his grave." The soldier was Havelock, for whom in a few weeks a nation mourned, and who will ever be regarded as one of the greatest heroes of his time.

The safety of our Indian empire is not in clearly-defined scientific lines, mountain ranges, surf-bound coasts or fortified rivers, but in the justice of our laws and the Christian spirit of those who rule over the people. Our armies furnish noble instances of Christian devotedness and zeal. And the social intercourse and fraternal gatherings we have had with these men, clothed with the armour of God, have been like "the days of heaven upon earth."

It was a common saying after the Indian Mutiny that "the saints saved the empire." Certainly the heroism of the Havelocks, Outrams, Lawrences, Nicholsons, Hodsons, and others, will ever form one of the noblest pages in English history. If India has been the training-ground of some of our finest soldiers, it has also been the training-ground for Christian devotion and zeal. At one time it was considered the safest policy to ignore Christianity, and this feeling more or less permeated every department of the service. Happily, those days are numbered with the past. Governors-general and commanders-in-chief have felt it an honour to bear their testimony to the fact that missionaries have ever been the truest friends to progress and civilization, and the best supporters of the British rule in India. If every branch of the service was canvassed, it would be found that the men who have been faithful to their convictions have best secured the confidence of the people. The man with no religion is an anomaly to the natives of India which they cannot understand, and they significantly ask, "If he be not a Hindoo, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Christian, what is he?"

Half a century ago there were so few God-fearing men that a child could count them. "I can remember," said a colonel in our hearing, "when there were but three Christian officers in the whole of the Madras Presidency." But there is scarcely a regiment now in which there is not one or more ready for every good word and work. There is scarcely a solitary missionary now that has not to rejoice over the countenance and help he receives from his own countrymen.

W. B.

THE NEW LIFE.

III.—THE FIRST GOSPEL SERMON.

(Acts ii. 14—36.)

FOR the labourer in any sphere of evangelistic work, the first apostolic proclamation of the gospel is inexhaustibly rich in suggestion and guidance. If we can gather together a few sheaves from its abundant harvest of thought, we shall find ourselves amply repaid for the labour of reaping.

I. It shows very plainly, that, in dealing with men, the question of sin is not to be thrust into the background, nor to be dealt lightly with. There is no glossing over the matter in Peter's stern words, "Whom with wicked hands ye have slain." The accusation is direct, the deed is unpalliated. It is presented to his hearers in all its naked repulsiveness. Such guilt belongs in germ to all of us. All sin in its last result leads to this. Left to itself, it would put God out of the world. It crucified incarnate love. Make men realise the utter horror of that deed, and the sense of sin will shut up to the Saviour from sin. To all of us, the Cross of Christ must be, to the last day of our lives, the witness of the terrible nature of sin, as well as the token of deliverance from it.

II. The mission of the Church is to bear testimony to a personal, a risen, and a glorified Redeemer. At the very moment when sin reached its utmost development, God's salvation reached its completeness. Sin slew itself in slaying the Son. "They preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." Such is true apostolic work: "Jesus," a living, loving Lord; "his resurrection," the fountain of spirit-life. His own life, glorified in the Resurrection and its consummation the Ascension, could now, through the Spirit, be imparted to men. "The power of an endless life" would henceforth work in his followers, as in Himself, leading them to fellowship in his sufferings, and fellowship in his resurrection. Sin crucified through the sacrifice of the cross, a life uplifted by the power of the Resurrection, are the most potent witnesses that can be borne to the reality of both.

III. We cannot give too much prominence to the kingship of the Lord Jesus. In the first public testimony to Him, how conspicuously is it declared. So in later discourses. At Thessalonica, the charge against Paul was, that he said there was "another king, one Jesus." "Messiah, the Prince," was the familiar Jewish thought. Not mistaken were they in their expectation of a Divine King. Peter is careful to show them its fulfilment in Jesus of Nazareth. It was respecting the nature of the kingship they had

erred. A king anointed through weakness, shame, and suffering—a king by right of service, submission, and self-forgetfulness—this was a new conception, not for the Jewish mind merely, but in the world's history. What wonder that this royalty called forth the deepest homage of earth's kingliest souls, and that for them henceforth all glory was summed up in Christ crucified. "Dying in weakness, but rising to reign." We must tell of the Saviour's crown, as well as of his cross, nor put into the future only that kingdom of which the cross was the foundation. Peter does not say, "Him *shall* God exalt," but He "*being* by the right hand of God exalted." He quotes David's prophetic words as already begun to be fulfilled: "Sit Thou on my right hand *until* I make Thine enemies Thy footstool."

"The government shall be upon His shoulder." When people talk as if that promise were yet unrealised, it is good to fall back upon the sure Divine word, and thank God for the strength of the knowledge that the Lord reigneth *now*, that the King *is* set upon the holy hill. That coming of the kingdom for which we pray is the full acknowledgment of the kingship that already is. As yet, alas! in the world, and in our own hearts, the rule is but partial. Sin—rebellion and the tumult springing therefrom—is all too sadly known. The floods lift up their voices. But the Lord on high is mightier than the sound of many waters. The Lord sitteth upon the flood, sitteth King for evermore. The prince of this world is judged. The rightful King of men is crowned!

> "The golden censer in His hand,
> He offers hearts from every land,
> Tied to his own by gentlest band
> Of silent love."

Other proof of His priestly kingship is unneeded. It is the one to which Peter appeals. Were He not king, no gifts for men were His. "Being by the right hand of God exalted, He hath shed forth this." "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue should confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." King by right of lowliness, the measure of the humilation is the measure of the glory. Isaiah declared it all when He wrote of a government upon the shoulder of the Child, the Son.

IV. For the Prince and Saviour is God-appointed. Very striking is the repetition of that truth at various points in this sermon. It is interesting to see Peter thus unconsciously confirming for us John's testimony to the exceeding stress our Lord had laid upon this aspect of his life. Throughout the fourth gospel the innermost spirit of his mission is revealed. "Not I, but the Father which sent Me." When now the Holy Ghost for the first time testifies of Christ, it is as of the Son unto whom the Father hath given all things. So vital is right belief in this matter, that our Lord received as his redeeming name one which should permanently embody it. "Jesus—the Christ," the Anointed One; as if He would make it impossible for us ever to think or speak of Him without being reminded of his Father's appointment to his work. Is every tongue to acknowledge Jesus Lord, it is to the glory of God the Father. At that Second Advent for which we wait, He will come "in the glory of his Father." The last, the completed, manifestation is this: "When all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all." Here Peter's first declaration of the exaltation of Christ finds its consummation. The mystery of the glory may be too great for our sin-blinded eyes to gaze into. But God forbid that, to serve any fancied cause of his truth, we should seek to explain away either the Father's glorification of the Son, or the Son's subjection to the Father.

V. This leads to a final lesson we are taught by Peter's sermon. Truth is one. Revelation is not a collection of disjointed fragments, but a living whole. No single part of God's dealings can be viewed aright separated from the rest. It is God who "in many portions and divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, who hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." The death, the resurrection, are the outcome of all that had gone before. Peter grounds his whole argument and appeal upon the word of God already declared.

For us also, the past, rightly understood, explains the present, and prophecies the future. The manifestations of God yet to be, must be looked for in the line of those already given. Is the doctrine newly proclaimed in harmony with what has hitherto been made known of God's mind and will? This is the one sure test of its worth.

For example, we hear much in the Church of the second coming of the Lord, of the brightness of His appearing. Truly a glad hope, but scarcely to be recognised as Divine from the manner in which some Christians conceive of it. The glory of the king is to be unveiled. Will it be some splendour of outward pomp, and majesty, and authority, rivalling the kingdoms of this world? Nay—but the full manifestation of righteous love, the shining forth of that glory which He had with the Father, before the world was. If the nature of that glory be clearly shown to us, what excuse can there be for indulging in mere materialistic dreams as to the future? The words of the despised prisoner, who even in that hour of humiliation was God's embodiment of kingliness, uttered before the Roman judge, the representative of the realisation of the world's grandest idea of empire, must be for ever true: "Thou sayest I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness to the truth." The declaration emphatically draws the line between every vision of mere earthly kingship and the one Divine dominion, the test of whose subjects is, that they hear the voice of the truth. It is the test now, the test for all eternity.

Again, apply this principle to the nature of the rest through that eternity. How utterly all dreams of a refined self-indulgence are dissipated by conceiving of it as the perfected development of the life begun here. If peace now lie in self-surrender, where in the future is there room for mere satisfied self-gratification? "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness." "He that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

We can carry the law into all questions of faith and life. Its application is invariable. To have our spirits imbued with the spirit of the Divine

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word, is to be saved from being carried about by every wind of doctrine that may chance to blow. It is at the same time the true preparation for receiving all fresh light and truth the Lord has yet to break forth from his holy word.

C. E. L.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE FALSE BALANCE.

(A STUDY OF PROVERBS XI.)

"A false balance is abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is His delight."—*Prov.* xi. 1.

THESE words, though directed in the first place against a too common sin in dealings between man and man, have a secondary application far deeper and wider; and the whole passage from which they are taken may be looked upon as a series of instances in which false balances and unjust weights disturb the judgment of men, and lead to disastrous conclusions. Let us study some of the sentences of the wise man on this subject. Ver. 2, "When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom." How often is pride the "false balance" that deceives its possessor, and leads only to shame before God and man! Ver. 4, "Riches profit not in the day of wrath: but righteousness delivereth from death." If pride is noted as a false ground of confidence, not less are we to distrust wealth as being unable to deliver its possessor when the time of trial comes. It is contrasted with a treasure which the rich man despises, but which in the "balance of the sanctuary" is alone able to deliver from death, even that righteousness of Christ, without which the rich man is poor indeed in the sight of God.

In ver. 11 another false balance is detected and exposed: "By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted: but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked." Here we are taught the true cause of the prosperity or the overthrow of a community—not outward enemies, but the good or bad character of its people—a point concerning which men's judgments are often misled.

There is scarcely one of the proverbs in this chapter which does not detect some falsity in the common judgments of men of the world as contrasted with the judgment of true and heavenly wisdom. The beauty of a "fair woman without discretion" (ver. 22) weighs light indeed in the wise Preacher's scale. The selfish policy of "him that withholdeth more than is meet" ver. 24, of "him that trusteth in his riches" ver. 28, and of "him that troubleth his own house" ver. 29, is in each case contrasted with the happiness of the liberal and loving man; and while these warnings against sin describe rewards and punishments relating chiefly to this life, the Lord marks with his own condemnation those who by the use of false balances call these evils good.

Pages for the Young.

PEARL.

I.



"HIS drawing will never be a success, do what I will with it, and it will never gain me a name," said Madge Howard, to her friend Winifred Carberry; "well, it will go the way of many other efforts of unappreciated genius I have heard of, so I can't complain."

"How very absurd!" replied Winifred. "I am sure it is well done, and better finished than any other girl's in the class."

"Except Pearl's drawing of the Holy Family, which she intends as a present to madame. How beautifully soft the colouring of the——"

But here Madge's speech was cut short by the entrance of the young girl they had been talking about, listlessly holding a drawing in her hand.

"Why, Pearlie dear, what is the matter? Your eyes are red with crying—nay, the tears are there now. Come, tell us what grieves you so."

"Well, Madge dear, you know how I have worked at this drawing, and it does seem unkind of madame that she will not let me give it to her. She says I must keep it as a souvenir of my school days; so that if the efforts she intends making this term to find my relations should prove fortunate, it will show among other things that she did not neglect my education. Is it not hard?"

"Dear madame!" said warm-hearted Madge. "If I were you, Pearlie dear, I would not let her see your tears; it would vex her so. I suppose if she should find some grand relations for you after we separate this term we may perhaps never meet again."

"Don't suppose anything so very disagreeable," said Pearl. "You know quite well that I shall always think of you, and love you, wherever I may be. But there, madame will only have her trouble for nothing; I begin to believe that in all this great wide world I have no one to claim me."

"How absurd, Pearlie! Well, at any rate you have us and dear madame to love you, so don't get morbid. But to work, girls; I hear her step in the corridor, and it would displease her to see us idle."

Madame, as her pupils called her, but whose real name was the Señora Martinez, was a French lady, the widow of a Mexican gentleman who lost his life during a revolutionary outbreak in Peru, where he was travelling, an exile from his own country.

Immediately after her husband's funeral, the Señora Martinez left her southern home and returned to Paris, where she had many friends and well-wishers.

When she had by repose, amid the sympathy of her friends, regained a little health and tranquillity, the thought of how to improve her small means began to occupy her mind. After much consultation and planning for that purpose, she found that a lady residing at Passy was trying to find some one to take the school she was about to give up, and after due consideration, she became the successor to the select "Pension des Demoiselles"—as her cards simply set forth—in the Rue Napoleon.

The señora was a woman of cultivated intellect and varied accomplishments, and during the years she had been at Passy her pupils and their relations had learnt to love her, and also to respect her. It was indeed a happy, well-conducted ménage;

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twelve young ladies were received, no more, and as the señora taught the accomplishments and also superintended the labours of her two governesses, a larger number of girls would have been embarrassing.

Old Manon reigned supreme in the domestic department, the housemaids being entirely at her order; everything went smoothly, and the "Maisonnette Anglaise" was both a cheerful and charming abode.

When madame came to preside at Passy, she brought with her a little girl of singular beauty—and for a babe—a wonderfully pretty refinement of manner.

That child was Pearl.

II.

On Sunday mornings it was madame's custom to see her pupils separately in her own little private parlour before church time, to question them as to their health, and to see after their small wants.

But first she heard them repeat their prayers, teaching them on these occasions to lay their wants before their Heavenly Father, and to ask His guidance in the week before them. As there were both Roman Catholics and Protestants in the school, the English governess took the latter to the English church, whilst the others went to mass, according to the instruction of parents or guardians.

On that Sunday morning the kindly-hearted lady of La Maisonnette spoke long and lovingly to Pearl, for on the morrow her fellow pupils would be leaving Passy for their respective homes, and business would take the señora to England during the vacation.

"I do not like leaving you, mon enfant, but I have so many things to do in a short time that I could not take you with me to leave you in different places alone. Don't cry, Pearl dear, or you will make it harder for me to go; we have never been separated since the day my dear husband brought you to me a weeping babe."

"I won't cry, dear señora, but, as I know you are partly going to England on my account, would it not be better to stop at home; for all this long time that you have tried to find those to whom I belong, you have not traced a single link? But perhaps you are tired of taking care of poor Pearlie."

The young girl had risen from her low seat, and laid her cheek caressingly against the señora's. "You do love me, I know," she added, "else you would not have taken such care of me, dear."

"Still, I am anxious for your future, my child; you are too young"—the señora hesitated—"and far too attractive—to be in the world, and learn its hard lessons alone. It would be a bitter trial, Pearlie, to part with you to any one, however near they might be; but it was my husband's wish I should try to find your friends, for he was quite sure you belonged to persons of rank."

"Never mind the rank, madame dear; you love me—is it not so? It is so nice to have some one who does care for me."

"You are like my own, dear," and looking into the clear honest eyes of her young protégée, the señora thought of a little one who had been very precious to her mother's heart, who lay under the flowers in that far-off southern land, and she inwardly hoped that Pearl might never be taken from her, because she loved her.

But of that small household, none ever forgot that eventful Sunday.

The pupils returned from their respective places of worship to their early dinner, after which they went their usual walk, madame saying she felt tired and would rest.

The pupils returned to La Maisonnette to find old Manon standing at the gate, wringing her hands, and crying bitterly.

"What is the matter, Manon?" asked the English governess, a lady who was never emotional under any circumstances whatever.

"Pauvre madame! Oh, pauvre madame!" was all the weeping woman could say, but Pearl, prompt to act, passed swiftly by the rest, and went into the house, to find her only friend on the couch she had laid down on for repose—cold and rigid in death.

The girl uttered no sound—she did not realise that what Miss Andrews, the English teacher, told her so ruthlessly was the truth, yet she feared—and sinking on her knees by the side of her who had been her only friend on earth, Pearl prayed for help from her Father in heaven.

The arrival of the doctor whom old Manon had sent for, brought a little order to the bewildered girls and their two governesses, and when, with kindly sympathy in voice and manner, he told them that their friend had passed away from them for ever, the weeping girls and the little French teacher would not be comforted.

Rest. Yes, she had said she would rest; and that Heavenly friend, whose laws she had with simple faith and true devotion taught her young friends, had reiterated her words. Rest, faithful servant, for with hand and heart relying on the sacred promises in the blessed Book of Life, she had led her simple, useful life, trusting not herself, but in all events asking that help which is never refused to those who serve God through Christ in simplicity and truth.

Madame had been essentially a Christian; she had seen much of the world, and various forms and ceremonies, but her trust had been in Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and in that faith she had died.

All wept for their gentle, kindly mistress; no harsh words ever forced her pupils into obedience; they loved her for the sweet spirit of peace which seemed to reign in her heart, and they obeyed by that law of love by which she had always ruled them.

Who knows but that in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence these events were to be the means to prove the virtues of endurance and trust which are such foundations to the character in the battle of life which was now before Pearl, when she had lost her only earthly friend and guardian?

A few days after the funeral of Madame Martinez the pupils left for their respective homes, and Pearl was alone, save for the presence of Miss Andrews, who was to succeed the late lady in the school.

The friends of the lamented Madame Martinez knew and liked Pearl, and many offered temporary hospitality to the bereaved girl, whose grief was too new for her to think of going among strangers.

"What are your plans, Pearl?" asked Miss Andrews. "I am afraid that I shall not be able to make a place for you at La Maisonnette."

"I have made no plans, mademoiselle. But I beg you will not trouble yourself about me, for I could not stop in this house," replied Pearl, bursting into hysteric tears, "without my dear madame!"

"Pauvre petite," said Juliette Aubertin, tenderly kissing Pearl. "It would indeed be sad for you to remain here, but if you will come to my dear mother and me, we shall be very glad. We have not a rich home—no, it is a poor one; but ma petite mère will love and cherish you; and I—well, dear, you know how glad it will make me to have you."

Pearl looked at the hard face of the English governess, and then at the pretty sympathetic regards of the girl who had come to her in the hour of desolate need, and putting her trembling hands into those outstretched already to receive hers, simply said, "I will come, dear."

Great was the astonishment of Miss Andrews, when, on M. Simon, the lawyer of the late Madame Martinez, presenting himself at La Maisonnette, she found that the heiress to her small effects was none other than Pearl.

"To my dearly-beloved adopted daughter called Pearl I give and bequeath all that I die possessed of, praying her to continue to make all search for her missing parents."

A list of her few articles of jewellery followed, and these were

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to be found in a cambric handkerchief which madame had picked up on that dreadful evening which had been the scene of her husband's tragic death.

The mother of Juliette Aubertin was sweet-tempered and warm-hearted like her daughter. She had heard Pearl's history, and welcomed her with motherly kindness.

"Soyez tranquille, ma petite, the good God has taken your friend to Himself; but as long as you trust Him, He will guide you and care for you. Is it not so, chère petite? I would have you to feel I am your friend. My daughter loves you, and I will also love you if you permit; and now, chère enfant, let me take you to your chamber."

The cottage of Madame Annette Aubertin was a league and a half from Passy, amid orchards and pasture-lands. No one ever passed through St. Valérie without stopping to admire its quaint beauty, to which the garden, full of the dear old-fashioned flowers—cabbage roses, pansies, honeysuckle, and clematis—added not a little.

In this simple well-ordered home of Madame Aubertin and her daughter Juliette, Pearl recovered some of her girlish brightness, though the tears which so often filled her clear thoughtful eyes, shed in the privacy of her own little room, testified to the grief which still lived in her heart.

The money realized by the sale of the late Madame Martinez' effects—including the school—did not amount to more than two hundred pounds for Pearl when everything was paid.

After consulting with Monsieur Simon and Madame Annette it was determined that as Pearl must decide upon the best manner of gaining her living, she should give lessons in pencil and water-colour drawing, her graceful and correct style giving promise of future excellence and consequent success.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.

LONGED for too much, and owned at last in death,
Oh, "Son of sorrow!" Lord, let trustful love
Still each rebellious longing, lest Thou prove
Our wishes crosses, prayer but wilful breath.

1. What goodly shepherd-band is gathered here?
All of one race, one brotherhood, they seem.
Jealous? sayst thou? Of a mysterious dream?
Their strongest bond an envious, brooding fear.

2. Hate reigning, where love only should abound,
Whither doth now their jealous envy tend?
Whither will they the gentle dreamer send?
Sold as One greater, bound as He was bound?

3. When, sick at heart, the father mourned his son,
God's promise well-nigh faded from his view;
What matter though his generations grew
Even to this, if lost his dearest one?

4. Not lost, O stricken heart, but gone before,
Gone to preserve thy life, by God's decree;
After long years, his face thou yet may'st see;
Hearing his voice, shalt mourn for him no more.

5. Long years have passed; plenty gives place to dearth;
The sellers bow before the regal sold;
Buying their life for silver or for gold;
Who patient bear the purchased fruits of earth?

6. Trembling and fear pursue them on their track;
The sorrowing father mourns another son;
Dread falls upon the soul of every one,
As each sees this disclosed, within his sack.

7. Once more they stand beneath their brother's eye;
One further test he tries to prove them well,
Knowing them this; then bids them haste to tell
His father's state, calling them (startled) nigh.

8. Last see the two united once again,
Father and son knit in a long embrace;
They ne'er had thought to see each other's face,
Now, each, on *this* weeping, forgets past pain.

F. M. B.

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO I.—THE CEDAR TREE.

The cedar, a tree famous for its beauty, its stately growth, its value for building, and the fragrance of its wood, holds something of the place among the trees of the east that the oak holds in England, and is often mentioned in the Bible, not only as a remarkably useful tree, but as an object to which other noble and great things are compared.

I.—Being considered valuable, cedar wood formed a part of some of the sacrifices of the ancient law (Leviticus xiv. 4, 5, 51; Numbers xix. 6).

David built himself a house of cedar (2 Sam. v. 11), and was grieved that the ark of God was only "within curtains" (2 Sam. vii. 2).

Solomon desired Hiram to send him cedar trees out of Lebanon (1 Kings v. 6). And having had them brought to Jerusalem, he employed them in building the temple and other great buildings (1 Kings vi. 9, 10, etc.; vii. 2, etc.), also his own house, "the beams of our house are cedar" (Sol. Song, i. 17). David also had prepared for the building of the House "cedar trees in abundance." So that at last cedar trees were as common in Jerusalem as "sycamore trees that are in the vale" (2 Chron. i. 15).

Again, in the time of Ezra, about five hundred years after Solomon, cedar trees were brought from Lebanon to build the house of God which had been destroyed (Ezra iii. 7).

Lebanon had always been famous for its cedars (Judges ix. 15). They are beautifully described in Psa. civ. 16, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted." A mighty storm in the mountains is thus described: "The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon" (Psa. xxix. 5). And the judgments of God are thus spoken of: "The day of the Lord shall be upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up" (Isaiah ii. 12, 13). The Assyrian conqueror said in his pride, "I am come up to the sides of Lebanon; and I will cut down the tall cedars thereof" (Isa. xxxvii. 24). The men of Lebanon were too proud of their trees: "O inhabitant of Lebanon, that makest thy nest in the cedars, how gracious shalt thou be when pangs come upon thee" (Jer. xxii. 23). "Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars" (Zechariah xi. 1).

See also Solomon's Song, v. 15: "His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars."

II.—The Assyrian is compared to a cedar (Ezek. xxxi. 3-18), "The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him" (v. 8).

The tents of Israel as seen by Balaam are compared to "cedar trees beside the waters" (Num. xxiv. 6).

The Amorite is like a cedar: "Whose height was like the height of the cedars" (Amos. ii. 9).

The dealings of God with Jerusalem are set forth in a parable (Ezek. xvii): "He came unto Lebanon, and took the highest branch of the cedar" (verse 3). See also verses 22, 23.

Probably the cedars of Lebanon were much more numerous and grand in early times than in later days; we find no mention of them in the New Testament, and at the present time there is only one very ancient grove of magnificent trees which bears witness of the former glories of the garden of God in Lebanon.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



LADY WESTMOOR NONPLUSSED FOR ONCE.

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER III.—TEMPER.

ANNA'S penitence was strong enough to carry her through two days without a fit of naughtiness. Nurse hardly knew her in her new character of a good child.

On the third day there was a relapse.

The countess was still confined to her room, and Lady Mary was still away. The old lady, accustomed to a stirring life, began to find the solitude of her chamber rather irksome. From her girlhood she had lived in a crowd, and had never given herself leisure to commune with her own heart and be still.

But heart-communings are seldom of a satisfactory kind if Christ be not with us in the silent chamber. It is of little use to shut our doors upon the world unless we shut Jesus in with us.

Perhaps Lady Westmoor's thoughts were not very

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pleasant as she sat alone in her room. Those thoughts were chiefly occupied with Lady Mary and her affairs.

The story that Eva Gower had heard from Nurse Brown was perfectly true. In her younger days, Lady Mary had been on the eve of marriage with a baronet whose income was not less than sixteen thousand a year. All the arrangements were complete; busy hands were at work upon the trousseau, and busy tongues were discussing the approaching match, when that match was suddenly and rudely broken off. Death laid hands upon the bridegroom before he could lead the bride to the altar.

Sir George Varney was a man who had lived fifty years in the world without making many friends. He had possessed but few of those qualities which are attractive in a young woman's eyes; nevertheless Lady Mary was said to mourn for him very sincerely. She put on mourning, and withdrew herself altogether from society for a time; and when she reappeared among her old associates, it was noticed that she looked much thinner and older.

Still, she was young, beautiful, and clever enough to outshine some of the fresher beauties; and it was whispered that Sir George's place would be speedily filled. But somehow it never was filled; other women, with fewer advantages, made good matches and were settled in life; season after season went by; youthful belles, who had worn pinafores when Lady Mary was in her prime, had become fair matrons with children gathering round them; and yet she still remained Lady Mary Cavaye.

That her daughter had not married was certainly not the fault of the Countess of Westmoor. She was as wise and skilful a manager as could be found in all Mayfair or Belgravia. But there was one thing that was never included in all those clever plans of hers, and that was the Will of God.

It was of her repeated failures that the dowager was thinking as she sat alone in her chamber in Brook Street. How very near she had been to success on that occasion, but something suddenly went wrong, and all the labour was lost. How sure she had felt that everything would be settled this time; and then there had been an inexplicable change. It was dreary work, looking back upon the past. And truly, unless we can trace the footprints of our Lord upon the path that we have traversed, there is nothing sadder than our hours of retrospection.

So dreary did Lady Westmoor find her solitary musings, that she was fain to send for her little granddaughter to wile away the time.

Lady Mary had told her mother that Anna was decidedly getting on; that she was a quick child and said sharp things. The countess did not care much for children, and thought that little girls who said sharp things were generally objectionable.

But she was very tired of her own company, and therefore Anna received an unexpected summons.

The child had just returned from an afternoon walk with her governess, and was very unwilling to present herself to the countess.

"Grandma can do very well without me," she said, pouting.

"Dear me, missy, how can you be so unkind?" sighed nurse, making a futile attempt to brush her charge's hair. "My lady is not well, and she feels quite lonely. You ought to be glad to go and amuse her."

"I don't want to go and amuse her. I should like to make tracks."

"Oh, Miss Anna, what a very strange expression! It's not at all ladylike; where did you learn it?"

"Out of an American story-book," Anna answered, delighted to have shocked somebody.

"I've always understood that the Americans are a low people," said nurse. "I don't think my lady would approve of your reading their books."

"Why are they a low people?" Anna demanded.

"Well, they have no king or queen, to begin with. And then they have no aristocracy at all."

"I should like that. When I grow up I shall make tracks for America," said Anna decidedly.

"It will be a great grief to your poor nurse, miss, if you do anything unbecoming when you are grown up."

"Oh no, nurse; it won't matter to you at all. When I am a grown lady you will be in your grave, and there won't be a bit of you left."

"I am not an old woman, Miss Anna," said nurse, with mild indignation. "As Peerson often says, I look really young without my cap. I have no doubt I shall be quite hearty when you are a lady grown."

"But you may be taken off suddenly. People are," said Anna, nodding her head.

After that appalling remark nurse brushed away in silence.

When the wild dark hair was at last made to look tolerably smooth, Anna invented a dozen pretexts for delay.

She discovered faults in her frock, complained of her shoes, and wanted to change her dainty little holland apron for one of white muslin, trimmed with ribbons, which was kept for festive occasions. Miss Gower was at length called to nurse's aid, and decided that the holland apron should not be discarded.

"You are quite ready now," said the governess. "The countess must not be kept waiting any longer."

But there was yet another delay at the schoolroom door. Anna was seized with a fit of affection for the cat, and stopped to embrace it. Nurse cast an appealing glance at Eva.

It was no time for irresolution. Miss Gower took the child firmly by the hand, and spoke in a stern voice.

"We will have no more trifling," she said. "I am going to take you straight to your grandmother's room."

For an instant Anna held back, but Eva was not to be resisted. Very sullenly the little girl suffered herself to be led downstairs to Lady Westmoor's door.

She did not feel one whit less naughty when she stood within the chamber. It was a long apartment with two windows, but the light was subdued. The weather was cold for early summer, and the invalid felt chilly enough to require a fire.

In a large cushioned chair by the fireside sat the countess, looking very stately even in the wrapper that she wore. Her soft, white hair was dressed as carefully as usual, and lay smoothly beneath a lace cap. She was, as people often said, a beautiful old lady; her features were remarkable for their delicate

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moulding, and her complexion had the wax-like purity that sometimes comes with age. But her blue eye, although still clear, was as cold as winter, and no gleam of sunshine ever played across her face. She had been a noted belle in her day, admired for high-bred grace and dignity, but very little loved even by those who knew her best.

"How do you do, Anna?" said her ladyship. "I hope you are a very good little girl."

Anna advanced, awkwardly, and touched the offered cheek with her lips.

"Sit down, my dear," continued the dowager. "Not too near the fire—there—where I can see you."

The child obeyed, silently, and with a very gloomy look.

Lady Westmoor's cold eyes surveyed her granddaughter with decided disapproval. Lady Mary had said that the little girl was improving—how could she have made such a statement? There was ill-temper stamped visibly enough on the small dark face, which could not boast of a single good feature.

The countess had only had one interview with Anna's mother, and had seen her just long enough to wonder how a Cavaye could have ever been duped into marrying such a person. Arthur Cavaye had been less handsome than his brother and sisters, and his daughter had not even inherited his small share of beauty. She had her poor young mother's thin figure, turned-up nose, high cheek-bones, and dark skin. At an age when most little lasses still retain the plumpness and dimples of early childhood, she was lean and angular to the last degree. Lady Westmoor remembered the pretty rounded limbs and soft pink cheeks of her own children, and looked upon Anna with something almost akin to disgust.

Lady Mary had, however, declared that the child would turn out to be clever, and the dowager was aware that wit will sometimes outshine beauty.

"Are you getting on with your studies, Anna?" asked the countess after a brief silence.

"Yes, grandma."

"I am very glad to hear it. Your Aunt Mary said you were fond of English history. Now what can you tell me about Charles the First?"

"I don't know; I can't remember."

"I think you can remember if you try," said Lady Westmoor in a harder tone. "What did the English people do to him?"

"They drowned him in a butt of wine."

"Nonsense; you have gone back to the Duke of Clarence in Edward the Fourth's reign. Now about Charles: what was his end?"

"I don't know."

Lady Westmoor was getting angry.

"Do you mean to say," she said, "that any educated English child of your age does not know the story of Charles the First? Surely you cannot pass Whitehall without being reminded of the scene that took place there!"

Anna was silent.

The countess as a rule was perfectly self-controlled. She could receive, with the most dignified composure any of the sharp stabs that are so gracefully inflicted in polished society, and could stab again when her turn came. But with all her long training she was not proof against the wilful naughtiness of a stubborn child. It was something new to be quietly defied by this small creature, whose keen face showed that she secretly gloried in exasperating her questioner.

"You are a very obstinate little girl," said her ladyship, with a faint colour tinging her waxen cheeks. "I can see quite plainly that you are not ignorant, but perverse. Now once more; what was the end of Charles the First?"

"I don't know."

"If you do not tell me at once you shall be severely punished."

Silence.

"I have never met with such a dreadful child. It will be my duty to conquer your wicked spirit," said Lady Westmoor, actually trembling with indignation.

At her ladyship's elbow stood a small table, bearing one or two medicine bottles, a flask of eau de cologne, some jelly, a bunch of grapes, and a hand-bell. She took up the bell and rang a sharp little peal.

Burton, her maid, answered the summons at once, and was instantly told to call Nurse Brown.

Nurse entered the room looking a trifle less tranquil than usual. Burton had found time to tell her that Miss Anna had been putting my lady into a regular passion. Now the countess, to do her justice, was very seldom out of temper with any of her people; and her fits of anger, being rare, were naturally regarded as serious.

"Nurse," said Lady Westmoor, still trembling slightly, "Miss Anna Cavaye has dared to defy me. She stubbornly refuses to answer a simple question."

"Oh, my lady, is it possible?"

"I have never seen anything to equal her obstinacy. But it shall be conquered, nurse; it shall be conquered! I desire that you shall at once give her a severe whipping, here in my presence."

To hesitate at that moment would have cost nurse her place; but she felt little disposed to obey. Nurse was a person who loved a quiet life, and disliked anything in the shape of a scene. Nevertheless, she must carry out her ladyship's instructions, come what might.

She advanced and laid hands upon her charge. But in an instant Anna had wriggled herself free, and fled with a wild scream towards the door. Nurse, growing very red with this unwonted exertion, pursued and captured her a second time. There were more screams, and more writhings; the child seemed to possess three times her ordinary strength, and a violent struggle ensued. Once more she succeeded in breaking from nurse's hold, and running full tilt against her ladyship's table, overturned it with a great crash. The countess received the jelly, grapes, and bottles in her lap, and was more angry than ever.

After all, the whipping was a very mild affair. As nurse said, later, "You might as well have tried to whip an eel as Miss Anna." The screams and her own suppressed excitement gave Lady Westmoor a racking headache, and her stubborn grandchild might have been said to have gained the victory. The poor old countess lay back in her chair with closed eyes, and Anna and nurse were suffered to depart.

Eva was sitting quietly at the schoolroom window with her sewing, when the pair entered the room.

Her first glance at her pupil shocked and almost frightened her. Anna's dress was in the wildest

disorder; her hair was tangled, her face inflamed with passion. Altogether, she looked more like a little savage than a child belonging to a noble English family, and her governess turned pale with dismay. Nurse, too, was quite unlike her placid self; her cap was awry, her collar rumpled, and her apron hanging behind.

"Ah, well you may look scared at us, Miss Gower," panted the exhausted woman. "I couldn't live through such a scene again—indeed I couldn't."

"What has Anna been doing?" inquired Eva anxiously.

"I don't rightly know how it all began," nurse answered. "But my lady was provoked to that extent that she sent for me to whip Miss Anna in her presence. And instead of submitting quietly, missy flew about like a mad thing, and upset my lady's table, bottles and jelly and all. I can't tell how things will end, Miss Gower, if her temper is going on from bad to worse."

Eva looked sorrowfully at the frowning child, who met her glance defiantly. There was no sign of softening in that angry, dark face.

It was already past the usual hour for the schoolroom tea. There was no hour in the day that Anna liked better than tea-time; it was the meal they always lingered over and enjoyed in a homely fashion. Somehow it had been their time for laughter and mirth, when the day's work was nearly done, and they felt themselves free from its cares. But on this disastrous evening of which I write there were no smiles at the tea-table; the pupil was wrathful and gloomy, and the governess silent and sad.

When the tray was removed Eva quietly reminded the child of the lessons that must be got ready for the morrow. She saw that Anna was in no mood to bear questioning, and made up her mind to say nothing about her conduct till she was in a calmer frame. For a few minutes the little girl studied in silence, then pushed the books away, and said sullenly:

"I can't learn anything to-night."

Not another word was spoken on either side. Eva sat reading until nurse came to take Anna to bed, and then her pupil departed without even saying good-night.

But nurse had a certain arrow in her quiver which was sure to smite between the joints of the harness. Like a wise woman she did not let it fly till Anna's head was on her pillow.

"We shan't keep Miss Gower here much longer," she remarked with a sigh, as she folded up her young lady's clothes. "My lady told Burton that she was sure Miss Gower was not a good governess. 'It's quite evident,' she said, 'that she can't manage Miss Anna in the least, and we shall have to get somebody who will be more severe.' Poor Miss Gower; it's hard that she should be turned away, but it will only be what I've been expecting. Good-night, Miss Anna."

CHAPTER IV.—EVA'S MUSINGS.

Eva's tears fell fast when she was alone in her room that night.

Before going to rest she had received a message from the countess, requesting an interview with Miss Gower after breakfast next morning.

Poor Eva thought that she knew well enough what Lady Westmoor would say. It must of course appear as if she had taken no pains with her pupil, but had looked on idly while Anna's evil passions had their way. It would be difficult to make the countess believe that she had really tried her utmost to correct the child's faults; it always is difficult to make people believe that we have done our best. This is a life of mighty efforts and small results; of great hope and little fulfilment. And sometimes the most earnest toilers are those who seem to have achieved the least, and get scanty credit for their labour.

The false workers—those who are not really in earnest—will take care to undertake some easy task in which they are certain to succeed. And there are even some who have the art of making their own failure look like a success, and their neighbour's success like a failure. But of these wiles Eva Gower knew nothing.

She was one of the simplest and most genuine workers that could be found in the Master's field. It looked like a very commonplace labour that she had undertaken; but in reality there were few tasks harder or more important than hers. It is true that a certain number of pounds was supposed to requite her for her service; but could such service ever be paid for in earthly gold? The gold would perish, but the fruits of the work would endure for ever and ever.

As she sat and wept in her lonely room, poor Eva was almost disposed to regard herself as guilty. What right had she to take Lady Westmoor's money if she proved herself unable to manage her pupil?

Of what use was Anna's passionate love to her, if she could not influence the child for good? Eva began to wonder if Brook Street were really the right place for her. She remembered Douglas Kerr's parting injunction, and was thankful to feel that if any discomfort arose she could find a temporary home at Mr. Penton's little parsonage in Canonbury.

Mr. Penton had once been curate of that country parish in which her early days had passed, and he and his good wife had ever been her warmest friends. But they were not rich people, and there were little children growing up around them; the nest was full, and Eva could not long trespass upon their hospitality. And it might be a long, long time before Douglas Kerr could make ready that home which he wearied for, and which Eva, too, was secretly beginning to think of as an earthly paradise.

Douglas Kerr had begun life as a smart young officer with great expectations, and a large capacity for enjoying himself to the uttermost. His father, Major Kerr, had died early, leaving his widow with no means beyond her pension. But Mrs. Kerr had an elder brother who was rich enough to provide for herself and her boy, and very soon after her husband's death, General Crowther's house became her home. She was a beautiful woman, self-willed, worldly, and extravagant to the last degree, and she spent the general's money freely, and filled his house with gay guests.

General Crowther had no other relatives to make any claim upon him. He was a bachelor, too, and had suffered a good deal from the exactions of servants before his sister came to tyrannise over him in her pleasant, gay fashion. Young Douglas soon became a favourite with him; he was well

pleased with the lad's good looks and keen wit, and openly declared that he meant to make him his heir. So for many a year Douglas Kerr's life flowed on in an even stream of pleasure—money was liberally supplied to him, friends crowded round, and black care kept far away.

And then at last there came to him a real heart-sorrow—a sorrow so deep that it spoiled his enjoyment of life, and made him bitter and morbid. After bitterness came recklessness—he drank, and gambled, and sinned with a high hand, until those summer friends of his began to say that young Kerr was going too far, and rumours of his doings reached his uncle's ears. If the truth must be told the general had been gradually growing weary both of the mother and son. He had long ago found out that the former was selfish and heartless, and the latter had thoroughly disappointed him. Blind to his own interests, and absorbed in his own feelings, Douglas had neglected his uncle, and had failed to pay him due respect and attention.

Quite suddenly the general announced to his sister that he was going away from home for a few days, and soon after his departure she received a letter which filled her with rage and dismay. General Crowther had gone away to be married, and would bring his bride back with him. Mrs. Kerr knew at once that her son's prospects and her own were ruined for ever, and she wrote at once to prepare Douglas for the unlooked-for change.

But the worst was already known to Douglas. He, too, had received a letter bitterly reproaching him for his wild life, and plainly stating that he would never get another shilling of his uncle's money. The supplies were stopped; attempts at reconciliation were useless, and the young man was left to battle with the difficulties of his position as best he could.

Then it was that his natural good sense began to assert itself, and he resolutely faced his fate. The first step was to retire from the service; heavily encumbered as he was by debts, it was impossible to remain in the army—his old life was over and done with, and his old companions saw him no more.

It was at the time when his earthly prospects looked darkest, that the Sun of Righteousness arose for Douglas Kerr. The Divine light shone in upon his soul, showing him all the sin of his wasted youth, and leading him to repentance. The change in him was not of that superficial kind that owes its origin to altered circumstances. There are too many who think that because they are in the way of adversity, they must needs be walking with God, and mistake depression of animal spirits for Christian sobriety. But the change in Douglas was thorough and lasting. It was the change from the carnal mind to the spiritual—the putting off of the old man and the putting on of the new. And he could no more have gone back to the old course of sinful pleasure, than the reclaimed prodigal could have left the feast in his father's house, and returned to the husks in the far country.

At length the kindness of one of his father's old friends procured him a situation. It was a humble post enough, only a clerkship in the office of a Bristol merchant, and a salary of a hundred and twenty pounds. But out of that small income Douglas resolved to save enough to pay off his creditors. It would be slow work, but by God's help it should be accomplished, no matter what amount of personal sacrifice it entailed.

Then there began for him a quiet life of daily denials and self-mortification. He had by no means lost his old love of luxury, and his old habits of fastidious refinement clung to him yet. It was not pleasant to live in one humble room in a cheap lodging-house, eat the very plainest of food, and wear shabby clothes. But all these privations must be endured if the debts were to be paid, and Douglas never wavered in his purpose. There was no quarter to which he could look for aid. His mother, having quarrelled bitterly with her new sister-in-law, had left the general's house and gone to live on the Continent. And Douglas felt himself to be utterly alone in the world.

But his steady industry and attention to business did not escape the notice of his employer.

Mr. Maple was a man who had had to fight against many difficulties in his own early youth, and he still sympathised with all who were in the thick of a conflict. He watched Douglas with a curiosity that soon deepened into interest, and the interest was considerably strengthened when he learnt the whole story of his clerk's life. Yet he took care not to let Douglas know that he was observed, and for some time matters seemed to go on just as usual.

"That quiet fellow Kerr is really our most valuable man," said Mr. Maple's head clerk one day. "I don't know what we should do without him." And then Douglas found his salary raised from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty.

He had been four years in the merchant's office when he first met Eva Gower, and the result of that acquaintance is already known to my readers. From Eva he had concealed nothing—all the errors of the past and the hardships of the present were known to her—and she was ready, as she had said, to wait and trust.

But as she sat weeping in her room in Brook Street she could not help wearying for that lowly home which she and Douglas Kerr had often pictured. There was solid ground for hope in the future. Douglas had good reason to believe that his salary would still increase; but meanwhile both felt that there was great need of patience.

Nurse Brown had said that she had never before seen her lady so angry, and Eva felt convinced that she must come in for a share of that anger. The countess must have been provoked very far before she adopted such extreme measures with her granddaughter; but then Eva knew only too well how intensely provoking Anna could be. Moreover, Lady Westmoor was an old woman, and had spent a long life in managing the affairs of her family. The earl and his household always acted in submission to her decrees; with Lady Mary the mother's will was law. To have met with one stubborn little spirit that she could neither bend nor break, was more than the imperious dowager could bear.

In spite of all the difficulties of her position, Eva was very unwilling to give up her situation. It was her first place as governess, and it had been obtained through the influence of a clerical friend of Mr. Penton's. To resign it after staying only a month or two would not look well, and to be dismissed would look still worse. Poor Eva, in her discomfort

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and loneliness, had quite convinced herself that Lady Westmoor contemplated her dismissal.

But praying is a thousand times better than weeping, and the Bible is a wiser counsellor than one's own timid heart. When she had comforted herself with some of Christ's words, and had knelt to ask for strength and grace, her fears began to subside.

Meanwhile the countess, lying awake in her room, had plenty of leisure for cool reflection. On fairly thinking over the scene that had taken place, she owned to herself that she must have played rather an undignified part. About Anna she was quite hopeless; nothing, she was persuaded, could ever make the child docile and agreeable. It was useless to attempt to struggle with such a nature; and then, too, Lady Westmoor had so many more important things to think about that it was hardly worth while to waste thought and trouble on an insignificant little girl. She never had felt, and never could feel that Anna was as much her own grandchild as the earl's children. Lord Westmoor's little maidens gave promise of unquestionable beauty, and were all fair and amiable like their mother, the young countess. The earl had married the lady selected for him by his mother, and peace and happiness had been the result of the union.

She was sorry that she had requested an interview with the governess. Miss Gower appeared to be a quiet young person, who got on very well in the household, and it would be perhaps rather unreasonable to lecture her on Anna's behaviour. Why make another scene? The dowager felt that she had had enough of scenes.

She resolved to deal mildly with the governess, and dismiss the matter with a very few words. And then, with a sigh, she found her thoughts straying back to her old perplexity and disappointment about Lady Mary. She was growing old, and Mary was fast losing her youth. The future looked sad and unpromising, and the anxieties of life were burdens that seemed almost too heavy to bear. Ah! if she had but sought consolation where the poor governess had sought it, how much lighter the load would have been!

"Thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful;" those Divine words might well have been applied to Lady Westmoor. She had spent her life in a diligent sowing to the flesh, and she was reaping the fruits of her toil. And even the good things she had gained were forgotten in lamenting those that she had missed. There is no gift so precious as that which is denied to us, unless we learn to realise that it is a loving Hand which keeps it back.

If she could but have ceased that "troubling about many things," there would have been leisure to think of the "one thing needful." But she was not distinctly conscious of her own need. She thought that if this and that earthly hope were fulfilled, she should be perfectly satisfied; and after that there would be nothing else to do but fold her hands and turn her thoughts to heaven. Like too many other people, she was steadfastly bent on first settling all her worldly affairs in her own fashion, and then seeking the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

The summer night closed over the house in Brook Street, but it did not bring repose to all the dwellers there. All through the hours of darkness Lady Westmoor lay listening to the great roar of sleepless London, as she had listened to it through many wakeful nights. To that house she had come a young bride, admired by all, and envied by not a few. Through its doors she had swept in her rich robes and stately plumes to Court; and in the very chamber where she lay, her elder son was born, and her husband had died. One earl had drawn his first breath, and another his last in that old room. It was a chamber full of associations, some sorrowful and others glad. And well would it have been for Lady Westmoor if its walls had been oftener hallowed by the breath of prayer.

The sun had been up three or four hours when she sank at last to sleep. She awoke, feeling still weary and languid, and took the breakfast that Burton brought, without feeling much appetite.

"You should try and get a little more rest, my lady," said the maid.

At that moment the chamber-door was opened without the ceremony of knocking, and Anna made her appearance. She was no longer the wild, untidy child of last night; her dress was in perfect order; her hair as smooth as it could ever be coaxed to be. Her sallow cheeks were a little flushed, and her eyes very bright.

"Good-morning, grandma," she said, coming straight to the bed-side. "I was a very naughty girl last night, and I'm sorry. Charles the First had his head cut off by a man in a mask, at Whitehall."

"I suppose you were sent by your governess," remarked the countess, eyeing her with some curiosity.

"No, grandma; she doesn't know that I have come to you. And she could not help my being naughty yesterday. Please, please don't send her away."

"What makes you suppose that I mean to send her away?" demanded Lady Westmoor.

"Nurse told me that she thought you would. Please don't, grandma. Indeed I am getting on very well, and I do know heaps of English history. I can tell you some more about Charles the First. He was a nice kind of man, but not quite fit to be a king. And the last thing he said was 'Remember'; but nobody seems to know what he meant by it."

Lady Westmoor could not help being amused. Anna's manner was at once so earnest and so quaint that it was impossible to doubt her sincerity.

"I never seriously intended to dismiss Miss Gower," she said. "You were certainly very naughty; but as you seem really sorry, I forgive you. My head aches, so I must send you away now."

"Thank you, grandma," responded Anna, with much politeness; and in another minute she was gone.

A little later Eva received a kind message from the countess to the effect that she really was not well enough to see her that day. Burton did not fail to inform the governess that Miss Anna had apologised very prettily, and my lady was quite satisfied.



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INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

IX.—SAN FRANCISCO.

TWO days more of fearful jolting over a track full of boulders and of dust in a stage which might appropriately be labelled, like the doctor's bottles, "When taken, well shaken," brought us to railways and civilisation again; and, oh, how sweet and invigorating was the smell of the sea and the breeze of the ocean once again after three thousand miles of land and drought! The cars stopped at a number of stations bearing the names of towns not yet in existence, the platform being the only sign of human habitation within the horizon of our view. Thus it is that the country is opened up. And a rich, productive country it is. Some of the stations were adorned with sheaves and ears of Indian corn from twelve to fifteen feet high. Bunches of grapes were brought when we stopped at any town or village, large and sweet, and offered at five cents the pound. The mountains rising from the sea had a new and special grace of outline and of sweep. Chinamen here and there were at work as navvies, and looked active, wiry and industrious. Passing along the bay to Martinez and Oakland, we cross by steam ferry to our hotel in the heart of San Francisco. The climate is delightful, and as to order and security, you are as safe walking in the streets of 'Frisco,' as they call it, as in Cheapside. The Palace Hotel looks like an immense factory, with engines and chimney to work the elevator. A delightful morning drive through the park to Cliff Rock, five miles distant, brings you to the Golden Gate and the Pacific Ocean; and before you as you sit at breakfast you see hundreds of sea-lions, barking like a pack of hounds, gambolling in the water or basking in the sun upon the rocks a hundred yards from land. It is a sort of natural menagerie preserved intact by the Government, where you may learn at leisure the singular habits of these sagacious and affectionate creatures. Beyond stretches the wide Pacific.

Invited by an eminent lawyer, Mr. Cohen, I spent the Sunday at Alameda, near Oakland, a lovely spot embowered in old evergreen oaks, geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, five feet high and full of flower, orange trees laden with fruit, and a huge apple orchard now in its glory. At the Presbyterian church close by I heard a good sermon from Mr. Tabor, the minister, on the state of the blessed dead, from Luke xxiii. 43. All was as settled and orderly as if we were on the outskirts of London. The servants of the house were all Chinamen. They had been left in charge while the family was away four months in Europe that year, and upon their return all was perfectly right and secure. So much for the honesty of the Chinese. The respectable inhabitants speak well of them; indeed, they say, "We could not live here without them. Labour is so scarce and high, that we should be without domestic servants save for the Chinese." The hatred and opposition spring solely from the labouring class, Irish and Yankee, who wish to keep up the rate of wages and to preserve a monopoly of it. Political agitators pander to these prejudices, and the Chinese are severely persecuted. They live in a quarter of their own in the heart of the city where, conservatives as they are, they keep up their native modes of life and the squalid habits of home. Strangers in a strange land, their one idea is to get money enough to return and live and die in China. I everywhere heard an excellent character of them as domestic servants; but they must be alone; other servants will not work with them. They have their josses (temples) and their shrines, their theatres and their opium dens, in the heart of San Francisco; and a Christian mission is carried on among them as purely Chinese as that in Pekin.

There was now gathering in San Francisco, the great port for the Pacific voyage, a large number of missionaries belonging to various churches, but chiefly of the American Board, about to embark together for the voyage across the ocean to the mission fields of Japan and China. They were to be our fellow-passengers on board the "City of Peking," and on the evening before the day of sailing a most interesting farewell service was held in Calvary Church, at which each missionary in turn gave his experience and his hopes, some returning to former spheres of labour, some going out for the first time; and each in turn was commended in prayer to the great Shepherd of the sheep. The well-known Dr. Verbeck, missionary from Japan, was present, and when questioned as to the religious opinions and theories of the Japanese, he replied: "I have always made it my study to prove that two and two make four to these people, and have not given any time to examine why they thought that two and two made seven." Here was the true missionary spirit, believing with unwavering certitude the truth as it is in Jesus, and ceasing not to preach and to teach Jesus Christ. For information on the other topic of inquiry he referred us to the work of Mr. W. E. Griffis, "The Mikado's Empire."

X.—THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Having received the telegram "All well" from home, we secured our berths on board the "City of Peking," the largest of the Pacific Steam Packet Company's ships, and found ourselves on deck at noon of the 1st of October, in company with the missionaries and their families. A dense crowd of Chinamen, steerage passengers, were pouring into the hold of the big ship at the bow. Near the stern, on shore, opposite the quarter-deck, was a large gathering of Christian friends from the various churches, come to bid the missionaries farewell. They did not come empty-handed. Baskets of apples and boxes of grapes were handed on board in numbers, a goodly supply for the voyage of 5,000 miles; and warm were the farewell embraces of kindred and friends. As the ship

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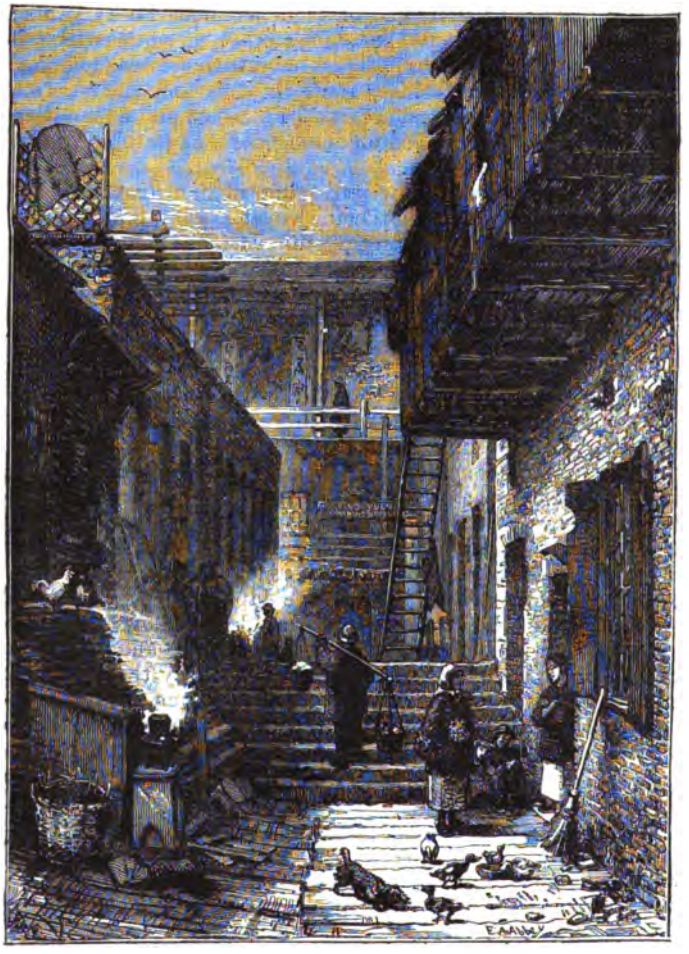
was starting several hymns were sung: "All hail the power of Jesus' name," "Shall we meet beyond the river?" and last, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," those on board blending their voices with those ashore as the great ship moved slowly off. Soon we were steaming out of the beautiful harbour through the Golden Gates, so called either because they led the way to the gold country, or because of the gold that passed through them, or because of the colour of the water here yellow with sand, or most probably on account of the colour [of the mountains tinged with gold in the sunshine. No sooner were we outside than the ocean gave us a very rough welcome, its waves rising high and sending most of the passengers to their berths. It was the end of a storm, and in four-and-twenty hours we were in



ALLEY IN CHINESE QUARTER.

smooth water again, on the great ocean sweep, with a favourable breeze. The rest and refreshment of the sea were most grateful after the busy weeks of land-travel and of sight-seeing; and the company on board was most genial and agreeable. I shared my stateroom with the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Presbyterian missionary to Siam, where he had laboured twenty years, and was now returning to his work, with three young ladies, who were to be teachers in mission schools. Dr. Gordon, medical missionary to Japan, was also on board, with wife and children. The Rev. Mr. Duffis, with his wife and Miss Ricketts of the English Presbyterian mission, on their way to Swatow; Mr. and Mrs. Hale and two children, bound for Osaka, under the American Board; Mr. and Mrs. Harris and child, of the American Episcopal Methodist Church; Messrs. Bates and Sayers, of the Episcopal American Mission, with their wives; Dr. Berry, with wife and four children, for Japan; Messrs. Davis and Petty, with their wives, of the American Board, also for Japan. The captain kindly gave us the use of the saloon every day after tiffin or lunch, from 2.30 to 3.30 for a Bible-reading. I was asked to conduct it, and each missionary in turn brought a subject forward, giving notice of it the day before, that each might study his Bible and bring forward appropriate texts. These meetings were very instructive and interesting. We were twenty days on our voyage, three of which were Sundays, when, having service, we did not hold our class, and the number of our Bible meetings amounted to fifteen; all well attended, showing how good the weather must have been. Among the subjects considered were "Eternal Life," "the Final Judgment of Believers," "the Second Advent, its Bearing upon Missions," "the Lord's Prayer," "the Week of the Crucifixion," "the Sabbath," "the Promises of Scripture about Missions," "the 53rd of Isaiah." On the first Sunday at sea I conducted the services, and preached (from Isa. lii. 7) words of encouragement to the missionaries, the length of the discourse being about thirty-five minutes, or, as the captain put it, about six miles. The services on the second Sunday were conducted by Mr. Bates, the Episcopalian missionary to Shanghai, and those on the third Sunday by Mr. Wilson, Presbyterian missionary to Siam. Thus we had a kind of Evangelical Alliance on board, and all went as smoothly as the Pacific itself, through the greater part of the voyage pleasantly true to its name.

We neither met nor overtook a single ship of any kind, throughout our course of five thousand miles. All alone the giant vessel persistently worked her way through the pathless ocean. Our isolation was complete, and the loneliness as one looked out upon the face of the waters was oppressive. The lines in Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," appropriately described the daily phenomena of sunrise, noon and sunset:

> "The blaze upon the waters to the east;
> The blaze upon our vessel overhead;
> The blaze upon the waters to the west:
> Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
> The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
> The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

The nights gave ample opportunity to study the stars, and never before did we feel so forcibly the truth of the grand old psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." There were several good pianists and singers among the ladies on board—for the Americans are wise and shrewd in

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selecting as mission teachers those only who are specially gifted and fully furnished in these auxiliaries of mission work—and some of our evenings were pleasantly varied by music and singing. On one calm night, indeed, we had a regular concert held in the Social Hall, a deck saloon with piano and books, used as a sort of nursery for the children during the day. Here, with all the passengers and several of the officers as audience, we had a succession of solos, duets and choruses, the performers evincing considerable talent, and the entertainment fitly ending with Sankey's well-known song and chorus "Sowing the Seed." Upon another calm evening, a selection of readings and recitations was given by the passengers. What with books of all sorts upon Japan, and with the experience and advice of Dr. Gordon, Dr. Berry, and others who had already spent years in the country, we had ample opportunity to map out our plans of travel in that interesting country, for which our ship was bound.



SAN FRANCISCO AS IT WAS IN 1849.

On Sunday the 12th of October, we crossed the 180th meridian, and according to the law of time-reckoning at sea, we dropped a day, and that day, Sunday. At noon on Sunday we were twelve hours behind Greenwich, and calling it at once Monday, we were twelve hours before Greenwich. But the cabin passengers did not like to lose the Sabbath, nor, indeed, did the Chinese sailors and firemen, for they usually have a holiday on Sundays, save from necessary work. So it was agreed that we should spend the day as the Sabbath, calling the next day Tuesday. What a fatal blow does this dropping of a day give to the notions of Seventh-day Christians. If before the meridian, we had been keeping the first day of the week as the Sabbath, henceforward on our journey we were keeping the seventh day. As you travel round the world, the day must change from the first to the seventh, or from the seventh to the first; but God's law holds on its way wherever we go, and the Sabbath which He made for man is still one-seventh portion of our time, to be kept holy to Himself.

The captain of the great ship, and the chief engineer, bore testimony to the trustworthiness of the Chinese sailors and firemen. "I would rather," said each of them, "have these Chinamen to work under me than as many Americans. They are always sober, they are docile, they are diligent, and they are kind to one another." We had six hundred Chinamen on board as steerage passengers. The opium-smokers were allowed a den of their own, and there was a Buddhist shrine or joss-house below. Though we had three Chinese missionaries on board who had already been in the service, not one of these could converse with any of the six hundred Chinamen, nor could any one of them understand the other two. This gave me an insight into the languages of China, which, though the written character is one, vary as widely as do the languages of Europe. One night when it blew a moderate gale the Chinese were throwing their prayers on slips of paper overboard. Perhaps the Great Father of all whom they ignorantly worshipped heard their prayers as well as ours. It was the custom in Boston for captains about to sail to ask the prayers of the congregation for a favourable wind. Once the minister received two such requests in behalf of ships sailing in opposite directions. But he was equal to the occasion, and on the Sunday morning naming the vessels he prayed, "O Lord, send them *a good slant*." A slant from the south-west was the wind we most encountered, but the good ship made her ten knots an hour all the way across, and we thankfully acknowledged the good providence of God, "who gathereth the winds in His fists," as the source of our prosperous voyage.

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JEAN INGELOW.

THE century has far advanced since the poet Campbell uttered his warning note about the disenchantments of science. The "cold material laws" of which he wrote have since been relentlessly applied; but still imagination sees her "lovely visions," and still faith lives and sings amidst spiritual realities transcendently more fair. Among the Christian poets of to-day a foremost place belongs to Jean Ingelow, and that by virtue of her genius rather than by the number of her contributions to sacred song. Others have enriched the hymnal of the church as she has not, or done more to interpret the deeper needs of the soul; but the Christian spirit has nowhere found worthier embodiment than in her pages. Her poems are largely occupied with secular themes, yet in many of them she gives distinct expression to the highest truths, and in some she presents the questions of our time in new lights of faith. Amongst feminine writers she succeeds to the place of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose peculiar intensity of power must always remain an exclusive prerogative, but whom she resembles in light imaginative touch, and in wealth of natural imagery. Both are far removed from Felicia Hemans, whose more tranquil beauty had once so wide a charm. The first series of Jean Ingelow's poems soon found its way into public favour; the second, though revealing higher qualities, appears not to have reached an equal circulation. The appearance of a new edition, including both series, with some additions, affords a favourable opportunity for calling attention to some few features which may not be familiar to all our readers.*

Miss Ingelow—who by the way is a native of Ipswich—has in various passages enabled us to understand her own conception of the poet's functions and privilege. Quaintly does she do this, but with an airy grace, in the poem entitled "Gladys and her Island," in which she discourses on "the advantages of the poetical temperament." Gladys is the homeless little governess, who has very right and serious thoughts when she is teaching the sums on rainy days, and listening to the practising at the piano, but soon forgets herself when she is allowed out-of-doors, and sees the beautiful world. She is "set apart from kin," has no home, no equal, no little plot of earthly good which she can call her own; but only this one compensation, finely suggested:

> "in bereavement of the past,
> O yet to taste the whole,—to understand
> The grandeur of the story, not to feel
> Satiate with good possessed, but evermore
> A healthful hunger for the great idea,
> The beauty and the blessedness of life."

There is pathos in the contrast between the homely actualities of Gladys' life and the fair visions of her fancy; but it would carry us out of our path to follow her in her holiday wanderings.

> "*Hence we may learn*, if we be so inclined,
> That life goes best with those who take it best;
> That wit can spin from work a golden robe
> To queen it in; that who can paint at will
> A private picture-gallery, should not cry
> For shillings that will let him in to look
> At some by others painted."

Thus Miss Ingelow discourses of the "pleasures of imagination," in strains very different to those employed by the classical Akenside. Recounting the poet's possessions, she holds that he should be of all men most content; and in the same lightsome healthful verse she adds:

> "Hence we may learn
> That though it be a grand and comely thing
> To be unhappy—(and we think it is,
> Because so many grand and clever folk
> Have found out reasons for unhappiness,
> And talked about uncomfortable things—
> Low motives, bores, and shams, and hollowness,
> The hollowness o' the world, till we at last
> Have scarcely dared to jump or stamp, for fear,
> Being so hollow, it should break some day,
> And let us in)—yet since we are not grand,
> O, not at all, and as for cleverness,
> That may be or may not be—it is well
> For us to be as happy as we can."

The same subject is approached from another side in a more elaborate poem entitled "The Star's Monument," which is represented as "the concluding part of a discourse on Fame." It relates the story of a poet who went forth, conscious of his powers, with the hope that he might

> "charm some grovellers to uplift their eyes,
> And suddenly wax conscious of the skies,"

and who came to a city, where he found a crowd in the streets searching the midnight for a missing star, and finally giving up their search with a reflection that other stars even brighter were still shining. He takes counsel with the old astronomer who had witnessed the strange phenomenon of its disappearance.

> "'Gone!' said the Poet, 'and about to be
> Forgotten: O, how sad a fate is hers!'
> 'How is it sad, my son?' all reverently
> The old man answered; 'though she ministers
> No longer with her lamp to me and thee,
> She has fulfilled her mission. God transfers
> Or dims her rays; yet was she blest as bright,
> For all her life was spent in giving light.'"

* Poems by Jean Ingelow. Longmans.

This lesson taken to heart, after some questioning, the poet raises a monument to the Star, under a leafy tree and by the singing rivulet, a pure white stone, on which in golden letters he inscribes the words, "While she lived she shone." Then he goes on his way to fulfil his own mission. And very finely, in varied aspects, does Miss Ingelow present the poet's true vocation, and the vocation, indeed, of all who are teachers of men; we can quote but a single verse:

"He worked, and bravely he fulfilled his trust,—
So long he wandered sowing worthy seed,
Watering of wayside buds that were adust,
And touching for the common ear his reed;
So long to wear away the cankering rust
That dulls the gold of life—so long to plead
With sweetest music for all souls oppressed,
That he was old ere he had thought of rest."

At last he returns to the city, and finds still standing the Star's Monument, but questioning the passers-by he hears new legends attached to it: one tells a pretty story that connects it with a lily; another alleges that the incident of the Star is a superstition, and that the stone was erected to the memory of a beautiful maiden. And this is all the immortality the monument has been able to confer; well does the poet conclude:

"Work is heaven's hest; its fame is sublunar:
The fame thou dost not need—the work is done.
* * * *
Might it be true of me, though none thereon
Should muse regretful—'While he lived he shone!'"

In this happy healthful spirit Miss Ingelow writes, but it must not be supposed that she is unconscious of the darker possibilities which attach to the imagination, or that her poetry is all sunshine and self-forgetfulness. The first poem in these volumes, "Divided," is symbolical of much that follows. It is bright with the beautiful images of nature, and musical with its sweetest sounds; every verse has some dainty touch or simple suggestion, such as sets the soul in tune with God's fair world; but these things only make more plaintive the swell of the poem, which deepens like the little beck that parts the friends, till it breaks in passionate anguish. The shadows in her writings are broken with the sunshine of a hopeful spirit; but the sense of insufficiency and disappointment, a sympathy with human sorrows and wrongs, is vivid here as in every true presentment of life. So also the faith that takes hold of the eternal verities is not the less conscious of the near presence of doubt and unbelief. The disquieting questions of our day are reflected in many of her pages. The manner in which she expressed herself as to some of the earlier aspects of the controversy with so-called science, cannot have been forgotten.

"The garden, O the garden, must it go,
Source of our hope and our most dear regret?
The ancient story, must it no more show
How man may win it yet?"

Thus she exclaims; and the verse is but the prelude to a vigorous protest against subordinating the sacred history to the first hints of geological discovery. The passage occurs in the poem on "Honours," when the scholar, disappointed in the examinations of the schools, is thrown back upon himself to find some worthy path of life. The examination system, to which in some form all things are being gradually subjected, has its natural limits nowhere so clearly and eloquently defined as here; but the poem suggests also how impossible it is to measure the soul by questionings. It may be urged that protest is not argument, that reverence for tradition is not truth; but some of these verses are full of wisdom, and might still be well pondered by those who rush to hasty conclusions, in the pride of newly acquired "knowledge."

"Knowledge ordained to live! although the fate
Of much that went before it was to die
And be called ignorance by such as wait
Till the next drift comes by.
* *
Wait, nor against the half-learned lesson fret,
Nor chide at old belief as if it erred,
Because thou canst not reconcile as yet
The Worker and the word."

And not unneeded is that other warning, in days when conspicuous talent and false doctrine so often win undue homage:

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong."

How well are the difficulties and the yearnings depicted of those who stand between the old paths and the new, in anxious questioning as to the truth they have not yet found:

"O, let me be myself! But where, O where,
Under this heap of precedent, this mound
Of customs, modes, and maxims, cumbrance rare
Shall the Myself be found.

O thou *Myself*, thy fathers thee debarred
None of their wisdom, but their folly came
Therewith; they smoothed the path, but made it hard
For thee to quit the same.

With glosses they obscured God's natural truth,
And with tradition tarnished His revealed;
With vain protectings they endangered youth,
With layings bare they sealed.

What aileth thee, Myself? Alas! thy hands
Are tied with old opinions—heir and son,
Thou hast inherited thy father's lands
And all his debts thereon.

O that some power would give me Adam's eyes!
O for the straight simplicity of Eve!
For I see naught, or grow, poor fool, too wise
With seeing to believe."

And then the alternative:

"Either the Worker did in ancient days
Give us the word, His tale of love and might;
(And if in truth He gave it us, who says
He did not give it right?)

Or else He gave it not, and then indeed
We know not if His is—by whom our years
Are portioned, who the orphan moons doth lead,
And the unfathered spheres.

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We sit unowned upon our burial sod,
And know not whence we come or whose we be,
Comfortless mourners for the mount of God,
The rocks of Calvary:

Bereft of heaven, and of the long-loved page
Wrought us by some who thought with death to cope;
Despairing comforters, from age to age
Sowing the seeds of hope:

Gracious deceivers who have lifted us
Out of the slough where passed our unknown youth;
Beneficent liars, who have gifted us
With sacred love of truth!
* * * *

And if thou searchest, and art made to fear
Facing of unread riddles dark and hard,
And mastering not their majesty austere,
Their meaning locked and barred:

How would it make the weight and wonder less,
If, lifted from immortal shoulders down,
The worlds were cast on seas of emptiness
In realms without a crown?"

Thus is the mind led towards Him who holds the sovereignty of all creation, and stooped to unloose man's thraldom.

"O God, O Kinsman loved, but not enough!
O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven, where sinless Thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in,

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain;
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign."

These quotations, however, are carrying us rapidly beyond our space. It must suffice to add in this connection that Miss Ingelow's last poem, published for the first time in the new edition, is in harmony with this earlier utterance. It bears the title, "Letters on Life and the Morning," deals with the moods of the age more subtly, and in less popular form, but with the confidence of a hope well assured. She writes like one who knows the cloud-lands of doubt, but has seen them from above rather than from below, and can wait and watch till they dissolve beneath the Eternal Sun.

Another poem rich in Christian feeling is "Brothers and a Sermon." We have no introspection here, no hard question, no vain yearning, but a lively picture of fisher-life, and the frank brotherliness of true men, and what is better, a most pathetic presentment of the gospel of Infinite Love. The scene is a little village on the cliffs. Two young travellers lounge on the rocks, sing their songs, and watch the fishermen. They creep into the village church, for they have heard the story of the brave parson and his life-boat adventures, with the tragedy that has saddened his life. They listen to this "rare old demigod," with the grand grey head, and the voice gruff with shouting in the storm: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock;" this is his text, and very earnestly does he plead.

"O patient hand,
Knocking and waiting—knocking in the night
When work is done! I charge you, by the sea
Whereby you fill your children's mouths, and by
The might of Him that made it—fishermen!
I charge you, mothers! by the mother's milk
He drew, and by His Father, God over all,
Blessèd for ever, that ye answer Him!
Open the door with shame, if ye have sinned;
If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.
Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
And comfortless for lack of plenishing,
Be not abashed for that, but open it,
And take Him in that comes to sup with thee,
"Behold!" He saith, "I stand at the door and knock."

And as he pleads, he grows more urgent; he sees the great white throne, he feels the burden of his responsibility lest their judgment be upon him, he urges yet once more:

"I am afraid
Of you, but not so much if you have sinned,
As for the doubt if sin shall be forgiven.
The day was, I have been afraid of pride,
Hard man's hard pride; but now I am afraid
Of man's humility. I counsel you,
By the great God's great humbleness, and by
His pity, be not humble over much."

Then the preacher goes on to show at whose unopened doors Christ stands and knocks, lest any should say, "I am too mean, too ignorant, too lost; He knocks at other doors, but not at mine;" and as he pleads, he waxes eloquent with a holy passion, that seems to gather all natural imagery into its heart, and to rise and fall like the pulses of his own native seas.

"See here! it is the night! it is the night!
And snow lies thickly, white untrodden snow,
And the wan moon upon a casement shines—
A casement crusted o'er with frosty leaves,
That make her ray less bright along the floor
A woman sits, with hands upon her knees.
Poor tired soul! and she has nought to do,
For there is neither fire nor candle light:
The driftwood ash lies cold upon her hearth;
The rushlight flickered down an hour ago;
Her children wail a little in their sleep
For cold and hunger, and as if that sound
Were not enough, another comes to her,
Over God's undefilèd snow—a song—
Nay, never hang your heads—I say, a song.
And doth she curse the alehouse, and the sots
That drink the night out and their earnings there,
And drink their manly strength and courage down,
And drink away the little children's bread,
And starve her, starving by the selfsame act
Her tender suckling, that with piteous eyes
Looks in her face, till scarcely she has heart
To work, and earn the scanty bit and drop
That feed the others?
Does she curse the song?
I think not, fishermen. I have not heard
Such women curse. God's curse is curse enough.
To-morrow she will say a bitter thing—
Pulling her sleeve down, lest the bruises show—
A bitter thing, but meant for an excuse—

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'My master is not worse than many men:'
But now, ay, now she sitteth dumb and still;
No food, no comfort, cold and poverty
Bearing her down.

* * * *

O thou poor soul! it is the night—the night;
Against thy door drifts up the silent snow,
Blocking thy threshold: 'Fall,' thou sayest, 'fall, fall,
Cold snow, and lie and be trod underfoot.
Am not I fallen? Wake up, and pipe, O wind,
Dull wind, and beat and bluster at my door:
Merciful wind, sing me a hoarse, rough song,
For there is other music made to-night
That I would fain not hear. Wake, thou still sea,
Heavily plunge. Shoot on, white waterfall.
O, I could long like thy cold icicles
Freeze, freeze, and hang upon the frosty cleft
And not complain, so I might melt at last
In the warm summer sun, as thou wilt do!
But woe is me! I think there is no sun;
My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark.
None care for me. The children cry for bread,
And I have none, and nought can comfort me;
Even if the heavens were free to such as I,
It were not much, for death is long to wait,
And heaven is far to go!'
And speak'st thou thus,
Despairing of the sun that sets to thee,
And of the earthly love that wanes to thee,
And of the heaven that lieth far from thee?
Peace, peace, fond fool! One draweth near thy door
Whose footsteps leave no print across the snow;
The sun has risen with comfort in His face,
The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen heart
And bless with saintly hand. What! is it long
To wait and far to go? 'Thou shalt not go;
Behold, across the snow to thee He comes,
Thy heaven descends;—and is it long to wait?
Thou shalt not wait: 'This night, this night,' He saith,
'I stand at the door and knock.'

It is enough—can such an one be here—
Yea, here? O God forgive you, fisherman!
One! is there only one? But do thou know,
O woman pale for want, if thou art here,
That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven;
And, coveting the heart a hard man broke,
One standeth patient, watching in the night,
And waiting in the day-time."

We cannot follow the beautiful narrative farther, nor stay to note the contrast of the appeal when the old man turns to the young strangers and bids them enter also. This one illustration sufficiently shows the spirit of the whole.

So far we have spoken only of shorter poems. "A Story of Doom" is told in nine "books" of the heroic order. It is a picture of the days of Noah, full of subtle suggestions and old-world colour, a fair vision on which rests the light of a remote horizon, insubstantial and perhaps dim to common eyes. The poem requires a certain imaginative sympathy in the reader. Yet it is rich in the rarer qualities of poetry. In no other of her poems does the imagination of the poet move with such strength and grace; she is bold in idea, yet tenderly beautiful in many of her descriptions. How fine is the conception of the old dragon, embodied in the following lines, and fitly developed in later passages of the "Story":

"It was his doom,
The tempter, that he never should depart
From the bright creature that in Paradise
He for his evil purpose erst possessed,
Until it died. Thus only, spirit of might
And chiefest spirit of ill, could he be free.
But with its nature wed, as souls of men
Are wedded to their clay, he took the dread
Of death and dying, and the coward heart
Of the beast, and craven terrors of the end
Sank him that habited within it to dread
Disunion."

Dr. Arnold, objecting to Milton's representation of Satan in human form as too lofty a creation, held that the hoofs and horns and the tail of vulgar portraiture were useful as giving an image of something altogether disgusting. This conception of evil leagued to the body of death escapes both the humanising danger and the grosser materialism, while it expresses also a great spiritual fact.



Jean Ingelow

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

We have said nothing of the lighter graces of Jean Ingelow's poems; of the lyrical sweetness of her verse, and her love of bee and flower and purling stream; nor of the fair fancies which she scatters with the varying mood; nor of the range of her subjects. Our quotations touch but the Christian side of her genius. It is pleasant to find the simple truths of Christ's gracious gospel enshrined amidst such evidences of wealth and power. One criticism is necessary to completeness. If she has some of the virtues of Mrs. Browning, she has some of her faults. She is not always clear; she sometimes touches the chords of feeling rather, as it were, with the hand of a musician than with the voice of the poet. Poetry has its mystic harmonies; but clearness of thought is consonant with the highest excellence.

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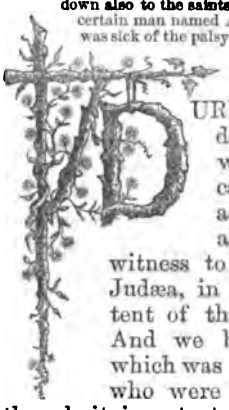
THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

PETER AT LYDDA.

"And it came to pass, as Peter passed throughout all quarters, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. And there he found a certain man named Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately."—*Acts* ix. 32, 34.



DURING the interval between the day of Pentecost and the time when the Gentiles were first called, Peter was exceedingly active. He was going through all quarters, and that to bear witness to Christ in Jerusalem, in all Judæa, in Samaria, and to the utmost extent of the land—the land of Palestine. And we believe that this was a course which was pursued by those other Apostles who were not detained in Jerusalem, although it is not stated. It is probable that their labours during this time laid the foundation of those churches in Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee, of which we read, that they "walked in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Spirit" (Acts ix. 31.)

There can be no doubt that Peter, in his going through all quarters, effected much good, brought many souls to God, spread the knowledge of Christ far and wide. During his travels, however, we have only mention made particularly of his visit to Lydda, where he met with "saints," and cured a person of the palsy. After which, being sent for, he went to Joppa, where he raised a dead woman to life, good resulting to Christ's kingdom from the influence of each miracle.

At Lydda, then, Peter met with saints: "Passing through all quarters he came down to the saints which dwelt at Lydda." Who were they? We cannot say positively. They might be converts to the faith of Christ through a previous teaching to that of Peter, or they might be persons like Simeon and Anna, spoken of in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, of whom it is said, of the former, that "he was a man just and devout, and waited for the consolation of Israel, and unto whom it had been revealed by the Holy Spirit, that he should not die before he had seen the Lord's Christ," and of the latter that "she served God day and night with fastings and prayers," and that when Jesus was presented in the temple to do for Him after the manner of the law, "she gave thanks unto the Lord, and spoke of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Israel." There might be persons of this latter kind at Lydda when Peter visited the place; a select few "who spake often one to another" of the things of God, waiting for the consolation of Israel, looking for redemption; a class of prospective believers in Christ. But whether the saints spoken of in the text were of this kind, or of persons who retrospectively believed in Christ, it must have been a cheering circumstance to Peter to find persons, on his visit to Lydda, looking for, or having found, redemption in Christ through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.

And as saints were found at Lydda, so have saints been found in other places since—not generally, not numerously, but here and there; a few in one place, and a few in another—unknown to each other, perhaps, for the most part; just as the seven thousand in Israel, who had not bowed the knee to Baal were unknown to Elijah when he thought that he was the only one left in Israel who served God (1 Kings xix. 18).

And it was these witnesses for Christ, or these scattered saints in the earth, who kept up the knowledge of the faith of Christ in the dark ages, when all around them were sunk in ignorance and superstition, the period of anti-Christianity. It was a hard, difficult thing then to be a saint, when the eye of hostility and persecution was keenly upon every one who differed from the common teaching and usages of the times. And yet, difficult as it was, the fact was that there were such—those who sighed in secret, and mourned over the fallen cause of their Master, and who put up ardent prayers that the time might come when the light of truth might spread, and when all might again hear the glad news of salvation through faith in the Saviour's blood and righteousness, and not be taught to expect it through rite, and ceremony, or outward ordinances.

That time has come in respect to ourselves. Our spiritual privileges abound; we may sit under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring lawfully to make us afraid.

But are we saints? Holy persons? individuals given up, and devoted, to the service of God? persons created anew in Christ? justified? sanctified? persons anticipating with a good hope the being of the number of those who shall be finally "presented to Christ, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy, and without blemish?"

Let us put the question honestly and faithfully to our consciences. And if we find that we are not such persons, let us pray earnestly that we may become such—that grace may be imparted to us—that we may be in Christ—walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit, having Christ formed in our hearts the hope of glory, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.

But Peter not only found saints at Lydda as a class, but he found there a person afflicted with the palsy. Whether this man was one of the saints at Lydda, we know not, though I think it exceedingly probable that he was—that he was one of those whose hearts were right with God, though afflicted in body. And he had been afflicted a long time—had kept his bed, it appears, for eight years. If a saint, he had borne his affliction with patience, yielding himself up to the will of God in all humility of mind, and praying that his affliction might be sanctified to his own good, and tend to the divine glory.

Whatever, however, his spiritual state might be, the time had at length come for his deliverance, and doubtless very unexpectedly; but so it was. Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, one of those to whom his Lord had given the power of casting out devils, and laying hands on the sick and recovering them (Mark xvi. 17, 18), appears at Lydda. He learns the man's case, goes to him, addresses him, and speaks to him as if he had a direct revelation from heaven in reference to his case—speaks as if he had been personally sent to him, speaks with

assurance, in faith and confidence. "Æneas," he said, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise, and make thy bed." Power attended the words of Peter. An energetic action on the part of the man showed at once the truthfulness of Peter's assertion, and the perfection or completeness of Æneas's cure. "He arose immediately," it is said.

And this physical cure is illustrative of the spiritual cure, or healing, which the sinner receives who believes in Christ. The gospel saith to the sinner—the man laden with guilt and subject to condemnation—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He believes, and on faith being exercised, the gospel proves to be the power of God unto his salvation, and he rejoices in God his Saviour.*

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE GREAT FAMILY.

"The whole family in heaven and earth."—*Eph.* iii. 15.

IT is a grand thought that there is such a family. The Christian may be left alone in the earth, bereaved of all who once made up the family circle of his home; he may be in a land of strangers, among the heathen, or among "false brethren;" he may be ready to say like Elijah, "I only am left alone, and they seek my life;" and all the while he is in reality a member of a family whose Father fills the Throne! It is a family of blood-bought and redeemed ones, chosen from among men of every kingdom and nation and people and tongue; they are all the children of one Father who is in heaven, and they have all been brought near to Him by one who is their Brother Man as well as their God and Lord, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." There is great consolation to the lonely one in the thought that he is not alone if a child of this house, a branch of this Vine, a member of this body, a living stone of this Temple. Metaphors of various kinds are employed to show the closeness of the relationship, but none are more expressive than that of the family: ruled by one Father, redeemed by one Elder Brother, guided by one Spirit, animated by love to their brethren, and cheered by the prospect of being all at last united in one blessed home of purity and peace.

If such is the family to which you and I, my reader, belong, let us not be cast down by feelings of loneliness, when dear members of our own small families are called to join the great gathering in heaven; perhaps it will not be long before we follow them! But whether our time be long or short, we may find work to do in seeking to know our Father's will, and to do His work, as faithful and thankful children, knitting close the bands of love with His other children here on earth, and cheering ourselves and others by thinking of the great company of happy ones above.

* From "The Events of the Non-Catholic Period of the Church." By Rev. W. Blackley. Harris.

Pages for the Young.

PEARL.

III.



PEARL remained with her friends until the following spring. She then took a small apartment at Battignolles, not far from Paris, and then the battle of life began for her in earnest.

Madame Annette had prayed her to make her home with them, feeling that for a girl so young as Pearl to live alone was too desolate a state of things to be thought of.

Child as she was in years, Pearl had the mind of a true woman; to live in dependence, knowing the humble means of her kind friends, was distasteful to her sense of right. But whilst therefore refusing the offer of her friends, she was thankful that they had thought her worthy of making one in their home. "I know how much your wish for me to come to you means, dear Madame Annette, for I am a very lonely desolate girl, and I feel cheered to think that you and dear Juliette are my friends. But I have my own future to make, and the sooner I get to work the better."

So with many heart-throbs and an unspoken dread of the life before her, Pearl left the friends whose pleasant home seemed like her own, both Madame Annette and her daughter assuring her with loving words and caresses that it was her home also at all times, and that her little room should be made ready for her use every Saturday until Monday.

This she promised most readily to accept. "It will be something to look forward to, dear Juliette," and with this to cheer her, Pearl, after commending herself to Him who careth for the lonely and the orphan, and even for the least of the creatures He has created, laid down to rest.

Monsieur Simon had obtained the services of a first-class drawing master for Pearl, and promised to use his best endeavours to obtain pupils for her; for after he had seen her drawing of the "Holy Family"—over which he had gone into raptures—he felt he could honestly recommend her as quite capable of teaching.

But as the months passed on, although Pearl's drawings charmed her master, no pupils came to ask her services. Her stock of money was gradually, but surely decreasing, and anxiety too much for so young a mind, rendered her ill and unhappy.

It was at this time that an English family came to Battignolles, consisting of a widow lady and three daughters. Pearl always came to Paris early on the Sunday mornings to attend the service at the Marbœuf Chapel, and it was there she was seen by Mrs. Menteith. The modest beauty and evident piety of the young girl drew the attention of both mother and daughter, and before the week was out Pearl was greatly surprised by receiving a note from Mrs. Menteith, saying that if convenient she would call on her to speak on a matter of business.

"Some lessons," said Pearl, throwing the note up in the air and catching it, at the same time dancing round the room, like the child she was; then sitting down in a few minutes a grave sad look came over the pretty young face.

"The good Father has not forgotten poor Pearl! Dear good madame told me never to lose my trust in God, to go to Him in all my troubles, like a child to a parent, for as a father pitieth his children, the Lord pitieth those who trust Him."

The naturally docile and loving nature with which Pearl was endowed had been carefully fostered by her late friend and

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teacher, and now the discipline of affliction through which she had passed and was still passing was having its effect. Her lonely position, instead of spoiling, seemed to bring out all the best traits of her character, first among them her firm belief in an overruling Providence. "The good and gracious God," she often said to herself, "keeps me from harm by night and by day, and is always doing me good." And yet she had many a struggle to keep down other thoughts.

Pearl awoke from her reverie, and after again reading Mrs. Menteith's note, and the evening being one of great beauty, she put on her hat, feeling, as she expressed it, that she wanted a talk with the fields and the flowers.

She reached a spot which for charm of colouring in land and sky would wake up the heart's best feelings only to look upon. Fair, indeed, it was! The departing sun glinted through the trees, touching the landscape with a soft glow of rosy and golden glory. The susceptible heart of Pearl was touched.

Tears filled her eyes as the stillness brought thoughts of the past and her friend to sadden her. For a moment she felt disposed to rebel.

"Why did you leave me all alone in this cold, cruel world?" exclaimed Pearl. "Oh, how I could love her—my mother!"

Poor Pearl! Undisciplined-hearted child, she had no one to remind her that the storms which darken the years of early girlhood are meant to prepare and make strong the heart for life's after tempests. But who shall blame her? She was at an age when girlhood passes so sweetly and imperceptibly into young womanhood, when the shortcomings of the girl are self-corrected in part by her awakening to the higher responsibilities of life, but require the loving and wise direction of a mother's hand in the new morning of knowledge breaking around.

IV.

Mrs. Menteith was pleased and impressed with Pearl's modest, lady-like behaviour and evident refinement.

"I have come to see you," she said, "as I promised, relative to the engagement as governess to my little boys, Mademoiselle Martinez"—for so Pearl had been always called—"if it is agreeable to you. My step-daughter, also, is anxious to take lessons in drawing from you. She was quite charmed with your drawing of the 'Holy Family'; the colouring is so soft. Do you think, my dear, you can accept the engagement?"

"I will do my best, madam," replied Pearl; "and I am sure I shall like the little boys; they look so good-tempered and well-behaved, and—and—I hope they will love me just a little, for I am so lonely—so very lonely," and poor Pearl's feelings, which she had so tried to keep in subjection all that long solitary day, gave way, and covering her face with her hands she burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, why, this will never do, my child! There, then, have your cry out, it will do you good;" and taking the weeping girl in her arms, and laying the pretty youthful head on her bosom, Mrs. Menteith comforted Pearl as a mother comforts her suffering child, kissing tenderly the flushed face, until gradually the sobs became less frequent, and Pearl recovered her calmness.

"There, that is better! Now, when can you be ready to come to me, dear? I do not seem to like you to be alone any longer. Shall I send the carriage for you in an hour? Yes. Then, au revoir. We shall dine at seven; so do not keep the horses waiting, or you will be late," and so saying Mrs. Menteith, insisting that Pearl must stay with them, with a kindly shake of the hand left her to make her preparations.

Pearl took kindly to her new duties, and had not been long in her new home before she succeeded in gaining the good feeling of the household. The only one who looked coldly upon her was Mrs. Menteith's step-daughter Mamie, as she was always called, her proper name being Amabel.

From the first she did not like the idea of the advent of a young girl of her own age into the house; more especially when she found that Pearl was possessed of great beauty. She became jealous of every attention her stepmother showed to her, making it anything but pleasant for Pearl.

Before long a true feeling of affection sprung up between Mrs. Menteith and her young governess; the children were docile and obedient, and Pearl took a loving pride in their improvement, whilst they were never so happy as with her. But the hour they loved best, and that which was their reward for diligence, was after work was over, and when mademoiselle told them a story, then they were happy indeed.

Thus a year passed swiftly away, a very happy one to Pearl. She had made two visits to St. Valérie, taking her little pupils with her, to the great delight of Madame Annette and Juliette. As to the boys, Jules and Oscar, it was something pleasant to see their innocent joy. How charmed they were with the pigeons, the chickens, and the young ducks! The kids and the lambs threw them into ecstasy, and when Juliette's pet lamb followed Oscar he shouted with pleasure.

But a termination to all this contented life came quite unexpectedly. A law-suit in which the Menteith family were vitally interested terminated badly, and obliged them to return to Scotland immediately, as a retrenchment in expenses was positively requisite.

Mrs. Menteith was truly grieved to part with Pearl.

"You have been as a cherished daughter to me, my child, thoughtful and good beyond your years; I shall never forget your tender care of my little son when he had the fever last spring," said the kind-hearted lady, smoothing the soft brown hair with a caressing touch as it rippled over Pearl's head, which rested against Mrs. Menteith's encircling arm. "Take this, chérie, and wear it for my sake," she added, taking a beautiful little gold watch and chain from its case, and as she placed it round Pearl's neck, bidding her wear it in loving remembrance of her.

The little boys had each their offerings for their dear mademoiselle, but when the parting embrace was given, their little chubby cheeks became soiled and red with tears. The next day they left for England.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VIII.

THOUGH bright and beautiful am I,
My birth is from a low'ring sky,
And Winter's angriest frowns combine
To make my brightest beauties shine.

Bring out your optic-glass, and see
What gem-like forms embellish me;
Yet while you gaze, your softest breath
Dissolves my beautics into death.

Like loathsome Pharisaic knaves,
I whiten tombs, and cover graves;
Yet nought my nature can defile,
Free from hypocrisy and guile.

With whistling winds I scour the plains,
And hide the flocks, and fright the swains,
Or bury, by a sudden doom,
The village in a living tomb.

The hills my magic voices hear—
"Hey, presto!" then they disappear;
And till my nature change outright
The hills and plains are out of sight.

My home was once in Salmon found;
The head of Lebanon I crowned;
And those who seek me there, no doubt
Will very quickly find me out.

W. L.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE HANDWRITING ON THE ENVELOPE.

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER V.—LADY MARY

LADY MARY was at home again, and carriages were always rolling up to the door of the house. From the school-room windows, high above the street, Anna sometimes looked down on the occupants of these carriages, and admired their dainty bonnets and sun-shades. Sometimes Lady Mary would run in for a few minutes to chat with her little niece and the governess.

She came in one evening soon after their tea-hour, and announced that she was going to dine at home. Eva thought that she looked even wearier than usual; the faint lines on her face seemed to have deepened, and there were dark shadows under her eyes.

"Aren't you very tired, Aunt Mary?" inquired Anna.

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"Very, very tired," she answered, sinking into a chair by the window. "Do I look a perfect wreck?"

"Yes," responded Anna, promptly. "Your nose is growing quite peaked, and you are getting thinner, and thinner, and thinner. And you look as if you never have any sleep."

"Candid!" said Lady Mary with rather a sad little laugh. "Am I really such an object as she represents me?" she added, turning to the governess.

"She certainly has made the worst of you," Eva replied with her frank smile.

"I suppose I am losing my good looks very fast," said Lady Mary thoughtfully. "My life is all wear and tear, you see; there is no time to keep still and repair damages."

"They might be very easily repaired," remarked Eva, speaking out her real thoughts, without the slightest tinge of flattery. "It seems to me that a thorough rest is all that is needed."

"By 'a thorough rest,' I suppose you mean three or four months in a country place where one cannot even hear tidings of the great world?"

"That is part of my meaning. A long stay in 'Sleepy Hollow' would be an excellent thing; but if rest is perfect, it must be a spiritual as well as a bodily rest."

"Rest of the spirit!" rejoined Lady Mary incredulously. "I scarcely believe that there is such a thing."

"But there must be," Eva answered firmly; "else Christ would not have said, 'Ye shall find rest unto your souls.'"

"Yes, I know that is the way that religious people talk; but I can assure you that I have seen plenty of pious men and women who are very restless. They wear themselves out with meetings, and that sort of thing, and have no more home-life than I have."

"Perhaps that is because their lives are overcrowded with religious duties. I do think it is possible to be over-anxious and over-zealous even in what is thought the cause of Christ. Instead of first seeking to have the heart and the home right, some people are always bustling about and engaged in *movements* of one sort and another. Or they won't work with other labourers, because they are not quite certain that He sends them."

"Yes, it is all that quarrelling in the religious world disgusts me."

"Where there are human tempers, there will always be strife," Eva said, a little sadly. "But you are right; it ought not to be so. It is good to think that He will come some day, and begin the reign of eternal peace."

"Peace," Lady Mary repeated; "it is a word I like the sound of. But I really do not know what the feeling of peace is; it seems to be one of the pleasant things that people talk about and never realise."

"They cannot realise it unless they belong to Christ," Eva answered, steadfastly. "He Himself has said, 'not as the world giveth give I unto you.' Peace is his peculiar gift; and you know something about the kind of gifts the world bestows. It has many things to offer; but not that one thing."

"No; not that one thing," said Lady Mary, sighing.

There was a silence, only broken by a little sound that Anna was making. She was still in one of her good moods, and her voice had not been heard for some time. It now occurred to Eva to see what she was about.

"Take care, Anna," she said; "my pen-knife is very sharp. I think that pencil is finely pointed enough."

"Not quite, Miss Gower; I'm going to draw the piper with all the children dancing after him. The children must be little wee things, you know; and the point must be very fine indeed."

"Then let me finish it. There, you have cut your finger! It is just as I feared."

It was a very slight wound, and Anna was brave enough not to cry. The governess hastily drew forth her handkerchief to bind up the bleeding finger; and with the handkerchief something else came out of the pocket, and fell at Lady Mary's feet. It was a letter; but Eva was too busy with her pupil to see that it had dropped upon the floor.

Lady Mary stooped and picked it up. As her glance without intending it rested on the address her face flushed, and she kept it in her hand for a second or two before she spoke.

"Here is a letter of yours, Miss Gower," she said, very quietly.

Eva turned, took the letter, and thanked her.

"Don't tell grandma that I cut my finger, Aunt Mary," said Anna, with much earnestness. "I took Miss Gower's pen-knife when she wasn't looking. But I won't do it again."

"I am not a tell-tale," answered Lady Mary, rather curtly. "And now I am going to say good-night, and dress for dinner."

"Is there a party, Aunt Mary?"

"Oh, no; not a party. Only Lord Glencoe."

"That thin, stiff old gentleman. Do you like him, aunt Mary? I don't. I think he looks cross and stingy."

"You are rather too free in expressing your opinions, Miss Cavaye," said Lady Mary, between jest and earnest. "Good-night."

She left the schoolroom, and went quickly downstairs to her own chamber. Peerson was waiting to begin dressing her lady's hair, and she seated herself before the toilet-table, fronting the reflection of her own face in the glass. Her face! It was still fair and delicately beautiful, although the bloom and freshness were gone; and yet how strangely dissatisfied she was with it that night. Oddly enough, she began to compare it with another face that was upstairs in the room she had just quitted; and her own did not seem to gain by the comparison.

The people in her world would have laughed at Lady Mary if they could have read her thoughts at that moment. In spite of faded charms she was still an acknowledged beauty, and she had all the attractions that grace and perfect breeding can bestow. The little governess, dainty and refined as she was, seemed a simple creature by the side of this "daughter of a hundred earls." There was scarcely a faultless feature in Eva's face, although its pleasantness was indisputable; and yet Lady Mary looked discontentedly at herself, and thought of Miss Gower with something that was almost akin to envy.

Yes; there was a charm in Eva's face that Lady Mary's countenance had never had, even in its best

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days. It was a look that had nothing to do with social distinctions—Lady Mary had seen it here and there on faces that belonged to her own set—but somehow it had never occurred to her to desire it as she did to-night.

Peerson's skilful fingers were busy, but Peerson's tongue was still. From time to time she caught a glimpse of the face reflected in the glass, and said to herself that there was something amiss. The toilet proceeded in silence. Lady Mary was arrayed in a rich dress of deep crimson silk, with soft, ivory-tinted lace about the neck and sleeves. On the table stood a vase holding a large bouquet of Gloire de Dijon roses, half blown, and as freshly beautiful as if they had only just been gathered. Peerson's eyes sought them with an admiring glance, and then came back to her mistress.

"Those roses are the very things to go with this dress, my lady," she said, persuasively.

"Oh, the roses. Yes, I will wear some," answered Lady Mary, in an indifferent tone.

Well pleased, Peerson selected two or three of the best flowers, and fastened them into the bosom of the gown. They nestled there amid a few green leaves and creamy lace, sending their sweet breath up to the wearer.

For some unexplained cause the sight and scent of those roses were not pleasant to Lady Mary. She saw at a glance that they looked well with the crimson silk, and as she turned to the full-length image of herself in the cheval glass, she felt that there was little reason to be dissatisfied with her appearance. And yet her thoughts went back again to simple Eva Gower in her plain, black dress upstairs.

"That girl is happy," she mused. "I think her religion is a reality; and she rejoices in it in a quiet fashion. It was curious about the letter; but there is often a chance resemblance in handwriting. And how could she possibly know—— Yet the most unlikely people come together."

It was not often that Lady Mary was so preoccupied and dreamy, and Peerson secretly watched her and wondered.

Lord Glencoe was to dine with the countess and her daughter that evening, and no other guests were invited. The servants, deeply interested in all family concerns, believed that they knew well enough what this quiet dinner indicated. If Lady Mary meant to marry the old Scotch marquis they had nothing to say against the match. He was not so rich as could have been desired, and there was a rumour that his Scottish thrift almost amounted to stinginess. But a lord's a lord for a' that.

When Lady Mary entered the drawing-room her mood seemed to change. Her mother's eyes, always keener than any one else's, might have seen that she was forcing herself to act a gay part; but Lord Glencoe had never found her so attractive. She was gracefully blithe; her spirits never rose too high; she did not affect a thoughtless girlishness. There was something rich and becoming in the dress she wore; it would hardly have suited a younger woman, but it added dignity to her beauty. And then, too, the viscount saw that she was wearing his roses.

They drove off to the opera after dinner, the dowager, Lady Mary and Lord Glencoe—and long before they returned Eva Gower was sleeping soundly, and dreaming of her old country home.

There was little slumber for Lady Mary Cavaye that night. Tired out, and longing to be alone, she dismissed her maid quickly, tossed away the half-faded roses with a gesture of disgust, and flung herself on her bed with a sob. She dared not give way to her feelings, lest her face should show their traces on the morrow; but there is an inward weeping that hurts and exhausts the frame far more than a passionate outburst.

What was this life that she was leading, and what had it been from her girlhood up to the present time? The most beautiful life that has been lived in the world was his who said, "I came not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." And there was in Lady Mary's heart a deep consciousness that the only way to be happy was to try to be like Him.

CHAPTER VI.—"DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS."

The June days were fast gliding by, and Anna began to talk about the time when they should all go out of town. She liked to hear the rustle of leaves in Grosvenor Square, and said that the sound set her longing for trees and green fields far away.

"Tell me all about your old home again, Miss Gower," she said one evening. "Nurse has taken away the tea-things, and this is the story-telling time. Begin, please."

"There isn't much to tell, dear Anna. And you have heard it all before."

"Never mind; I'm not tired of it. There's always something fresh to be told about that place. Do begin."

"Well, once upon a time it was the vicarage; but being too small a house for a large family, it was let to my aunts at a low rent. It stands quite alone, and you have to go over a wide field to get to it. All round it there is a fence and a thick shrubbery; and on the little lawn there are two large mounds of ivy—beautiful glossy ivy that has been growing and growing for years. Then, too, there are fuchsia-trees, not merely the small plants we see in many gardens, but veritable trees with thick branches. Thousands of flowers, like tassels of deep red coral, hang from these boughs; and the front of the house is covered with monthly roses that seem as if they were never tired of blossoming."

"Go on—go on. I wish I were there, Miss Gower."

"The drawing-room window overlooks a little piece of green sward, bounded by a hedge and a gate; and that gate lets you out upon the shore. It is pleasant to stand there when the tide comes in and fills the creek, and the salt breeze blows freshly into one's face. Behind are the dark shrubs, and masses of pale pink roses; in front, the blue water with the fishing-boats rocking gently on its ripples. Up comes the tide, creeping higher and higher, covering the brown, and grey, and white stones, and the bits of red Roman brick that strew the shore; higher and higher, until it washes the walls of the old castle."

"And isn't there a garden at the back of the house?"

"Yes, an old kitchen-garden with a vast strawberry bed. Apple-trees, with twisted boughs, make a shade there on warm summer days; and there you

may find old-fashioned plants and herbs, rosemary, fennel, columbine, and rue—poor Ophelia might have wandered through the narrow paths, and gathered them all. You would like to see the bee-hives, with the busy little brown workers buzzing in and out. My Aunt Rachel understands the ways of bees."

"Oh, Miss Gower, I wish grandma would let me go to Porchester this summer!" cried Anna, her face brightening with the sudden thought.

Eva's face brightened too.

"She always sends nurse and me to the sea-side," Anna continued. "We shall have to go somewhere. I shall ask Aunt Mary to get us sent to Porchester."

It was quite plain to the governess that her charge needed a change. The little sallow face was pinched and thin; the dark eyes were too large and bright. Eva began to turn the matter over in her mind.

A few minutes later Lady Mary looked in upon the pair, and regarded them, as she always did, with a kind of good-natured envy which she took no pains to conceal.

"How cosy this room is," she said. "I suppose it is babyish in me to like these coloured pictures on the wall; but I enjoy them as much as Anna does. I wish I could be a little girl again, with a nice governess like Miss Gower."

"Weren't there any Miss Gowers in your little-girl days?" Anna asked.

"No; there was a Madame Roselle: a highly-accomplished and intensely selfish person, who used to lord it over me. She had lorded it over Alice before, and the result was satisfactory to a certain extent."

"And didn't you have pictures in your schoolroom, Aunt Mary?"

"I think there were one or two, but I scarcely remember them. My schoolroom was in Wendon Hall in Sussex."

"Isn't Wendon Hall a beautiful place, Aunt Mary? Why doesn't grandma ever go there now?"

"It is let," answered Lady Mary, with a darkened face. "We spent a great deal of our time there once. Yes, I suppose it is beautiful, but my mother thought it unhealthy. We were shut in by woods, and it was certainly a little damp."

There was a pause. And as Eva's glance rested on Lady Mary, she could not help fancying that her thoughts had strayed far away from Brook Street.

The governess was right. As Mary Cavaye sat by the open window of the schoolroom she had ceased to hear the roll of wheels in the street below. Memory had carried her back again to the old woods around Wendon Hall, and she was walking once more through silent ways, where the hazels were beginning to take a deeper green than they had worn in spring, and the nuts hung in clusters from the boughs. She could see the red gold of sunset stealing through the latticed branches, and striking across plumes of fern and amethyst foxglove bells. And she could hear, with strange distinctness, the tones of a voice that had once been dearer to her than any other.

It was a voice that she never expected to hear again. It had passed utterly out of her life, although its echoes lingered with her still. Sometimes, as she moved about in her gay world, she would hear a tone or an accent that had a chance resemblance to that beloved voice, and then her heart would ache wearily for the old happiness of her youth.

That dear, lost friend of hers had not been without many faults; he was full of waywardness, and passion, and pride. But the golden line of truth shone out brightly amid all the tangled threads of his character, and she knew that he had trusted and believed in her as a true-hearted woman. Oh, how cruelly that trust had been destroyed, and how unworthy she had proved of his loyal devotion!

It was because he was so closely associated with her days at Wendon Hall that she could not bear to speak of the place. Strangers were living in the old house now; people who knew nothing of her and her history. It was better so; far better that she should never go back to the old haunts from which the old gladness had fled.

She started slightly when two thin little hands pressed upon her arm. Anna's eyes were raised to hers with a pleading look.

"Aunt Mary," said the child, "you can coax grandma to do anything you like, can't you?"

"Grandma is not a very coaxable person, Anna," replied Lady Mary with a little sigh. "She is not easily persuaded by any one."

"But won't you try to coax her? I want so very much to be sent to Porchester this summer. It's Miss Gower's old home, and her aunts live there; nice old ladies who keep poultry and bees."

Lady Mary turned to the governess for further information.

"I think the place would suit Anna," Eva said promptly. "My aunts would be glad to take us in if Lady Westmoor would let us go."

"And you would like to go, Miss Gower?"

"Very much indeed. But, Lady Mary, if I did not believe that Porchester air would be good for Anna, I would not recommend it."

"I am quite sure you would not. If my mother has no settled plan in her mind, I should think she would not object to the place. Of course I will gladly speak to her about it."

Anna danced round the room in a flutter of delight, and her aunt watched her with sad eyes.

"What a little thing makes a child happy," she said. "It would take a great deal to make my heart leap within me. And there really is nothing to be glad about now-a-days."

"There is always one thing that one may be glad about," remarked Eva quietly.

"Oh, you are young, Miss Gower, and I daresay you can't understand anybody who is heartily sick of everything. I am quite in earnest when I say that I have nothing to be glad about."

"I know I am young and inexperienced," Eva said very gently. "But I believe it is just when one is heartily sick of every earthly thing that the one thing of which I spoke becomes most precious."

"You are talking about religion, of course. My dear child, it is an easy thing for you to be a true Christian; you have come to God early in life, and you have a fresh warm heart to give Him. But as for me, I have no heart, no deep feeling, left."

"That does not matter to God, Lady Mary. He is ready to give you a new heart."

"I don't even care about having it, child. You will think me hopelessly wicked, I suppose, but I cannot help it. If I could have my will, I should like

to get my old heart back again—the girl's heart that I only kept for a little while."

Eva looked wistfully at the beautiful, worn face, and was silent. But although her lips were still, a voice of prayer rose up from the depths of her soul.

There are times in all our lives when prayer is our only resource. And for many of us it would be well if we realised our helplessness, and were content to resort to prayer instead of speech. There are moments when words are not only useless, but positively harmful, and all our well-meant phrases would only chafe a sad spirit. It is not easy, perhaps, to understand that God does not always give us the power of consoling or exhorting each other. It pleases Him, now and then, to bring us face to face with one who can be dealt with by Him alone.

A certain keenness of perception helped Eva to realise that this was a time when words were not required of her. But she knew, too, that there never is a time when a prayer is a mistake.

"All the evening is going away, and bed-time will soon come," said Anna, suddenly breaking the silence. "Miss Gower, you promised to sing to me before I went to bed."

Eva hesitated, but Lady Mary spoke at once.

"Do sing, Miss Gower. Your voice is very pretty when you speak, and I am sure I shall like your singing."

"She must sing my favourite song," cried Anna in delight. "I shall like it better than anything else: 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.'"

If Eva had chanced to look at Lady Mary's face again, she would not have granted Anna's request. But it happened that she went straight to the piano without giving a glance to the figure by the window; and then, after a short prelude, began the song.

Many of us have known what it is to be charmed by the ballad that little Anna Cavaye loved. Simple as the song is, it carries our thoughts away with it to the land of tarn and mountain, and seems to come sweeping across miles of crag and heather. It is blended with the romantic story of Lochleven, and the loyalty of a young Scottish lord to a fair queen. For George Douglas, tender and true, dying bravely in a hopeless cause, this tuneful wail comes down to us in our more prosaic times, and holds its own charm after gayer songs have had their day.

Eva's voice was more remarkable for sweetness than power, and she never attempted anything beyond its compass. Yet there was that in the voice and in the style of singing that would have stilled the murmur of tongues in a crowded room, and touched the hearts of many a listener.

But she had not dreamed of the effect that her song would have upon Lady Mary. When the last chords were struck, and she rose from the piano, a low sob met her ear. Anna, her great dark eyes opened very widely, sat upright on a chair staring at her aunt in silence. Mary Cavaye's face was buried in her hands, and she was weeping bitterly.

For some moments no one spoke. Eva could scarcely help crying too. Lady Mary's usual manner was so calm, that any display of emotion from her seemed startling and unnatural. She lifted her head at last and tried to speak lightly.

"I don't think I have had such a fit of tears since my schooldays," she said. "I really believe I had got into a sentimental mood. That's a doleful song, but very well sung, Miss Gower. Do you always choose such melancholy things?"

"No," answered Eva. "It was Anna who chose the song."

"But you are fond of it yourself," cried Anna. "And you often tell me about the Douglases. There was good Lord James Douglas who carried Robert Bruce's heart to the Holy Land, and threw it among the enemy. And there was old Bell-the-cat, who——"

"What a memory the child has!" said Lady Mary.

"Oh, of course I remember all about the Douglases," Anna went on. "Miss Gower says there's no name she likes so well."

Eva's cheeks became a good deal rosier than usual. Lady Mary gave her a quick look, and rose from her seat.

"Well," she said, in a colder tone, "I find I shall be bored to death with the Douglas clan if I stay here any longer. It must be quite too nice to be romantic, and to fall in love with the warriors of old times, Miss Gower."

She swept away, and Eva saw her depart with a feeling of relief. Somehow it seemed to the governess that the song, and Anna's childish talk, had displeased Lady Mary, and that she herself had come in for a share of that displeasure.

"I don't think Aunt Mary cares for stories," said Anna, after a pause. "She got quite cross, didn't she? How very queer it was to see her cry while you were singing. Well, never mind her! There's time for me to hear all about stealing the keys of Lochleven Castle before I go upstairs to bed."

DR. LYELL OF NEWBURGH.

THE name of "Dr. Lyell of Newburgh" was long familiar as a household word in his own county, "the kingdom of Fife," and was known and honoured by the medical profession throughout Scotland. On his death a year ago the obituary memoirs in newspapers and medical journals paid just tribute to his memory. There were special circumstances attending the later years of his life which awaken a far deeper interest, and which are worthy of record in these pages.

Dr. John Lyell, son of David Lyell and Betsey Wishart, was born at Newburgh, on the 14th of August, 1807. David Lyell was a timber-merchant in fair circumstances, and was the father of ten children, of whom John was the fifth.

John, while a boy, had a great desire to be an engineer, but in this he was over-ruled by his mother, who had set her heart on making him a doctor. About the age of fifteen he was accordingly apprenticed to one of the physicians in the town, and on finishing his apprenticeship was sent to Edinburgh University, with a view to prosecute his

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medical studies and to become a duly qualified practitioner. Previous to taking his diploma he went a whale-fishing voyage to Davis Straits, and so charmed does he seem to have been with "life on the ocean wave," that immediately after he had graduated, which he did at St. Andrew's University, he took a three years' voyage to the South Seas, as surgeon of the whaling-ship "Ranger."

On his return from his three years' voyage, Dr. Lyell pitched his tent in his native town, and set to work as a medical practitioner. Here, by the assiduous application of the rare talents with which nature had endowed him, and the professional skill he had acquired in the most celebrated medical school in the world, he soon gained a reputation which extended far and wide, and established a business second to none in the neighbourhood. How high he rose in the estimation of the medical profession may be gathered from the terms in which Sir James Young Simpson refers to him in a testimonial which accompanied the doctor's application for the office of superintendent of the Glasgow Medical Mission. "I have very great pleasure," says Sir James, "in certifying the very high opinion which I entertain of the general and professional abilities of Dr. Lyell. There are few members of the medical profession in this country better acquainted with the leading departments of general science and information, and his professional talents and acquirements are of the first order."

For about thirty years the doctor had applied himself to the duties of his profession, during which period he had been favoured with as large an amount of prosperity as his heart could wish. In 1835 he had married a lady in whom he had found all that a husband could desire; he had been blessed with six children, the most of whom had been spared to see the years of maturity; he had now attained to a position of honour and comfort. As he was seen driving along in his carriage, or walking in his magnificent garden, or lounging amongst palms and other tropical glories with which his conservatories were adorned; or, when in company he was the life of every party at which he presided as the hospitable host, or was entertained as the most honoured guest—now singing one of Burns's songs, or, as was frequently the case, rehearsing some love-ditty of his own, and anon convulsing the company with laughter, as he gave scope to the humour and the wit of which his soul was full, and which shed a mirthful radiance over his countenance and sparkled in his eye—he was doubtless envied by many of his neighbours as one of the happiest of mortals.

To true happiness, however, he had hitherto been an entire stranger. Possessed of an indomitable courage which scorned to be baffled and of an energy which never tired, he had pursued the phantom of pleasure with a zeal and a perseverance which have seldom been surpassed. Throwing his whole soul into everything he took in hand, whatsoever he did he did with all his might. This earnestness and thoroughness of his nature had been seen in the very manner in which he had ridden his hobbies. He had taken a fancy for ferns, and nothing would satisfy him short of having a fernery which should contain representatives of every species of fern in the kingdom. The result was a collection of British ferns, to which, out of Kew Gardens, if even with this exception, there was nothing in Great Britain or Ireland to be compared.

Here was a life to be envied! Health, wealth, honour, friends, domestic happiness, and congenial pursuits, ought to have secured happiness. But all had been in vain. At the end of thirty years of professional life he found himself farther from happiness than at the commencement of the race. The secret of his misery lay in the fact that he had hitherto been ignorant of the way of salvation, and destitute of that living faith in Jesus Christ which brings the soul into conscious fellowship with God. He had never laid aside the form of religion, but from the honesty and sincerity of his nature he had never been able to reconcile himself to the degradation of appearing to be what he knew he was not. And so, although he kept on the form, he felt encumbered by it and as uncomfortable in it as David felt in Saul's armour. And yet, in his spiritual blindness, he clung to the idea that there was some saving virtue even in the outward form; like too many, in his profession and out of it, he confounded religiousness with religion, the mere external observance of religious ordinances with the life of faith on the Son of God. "I remember quite well," says he, in one of the numerous tracts he wrote after his conversion, "when I was a young man I was very religious; I read the Bible and religious books only, and would not take a novel or light book into my hands. Every morning I read a bit of the Bible and prayed to God, and if I saw any one breaking the Sabbath or getting drunk, or taking God's name in vain, I would be down upon him like a tiger. I thought that if I were a religious young man Christ would save me." This hollow husk—this ragged garment of religiousness, cold, comfortless and unreal, was the only religion he had known, and now he was about fifty years old. He was too true and real a man to be satisfied with shams and unrealities, and as he as yet knew nothing better, he felt of all men the most miserable. Tired of the struggle, he had even in fits of despondency gone into his laboratory to concoct some poison by means of which to rid himself of a burden which seemed too heavy to be borne. and how his hand had been stayed at the critical moment appeared to him afterwards a miracle of gracious interposition on the part of his Heavenly Father.

At length, in the spring of the year 1860, the light of the gospel broke in upon his dark mind. One of his patients, a young woman, whose sufferings and death affected him painfully, having been somewhat suddenly cut off, the question arose in his mind, "Where should I have been had it been myself?" A lady acquaintance, at the time on a visit to the family, managed, in course of conversations on several occasions, to introduce the subject of religion. He became convinced of sin, and felt very wretched. In his restlessness and excitement he would cast himself on the sofa, keeping the secret of his misery locked up in his own bosom. The friend already alluded to would seek to soothe and quiet him by playing on the piano choice selections of music, of which he was passionately fond. Having come home one day in a state of the deepest mental anguish, he repaired to one of the conservatories, in which was a rustic table and chair. On the table lay a Bible, which lay open at the parable of the

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Prodigal Son. Having seated himself at the table, he read the parable. "This," said he to himself, "is just me. I am the prodigal; I am famishing with hunger; I will arise and go to my Father." He thereupon knelt down and prayed—prayed as he had never done before. The mercy of God in Christ, the atonement made for sin, freedom of access accorded, the Father waiting to forgive, receive, and rejoice over the lost one returning to Him—these thoughts deeply moved him. One resolve possessed him: to know, love, and serve such a Father should henceforth be the aim and business of his life.

This belief in the heart was soon followed by the confession of the mouth. On Sunday the 8th of April, after returning from church, he, with Mrs. Lyell and the friend above mentioned, were together in the room where supper had just been served. The doctor, full of suppressed excitement, shrinking from the novel duty to which, however, he felt impelled by an impulse which he dared not resist, ventured to erect his family altar. "Read a chapter of the Bible," said he, addressing his guest. The fourteenth chapter of John was read, and then kneeling down, the long lost wanderer, now returned to his Father's presence, poured out his soul in mingled strains of penitence and gratitude.

With that decision of character which formed such a marked feature in his mental constitution, he appeared at an evangelistic meeting held in one of the churches of the town the very next night, and having obtained permission of the presiding minister to say a few words, he openly avowed the fact of his conversion. Thus publicly renouncing his outward indifference, he declared that henceforth by the grace of God, he meant to live a life of consecration to the service of God. All present were taken by surprise. Dr. Lyell was the last man in the world whom his acquaintance would have thought would become a "revivalist." The news spread through the town, and created quite a sensation; some could not believe it for joy, fearing that it was too good to be true, while others, knowing the doctor's humorous disposition, declared that he had only been playing on the simple people one of his practical jokes.

It soon became apparent, however, that there was no joking in the matter. The doctor was deeply and intensely in earnest, and from this time forward he devoted himself to the work of the Lord with an enthusiasm which has seldom been equalled in the annals of missionary enterprise. His diary becomes a record of religious meetings addressed by him, in churches, schoolrooms, kitchens, and in the open air; of conversations with his patients, some of whom were brought to the Saviour through this means, and others of whom were so exasperated by his revival nonsense, as they called it, that they dismissed him and called in another physician in his stead.

The word "revivalist" calls for remark here. It was used in Dr. Lyell's case in a sense of wonder and reproach, as the term Methodist has been used in other times. No doubt there has been much fanaticism and folly connected with some so-called revivals, but let no one confound the shadows with the substance of the thing. A true revival, whether in a community or in an individual, means an awakening from death to life, a change from the lifeless form to the living spirit of religion. This is a change to be spoken of with respect even by those who have not experienced it, if they believe in Christianity at all. In Dr. Lyell the change showed itself in many ways, and especially in longings and yearnings for the salvation of souls, and of plans of effort for the accomplishment of that end. Of these the establishment of the "Fern Mission," is particularly worthy of notice.

As has been already said, the doctor had made a hobby of ferns. He had at great expense and with unlimited care and pains succeeded in gathering together the largest private collection of ferns in the kingdom. "What shall I do with these idols?" said he to himself one day, as he sat surveying this great Babylon which he had built. "What shall I do with them; shall I do with them as the Ephesians did with their books of sorcery, make a bonfire of them? I have got something better to occupy my time now, and I feel I can't take the same interest or pleasure in them. I must see and get rid of them somehow." As he sat thus ruminating the question in his own mind, a happy thought flashed upon him. "Why not consecrate the fernery to the Lord? Let me still continue to keep it up, but let me become a fern merchant, and give all the profit to the Lord's treasury." No sooner said than done. He went at once to his desk and wrote an advertisement, which he sent to several papers, offering his ferns for sale, and announcing that the whole proceeds would be devoted to benevolent and religious purposes.

The result was that the doctor soon found himself in the receipt of a considerable income from this source, every penny of which was scrupulously devoted to the promotion of the Lord's work. Besides sending donations to such institutions as George Müller's Orphanages, he supported an agent in connection with the "London Bible and Domestic Female Mission." The district in Westminster in which the agent laboured was known as "The Fern District," and has been frequently referred to in the "Missing Link" magazine, between the editor of which and the doctor an interesting correspondence was kept up.

After labouring in season and out of season by tongue and pen, by hand and purse, in his Master's service for about ten years longer in his native town, Dr. Lyell went to Glasgow and became the superintendent of the Medical Mission which had just been originated in that city. His son David, a young man of great promise and a decided Christian, and who had been of great assistance to him, both professionally and otherwise, had just died, and crushed by the painful bereavement which had thus befallen him, he sought the relief of other scenes.

As the superintendent of the "Glasgow Medical Mission," he laboured for about four years, visiting the sick at their own homes, prescribing for the crowds who frequented the Hall daily from two to four or five o'clock, and conducting a short religious service for the good of their souls previously to ministering to their bodily ailments. In other ways he also actively promoted the same objects.

Through failing health and strength he was at length compelled to quit the field and retire into private life. During the period, however, in which he continued to toil, he accomplished a great work. He made the mission known, and

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established it on a firm foundation. It was with deep regret that the directors had to part with their faithful servant, concerning whom they have left on record the testimony that "When seen in the streets it was clear he was putting the saying into practice, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?'" The same spirit sustained him during the remaining five years of his life. He was called now to endure great bodily sufferings, but he bore them with Christian fortitude and resignation, till the word of release came, and he fell asleep in Jesus. The last word he was heard to utter was "Hallelujah."

BARZILLAI OF GILEAD.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DESPARD, A.M., TRINITY CHURCH, KILBURN.

"And the king said unto Barzillai, Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem. And Barzillai said unto the king, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem?"—2 *Sam.* xix. 33-34.
(Read verses 31-39.)

THE invitation which is here recorded to have been given by King David to Barzillai, was a kind of invitation which men, as a rule, find it difficult to refuse. Barzillai, however, did refuse it, and at the same time mentioned some of the reasons why he considered it his duty to do so. Not that we are to suppose he gave no thought to other considerations which must have made the refusal somewhat difficult. It needs very little knowledge of human nature to make us feel tolerably certain that the mind of Barzillai took in at a glance the various reasons which might very well induce him to comply with the royal invitation. But though not insensible to such reasons, these opposing reasons which he thought it sufficient to mention had far greater weight in his judgment; so much so that he required but little time to make up his mind to decline the offer of the king.

Some lessons, I think, that may prove good and useful to us all are suggested by the subject; and we may get at these by glancing, in the first place, at the reasons which in all probability suggested themselves to Barzillai in favour of accepting the king's invitation.

Now we can scarcely suppose that the prospect of free quarters at the court would, of itself, have any attractions for a wealthy man like Barzillai, who had a private fortune ample to supply him with all he could want. But when he regarded the invitation in the light the king evidently intended he should regard it, as a testimony of his sovereign's personal regard for him, it was indeed a tempting invitation. The society of Barzillai was what the king wanted, as he very plainly intimated; he wished to have him as a daily friend and companion, sitting at the same table with himself. It must have a powerful effect on any man's mind to find the highest in the land esteeming his friendship and companionship a privilege, and entreating it as a favour. A more flattering invitation we can scarcely imagine; and they must have been powerful reasons on the other side which could lead Barzillai to put it from him.

Independently of that, however, King David appealed, and evidently meant to appeal, to the loyalty of Barzillai in giving him this invitation. They were troublous times—times of disaffection and disloyalty—when the king found it hard to say, on looking around him, whom he could trust. Of what value to him would be even one man of Barzillai's character near his person—a man on whose staunch loyalty he knew that he could rely? In the day of adversity, when other subjects were engaged in rebellion against King David, Barzillai had thrown his whole weight into the scale of loyalty. The elevation of Barzillai would not only have strengthened the hands of the loyal by showing them that they were serving a king who knew how to value those who were "faithful in the land;" it would also have given strength to the royal cause, by bringing close to the person of the king a man of commanding influence in the country, whose fidelity had been so well tried. Even if, as a matter of taste, Barzillai disliked a court-life, still there would remain the consideration—which with a man of his stamp could not but have great force—that, by accepting the invitation, he would give the king what he so sorely needed in those anxious times—a pillar of loyalty close to his throne.

And then, moreover, what a career of eminent usefulness and service to his king and country did this invitation lay open to Barzillai! Standing close to the royal person, enjoying the king's confidence, and with continual access to the king's ear, what opportunities he would have of bringing his wisdom and experience to bear on the councils of the nation! Even if he cared nothing about the honour and distinction held out in such an invitation, might he not well have been influenced by the prospect of usefulness it held out? No doubt there is a vast deal of hypocrisy in human nature, and men who are only in love with a brilliant position may cheat themselves into supposing that it is but the opportunity of usefulness in connection with it they value. But there are honest souls, like Barzillai, with whom the prospect of usefulness weighs more than anything else could. King David was greatly harassed and tried by Joab after this, and eight years afterwards the rebellion of Adonijah took place. Who knows but that if a wise and trusty councillor like Barzillai had been at hand, these things, which were not merely hurtful to the king, but injurious to the welfare and prosperity of the kingdom, would never have occurred? I think it must have made it hard for Barzillai to decline the invitation to feel that he might be putting away from him an opportunity, which might never recur, of making the closing years of his life eminently serviceable to his king and country.

These reasons, then, and others like them—all of

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them good, and some of them likely to have powerful influence with a man like Barzillai—might well have induced him to accept the invitation of the king. And no doubt they would have done so, but that there were other and stronger reasons in his mind why he should decide to decline.

Thus, for instance, he felt that it was impossible he could be happy in the proposed change. For his circumstances hitherto had not connected him with the life of courts. Perhaps, when he was a boy, he had had his ambitious dreams, and would not have only be like "a fish out of water." A most important truth, which we are all apt to lose sight of, meets us here. If a man's tastes and habits are above his position, of course he is not likely to be happy in it. But, on the other hand, if he is put into a position which is above his tastes and habits, it is not to be expected that he will be happy. If Barzillai, all those years he was living on his farm in Gilead, had been engaged in nursing tastes and habits which nothing but a court life could satisfy, then for eighty years of his life he would have been



DAVID AND BARZILLAI.

refused, if he had then been offered a court position. But he had long outlived such an ambition, if he had ever indulged it. Far away from camps and courts he had been engaged all the days of his life in tilling his fields, and pasturing his flocks, and ruling his household down in Gilead. The tastes and habits he had been acquiring during all those years were such as suited the circumstances in which the providence of God had cast his lot. The proverbial idea of discomfort and misery is that of a "fish out of water," and no doubt the old farmer felt that in court attire and court ways, he would a miserable man, discontented with his humble farm and everything about it. But, as he had been too wise a man to do that, he found, when a court life did offer, that he had tastes and habits which had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, which would make a court-life utterly uncongenial to him. After all, happiness does not lie in a high position, but in a contented spirit.

Barzillai was doubtless a happier man, for the rest of his life, down in the old familiar homestead of Gilead, than ever he could have been figuring as a courtier in the royal palace of Jerusalem. What

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he lost of splendour and show he gained in solid happiness and comfort, the comfort which no one can ever know in a position for which his own habits and tastes do not fit him!

But then there was the question of the kind of fare the invitation summoned up before his imagination—the royal banquets, and the costly wines, and the exquisite music. "Ah!" thought Barzillai, "if I were a younger man, all this might have some attraction for me!" And then he told the king the plain and honest truth about himself. "I am this day," he said, "fourscore years old, and the infirmities of age are upon me! The keepers of the house tremble! The grinders cease because they are few! Those that look out at the windows are darkened! All the daughters of music are brought low? The grasshopper, my lord the king, is a burden, and the desire has failed!" What a touching sketch of the infirmities of old age Barzillai gave the king in that thirty-fifth verse: "Can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? Wherefore, then, should thy servant be yet a burden to my lord the king?" Barzillai was not one of those who will persist in being young to the last. He was old, and he knew it, and knew that the life of the senses, even if he ever cared much about it, could have nothing for him now! Shall we be wrong if we conclude that Barzillai decided as he did, because he knew well that, at his time of life, happiness is to be found, not in vain attempts at the life of the senses, for which there is no capacity, but in that quiet life of communion with God and preparation for heaven which he felt would be far more within his reach in the simple homestead in Gilead, than in the royal palace of Jerusalem? If there is one thing more hateful than another it is to see old people trying to be young—wasting, in vain attempts to enjoy youthful pleasures, the time that should be spent in cultivating higher and purer pleasures, pleasures which do not depend on the life of sense, and which shall be enjoyed in their perfection only when there is no life of sense to interrupt them! You who are growing old, how earnestly you should pray that, in proportion as you are shut out from the enjoyment of the life of sense, you may be drawn to seek the source of a better and purer enjoyment in the heart's communion with an ever-living Saviour!

Well, then, there was the prospect of usefulness; what reason had Barzillai to set over against that in weighing the king's invitation? Just this, I imagine, that Barzillai thought he knew himself better than King David knew him. For King David, judging by the service rendered by Barzillai in the past, thought what a valuable help Barzillai would be to him. But Barzillai, judging by the present, said. "Nay, my lord the king, I should only be a burden, and not the help you expect." A position in which a man can be useful is excellent, but then the question arises, What good are opportunities of usefulness if the powers to make use of them are wanting? Barzillai saw what great powers were necessary in any man called to be the confidential adviser of the king. And, though it was kind of the king to think so well of him, he was not blinded to the truth by that. He knew that the king would only be disappointed in him, and that if, with his feeble powers, he were to step into the offered position, he was far more likely to be mischievous there than useful.

Besides this, it weighed much with Barzillai that if he did as the king invited him, there would be a painful break in old associations. "Let thy servant, I pray thee," he said, "turn back, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried in the grave of my father and my mother." No doubt, the town near which his estate lay was a poor place in comparison with Jerusalem, and his residence very humble in comparison with King David's palace. Still, there were associations connected with the home in Gilead which were dearer to the heart of Barzillai than Jerusalem and its palaces. For there his fathers had lived and died; there the dust of his kindred lay awaiting the resurrection morning. Some people care very little for old associations, and can break them at a moment's notice without a solitary pang. But there are others, like Barzillai, who cannot live long in any place, or amongst any people, without the heart striking its roots so deep into the soil that their whole nature shrinks from the pain of an uptearing. It was a delicate way of saying to the king that his heart was in Gilead, and, by the king's leave, he would rather live where his heart was than in the grandest place where it could not be. He would only be a trouble to the king as well as to himself, if, while his body was in Jerusalem, his heart should be for ever on the wing towards the dear old home or dear old friends in Gilead. I think we see from this what kind of a home Barzillai had made for himself in Gilead. If a man's home is unhappy, he is glad to escape from it, but if it is happy, "there is no place like home, be it ever so homely." And if it is also true, which I think it is, that the happiness or unhappiness of home depends very much on a man himself, then Barzillai had his reward for the pains he had been at in cultivating his home, when he found, at eighty, that the dearest spot on earth to him was home. Yes; let us labour to make home happy, as one grand part of our life-work! Let us labour to make it happy, as we may be assured Barzillai did, and as Martha and Mary did in after times. King David himself, with all his regal grandeur, did not know the best sources of earthly happiness as well as Barzillai did. Certainly, on a comparison of the domestic histories of the two men, a wise man should have little difficulty in choosing between them. Barzillai had no Amnons and Tamars and Absaloms that we read of; if he had, his heart would not have been in that home at Gilead. When sin gets into the home, happiness flies out of it; and if Barzillai had made his home so happy that it was dearer to him than Jerusalem and her palaces, we may be sure he did so in the only way that ever yet succeeded—by bringing Christ in, and keeping sin out.

But, after all, the grand reason why Barzillai declined the invitation of David, was because he felt that the gaieties of a court were not the thing for a man with one foot in the grave. "How long have I to live," he said, "that I should go up to Jerusalem?" He pleaded not merely his want of taste for the proposed life, and want of ability for its duties, but, what was much more important, his doubts as to whether it would be good for his soul. Would such a life be likely to loosen his attachment to the world, or to strengthen it? Would it be likely to furnish him with assistance in his great work of

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preparing to meet his God, or would it not? "Ah!" thought he, "is it a time to plunge into the world when a man is on the eve of leaving it? Is it a time to let in a flood of worldly cares on a man's soul when he is going so soon to have done with all such cares for ever? My lord the king, I cannot! Let me go back in peace to the home of my fathers! The few days that are left to me are too precious to be spent in any other way than that in which a dying man should wish to spend them!"

You see, it was the unprofitableness of the proposed change for his *soul* that decided him! He was not like some old people whom we have known! Is there in all this world a more pitiable sight than an old man with his heart full of the world? The nearer he is to quitting the world the fonder he seems to get of it! Some of the most awful lessons are learnt at the death-beds of the old. How often is there found there an utter distaste for spiritual things! Talk to them of the news of the day, of politics, or of business, or of passing events, and they are all animation. But, talk to them of God and of higher things, and there is an impatience painful to behold! The worldliness of age is the Nemesis of the worldliness of youth and manhood! If, like Barzillai, men desire in their old age to have more taste for heaven than for the glittering baubles of the world, they must watch the growing tastes and habits of their lives. If we want nothing but the world up till old age, it is not likely we shall want God then. If we would feel the want of God in age, we must find out that we want Him *before* age comes.

COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES:

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

VI.

BEATRICE, who was returning to her school, in one of the metropolitan suburbs, was to go up to London under my escort. She was rather depressed, not only at parting with her kind aunt, but at leaving the active service for others into which she had so eagerly entered; and as we drove along the country roads to the station, she confided her troubles to me.

"All my happy work is over," she said; "I shall have nothing of all this at school! Oh dear, how tiresome it is!"

"My dear child, you will have work enough, though of a different kind."

"Oh yes, I know, sonatas and exercises and French conversation classes, and things of no good to anybody! I don't call that real work."

"Is it not real work to prepare for the future usefulness of your life?"

"Oh, well, I know, of course that is true, but you see, Miss Selwyn, I have had that sort of thing thrown into my face till I was sick of it. When I was younger, and used to say how I wished to do some great things, and be like some of the women in 'Golden Deeds,' or to be good like Mrs. Fry, or Miss Nightingale, or Amelia Sieveking, then to be told, 'Well, my dear, your duty is to be obedient and attend to your studies, and keep your hair tidy and shut the door,' and so on. I declare it used to make me rabid! I used to feel as if I could have tossed all my exercise-books into the fire, and ruffled my hair out of contradiction!"

"I know the feeling, dear; but what would you say of a soldier who should be very eager to win a great battle, but could not bear the trouble of being drilled and taught how to handle his arms?"

"Of course that would be absurd. But then my lessons are not really like a drill for me. I should not visit the poor any the better for knowing French and algebra."

"I am not sure even of that. They are not direct training; but anything that developes your mind and forces you to exert its powers, is indirectly a help, just as gymnastics may prepare a man to be stronger as a soldier or a sailor, though he may not be called on to do the exact things he has been practising beforehand."

"But there are the Bible-women now—Mrs. Smith, for instance; she never had any of that drudgery of languages and compositions, and themes to do, and how well she works and how much good she does."

"True; but in the first place you are not in training for visiting the poor only, but for a great variety of life work, and one never knows which one may be called on to do first. Then, in the second place, Mrs. Smith has had a good deal of common everyday-life training, which you have not had. A daughter of hard-working poor parents, who has had to help to be useful at home in a variety of ways, has had a great deal of discipline, if she is tolerably intelligent, calculated to call out many useful qualities which a young lady has never had opportunities of exercising; consequently it is needed that the young lady should learn more of other things, or her mind may fall asleep."

"That is quite true," said Beatrice thoughtfully; "but don't you think people sometimes put off children, girls especially, rather cruelly, when they want to be useful, always silencing them with remarks about learning lessons and keeping their drawers in order, and being kind and good-natured, and so on?"

"If it is said merely to silence them, that is quite true; but remember David, conquering the lion and the bear first alone in the wilderness, and thus prepared to encounter Goliath. Nobody but himself knew the apprenticeship he had been going through all those years. I would have you write your exercises and learn your algebra, and science and composition, not mechanically or with a mere slavish sense of being obliged to do it, but saying to yourself all the time, 'This is part of my general training, the gymnastics for my mind, to make me ready to be useful later. It is only for a short time, so I must make the most of it, and then I may be able to turn it all to account in my life work.'"

"Yes, I see, that way of putting things, as the

man says in that essay you were reading, makes the whole difference. That is not like bidding you be content with science primers, and participles variable and invariable, and wishing for nothing better in life, as one's governesses want one to do!"

"Perhaps it is not that they want you to care for nothing else, so much as that you should do it heartily while you are about it. If you give your mind to what you do at the time, you will be likely to escape those provoking speeches."

"I hope I shall! I will try; but still it is rather discouraging to have *nothing* else to attend to!"

"But I have never said that, or meant it, my dear Miss Irrepressible. You stopped my mouth, in your usual impetuous way, before I had time to finish my sentence! I think you may find a great many 'fragments' to gather up in your school life, without interfering with your lessons. Could you not go on with your collection for the East End, and get your companions to help you? I will send you some numbers of the 'Missing Link' magazine, and some other things of the kind, which you may lend among them and stir them up. Then, in your bits of leisure, or half holidays when you are not out, you can go on with your text illuminating, and your work for Miss Hunter's sale which you had begun. I know you cannot find *much* time for such things; but whatever you or your school-fellows can finish, you may send to me—you have my address—and I will see it is disposed of."

"Thank you so much, dear Miss Selwyn! I will try."

"And then, influencing your school-fellows for good. You do not know how much may be done by a consistent Christian life, and a constant throwing your weight on the side of right and justice, and reverence in speaking of serious things, and obedience to superiors. I have seen untold good wrought by very quiet, unassuming girls in this way."

"But I am sure I could never try to teach the others, as the good girls in stories always do."

"I should not wish you to teach them *directly*. What I meant was to influence them quietly; when a time comes in which it is right you should speak, you will be given courage to speak; but a great deal may be done without many words. I will give you an instance. You know, do you not, pretty well, who among your companions is really anxious to get on with her studies? You would not have any difficulty in naming the one who has it most at heart to make progress?"

"I should think not: Clara Lescombe, for instance, and Mary Dacre, every one can see, are determined to get on. No one could ever doubt it."

"Do they talk much about their love of learning, and their anxiety to know more?"

"No, indeed, I never heard either of them say it in words; but all the same one can't help seeing it."

"Well, just so it should be with your religion. If you have it truly at heart to serve your God and Saviour, depend on it that will be evident to those whom you live with; it will not need many words to show them, though you will be ready to speak a word when a right moment comes. Then, if there are younger girls to be helped and encouraged, you may find much to do in that way, as much perhaps as you had in your class at Mr. Robinson's Sunday-school, though not in such a regular and definite form."

"Oh, I hope I shall! I see what you mean, I think."

"But remember one thing, dear; the fragments that were gathered up, were *gathered at the feet of our Lord.* That must be the case with all our 'fragment work.' All must be done as in His presence and for Him, and with prayer for His help; otherwise there will be no real blessing. It is only those who have first given themselves to Him who can work acceptably for Him. I trust you have done this; and then

'Fix on *His* work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.'"

Beatrice made no answer except by a very earnest squeeze of my hand, but tears were in her eyes, and I saw she was impressed by the conversation. I thought it best to leave it to work on her mind, and soon after, our arrival at the station put a stop to private talk. But when I parted with her at the terminus of the branch line, at the end of which she would be met by some one from her school, before proceeding to my own destination her face was brighter than it had been that morning.

VII.

About six weeks later, after my return home, I was telling some particulars of my visits, when sitting by the invalid couch of my young friend Lydia Franklin, whom I had long known as a habitual prisoner from a spinal weakness, but whose quick intelligence and ready sympathy made her enter eagerly into all subjects which gave matter for thought.*

Her aunt, Miss Maynard, a cheerful, kindly old lady, with snow-white hair and an eye whose brightness age had scarcely dimmed, was sitting by with her knitting. She was much interested in the history of Mrs. Travers' efforts to utilise the resources at her command.

"The difficulty is," she said, "that it is generally only poor people like ourselves, who learn to make use of all the fragments they can find. Look at these ravellings in my basket; a rich person would never suppose they could be turned to anything, but I have made that rug for Lydia's fireside with them, and now I am finishing another. Does not it look nice? If I could go and buy carpets and rugs whenever I liked, I should never have learned to look for such little ways of saving. Of course a rich lady does not need this kind of work; but don't you think the habit goes for much?"

"I am sure it does, and, figuratively speaking, we often leave neglected ravellings of time and strength, etc., which we might use."

"Ah," said Lydia with a little sigh, "how happy those are who have any 'ravellings' to use."

"Have you none then, dear Lydia?"

"I don't mean to complain, understand me, dear Miss Selwyn; I know that some are called to serve by trying to bear meekly; but I can't help wishing I had some little fragments of usefulness to gather up too, sometimes, and really it seems as if I had none."

"My dear child, if I did not know you so well,

* See "Visit to an Invalid," in Part I. of "Cousin Mabel."

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I should say that was affectation!" said her aunt. "I think of all the little 'odd jobs' you do to help us—the darning and mending, and the correcting exercises for the pupils, which you often go on doing much longer than you ought, in fact."

"Yes, but these are only everyday necessary family duties."

"Well, dear," I rejoined, "such duties are no less 'fragments' to gather. Many in your circumstances, with so much weakness and pain to hinder them, would think themselves excused altogether from such work; and by lightening your aunt's and sister's labours, you are surely doing as truly a work pleasing to God, as Mrs. Vernon is when she helps her husband in his parish work."

"To be sure, that is true; but very often I can neither work nor help with the lessons, when my head is really bad."

And I knew well that Lydia's "really bad" meant no trifling ailment.

"Well, dear, God is not a hard master. If He does not give you the straw to make the bricks, as a friend of mine says in one of her books—it is because He does not want the bricks then, but something else, or perhaps nothing but ourselves—our whole heart."

"Yes, I know that; but do you think you could suggest any more 'fragments' I could gather, when I am able to do anything?"

"I think so. That pretty tatting, in imitation of lace-work, which I see you have been doing, is a 'fragment' which could be turned to good account by a friend of mine who keeps a 'table' always on hand with work to sell for Indian mission schools. She was asking me the other day if I could find her some of this kind of work, as she could sell it very well. Whenever you can finish a piece, give it me, and I will send it to her. This will not bind you to work hard to get it done at a given time; it will be just bits done now and then, as you have leisure and power."

"That will be just the thing for me, for I was wanting to finish this piece in time for the next mission-box of yours, and my head having been troublesome for some days, I was too late for it."

"Well, another 'fragment' would be your influence with the pupils who come to your sister and aunt. If you could get them sometimes to come up to you on some pretext, you might find ways and means of being useful to them."

"To be sure I might."

"Many of them are, your sister says, in rather a humble position of life comparatively. Now these are just the girls, used to a narrow home life, perhaps, with little variety, to whom a visit to your pretty little room with its books and pictures, and a little talk with some one who is not a regular teacher will have the charm of novelty, which the children of parents of the 'upper ten thousand,' used to all kinds of treats and amusements, could hardly appreciate in the same way. Don't make a violent attempt to turn it into a regular time of instruction or exhortation, but let things take their course quietly, and you will find opportunities of little kindly offices and friendly words which may become channels of higher blessings. Then your visitors. Some days you have a great many; you might often be a help and comfort to one and another."

"Oh, dear Miss Selwyn, I am afraid you are going on too fast, as you say to me sometimes. With the girls I understand quite what you mean, but my other visitors come to be a help to me, not I to them."

"Still, the helped one may be a helper at times. Would not you like to keep a 'house of refuge' as they used to call them on the Alpine roads, and give means of rest and refreshment to weary travellers on their way?"

"Oh, should not I indeed?" and the pale face glowed as she spoke.

"Well, I believe you may, and often do, dear child, without knowing it. You have sometimes given me 'a cup of cold water' when I have come to see you harassed by troubles from without."

"Have I, indeed? Oh, but you must be making the most of things to comfort me, surely!"

"Do you think I would try to comfort you by anything but what is strictly true? No, indeed, dear. I believe that without any systematic endeavour to do anything special in the way of 'speaking to people,' a Christian invalid may, by a constant spirit of loving sympathy and concern for others, minister to those who come to her in a way which neither she nor they may suspect. Don't try to prepare anything to say beforehand: in such cases as this, premeditation would be hurtful as well as useless, but whenever visitors come to you, young or old, high or low, just ask the Lord to enable you to help or cheer or refresh them if they need it, and in the way they need it, and you may be a well-spring of comfort and strength to many, though you may never know exactly in what way. But that is the case with most of our life-work. We are to labour like those on the famous Gobelin tapestry, which was all done on the wrong side, so that those who were making it could not see the effect of their own work."

"And I suppose that is just what is good for us."

"Precisely; we are to wait for the day to declare it. And now I see your good sister Sarah is coming to warn me that I have stayed long enough; is it not so?"

"Not exactly," said Sarah Franklin, a pleasant, cheerful-looking woman, some years older than her sister, and whose air of health and vigour contrasted strongly with that of the fragile invalid; "I came to tell auntie she was wanted below, but I do think perhaps Lydia ought to have a little quiet time before her tea."

"You are right, and I won't stay any longer. I will take this fragment of tatting already finished to show Miss Arnot, if you will let me, and I am sure she will be glad of more."

"Pray do," said Lydia, as she bade me farewell with cheered face, "and thank you for the suggestions. I am sure I shall have plenty to think of while I take my spell of lying quite still with shut eyes till Sarah brings my tea."

"You ought to be 'thinking of nothing at all,' you know, as the doctor always says," said Sarah smiling.

"And that is just impossible," said Lydia; "but it is very pleasant to have some cheering projects which don't worry or harass one, to turn in one's mind. So you need not fear my having been fatigued this time, dear auntie, by the visit, as you so often do when friends come to me."

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LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.



NO. VII.—THE SHOES.

THIS little picture will enable you to understand the difference of our customs from those of the East. Here you see a rich man seated, a poor man standing. The poor man wishes to ask a favour, or receive an order, so he stands with bowed head, and arms crossed over his breast. With us he would take off his hat; in the East he would never remove his turban, but he would take off his shoes. Poor people never wear stockings or socks: in the desert they wear sandals, in towns a slipper—such as you see in the picture. Rich people wear a soft inner shoe over the stocking, putting on a thicker outer shoe, over the thin one, when they walk; if they enter a house they leave the thicker shoe at the door. When rich people ride it is common to see a servant walking behind carrying the outer shoes, so that when the master dismounts they can at once be put on, and so preserve the inner shoe from being soiled. The rich man sits in the Eastern manner—on a sofa, or divan, with his legs crossed under him, not, as with us, with his feet on the ground. Standing is always a mark of attention or inferiority, sitting, when work is done, or the act of a superior.

Whenever you wish to enter a church or mosque in the East, you have to remove your shoes. You may carry slippers with you and put them on if you like, but you may not enter the church with your shoes on. They do not like to see you take off your hat. I did so once when I entered a church, but the priest was quite annoyed, and insisted I should put my hat on again. I was obliged to do so to satisfy him.

These customs will enable you to understand many passages in the Bible. In Exodus iii. 5, God told Moses to put off his shoes from his feet for the place was holy ground. Joshua, too, was told to do the same, because the place was holy (Josh. v. 15). The angel told him to do that. In the Revelation those in heaven, who praise God, are represented as standing (vii. 9). In that last dread day—the Day of Judgment—when all dead, small and great, have to appear before God, they are represented as "standing" before the throne of God. The Apostle Paul in the Hebrews has a wonderful passage, in which, when he is speaking of our Lord Jesus, showing how complete his work and sacrifices were, he says that He, after his once-offered sacrifice of Himself, for ever sat down on the right hand of God. May this little picture, my dear children, call all these solemn thoughts to your minds, bringing forth in you honour and glory to His name!

Pages for the Young.

PEARL.

V.

PEARL was again without a home, and after deep thought she made up her mind that the money she had by economy saved from the generous salary she received from Mrs. Menteith should be used in visiting England, determining that whilst diligently giving lessons in drawing for her maintenance, her after hours should be spent in the search for her relatives.

The year and a half just passed had made Pearl more self-reliant and thoughtful; she therefore began to feel that it was a real duty to exert herself to find if possible those belonging to her. She had pondered much over that which Madame Martinez had so often spoken of to her, of the circumstances under which she was found by Señor Martinez on that eventful night of the outbreak. "Trust your cause to God, mon enfant, and in his own good time, He will, if He sees it good for you, bring you to those whose true child you are," she had said.

On that night when the confusion and pain of parting were over, Pearl sought the quiet of her own little chamber, and falling on her knees she opened the pent-up feelings of her heart to her Heavenly Father, asking his guidance and help in the trials of her lonely life, and rising from her knees she felt as though a voice unheard to outward sense, still full of hope and comfort to the sorrowing girl who had knelt in supplication there, filled her heart.

Before leaving France Pearl paid a visit to her friends at St. Valérie, having written to Juliette, telling her what had happened and of her own plans.

Madame Annette was shocked at Pearl's idea of going to England alone.

"Pauvre petite, I pray you to stay with Juliette and me. Do not go seeking those whom you may never find. No, no, chérie, remain with us; we will be kind to you, and you will be happy."

Pearl listened to all madame's loving words, more moved by them than she allowed to appear.

"It is near the harvesting time," continued she, "and there will be the fête, and at St. Valérie we do not things poorly. Ah no; there will also be the harvest dance by moonlight, and the singers who sing of the great Charlemagne and the good St. Louis; ah, I see you smile. She will remain, our pretty Pearl; is it not so, chérie?"

And Pearl did smile a happy girlish smile, and her cheek flushed as she pictured what the scene would be in the sweet pastoral country, for she was a true artist, and loved the fair face of nature in La Belle France.

But pleasure and joy must for the present be put aside. She felt the grave necessity of doing what she thought it was her duty to do. So putting her arm round madame's neck, and affectionately kissing her, Pearl told her reasons for leaving before the fête; and although madame and Juliette were truly grieved to part with her, they pressed her no more to stay, feeling she was right.

VI.

Monsieur Simon had furnished Pearl with an introduction to a French lady who received boarders, and to her house she proceeded when, bewildered and tired, she arrived in London.

Pearl was not displeased with her small rooms; they were neat and well-ordered. She was glad to rid herself of the fatigue and dust of travel by a bath and change of dress, after which she sat down to the cup of tea and accompaniments she so much wanted.

By the time she had finished she had laid her plans, and then, comforted and refreshed, she went to bed.

M. Simon had also given her a letter to an artist friend, who could procure a student's admission for the galleries of the British Museum, so that the hours, or some of them, not devoted to giving lessons, Pearl intended to pass in studying from the antique.

A few days saw the requisite entrée in her hands, and full of that blessed hopefulness which God bestows so graciously to youth, Pearl, with a light heart, set up her easel, chose her study, and diligently set to work.

At first she was immensely interested by the new and strange life around her, though it was very lonely at times. When studying in Paris, the French teacher or madame always went with her, and seeing other girls studying, the thought of her fearfully lonely position came over her heart like a cold wind.

Then the simple earnest teaching of Madame Martinez came to her mind: "Put your trust always in God, and whatever clouds may obscure for a time your life, He will sustain and help you." Thus thought the lonely girl as she turned her regards steadily to her work, and soon that absorbed all her attention.

So the days passed on. No answer came from the agent who was to procure lessons for her, and Pearl, in thinking of her small stock of money, began, notwithstanding all the faith and hope she really had, to mope and fear for the future.

Who could blame her? No mother's voice or sister's hopeful words cheered her, and if at times the hard present seemed to show a harder future, it was only when fatigued and she could not take the repose she needed from her work, for after a time the brave young heart would recover its elastic tone, and hope, like a blossoming flower expanding its leaves, would fill her with the perfume of brighter thoughts as the flower charmed her with its sweet presence.

Pearl was putting up her drawing materials one afternoon, thinking that a brisk walk would do her good, for she was dispirited that another week had passed and no lessons had been got, when she thought she heard her name spoken by some one near.

"'Tis our Pearlie, I am certain sure," and as Pearl turned her head round to see who it could be, she was taken veritably in the arms of Madge Howard, and kissed and kissed again, although there were some other students near.

"Why, Pearlie, darling, who would have thought of seeing you in this emporium of musty books and mummies? What planet have you dropped from, my pearl of Pearls? It is so good to see you. Where can we go to talk?" and although the gay words were on Madge's lips her blue eyes were full of tears. She was deeply moved to see the girl she had always truly loved, and more so that Pearl had become pale and thin with anxiety and being so much alone, and Madge noticed it.

The two girls remained, hand clasped in hand, for it seemed as if it was all too good to be true.

"Oh, Madge, how good it is to see you, dear. Come, I have a neat little lodging near here, and we will have tea and a cosy chat over it; is it not so?"

"That will be charming. And how good you are to ask me," said Madge.

"You mean how good you are to come," for Madge was dressed in that simple perfection of style which told of ample means, whilst Pearl's black dress was—well, we shall say—not new.

But she made no apology for her small rooms; a true lady never apologises for poverty. She had no false pride, she was only a brave young worker, and had almost given up the hope that something would turn up about her relations.

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Arrived at home Pearl welcomed Madge with a warm embrace, and in a few minutes the two girls were seated at the tea-table, each one seeming to feel as though she hardly believed in the other's presence.

"Who would have thought this morning that we should meet this afternoon, Pearlie? I have so often thought of you, and wondered what you were doing. Why did you never write to me? Now tell me all about yourself, dear—ah! it is so nice to be with you," said Madge, jumping up and down on her seat as she used to do in their school-days when pleased.

Before they separated Pearl had told her friend her simple story, the only drawback to their pleasure being in the fact that Madge was about to quit England with her family for an autumn trip to the Continent. Before they parted, Madge made Pearl promise to give herself a holiday so that they might together visit the Royal Academy.

Accordingly one nice sunshiny day the two girls, with Pearl's landlady as chaperone, set out full of joyful anticipation of passing the day together in sightseeing, and in due time arrived at Burlington House.

Their progress through the rooms was slow, for it was the fashionable time of day, but at last they succeeded in getting seats, so that they might rest before going round.

Madge looked about her with easy assurance, but Pearl seemed almost abashed by the number of people staring at each other more than at the pictures, but she was startled by an exclamation from Madge, and on looking up she saw that her friend was looking with wondering eyes at the portrait of a young lady.

"Why, Pearlie, why did you not tell me your portrait was in the Academy? you sly thing! Who painted it?"

"My portrait, Madge—you're joking."

"Well, seeing is believing; come and see."

Both girls were astonished, Pearl particularly, for before them was the portrait of a young girl in all the blossoming beauty of early womanhood. Surely it was Pearl herself!

Madge turned her smiling, enquiring eyes on her friend, saying, "Look dear. Now confess; for there you are."

But Pearl had no words to answer her friend's badinage; she remembered what madame had told her of her twin sister, and the circumstances in which she had first seen her. She felt that before her was the limned likeness of that sister. At that moment a great yearning love came to her heart, and a purpose was born into her mind that henceforth the great work of her life should be to find her twin sister.

Madame Martinez had so frequently spoken of that night of terror when her husband had brought the babe to their hiding-place and of the probability—nay, almost certainty, that her parents had relinquished their search for her, believing that she had perished with her nurse.

"Pearlie, dear, speak to me! Don't look so scared. Ah! I remember now what our dear madame told us of her having you, and I am sure that although she intended to look about her in her proposed journey to England for your friends, still it was with a hope she would not find them, for, oh, darling, how she loved you."

Pearl was in tears now. "Oh, Madge, if you knew how often I have longed to have a sister, and have dreamed away many half hours in our sunny garden at Passy, thinking what my twin sister was like, forgetting that twins are generally like each other."

"Well, dear, who knows but that some day you may see her. And you must always write to me, and tell me everything; and above all things I must have your address, eh, Pearlie? Promise." And Pearl promised.

Whilst they had been talking, time had slipped by and the people were about to quit the exhibition; the girls and their chaperone therefore left for the apartments of Pearl, who had ordered high tea for the occasion.

On the whole it had been a happy day for both Madge and Pearl, and when the pleasant evening was over, when they had recounted the stories of their school days, and laughed at the remembrance of the tricks they had played old Manon, poor Manon who loved them all, the time came for Madge to go home.

"You have promised, Pearlie, to come and pay a visit to us when we return from the Continent, mind, dear. But I know you won't break a promise; you never did in the dear old days."

They parted with this loving promise. Pearl stood watching her school-mate, so true to their old friendship, and saw her turn to kiss her hand in farewell. She lingered at the door till she was out of sight, and then slowly re-entered the house.

VII.

"Well, nurse, how is your patient to day—not so rambling I hope, eh?"

"Better I think this morning, doctor. Since six o'clock she has slept quietly, and I have great hope she will yet do us credit."

"Well, yes, I hope so."

As the doctor turned to question a patient the invalid in No. 8 hospital ward opened a pair of large gray violet eyes, putting up a small, almost transparent, hand to push back the hair which was no longer there. She tried to rise to a sitting posture, at the same time saying in a frightened voice, "What have you done with my hair?"

"Your hair, dearie? Oh, that will all come again, soon. But you are better, that is the best thing."

"Oh, dear, what does it all mean? Who are these people in the beds? Am I at school? Is it all a dream—Madge and the picture too? Oh, me, what is the matter?" and Pearl, for it was she, turned her head here and there, as though trying to recognize something familiar, but in vain, for she was the inmate of a hospital ward.

The reason of her presence there was on this wise.

The house in which were her rooms had been burnt to the ground!

No one knew how the fire originated. Pearl was awakened by a cry of fire, and the policeman's heavy raps at the street door. She heard the voices in the street loud and hoarse, then a blinding light and smoke which seemed to suffocate her; a heavy blow which seemed to scathe her, and then darkness!

WORD PICTURES FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. I.

Forth through the city gates behold him come;
A youthful ruler, yet a man of war;
A man for whom the future hath in store
Yet greater honour, and a kingly home.

His garment is a robe whose ample fold
Reveals the dyer's art in every hue,
And well becomes, so rich it is and new,
The proud young form, the carriage firm and bold.

But mark, another comes! The die is cast!
A prophet surely, by his dress and mien;
With sudden gesture, nervous hand and lean,
He grasps the ruler's robe, and holds it fast.

Stript is the warrior of his garment brave,
Which straight is rent in pieces; and the while
The prophet prophesies, no cringing smile
Wreathes his firm lips, no pardon doth he crave.

But still he speaks—now with a kindling eye,
As though his Master's promise spake through him;
And now his face with gloom and fear is dim,
Born of that stern, sad gift of prophecy.

M. E. B.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



RESIDENCE OF THE HIGH PRIEST AT KIOTO.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

XI.—THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

"LAND ahead!" was the joyous cry that greeted us at sunrise, on Monday the 21st of October, when, after travelling west for twenty days across the lonely ocean, our good ship, well manned and skilfully handled, bore us safe to the beautiful chain of islands which bends like a crescent off the continent of Asia in the far-off east, and which is fitly called Dai Nippon, or the land of the rising sun. Our last Sunday on board had been a mournful day, for death had been among us, and had cut off two of the steerage passengers, Chinamen longing for home and now approaching it, but suddenly called away to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns;" and also had plucked a floweret, an infant of ten months, from among the cabin pas-

sengers—the first and only child of one of the missionaries, who with his young wife was bearing the hope of their newly-married life to the mission fields of Japan, but now only to lay the tiny corpse beneath its sod—a sad burden to carry with them from the ship. Still the floweret was not lost, it was transplanted only, to bloom afresh in the heavenly paradise. Emerging from the darkness and the cloud of sorrow as that bright morning dawned, "Land!" was the joyous cry that greeted us; and such land! who ever saw so lovely and heavenly a sight? Away along the horizon, before us rose the glorious and graceful Fusiama, the highest mountain of Japan, rising as if out of the sea, twelve thousand feet, its summit clad in snow and lit up with the rays of the rising sun. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and the contrast with the sorrow and death of the day before made it the more impressive. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Like the Matterhorn, as I have seen it from the Riffel, lit up with sunshine and appearing suddenly though a gauze of clearing mist after a pouring night, so Fusiama, with its crater summit telling of its volcanic origin, and symmetrical sweep of side, which the Japanese are never weary of depicting in every work of art, bright in the morning sunbeams appeared like a welcoming angel rising out of the Pacific, and heralding the voyagers into port. It was a prosperous and happy omen to the missionaries, greeting them as the messengers of the glad tidings from the far west to the extreme east. As we entered the bay of Yeddo the bright green foliage of the islands, already touched with autumn tints, saluted our longing eyes, a happy relief after many days of sea and sky. Japan is a land of mountains which sweep up peak-like from the ocean; indeed, the whole chain of islands seems the crest of a great submarine mountain, and from the coast the land plunges down abruptly into the deep. The fishing junks, with their mat sails, are placidly gliding to and fro along the coast or lying in the bays, and dark-roofed villages presently appear nestled among woods down along the water's edge. The ocean is for the Japanese the great reservoir of food, and the abundant fish provide an inexhaustible and easily attainable supply.

No sooner was our ship anchored in the wide harbour of Yokohama than she was surrounded by a fleet of boats like a swarm of bees, each with two or three scantily-clad natives, all shouting and chattering, a babel of voices, and either bringing messengers to the ship or seeking employment. The Chinese were the most persistent to obtain a footing on board and in desiring to transact business, but they received very rough usage at the hands of our officers and quartermasters. Here I witnessed for the first time what continually met my eye in China and India, the barbarous and savage roughness with which the white man, English or American, with impunity treats an oriental. I saw an officer take a Chinaman, respectably dressed and the bearer of a letter, by his pigtail, tie it round his neck and strangle him, while he kicked him down the gangway. The Japanese, being hot-tempered, will not suffer this; if struck, they retaliate; but the Chinese and the Hindoos, while evidently feeling the insult keenly, receive blows with silence and manifest amazing self-control. Taking leave of our obliging captain and those of the passengers bound six days farther to Hong Kong, we were rowed ashore in the barge of the Grand Hotel. All the Japanese boats are built sternless, the planks projecting upwards behind with a false stern about two feet inside. Thus they evade an old law forbidding junks to be built with sterns, a law made by the rulers of the country three centuries ago to prevent emigration.

The first tokens of European civilisation that met our eyes as we rowed ashore were those monster weapons of destruction—the ironclads. Here in this peaceful harbour the calm seas bear up the war-ships of Russia, Germany, France, and England, a "happy family" gathered in these remote waters, watching each other with lynx-eyed port-holes. During our stay we had the smoke and smell of gunpowder, and heard the thunder of the guns, but it was only a salute in honour of poor Lady Parkes, of the English Embassy, who was going home to die. Nearing the shore European hotels, clubs, and warehouses come fully in view, and but for other incongruous tokens of barbarism about us, we might fancy ourselves to be landing at some European port. Yokohama is divided into three parts—the native town, the European business town, and the Bluff, a high cliff running some distance along the coast, where the residences of Americans and Europeans stand. It is astonishing to observe how quickly our western civilisation has transformed the place. As far back indeed as 1854 the first treaties were made by Commodore Perry, of the U.S. navy, followed by France and England. But these treaties came to naught because they were made with the Shogun only. We mistook the nature of the Japanese form of government, fancying that the Shogun at Yeddo was the rightful secular ruler, and that the Mikado at Kioto was the spiritual. The fact is, Japan never had but one rightful dynasty, that of the Mikado; and the Shoguns, though in power for two centuries, were rebels and usurpers. Opposition to their authority, smouldering for many years, came to a head in the revolution of 1868, when the Shogun was dethroned, and the Mikado reinstated on his rightful throne. Then really began the freedom of intercourse with foreigners which has produced so many and such rapid changes. The treaties then made with America and England have led to a vast increase of commerce, to the introduction of railways and telegraphs, and a postal system equal to our own, to the establishment of schools and colleges, and to the extension of missionary effort. And now it seems that progress in the country is passing into a new phase: jealousy of foreign interference is growing, and there is a strong desire, on the part of the government, while learning all they can from foreigners, to keep them at arm's length, and to assert the independence and dignity of the empire. Hence they are drilling their soldiers and arming them with rifles, and are purchasing guns and ironclads for themselves.

But side by side with these tokens of civilisation remains of the old barbarism meet the eye on every hand. The very carriages, horsed with men, startle you at first. The *jin-ricki-sha*, meaning literally, "man-draw-carriage," or as the Yankees facetiously call it "pull-man car," is like a bath-chair without the front wheel; instead are shafts in which one or two natives run tandem. It holds two children or one adult, and you are pulled

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along at the rate of four or five miles an hour. The jinricksha men are obliged in towns to wear a linen coat, but outside the city limits this is pulled off, and they have nothing but a scanty loin cloth, their bodies being often fantastically tattooed. You will see fashionably-dressed ladies, sitting with the greatest ease, borne about in these jinrickshas, in the midst of carts drawn by brawny men in nature's garb; for, in summer, clothing is at a discount among the bulk of the people. Few horses are to be seen. Indeed, there still exists in Japan a scarcity of beasts of burden. There are no oxen and very few cows. Almost the only domestic animals are cocks and hens.

After securing our quarters in one of the hotels, and visiting the consul to obtain passports from the Japanese government, empowering us to travel in the interior, we visited the missionaries Dr. J. Brown and Dr. Hepburn. They received us cordially and gave us valuable information. Dr. Hepburn, medical missionary, is the best Japanese scholar not a native; he is the author of a lexicon of the language, and is, with Dr. Brown and others, engaged upon a new translation of the Scriptures. The Chinese character is for the most part used in books and newspapers, and the educated can read this; but there is also a native syllabic alphabet written cursively, of thirty-four characters, which takes up more room, and is still employed in the margin to explain a difficult word.

The ancient religion of Japan is *Shintoism*, and this has always been the religion of the Mikado, and is now the state religion. Shintoism may be called the Puritanism of Japan. In a pure Shinto temple there is no image or idol, but a mirror—the emblem of purity—occupies the centre of the shrine. This is explained to be the old Greek proverb "Know thyself," or, as Bishop Williams of Tokio expressed it, "Reverence thy conscience." As you look into the mirror, so God looks into your heart, and sees you through and through. There is in Shintoism no shaven or celibate priesthood; simplicity characterises its ministry and its services; white is the prevailing colour of temple and of garments. Besides the mirror, the only symbols are the *Gohei*, strips of white paper hanging from rods, and supposed to be prayers borne on the wind. The worshipper approaching the temple pulls the heavy clapper of a huge bell (the Japanese have everywhere large and beautiful bells), washes his hands and lips at the sacred tank—a small stone cistern, carefully levelled, into which the water is constantly flowing, and over the edges of which all round it gracefully trickles down—claps his hands to call the attention of the god, offers a short prayer, a few seconds only, throws his cash into the money-box, and departs. As you approach each temple there is a huge *torii*, or "bird-rest," usually made of metal, morticed and worked like wood. It resembles a gate-way, and consists of two upright posts, ten or twelve feet high and eight or ten apart, leaning somewhat towards each other, and connected at the top by a horizontal cross-bar. Originally it was a perch for the sacred birds, and perched on this the cocks used to herald the morn. The temples are surrounded by several buildings, stables for sacred horses and the like—for the Japanese are very gentle and reverential to animals—and pagodas, and are built on hills in the midst of trees. The roofs are very graceful and very massive. The Bible of Shintoism is called the *Kojiki*, full of narrative, but with few precepts. Shintoism is a shadowy faith. At its basis is a theory of a neuter trinity, from which is said to have sprung a race of demigods or heroes, of whom the Mikado is one. At the present time it seems to be adopted by many as monotheistic, and it has much of modern thought engrafted upon it.

In addition to Shintoism, at first distinct but now often blended with it, is Buddhism, imported in the sixth century from China. Buddhism has been patronized chiefly by the Shoguns, the dynasty of usurpers from 1600 down to 1868. Huge images of Buddha, fifty feet high, in bronze, are to be seen in different parts of the country, the most notable being the Daibutz at Nara, and that at Kamakura. Many old Shintoo temples are now Buddhist shrines. Buddhism is the Ritualism of Japan. There are many points of resemblance between Buddhism and Romanism. The tank of holy water, the shaven and celibate priesthood, the gorgeous shrine, the vestments and lights, the rosary, monks and nuns, penances and pilgrimages, stations, images of saints or Buddhas, for the crucifix the image of Buddha, for the Virgin Mary, the goddess of mercy. So close in many points is the resemblance that it is difficult to say whether Buddhism borrowed them from Romanism, or Romanism borrowed them from Buddhism. I was told by one of the Episcopal missionaries a story of a Japanese young lady who was going the round of the Buddhist shrines. When she came to Yokohama, having visited the native temples, she asked, "Have not the foreigners a shrine?" whereupon her friends took her to the Episcopal church, then in ritualistic hands. She walked up the aisle to the altar, and kneeling down without noticing any difference, said her prayers to Buddha.

There are several sects of Buddhists in Japan, but in most the system has become an empty form and a gloomy superstition. It has been degraded by the people, the national immorality has left its stamp upon it, and even the priests are no longer ascetics, but live in open concubinage. The Monto Buddhists are at present the most popular, and are erecting a huge temple in Tokio, the beams for which were drawn through the streets by old men, women and children. The Monto Buddhists preach a sort of justification by faith. The one prayer of this system is—

> "*Namu amida Buddha!*"
> "Be merciful, great Buddha!"

and if a man, however wicked, prays this prayer in the act of dying, he goes at once to Nirvana, the Buddhist heaven.

Christianity and Scepticism are now making their rival and opposing claims upon the people. The works of Messrs. Huxley, Tindall, Herbert Spencer, Bain and John Stuart Mill, are read by the better-instructed among the youth. Lecturers in their colleges tell them that in England and America Christianity is now cast off as an obsolete creed by all the better educated men; and the opinion of ecclesiastics and government officials is that the old religions of Japan have more to fear from secularism and atheism than from Christianity. The present condition of the country, where we see the appliances of modern civilisation, railways, telegraphs, postal

system, secular education, schools and colleges and literature, coexisting side by side with the grossest heathen vices, is to the Christian a striking proof that nothing will truly elevate man and make him what he ought to be, the child of God and partaker of the Divine nature, nothing will liberate woman from her thraldom as the slave and chattel of man, nothing will really elevate a nation and give it "purer manners, juster laws," save the religion of Jesus Christ; that religion which brings with it, and establishes upon a sure foundation, those two blessings which God gave man before the fall, and which together form the basis of any well-ordered healthy social state — marriage and the Sabbath. Already upon this interesting country the Sun of Righteousness is rising with healing in his beams.

HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

IV.—SPECIAL WORDS SPOKEN BY CHRIST TO PETER.

IN an endeavour to appreciate the value of the Scriptural records of St. Peter, with a view both to our confidence in their trustworthy character, and to the practical religious instruction and help which they furnish, it is evidently incumbent upon us to mark very carefully any words specially addressed by our Lord to this Apostle. What was said by the Saviour to him was, of course, intended for others as well as for himself, for the bystanders and listeners primarily, and subsequently for all generations of men into whose hands the Bible should come. But when words were spoken to him individually, his personality is brought to view by this very circumstance. There is often, too, something in the occasion of a directly personal kind, which constitutes part of the lesson we are to learn; and, moreover, there is sometimes traceable in such scenes an undoubted or a probable connection of the words in question with subsequent facts of St. Peter's conduct, experience and teaching.

Such remarks are true of incidents already adduced from the associations of the Lake of Gennesaret and the city of Capernaum, and of other incidents which will form the subject of later papers in this series. But, in fact, the materials with which we have to deal in this inquiry are very various, and some care is required in the arranging of them under different heads; while it is an advantage, as was said at the outset, that they are not tied down to any very precise and systematic method. On the present occasion five instances will be selected for examination, the first being one which does not at first sight connect itself very specially with Peter, though we shall see that it probably had a connection with him of a very peculiar kind.

Among the sayings uttered by our Lord which may be truly termed parables, though not always formally classed under that designation, was this: "There is nothing without a man that entering in can defile him; not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but the things that come out of him; that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." This sentence, though only referring on the surface to outward things, carries with it large and far-reaching spiritual meanings. Hence it may correctly be termed a parable.

These words, too, like those with which we were last occupied in the preceding paper, were spoken at Capernaum. The Lord had come back from across the lake, and certain Pharisees, with some scribes from Jerusalem, visited Him, and found fault with his disciples for eating with unwashen hands. This led to a stern rebuke of formality and hypocrisy, and of that religion which consists of an observance of externals. And now the Lord, having finished with the Pharisees and Scribes, "called all the people," and spoke the words above quoted, with one emphatic addition which made them more memorable: "Hearken every one of you, and understand: If any man have ears to hear, let him hear" (Matt xv. 1–20; Mark vii. 1–23).

Now we come to the point of special connection with St. Peter. In order to see it distinctly, we must put together the accounts of St. Matthew and St. Mark. Both these evangelists tell us that the disciples afterwards privately asked the meaning of the parable. But one of them informs us of the place where this conversation occurred; the other tells us who asked the question that led to Christ's answer. St. Matthew says that it was "when He was entered into the house from the people" that this private conversation took place. That was the house of Simon and Andrew. But St. Mark tells us of something still more definite and personal: "Peter said unto Him, Declare us this parable." Peter is, as usual, ready with his words; and while, doubtless, honestly eager for instruction, by no means retires behind the others into the background. We have to thank his impetuosity, if we may reverently say so, for a very important result. For, after our Lord has explained that what goes into a man's mouth merely follows physical laws, and has no necessary effect on his character, He declares to us the solemn truth that the evil thoughts and foul desires which come from within do defile him morally and spiritually. After this statement, St. Mark adds, according to the true reading of the manuscripts: "This He said, cleansing all meats," pronouncing all food pure.

This is not the place for any remarks in detail on the critical question here involved. But the fact of the true reading, which has been very curiously preserved, may be stated very confidently. And from this fact the mind passes, by a rapid process of thought, to another occasion on which St. Peter was afterwards concerned with the same subjects. Can we doubt that a remembrance of his Lord's words came into St. Peter's mind in connection with the case of Cornelius, if not with the flash of a sudden conviction, yet with a gradual, and, in the end, irresistible persuasion, during the vision at Joppa, or in conversation at Cæsarea? The Lord had

spoken the words in answer to a pointed question; and the question had been asked in Peter's house and by Peter himself. We should note, too, that the identical Greek word for cleansing, or declaring pure, is used in the two cases. It is a most expressive word, which, besides teaching the lesson for the moment of the worthlessness of all merely external observances, proclaims all caste to belong to temporary states of society, and to be out of harmony with the true spirit of the Gospel. This link of connection between Capernaum and Cæsarea, between a parable, at first obscure, and the broad, luminous teaching of the universality of the religion of Christ, is full of interest, and has not been observed so carefully as it deserves.

We may now slightly notice a detached fragment, if we may so term it, in the Gospel of St. Matthew. This evangelist alone gives us the parable of the Unmerciful Servant: and he describes it as arising out of a question asked by St. Peter. Our Saviour had been giving instruction regarding the duty of forgiveness. "Then came Peter to Him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven" (Matt. xvii. 20, 21). Then follows the parable. This preamble to the parable connects the occasion very definitely with St. Peter. The same lesson of forgiveness was indeed given at another time to all the disciples. "If thy brother trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him" (Luke xvii. 4). But here the lesson is less emphatic and more restricted; the forgiveness inculcated is less lavish and less free; and the charm and the force of the "seventy times seven" are wanting. We may well believe that Peter's hot temper was vindictive, and that he needed special training in this particular before he became a thorough disciple of Christ and an apostle fit to teach the world. Peter's view of the range of forgiveness was limited to the old Jewish notion of seven being a sacred figure up to which remission might be properly extended. How thoroughly he learnt and taught afterwards the doctrine of unlimited forgiveness we see in the general tone, and in beautiful passages of his First Epistle. "If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God" (1 Peter ii. 20). "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil, but contrariwise blessing" (iii. 8, 9). The benediction which has been brought through this teaching to mankind, age after age, is incalculable. Paley has a sentence on this subject, written well under the mark and with a touch of humour, which it may be worth while to quote: "It is one excellency of our Saviour's rules, that they are either never mistaken, or never so mistaken as to do harm. Notwithstanding our Lord bade his followers 'forgive their enemies seventy times seven times,' the Christian world has hitherto suffered little by too much placability and forbearance."

As the Saviour's earthly life approaches its close, and the shadows deepen, St. Peter becomes even more conspicuous, and the solemn Gospel-teaching tends more and more to associate itself with his person and character. The three instances which remain to be considered are all within the sacred narrative of the Passion. And first we turn to the prediction of Peter's denial of his Master. All the evangelists record this prophecy, but with differences which suggest very interesting critical questions. Into these we need not enter. It is not necessary for our present purpose to inquire at what particular moment or moments, during the approach of the Agony in the Garden, the warning of his impending fall was given to Peter. Words of very peculiar interest, very different from one another, are connected with this occasion and with this disciple by St. Luke and St. John (Luke xxii. 31–33; John xiii. 36–37): and these words will demand attention afterwards. We may limit ourselves here to what is said by the two other evangelists, but by St. Mark with more vividness and minuteness than by St. Matthew.

The Lord told the disciples, at that sad and serious time, that they should all, that very night, find occasion of stumbling in Him; and He quoted the ancient prophecy: "'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered abroad,'" and then He adds, "But after I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee." There is a verbal connection here, which might easily be missed, except by those who look carefully at the original. The word used for "going before" is precisely that which would naturally be employed for an eastern shepherd preceding his flock. A French writer says here very beautifully: "The sheep forsake the shepherd, but the shepherd forsakes not the sheep. He will seek them, will call them back, will bring them home; and meanwhile He strengthens them and consoles them by the hope of the resurrection. If Jesus did not go before us in the power of his resurrection-life, how should we recover ourselves, how should we go to Him?" There are special links with Peter, as we have seen already, in this mention of Galilee, and, as we shall see hereafter, in this use of the image of the shepherd and his flock. More obvious on the surface is the strong manifestation of his personal character in his vehement protestations: "Though all men should be offended with Thee, yet will not I," and "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee" (Matt. xxvi. 35). Contrast supplies the connection between St. Peter as he appears here near the close of the gospel history, and the same disciple as he appears in the earlier part of the narrative of the Acts of the Apostles. Then, through the power of Divine grace, the steady courage of faith had taken the place of self-confidence and vain presumption; and he could say with truth, and did say in action, "Yet will I not deny Thee in any wise."

Meanwhile other lessons were to be learnt by St. Peter, in close and tender association with his Lord's Agony. When the Lord had passed through the first part of his suffering in Gethsemane, with the three disciples near Him, St. Luke tells us simply that He came to them and said, "Why sleep ye?" St. Matthew does say that the question was addressed to Peter, but he gives it in a very general form. But St. Mark makes it very specific and personal: "He cometh and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one hour?" He calls him by the old name by which he was familiarly known, when as yet he was a mere fisherman on the lake of Gennesaret. This difference between the two Evangelists is, like other similar differences, a con-

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firmation of the belief that St. Mark wrote his gospel under the superintendence of St. Peter. This subject will receive more specific attention afterwards; but the present instance may be noted in passing as a proof of Peter's deep repentance, of his vivid remembrance, alike of his own shame, and of his Master's loving admonition and vigilant care. He had made loud professions above the rest of fidelity and courage; and now, like the others, he was asleep.

The concluding instance selected for notice here is that which comes to view in the account of the Last Miracle before the Crucifixion. The same character of eager zeal and headlong impulsiveness is conspicuous to the last. Even if one of the evangelists did not tell us that it was Peter who struck at Malchus, we should have been sure that it was he. Physical courage, even to rashness, was present at the very time when moral courage was miserably wanting. There is something like deep irony in what is incidentally mentioned elsewhere (John xviii. 26), that one of the servants, before whom Peter afterwards trembled, so as to be guilty of base denial, was the "kinsman" of Malchus. The calm lesson which is given by the Lord to his disciples, at this moment of hot and eager haste, is the lesson of resignation and of non-resistance. "Put up thy sword into the sheath. They that take the sword shall perish by the sword. The cup that my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" (Matt. xxvi. 52: John xviii. 10, 11.) And again, we may refer to St. Peter's First Epistle, as furnishing proof how thoroughly his Master's sacred teaching had pervaded his heart and mind. Once he had so resisted the thought of that Master's suffering and had so deprecated it as intolerable and dreadful, that he brought down upon himself one of the most severe rebukes ever uttered by Christ. To the exclamation, "That be far from Thee, Lord!" came a reply of startling severity, "Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of man." And now at the last the same mistaken sense of loyalty had led this disciple into error. By using violence Peter had compromised his Master's cause. A short time before the Lord had said: "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight: but now is my kingdom not from hence." One part of the instructiveness of the miracle is that it removed this difficulty and once more proved the religion of Christ to be a religion of forgiveness and love. The time came, when Peter found in the thought of his Saviour's sufferings the utmost solace, and ground for the deepest gratitude. "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps, who when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, He threatened not" (ii. 21, 23). "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (iii. 18). "Forasmuch, then, as Christ also hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind" (iv. 1). Thus twice within the space of these few pages, has this Epistle been adduced as furnishing materials for apprehending both the unity and the instructiveness of St. Peter's biography, and as helping to bind together by this biographical link different parts of the New Testament. Ample materials, however, still remain for a specific article on that one subject.

STORY OF A SCOTTISH SHRINE.

ST. DUTHUS' CHURCH, TAIN.

LYING aside from the usual route of the tourist in Scotland, the town of Tain—a royal burgh in Ross-shire—occupies a picturesque position on the southern shore of the Dornoch Firth. It stands on a terrace considerably elevated above the sea, and dates from the time of Malcolm Canmore. A visitor to Tain would be pleased with its ancient tower in the centre of the town, surmounted by a spire of polished stone, its handsome court-house and county buildings, and its substantial houses of yellow freestone; but his interest would be more fully excited by the old Church of St. Duthus veiled partially by a screen of old trees. This edifice was *rebuilt* about the year 1360, and named after the patron saint of Tain. King James III. erected it into a collegiate church, and endowed its officials out of the crown lands. Like most of the collegiate churches of Scotland, it is of the decorated or middle pointed Gothic, and is a fine specimen of that style. To the recent restoration of this building—disused as the parish church since 1815—by the praiseworthy efforts of some of the leading inhabitants, and others connected with the town and district, we shall afterwards advert.

Besides the graceful Gothic structure of St. Duthus' Church, which has so long given a distinction to Tain, and whose history is interwoven with that of the town, there is another sacred and yet more ancient building, but now in ruins. This still older and ruined chapel stands apart on a little sequestered mound below the town. Unroofed for well nigh five centuries, the walls, built with hard sandstone and strongly cemented, have marvellously resisted the disintegrating effects of time; and, notwithstanding the clinging ivy which partially shrouds them, indicate a rude, yet simple, architecture. Here was the original shrine of St. Duthus, whose name lends interest and celebrity to Tain. Here on the spot marked by the ruins, the saint was born; and here also it is surmised, but on doubtful data, his bones lie buried.*

Many familiar with the names of St. Patrick, St. Columba, and St. Ninian, early lights of the Christian faith among the Celtic tribes of Ireland and Scotland, may know nothing of St. Duthus; and it must be confessed that for a man so distinguished as to invest with a special sanctity the place of his birth and sepulture, but little is known beyond the meagre outlines furnished by tradition. A quotation from the Irish annals first made by Dr. Reeve, in his life of St. Columba, gives us almost the only trustworthy facts pertaining to St. Duthus. He is styled by the annalist "Chief Confessor of Ireland and Scotland," and his death is recorded as having taken place at Armagh in 1065. From this exact account we may suppose that he was born

* The Rev. William Taylor, a high authority on the antiquities of Tain, says it is by no means certain that the old chapel *below the town* contains the bones of the saint. He points out that there was another St. Duthus' Chapel or burying-place within the town close to St. Duthus' Church, and there he thinks it more probable the relics of St. Duthus were finally deposited.

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some time about the year 1000. His parents, it is said, were of high rank and pious, and sent their son to be educated in Ireland, where at that time still lingered the Christian light and learning for which at an earlier period, it was famous. In Ireland Duthus, or Duthac, for orthography is varied, studied the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and otherwise acquired reputation for learning and piety. Of his labours, exerted, it appears, equally in Scotland and Ireland, we have no authentic record. We must, however, conceive of him as a great figure in the Celtic or Culdee Church of the eleventh century. And here we note that the faith of the Culdees had a Gallic, not a Roman, origin. The Culdee Church was founded by St. Patrick in the fifth century, on the model of the monastic system established by St. Martin of Tours. St. Patrick was the nephew of St. Martin, and drew alike his Christian knowledge, learning and ecclesiastical polity from France. The Scots of Ireland and of the west of Scotland were one people, and alike owned the rule of St. Patrick and his successor St. Columba. From Armagh the primacy was transferred to Iona by St. Columba; from thence it was in time, with the conquest of the Picts, carried inland to Dunkeld; and, after an interval, was once more removed to St. Andrew's, where it remained until the Culdees were finally reduced to obedience to Rome.

From the Island of Iona, so renowned as the early seat of piety and learning established by St. Columba, the Culdee missionaries penetrated to the Scottish mainland, carrying with them the truths of Christianity and establishing religious houses or colleges as centres of light among the heathen darkness of the Celtic tribes. The Culdees, holding a purer faith than that of Rome, differed from Rome also as to the time of observing Easter and Lent, and in other points of order and discipline. In the time of St. Duthus the rule of St. Patrick and St. Columba was still adhered to in Ireland and Scotland. The last of the great Celtic teachers or missionaries, we must conceive of St. Duthus as holding by the faith and traditions of the Culdee church, and as animated by the spirit of his predecessors. Only by a high personal character, and by devoted labours, whether as confessor, preacher, or learned ecclesiastic, could he have so touched the imagination and impressed the hearts of his contemporaries as to excite the reverence which attached to his name. Naturally enough, in the increasing darkness of the ages following, this sentiment, degenerating to superstition and relic-worship, led to a shrine and pilgrimages.

St. Duthus died and was buried in Ireland shortly after Malcolm Canmore, the son of the "gracious" and "murdered" Duncan, and the first king of a united Scotland, came to the throne. About two centuries later, in the reign of Alexander III., in accordance with the growing superstition of the times, the bones of Duthus were removed to the shore of the Dornoch Firth and interred in the town already sacred as the place of his birth. Over his birthplace, whether before or after the removal of the relics does not appear, the rude and now ruined chapel to which we have referred was erected, which for ages drew devout multitudes within its precincts. The old chapel seems never to have been used as a church, but as the residence of a hermit who guarded the shrine of the saint. It is interesting to think that Malcolm Canmore, on account of his regard for the memory of the venerated Duthus, whom he may have known in life, procured for his birthplace, Tain, the special protection of the Apostolic See and the consecration of its territory marked by four girth crosses into a sanctuary or asylum. In the unsettled times which followed it was largely used as a place of refuge—and on one occasion, when the fortunes of Robert Bruce were at a low ebb, his wife and daughter fled to St. Duthus' Chapel within the sanctuary at Tain.

The accession of Malcolm Canmore was not only a great political event in the secular history of Scotland, but, as respects the Culdee or Celtic church, it marked the beginning of the process of its overthrow. The wife of Malcolm was the daughter of the English king, Edward the Confessor. Of saintly character and reared in the Romish faith the Saxon Margaret used all her influence to bring the Culdee clergy under the sway of Rome.

Not only at this period did the Scots hold by their Celtic church, but the Gaelic or Celtic was also the language of the entire country—of king, court, and people—except a little strip along the eastern coast. Malcolm, who was the last of the Gaelic-speaking kings, but who knew Saxon, had to interpret the queen's discourses and arguments addressed to the Culdee clergy into the Gaelic tongue. What was successfully begun by Malcolm and his queen, was completed by King David, who completely suppressed the Culdees and established the Romish church throughout the whole of Scotland. Tain is also associated with this royal saint. The fountain which now supplies the town with an abundant supply of pure water, has, from time immemorial, been known as St. David's Well.

Other shrines bearing the name of St. Duthus existed in Scotland, but the chapel and church of Tain, as holding or associated with the veritable relics of the saint, were held in highest reverence. The sanctity of the chapel was on one occasion violated by the powerful Earl of Ross; and in 1429 it was burnt by a highland chief over the heads of some feudal enemies who had fled to it from his pursuit. Seventy years before the burning of the chapel St. Duthus' Church was re-erected, and shared with the chapel in the honours paid to the shrine of the saint. The remoteness of the locality did not prevent crowds of pilgrims from undertaking the difficulties and perils of the journey. Those who could not travel sent gifts. The oldest will extant in Scotland, that of Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith, dated the 30th of September, 1390, bequeaths to the church of St. Duthus at Tain, "robes of cloth of gold and silk, and furred robes." Some of the Scottish kings from Alexander III. to James I. seem to have visited St. Duthus' shrine. By the order of James IV. an annual sum was paid out of the royal treasury to the chaplain of St. Duthus for saying masses on behalf of his deceased father James III.

The unhappy part taken by James IV. in the rebellion against his father so galled his sensitive conscience, that he wore round his body an iron chain—each year adding to it a link—as an expression of his penitence. His frequent visits to St. Duthus were no doubt prompted by the same cause. It appears that every year, for at least seventeen successive years—from 1496 to 1513—James IV.

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visited the Northern shrine. One year he was there no fewer than three several times. On one occasion he rode from Stirling to St. Duthus, unaccompanied by a single attendant, with nothing but his riding-cloak cast about him, his hunting-knife at his belt, and six-and-twenty pounds in his purse to defray his expenses. He met with no interruption, and of this he was justly proud, as showing the respect for law and order which he had introduced into his kingdom. The last of the visits of James IV. was made



ST. DUTHUS' CHURCH, TAIN.

on the 8th of August, 1513—one month later, on the 9th of September, the gallant monarch fell on the fatal field of Flodden.

The last of the royal pilgrimages to St. Duthus' town was that of the unfortunate James V. It was made by him when the first rays of the light of reformation were breaking over Scotland. Knox in his history mentions that this pilgrimage was promoted by Cardinal Beaton to have the King out of the way on the occasion of the trial, condemnation and burning of his near relative Patrick Hamilton, the first of the Scottish martyrs. This was in the year 1528. It appears that the royal visitors sometimes approached Tain barefooted and walked along a rough path across a moor in the upper part of the parish, since known as the King's Causeway. Patrick Hamilton suffered death at St. Andrew's, the stronghold of the papal power in Scotland, and, as he was of high rank and titular abbot of the monastery of Fearn in the neighbourhood of Tain, his martyrdom must have created a special interest in that locality. It had the effect, as we know, of exciting enquiry and of advancing the Reformation: in the words of the historian "the flames in which he expired were in the course of one generation to enlighten Scotland, and to consume with avenging fury the Catholic superstition and the papal power." Whether from the effect of Hamilton's death, or from other causes, it is a singular fact that Tain, which had been the focus and centre of superstition for so many ages, and which no doubt profited from the influx of pilgrims from all quarters, should have been conspicuous in welcoming the Reformation. Some of the chiefs or gentry of the neighbourhood took a firm stand on the side of Protestantism, and even the Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Duthus voted in the Scottish Parliament for the abolition of the Romish worship.

The wave of religious excitement produced by the preaching of Knox, and which was attended by the destruction of the monasteries, could not fail to travel along the eastern sea-board northwards and to produce an effect at Tain. There, however, its influence was felt in the quiet rejection of the old worship and adherence to the new. No destroying hand was lifted against the time-honoured fabric of St. Duthus' Church. There, when the Reformation was established, the altar, with its gaudy decorations, gave place to the pulpit and to the open Bible, and the mumblings and genuflections of the ministering priest to the preaching of the gospel of Christ.

Lord James Stewart, the natural son of James V., and brother to Mary Queen of Scots, afterwards Earl of Moray and Regent of Scotland, gave an early adhesion to the doctrines of the Reformation. Known throughout Scotland as the "Good Regent," respected for his consistent religious character, it is to the honour of Tain that he specially acknowledged the orderly reforming zeal of its inhabitants by presenting to St. Duthus' Church a handsome oaken pulpit, said to have been carved in France. From the time of the Reformation a succession of able and devoted ministers have expounded from this pulpit the word of God to the parishioners of Tain.

The parish of Tain, in common with that semi-lowland district lying between the sea and the mountains behind, to which it belongs, was not only at the time of the Reformation, but has since been powerfully influenced by the political and religious sentiments of the southern portion of Scotland. The people of this district stood loyal to the old Scottish kings against the encroachments of the Lords of the Isles, and also to the House of Hanover against the pretensions of the Stuarts, while they have been also distinguished by a more decided type of Evangelical Presbyterianism than that which prevailed in some of the neighbouring counties.

In the seventeenth century, to use the words of the Rev. William Taylor, himself a native of Tain, "a broad belt of unreformed popery, or of generally dead Protestantism — extending over Aberdeen, Banff, the greater part of Moray, and the whole south of Inverness-shire—separated this northern district from the southern districts of Scotland, where Evangelical religion also prevailed; the district of the northern firths, in its religious isolation, was thus like an oasis in the midst of a desert."

The parish of Tain itself embraces a mixed low-land and highland population, and its devoted Protestant preachers, from 1560 till the present time, required bi-lingual powers for their duties, having to minister in the same church and from the same pulpit to two different congregations—to the one in the English, and to the other in the Gaelic tongue.

During the troubles of the Church, in the time of James I. of England, one of the ministers of Tain, John Munro, was distinguished by his opposition to that monarch's arbitrary proceedings. Along with the celebrated John Welsh of Ayr and other worthies, in all nineteen, he took part, in the year 1605, in forming the famous interdicted assembly at Aberdeen. For this act, with many of his colleagues, he suffered persecution and imprisonment. The family of the Monroes of Foulis, in the vicinity of Tain, the chief of which greatly aided the Reformation, has produced a remarkable number of zealous Protestant ministers

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and laymen. Thomas Hog, termed by Wodrow that "great and almost apostolical servant of Christ," was a native of Tain.

An account of a religious awakening in the Northern Highlands in quite recent times lies beyond the scope of this brief sketch, which necessarily restricts itself to what concerns the church of St. Duthus. But it is difficult to allude to this revival without mentioning the honoured names of John McDonald of Ferintosh, Alexander Stewart of Cromarty, Donald Sage of Resolis, and Charles Mackintosh of Tain. These men were honoured and successful preachers of the Gospel, and their influence was widely felt in this northern region in the period preceding the Disruption of the Church of Scotland.

The last named was the son of a distinguished father, Dr. Angus Mackintosh, minister of Tain from 1797 until his death in 1831, and at that date the son, formerly colleague, succeeded as sole pastor. He became afterwards widely known in the south of Scotland as Dr. Mackintosh of Dunoon. Dr. Angus Mackintosh, the father, had a high reputation as a pious and earnest minister. His remains lie in the burying-ground of St. Duthus.

It was in 1815, during the pastorate of this respected minister, that an exodus was made by the parishioners from the old Gothic structure, which the increase of the population had rendered inadequate, to the new parish church. From that date the time-honoured and beautiful edifice, where, for two centuries, from 1360 to 1560, the Romish priest had ministered at the altar, and where Scottish kings and nobles had bowed in superstitious reverence; and where for two centuries and a half longer the pure Gospel had been preached alike to Saxon and to Celt in their respective tongues, was given over to neglect and decadence. To quote the words of Provost Vass of Tain: "Its roof failed, its buttresses decayed, its magnificent windows were destroyed, and its beautiful oaken pulpit was torn by barbarous hands, and the carved work converted into useless souvenirs." Dr. Neale, who about thirty years ago visited the ancient ecclesiastical buildings of the Isle of Man, Orkney, Sutherland, and Ross, gives in his published volume a deplorable account of the neglected condition of St. Duthus' Church.

This fine old Gothic structure is now, however, we rejoice to say, no longer a standing reproach to the townsmen of Tain. Some twenty years ago a movement was set on foot, limited at first to stopping the dilapidations of the building, but which within the last ten years grew up into one for effecting its thorough restoration. It has all along been heartily promoted by the successive provosts of the burgh, and by dint of public subscriptions and mainly by the munificence of a few individuals, sons of Tain, the work of restoration has at length been brought well nigh to a satisfactory completion.

The object of the restorers has been to preserve the old church entirely for monumental and memorial purposes. It was on this condition alone, and one cordially accepted by the heritors, that most of the subscriptions were given, and without which indeed they would not have been forthcoming.

It is satisfactory that St. Duthus' Church is legally placed on this footing and cannot for the future be allowed to become the property of any particular section of the Church. It is truly a national monument, and as such has been handed over to the custody of the "Trustees of the Tain Guildry Fund," to be held by them upon the above condition.

The work effected has cost more than 1100*l.*, and includes the restoration of all the windows—the eastern one being one of the most beautiful in Scotland—ceiling the interior, and re-slating the exterior, of the roof, and re-paving the floor. What is specially to be noticed is the grand old pulpit,



THE REGENT MORAY'S PULPIT, AS RESTORED.

presented by the "Good Regent" to the people of the burgh, which now adorns the renovated building in the same complete state in which it originally stood, a permanent object of pride and veneration to the inhabitants of Tain, and of interest to all who may in future visit the northern burgh.

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ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER VII.—MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND.



THE village of Porchester was sleepy and silent in the July sunshine. Its gardens were all aglow with scarlet geraniums, roses—pink and yellow and creamy-white—orange tiger-lilies, and crimson peonies. Honeysuckles shrouded many a crazy porch with masses of scented blossom; the syringa displayed its ivory flowers against a background of dark greenery. There was about Porchester a general aspect of decay; but it was decay made picturesque by the lavish wealth of bloom and foliage. Unsightliness was hidden away under rich colours. The few new houses, that had sprung up beneath the shadow of the ruined castle, looked as if they had no right to be in the place; and the old dwellings, with their sober tints of brown and grey, and their patches of house-leek and moss, leaned confidingly against each other for support, like friends who had grown feeble together.

Two persons were walking very slowly through the village street in the afternoon sunshine. The one, a clergyman of five-and-thirty, was cool and grave; the other, a girl of eighteen, looked flushed and ill at ease. There was an angry red spot on each of her pretty cheeks, and a deep frown on her forehead.

"I know it's an unpleasant subject," said the clergyman in the calm voice that often irritates an excited person; "but it is sometimes one's duty to speak on unpleasant subjects, Bessie. As I have said before, I think my uncle's welfare ought to be considered."

"I am always considering it," answered Bessie Mardock, tremulously. "One doesn't like to praise oneself, John; but everybody here says that I'm devoted to him. Of course I'm but a young housekeeper, and yet no one can reasonably find fault with my domestic arrangements. My uncle's comforts are never neglected; all his tastes are studied; and I am sure he does not complain of me."

"No one has ever complained of you," replied John Mardock, patiently. "We all know that you are a capital little manager. But we feel that my uncle wants to leave Porchester, and that he would leave it at once if you were not bent upon remaining here."

"Really, John, I am certain I know what is best for him. If he went away I believe he would be wretched till he came back again!"

"No, Bessie. He told me last night that he felt himself growing old, and longed to have us all near him. Sarah and her husband are settled in Highminster, and my church and work are there. It would be good for him to make his home where we are, and to be better acquainted with our children. You don't realize, perhaps, how much pleasure old people take in children, Bessie; the little ones amuse them, and keep them from brooding too much over bygones."

"Uncle's nerves would never stand the noise of children, John. They would overpower him."

"They might overpower him if he lived in the same house with them; but not if they just looked in upon him every day. Of course he would live with you in a pleasant little cottage, and you would be mistress of his house as you are here. We have found a place on the outskirts of our town that would suit him."

"You have found a place! Oh, John, you oughtn't to have gone so far as that! Uncle has not made up his mind to leave Porchester, and it is wrong to hurry us into a change. Nothing ought to be decided yet."

"Don't excite yourself, Bessie; nothing is decided. The cottage that I spoke of is to let; and as it is quite countrified, and has a pretty garden, we thought it would suit my uncle. Sarah has been to look at it, and says she thinks you would like to live there."

"Sarah cannot judge for me. She doesn't know how I love this village, and how my aunt loved it too. If my poor aunt had lived, there would have been no talk of leaving Porchester."

"We all know how my aunt loved Porchester; it was her birth-place. But my uncle only cared for it because she did; and he only stays here now because you hate the idea of going away."

"You are trying to make out that I am selfish," said Bessie in a choked voice.

"I want you to see that the change would be good for you as well as for my uncle," John went on. "You have little society here, and very few advantages. In Highminster you would find——"

"I don't care to know a lot of people, John! One true friend is enough for me: and not one girl in a thousand has such a friend as mine."

"You mean Miss Burne. Yes, she is a remarkable woman, Bessie, and an excellent companion for you. But I am sure she would not wish to keep you here if she saw that it was your duty to go."

"I'm glad you like her, John," cried Bessie, brightening. "She is my guide, my companion, and 'mine

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own familiar friend,' as the Psalmist says. And isn't she very uncommon? You couldn't find me such a friend in Highminster."

"She is uncommon; I only know her slightly, but I can see that she is far superior to most people. Yet I believe she would tell you to leave Porchester if she understood your position as well as I do."

Bessie's smile vanished. She was thoroughly vexed with her brother for so persistently pressing his point. And she was not without an unpleasant consciousness that he was right about Clarice Burne; Clarice was just the woman to say that when duty demands a sacrifice it must be made at all costs.

"I wish you wouldn't come here and make me uncomfortable, John," she said, after a pause. "Uncle will be happy enough if you will let him alone. I'm not sure that he desires a change as much as you think he does. Of course you and Sarah want to get us to Highminster, and so you persuade yourselves that we ought not to remain here."

John Mardock gave up the subject with a sigh.

"Very well, Bessie," he answered quietly. "Only let me remind you that when we refuse to leave a place at God's bidding He sometimes takes away its pleasantness. We don't always get much in the long run when we insist upon doing our own will."

And with that John turned, and slowly took his way back to his uncle's house, leaving his sister to go onward. He did not feel angry with her; he was not a man to be easily moved to anger; but he was heartily grieving over her selfishness.

Uncle and Aunt Mardock had been father and mother to the two orphan nieces left to their care; and John, occupied with clerical duties, had thankfully left his sisters in their keeping. Some years before Aunt Mardock's death he was presented with a living in Highminster, and had married. And then Sarah had been invited to stay at his vicarage, and was wooed and won by one of her brother's parishioners, a leading doctor of the town. It was a pleasant thing for John and his wife to have Sarah settled in their parish; and as time passed on, the birth of children drew the two families still closer to each other. They only needed the dear old people and the young sister to complete their happiness; but Aunt Mardock could not be persuaded to leave Porchester. She wished to die there, she said; and she had her desire.

A year and six months had gone by since the old lady was laid to rest under the shade of the grey Norman church; and if Uncle Mardock had followed his inclination he would have left Porchester soon after the funeral. But Bessie's pleadings had kept him there, and his kind old heart shrank from tearing the girl away from the place. Bessie had been from her childhood the darling of the old couple, the pet whose every whim was humoured; it was no marvel, therefore, that he could not bear to take a step which she opposed with all her might.

Blinded by her own selfishness, absorbed in her own concerns, Bessie failed to see that the old man's life was dreary and colourless and sad. She did not know that he spent many a lonely hour in brooding over the past, and never noticed that he took less and less interest in his surroundings as time went on. He was eager for news of John and Sarah and their children, and would read their letters again and again; but Bessie shut her eyes to the fact that he was wearying to be with them, and tried to convince herself that she was quite sufficient for his happiness.

John Mardock had found out, long ago, that it was Clarice Burne's presence that made Porchester so dear to Bessie. Miss Burne had come to the place about six months before Mrs. Mardock's death, and was living with a widowed sister. She had been kind to Bessie, and the girl had repaid a simple and calm liking with a passionate devotion that was neither expected nor desired. Clarice had undertaken to teach her sister's children, and there were a good many duties on her hands. There were times when Bessie's exacting love was rather wearying, but Miss Burne was too generous to show that her young friend sought her too often.

After her brother had left her, Bessie began to quicken her pace. Her cheeks were still hot and red, and her mind was still disturbed; but she was going to Clarice, and there were at least two hours of happiness before her. She meant to put John's words entirely out of her thoughts; it was very unkind in him to say disagreeable things. Sarah, too, had been troublesome and meddlesome; everybody was in the wrong save Bessie's faultless little self.

It was so warm a day that the house-door of Elm Cottage stood open, and Bessie entered without ceremony. Mrs. Vallance, the sister of Clarice, sat in the little drawing-room with a large work-basket and a pile of stockings by her side. She looked up with a smile at the visitor.

"Clarice is in the garden," she said. "The children have gone to spend the afternoon with the Gowers, so we are very quiet to-day."

Bessie walked straight through the cottage, out of the back door, and along the garden path. It was a very long garden; here and there the boughs of lilac-bushes and apple-trees met above her head, and shut out the hot sunlight. On each side of the path there was a great wealth of roses, and clusters of tall white lilies lifted their stately heads above them. The walk ended at last in a row of grand old trees that overshadowed a hedge of laurels, and on the other side of that hedge Bessie knew that she should find her friend.

She was right. Clarice Burne was sitting on a bench with the green laurels all round her, and the rustling trees above. She was looking out across a quiet field, and a piece of blue sea-water, to the low hills that lay bathed in sunshine. There was a tired, yet patient look upon her face; but you knew instinctively that the patience had not been won without a struggle.

Clarice had neither the fresh comeliness of Eva Gower, nor the more decided beauty of Bessie herself. She was a pale, delicate-looking woman of thirty, with a small, but perfect figure, and a singularly graceful way of moving and walking. The brow and mouth and chin were too massive for prettiness, but the dark-grey eyes were large and fine, and the hair, dark too, was thick and glossy. She put out a very fragile little white hand to Bessie, and greeted her kindly.

"How flushed you are, Bessie!" she said. "Have you been walking too fast?"

"Yes; I think I have. I wanted to get to you sooner, but John hindered me."

"Ah! How much longer will your brother remain here? Dorothy and I enjoy his sermons very much."

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"Only one more week, and then Mr. Bleeke returns. I believe John is longing to get back to his own parish."

"I dare say he is; he must find Porchester very dull. But he has roused us from our sleepiness."

"I don't think you needed rousing, Clarice. You never require to be told of your duties."

"But I often perform them in a half-hearted way. Your brother is accustomed to preach to a large congregation, Bessie, and so he always has a word for everybody. He is a good man, I am sure."

"Yes, he is a good man, but rather unreasonable sometimes. Come, Clarice, we shall have no walk if we don't set off at once. Mrs. Vallance says that the children are gone to the Gowers, so I shall have you all to myself."

How much pleasure Miss Burne would find in thus being monopolized was doubtful. And perhaps her smile was a little forced as she began to move towards the house.

"How perfect this old garden is now!" she said, pausing suddenly in the long path. "Look at these roses, blooming their sweet lives away as fast as they can. This is a very old garden; there are trees and shrubs here that must have been planted in days long gone by."

"And the people who planted them are all gone," said Bessie.

"All gone. I like to fancy, sometimes, what they were like, and how they used to pace these walks as I do now. I picture the women in thick-flowered silk gowns and mob-caps; and the men in knee-breeches, and shoes with buckles. I wonder whether the time will ever come when this will be what some poet calls 'the ghost of a garden!'"

And more to please herself than her listener, she repeated the musical lines that had been haunting her memory.

"Over the meadows that blossom and wither,
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and rain come hither,
All year long.
The sun burns sere, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath,
Only the wind here hovers and revels,
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward, a hundred sleeping
Years ago."

The soft sweet voice would have made any verses sound melodiously, and something in its tone suddenly touched and saddened Bessie.

"Oh, Clarice," she said, "what mournful lines! And somehow the garden doesn't look so bright to me as it did a few moments ago. I cannot help picturing it turned into a dreary waste, and left to the sun and the rain."

"I did not think my quotation would have had such a dismal influence," Clarice answered lightly. "Forget it, dear, and let us go out walking."

There was no change in the sunny brightness of the afternoon, everywhere the shadows were sharp and clear, and the colours rich and strong. The two friends took their way along the village street, and then turned into a narrow lane, which had a garden wall on one side, and hedge-rows on the other. The lane shelved abruptly down to the shore—a rough, stony shore, covered now by the high tide.

On the right, raised above high-water mark, was a grassy footway running along the edge of an extensive field, and so narrow that two could not walk upon it side by side. For a little distance it kept on in an unbroken line, and then ended just where a soft green meadow began. Here a number of cows were gathered in lazy content; some feeding, some standing close to the sharp edge of the land, and ruminating in the sunshine in groups such as Cuyp would have delighted to paint. The meadow crossed, the path began again, and ran onward, lifted several feet above acres of cultivated ground on one side, and the beach on the other.

A second time the course of the narrow way was interrupted; it broke off suddenly upon a bit of stony soil where grass grew sparingly, and weeds flourished in abundance. Here stood, and had been standing for many years, a disused mill, bare and sail-less, with a few hardy wild-flowers growing in its slit of a window, and its entrance closed only by a door of planks, rudely nailed together. At some distance from the mill was a square brick cottage with one or two fruit-trees round it, and a carefully fenced garden. As Clarice and her companion advanced, a little spaniel ran barking towards them, and a she-goat, tethered to a stake, moved timidly out of their way.

"Let us sit down here by the old mill," proposed Bessie. "I want to have a good chat, and we can't talk comfortably while one walks behind the other."

Clarice complied at once, and the two seated themselves on the edge of the path, letting their feet rest upon the fragments of chalk that composed the embankment. Right in front lay a shining sheet of water, intensely blue beneath the calm summer sky; and beyond it rose the tall chimneys of Portsmouth dockyard, and the masts of the old men-of-war at anchor in the harbour. Not a human being was to be seen, and not a sound could be heard save the faint clang of hammers at work in the distant docks.

"Isn't it pleasant here?" said Bessie in a satisfied tone. "Don't you love this old place, Clarice?"

"I like it," Clarice replied. "But love is too strong a word."

"You only like it!" cried Bessie, disappointed. "Yet you seem quite contented here."

"It is possible to get contented anywhere," Clarice answered quietly. "St. Paul says, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'"

"But, Clarice, you have been here two years. Was it a long time before you got contented?"

"Throughout the first year I felt very restless, Bessie, and even very rebellious sometimes. I used to wander along this very path alone, and fight desperately against my discontent. In those days I had a heavy sorrow pressing upon my heart always, and if I had fled from these parts I knew I should have had to carry my grief with me. And so I just made up my mind to stay and bear it here; as well here, as elsewhere."

"Do you think you might have been happier if you had gone away?" Bessie asked.

"No. I have told you my sorrow was not one

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that could be left behind. There is only one place, that I know of, where anybody can leave such a burden as mine."

"Where is that place, Clarice?"

"At the foot of the cross. Don't you recollect, Bessie, how Christian's burden fell off his back when he stood there? Ah, how many a heavy load has been left in the same spot since Bunyan dreamed his dream!"

Bessie was silent, watching her friend's face with an attentive look. The thoughtful grey eyes were gazing out across the water, and some seconds passed before Clarice spoke again.

"I have always been sorry for people," she went on, "when I have seen them rushing from place to place, to get rid of a heart sorrow. I have known them fly off to the Alps or the Pyramids instead of to the cross."

"But, Clarice, perhaps they don't know where to find it."

"The path to it is so plain, Bessie, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein. And then, too, doesn't it rise high above everything else? Can you help seeing it, if you will but lift your eyes? I think not."

There was another silence. Bessie stooped and picked up a tangle of dry black seaweed lying upon the chalk at her feet.

"Clarice," she said at last, trifling nervously with the weed. "Are you really happy now?"

"Yes," Clarice answered steadily: "God helps me to do my duty, and happiness always grows out of duty. There are a great many joys in my life; I have Dorothy and the children."

"And you have my love. Oh, Clarice, you know how dearly I love you!"

"Yes, Bessie; I am sure you do."

"And you will never leave this place?" cried Bessie, tossing the seaweed away. "You will stay here always?"

"I suppose so; it is probable."

"But you are not quite certain?"

"How can one be quite certain of anything? I believe I shall not go away, unless——"

"Unless what? Oh, Clarice, pray tell me!"

"Unless a very unlikely thing should come to pass."

"But what is the unlikely thing? Mayn't I know, dear Clarice? Oh, I hope it never may come to pass!"

"I cannot tell you more," said Clarice, wearily. "It is nearly five o'clock; we had better be moving homeward."

She rose from her seat as she spoke. There was no change in the summer sky, and not even a light breeze crept up from the water, yet she shivered slightly, and her face was paler than ever. Bessie was too eager and excited to keep silence.

"I love you so very, very much, Clarice," she said, "that the mere thought of losing you is more than I can bear."

"Bessie," her friend answered gravely, "don't let your love of me make you blind to all the other objects that God means you to love. There are your uncle, and your brother and sister; do you think enough of them?"

"But surely, Clarice, there can be no sin in loving one person more than anybody else!"

"No, but there is sin in neglecting all for one, and in setting the heart so entirely on one person that you are perfectly indifferent about the welfare of the rest of the world. That is idolatry; a word that is often misapplied."



A SKETCH IN THE OLD GARDEN.

Bessie stood in silence, with eyes downcast, and tears trembling on the lashes. The tide was going out slowly; there were wet shells and glistening weed where the blue water had been; and by-and-by the flood would vanish altogether, leaving a waste of greenish mud with little pools here and there. A sea-gull uttered a faint, wailing cry; the only sound that now broke the stillness.

"God puts no limits to our love of our friend," Clarice went on; "but He would not have us become the slave of one idea. That is the kind of love which punishes itself, and even injures its object. The idol either turns tyrant and demands more than we can give, or wearies of our devotion. There is only one fate for all idolaters."

"It seems very hard, Clarice, that any one should be punished for loving too much."

"Have I not said that there are no limits to love, Bessie? We may lay down our life for our friend, and 'greater love hath no man than this.' But if we would escape misery we must live for the many, not only for the one."

They turned away from the old mill, and began

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their homeward path slowly, keeping silent for some minutes.

And then Clarice, who was in front, heard a deep sigh behind her.

"My dear Bessie," she said, suddenly stopping short and facing the young girl; "what have I said that has hurt you? There are some truths that seem harsh unless they are spoken very tenderly, and perhaps I haven't been gentle enough. You must forgive me, dear. But I know, only too well, that truth is always kinder than error."

Bessie looked up through her tears, and smiled gratefully into the earnest face. Whatever Clarice said must be right, even if it gave her pain.

"If it be possible," Clarice continued, with a slight quiver in her voice, "I would keep you from suffering as I have suffered. I see your nature has the same tendency as mine; the tendency to clasp one thing close, and let everything else go. Pray that Christ may give you his Spirit, dear; and that will make you willing to do good to all, and live for all. It is a wide world, Bessie; and our inner world ought to be wide too."

Little more was said until they parted at the gate of Elm Cottage. And as Bessie bade Clarice good-bye, she thought that her friend looked pale and tired, and sorely in need of rest.

Sabbath Thoughts.

WHOLE-HEARTEDNESS.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—*Psa.* ix. 1.

WHOLE-HEARTEDNESS is not such a common thing as is generally supposed, and whole-hearted praise is still more uncommon. It implies not only full faith in all God's plans and ways with respect to ourselves, but that wider faith which can trust God for others also, and give praise not only for that which we know and understand of his goodness, but for that which lies hidden from us, taken only on trust. In order to praise the Lord with the whole heart, we must trust Him with the whole heart, and it is only the meek and lowly in heart who can truly do this, for to them He has revealed Himself. The whole heart is one that has been healed and made whole by Christ the Healer; "Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." When Peter said these words the cure was complete; the man was no longer paralyzed in the smallest degree, he was quite able to rise immediately and make his bed. Such was the cure of the body, and when the Lord heals the sin-sick soul, it also is enabled to arise and praise Him as it never did before, for it sees for the first time the great wonder of redeeming love. Let us not rest satisfied with praising God for his glorious works of creation only; let us seek to praise Him for the work of redemption with our whole heart.

Pages for the Young.

PEARL.

VIII.



WHAT do you think of my portrait, Jack? Are you not charmed with it? What! Are you too idle to answer, or are you thinking? How politely you can tell me you are anything but delighted with it. Come, tell me you do not like my pictured semblance."

The speaker was a beautiful girl about eighteen years of age, and the youth, her second cousin, albeit younger, appeared older.

Elsie Tregaron was listlessly turning over the pages of her music, and seemed out of sorts, for the day was warm. Abruptly leaving the piano she took up her sun hat and passed out of the open French window to the tree-shaded lawn.

Her cousin leisurely followed her, and throwing himself on the grass, prepared to enjoy the delightful ease to which the lovely summer day was a gracious invitation. It would have been folly to hide oneself indoors when Nature was beckoning with her flower-fingered hands for them to come out and rejoice. The broad bosom of the sea on that wild but grandly picturesque Cornish coast, had not, it is true, the enchantment of the southern summer seas, but there was beauty that spoke to the heart in those pale, silvery-green, flashing waves as they rolled in-shore: their gentle murmurings heard in the soft silence of the summer noon seemed like pitying angels' voices chanting a requiem for those who slept beneath that ever-voiceful sea!

After lazily regarding his cousin, Elsie Tregaron, for some minutes, Jack Penruddock replied in measured tones to her question respecting her portrait in the Royal Academy, by remarking that he thought the likeness was good, but it wanted something in expression.

"But, dear me, that brings something to my mind I have been going to tell you a great number of times, Kitsie," which Jack declared was prettier than Elsie. "Whilst I was standing as near as I could get to your portrait I caught sight of a girl rather taller than you, who was regarding the picture so intently that another young lady who was with her spoke to her twice, as it appeared, before she turned to her, and when she did she seemed agitated. I looked at her, and she appeared the living image of the portrait, only more sad-eyed, more expressive."

Before Elsie had time to reply, a sweet-looking woman, as fragile as she was fair and lovely, but whose eyes were weary and wan with oft-shed tears, touched Jack Penruddock on the shoulder, saying in a low, excited tone, "Tell me about that young girl: where was it you saw her? Do you say she was so like my Elsie here? Oh, Jack—Elsie, could it—can it be that my twin babe, my little lily flower, did not die when her nurse was killed! Oh, merciful Father, Thou knowest how my heart, a mother's heart, has yearned for my pretty darling; unravel this tangled skein, if it be Thy holy will!"

"Mamma—sweetest mother—what has your poor Kitsie done to make you forget her? and she loves you so dearly." And putting her arms round her mamma, Elsie caressed the gentle mother, who had never said a harsh word to her, softly chiding her because she still mourned the babe lost to her so long before.

Elsie's loving words calmed Lady Mary Tregaron; still she

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was excited, and sitting down on a lawn chair she bade Jack Penruddock come and tell her about the young girl who was so agitated at seeing "my Elsie's picture."

"Dear Aunt Mary, I have no more to tell you beyond what I told Kitsie. I wish I had not mentioned it. It was talking about her portrait made me think of it. I thought it was Kitsie, she was so like; if they were dressed in the same manner, even you could not tell which was——"

Jack stopped suddenly, for Lady Mary had fallen from her chair, with the words, "'Tis she, my babe!" on her lips.

Her husband was in another part of the grounds, but having heard his daughter's voice, came on to the lawn, to see his wife lying prone on the grass, and Elsie trying to lift her to the chair.

"Let her be still, dear," he said; "she will soon come to herself. What overcame her so?"

Jack told his uncle all about the portrait, and it was Sir Pen's turn now to become agitated.

"Can it be possible! Why, at least it is not impossible—yes, it may—nay, it must be; two children could not be so entirely alike!"

At that juncture Lady Mary opened her eyes, and seeing her husband she cried out in a piteous tone to him that their babe was not lost; that from what Jack Penruddock had said she was sure he had seen her. "Oh, Pen, you will go and look for our child—you will find her, dear, and bring her back to my arms, will you not?" with a moonlight attempt at a smile.

"All, everything will I do, my darling wife; is she not my child also? Calm yourself, Mary mine, and try not to dwell upon this thought too much; for after all Jack may have seen some one, who to his vivid fancy had the look of our Elsie, especially about the eyes, and in living, breathing people there is sure to be more expression than in the pictured semblance."

"Ah, but Uncle Pen, there was no mistake in the girl's agitation, who seemed really to see her own likeness before her, for the tears were on her cheeks when at last the young lady who was with her drew her attention from it. It is very strange."

"It is my child!" said Lady Mary. "And I humbly pray the Almighty that He will spare my life so that I may see my pretty one's face before I am called home."

"Amen!" replied Sir Pen.

Later in that day when Lady Mary and Elsie were out driving Sir Pen had a long conversation on the subject with his nephew. Jack stuck to his text; the young girl might have been taken for Elsie, only that she had such a sad and pensive look in her eyes.

"It is very strange," said Sir Pen. "I have visited Lima three times in search of news respecting that terrible night, hoping that I might hear of our nurse and her charge. I visited the hospital and the only infant refuge, but all to no avail; even in Chorillos, the pretty bathing-place where Mary regained so much of her lost health, I could glean no news."

And Sir Pen proceeded to tell Jack all the circumstances of their loss, how, on the occasion of their visit to Lima many years before, Elsie's twin sister had been separated from them in the tumult of an insurrection, and had perished, they believed, with the nurse who had charge of her.

The history was a remarkable one, and it is necessary for the unravelment of our story that the reader should understand it also.

Tregaron Castle was a grand old house, perched high on the Cornish coast above the rocks and sea. Sir Penrath Tregaron had twin daughters, so much alike that only by a slight difference in the colour of the hair could they be distinguished. While they were still but babes, his wife's health had induced him to seek a change abroad, and during the winter he had taken his family to the sunnier south. Tempted by the enjoyments of travel, and the descriptions of a friend he met at Palermo, he embarked on a longer voyage, crossed the Atlantic, and found his way round to Lima, where, after some deliberation, he resolved to stay. It was here that he was overtaken by the calamity which had darkened their life.

Finding the city too warm, they went on as far as Chorillos, a charming sea-bathing village, where Sir Pen found a lovely little rancho to let. The family were soon settled, Lady Mary's artistic eye finding pleasure and amusement in so novel a habitation.

A deep-verandahed balcony ran round the rancho, supported by slender pillars which were covered with passion-flowers, cape jessamine, and the scarlet oleander, with roses of a size and perfume worthy of the tropic sun and warm zephyrs which wooed their blossoming beauty into sweet life.

Inside the balcony the floor was coated with Indian matting, and furnished with rocking-chairs and small divans, whilst two luxurious hammocks, slung up by thick silken cords, were hung by the windows, which at that season were without glass. On the velvety grass before the shaded steps of the balcony, great tubs of tropical flowers filled the air with perfume, whilst in the midst, in an ornamental marble vase, rose the graceful piva, or fountain-flower, its calyx full of pellucid dew, the glittering tiny drops hanging to the stamens; and when these are full falling in fountain-like jets on to the lower cups.

The interior of the rancho was half Moorish in design, the principal saloon being also picturesque and artistic. The walls were decorated with arabesques, mingled with birds and flowers. The rafters that spanned the roof were of a dark polished wood, veined and richly gilt, with transverse lines of blue and amber.

The rancho of Sir Penrath was rather high up on a well-wooded table-land, and faced the sea. Lower down, along the sea-shore, were little white doll-like houses made of bamboo and cane, plastered with a kind of sea mud and painted gaily, very pretty and picturesque to look at, but without solid comfort. These were closed out of the bathing season.

One evening Lady Mary was enjoying from the lawn the delightful sea-view, with her husband, when their conversation was interrupted by a loud clamour. A number of men and women alighted from a public vehicle something like an omnibus, but curtained all round instead of windowed, and as though under a species of terror, turned their steps towards the wooded country away from the sea.

Soon the rumour spread that a revolutionary movement in Lima—one of many attempts—had ended disastrously for the insurgents, and that they were being pursued by the soldiers. It was thought they would shelter themselves in one of the many vessels then at Callao, and the troops were hurrying to intercept them.

Soon the whole place was in fear; the Limanians are a fierce race, and there were a few of the leaders being sought for to the death.

The terror of Lady Mary made it imperative that they should get away from Chorillos, and soon they were all ready, under cover of the rapidly-closing evening, to remove themselves and their household. But one of Sir Pen's servants—a Peruvian named Leopanza—was mistaken for one of the chiefs of the party, being so like him, and this led to the great disaster of the night.

Quietly the whole party from the rancho left, but not all together, their destination being a retired place in the hills.

As they were clearing the village, Sir Pen heard a terrific noise; shots were fired, and it was evident it was only just in time they had left. They arrived, as it was thought, all safely; but who can tell the father's self-reproach at his too easy belief that all was right, when he found that one of the nurses with her precious charge was missing!

As it was afterwards found, the faithful Leopanza, who had the nurses and children in his care, whilst Sir Pen looked after his terrified wife, had been shot down in mistake for another man. The nurse, who had laid the infant on the grass for a moment, whilst she better arranged the cloak she wore to shield her charge from the night air, received also a shot intended for the supposed rebel, and the poor girl fell dead by

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the side of her companion. Two hours later and all was quiet. No trace of the babe was ever found, and it was believed that the child also had perished.

Such was the story which Sir Pen had now to narrate. He did not know even yet the whole truth. The moon, which had hidden its face at the sad scene of bloodshed, came forth that fatal night in solemn beauty, touching all things with that mystic light which seems as though Heaven's gate had opened to let the smile of God rest on the slumbering world. Its beams shone on the sweet calm face of a sleeping babe, who lay on the soft grass, beneath the hedge of oleanders, and of a sorely-wounded man who was creeping under the shadow of the tall trees lest he should be seen. A smile of tender compassion lighted up his face as he lifted the infant gently in his arms, so as not to awaken it. Staggering to his feet in his weakness from loss of blood, he looked cautiously around, and then went in among the trees, and entered a small rancho unknown to any but himself and its one inmate. That man was Señor Martinez. Had Sir Pen but known it he had passed in his search close by the hiding-place to which the almost dying Señor Martinez had conveyed his weeping little one.

It may be supposed that the revival of these recollections brought much pain to the whole family, not unmingled with a yearning curiosity to know who this girl could be that so resembled Elsie. A great sense of unrest afflicted Lady Mary Tregaron, which needed all the loving care of her husband to calm, and he made up his mind that a change of scene was necessary for her.

Another week saw them in London, and although the season was almost over there were many things to amuse them. But it pained Sir Pen fearfully to see the piteous eagerness with which his wife looked into the faces of the young girls whom she met in her drives or walks. She searched for, but saw not the face of the babe she had lost, grown into girlhood then.

Child's Hymn.

DEAR LORD, a child I come to Thee,
And make my little prayer,
And raise my little song of praise;
O make me now Thy care.

For though I'm young, I'm not too young
To pray to God above;
And I am sure that when I call,
Thou'lt listen, full of love.

Though I am young, I'm not too weak
To serve Thee if I would;
O may my little strength be spent
In always doing good.

Though I am young, I'm not too poor
To give my mite to Thee;
O Lord! my little gift I bring—
Thou gav'st Thy Son for me.

Though young, I'm not too young to speak
A modest little word
To father, mother, brother, friend,
About my gracious Lord.

I'm young, I know, but yet I feel
I'm not too young to sin;
I often wish I could be good,
Lord! help me to begin.

And oh! I'm not too young to die;
Dear Lord! Then let me live
So that whene'er Thou call'st me hence
Thou may'st my soul receive.

Halsey's Pulpit Gleanings.

SCRIPTURE CONTRASTS.

NO. IV.—*Sorrow and Joy (continued).*

1. Where is Jesus spoken of as a man of sorrows?
2. Show how in his sorrow He was sustained by the thought of coming joy.
3. Prove that sanctified sorrow leads to higher joy, and that therefore a child of God may even rejoice in his trials.
4. Where is joy spoken of as a believer's *duty*?
5. Prove that it is the gift of God.
6. Where is it spoken of as a source of strength?
7. Show from the Bible that earthly joy is transitory.
8. Where is there fulness of joy for ever?

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO. II.



Let our readers take the word TABLE as their next exercise.

BIBLE CLOCK (p. 256).



Let our readers take the word DELIGHT for their next exercise.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



AUNT RACHEL'S SYMPATHY.

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER VIII.—SISTERS' TALK.

AS Clarice entered the sitting-room, Mrs. Vallance looked up, and was struck by her weary face.

"How tired you are!" she said anxiously. "Has the walk been too much for you?"

"Not the walk, but the talk," Clarice answered. "But I shall be better when I have had some tea and a rest."

"Then Bessie Mardock has been talking you to death, I suppose," said Dorothy in a vexed tone. "She is becoming quite a bore; and you really are not strong enough to be bored."

"Oh, Dorothy, that's the excuse that hundreds of people make when demands are made upon their sympathies!" replied Clarice, sinking into an easy-chair with a sigh of relief. "It is so easy to say

we are not strong enough to bear little social nuisances, and yet what burdens we can carry for our own pleasure!"

"But I don't think bores should be encouraged," said Dorothy, warmly. "Why should so much consideration be shown them?"

"My dear, I don't believe they get much consideration as a rule. People either snub them or fly from them."

"Well, you will have to snub Bessie, for fly from her you cannot. I won't have you victimised any more."

While Dorothy spoke she handed her sister a cup of tea, and then fell to buttering a slice of toast with great energy.

"I am quite glad the children are out," she added. "You need perfect repose, I can see."

Clarice drank her tea, ate her toast, and allowed herself to be liberally helped to strawberries. Her face was beginning to wear a quiet smile of content, for Dorothy's little attentions were very welcome. It was pleasant to be taken care of in an arbitrary way and sit still to be waited upon.

"You don't feel quite so wrathful as you did, I hope," she said after a pause. "There wasn't much harm done, Dorothy; you see I am quickly recovered."

"You are not quite recovered," rejoined Dorothy, with a quick glance. "Your eyes always tell me when you are used up, and there is a very weary look about them to-day. I am in earnest, Clarice; I will not let Bessie Mardock be your Old Man of the Sea."

"Poor Bessie," said Clarice laughing, "how wretched she would be if she could hear you! But, seriously, she does not know that she tires me in the least; and to-day I am not so much tired as saddened."

"What has she been saying to sadden you? She can have no real troubles to pour into your ears."

"No; but I am sorry for her, Dorothy."

"Sorry for her! Why, she has a very easy life, I should think."

"Nobody can lead an easy life who has a nature like hers. It is what Carlotte Brontë called 'a one-idea'd nature,' the most unfortunate which man or woman can possess."

Dorothy refilled her sister's cup, and reflected.

"I believe you are right," she said, after a pause. "I always thought that Bessie was a monomaniac about you. Dear me, how sad it must be to have such a tendency! You don't think my children will develop anything of that kind, do you, Clarice?"

"Oh no; they have inherited their mother's strong common-sense," Clarice answered with a smile. "But there is some one else of whom Bessie painfully reminds me at times."

Dorothy looked puzzled.

"I mean myself, Dorothy," Clarice went on; "myself as I was in my old days."

"Nonsense!" cried Dorothy, indignantly. "You were the cleverest girl I ever knew; and do you try to compare yourself with an ordinary young thing like Bessie? I wonder at you, Clarice!"

"You always over-rated me, my dear," replied the younger sister, quietly. "I know, however, that my brains are better than Bessie's; more shame to me for not having made a larger use of them. But I had the same unfortunate tendency that is likely to make her miserable. All my thoughts and all my feelings centered in one person; and I had nothing left to give to anybody else. I don't need to remind you of the result, Dorothy; you remember it well enough?"

"Only too well. Oh, Clarice, I wish you could entirely forget the past. What a disastrous thing it is that you ever knew this girl! I see she has recalled all the old suffering."

Mrs. Vallance's eyes had filled with tears as she looked at Clarice. Her thoughts had returned to a day when she had been hastily summoned away from her home to the bedside of her sister. For weeks Clarice had lain between life and death, and the watchers had not dared to encourage the growth of a hope. And when at last she was given back to them, the mere ghost of her former self, they had almost feared to rejoice lest she should have but a little time to stay. Months of nervous irritability and depression had preceded that terrible illness, and it was followed by utter prostration and depression of mind as well as body. For one whole year Clarice had walked verily and indeed in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

There are certain trials so severe that the body never wholly recovers from their strain. Such a bitter ordeal had Clarice suffered, and her frame had not entirely regained its former strength. She was more easily tired in these days than she had ever been in old times; a sudden noise would startle her and set her heart throbbing fast; a little extra exertion would leave her white and weary. Yet the mind, although it sympathised to some extent with the mortal part, was graciously strengthened and had never before enjoyed such perfect peace.

It was a refined and purified soul that had come out of great tribulation, and was now in close and daily communion with its God. "It is but once that we can know our worst sorrows," says a great modern writer; and Clarice could no longer dread a second passing through that awful valley. When the messenger of death should come, she was ready to meet him, knowing that he would but summon her to enter into the joy of her Lord.

"Dearest Dorothy," she said, "you must not be so hard upon poor Bessie. Does it matter that I am a little tired, if I can do her good? Let me try to be unselfish now; I used to be sadly selfish in the old days."

"You were sorely tried, darling; there were many excuses for you," cried Dorothy, eagerly.

Clarice shook her head.

"No, there were not many excuses," she answered. "God gave me a power of self-restraint which I never used. I made every one miserable around me then; and now I want to make every one as happy as I can."

"You make me and the children very happy," said Dorothy with glistening eyes. "You are helping me to train them up in the right way, and there can be no better life-work than that. You don't realise what a blessing you are to us, Clarice."

Later on Clarice was sitting alone in her room upstairs, watching the softly-fading tints of daylight. The old elm which gave the cottage its name, stretched its branches towards her window. It was the mere stump of a fine tree, partly cut down

because its shadow darkened the little house; but its green leaves and their gentle rustling were very pleasant to Clarice. Opposite to the cottage was a large bow-windowed house, full of merry children; and day by day there was always something lively going on in the village street. In bygone times, Clarice would have hated the sound of gay voices, and the noise of market-carts; but nowadays, she had learnt to take an interest in lives outside her own.

The scented summer air came in through the open window. Unseen wings were stirring in the old elm where some birds were going to roost, and once or twice a smothered chirp was heard. The sky was a tender pearl-grey, soft and beautiful, and as Clarice sat silently in the dreamy light, her thoughts were busy with summer evenings long ago.

It has been said, with melancholy truth, that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"; and many a woman has yielded to the morbid charm of memory until she has lost all strength to live her everyday life. But it rests with us, either to make sorrow a glory or a perpetual bitterness. We may fashion our dead leaves into a dismal garland and wear them night and day, or we may use them to nourish the seeds of healthy plants that will, by-and-bye, crown us with fresh blossoms. If we are wise we shall enrich the soil of the present with the decayed hopes of the past, and watch eagerly and prayerfully for the first signs of the new growth. It was this latter course which Clarice had followed; and God had already given her the increase.

She could bear, nowadays, to remember those old summer evenings, and if she wept over them sometimes there was no bitterness in her tears. She was glad to think that she was no longer the passionate, impulsive Clarice of former times; thankful to know that she could never, never make the old mistakes again.

"Good-night, auntie," said a sweet little voice outside the door; and she rose and opened it at once.

"We thought we might just come and kiss you. Mother said you had a headache; and we're so sorry."

The speaker was a girl of ten, with a bright face, full of intelligence. Another child, two years younger, was standing behind her.

"My head is better now, Lucy," said Clarice, kissing her. "Have you and Dora had a nice afternoon?"

"Oh yes; we always enjoy going to the Misses Gower's. And they are very happy to-day, because they've had such good news."

"And what is the good news?"

"Their niece is coming to stay with them for quite a long time—nobody knows how long. And she will bring her little pupil with her."

"I am very glad," said Clarice, heartily. "I did not see much of Eva Gower before she went away; but I liked her exceedingly. How good it will be for the aunts to get her back again!"

"Bed-time," said Mrs. Vallance's voice from downstairs.

"Good-night, sweet auntie," echoed little Dora.

They went their way to their own room, and Clarice hastened down to the sitting-room, her head full of Eva Gower's return. She knew the whole story of the poor ladies' losses, and their sorrow at parting with their niece, and she had heard from them about Eva's life at Bristol and in Brook Street.

"I must call on the Misses Gower to-morrow," she said to Dorothy. "They will want to talk about their joy, dear old things. And they are so glad that I appreciate their Eva."

"Eva Gower is a thoroughly good girl," Dorothy replied. "It must have cost her a great deal to leave Porchester, and go to live with that cross old grandmother in Bristol. But she saw her duty, and was determined to do it."

"The old grandmother was her mother's mother, I suppose?"

"Yes. It was pretty well known in this village that Mrs. Gower's relations looked down upon her husband because he was in trade. I believe they never forgave her for the marriage; and when she died, Mr. Gower sent little Eva, a child of five, to his sisters here."

"And then Mr. Gower died too?"

"Not till Eva was past seventeen, and had finished her education. A good thing for her. It had always been expected that she would have been handsomely provided for, but he failed in business, and left her hardly anything. It was the failure, I think, that hastened his death."

"And the good aunts continued to keep her with them?"

"Oh yes. The two sisters had three hundred a year between them; and on that income the three lived comfortably. But then came the Misses Gower's losses; and you know how Eva wrote to her grandmother and offered herself as a companion?"

"Yes; and how she lived with Mrs. Merriott at Bristol till the old lady died, and then went to London, to be governess in the Countess of Westmoor's family."

"I shall always respect that girl," said Dorothy, in her earnest way. "She is brave and unselfish. We shall be all the brighter for her return."

And although Clarice little knew what changes Eva Gower's return would work in her own quiet life, she, too, looked forward gladly to her arrival. If an approaching sorrow is said to cast its shadow before it, may not the light of the coming blessing reach us too?

CHAPTER IX.—AT PORCHESTER.

Summer rain was falling steadily when the London train stopped at the Porchester railway station, and three persons alighted on the platform.

One out of the three was evidently in a towering passion; even the station-master noticed her angry little face, and silently thanked his stars that he had no children of his own. While Nurse Brown was collecting the luggage, Anna stood upon the platform by Eva's side, heartily abusing the weather, the train, and the place.

"It was a very nasty, stuffy carriage," she whined. "I'm sick and crampy. That old gentleman on the opposite seat glared at me dreadfully if I moved; and the old lady kicked me once—on purpose, I'm sure. People oughtn't to be allowed to glare and kick little girls; ought they, Miss Gower?"

"I don't think you were kicked on purpose, Anna. And you really were very fidgety."

"No, I wasn't. There were plenty of other

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carriages; why did we travel with those cross old things? I hate the train, it's so slow. And oh, do look at the horrid rain."

"Hush, hush; God sends it."

"It's going to spoil our holidays; I know it is."

"If our holidays are spoiled, it will be by bad temper, Anna."

"I'm not in a bad temper; I've been quite patient and good all through the journey. But I think Porchester is the ugliest, dullest place I ever saw; and I wish you hadn't brought me here!"

Eva's heart echoed the wish. If this was a sample of Anna's future behaviour in Porchester, what was to be done with her? The governess was ready to cry when she thought of the good aunts who were joyfully awaiting her arrival, and had made up their minds to pet her pupil. What would they think of the scowling, untidy-looking little person who must be presented to them as Miss Anna Cavaye?

"Oh, missy," said nurse, coming up; "do let me straighten your hat a bit. Whatever have you done to your nice new jacket? it's all in wrinkles. And the bow of your necktie is under your ear; everything that's on you has got twisted, somehow. I'll just take you into the waiting-room, and make you neat, before we go to Lake Lodge."

"No, you won't!" screamed Anna. "I'm tired, and I want some tea. I know I look a great deal nicer than you do in your frightful new bonnet."

"Never mind, nurse," said Eva coolly. "If Anna doesn't mind making an unfavourable impression we will let her alone."

On hearing this remark, Anna gave her hat a new bend, and pulled her rough dark hair over her forehead until she looked a good deal like a juvenile bandit. The hat, a black straw, was fashionably turned up on one side, and lined with crimson silk, which somehow imparted a savage air to the frowning face. Nurse gazed at her in speechless horror; and Eva, strongly tempted to laugh in spite of vexation, led the way out of the railway-station and into the road where the fly was waiting.

The rain continued to fall; but there were gleams of sunlight shining across the wet fields. It was past four o'clock in the afternoon, and the good folks of the village were looking out of their windows to see the carriage go by. Everybody knew the time at which Eva and her companions were expected to arrive; and public curiosity had reached its height, for no one would willingly have missed the first glimpse of an earl's granddaughter.

One of the first houses in the village was the grey cottage in which Mr. Mardock lived, and Bessie was actually out in the garden among the dripping flowers. Eva gave her a friendly nod and smile, thinking how pretty she looked, surrounded by her fuchsias and roses. The next familiar face was that of Mrs. Canner, a widow, who lived in apartments, and was supposed to be an authority on all matters connected with the aristocracy. She was in the habit of keeping a copy of the peerage on her table, and had been studying it ever since breakfast.

"Depend upon it the little girl will be a beautiful, fair child with a placid expression of countenance," she said to her landlady. "All the Cavayes are tall, fair and stately; my mother was acquainted with the family."

"Here they come, ma'am," cried the landlady, as the carriage-wheels drew near.

Mrs. Canner posed herself at the window, gracefully waving her handkerchief. She was rewarded by seeing a queer hat, and a little dark face which gave her an unmistakable scowl as the fly passed her house.

"I suppose that doesn't happen to be a good specimen of the Cavayes, ma'am," said the landlady with quiet humour.

And then she went her way into the back-garden, and laughed across the palings with her neighbour about Mrs. Canner's grand talk.

Meanwhile the fly rolled on, and Anna continued to make disparaging remarks on Porchester. When they came to the end of the village street, and the vehicle turned in at the gate which led to Lake Lodge, nurse made a final attempt to straighten the unfortunate hat. But she was repulsed, and gave up the point in despair.

The rain was pattering down upon the shrubberies; thirsty roses were half drowned in refreshment, and the deep cups of the lilies were filled to the brim. It was very sweet to Eva—this whispering, rippling summer rain—she loved to think how the parched earth was drinking in the showers, and how husbandmen, looking out from the shelter of thatched roofs, were thanking heaven for its bounty. The moist air was full of the odours of flowers; syringa, honeysuckle, sweetbriar, greeted the travellers with overpowering sweetness, as they crossed the threshold of Lake Lodge.

Miss Rachel, the elder of the two sisters, met them in the entry. Her welcome to her niece was full of quiet tenderness, but she did not forget that there were strangers to be cared for; and nurse, who was quite ready to notice any shortcomings, owned to herself that there really was nothing to find fault with at all.

The best and largest bed-chamber in the house had been prepared for Anna, and was furnished with two little beds for herself and nurse. If Miss Rachel had felt shocked at the child's repellant appearance, she made no sign, but quietly led the way upstairs, and ushered her guests into their room. Meanwhile, Eva was lingering in the parlour with Miss Caroline, who was a confirmed invalid.

"Dear Aunt Carrie," she said, "I have been feeling dreadfully vexed and troubled about Anna. What will Aunt Rachel think of her? She is just trying as hard as she can to make the worst of herself."

"Well, dear, you mustn't fret over it," the invalid answered cheerfully. "It is really hard work, being very naughty, and children soon get tired of it. And Rachel and I are so thankful to have you here, that we can welcome anybody for your sake."

"You don't know how I've wearied for a sight of my aunties," said Eva, kneeling down, and resting a tearful face upon the kind woman's shoulder. "It is more than good to be at home again."

"But you are not unhappy in Brook Street, dear; and we felt that somebody's letters must be a great comfort; that was a beautiful letter that he wrote about you to us. Do you think that we shall see him soon?"

"Yes, he will get a week's holiday by-and-bye. Aunt Carrie, I shall be almost too happy when I have him here with you and Aunt Rachel."

"All things have worked together for your good, my Eva. We could not bear parting with you; and

yet if you hadn't gone to Bristol, you would not have met Douglas Kerr. It is often the thorny way that leads us to the green pastures." And when Eva found herself once more in the little sleeping-room that had been hers in old times, she fully realised her own happiness. It is when we come back to the places where we have suffered and prayed, that we estimate the value of new blessings.

When the chamber-door had been closed upon Anna and nurse, a struggle had ensued between them. The former insisted that there was no need to wash her face and brush her hair before going down to tea. She stood in front of the glass, contemplating her gloomy visage and dishevelled locks with a kind of grim satisfaction.

"It doesn't matter how any one looks here," she said scornfully, in answer to nurse's arguments. "It's a nasty, ugly little village."

"Wherever you are, miss, it is your duty to look like a little lady," replied nurse, solemnly.

"Are you quite sure that I ever do look like a little lady?" demanded Anna, with one of her shrewd glances. "Even when I'm dressed in my prettiest things, I always think I'm like an ugly fairy in a tale. Nothing will ever make my nose a pretty shape, and my cheeks pink and plump; and my hair is never smooth, do what you will."

"You might be a great deal nicer-looking if you pleased, Miss Anna," said nurse, despondingly. "And I'm always doing my very utmost to make the best of you."

It must be confessed that Miss Rachel and her sister thought within themselves, that it would not be an easy thing to love Anna Cavaye. She took her seat at the tea-table, sulkily enough, and tried not to be pleased. But as the meal proceeded, her temper improved in spite of her perverse desire to continue cross. Everything was so pleasant and new that her ill-humour was charmed away.

The rain ceased before she had done with the strawberries and bread and butter. As the sun sank lower, golden lights came slanting across the mounds of burnished ivy, touching the glistening coral of the fuchsia-trees, and turning the whole garden into a glittering paradise. Anna walked to the open window, and looked out in silence.

"May I go out?" she asked after a pause, speaking in quite a gentle voice.

"The grass is too wet, I am afraid," replied Eva.

"Not too wet for good thick boots," remarked Miss Rachel cheerfully.

"I have a new pair—very thick," cried Anna in an eager tone. "Do let me go."

"I will take charge of her," said Miss Rachel to Eva. "You can stay and talk to Caroline; I know she is longing for a private chat with you."

Eva looked grateful. Anna's behaviour on the journey had wearied her in body and mind: and the fortnight that had preceded their departure had been exciting and unsettling to the last degree. The whole household had lived in a turmoil; tradespeople were perpetually coming and going, and the tramping up and down stairs seemed to go on day and night. Lady Mary's marriage, so long looked forward to, was to take place with all possible pomp and ceremony. And it did take place, greatly to the satisfaction of the dowager, who had skilfully planned the match.

If Lord Glencoe was not a "bonnie bridegroom," the bride fully sustained her claim to the title of beauty. She bore herself right bravely on her wedding morning, and as she swept along the aisle

"in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,"

Eva could hardly believe her to be the same woman who had wept bitter tears over a simple song. There was not even a touch of emotion in her farewells; she kissed her young niece, said a kind but dignified good-bye to the governess, and went her way.

"But my heart ached for her," said Eva, after giving Miss Caroline a graphic description of the bridal. "I knew she wasn't really satisfied. Let people say what they will, I know she has too much heart to be a thorough woman of the world."

While Eva and Aunt Carrie enjoyed their quiet talk in the sitting-room, Miss Rachel led Anna through the shrubberies to a little gate. And then, with bright eager eyes, the child looked up at the great Saxon tower of the old castle, which has stood at the north-west angle of the inner fortification for one thousand two hundred years. Gloomy and massive and grey, it rises upwards of a hundred feet above the soft greensward at its base, and keeps its stern guard over sea and land as in the days when rugged warriors had made it their stronghold.

Aunt Rachel proved herself a delightful companion. She answered all questions willingly, and was very clear in her explanations. Yielding to the little girl's entreaties, she took her across the meadow path and into the road; and then conducted her through the land-port, or western entrance to the castle, where she showed her the grooves in which the portcullis ran.

And when Anna went to sleep that night in the pretty room where the apple-boughs tapped at the window panes, she dreamed of the mouldering walls and ivy-grown towers that watched over Lake Lodge. Her first thoughts at waking were of the castle, and nurse found her quite willing to rise and dress at the earliest call.

THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

V.—PULPIT ECCENTRICITIES.

THIS ought to be a lengthy chapter, for in almost every age the pulpit has had men whose freedom of speech and behaviour have enlarged the store of pulpit anecdote. There are now before the writer of these pages many instances of mere pulpit drollery and coarseness, in which, as a writer on the history of the pulpit in all ages remarks, not too severely, "there is an order of preaching and prayer which shakes hands with and says 'Hail fellow well met' to blasphemy." Such was that greatest of all pulpit drolls, Abraham Sancta Clara, who filled for twenty years the high position of Imperial Court preacher to Leopold the First. He has been called—we should say very appropriately—"a clerical zany." He has been said to have had a genuine enthusiasm for religion and virtue; "he had a mighty mastery of language, a very animated delivery, and an excoriating satire;" but his

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humour was of the broadest description, and often most irreverent. It is not to such eccentricities as these that we propose to devote the space we have to spare. Coarseness is synonymous with hardness, while genuine humour is always in alliance with tenderness. A gross, overflowing sensual nature, may say a multitude of clever, shrewd, laughable things, which leave the heart of the hearer quite untouched, and his character uninfluenced and unblessed.

The popular friar preachers, the hedge-priests of the Middle Ages, who took mightily with the vulgar, were very much of this stamp. Here is a choice extract from a sermon by one Père Guerin, preaching, apparently, to Theophilus Viaud, in 1625, who, for writing a book reflecting on the immorality of monks, was condemned to be burned with his book: "Cursed," howled the preacher, "be the spirit which dictated such thoughts! Cursed be the hand which wrote them! Woe to the publisher who had them printed! Woe to those who read them! Woe to those who ever made the author's acquaintance! But blessed be Monsieur le Premier Président; blessed be Monsieur le Procureur-Général,—who have purged our Paris of this plague. You are the originator of the plague in this city. I would say, after the Rev. Father Garasse, that you are a scoundrel, a great calf—but no; shall I call you a calf? Veal is good when boiled; veal is good when roast; calf-skin is good for binding books; but yours, miscreant, is only fit to be well grilled, and that it will be to-morrow. You have raised a laugh at monks, and now the monks will laugh at you." The history of the pulpit in the dark and middle ages is full of these outrages on propriety and taste. One of these oddities was Meffreth, a preacher full of ingenuity and allegory; and some of his allegories sufficiently strange. Thus, from the text, "Here we have no continuing city," he compares this world of ours to the weed-covered back of a large whale, which a traveller, navigating the seas, mistook for a pleasant and green island, and did not discover his mistake until he began to drive the stakes of his habitation into the creature which he had mistaken for an abiding resting-place.

It is not easy to limit and determine the definition of pulpit eccentricity: in some sense every greatly eminent preacher must be "eccentric"; he does not move in the ordinary circle, he excites attention by being irregular, and passing beyond the ordinary orbit or groove—in this sense the richest and most sustained order of eloquence may be spoken of as eccentric. Then, again, the possession of humour, and the use of it in the pulpit, may be so wielded as scarcely to fall beneath the denomination of an eccentricity. We purpose devoting a more lengthy paper to the humours of, and the use of humour in, the pulpit; it only occurs to us now to notice William Jay, who could frequently employ an easy, happy humour, yet, perhaps, never passed beyond the regions of good taste and good sense. For example, a friend has described to us the sense of rich enjoyment with which a large congregation heard Mr. Jay recite the story of Micah, the priest-maker. After mentioning the text, "Now know I that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to my priest," he said: "Let us enter into the story. Here is an old woman very covetous, and yet very religious in her way. She had saved up eleven hundred shekels of silver, and hid them, but Micah, her son, soon finds and seizes the treasure—for there are children who are neither ashamed nor afraid to steal from their parents—upon which she falls into a passion, and not only raves but curses. Her imprecating the divine vengeance upon the head of the thief, terrified Micah; he confessed the roguery and restored the money. This threw her into an ecstasy of pleasure, so that, instead of upbraiding him, she exclaims, 'Blessed be thou of the Lord, my son!' declaring at the same time that she had intended the whole sum for himself: 'I had wholly dedicated the silver unto the Lord from my hand for my son, to make a graven image and a molten image.' The property, however, though wholly pledged, was too precious on recovery to be wholly parted with. She therefore keeps nine hundred shekels, and squeezes out only two for the sacred service; these she gave to the founder, who made thereof a graven image, and a molten image, and they were in the house of Micah. Thus a species of idolatry entered into the family, and from this family spread throughout the whole tribe of Dan. Then, by-and-bye, a strolling Levite who had gone abroad in search of employment and promotion, in his vagabond rambles, comes to Mount Ephraim, and to the house of Micah. He says he is going on until he can find a place where he may sojourn. Micah says to him, 'Dwell with me, and be unto me a father and a priest, and I will give thee ten shekels of silver by the year, and a suit of apparel, and thy victuals.' Clothes and food and twenty-five shillings a year! No great matter, for the ministry, although always a good calling, is a bad trade. But the Levite was content, and his employer was happy. Then said Micah, 'Now know I that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to my priest!'"

When Mr. Jay preached this sermon, he was in the prime and fulness of his freshness and his strength. Words can never read as they were spoken, but our informant has told us how, with perfect good taste, the manner of the preacher brought out, with what amounted even to drollery, the covetousness, the cursing and swearing of the old woman, the theft of the son, and his superstitious fear, culminating at last in an act of idolatry. And all this time they both supposed themselves to be very religious, and doing nothing contrary to the spirituality of the Hebrew worship, while they were actually engaged in breaking the most imperative commandments of the moral law. But we have cited this instance as an illustration of the possibility, of which Mr. Jay was an eminent example, of retaining in the pulpit perfect good sense with a lively play of humour, and yet not passing over to what we more popularly mean by eccentricity.

We would narrow, then, our idea of the eccentricities of the pulpit to the men who have felt the fulness of a fresh, glowing, and humorous soul, but who were still ardent in their desire to enlighten the minds, to save the souls, and to comfort the hearts of those who heard them. They scarcely attempted to restrain their humour, but it was hallowed by the desire to lift the audience out of the region of every-day life, out of the region of sorrow and sin, out of the region of doubt and suffering. Thomas Adams must have been one of these eccentricities; also honest John Berridge,

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the vicar of Everton, who certainly seasoned the drollery of his pulpit performances with the salt of a good conversation. One of the most remarkable of this order, in later times, was Jacob Kruber, of America. Many of his pulpit sayings bear a closer resemblance to those of our own Rowland Hill, than any others with which we are acquainted. He was preaching at Huntingdon, U.S., where the Universalists formed a very large body beneath the leadership of a person named Crow, who preached the flattering doctrine that men and women dying unconverted in this world, would certainly be converted in the next. They came with their preacher to hear Kruber, and to mock at the severe theology of the old man. In a crowded congregation, Kruber first made a strong assault on the doctrine itself, and then he exclaimed, "Now any man who could conceive such a thing must be born in a Crow's nest, and he must have been brought up in a Crow's nest, as he never could get any higher. He must have been fed on dry bones, without any meat on them, or marrow in them. Lord, stir up this Crow's nest! Lord, this Crow is a very ugly bird. It is all black; make it white. It has a very harsh croaking noise; Lord, put a new song in its mouth, even praise to our God. Lord, give it wings that it may fly away to the third heavens and be converted." The Latter Day Saints told him that their meat was too strong for him. "Yes," he said, "it is very strong. It is tainted. Go and bury it, that it may not poison any person." And then he suggested a change of two words in the designation of their sect: instead of "day," say "night"; and for "saints," say "owls."

The Americans claim to have produced, during the present and past generations, the highest forms of oratory; we shall not dispute the claim in these pages, and certainly we can find many names of unquestioned eminence among pulpit eccentricities, and none more remarkable than Father Taylor of Boston, the preacher to sailors; he has received most eulogistic notice from Charles Dickens, from Mrs. Jameson, from Harriet Martineau, and from many others, almost as distinguished, who had the opportunity of hearing him. He has been called "a forest-born Demosthenes." We fail to see the fitness of the analogy; but he was a great preacher; he was entirely unconventional; he submitted to no laws of rhetoric or of ritual; pleasantly he leaped over all. He was, as a preacher, a law to himself. He was a man of most child-like faith; his fancies and sudden gushes of feeling took the shape of the most simple and radiant poems. For instance, preaching a funeral sermon for a very useful young minister who died of consumption, he said to a very deeply-affected people: "God did not wish the dear little man to preach, He wanted him in heaven: but he was anxious to do some service for his Lord, and his request was granted. When his first year was closed he would have been taken at once to heaven, but you were so importunate to have him back, that God indulged you for a while. You had no right to expect that he would remain with you; he preached every sermon, as you saw, with his winding-sheet upon his arm!" Upon another and similar occasion, preaching from the text, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright," he folded his arms a few seconds, and then stretching out his right arm, and with his finger pointing to the coffin beneath him, he exclaimed: "The end of *that* man is peace! peace!" Then, leaning over the pulpit, he added, "Children, nothing to cry about here. The king has gone to be crowned! He was a king here, but he was not crowned. When I was a green boy he took me under his wing, into the shadow of the Old Rock." And one who heard him says, "On he marched, in a strain of weeping joy, following his ascended friend." Taylor had no culture, but he had a large heart; full of love, full of tender sympathies; full of fiery words and winged inspirations. When he found a text he instantly started off across the common, or up and down among the wharves; there, in this way, he wrought out his argument and found his illustrations, and sometimes might be heard muttering to himself as he went along upon his way. Hence his sermons were by no means very orderly affairs. Behind a hard and weather-beaten exterior, there was a soul which could dart out indignation and fire, or frolic and play about like the gentlest and most innocent of created things.

It has been said that he is the one preacher whose sermons could not be printed. This is one incontestible mark of the most eminent orator; the nearer sermons are to the possibility of being rendered through the medium of the press, the farther they are from that indescribable, but all captivating and enchaining charm which defies translation on paper. Have we not said the soul makes the true speaker? And reporting sermons and printing sermons have been calamitous and ruinous to fearless, fervid, and effective speaking; the orator shivers before the frigidity of preparation. Hence, manner is everything in the pulpit. It is no depreciation of the orator's genius to say that his power lies less in what he says than in how he says it; his manner is his soul, and it measures the earnestness of the man; but thus it appears that earnestness and eccentricity are by no means incompatible or uncompanionable. We are not thinking of that eccentricity in which inferior men think, by loud shouting, or mere drollery and oddity, or frantic gesticulation, to produce the impression which only sanctified genius can produce; the counterfeit is wretched, and the end is only derision and disgust. Charles Dickens heard Father Taylor preach, and has given to us a vivid description of the sermon from the text "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?" He says that Father Taylor handled his text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes. He was, as usual, preaching to sailors in the Bethel Chapel; his imagery was all drawn from the sea, and he walked to and fro in the pulpit, with his Bible under his arm. "Who are these?" he exclaimed. "Who are they? who are these fellows? where do they come from? where are they going to? Come from! What's the answer?" leaning out of the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: "From below!" starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: "From below, my brethren. From under the hatchways of sin, battened down above you by the Evil One. That's where you come from!" then a walk up and down the pulpit. "And where are you going?" stopping abruptly. "Where are you going? Aloft!" (very softly, and pointing upward). "Aloft!" (louder). "Aloft!" (louder still); "that's where you're going—with a fair wind —all taut and trim, steering direct for heaven, in all

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its glory, where there are no storms, nor foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Another walk: "That's where you are going to, my friends; that's it; that's the place; that's the port; that's the haven. It's a blessed harbour. Still water there in all changes of the winds and the tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea there. Peace! peace! peace! all peace!" Another walk, and, patting the Bible under his left arm, "What, these fellows are coming from the wilderness, are they? Yes, from the dreary blighted wilderness of iniquity, whose only crop is death. But do they lean on anything, or do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?" (three raps upon the Bible). "Oh yes, yes; they lean upon the arm of their Beloved!" (three more raps) "upon the arm of their Beloved!" (three more raps, and a walk) "pilot, guiding star, and compass all in one! Here it is" (three more), "here it is; they can do their seaman's duty manfully, and be easy in their minds, in the utmost peril and danger, with this!" (two more.) "They can come, even these poor fellows can come from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and go up, up, up"—raising his hand higher and higher at every repetition of the word, so that he stood with it at last stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange, rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse.

Mr. Dickens thought highly of the wisdom of many portions of the discourse, although he half apologises for reciting it, as it seemed to illustrate rather the eccentricity of the preacher than his merits. There was always a tender spontaneousness in Father Taylor's words. When Miss Martineau heard him preach, he prayed over the grief of a widow who had also just lost a tenderly-loved child, and he burst out, "Father, look upon us! we are a widow!" Mrs. Jameson met him by the grave of an infant; he alluded to the number of children he had recently buried, saying, "There must be something wrong somewhere; there is a storm brewing when all the doves are flying aloft." Once he spoke of the folly of expecting great results immediately, and it was all beautifully expressed in one sentence, "Carry not the seed-basket and the sickle into the field together!"

William Dawson, "Billy Dawson" as he was, and is still, familiarly called throughout the north of England, has not so long left us that there are not still many living who remember him well—some who, as children, sat upon his knee, and who only retain the memory of his genial and kindly nature, while others recall his graphic delineations and overwhelming power over every audience he addressed. He was a Methodist, one of a race to whom the excitement of a religious service is understood to be normal and indigenous. His graphic touches and pictures therefore immediately produced prompt and very audible responses. Thus, one who heard him preach from the text, "Thou hast crowned me with lovingkindness and tender mercies," testifies how his imagination took fire at the metaphor, and presented before him a regal coronet studded with precious stones innumerable, but with a central stone of surpassing magnitude, brilliancy, and value; consentaneously this became the crown of lovingkindness and tender mercies; the countless brilliants represented the blessings of Providence and grace, and the centre stone the priceless gem of salvation. To express this as he wished was more difficult than to conceive it, and several feeble sentences were uttered before the crown was shown to the people. But when at length it was exhibited in all its radiant glory, with its centre gem of purest lustre, the deep crimson hue of which was caught up and reflected in a thousand lights by the precious stones which clustered around it, the saints of the Most High shouted aloud for joy. The writer of these papers, when a boy, heard Billy Dawson preach. He gave out his text, "The Lord shut him in." The story was of the deluge and the ark, but he had no sooner announced his text than he said, "This will not do." He opened the pulpit door, went down the somewhat long circular pulpit stairs, and, from what is called the class-leaders' pew, he imagined himself to be Noah. The pulpit was the ark which he was building, and the congregation represented the unconverted scoffing world to whom he was preaching. While he was preaching he was also building the ark, felling the trees, sawing the planks and timbers, adjusting the building, and still, amidst all the preaching and the building he was ascending, step by step, the pulpit stairs, going up into the ark. At last all was finished, and he was there. Then the pulpit door was closed with a tremendous slam, while he shouted, "And the Lord shut him in!" Then came the flood; the rains fell, the thunders rolled, the lightnings glared over the billows, rocks and trees were hurled and torn down, and overwhelmed; the lost went floating by on the waves! The pulpit was the ark, the ark was the church floating safely over the billows of time, over a lost and wrecked world. "Hallelujah!" said the preacher, "Hallelujah!" re-echoed one voice, and then another and another in the congregation, until the whole swayed to and fro on the voices of praise for that great salvation.

Such a scene is inconceivable to those who are accustomed to the decent order of church services, but in the freer places of Methodist worship, and from a preacher unique in character and not bound by conventional usages, the forcible and homely oratory went with power to the heart.

Strange circumstances often happened. While he was preaching on David and Goliath, for instance, David was represented as a feeble saint, but with the sword of the Spirit, and Satan down, and beneath his feet: "Off wi' his ye'ad, Billy!" was shouted by the voice of some bluff Yorkshireman in the congregation. Once when preaching from the text, "found wanting," he was describing and denouncing the hypocrite, the formalist, the unjust merchant. A man was there, a pedlar, with a "yard wand," a short measure: "Take it, Billy," said the pedlar, and the preacher broke the false measure across his knee in the pulpit. His sermon on Little-Faith was very characteristic; he described Little-Faith as a little lad, sitting in a corner with a blood-shot eye and a green shade over it; a little lad comparatively feeble, not having reached maturity; sitting, instead of being actively engaged and on the alert; in a corner instead of going abroad to be seen and read of all men; with a green shade, requiring instead of imparting relief; a blood-shot eye, obstructing vision, instead of a free and full use of the faculty. Persons

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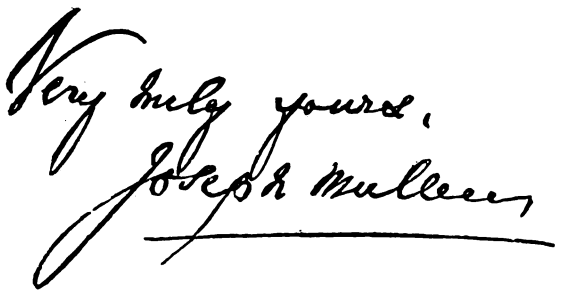
of fastidious taste would find plenty of material for fault-finding in this great, but homely preacher; but among the eccentricities of the pulpit, we know of none who united to the freedom of his humour a more consecrated and useful purpose, and who justified more thoroughly the means he used by the end at which he aimed, and attained. And he certainly shows that eccentricity need not be either in itself coarse, irreverent, or inconsistent with the highest aims of the Christian ministry.

DR. JOSEPH MULLENS.



From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.]



GEORGE WHITEFIELD used to say that "the lives of God's servants are immortal till their work is done;" and yet it has always been among the mysteries of providence that some of the ablest leaders in the work of the church are cut down in the midst of their labours. Another instance was supplied when Dr. Mullens, who for many years was the vigorous and devoted Secretary of the London Missionary Society, fell in the midst of his African journey. It is doubtful if since the rise of modern missions there has been a man so fully conversant with the detail of their working. Many of the stations of that society in foreign lands he knew by actual survey. He had visited in pursuit

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of mission objects, India, China, Madagascar and Africa, and made himself acquainted with the missionaries and their methods. He could put his finger on most of the spheres occupied by the various missionary societies throughout the heathen world. He seemed to be almost necessary to the work of the society with which he was more particularly connected, while he was invaluable as a referee and wise counsellor to all our missionary societies. Yet while acting as a pioneer in the African interior mission, he succumbed to the fatigue induced by travel, and died at Chakombe, on the 10th of July last.

Joseph Mullens was bred in the very lap of missions. His family were connected with the old Barbican Chapel in the city of London, of which the late Dr. Tidman became the minister in the year 1829, when young Mullens was in his ninth year. Dr. Tidman had fully imbibed the missionary spirit, and he sought to fire the same enthusiasm in the people of his charge. No missionary of the London Society came home to recruit, whose voice was not heard in Barbican Chapel. Williams and Moffat, Philip and Milne, Ellis and Freeman, were well known there. The youth Joseph Mullens heard them all, and grew up under the influence of the missionary impulses of the early part of the present century. "Barbican" became a nest of missionary workers, and while Dr. Tidman himself was chosen foreign secretary of the society, many of the young people of his charge gave themselves to its work in heathen lands. Among these were the brothers Gill, Joseph Mullens' elder sister, who became the wife of the Rev. George Wilkinson and went with him to labour in Jamaica, and ere long, Joseph Mullens himself.

His excellent father had wisely taken care that his son should have a good school education, and afterwards arranged for him to continue his studies under private tuition. Meantime on his fifteenth birthday he had "solemnly given up his heart and his all to the Saviour"—as he himself phrased it—and before he was eighteen he had become a student for the ministry. He entered Coward College, and pursued his theological studies under the president, the Rev. Thomas Morell, and subsequently under Dr. Jenkyn; while from the professors of University College, where the students of Coward College went for their literary course, he received instruction of a high order and embracing a wide range of subjects. During this time he took his B.A. degree at the university of London. Thus he was preparing for almost any work in the service of the Great Master.

But his heart turned naturally to missions. As his college course was drawing to an end, he began to inquire in what part of the heathen world he was best fitted to labour. "I was brought," he writes, "to examine the state of the different parts of the world and their claims, and also the character and resources of my own mind, and the conclusion to which I came was, that any sphere for which facility in acquiring languages was needed, in which fondness for natural science might be turned to good account, was one for which my own abilities were specially adapted. And inasmuch as our mission stations in India, almost without exception, offer such a sphere, I wished to labour in that country."

With this desire in view, he offered himself in 1842 to the London Missionary Society as a candidate for foreign service. He was accepted and appointed to Calcutta, and, in further and fuller preparation for the grand work, he spent one session at the university of Edinburgh in the study of mental philosophy and logic. Thus equipped, he was sent forth to his work, having been ordained at Barbican Chapel on the 5th of September, 1843. On the voyage he had the advantage of the company and the instruction in Bengali of the Rev. A. F. Lacroix. Arriving in Calcutta, he entered on work in the Institution at Bhowanpore, for which he was by education specially fitted.

In 1845 he married a daughter of Mr. Lacroix, who became to him a valuable helpmeet in his work, being a lady of high intelligence and special gifts, and "whose devotion to native female education, at first in schools, and afterwards in Zenana visitation, which she was one of the earliest to undertake, still stands as in her lifetime," for she passed away many years before him, "an example and a stimulus to those in like circumstances."

In 1846 Mr. Mullens had so far mastered the vernacular of the people, as to be able to enter on the pastorate of the native church at Bhowanpore, which office he held for twenty years. "During his pastorate, his increasing fluency in Bengali led him to take part in bazaar preaching, and to join in visits to great heathen festivals. But while this was his ordinary line of missionary duty, his active mind ranged over a wide field of inquiry, chiefly that which had relation to Christian missions, while his busy pen recorded a large amount of information. This did not lie buried in his numerous note-books, which still remain to testify to his industry, but was worked up into articles for reviews, contributions to periodicals, prize-essays, and other works. The preparation of statistics of missions in India and Ceylon—the first series in 1852, and the second in 1863—brought him into communication with a wide circle of missionaries, and tended greatly to extend his knowledge of Christian missions in these two fields.

"To this, in 1853, and following years, were added visits to the missionary stations in various parts of India, and attendance at missionary conferences, by which, in the personal intercourse with a large number of missionaries from different fields, and the opportunity of seeing for himself various plans of procedure among people very diverse in condition and circumstances, which he thus secured, he, though he knew it not, was being prepared by the Head of the Church, for the new and important position which he subsequently occupied."

During a visit to England in 1858, he came into prominence as a widely-informed and eloquent advocate of Christian missions. The conference of various missionary societies, held in Liverpool in 1860, in which he took a prominent part, at once brought him into further notice, and increased his knowledge of missions in many lands. When he returned to Calcutta, many eyes followed him. He had made his mark. In 1861 he received from William College, Massachusetts, the degree of D.D., and in 1867 a similar degree from the university of Edinburgh. It was not long after Dr. Mullens' return to the east before the failing strength of Dr. Tidman made it evident that the foreign secretaryship of the London Society which he had held for a quarter of a century must soon pass to other hands. In common with others, Dr. Tidman had noted the

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broad intelligence and marked power of organisation displayed by his young friend of former days, and "his eye rested on Joseph Mullens, now in his prime of life, as his colleague and successor." He was sent for, and at the request of the directors of the society he returned home to take the post assigned him. From the moment of his entering upon its duties, it was evident that he had set his heart on revising the system of the society's working, and in co-operation with his colleagues in office and the directors he devised a new code of regulations for missionaries in their various spheres, which proved most valuable alike in his own society and in others, so far as the new arrangements were adopted.

In carrying out this new code, it has been admitted that he was sometimes "a little hard," and that the faculty of sympathy seemed not strongly developed in him. The fact was that missions were a business with him, and he carried out the work with business strictness. This was the more necessary in bringing about new regulations, and none but a strong man could have done it. But that he had a rich fund of kindly and genial feeling, no one who knew him in private life could for a moment doubt, nor that at bottom his was a generous soul.

The stores of information ever at his command made him one of the best of talkers, and one of the readiest of public speakers. His geographical knowledge gained him a high position as a member of the Royal Geographical Society, before which he frequently read papers.

Besides the important work of the reorganisation of the society's plans of action, Dr. Mullens undertook special service in the carrying out of its work. In 1870 he was appointed with Dr. Allon and Mr. Henry Wright to act as a deputation to attend the annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and to visit the churches of Canada in the interests of the London Missionary Society. In 1873, in consequence of the wonderful opening up of the society's mission in Madagascar, and of various complications in their working, incident to the new circumstances, Dr. Mullens was appointed a deputation to visit that island, having as his coadjutor the Rev. J. Pillans. In executing this commission he was absent from England fifteen months, and then, enriched with accurate knowledge of the mission and its specific difficulties, he returned to suggest to the directors such plans as the extension of the mission rendered desirable. The literary outcome of this visit was a volume entitled "Twelve Months in Madagascar."

Dr. Mullens' pen was always busy, nor did he lack opportunity for the employment of his literary skill. While in India he wrote a prize essay on "Vedantism, Brahmoism, and Christianity," and another on the "Religious Aspects of Hindu Philosophy"; simplifying and popularising the knowledge that was accessible of the different systems of Hindu philosophy. He also produced a volume on "Missions in India," and another on "The results of Missionary labour in India," besides articles for the "Calcutta Review" and the "Calcutta Christian Observer." He also compiled, after laborious research, "Statistics of Missions in India and Ceylon," followed ten years after by fresh "Statistical Tables of Missions in India, Ceylon, and Burmah." He also produced his "Ten years' Missionary Labour in India," and a biography of his excellent father-in-law and coadjutor, the Rev. A. F. Lacroix. On his return to England he was no less ready in literary labour. Beside volumes already referred to, he wrote various essays and reviews on mission work. "London and Calcutta" has graphic sketches and contrasts. He was engaged in writing the "History of the London Missionary Society," in separate portable volumes, and at the time of his leaving England on his last sad journey he had made considerable progress with the first of them, on the "South Sea Mission." The proceedings of the Mildmay General Missionary Conference of October 1878, which he did much to bring to efficiency, were carefully chronicled by him, as were those of the Liverpool Conference of 1860. He was also under an engagement to write several important articles for the present issue of the "Encyclopædia Brittanica." But literary work had to be laid aside for yet more arduous undertakings; and now comes "the story of the end."

Through the discoveries and statements of Stanley the attention and enterprise of the Christian public gathered around Central Africa. In 1875 a gentleman in Leeds had, with a liberal offer of help, proposed to the London Missionary Society to commence a mission in Lake Tanganyika, on the very spot where Stanley met Livingstone. The enterprise fired the soul of Dr. Mullens. No sooner was it decided on than he gave himself to the inquiries and preparations incident to its working with great zest. Four missionaries, with efficient helpers, were dispatched for the interior of Africa, to meet, alas! with defeat and disaster on their way, and to fail in reaching the end. Dr. Mullens watched anxiously from the Mission House the course of events, but whilst acknowledging the difficulties, he knew no discouragement. When the sad news arrived of the death of one of the missionary band, he still maintained his confidence, and spoke emphatically of "victory through death." But it was seen that the mission needed to be reinforced, and that it was important that it should be headed for awhile with an elder of wide experience. With ready devotedness, Dr. Mullens volunteered himself to accompany the reinforcements even as far as Ujiji, and to take the lead there in the settlement and organisation of the mission. The directors were moved by the noble consecration that prompted the offer, but they hesitated to accept it. They feared that he was not physically equal to the demands such a journey would make upon him. They gave, however, a reluctant consent that he should accompany the young brethren appointed to the mission as far as Zanzibar. But it was necessary that he should be at liberty to go on with them to the interior if his judgment so decided. No sooner had he arrived at Zanzibar than the question had to be faced. "One is shut up," he writes home to the directors, "to some measure such as I offered to carry out. The five members of the mission are inexperienced, these two (who were with him at Zanzibar) wish me to accompany them, and promise me all personal help. Dr. Kirk thinks that with care, carried into the interior and not compelled to walk, I may be able to bear the strains of the journey; other things point in the same direction. Non-Christian expeditions are increasing, and our societies are anxious to do their share. It seems to me, therefore, that the directors will now consider it but a natural and necessary use of the discretion they have given me that I should formally

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join our new expedition, and endeavour as speedily and comfortably as possible to reach Ujiji, and the brethren there. I do this diffidently, calmly, with a deep sense of my own lack of youth and vigour, and of the grave external perils around us. But I do so believing that the call has come direct from God; that He has given me the grace to hear and accept it, and I do it in firm reliance upon His promised presence and help in service asked for by Himself. And in it all I rest also on the many prayers offered by the directors and friends of the society on my behalf, and on those which will continue to be offered in the days to come. Let me add that I am anxious to complete my present duties as soon as circumstances allow, and, if spared, to resume my place among you, and to render to the society a better service than ever hitherto."

Everything being arranged with due care, the missionary party sailed from Zanzibar for the mainland on the 13th of June, and soon after set forward into the interior. The expedition consisted of himself, Dr. Southon, a young medical missionary, Mr. Griffith, and a number of men as helpers. Dr. Mullens was carried in an iron chair. Eight men were appointed as his personal bearers. The chair was slung between two bamboo poles, and four men then carried it on their shoulders. Their progress was but slow, as the men had to walk in the thick grass. Still everything worked smoothly and harmoniously; the men did their work willingly and cheerfully, and although the doctor got generally tired out, and was a little late in getting into camp, a cup of cocoa or tea, and a little rest sufficed to restore him to his wonted health and spirits. He hardly ever complained of anything, except the patches of long grass, and Dr. Southon, from whose letters we have gleaned these particulars of his journey, enables us to follow the traveller's course day by day, till first he was attacked by cold, then by fever, and at length succumbed to the weakness induced thus, and to the recurrence of a chronic malady of some years' standing. It is a comfort to know that he was not left without medical aid of the best kind. Dr. Southon was constantly with him, and Dr. Baxter of the Church Missionary Society met the party on his way to the coast and returned with them in attendance on the sufferer and in the hope that after reaching Mpwapwa he might go back to the coast with him as Dr. Mullens had been prevailed on to do. But he was not to return. Already he was on his last journey, and death came on apace.

Dr. Southon thus portrays the death scene and funeral: "When we realised that no human aid could save him, we sank upon our knees by the bedside (in his tent) and with streaming eyes commended him to the care of the all-wise Father, who was about to receive him; and even as we prayed he departed for a better land. After more prayer for guidance, we carefully wrapped the body in sheeting, and then in blankets, and lifted it into a hammock. After packing up everything we started for Mpwapwa, twenty-nine miles distant; the place we reached on the following morning, having made two very quick marches. With their brotherly sympathy and regard, Dr. Baxter and Mr. Last made all arrangements for the burial, but there being no boards about the place suitable for a coffin we were in straits what to do. At last Dr. Baxter suggested that we should take the side of one of the London Missionary carts which were left here by Mr. Thomson. This was quickly done, and a very good coffin made from them by Mr. Last himself. This, covered with white cloth, and lined inside with the same material, received the corpse, and it then lay all night in the tent awaiting burial on the morrow. A pleasant site on the side of a hill, overlooking the plain beneath, had been selected as the site for a burying-place. Here a grave was dug in the hard ground, and with a kind forethought which did him great credit, Mr. Last had cut a road to the place from the mainroad. On the morning of Saturday, the 12th of July, 1879, a very mournful procession started from Mr. Last's house for the burial-ground of the Church Missionary Society's Mission at Mpwapwa. Solemnly and silently the procession wended its way down into deep gorges, and up the sides of steep ravines, now along a level road and across a little hill. On either side the primeval forest stood in all its beauty, the lighter foliage of the mimosa mingling with the darker green of huge castor-oil plants. Forest trees and a thousand different shrubs made an effect decidedly pretty. Overhead the bright morning sun glints on the hill-tops behind and above us, and shines on the plain beneath and in front of us. Not a sound is heard, save an occasional whisper and the steady tramp of the men who carry the burden. Just before arriving at the grave the solemn words of Holy Writ sounded in the stillness, 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten,' etc. After placing the coffin near the grave, and anon lowering it into it, Mr. Griffith offered prayer, and then read the ordinary burial service. I then closed the service with a short prayer. Another look at the coffin, and he is left in peace. When we turned from the grave we fully realised our loss; but the Almighty arms were around us, and we were comforted."

A headstone, or rather board, has been set up over the grave bearing the inscription, "Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D., F.R.G.S., died at Chakombe, July 10th, 1879."

J. B. F.

Spring.

BLEAK winter is subdu'd at length,
Compell'd to yield the day:
The sun returning in his strength
Drives all the storms away.

Behold the youthful spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

Where'er we tread, beneath our feet,
The flowers spontaneous spring;
And warbling birds, in concert sweet,
Invite our hearts to sing.

But, ah! in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

Oh! would my Saviour from on high
Break through these clouds and shine!
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

Newton.

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MRS. COURTNEY EDMONDS. EDMUND EVANS.

SPRING

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Pages for the Young.

PEARL.

IX.

WHEN Pearl awoke to the full consciousness of her situation, a dull heavy pain akin to fear seized her. Gradually the fearful scene of the fire came to her mind—the kindly voice of her landlady calling her, "Dépêchez-vous chère enfant; wait for nothing, but come quickly for the dear life!"

Then with these thoughts came the knowledge that she was homeless; that her small stock of money, the remnant of that she had saved from her salary at Mrs. Menteith's with so much economy and care was lost, with her clothes, in the fire. All was lost, and she there a scorched, and weakened, perhaps disfigured invalid! Oh, what was she to do? No money, no friends! She reproached herself. There was Madge, dear, leal-hearted Madge, she had made her promise to pass a month with her in Leicestershire; but a second thought came—how was she to keep that promise with nothing to wear, no money to buy the smallest article of which she had need! Into her girlish mind like a ray of charmed light came the words of grace embodied in the old hymn, "The Lord will provide," which she had taught to little Jules Menteith when convalescent from the fever.

The thought comforted her, and with a prayer for help on her lips Pearl slept.

One afternoon she was resting on the outside of her bed, for her arm still kept her weak, when she was awakened by the deep soft voice of a gentleman who was reading in the next ward, from the Psalms.

The sublime words he was reading lost none of their solemn power by the manner in which they were read, for the reader was evidently a man of refined and cultivated learning and deep religious feeling.

Pearl could not see him as her bed was placed, but presently, having finished reading in that part of the ward, the gentleman came to the next, and having taken his seat, the reading again began.

"Let Thy merciful kindness be upon us, as we do put our trust in Thee."

Pearl had listened with deep pleasure to the nicely-modulated and impressive tones, and when the short prayer was offered which concluded the simple service, she felt a great quiet and trust in the help that she felt sure would come to her.

"Comfort and help the weak-hearted, and let Thy abiding care be over the widow and the orphan, for Thy name's sake. Amen!" were the concluding words.

When Mr. Harcourt—that was his name—rose to leave the ward, he passed round saying a word to all. As he neared that part of the room where Pearl sat on her bed, Nurse Agatha drew up the blind, thus throwing the light of the waning evening on her face. On going up to her to wish her a good night, he started, for although Mr. Harcourt had been there when she was brought in disfigured by smoke and soot of the fire, he really saw Pearl then for the first time.

"I have seen you before I am sure, but in a very different scene to this! What is your name?"

Pearl was silent, and shook her head, yet looking pleased at the notice taken of her.

"I beg your pardon if I was rude in asking."

"I have not seen you before, and I do not think you can have seen me. I am called Pearl Martinez, but, ah me, I have no right to any name; the dear lady who cared for me till she died, allowed me to use hers. But I am still too agitated, after all the suffering I have passed through, and I fear too nervous, even to think much. Pray pardon me, and let me wish you good afternoon," timidly putting out her hand.

Edward Harcourt was too much of a gentleman to remain after Pearl's evident wish to be alone, so he took the little hand, and wishing Pearl good night, left the ward.

"Strange!" said Edward Harcourt to himself; "where have I seen that sweet girlish face before? How full of latent power and yet gentleness! Poor girl, I see they were obliged to cut off her hair, it was so scorched and singed. I shall remember presently;" so saying he entered another ward, to read the words of comfort and consolation to other sufferers.

As the days went on, Pearl gained strength, and could she have hoped more for the future, health would not have tarried so long in coming. There was a sad far-off look in the soft brown eyes, for she knew not where she should go when she left the hospital.

"Why am I so alone? Oh my sister, where are you? I wonder if your heart yearns for me, as mine does for you."

But if no sister came to answer the loving cry, there was One, even God, whose hand was over her in protecting love, guiding her by ways she knew not to peace and joy.

At length the dreaded day to leave the hospital came, and Pearl was kindly congratulated by Sister Felicia on her convalescence, and bade prepare herself for departure.

A mist seemed to swim before her eyes. Where was Madame Peron, her late landlady now? She did not know, and was afraid to ask the Sister, for fear it should tell her misery. Yes, she was homeless and shelterless: leave the hospital, and where was she to go? What was she to do? A florin in the pocket of the scorched dress was all she had.

The Sister saw the look of hopeless bewilderment which passed over Pearl's face, and the big tears which she vainly endeavoured to furtively wipe away. She saw, too, the working of the interlaced fingers, and taking the busy hands in her own, and drawing the suffering girl into the shelter of her arm, she said, "What is it, dear child?"

Poor Pearl! the feeling that she was homeless and destitute burst from her, and burying her face on the kindly bosom, she wailed forth her piteous story.

"Silly child, why did you not tell me before? There, dry these tears away, and to-morrow you and I will talk of what you can do."

The relief so sudden and unexpected, was too much after all she had borne, and a violent fit of hysteric weeping, whilst it relieved the full heart, shook the weak frame, and Sister Felicia gave Pearl into Nurse Agatha's care to be assisted to bed.

On the morrow a joyful surprise came to Pearl. "A letter for Mademoiselle Martinez."

Pearl started up in bed, for nurse Agatha had made her rest in bed until after breakfast. "It is for you, dear," said the Sister, who had taken the letters from the porter.

"For me?" exclaimed Pearl, and the surprise, wonder, joy, all condensed into a feeling of deep thankfulness on the pretty face, now flushed and roseate when she recognised Madge's handwriting, was charming to behold.

"Oh, how good of her to think of me! Look, Sister Felicia, this letter is from the friend I told you about last night."

In another moment an exclamation escaped Pearl's lips, as she held a photograph up to the light and kissed it rapturously.

Oh, Madge; faithful, darling Madge; true friend! How good, how kind to remember poor Pearlie amidst all your gay doings.

"Look, dear Sister Felicia, this is the photo of my friend. Is she not pretty?"

Sister Felicia satisfied even Pearl's anxiety that Madge's good looks should be praised, and she praised with perfect regard to truth. The frank, noble brow, and the open, fearless dark eyes, tempered with a soft, loving expression that never feared to meet others' gaze, all were there; and the mouth,

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sweet and mobile, spoke all that might be wanting in the other features.

Madge's letter lovingly reminded Pearl of her promise to pass a month at Hillside, the Howards' place in Leicestershire. "You know, Pearlie, you never broke a promise; and I shall expect a letter by return to tell me when I may meet you at the station. I shall drive over to meet you myself, for I have the dearest little ponies and low basket-carriage, and I hope that you, dear, will enjoy it as much as I do. Now be sure to write to your loving, expectant Madge."

What was Pearl to do in this perplexity? She had neither clothes or money to get them. She could not tell Madge, because she knew what she would do, and Pearl could not think of that.

Dear Madame had always to say "No more" to Madge whenever any charitable scheme was on hand, She used to say her pupil knew the joy and grace of giving, because she made the recipient feel that she favoured the giver by permitting her the the joy of giving.

"Why so serious a face, dearie?" said Sister Felicia to Pearl, as she sat, letter in hand, on her chair. "I am sure that your friend with that sweet, true face, has not failed you."

"Thank you so much for those words," replied Pearl. "You are always right, sister. I was thinking something out."

"Suppose I tell what it is, and think with you; eh?"

"I don't think you quite know," said Pearl.

"Don't let us waste time, dear, in thinking. Come to my room; I have something to say to you."

In a few kindly words Sister Felicia told the perplexed girl that it did not need the trick of a conjuror to know that she must have lost her clothes in the fire. "The newspapers told that nothing was saved; therefore, my child, as it is not your fault, but that of the fire which has robbed you of everything, you must have what you require for your visit to your friend, which is the very thing you want to set your health up again."

"Yes, dear Sister; but I have to earn some money to buy my things first."

"No, dear, that must be done afterwards; you are not yet strong enough to work."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear; that dreadful fire!"

"True, dear; but some good comes out of evil. I should not have had the pleasure of knowing you, dear, and of helping you out of your trouble—there, not a word; I mean to do so."

Pearl's face flushed at the idea of help; but Sister Felicia opened up her plans so deftly, and Pearl so felt the fact of her weakness, that she was fain to accept the kind Sister's proposal that she should occupy a room in her sister's house near the hospital, while she would provide Pearl a modest set of clothes for her visit to Leicestershire, and that then on her return from Hillside she should paint Sister Felicia's portrait, and thus satisfy her honest scruples against indebtedness.

The next morning Pearl left the hospital, and took up her abode with Miss Ellen Murray, Sister Felicia's sister, who was a dressmaker, by whom she was very kindly received; and being still rather an invalid, Ellen Murray went with her to her cosy little room, and placed her in a comfortable, cushioned easy-chair, and petted Pearl as she had not been petted since her loved madame's death.

She had told Sister Felicia of her old school-home at Passy—when speaking to her of Madame Martinez—and she had said that she should be so glad to see it. Remembering this, an idea struck Pearl that she would make a water-colour drawing of La Maisonnette Anglaise as a present to Sister Felicia; and as the beautiful drawing of the Holy Family was at the dealer's, she would lower the price she had before asked for it, and then doubtless a customer would be found. In her fright and distress she had forgotten that the drawing had been placed in Mr. Dobree's hands, not for sale then, but to show her capability of giving drawing-lessons to advanced pupils.

Pearl felt she wanted rest, and she did rest that day. Her burnt arm still troubled her, but she felt that she must do what she wanted to do; and the next day, having dressed herself, she made her way to the shop of Mr. Dobree, the picture-dealer. She told him all that had happened to her at the fire. "Even my drawing-box was burnt, for unfortunately I had brought it from the gallery that very day; and I am now greatly in want of funds, for everything I possessed but this drawing was lost. And the sooner you can find a purchaser for that, it will, I assure you, be the better for me, for I am very poor."

It was with a heart-throb of pain that Pearl thought of her dearly-prized picture going from her to another's keeping. Truly it had been a labour of love for her friend, to whom she owed so much; but she took comfort in knowing that if she were there to counsel her, she would approve of what she was doing.

Just as she was about to leave Mr. Dobree, he took from a shelf a colour-box, telling Pearl it might be of use to her, and hastily wished her "Good-morning," to avoid thanks. She went home to commence her labour of love, for her next visit was intended to be at a certain artists' colour warehouse, to spend her only florin in pencils. Now she could draw La Maisonnette as she would wish.

Pearl worked with love in her thoughts and hope in her heart. When it was finished she thought it would only be kind to show it to Mr. Dobree; so placing it carefully in her case, she went to the picture-dealer's.

Mr. Dobree examined the drawing, looking up now and again at Pearl with a gentle smile, saying, as he put down the drawing, "And so that was the home of your childhood. I wonder if it was as pretty as you have made it look. How much is the price, child?"

"Oh, I only brought it to show you. I have been painting it for one who has been kind to me."

"But you could paint another for her, could you not? And then you could keep the Holy Family for the present."

And so it was arranged.

When Pearl returned home, she called on her way to see Sister Felicia; and the kind-hearted lady was charmed to see how bright and happy she looked.

"You appear as if some good fairy had touched your dear little face with her wand, my child. Now sit down, and tell me all about it; for I see that you have something to say to me."

Pearl did as she was desired to do, honestly saying for whom she had painted La Maisonnette, and the intention she had in view with both that and the picture.

"I think I must be angry with you, dear, for wishing to be so very independent. You are quite right in being perfectly honest, not only in action, but in intention; but there are times when it is God's good pleasure in sending us sore trials, to temper them by sending us also means of ameliorating these trials by a friend. Thus it is with you, my Pearl."

Pearl was silent. In a few minutes she showed her friend the twelve bright sovereigns she had gained by her work with some pride, because they were the first she had ever been paid for a picture. On the morrow together they settled the price for her pretty, tasteful outfit, which Ellen Murray had prepared, and she was pleased to find that she had that still in her purse which would pay her expenses to Leicestershire and back.

And back! With whom?

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

It is interesting to note the references to the earlier facts and persons of sacred history in later writings. Where are there allusions—

1. To the garden of Eden.
2. To Eve and the serpent.
3. To Sarah.
4. To Noah and the Deluge.
5. To Balaam.
6. Show that Job, though not an Israelite, had knowledge concerning Adam and his fall, also of the Flood.

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Monthly Religious Record.

NATIONAL education continues to present, in France, a battlefield for parties who, under whatever form of government, are always, in that country, more or less in conflict. The rejection by the Senate of the "Seventh Clause" of M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill, however it may be regarded, has but caused the Government to seek other means by which, in the higher branches of instruction, secular or lay teachers may be substituted for monks and priests. The clause in question was as follows: "No one is allowed to direct an educational establishment, public or private, whatever be its description, or of acting as a teacher therein, if he belong to a non-authorised religious association." The Jesuits, who were here aimed at, are now ordered by government decree to dissolve their association and close their schools, the existing laws which have long been allowed to lie dormant being now enforced against them. We are glad to learn that the communal schools already existing in Paris, and taught by Protestants, are let alone; prayer and religious teaching go on as usual.

"CONFÉRENCES," or lectures on Scriptural truth, have been given of late in various parts of France, with most successful results. M. Fourneau states that in the Yonne and elsewhere, wherever evangelists lecture, the calls are innumerable to go to this place and that. Court-houses, barns, theatres filled with 80 to 200 hearers, from among the very cautious and prudent Bourguignons, are wonderful facts. In Saint Florentin nearly 500 persons were massed in the theatre; and in the adjacent commune of Venizy 200 crowded into the Town Hall, and thundered their applause of the lecture on "God, Man, and Liberty." M. Réveilland, with M. Dardier, of Geneva, spent ten days in the Côte d'Or; the Theatre of Louhans, a Roman Catholic town, was crowded with 600 persons, while the lecturer represented France as detached from Rome, standing with two roads open before her—that of "freethinking," leading to atheism, and that of the Gospel. He explained why Romanism condemns the Bible, and ended by declaring that for himself and for France he desired the Spirit of God, who alone can give perfect freedom. The Mayor came to thank and congratulate the lecturer. At the conclusion of one of these lectures the colporteur sold at the door nearly 250 Bibles and New Testaments.

THE work of evangelization in Italy extends and deepens in interest. New ground has been broken in many more places, and only the want of men prevents a response being given to loud calls from other places, which meanwhile can only be periodically visited. At Rome a Medical Mission has been commenced by the opening of a dispensary. Thirty persons attended for advice on the opening day, forty came on the next occasion. At both meetings an address was given, and singing and prayer engaged in, and this will always be attended to. Mrs. Wall, with whom the dispensary has originated, says: "The poor this winter in Rome have suffered most severely. During the summer most of them suffered from fever, and now, with no proper food or clothes, and frequently nothing to cover them at night, they are seized with inflammation of the lungs, which either soon ends in death, or throws them into a consumption." At Florence, thanks to the efforts and personal sacrifices of Dr. Comandi, it has been possible to open "an Evangelical Industrial Institute." The institute prospers.

ANOTHER Italian Protestant institution which deserves mention is the De Sanctis Evangelical School in Turin. The Triennial Report just issued says: "The Turin school is one of the oldest Evangelical institutions, having been founded as far back as a quarter of a century ago, by the late Dr. De Sanctis, one of the great names of the Italian Reformation, and by his excellent wife. One cannot calculate the blessing which the school has been to the town and neighbourhood of Turin. No pains will be spared to raise the attendance even higher than 180, and to sow the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of the pupils. Quite a number of interesting narratives are to hand of good accomplished by the school, but they are of a similar nature to those of other reports of Christian teaching; so we forbear citation for this year, certain that this work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope will continue to call forth the sympathy and support of all its old friends, and of many new ones."

THE Rev. Dr. Somerville and a fellow-labourer in the Gospel, Mr. A. S. D. Colquhoun, have been of late labouring in Italy. They were heartily welcomed on their arrival by a large representative gathering of Florentine Christians, native and foreign. Daily noon meetings have been held in the Scotch Church, Florence, and larger gatherings in the theatres. The Rev. John R. McDougall writes from that city: "The Pagliano Theatre on the second evening was crowded to excess, and the audience earnestly requested the continuance of the services, and in a larger place. Imagine the pleasure of Dr. Somerville and Mr. Colquhoun when I pointed out that he had been pressing the Gospel invitation on the peaceable and delighted Florentines in a most classic place, only eighty yards south of Dante's birthplace, eighty yards north of the spot where Savonarola was burned, and one hundred yards east of where Francesco Madiai lay a prisoner of the Lord, only twenty-seven years ago, for reading the Bible in the privacy of his own home! What changes have been wrought by God since then! The scene last night in the Pagliano Theatre, with its six rows of boxes, baffles description. The vast building was crowded in every part. The stage alone is sixty feet wide. Avoiding all exaggeration, there were 3,000 people present. A portion of the Word of God was offered to any who cared to ask for it at the door, and the 1,700 copies provided were gone long before the crowds had dispersed. I wish all the evangelists of Italy had been present. It was a splendid sight, as we witnessed it from the stage. The venerable Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn, who came to town expressly, could not have believed beforehand in such a gathering—all so attentive, and well-behaved, and enthusiastic. To-morrow evening there is another meeting in the Pagliano. On Monday the lecture on 'The Bible for the World' will be given, and then Dr. Somerville and Mr. Colquhoun proceed to Naples and thereafter to Rome, amid the prayers, and well-wishings, and thanksgivings of the Florentine people."

AN important gathering in the interests of home missions was held recently at Berlin. The Central Committee had invited by private circular a number of Cabinet Ministers, members of Parliament, and other men holding influential positions, to a conference, at which Court Chaplin Baur, Mr. Oldenberg, and two other gentlemen gave an account of the work. The Emperor and Empress were also present. The invitations had been gladly received, and the important subject was brought under the notice of many who were, perhaps, hardly acquainted with it before.

AN interesting account has been received in this country of the reception of the Right Rev. Dr. Joseph Barclay, Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, and his family in that city. Every community in Jerusalem sent a representative. The English Consul and his wife, with the German Consul, came to meet them, and the Latin, Greek, Armenian, Russian, Syrian, Austrian, and French Consuls sent their dragomans. Near the Jaffa gate they were met by the children of the different schools. The Zion School sang most touchingly, "How beautiful upon the mountains," etc. Then came Dr. Barclay's former school, also the German Orphan School, all welcoming the Bishop with singing. The Bishop spoke a few words to each. The Jewish Chief Rabbi, being blind, was led out of his house to welcome the Bishop, and he said he expressed the feelings of his whole community in doing so. At the Jaffa gate the Bishop's party dismounted, when an interesting circumstance occurred. An Effendi came forward, and greeting the Bishop with much feeling, welcomed him back to Jerusalem. Four years ago this Effendi had said to a resident in Jerusalem, "You will see Dr. Barclay one day will return here as Bishop," to which the gentleman replied, "Never." This gentleman, seeing the Effendi conversing with his lordship, drew near, and said to him in Arabic, "You are a prophet." The Effendi replied, "I have been praying four years in the mosque that Dr. Barclay might one day come to live amongst us as Bishop, and God has heard my prayer." The cavasses of each community now preceded the Bishop and his family to their home.

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In the present declining condition of the Turkish Empire, increased attention is being drawn to one of its most hopeful subject races—the Armenians. A Constantinople letter says: "The Armenians for two years have not ceased to proclaim their griefs to the world. They have shown no little courage in boldly asserting their rights in Constantinople itself: one editor has been beaten to death, and another is now in prison. The Patriarch himself has not only pressed the wrongs of his people unceasingly upon the attention of the Turkish Government, but he has besieged the Embassies and appealed to Europe. The Armenians are scattered all over Asia Minor, and their Catolicos, or spiritual chief, resides in Russia, where there is also a very large Armenian population. There is but one small province in Turkey—that of Van—where they are in the majority. The Armenians are as well worth the sympathy and support of Europe as any race in the Ottoman Empire. They were converted to Christianity in the fourth century by the preaching of St. Gregory the Enlightener, and have maintained their faith to this day, in spite of almost 1,500 years of persecution and oppression, in spite of conquest and dispersion. The American Board of Missions never acted more wisely than when it selected the Armenian nation as the most promising field of missionary labour in Asiatic Turkey. It was not the intention to divide or destroy their Church, but to reform and spiritualize it. Under Turkish rule, in the struggle for physical life religious formalities had largely taken the place of spiritual Christianity. Unhappily, the ecclesiastical authorities at Constantinople failed to comprehend the motives which brought the missionaries to Turkey, and by violent persecution forced upon them the organization of a separate Protestant Church. But the Armenians now see their mistake, and the time may not be far distant when it will be wise to give up this separate organization and return to the original plan. The Gregorian Church has already made great progress toward spiritual life; persecution has ceased, and the Patriarch himself is a Christian man who sees that the great danger of his Church is not from the work of the missionaries, but from the rapid spread of atheism. The chief opposition to the missionaries now comes from this atheistical class." Still there is no reason why the Armenian nation should not take a higher position in the future than it has ever taken in the past, and this doubtless it will do, if among its members there be extended the pure religion of the Gospel.

The decision in the very important case of Julius *v.* the Bishop of Oxford, by the House of Lords on March 24, may perhaps be found hereafter to have marked an epoch in the history of the Church of England. The power of a bishop in restraining the action at law of "aggrieved parishioners" against a clergyman notoriously violating the law, has been hitherto a subject of dispute. It is so no longer. The decision clearly affirms that the bishop's interference is optional. The Act was drawn by Sir George Bowyer, who says that he purposely wrote, "It shall be lawful," &c. The facts of the case are these:—Dr. Julius, of Clewer, in Berkshire, preferred a complaint to the Bishop of Oxford against the Rev. T. T. Carter, rector of the parish, on account of his unauthorised deviations from the Ritual of the Church in the Communion Service and the use of unauthorised vestments, and required the Bishop to give the necessary authority for legal proceedings to be taken against Mr. Carter. This the Bishop refused to do. The Court of Queen's Bench upon an application from Dr. Julius then granted a *mandamus* to compel the Bishop to allow proceedings to be instituted. The case was carried to a higher Court by the Bishop, and it having been heard by the Lords Justices of Appeal, they reversed the decision of the Queen's Bench. Finally, Dr. Julius appealed from the decision of the Lords Justices to the Highest Court of Appeal, the House of Lords, and their lordships have affirmed the judgment of the Court immediately below them, and from which the appeal was made. The unanimity as well as the eminence of the judges by whom the final decision was given, not only settles the question beyond all dispute, but gives to this construction of the law a certain weight, technically considered, which it would not otherwise possess. It is remarkable that each of the three Courts was unanimous in its judgment. The decision of the House of Lords was delivered by the Lord Chancellor, Lords Penzance, Selborne, and Blackburn. The three Lords Justices having held the same view, this final interpretation of the law has the sanction of seven of the most eminent law lords and judges who preside in the higher departments of our judicial administration. Mr. Carter has since resigned.

Several Ritual cases have been heard and decided by Lord Penzance, sitting as Dean of Arches and Judge of the Chancery Court of York. In the case of Perkins *v.* the Rev. R. W. Enraght, the defendant had discontinued some of the acts previously complained of. Lord Penzance granted the inhibition asked for. In the case of Dean *v.* Green, Mr. Green had been inhibited for disobedience, and he was now ordered to pay the costs. In the new suit, Martin *v.* Mackonochie, the case came before the Court on letters of request made by the Bishop of London and accepted by the Dean of Arches. It was in all respects a fresh suit, and it was commenced with a view to deprive Mr. Mackonochie of his living, and not in any connection with other proceedings which have been before the ecclesiastical courts, off and on, for the last ten years. The articles, as requested by the prosecution, were admitted. Lord Penzance has also granted an inhibition against the Rev. T. P. Dale, Rector of St. Vedast and St. Michael-le-Querne, Foster Lane, for continuing certain illegal Ritualist practices after being admonished by his lordship. In the case of the Vicar of Prestbury, the Rev. J. B. Edwards, who has recently changed his name to De la Bere, and who stands charged with having been disobedient to the monition issued by the Dean of Arches in the former suit, and with other subsequent offences against the ecclesiastical law, deprivation is the punishment that is sought. Lord Penzance directed letters of request to be accepted and a citation issued.

While the conflict between the two great schools of theology in the Church of England, the Evangelical and the Ritualistic, is occupying, in extreme cases, the attention of law courts, the controversy is kept up constantly in the press. The Rev. Canon C. J. Elliott, one of the Bible Revision Committee, has published "Remarks on a letter by the Rev. Canon E. King," Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford. In this brochure Canon Elliott demonstrates that the views of "The Communicant's Manual," a notorious book of the Ritualistic school, are opposed to the principles of the Reformed Church of England; and the defence of such views by Canon King throws sad suspicion on the pastoral training at Cuddesdon College as well as at Oxford.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners having certified to her Majesty that the annual value of the Liverpool Bishopric Endowment Fund is 3,000*l.*, and that further contributions sufficient to raise the same to 3,500*l.* per annum within five years have been guaranteed, the Order in Council constituting the bishopric may be expected immediately. For the new bishopric of Southwell, nearly 30,000*l.* out of the 70,000*l.* required has already been provided.

Canon Ryle, the much esteemed vicar of Stradbroke, has been appointed Dean of Salisbury. On a recent Sunday afternoon, Mr. Ryle having taken for his text John xiii. 7, and preached a most impressive sermon, he referred to his leaving his congregation. He told them that this appointment was most unexpected and quite unsought, but he felt it his duty, as a soldier fighting for Evangelical truth, to accept it. He was not leaving for the sake of gain, as he would add nothing to his income by leaving Stradbroke, and he never expected to be so happy as he had been there. The Deanery of York has been filled by the appointment of the Ven. Arthur Perceval Purey Cust, Archdeacon of Buckingham.

On the 17th of March, 1780, Dr. Chalmers was born at the village of Anstruther, which accordingly celebrated his centenary on the same day of that month this year. The great celebration, however, took place a few days before in Edinburgh. The Free Assembly Hall was packed with a very large audience, and on the platform were representatives of many sections of the Christian Church. The Rev. J. C. Burns, Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, occupied the chair. A letter from Mr. Gladstone, addressed to Lord Moncrieff, was read, in which the right honourable gentleman, referring to Dr. Chalmers, said: "There are hardly any words of admiration that could be employed concerning him to which I should scruple to subscribe. He was one of nature's nobles, and most of the qualities which stamped him with that character were obvious—almost glaring—to all who came across his path." The Duke of Argyll and Lord Shaftesbury also wrote, excusing their attendance, and expressing their admiration for the character and services of Dr. Chalmers. Among those who took part in the proceedings were Lord Moncrieff, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and the Rev. Sir H. Wellwood-Moncrieff. The Rev. Dr. Wilson intimated that Mr. Macfie, of Airds, had provided a sum of 5,000*l.* for the establishment of a Chalmers lectureship on the principle of a Free Church.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



EVA GOWER AND HER PUPIL.

ANNA CAVAYE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "JANET DARNEY," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—HIDE AND SEEK.

ALL the village came to see Eva and her pupil, and Anna soon became conscious that she was a more important person in Porchester than she had ever been in Brook Street.

Mrs. Canner overwhelmed her with questions about her grandmother, the dowager countess; her uncle, the earl; and her aunt, the Viscountess Glencoe. At first, Anna answered these inquiries in a brusque fashion; but her interlocutor persevered, and contrived to introduce a great deal of flattery into her conversation.

Flattery to Anna was something so entirely new that she listened to Mrs. Canner's remarks with unbounded astonishment. In her heart of hearts the shrewd child knew herself to be somewhat of a

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nuisance to her family. Her grandmother's face had told her the truth scores of times, although her lips had uttered nothing of the kind. And there had always been a carelessness in the manner of the earl and his wife whenever she had come in contact with them. Even Lady Mary's kindness had had a something in it that showed she was not proud of her little niece. But here, at last, was a person who seemed to feel it an honour to have the acquaintance of Miss Anna Cavaye.

Eva's aunts had never had any close intimacy with Mrs. Canner, and she was seldom invited to their house. But they could not prevent her from waylaying Anna and nurse when they were out walking; nor could they stop the stream of compliments which she poured without ceasing on their young guest. Moreover, nurse thought her a good sort of person who had "a proper respect for the aristocracy," and rather encouraged her advances.

Anna's chief playfellows were the little Vallances. Already Bessie Mardock was looking with jealous eyes on the growing friendship between Eva and Clarice Burne. It vexed her to know that there was frequent communication between Elm Cottage and Lake Lodge.

The summer was gliding away. Wheat had ripened fast in the broad fields that lay under the shelter of Portsdown Hill; the lovely blossoms of the wild convolvulus spread themselves out by the wayside like delicate pink shells; the hedge-banks were gay with yellow snapdragons and scarlet poppies. Life was pleasanter than Anna Cavaye had ever found it in former days; there was a wealth of wild flowers, and she had free leave to gather them, and deck herself out in gaudy weeds to her heart's content.

"Lucy and Dora have set their minds upon having a little feast," said Clarice Burne to Eva, one day. "They want to take tea in the castle grounds, and invite Anna to join them."

Nobody objected to the arrangement. The "little feast" was spread in a green bower in the tea-gardens; and then followed a game of hide-and-seek in the citadel. While the children ran in and out of the ruined chambers, Clarice and Eva paced up and down the grassy courtyard.

It was a still, sultry evening, and rich lights were resting on the crumbling walls; but the air was heavy, and Clarice paused once or twice to sit down upon a bench, and rest. Mrs. Vallance had stayed in the house, nursing a headache; and Bessie Mardock, who was to have joined them, had been kept at home by the arrival of her sister Sarah, and considered herself rather ill-used.

So interesting was their talk, that neither Clarice nor Eva noticed when the game came to a full stop. At last the sound of raised voices attracted their attention; the three little girls were standing under one of the old arches, and a quarrel was going on.

"It is time to make an end of this," said Clarice, stepping up to the group, and laying a hand on Lucy's shoulder. "When children have played too long," she added, "they are apt to get tired and cross."

"Indeed, auntie, Dora and I are not cross," replied Lucy, eager to defend herself and her sister. "But Anna says we forget that she is a real lady, and a great deal better born than we are. She told us we ought to give way to her in everything because she was a Cavaye."

"And we won't always give in to anybody!" muttered Dora.

"Hush, hush," said Clarice. "Anna is your guest to-day, and you must remember what is due to a guest. But, really, the game has lasted quite long enough; the mother will be expecting us at home."

Anna's face had assumed the old gloomy scowl. One glance at her features told Eva who was actually in fault.

"I am ashamed of you, Anna," she whispered, with more sternness than usual. "When people are really ladies they don't talk about it, they show it by behaving pleasantly."

Anna made no reply; but as they walked out of the keep and through the dark old land-port, there was a general feeling that the festival had not ended well. At the meadow-gate Eva and Clarice exchanged good-nights, and the Vallances offered their hands, rather coldly, to Anna. But the hands were not taken, and Eva had never felt so thoroughly vexed with her pupil.

The sun had just gone down, leaving a dusky red glow that spread far over the skies. The village street was quiet; and Clarice, tired as she always was after a little exertion, felt glad to find herself approaching the gate of Elm Cottage.

"Oh, auntie, my locket!" cried Lucy, suddenly putting her hand to her neck. A slender gold chain still encircled her throat, but its usual pendant, a small gold locket with a pearl cross on it, was gone.

"I hope it isn't lost," replied Clarice, uneasily. "It was your father's gift; I wish you had not worn it to-day."

"I forgot to tell you, Lucy," said Dora; "it wasn't on the chain when you came out of the dungeon; you had been hiding there, you know, just before the quarrel began."

"Oh, then it must have been dropped in the dungeon," sighed Lucy, hopefully. "I'll go back and look for it."

"No, Lucy," said Clarice, "your mother will be wanting you. Do you and Dora go in, and tell her that I have gone back to search for the locket."

"But you will get dreadfully tired, auntie."

"Never mind; I shall not hurt myself." And without another word Clarice turned, and retraced her steps toward the castle.

Meanwhile Eva and Anna had gone homewards, the former feeling deeply vexed at her pupil's conduct, and resolved to inflict a punishment. Anna's rudeness and ingratitude to her kind little playfellows ought not to be passed over without notice; Eva was unusually irritated, and disposed to be more severe than she had ever been before.

Nurse Brown met them at the garden-gate, and saw at once that something had gone amiss.

"Please take Miss Anna to her room at once, nurse," said Eva, in a tone that was harsher than usual. "She has displeased me very much."

And then Eva walked past them, under the porch that was laden with roses, and into the house. The aunts, who were sitting in their pretty little parlour, looked up with smiles of welcome.

"I am very glad you have returned, my dear," said Miss Rachel, laying down her knitting. "There's going to be a thunder-storm."

"It will clear the air," remarked Aunt Caroline.

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"What is the matter, Eva?" she added, struck with her niece's look of annoyance.

"I have had almost enough of Anna Cavaye," replied the governess, sitting down, and flinging her hat on the nearest chair. "Do what one will, there doesn't seem to be any real improvement in that child!"

After Eva had gone indoors, Anna stood and confronted nurse for a moment with a frown of determined obstinacy. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, she turned and fled away down the garden.

"She will hide herself in the shrubberies," was nurse's first thought. But Anna when she started off had no fixed intention in her mind. She was only conscious of a wild desire to do something exceedingly naughty, and exasperate everybody.

She ran on towards the little wicket at the bottom of the garden, opened it, and darted out into the path which skirted the ancient moat. Still running at the top of her speed she passed through the meadow-gate; then on through the land-port, and across a piece of greensward, until she found herself again in the citadel of the castle.

The light had faded rapidly; thick, dark clouds had blotted out the last glow of sunset, but not a single breath of wind cooled Anna's heated face as she stood in the silent square. Intensely excited and half-frightened, she began to feel a strange kind of pleasure in the stillness and gloom around her. How brave it was to have run in here, quite alone, and how few would care to roam about in this dim old fortress as she was doing now!

There was the dungeon, situated at the base of the great tower! Lucy had hidden herself there, scarcely an hour ago when they were playing hide-and-seek. At this moment Anna's passionate little soul was hot with hatred of Lucy; she would have been glad to have struck her, or wreaked her rage upon her in some furious fashion. Miss Gower had looked and spoken as if she could never love Anna again, and it was all Lucy's fault—all, from beginning to end.

She approached the dungeon-door and looked in. Who should be there but Lucy herself, searching for something amid a heap of brushwood that lay upon the floor! The light was very dim, for although there was no roof to the dungeon, the walls were thick and high, and an alder-tree was growing in the middle of the chamber. It could be nobody but Lucy; Anna thought she recognised the brown holland dress of the stooping figure; Lucy had worn brown holland that day. She must have lost something, and had come back to hunt for it.

The doorway of the dungeon was low, and surmounted by a pointed arch. It was not a mere frame like most of the other doorways, but was furnished with a massive door latticed with iron, and provided with a strong bolt, a well-preserved relic of the old days. It was the work of a moment for Anna to close this door, slip the bolt into its place, and then run away from the spot as fast as her feet would carry her.

She had but just gained the outside of the citadel when a flash of lightning leaped out of the dark clouds overhead, and smote her with sudden terror. Anna was terribly afraid of storms, and as a peal of thunder went echoing round the ruin she began to tremble from head to foot. Nurse, with her apron thrown over her head, was a welcome sight, and the child hastened towards her.

"You are possessed, Miss Anna, I do believe!" cried the frightened woman, seizing her by the hand. "I don't know how we're to get back to the house in safety; that lightning was really awful."

Thoroughly cowed, the little girl held her hand fast, and the pair hurried through the meadow, and reached Lake Lodge in a breathless state. The flashes were now coming faster and faster, and the thunder-peals grew louder every moment. The spirit of resistance had quite gone out of Anna, and she went up to her room meekly enough.

"Don't leave me, nurse," she entreated. "I'll be still and good if you'll stay and take your supper here. Jane will bring it up if you call her. Please do."

Nurse consented. And being tired with running after her charge she was glad to go to rest at an early hour; but Anna could not sleep. She lay awake, shivering with terror, and listening to the thunder.

The storm raged fiercely until nearly twelve o'clock, and then died away altogether. It was followed by a torrent of rain, and wakeful people heard the downpour with glad hearts. All the inmates of Lake Lodge were in their beds, but all were not sleeping; Aunt Caroline was nervous and wide awake.

Suddenly the hall-door bell was pulled violently and the peal resounded through the house. Miss Caroline sat up in her bed in much alarm.

"I have been expecting something to happen," she said to herself. "I hope Rachel hears."

Not only Miss Rachel, but the whole household heard that startling summons.

The first to reach the bottom of the stairs was Eva, and all the rest came crowding after her as she opened the door.

"Oh, I am sorry to disturb you," gasped a familiar voice. "But I'm very anxious about Clarice. Is she here?"

"It is Mrs. Vallance!" cried Eva in astonishment. "Clarice here? No, she went home before eight o'clock with your little girls."

"But she ran back to the castle to search for Lucy's locket!" said Dorothy, breathlessly. "And the storm came on so suddenly that I thought she had taken refuge here. I sat up, and waited and waited for hours. Oh, where can she be? What can I do?"

"Perhaps she has gone into the castle-keeper's cottage," suggested Miss Rachel, trying to speak cheerily. "We will go there at once and inquire."

"I will go with Mrs. Vallance," said Eva, promptly. "It won't take me two minutes to dress. Come in, Mrs. Vallance, and don't be frightened; it will be all right, I daresay!"

"Oh, I am very anxious," sobbed Dorothy. "I've been expecting her to come home every moment. She is not strong, you know; she has always been delicate since her illness——"

A dismal wail coming from the top of the stairs interrupted her speech. Anna had caught at Eva's arm as the latter hurried past her.

"She's in the castle-dungeon!" she moaned. "I did it. I bolted her in."

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CHAPTER XI.—"I MUST GIVE HER UP."

When Clarice heard the heavy door bolted, she cried out at once, thinking, of course, that it had been unintentionally done. But no one came to her relief, and a few minutes later the storm burst forth in all its violence.

She looked around to see if there were any way of escape from her prison. There was none; the gloomy walls had no aperture save one, which was strongly barred with iron, and had served to admit light into the dungeon.

And then the full discomfort of her position forced itself upon Clarice, and she sat down despairingly on the heap of brushwood. How would her friends know where to find her? Jones, the old castle-keeper, would fasten the entrance to the citadel and go to bed. He had not seen her return to the keep, she had re-entered it quite alone. And yet, surely Dorothy would grow anxious, and rest not till she had roused Jones from his slumbers and explored the inner fortress.

Clarice looked up to the stormy sky above the massive walls. It had no pity upon her. Thunder was pealing all around as if it would shake the very foundations of the old castle; there was no roof to protect her from the lightning that darted down in vivid flashes upon the rugged masonry. Cowering in a corner she watched the quick play of fire upon the rough stone-work, and trembled and prayed. It was a terrible night; and the place, too, had its gloomy associations. Many a luckless captive had pined within these walls that now imprisoned Clarice; many a cry of anguish had been uttered here.

Hour after hour passed slowly away, and Clarice, faint and spent, leaned her head against the wall and closed her eyes. God was with her, even here. He was watching over her, as He had watched in bygone days when her heart was crushed beneath its load of sorrow. She was very weary now; but it was a weariness of the body only; the spirit was calm and brave.

At last the lightning ceased; the thunder died away; and then came the rain. She shivered as the chill torrents came down, drenching her thin dress, and soon wetting her to the skin. There was no place of shelter; nothing could be done. She must wait patiently till morning dawned, and the old keeper went his rounds. But oh, how long the time seemed, and how weak and exhausted she had grown!

The rain was still pouring down; the steady rippling and plashing and dripping were the only sounds to be heard, and Clarice was fast sinking into a stupor. Her eyes had closed again; she scarcely felt the chill of her wet garments, and had almost lost consciousness of her situation. A voice roused her from her lethargy; a clear voice that came ringing through the bars of the window.

"Clarice, Clarice, are you there?" it cried. And then impatient fingers slipped back the bolt; the door opened, and the light of a lantern streamed in upon the floor.

Eva Gower, with the hood of her waterproof cloak drawn over her head, and her bright face paler than usual, came eagerly to the corner where Clarice sat. Behind her was old Jones, only half awake, and Dorothy, who was as white as marble. For an instant Clarice looked at them all in a bewildered way, without attempting to rise.

"Do speak to us, my darling," said poor Mrs. Vallance, distractedly. "It is all my fault that you have stayed here so long; I ought to have come sooner. But indeed, dear, I thought you had taken refuge with the Gowers. I shall never, never forgive myself!"

"Who bolted the door?" asked Clarice, pressing her hands to her forehead, and trying to collect her senses.

"A little demon," answered Dorothy, viciously. "Take our hands, darling; there, you are on your feet now. Oh, how weak and ill you must feel?"

Leaning on her sister and Eva, Clarice left her prison, while old Jones, who had taken possession of his lantern, walked in front of them muttering to himself. Having guided them out of the citadel he gladly took leave of them at his cottage door, and went back to his bed in no amiable mood. Although loving arms were upholding her, Clarice's strength almost gave way before she reached her own house, and was safe in her room at last.

Mrs. Vallance and Eva flung aside their cloaks and undressed her at once. A fire was quickly kindled in the chamber; faint as she was, they compelled her to take food and a cordial. And then they sat and watched beside her bed while she slept.

The sun had just risen when Eva took her way back to Lake Lodge. The sky wore the tender morning glories of pink, and pale gold, and the air was pure and clear. Trees were still laden with heavy drops; the grass was not yet dry as she hastened across the meadow. She entered the house quietly, and met Miss Rachel on the stairs.

"Go to your room and get some rest, my dear," said the aunt in a decided tone. "I'll bring you a cup of coffee presently."

But although Eva obediently drank the coffee and lay down, she could not sleep. Wide awake, she watched the sunshine growing brighter and brighter until the great tower of the castle changed from dark to light grey, and the ivy showed its deep, rich green. Her heart was full of wrath and perplexity and sorrow; she could not decide upon her future course; could not tell what would be the results of this eventful night. One thing alone was clear; Anna had been the sole author of the mischief, and it seemed to Eva's excited mind that it would be impossible to deal any longer with so dangerous a spirit.

Slumber fairly overpowered her at last, and she did not leave her room till nearly noon. The house was very quiet; Miss Rachel had gone to Elm Cottage; Miss Caroline was alone in the parlour; and Anna was nowhere to be seen.

"Well, we have all had a terrible night," said Aunt Carrie, as her niece entered. "Ah, you have lost your roses, Eva! I am not surprised to see pale cheeks."

"Oh, the roses will soon come back," Eva answered carelessly. "But auntie, I'm very much troubled and perplexed. I think it will be impossible to go on with Anna Cavaye; I must give her up."

Miss Caroline laid down her work, and looked out thoughtfully across the bright lawn. The sun had dried the wet flowers, and they were fresh and

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glorious after the rain; ivy leaves caught the light and dazzled the eye with their lustre. Over all was a sky intensely blue, flecked here and there by faint white clouds; and hardly a trace of the storm was to be found.

"She reminds me of Sintram," Eva went on. "You remember Fouqué's terrible story? Don't you see, Aunt Carrie, that there is really something unconquerable in the child?"

"No, Eva; I see simply a shrewd, sensitive, and very naughty little girl, who has been left wholly to her own devices. It is early for you to give up the good work you have begun."

"But, auntie, think how malicious she has been! Think of the revenge she took on poor Clarice because she broke up the game! And no one knows what effect last night's exposure may have on Clarice Burne; it is most likely that she will be very ill. Oh, I am sorry I ever brought that dreadful child into this place!"

"My dear Eva, it is very natural that you should be upset; but indeed I don't think Anna is quite so malicious as you suppose. She didn't act deliberately when she bolted the door."

"Well, I must question her about the matter," said Eva, gloomily. "I wonder where she is? She will have to be found and talked to, but it's all hopeless work."

"Stay, Eva," said Miss Caroline, as her niece was moving away. "I think perhaps you are not quite calm enough to talk to Anna this morning. When you have found her, will you bring her here to me?"

"Yes, auntie: I daresay she isn't far off. Nurse hasn't been silly enough to let her run away, I suppose."

No; Nurse Brown was determined that her charge should be vigilantly guarded that day. Anna had curtly declined to go for a walk, and nurse having provided herself with a camp-stool, silently followed her about the garden. Wherever Anna went, nurse went too, pitching her stool at a little distance from her young lady, and sitting down upon it with a resolute air that plainly said "You shan't escape me."

If the truth must be told, nurse was becoming very much concerned about the honour of the family she served. It was a dreadful thing for a Cavaye to come to Porchester and play such pranks as Anna had played. It would give the inhabitants of the place quite a wrong notion of the manners and customs of the aristocracy. They might naturally think that all little born ladies were in the habit of domineering over their playmates, and shutting innocent people up in dungeons. Nurse felt that she would have given anything to have introduced the Earl of Westmoor's children to these good souls, just to show them how very nice little gentlefolks could be.

She sighed as she thought of the pride with which the Westmoor nurses spoke of their charges; how proud they were of young Lady Hilda's complexion and of little Lord Cavaye's pretty manners; and what a darling baby Lady Margaret was! And then her glance wandered to the solitary little figure standing by the gate that opened on the shore, and she sighed again as she acknowledged its unattractiveness. The crimson-lined hat, now much battered, was put on with its front behind, and looked indescribably ridiculous; and beneath its brim was the poor little sulky face, hopelessly and pathetically plain at that moment. And yet the wistfulness in the dark eyes touched nurse in a curious fashion, and gave her a thrill of pain.

The tide had risen, and the creek was full of blue water, glittering in the morning light; but Anna saw neither the sparkling flood, nor the boats of the fishermen sailing before a fresh breeze. Eva's step fell so lightly on the grass that she did not hear her approach, and turned round with a start when the governess spoke.

"Come indoors, Anna," said Eva coldly. "My Aunt Caroline is going to talk to you."

"Is—is Miss Burne dead?" faltered Anna, looking very pale.

"No," Eva answered, a little more kindly. "But we are all afraid she will be seriously ill."

Without another word Anna went her way to the pretty little sitting-room where Miss Caroline was nearly always to be found. And then Eva left her alone with the invalid aunt, and sauntered off into the garden.

"This is a sad business, Anna, my child," Aunt Carrie began in her usual gentle tone. "Come and sit here, and let us talk it all over."

Anna obeyed, and took the vacant arm-chair fronting Miss Caroline. She did not look into the speaker's kind face; her eyes wandered away to the burnished ivy-mounds upon the lawn, and the glistening lilies, standing up, tall and silvery, against the dark laurels. She recalled the dull house-fronts that she used to see from her window in Brook Street, and thought that she had never been so miserable in her London home as she felt now.

"Speak truly, my child," said Miss Caroline's mild voice, "and tell me why you bolted the dungeon door on Miss Burne."

There was a moment's pause; Anna still gazed fixedly at the lilies.

"I didn't know it was Miss Burne in the dungeon," she answered at last. "I thought it was Lucy."

"Oh, I understand. You had been quarrelling with Lucy, and you wanted to punish her."

"Yes."

"But wasn't it a very cruel punishment? Even granting that she had annoyed you, did she deserve to be shut up in that dreadful place nearly all night?"

"I didn't mean her to stay there all night—I don't know what I meant exactly." Anna put her hand to her brow with a puzzled, troubled look.

"But why did you come home and leave her? Why not have sent nurse back to set her free?"

"Oh, I don't know how to make it out to you! The thunder and lightning frightened me awfully; I couldn't think."

"But could you sleep, Anna, knowing that some one was in danger through your fault?"

"Oh no; I couldn't sleep at all. It was dreadful—dreadful. Do you think she will be very ill and die?"

"I am afraid she will be ill," Miss Caroline replied sadly. "Miss Burne is a delicate woman."

"And I can't do anything."

"You can pray that she may get well, Anna. And you can ask God to forgive you and make you a better child."

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"Oh, He won't listen to me now. I've been too bad this time for Him to look over it!"

The speech ended with such an agonized burst of tears that good Aunt Carrie found herself crying too.

"You poor little soul," she said, "you certainly have been very naughty; but God is ready to forgive all sin. He is so full of love, Anna, that He is wanting you to come to Him now, this moment, and tell Him how sorry you are. You never knew a father and mother, poor child, or you would understand God better than you do. Don't keep away from Him, dear, when He is wanting you to draw close to his heart!"

Anna's whole frame was shaken with sobs, but she came and knelt at Miss Caroline's knee. Eva entered the room unperceived while she was kneeling there, and listened to the broken words of her prayer.

"O God," she sobbed, "there never was such a naughty child before, and I'm afraid you are tired of forgiving me. This is the worst thing that I've ever done, and if Miss Burne dies I know I ought to be killed. But, please God, don't let her die; it would be such a dreadful blow to her family. Make her get well; and oh, make me good. Let me quite leave off doing wicked things, and let me be a comfort to everybody. Forgive me, oh forgive me this once. for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

COUNTRY AIR FOR TOWN CHILDREN.



"WHERE shall we take the children for their holidays?" is an important question every summer. "They ought to go away, somewhere. There is nothing the matter with them, but they will be all the better for a change." So paterfamilias makes up his mind to open his purse, and his wife to enjoy the discomfort of lodgings, and the worry of packing. But there are many children who get no change of air, no summer holiday, however much they need it. The London poor cannot send their children to the country, or the seaside, for a month. At the most, they can only give them a "day trip" somewhere, a holiday of dust and excitement, but not of quiet rest and play. And yet these are the very children who want change most, on account of their daily life and surroundings. They are not ill or convalescent, they have no claim to the help of hospitals or convalescent homes, they only would be better for a run in the country; but this they cannot get, and their parents cannot give them.

Some such considerations as these led Mr. Barnett (the vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel) to think of giving some of our East End children country holidays. In June, 1878, he wrote to the "Guardian" asking for help and proposing his plan. That plan was, so to say, the converse of one which Mr. Rossiter, of Upper Kennington Lane, and others, had initiated a year or two before. They had provided country quarters for one or more children, and had asked for visitors: Mr. Barnett began at the other end; he offered to provide the visitors, and asked for money and quarters anywhere, and everywhere. He proposed to get country squires, and country parsons, and anyone else who could do so, to select cottagers, who would take in a child or children, at so much a week, for three or four weeks. It was understood, of course, that we, the senders, were answerable for the condition of the children sent, and they, the selecters, for the condition of the cottages, and the treatment there. The money for the children's board, lodging, travelling, and incidental expenses was partly provided by subscription, and partly by those who found the cottages for us. In this way about thirty children were sent out during the summer of 1878, and the plan succeeded so well, that we determined to try it again on a larger scale in 1879.

The campaign (delayed by the weather) was opened early in June. We offered our services to neighbouring clergy, and to the local committee of the Charity Organisation Society, and from these sources and our own parish we sent out about one hundred and seventy children, for three or four weeks each. We welcomed, of course, all the help we could get, in every variety; and thus we were enabled to send out also one or two overworked young people of a different class to the majority—people of that middle class, which has its strongly defined limits of work and play, without too much of the latter. Of the one hundred and seventy children, about thirty were paid for by the squires and clergy, who found them homes, the rest cost us rather less than one pound a head. These expenses were defrayed by subscriptions, but chiefly by two East End workers, who were our main support in this undertaking. At first sight it seems an appalling thing to have to transport an army of infantry one hundred and seventy strong, varying in ages from four to fourteen, into country quarters, but the problem simplifies as it works out in detail. The army took four months in going and returning, the vanguard went out in June, and the last stragglers returned in the beginning of October. The country quarters, too, opened themselves out by degrees.

Sometimes we were able to send two batches to the same village, one going when the other returned, and in some cases even more than this. Some of our friends could only take one or two children, but six to twelve was the number most usually sent to one village or neighbourhood, while one indefatigable country vicar managed to find room, at different times and in different cottages, for thirty-eight children in all. Our quarters were not entirely confined to cottages; now and then we had a children's home offered to us in the absence of the inmates, for part, or all, of their holiday time. "But," said a friend the other day, "I suppose your

children of four could only go a short way out of London?" Treated as human beings they could not have gone far, but we had offers from all sorts of distances, from Pangbourne and Hungerford in one direction, from St. Ives and Newmarket in another. So we decided to treat them as luggage, believing they would travel better thus than as humanity. Each child had a label tied round its neck, containing full directions,—the date, destination, train, and station to change at, clearly set forth. Its mother was told to give it in charge to the guard, and call his attention to the label. This being done, all the children went, changed trains, arrived, and returned safely, with two exceptions, where a slight mishap was caused by an error on the part, not of the parents, or the railway people, but—of the writer of this paper.

And now for results. It is not often that one succeeds so directly in work among London poor. One usually goes on grinding ahead, and seeing nothing, while unexpected results come out, so to speak, at the sides. But here we aimed not too high, not at any radical reform like cleanliness or thrift, but merely at health, and we got health; the change was in many cases absolutely marvellous. Two little girls went away looking pale and thin and "Londonish," and came back fat and rosy, quite different children. One girl was so changed, that when she reached London Bridge station, her mother, who had come to meet her, could not pick her out, and hesitated so much when the child appeared, that the guard thought there was something wrong, and declined to give his charge up "to a stranger." But there was more than bodily health and bodily improvement. To quick London children utterly ignorant of nature and country life, it was an education of itself to be transported for a time into so different a world.

"Miss Atkins," said a girl of sixteen to her teacher, "are there wild beasts in the country?"

"Is them potatoes?" said another. "I thought potatoes growed on trees."

On such children country life and country occupations, and the rustic nature, so different from their own, have a great and salutary effect, enlarging their horizon in the same sort of way that foreign travel does for those in a higher class of life.

One little girl had never been in the country before, but (as the next best thing) "There's a tree in our court as big as a monument." This child had a faith in the powers of the "coo" which reminded one of the description of that useful animal in old-fashioned primers. Even when a biscuit was given her, she asked "Does it come from the cow?" and a barrow of sand elicited an inquiry as to "Whether the bees made it?" Apparently she was applying and testing her book-knowledge by experiment and observation, and here she had hit upon a reminiscence of ant-hills.

Her hostess told her about Italy, and said, "You would not be able to tell what they said if you went there."

"Cavecanemquidnuncwhatnow," was the answer, all in a breath, a delicate hint that there was no saying what she might not understand when the time came. This *patois* had been taught her by her brother, who was evidently a hero—a demi-god. "He writes books full of music, and plays the flute and violin," to which afterwards a wonderful "instrument" was added, which "he had played for years, and could play with one hand." It finally turned out to be—organ-bellows. The benefit was not, however, all on one side, for the cottagers learnt as much from the children as the children from them.

A country rector remarked, that in his parish some women had put on quite a new nature, a different self, since they had had these children to look after: grafting had improved both the old stem and the new shoot. One woman wrote to say that "*her* children" (as she called them) "did not at all want to be sent back, and when the van came to take them to the station, they ran away and had to be caught and put in like fowls. One or two offered to keep a child a week or a fortnight longer at their own expense, and several have asked to have the same children sent them another year. Many real friendships were formed, and correspondence has been since carried on between the children and their entertainers. The small visitors mostly came back laden with presents and carrying nosegays almost as big as themselves. One father gives a description of how her fellow-passengers begged his little girl to give them "just one" of her flowers, but she was firm in her resolve to take them all home.

A child writes: "It is not so nice in London has it his in the Country, and I will save my money up, and Come and see you all again, for I did like the Country, and Mrs. L—— was so kind to me."

But the most important word is yet to be said. These holidays do not pauperise, nor do they imply redtapeism. Those who work in London know that pauperising on the one hand, and over-organization on the other, are our two chief dangers; we either give unwisely, or get to look on a beggar as a "case." Nothing can be less like either of these, than going to your neighbour with the offer of a holiday for his children, especially if you suggest, as you often fairly may, that he should pay the railway fare, or that he may do so if he likes. You jar no sensitive chord in his nature, you treat him not as a "case," but as a friend. You invite his children to go and see your friends in the country in the same way as you next day invite your country cousin to come and see you in town. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, that we hope to repeat our operations next summer on as large a scale as money and homes will allow, and shall be glad of any help of either kind.

We commend the practice to the sympathy and imitation of Christian people in other densely-populated localities. It is a great thing to be able to do so much good so pleasantly, and to give so much pleasure so healthily; and all this in a way which the recipients understand and appreciate. But, further, this seems indeed a way of treading in the footsteps of Him who loved little children, who healed every sickness and every disease among the people, and who even cared to remove the lesser pains and inconveniences of the hungry crowd in the wilderness. And in other ways also it realises His teaching. Such an outpouring of town children through the country brings together, not merely one or two individuals or parishes, but many different neighbourhoods, ranks, and classes. It not only teaches them lessons about each other, and enables them to understand each other better; but it makes them all feel, very deeply and really, and yet most simply and naturally, that they are "all of one blood," all children of one Heavenly Father.

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Morning.



EVERY morning the red sun
  Rises warm and bright,
But the evening cometh on,
  And the dark cold night.
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
** Open bright and gay,**
Till the chilly autumn hours
** Wither them away.**
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

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Evening.



Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

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THE SOLITARINESS OF CHRIST IN HIS TEMPTATIONS.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

"Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations."—*Luke* xxii. 28.

WE wonder at the disciples when we read of the unseemly strife for precedence which jars on the tender solemnities of the Last Supper. We think them strangely unsympathetic and selfish; and so they were. But do not let us be too hard on them, nor forget that there was a very natural reason for the close connection which is found in the gospels between our Lord's announcements of his sufferings and this eager dispute as to who should be the greatest in the kingdom. They dimly understood what He meant, but they *did* understand this much, that his "sufferings" were immediately to precede his "glory"—and so it is not, after all, to be so much wondered at if the apparent approach of these made the settlement of their places in the impending kingdom seem to them a very pressing question. We should probably have thought so too, if we had been among them.

Perhaps, too, the immediate occasion of this strife who should be accounted the greatest, which drew from Christ the words of our text, may have been the unwillingness of each to injure his possible claim to pre-eminence by doing the servant's tasks at the modest meal. May we not suppose that the basin and the towel were refused by one after another, with muttered words growing louder and angrier: "It is not my place," says Peter; "you, Andrew, take it"—and so from hand to hand it goes, till the Master ends the strife and takes it Himself to wash their feet. Then, when He had sat down again, He may have spoken the words of which our text is part—in which he tells the wrangling disciples what is the true law of honour in his kingdom, namely, *service*, and points to Himself as the great example. With what emphasis the pathetic incident of the foot-washing invests the clause before our text: "I am among you as he that serveth." On that disclosure of the true law of pre-eminence in his kingdom there follows in this and following verses the assurance, that, unseemly as their strife, there was reward for them, and places of dignity there, because, in all their selfishness and infirmity, they had still clung to their Master.

This being the original purpose of our text, I venture to use them for another. They give us, if I mistake not, a wonderful glimpse into the heart of Christ, and a most pathetic revelation of his thoughts and experiences, all the more precious because it is quite incidental and, we may say, unconscious.

I. See, then, here, *the tempted Christ.*

In one sense, our Lord is his own perpetual theme. He is ever speaking of Himself, inasmuch as He is ever presenting what He is to us, and what He claims of us. In another sense, He scarcely ever speaks of Himself, inasmuch as deep silence, for the most part, lies over his own inward experiences. How precious, therefore, and how profoundly significant is that word here—"in My temptations"! So He summed up all his life. To feel the full force of the expression, it should be remembered that the temptation in the wilderness was past before his first disciple attached himself to Him, and that the conflict in Gethsemane had not yet come when these words were spoken. The period to which they refer, therefore, lies altogether within these limits, including neither. After the former, "Satan," we read, "departed from Him for a season." Before the latter, we read, "the prince of this world cometh." The space between, of which people are so apt to think as free from temptation, is the time of which our Lord is speaking now. The time when his followers "companied with Him" is to his consciousness the time of his "temptations."

That is not the point of view from which the Gospel narratives present it, for the plain reason that they are not autobiographies, and that Jesus said little about the continuous assaults to which He was exposed. It is not the point of view from which we often think of it. We are too apt to conceive of Christ's temptations as all gathered together—curdled and clotted, as it were, at the two ends of his life, leaving the space between free. But we cannot understand the meaning of that life, nor feel aright the love and help that breathe from it, unless we think of it as a field of continual and diversified temptations.

How remarkable is the choice of the expression! To Christ, his life, looking back on it, does not so much present itself in the aspect of sorrow, difficulty or pain, as in that of temptation. He looked upon all outward things mainly with regard to their power to help or to hinder his life's work. So for us, sorrow or joy should matter comparatively little. The evil in the evil should be felt to be sin, and the true cross and burden of life should be to us, as to our Master, the appeals it makes to us to abandon our tasks, and fling away our filial dependence and submission.

This is not the place to plunge into the thorny questions which surround the thought of the tempted Christ. However these may be solved, the great fact remains, that his temptations were most real and unceasing. It was no sham fight which He fought. The story of the wilderness is the story of a most real conflict: and that conflict is waged all through

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his life. True, the traces of it are few. The battle was fought on both sides in grim silence, as sometimes men wage a mortal struggle without a sound. But if there were no other witness of the sore conflict, the victor's shout at the close would be enough. His last word, "I have overcome the world," sounds the note of triumph, and tells how sharp had been the strife. So long and hard had it been that He cannot forget it even in heaven, and from the throne holds forth to all the churches the hope of overcoming, "even as I also overcame." As on some battle-field, whence all traces of the agony and fury have passed away, and harvests wave, and larks sing where blood ran and men groaned their lives out, some grey stone, raised by the victors, remains, and only the trophy tells of the forgotten fight, so that monumental word "I have overcome" stands to all ages as the record of the silent, life-long conflict.

It is not for us to know how the sinless Christ was tempted. There are depths beyond our reach. This we can understand, that a sinless manhood is not above the reach of temptation; and this besides, that to such a nature the temptation must be suggested from without, not presented from within. The desire for food is simply a physical craving, but another personality than his own uses it to incite the Son to abandon dependence for his physical life on God. The trust in God's protection is holy and good, and it may be truest wisdom and piety to incur danger in dependence on it, when God's service calls, but a mocking voice without suggests, under the cloak of it, a needless rushing into peril at no call of conscience, and for no end of mercy, which is not religion but self-will. The desire to have the world for his own lay in Christ's deepest heart, but the enemy of Christ and man, who thought the world his already, used it as giving occasion to suggest a smoother and shorter road to win all men unto Him than the "Via dolorosa" of the cross. So the sinless Christ was tempted at the beginning, and so the sinless Christ was tempted, in various forms of these first temptations, throughout his life. The path which He had to tread was ever before Him, the shadow of the cross was flung along his road from the first. The pain and sorrow, the shame and spitting, the contradiction of sinners against Himself, the easier path which needed but a wish to become his, the shrinking of flesh—all these made their appeal to Him, and every step of the path which He trod for us was trodden by the power of a fresh consecration of Himself to his task, and a fresh victory over temptation.

Let us not seek to analyse. Let us be content to worship, as we look. Let us think of the tempted Christ, that our conceptions of his sinlessness may be increased. His was no untried and cloistered virtue, pure because never brought into contact with seducing evil, but a militant and victorious goodness, that was able to withstand in the evil day. Let us think of the tempted Christ, that our thankful thoughts of what He bore for us may be warmer and more adequate, as we stand afar off and look on at the mystery of his battle with our enemies and his. Let us think of the tempted Christ to make the lighter burden of our cross, and our less terrible conflict, easier to bear and to wage. So will He "continue with *us* in *our* temptations," and patience and victory flow to us from Him.

II. See here *the lonely Christ.*

There is no aspect of our Lord's life more pathetic than that of his profound loneliness. I suppose the most utterly solitary man that ever lived was Jesus Christ. If we think of the facts of his life, we see how his nearest kindred stood aloof from Him, how "there were none to praise, and very few to love;" and how, even in the small company of his friends, there were absolutely none who either understood Him or sympathised with Him. We hear a great deal about the solitude in which men of genius live, and how all great souls are necessarily lonely. That is true, and that solitude of great men is one of the compensations which run through all life, and make the lot of the many little, more enviable than that of the few great. "The little hills rejoice together on every side," but far above their smiling companionships, the Alpine peak lifts itself into the cold air, and, though it be "visited all night by troops of stars," is lonely amid the silence and the snow. Talk of the solitude of pure character amid evil, like Lot in Sodom, or of the loneliness of uncomprehended aims and unshared thoughts—who ever experienced that as keenly as Christ did? That perfect purity must needs have been hurt by the sin of men as none else have ever been. That loving heart yearning for the solace of an answering heart must needs have felt a sharper pang of unrequited love than ever pained another. That spirit to which the things that are seen were shadows, and the Father and the Father's house the ever-present, only realities, must have felt itself parted from the men whose portion was in this life by a gulf broader than ever opened between any other two souls that shared together human life.

The more pure and lofty a nature, the more keen its sensitiveness, the more exquisite its delights, and the sharper its pains. The more loving and unselfish a heart, the more its longing for companionship; and the more its aching in loneliness.

Very significant and pathetic are many points in the Gospel story bearing on this matter. The very choice of the twelve had for its first purpose, "that they should be with Him," as one of the evangelists tells us. We know how constantly He took the three who were nearest to Him along with Him, and that surely not merely that they might be "eye-witnesses of His majesty" on the holy mount, or of his agony in Gethsemane, but as having a real gladness and strength even in their companionship, amid the mystery of glory as amid the power of darkness. We read of his being alone but twice in all the gospels, and both times for prayer. And surely the dullest ear can hear a note of pain in that prophetic word: "The hour cometh that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone;" while every heart must feel the pitiful pathos of the plea, "Tarry ye here, and watch with Me." Even in that supreme hour, He longs for human companionship, however uncomprehending, and stretches out his hands in the great darkness, to feel the touch of a hand of flesh and blood—and, alas for poor feeble love—He gropes for it in vain. Surely that horror of utter solitude is one of the elements of his passion, grave and sorrowful enough to be named by the side of the other bitternesses poured into that cup, even as it was pain enough to form a substantive feature of the great prophetic picture: "I looked for some to

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take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none."

So here, a deep pain in his loneliness is implied in these words of our text which put the disciples' participation in the glories of His throne as the issue of their loyal continuance with Him in the conflict of earth. These, and these only, had been by his side, and so much does He care for their companionship, that therefore they shall share his dominion.

That lonely Christ sympathises with all solitary hearts. Where men and women feel themselves misunderstood and thrown back upon themselves; if ever our hearts' burden of love is rejected; if our outward lives be lonely, and earth yields nothing to stay our longing for companionship; if our hearts have been filled with dear ones and are now empty, or but filled with tears, let us think of Him and say, "Yet I am not alone." He lived alone, alone He died, that no heart might ever be solitary any more. "Could *ye* not watch with *Me?*" was his gentle rebuke in Gethsemane. "Lo, *I* am with *you* always," is his mighty promise from the throne. In every step of life we may have Him for a companion, a friend closer than all others, nearer us than our very selves, if we may so say—and in the valley of the shadow of death we need fear no evil, for He will be with us.

III. See here *the grateful Christ.*

I almost hesitate to use the word, but there seems a distinct ring of thanks in the expression, and in the connection. And we need not wonder at that, if we rightly understand it. There is nothing in it inconsistent with our Lord's character and relations to his disciples. Do you remember another instance in which one seems to hear the same tone, namely, in the marked warmth with which He acknowledges the beautiful service of Mary in breaking the fragrant casket of nard upon his head?

All true love is glad when it is met, glad to give, and glad to receive. Was it not a joy to Jesus to be waited on by the ministering women? Would He not thank them because they served Him for love? I trow, yes. And if anyone stumbles at the word "grateful" as applied to Him, we do not care about the word so long as it is seen that his heart was gladdened by loving friends, and that He recognised in their society a ministry of love.

Notice, too, the loving estimate of what these disciples had done. Their companionship had been imperfect enough at the best. They had given Him but blind affection, dashed with much selfishness. In an hour or two they would all have forsaken Him and fled. He knew all that was lacking in them, and the cowardly abandonment which was so near. But He has not a word to say of all this. He does not count jealously the flaws in our work, or reject it because it is incomplete. So here is the great truth clearly set forth, that where there is a loving heart, there is acceptable service. It is possible that our poor, imperfect deeds shall be an odour of a sweet smell, acceptable, well-pleasing to Him. Which of us that is a father is not glad at our children's gifts, even though they be purchased with our own money, and be of little use? They mean love, so they are precious. And Christ, in like manner, gladly accepts what we bring, even though it be love cooled by selfishness, and faith broken by doubt, and submission crossed by self-will. The living heart of the disciples' acceptable service was their love, far less intelligent and entire than ours may be. They were joined to their Lord, though with but partial sympathy and knowledge, in his temptations. It is possible for us to be joined to Jesus Christ more closely and more truly than they were during his earthly life. Union with Him here is union with Him hereafter. If we abide in Him amid the shows and shadows of earth, He will continue with us in our temptations, and so the fellowship begun on earth will be perfected in heaven: "If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified together."

A WEEK AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA.

BY A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.



IT is early morning, but the eastern sky is already aglow with the brightness of the rising sun, dispersing the thick mist that has settled in the valley during the night.

The negroes are sallying forth one by one with hoe and cutlass in hand for their several provision-grounds to commence the toil of the day. It is Monday. With a well-stocked medicine-chest, and a case of surgical instruments, mounted on a sturdy horse well accustomed to the rough roads that lie before us, we start on our bi-monthly visit to a "bush village" some twenty-three miles from headquarters, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel, distributing Scriptures and tracts, visiting, and prescribing for the sick.

The air is fresh and animating, but out here the sun speedily makes itself felt, so that by the time we reach our destination we are glad to get under shade from the blinding glare and the burning rays. We cannot help pitying the book-keepers on the sugar estates, as we see them acting as drivers to the gangs of negroes employed in the cane fields. They were called drivers in the days of slave labour, and each gang of free labourers has a driver, just as "British workmen" in the field or on the road need an overseer to keep them at their work. They are mostly Englishmen, and many of them but striplings, ill suited to the trying circumstances under which they have to earn a livelihood. To young men in England or Scotland who may purpose coming out

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to this colony, or any of the other West India islands, as a book-keeper, we would say, Stop and count the cost; for but few accept the invitation who are not disappointed on their arrival. Why? you ask. Simply because the office is misnamed. Half an hour a day will do all the "book-keeping" that is required, the rest of the time, namely, from six A.M. to four P.M. has to be spent in the field, in all weathers, and in many instances with only a comfortless quarter to which they can retire. There is, too, little chance of promotion, unless the individual is a favourite with the attorney. It would be better for natives of the island to fill the post.

However, we are at our journey's end, for there is the good man who is to be our host standing at his gate, smiling all over his face, and showing his beautiful "ivory," so gratified and pleased is he at our safe arrival. Meanwhile, the horse is being unsaddled and rubbed down with a handful of grass, a boy is despatched up a tree to pull some water cocoanuts, and we are refreshed with a drink of the delicious liquor they contain.

By this time the news of our arrival has spread through the village, and a large crowd of sable visitors assemble in the yard, all anxious to say "how d'ye" to doctor. On going to the door, the men salute us with a profound bow and wave of the hand, and the women with a low courtesy, all earnestly inquiring after the health of the missus and the young massa.

The remaining part of daylight is spent visiting from hut to hut, and at night, a band of young people come together, that we may teach them some of the new hymn tunes from England. This is a comparatively easy task, as they seldom require to hear a tune sung more than once or twice before they catch the strain, and carry it away with such gusto as only negroes show.

Tuesday, by ten o'clock A.M. a large number of people have gathered from all directions for the open air service, and are now waiting patiently under the spreading mango trees that surround the house. An hour later, we take our stand on a chair, and, lifting up our heart to God for a blessing on his own Word, we read a portion of Scripture, and give out a hymn, the singing led by a class of the previous evening. Then from some special portion of the Book, which their memories would be likely to retain, we seek to explain to these dark sons and daughters of Africa, the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. For two or more hours they will stand or squat on the ground, giving undivided attention to every word, while many who have already experienced "the saving change" will express their assent and approbation by sundry audible "Amens," "Dat's it, massa," and "Praise de Lord," as they do in Methodist meetings in country places at home.

Although during the time it has been our happy lot to labour for God among them, we have held hundreds of open air and indoor meetings, yet never have we known a negro wilfully to interrupt a service; but repeatedly have we been under the necessity of stopping until drunken Englishmen were removed. There are some who speak of the Africans as an inferior race, but in moral qualities they are not inferior. Oh that Englishmen would cease to degrade the name in the eyes of these poor despised negroes.

After the service is over, we have a sort of conversaziene, when by personal intercourse with individuals, we endeavour to press home upon each the necessity of at once closing with the offers of mercy and salvation.

Just before sundown, we were called to the funeral of a young man who had fallen from a mango tree, a few days previous, the injuries sustained proving fatal. As may be imagined among a people with so limited an amount of knowledge, a great deal of superstition is exhibited on such occasions. Though doubtless our presence checked to some extent the full demonstration of their feelings, yet what we witnessed filled us with pity for their ignorance, and led us inwardly to pray, "Lord, send forth Thy light and Thy truth."

On reaching the hut, we found the body in the uncovered coffin, laid on two chairs outside. And while the carpenter stood with the lid in his hand, ready to screw it down, the relations were saying "good-bye" to the dead. One by one they came up, and shook hands with the lifeless body, begging it to speak a word to "Massa Jesus" for them. The mother was the last to do so. Taking the cold hand in hers, she began, "Joseph, mi dea boay, you gan? Well! Big Massa call you. Me bin try to be kind mudder to you. Me ax pardon for all me do you, an beg you fe 'peak to Massa Jesus fe me—poo' sinner—ax Him hab marcy 'pon me soul." Then she broke out into doleful wails and sobs, refusing to be comforted in her sudden bereavement.

When the lid was screwed down, we read a portion of Scripture and reminded them that the body before us was only the tabernacle of clay—that the soul had already gone to its eternal destiny for,

> "As the man dies, so must he be,
> All through the days of eternity."

When we had prayed, and while singing the hymn,

> "Eternity! time soon will end,
> Its fleeting moments pass away,"

we moved in procession to the grave, in the coffee walk, about a hundred yards from the dwelling. Here the remains of other members of the family were already laid. Great respect as a rule is paid to the graves of departed friends, tombs are generally built over them of stone, which are whitewashed every year, a custom analogous to that in England of decorating the graves with flowers.

On Wednesday, we were invited to attend a very different ceremony from that of the previous day. A young couple, whose banns have been duly published in the nearest church or chapel, have been waiting for our visit, that we may join them in the bond of matrimony. Accordingly at the appointed hour we mount the saddled horse brought for us, and start accompanied by a guide, also well mounted and smartly rigged out for the wedding.

In due course we pull up at a gateway, over which an arch is formed of cocoa-nut boughs neatly plaited and hung full of flowers and fruit. After admiring the work, and complimenting the decorators, we pass through and dismount. On the right side of the yard stands the wedding-booth, built for the occasion, the house being inconveniently small to receive the many guests. On the left a huge fire is burning, at which some three or four whole pigs are roasting, and over which a large pot

is suspended containing a "hotch-potch" mixture of all sorts of tropical vegetables, yams, cocoa, plantains, chocho, oohro, pumpkin, peas and beans. It looks as if they meant to have a hearty marriage-dinner. We wonder how long they have been "saving up for this feast!"

But to business. We enter the booth, where a large company has already assembled of the friends and acquaintances. In the centre stands a table, at the head of which we take our seat, and commence operations by filling in our papers, requesting that the bride and bridegroom make their appearance on the scene. Now they are coming, with majestic bearing and measured steps. But whatever can be the matter with the beautiful bride? She looks wonderfully flurried, and inclined to fall headlong, prevented only by the arm she leans on. However, with a struggle she reaches the bench placed near us in the booth, and now we discover the cause of the ungainly figure she cut while walking. Well! what, was the cause? asks the reader. Why, being unaccustomed to buy or wear boots, she had under estimated the size of her feet, and bought a pair of No. 10's, instead of 12's. Leaving herself only an hour or so to put them on, she had found it all too short, for in spite of spending all that time tugging, tearing, pulling and pushing in vain endeavours to get in the foot, on receiving our summons she had only succeeded in introducing her toes, leaving the hinder part to hang over the high hard heels. We quite sympathized with her, but recommended that she should pull them off altogether, which advice she acted upon at once. And having looked round to see that her dress hung properly, and feeling if the orange blossom in her hair was all right, she was ready.

Turning to the bridegroom, who had been standing meanwhile very patiently at "attention" with "eyes front," not daring to turn his head, either to the right hand or the left, without moving his whole body lest he should in any way injure his fine stand-up collar, we asked him for the ring and desired him to take off his gauntlet gloves. We proceeded in English fashion to join them in wedlock.

After they had put their marks to the register schedules, the singing of a hymn, a few practical remarks on the secret of a happy home, and prayer that the Lord might bless the young couple, brought the (to them) trying ordeal to a close. And wishing them every happiness, we bade them farewell.

Thursday and Friday are the two days appointed on which to see the sick and dispense medicines, and a busy time we have of it.

Whilst it is yet only dawn patients are mustering in the yard from all quarters, some having walked most part of the night, when it is coolest for travelling.

The most common diseases we have met are, fevers and ulcers, now and then a consumptive patient, and plenty of scrofulous cases. One patient is a little over thirty years of age, with a large ulcer on his foot. Describing how it commenced, he said it was only a scratch, when one of his cousins died, and he adds with a sad look and shake, "But, massa, me forget all 'bout it and go to the funeral," to which unlucky step he attributes the cause of its having turned out so bad.

Another patient is a young woman who declares that she has fever so strong sometimes that you could roast plantains on her skin. She had overheard us giving instructions to one of them to abstain from salt provisions and all spirituous liquors, so when she had received her medicine she inquires, "Please, doctor, if me's to 'stain from salt 'tings and spiritual 'tings too?"

So on, the whole day long, they come with all their strange complaints and stories; but I must not weary the reader by enumerating other cases. By four o'clock on Friday evening the last one has got his mixture, pills and plaster; and gathering our traps and bidding a hearty farewell to our host and his family, we start for home, glad to have been of service to these simple folk, and praying that much good for the soul as well as the body may result from our visit.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE BURNING HEART.

"Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"—*Luke* xxiv. 32.

"My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned."—*Psa.* xxxix. 3.

WE know well what it is to muse on some favourite scheme, some engrossing subject, or some friend dear to us in past or in present times, till warmed by kindling thoughts, our affections are awakened into life and strength, and while we are musing "The fire burns." Have we ever known, or do we seek to know, what it is to be thus warmed towards heavenly things? Have we so set our affections on things above as to muse on them and love them? Or have we, like the favoured men of Emmaus, walked with Jesus, and listened to his words, and gazed upon the prospects revealed while He opened up to us the Scriptures, till our hearts burned within us? True, He is no longer with his people in bodily presence, but the blessed Spirit whom He has sent is ever near, and ever willing to come to us, as He has done to thousands of Christ's people, to open the Scriptures as well as to open the eyes of the reader. How many can witness to the truth of this! How many have confessed, like these two disciples, that their hearts have burned! But these are not the people who, after reading, shut their Bibles and forget every word that they have read—words which they dare not deny, but which they never receive! Let us not be content with such reading as that. Let us try to "muse," and ask God to help us to do so, till the fire from heaven kindles these cold hearts of ours, and makes them burn within us. That fire is not an idle, ineffective flame; it purifies where it burns; it consumes all that is against the mind of God, all the selfishness, the worldliness, the secret faults, the presumptuous sins, that destroy the soul, and make it unfit to be a temple of the Holy Ghost. Let us pray that God may thus warm our hearts, and thus purify them!

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PEARL.

X.

"WHY, Pearl, you dainty-looking little pet, I did not know you one bit! I am so glad you have taken pains with your dress, for you remember how we used to tease you because you were so careless; but I'll forgive you all that, for—why! you are the picture of a neat little Quakeress. My mother will be charmed with you."

Pearl was tired with her long railway journey; but when they left the station, and went out upon a fair stretch of common, dotted at the corner of a cool-looking green lane, and espied Madge's beautiful basket-carriage and cream-coloured ponies, a tiny groom holding their heads, it was Pearl's turn to exclaim with delight, "Oh, Madge, what dear little things! just fit for you," and going up to the little, well-trained animals, she patted and petted them till they whinnied with pleasure.

"Now, Pearlie, when you have done with those pigmy sprites we will get on," and helping her in, Madge took the reins and her dainty parasol-whip, and turned the ponies' heads towards home.

Then for the first time Pearl beheld English pastoral scenery. The day had been very warm, and the evening was one of great beauty, which Pearl was just in the mood to enjoy. Madge whipped up her ponies, for she wanted to take her friend a longer route, to show her some of the beauties round her home. They went through the meadows to the uplands, where the flocks were feeding, then on through the solemn woods, amid the clustering trees, where the winds were whispering the story of their wanderings to the leaves. Slower went the little animals, obedient to their mistress's check, as the sound of falling water met their ears. Then the friends listened to the mystic voices of the coming night, which fell upon them before they reached home.

"This is my Pearlie, dear mamma," said Madge to a stately-looking lady, who was seated in the depths of a chair all pouff and damask. She directly rose to welcome a young lady of whom she had heard so much from her daughter.

"Let me welcome you to Hillside my dear," said Mrs. Howard, kissing Pearl's pretty winsome face.

"My daughter was quite beside herself with joy when she so happily met you; and now we have you, we shall not be in a hurry to let you go from us, that is, if you will favour us by remaining." Pearl was graceful, and childlike in her ways, and now, moved by the affectionate welcome she received, she came nearer to Mrs. Howard, saying, "I can never tell you, dear madam, how pleased I am to be here; I never thought to see dear Madge again;" and kissing her friend, she turned her face, blushing with emotion, to Mrs. Howard, saying, "May I kiss you?"

The answer was a warm, motherly embrace, and from that time Pearl felt that she was at home.

One morning Madge came into Pearl's pretty little bed-room adjoining her own, exclaiming, "Only think, Pearlie, mamma has just received an invitation for us all to a garden-party, and we shall meet no end of nice people there at Mrs. Percival's."

"But, I suppose I am not invited," said Pearl.

"You not go! Why of course you are to go; do you think I would go without you? The invitation is for Mrs. Howard and party. I am so glad; let me see—there will be those nice girls and their brothers the McDermotts,—Captain Scherzyl and his Norwegian bride, who tells such nice stories about her country, and Mr. Edward Harcourt and his cousin Grace, and last, but not least, the Tregarons, Sir Pen, Lady Mary, and their daughter. Report says she is a great beauty."

"Did you say Mr. Harcourt, Madge dear?" asked Pearl.

"I did. But what ails you, Pearlie? You are as red as a peony," said Madge. "Why, you don't mean to say that you know Edward Harcourt!"

"Yes—and—no, Madge dear. When I was taken to the hospital the morning after the fire, I was so disfigured with the smoke and soot, that were everywhere, I remember a gentleman who stood by whilst the doctors were dressing my arm that had been scorched. I suppose he did not even see my face, for a short time before I left the hospital one afternoon after he had been reading to the sick, he saw me, and seemed quite startled, asked me my name, and said he was sure he had seen me before in a very different scene. Unless it was when I was studying in Paris, or at the British Museum, that is impossible."

"Quite an adventure, Pearlie. Well, we shall see if he recognises you in your pretty toilette."

"What toilette, dear? I shall only wear my black silk and white fichu."

"And a darling you look in it. How much the style of dress shows the character. Now, in that same dress, as well as your others, I could play the diviner; for I should say that it told the knowledge you have of the fitness of things, because in it you could show at any time. Next, that its neatness and freedom from pretension tells that same for you. But I think I shall turn author, Pearlie, and, taking you for my model, write a book on the 'fitness of things to persons, as developing character,' or some other fine title. But mamma has had a white muslin gown made for you like mine, Pearlie; what do you think of that? My little mother has outdone herself this time."

"I can never return so much kindness, Madge. Your dear mamma often puts me in mind of our beloved friend and teacher, Madame Martinez; but I must think of some way to show her how much I value her goodness."

Meanwhile the day for Mrs. Percival's garden-party drew near. The meeting was fixed for three o'clock, and after an early luncheon, Madge and Pearl went to their respective rooms to dress.

Pearl scarcely looks her eighteen years, in the delicate white Mrs. Howard had had prepared for her, trimmed with fine lace and a small quantity of very pale pink ribbon at the throat and wrists; whilst the slender gold chain and locket, Madge's gift, completed her pretty girlish costume. Madge's gown was of the same make and delicate nature.

"Well, girls," said Mrs. Howard, "I hope you are pleased with your dresses. Let me look at you both. Just as I wished, perfectly plain, but pretty and good. But here is the carriage, and Clarin has brought your parasols." So saying, the three ladies entered the open landau which awaited them and drove off.

"What is it, Pearlie?" said Madge to her friends as they went on, for she seemed in some unaccountable way to have lost the gentle self-possession which made her so winning and full of girlish dignity, and become nervous and unquiet.

Mrs. Howard tried, by a kind pressure of Pearl's hand, to calm her, for now the carriage drew up at a charming country villa, its deep flower-covered porch, and many open casements, Gothic windows, overhung with roses, jessamine, honeysuckle, and clematis in such tangled profusion, which constituted its beauty, called forth an exclamation of delight from all.

Introductions were not formally made, except when a party was formed for lawn-tennis or croquet. Pearl and Madge were parted the first hour, Madge being paired, as Pearl saw soon after, with Captain Scherzyl, their opponents being Edward Harcourt and Miss Percival. Other parties were formed about the grounds, which presented a most animated scene. A large tent was at the end of the terrace, where the

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servants dispensed tea; two other smaller tents, for ices and other dainty refreshments, and a band of wind and stringed instruments, was stationed among the trees at the entrance to the wooded dell.

Pearl was resting after her game, when Madge came up with Edward Harcourt, saying,

"Pearlie, dear, let me make you known formally to Mr. Harcourt, although he tells me he saw you in the hospital."

Pearl acknowledged the introduction with less than her usual quiet grace, and Madge going off for a fresh game, Edward Harcourt offered his arm to show her the grounds. As they neared the end of the plantation the band was playing one of its most charming morceaux. The setting sun glinted through the branches of the trees, the birds sang their farewells to the day in dulcet tones which spoke of hope for the joyful awakening of the morrow. It was evening, with all the quiet charm which follows a bright warm day; and as the soft breeze bore the sweet sound of the band—now near, now far—its entrancing music died out in soft echoes, and went, like a wandering voice, to cheer other hearts among the far-off distant hills.

Pearl was as much of a child as when learning lessons at the Maisonnette Anglaise, in all matters of worldly wisdom. Edward had been struck with the refined thoughtfulness of the delicate, womanly face. Hers was not the mere beauty of feature, but the reflection of the unstained soul within. Truth was the talisman in its fullest sense which gave the fair young face its great charm; for, true to herself, she was naturally true to others. That Edward Harcourt was much interested in her there could be no doubt; her refined, gentle manners had touched him as no other girl's had; and Pearlie, dear, innocent Pearl, did not know why the tones of the kindly voice gave her so much happiness, but it did.

"I am so glad that you have recovered from the effects of the fire. God was very merciful to you, mademoiselle, or the effects might have been much worse."

"It is, indeed, true what you say. I have had an answer to the prayer you prayed that day in the hospital that God would comfort and help the weak-hearted; and in having found my darling Madge, I seem to have become as happy as when I was at school."

"It is very strange, but as you speak it seems that you are some one with whom I have talked before. Perhaps our spirits are in unison. And so I seem to know you—eh, mademoiselle?"

Pearl was angry with herself for the blush which rose to her cheek; and, glad of an excuse to change the subject, she remarked upon the good taste of the arrangements, and the beauty of the music the band was playing; and seeing Madge approach her, felt, she knew not why, that she was relieved.

"Pearl, the Tregaron carriage has just turned the hill path, and all are in expectancy to see the Cornish beauty, Miss Elsie Tregaron. Ah, there they are, just coming this way; let us sit down, like we were told to do at school, and hear, see, and say nothing."

"Except to me," said Edward Harcourt. "Can't you make room for me?" at the same time preparing to sit down between Madge and Pearl.

"What are they doing yonder?" said Madge, as many of the guests were grouped together.

As the girls were resting and listening to the band, the parties were again beginning to form for fresh amusements, and Mrs. Percival, the giver of the party, like a good hostess, came with the new arrivals towards the place where, under the shade of the flowering limes, several young people were now conversing with Madge and Pearl. Mrs. Howard had also joined her daughter. The group of people advanced slowly, conversing and making introductions by the way. Among them, conspicuous from the rest, walked a fair, fragile lady about thirty-eight years of age, whose gracious smile as she conversed with her hostess was all too sad. A far-off look in the deep violet eyes seemed to call for sympathy and loving care. She was the Lady Mary Tregaron.

"Permit me to make known to you my friend Mrs. Howard. Lady Tregaron, her daughter, and her friend Mademoiselle Martinez."

A silence ensued after the introduction, and Lady Mary Pearl and Elsie stood for a second or two as though turned to statues. Then a shriek of joy rang through the ambient air, a cry of joy unspeakable. "My child!" and Lady Mary fell senseless at Pearl's feet!

Elsie looked at Pearl with a half-frightened look, seeing her very self in Pearl, for by a happy chance Elsie's white muslin gown and pretty sun hat with tufts of apple blossoms were the same as Pearl's, but Pearlie, our loving, impulsive Pearl, wound her arms about her twin sister crying, "Oh my sister, you cannot have wanted me as I have wanted you, because you have had our mother." Pearl knelt down by the divan on which they had laid Lady Mary. "Mother! dear darling mother! Open your eyes and speak to me, for now I know whom I have wanted all my sad, lonely life—ah, my own dear," as Lady Mary began to revive. At that moment Sir Pen came up.

"Why, Elsie, what is the matter with mamma?"

Pearl looked up: it is not Elsie! "Oh, what shall I do?" cried Pearl.

Elsie now approached, hearing her father's voice; she had been to seek Jack Penruddock to assist Edward Harcourt to carry her mamma inside the house. "Two Elsies! Ah, what? no—is it so? Can it be! Is it? My God I thank Thee; it is my child, lost so long ago!" and taking Pearl in his arms he kissed the sweet upturned face with a father's fondest warmth, and the newly-found daughter felt her father's tears of grateful feeling on her cheeks.

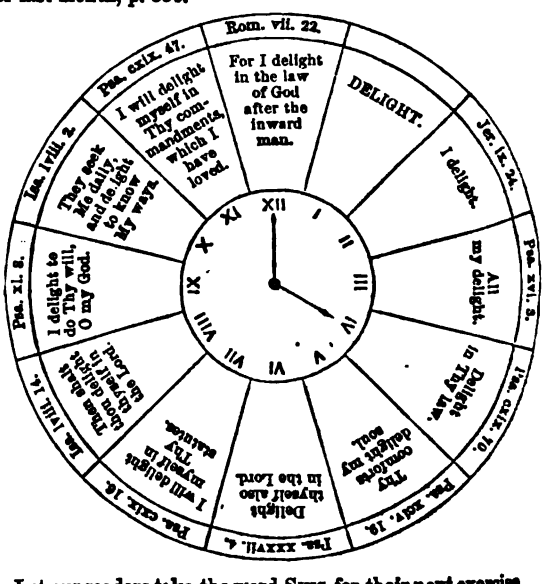
At length Lady Mary Tregaron began to revive, and as her mind regained its power, there came a light of love and joy that shone around her, that dispelled the sadness of years—years of such deep sadness as only mothers weeping for the one lamb of the fold—the Benjamin that is not—can tell!

But to see that long lost babe, whose fate was a mystery, so long restored to her in her budding winning womanhood, to see her in her father's arms! Oh, day of days, that brought such peace; nothing but a prayer, in which the mother's tears were as holy words of thanksgiving, could satisfy that mother's heart!

The week after, Pearl accompanied her parents and sister to Tregaron Castle, Madge going with them.

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 336.



Let our readers take the word SINS for their next exercise.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

SISTER DORA.



From a Photograph by Mrs. Williams, Wolverhampton.]

Yours truly.
Sister Dora.

IT could not be said of Sister Dora that "nothing in her life became her like the leaving it," but on no occasion was the measure of her influence so manifest as after her death. In the annals of the Black Country there is no name more beloved than hers, which has but recently been inscribed upon them. The day of her funeral witnessed an outburst of affection rarely surpassed. In the town of Walsall, where she had laboured, there was scarcely a house of which the blinds or the shutters were not closed, along the whole way to the cemetery. The procession that bore her to her grave included clergy and ministers of all denominations from the surrounding districts, the choirs of all the churches, physicians and surgeons, mayor and corporation, and other representative bodies. More imposing was the demonstration of the dense crowds that gathered in the drizzling rain, and tramped through the half-melted snow, surging round the grave, and standing bareheaded as the last solemn words were said. Hundreds of the poor, "the maimed, the halt and the blind," were there, and ragged women, as well as half-starved children, with the marks of grief and distress. On the uncovered coffin was the inscription: "Sister Dora, entered into rest, 24th of December, 1878." The stranger might well ask who she was that had thus won the hearts of the people.

This remarkable woman was a native of Yorkshire,

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born in 1832, in the little village of Hauxwell, near Richmond, and nurtured among the moors. Her father, the Rev. Mark James Pattison, bearing a name to which a distinguished son has added honour, fulfilled the duties of rector in this sequestered spot, with a steady devotion which seems to have inspired the members of his family. His training was strict but generous. Dorothy Wyndlow—for such was the full name of Sister Dora—was the youngest but one of twelve children, delicate from her birth, often ailing, and on that account not allowed to "do lessons," like the others. The irregular education she received was perhaps best adapted to her peculiar powers; she learnt without being taught, she observed and listened, and she had the advantage of wise and vigorous companionship. Her natural energy overcame the weakness of early years. Full of fun, and delighting in games, she was a bright and bonnie maiden; her merry laugh was music to her friends, and her clear full voice sounded sweetly as she went singing about the house. As her health improved, she became a good horsewoman, and liked few things better than a dashing ride after the hounds. At the age of twenty she was a tall and vigorous woman, distinguished by personal beauty, and popular with all classes in her own village and neighbourhood.

Strongest of all Dora's natural inclinations, even at this time, was the love of giving and of helping others. She had shared with her sisters in the cares of the parish; they had carried round the little cans of soup and food; and the generous, hospitable spirit which ruled in their home shaped their own actions also. "The girls," we are told, "were always planning how to save their money to give it away, and they made a rule of carefully mending and remaking their old clothes, in order that they might not have to buy new ones—their mother rightly requiring that they should be neatly and properly dressed; giving away their dinners, and dining on bread and cheese themselves seems to have been an ordinary occurrence. It could not, of course, have been necessary [it might not always have been wise], but they chose to do it, because it was no pleasure to them to give away to others what cost them nothing." Dora was as active as the rest of the family in all good works of charity, and, though showing no special interest in the sick, seems from the first to have charmed the villagers by her ways. A schoolboy who was much attached to her fell ill of rheumatic fever, while she was travelling abroad. His one longing was to see "Miss Dora" again, and as he grew worse and worse, he constantly prayed that he might live until she returned. On the day on which she was expected he sat up on his pillows intently listening, and at last, long before any one else could hear the sound of wheels, he exclaimed, "There she is! There's Miss Dora!" and sank back. She went to him and stayed with him, nursing him till he died. This appears to have been her first experience of such work.

Home life did not long satisfy Dora; she craved scope for her powers, and yearned with restless energy for some larger or more difficult sphere of duty. The tasks nearest to her hand were faithfully fulfilled; she tended her invalid mother with unwearying affection; her father still called her his "sunshine;" but the longing grew with every passing year. Miss Nightingale's work in the Crimea aroused her enthusiasm, and she implored permission to join the band of women who went out to her aid as nurses. Her father refused his consent, on the ground that, untrained and undisciplined as she was, she would be better employed at home. She acquiesced, but it was a disappointment. At a later period she became acquainted with a sisterhood, calling themselves the Good Samaritans, whose headquarters were at Coatham, near Redcar, where they also kept a Convalescent Home. Again she urged her plea. She besought her father to allow her to join them, but he did not approve of her leaving his roof for such a purpose; and while he recognised that she had reached the years of responsible freedom, did all in his power to prevent it. "I was very wilful, I did very wrong; let no one take me for an example," were her own words on her deathbed, when she was speaking of her conduct on this occasion. This wilfulness was a part of her character which cost her many a struggle. In childhood she had often shown a quiet determination to have her own way. One quaint instance is related. She and her next sister had what they were pleased to consider ugly velvet bonnets for Sunday wear. How to be rid of them was the question. One rainy day, when the mother was absent, Dora ran to her sister and said, "Be quick; now's our chance for spoiling our bonnets." They put them on, opened the library window, and stuck their heads out, till the rain had done its worst; then stowed the bonnets away, soaking wet and irreparably damaged. Sunday morning came; where were the bonnets? "Quite spoilt," was Dora's explanation; "we can never wear them any more." They were condemned, however, to wear them; and not on that Sunday alone, but for many Sundays afterwards. In later life, and in concerns more serious, she still preferred her own way, nor did she then wholly escape the chastisements which Providence prepares for such a course.

Debarred from the nursing sisterhood, she left her home to become village schoolmistress in the parish of Little Woolston, near Bletchley. The clergyman had advertised for a *lady*, and she responded without explaining her antecedents. She was now twenty-nine years of age. Her father told her that he should merely give her the allowance she had always had, and this, added to the schoolmistress's small salary, was all which she had to live upon. The little cottage which she made her home was in strange contrast to the comforts she forsook. She lived alone, keeping no servant, and only employing an old woman now and then to do the hardest scrubbing; but the villagers soon knew that they had "a real princess" among them. Gifts like hers could not be concealed. The people in the neighbourhood were astonished, we are told, to find Miss Pattison blacking her grate when they came to see her, but it never seems for a moment to have entered the heads of the poorest that she was not every inch a lady. She proved an excellent schoolmistress; nursed the children when they were sick, and visited their parents; winning respect and admiration from all who knew her. For three years she pursued this quiet round. The thoughts that visited her solitary home can never be known, but they did not bring her entire satisfaction. She still longed restlessly for larger opportunities. At last her health broke down, a neglected cold was followed by a severe attack of pleurisy, and when fit

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to be moved, she was sent to Redcar to recover. The associations of that place were more than she could resist; and finally she entered the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans.

She was now "Sister Dora"; but her nature was too large to work within narrow bounds. It was her lot to have early experience both of the mistakes and risks to which such institutions are exposed. "She made beds, cleaned and scoured floors and grates, swept and dusted, and finally became a cook in the kitchen at Coatham. At first," says her biographer, "she literally sat down and cried when the beds that she had just put in order were all pulled to pieces again by some superior authority, who did not approve of the method in which they were made." This discipline she accepted as "good for her"; but it was otherwise when, a few months later, she was ordered off to attend a private patient, and not allowed to go home when her father, who was dangerously ill, desired to see her. It is possible that the Sisters were afraid of the father's influence, which had already been exercised against them; but the higher and truer instincts of Sister Dora rebelled, and when the tidings came of her father's death, she refused to accept the tardy permission to attend his funeral, and returned to her post almost broken-hearted. In her subsequent relations, it is noticeable how her native character asserts itself in practical independence. She became gradually absorbed in her work, and her success was really her "vocation." Her religious life in its varying pulse was quickened by broad human sympathies; imperfect, and often hindered by external influences, yet a genuine growth, under the penetrating teaching of divine grace. She laboured in the love which is unconscious of formal bonds, and those who called her "Sister" knew her chiefly in the true affection and tender helpfulness which the name implies, and thought but little of the official designation. It would be an ill day which brought our hospitals under the direction of any narrower spirit.

After some desultory experience, Sister Dora was sent, in the early part of 1865, to help in nursing at a cottage hospital established for accidents in Walsall, of which the Good Samaritan Sisterhood had taken charge. She had scarcely begun her work when she caught small-pox from the out-patients. On her recovery, she had to bear the brunt of a fanatical opposition awakened in the town. One evening she was on her way to visit a patient, when a boy threw a stone which cut open her forehead. "Not long afterwards, this same young fellow was brought into the hospital, having met with a severe injury in a coal-pit. Sister Dora, who never forgot a face, recognised him at once, saying to herself, 'That's my man.' He was some time under her care, and she bestowed upon him probably more than usual attention. One night, when he was recovering, she found him quietly crying. 'I wouldn't ask him what was the matter,' Sister Dora said, when relating this story, 'because I knew well enough, and I wanted him to confess.' At length it came out, with many sobs, 'Sister, I threw that stone at you.' 'Oh,' she replied; 'did you think I did not know that? Why, I knew you the very first minute you came in at the door.' 'What!' returned he; 'you knew me, and have been nursing me like this?'" In this spirit she pursued her daily task. Meanwhile, she seized every opportunity of increasing her knowledge, and adding to her skill in the arts of healing. She went her way quietly, and it was not until she was again prostrated by illness—this time by neglecting to change her wet clothes—that the real value of her services was discovered. In course of time the hospital was removed to a healthier situation, and enlarged in a manner correspondent to its needs. Sister Dora was placed in charge of the new building, and its internal organisation was entrusted to her. Here she found her true sphere. As matter of fact, she was independent, her strong will rarely brooking interference. A few years later, the Good Samaritan Sisterhood surrendered all official relationship with the work, and Sister Dora finally severed her own connection with them, remaining under the town committee. The kind of rule she exercised could only be justified by its results. Amidst admirable qualities, there was sometimes a measure of self-assertion, a jealousy of subordinate aid, a brusqueness of direction, unworthy of her higher aims. These defects in one less capable might have wrought disastrously.

The Black Country is not an attractive region, with its flaming furnaces, and its pall of smoke, with its industries that make perpetual war on the fair face of nature, and its grimy population ignorant of the new evangel of "sweetness and light." There is no district, however, to which old England owes more; the throb of our national life may as surely be felt in its midst as the pulse of its engines caught on the air; and Walsall is no unworthy representative of the mingled elements which give character to it. Sister Dora's mission brought her face to face with the darker aspects; she had to do with suffering and death, and she saw no little of sin, the fruit too often of debasing conditions and of selfish neglect. In all circumstances she bore herself with unfailing cheerfulness as one of strong communicative sympathy, whose joy as well as privilege it was to help. Her look was a cordial, and her busy energy was sustained by a continual flow of spirits, and by great physical strength. "Make you laugh!" said a big Irishman, "she'd make you laugh when you were dying." Yet there was no frivolity in her words. She took an interest in all that concerned her patients, and in many things outside her daily duties, and so brought a mind ever fresh to her work. Her very presence gave her aid. She was prodigal of her powers, however, with the same wilfulness that betrayed her in other relations; she thought nothing of fatigue, she dared any risk, she neglected even the commonest precautions. "I always find," she said, "I can sit up seven nights nursing if I go to bed the eighth." In these things her example might be fatal to weaker natures.

Sister Dora had not been long in Walsall when the town was invaded by small-pox. She threw herself at once into the midst of the danger, giving all her spare hours to sufferers in their own homes, and sitting up at night with the worst cases. An instance is related, Dantesque in its horror, but too characteristic to be omitted here. One night she was sent for by a poor man much attached to her, who was dying from one of the worst forms of the disease, deserted by his friends and neighbours. While the last bit of candle in the house was flickering in the socket, Sister Dora stayed with the dying man, who

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presently raised himself with a last effort, and said, "Sister Dora, kiss me before I die," when "she took him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease, into her arms, and kissed him, the candle going out, and, almost as she did so, leaving them in total darkness." Some years later, when the town was suffering from a second attack, an Epidemic Hospital was opened. The people were unwilling to leave their homes and go into it; but when Sister Dora came forward as nurse—the magic of her name being now established—the place was soon full. The scenes then witnessed were painful in the extreme; but Sister Dora faced the loathsome terror without flinching. She seems, with all her wonderful tenderness, never to have felt the repulsion which such sights are apt to inspire. In the course of her experience in Walsall, she was brought into contact with many forms of suffering; accidents were of constant occurrence; and whatever the nature of the case, she was always ready with her aid. On one occasion eleven men were carried in dreadfully burnt with molten metal, of whom only two were saved, and they owed their lives in part to Sister Dora. Her skill was as great as her care. A young man was brought in with his arm torn and twisted by a machine; the doctor said it must be amputated; she pleaded for it; he pronounced her "mad," but finally allowed her to have her way, at her own risk; she nursed the arm for three weeks with the utmost patience, and saved it. The man's gratitude was unbounded. Some long time after, when she was prostrated by illness, he walked over eleven miles every Sunday morning to inquire about her. A vigorous pull at the bell brought the servant, and when his question was answered, "Tell her," he said, "that's *her* arm that rang."

The ordinary daily life of Sister Dora, her methods and her temper, cannot be better pictured than in the following account, given by one of the lady pupils whom for a while she had under her instruction:

"Sister Dora used to come down into the wards at half-past six in the morning, make the beds of all the patients who were able to get up, and give them their breakfasts, until half-past seven, when it was time for her own breakfast. The bright sunshiny way she always worked, with a smile and a pleasant word for everyone, was in itself a medicine of the best kind. She would quote proverbs or apt pithy sayings, and she often asked questions which would set all the men thinking. Then would Sister Dora, while she was dressing the wounds, or going about her work, give them her own views on the subject. She told me once she often cried when she went to bed at night to think how many good words she might have spoken in season to her men. She used generally to invent some queer nickname for each of them, in order that they might (as she said) the sooner forget their former lives and associations if these had been bad. Thus one man was always spoken of as 'King Charles' (even having it written upon his egg for breakfast), because his face suggested Charles the First to Sister Dora. 'Darkey,' and 'Cockney,' and 'Pat,' and 'Stumpy' would answer to no other names. Rude, rough fellows of course constantly came in; nobody had ever seen such a woman as this before, so beautiful, so good, so tender-hearted, so strong and so gentle, so full of fun and humour, and of sympathy for broken hearts as well as for every other kind of fracture, and the best friend that many of these poor maimed men had ever known. She was the personification of goodness and unselfishness to them; skilful and rapid in her work, a great matter where wounds are concerned, and in a place where there was much to be done and few people to do it. After her own breakfast she read prayers on the staircase so that all the patients in the three wards could hear and join. Then came the daily ward work—the washing of breakfast-things, and of patients, and the dressing of wounds. At half-past ten there were usually out-patients who came to have their wounds poulticed, or lanced, or otherwise attended to. The doctor generally appeared about eleven, and went his rounds. At twelve came the patients' dinner, at which Sister Dora attended minutely to every detail, and always carved herself. Then she read prayers in the little general sitting-room, the lady pupils and servants only attending. Then followed dinner for the nurses—a very movable feast—sometimes put off an hour or more, and sometimes omitted altogether, as far as Sister Dora herself was concerned, if any visitors whom she was obliged to see, or any accidents, came in at that time. Out-patients, who were treated every day, began to arrive at two o'clock, and truly their 'name was legion,' when it was no uncommon event for 60 or 100 persons to pass through the little rooms in the course of one afternoon. It was a most interesting sight to watch Sister Dora with her out-patients. They had the greatest confidence in her skill, and with good reason. The doctors got through their part of the work quickly, for they passed on to her such minor operations and dressings as are entrusted to experienced dressers in large hospitals. The treatment of out-patients often took between two and three hours, so that the in-patients' tea at five o'clock had to be prepared by the servants when neither Sister Dora nor her pupil could be spared. About half-past five or six the nurses had their own tea. After tea she went into the wards again, and this was the time to which her patients looked forward all day. She would go and talk to them individually, or a probationer would play the harmonium, and they would sing hymns, she joining with her strong cheery voice while she washed up the tea-things. Some of the patients would play at games, in which she occasionally took part. . . . By eight o'clock wounds had been dressed for the night, and the patients' supper was served. Sister Dora read prayers always, even when, as sometimes happened, her many duties and labours had so delayed her that most of the patients were asleep; for she said, 'The prayers go up for them all the same.' Just before bedtime came her own supper, when she would often be very merry, and would relate her many remarkable experiences with intense fun and drollery."

Sister Dora's power over rough men was remarkable. We are told that often when she heard the summons given by the bell at her bed-head she would say to herself, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee;" and "flinging on her dress, cap, and apron, she hurried down sometimes to find men who had been having a drunken brawl in the dead of the night in the street. She would first dress their wounds and sew up their cuts in her usual gentle manner," and then proceed to remonstrate with them in a way that was irresistible. Her tact was

very great, not less so her courage. Once, in a third-class railway carriage, she found herself surrounded by half-drunken navvies, whose language shocked her. She stood up her full height, and spoke out, "I will not hear the Master whom I serve spoken of in this way!" Immediately they dragged her down into her seat with a torrent of oaths, and one of the most violent roared, "Hold your jaw, you fool; do you want your face smashed in?" But on leaving the train she heard a rough voice behind her—"Shake hands, mum; you're a good plucked 'un, you are; you were right, and we were wrong." On one occasion she entered a public-house, where a man had been wounded in a desperate fight; the babel of groans and curses died into silence, and every hat was taken off as she performed her errand of mercy. At another time she separated two men fighting in the street; words were ineffectual; she made her way through the motley crowd, rushed into the bloody fray, and "held them each back with an arm which either of the men could have broken as easily as he could have snapped his tobacco-pipe," and her appeal prevailed.

There was all this time other work for Sister Dora to do, and harder work perhaps, in the sphere of her own inward life. She had her questions, trials, temptations, and regrets. At a very early period her mind had been unsettled by doubts as to the authenticity of the Scriptures, which hindered her devotion to Christ. She sought relief in external duties, but did not find satisfaction. An offer of marriage opened to her another path, but she declined to enter it. There was a period when she wanted to bind herself to a single life, by the perpetual vow of a severer sisterhood. She escaped the snare. She inclined to surrender her will in a pledge of obedience, to end the struggle which had cost her so much by one act of external submission; but happily she was saved from the fatal delusion. The ecclesiastical bias of those days was perceptible in later years, she was never wholly free from its peculiar perils, but the healthier pulse of faith within her made her religion gradually independent of outward conditions. Not all at once did she attain to true strength. One serious error marred her peace. The solitariness of her position at Walsall threw her into close companionship with one in whose society and gifts she found an ever-increasing pleasure. The charm of mutual admiration led to an engagement between them; but the man who had thus won her affections had no faith in revealed religion, and had never concealed his opinions. The truth of her position dawned upon her, and she rent the bond with a pang that prostrated her health, and the consciousness remained that she had treated her lover with "the utmost unfairness." She ought to have well weighed the matter before instead of after her engagement. As she settled down to what she saw would now be her life-work, there was a chastened spirit beneath her cheerful manner. Health of soul became to her as important as health of body. A deeper feeling was apparent as the years went on—a faith which, whatever its associations, rested its aspirations on the Lord Jesus Christ alone.

She prayed for her patients individually. "She spoke," says her biographer, "unreservedly to her household upon the absolute necessity of constant private prayer, and expressed openly her own strong conviction that no blessing could attend the hospital unless those who worked in it fulfilled their duty in this respect. It was literally true that she never touched a wound without lifting up her heart to the Giver of all virtue, and asking that healing be conveyed by her means; that she never set a fracture without a prayer that through her instrumentality the limb might unite." There was sometimes, perhaps, an unreasoning hope in her petitions, but the spirit of true dependence was always there. "The striking feature of her prayers was the strong faith which animated them. She did not pray because it was her duty, or even because she wished to fit herself to hold communion with God hereafter, but because she believed that everything she asked for would be granted to her. . . . The thought of the lives led by most of those who were brought into the hospital weighed heavily upon her mind, especially if, as frequently was the case, they were insensible from an accident, and never likely to recover consciousness. 'Well,' she would say, 'we must pray,'—and at night, when the ward was quiet, she might often be seen kneeling by the bed of some such sufferer. Their old servant, who slept in the next room to her mistress, used often to hear her praying alone for hours at night." The study of the Holy Scriptures became a habit. "She always carried in her pocket a small Bible, and its well-worn leaves, and in many places the thickly-written marginal notes, amply testify that she used it constantly."

It was her aim to sustain a high tone in the hospital. To a servant who was being engaged, she sent the message, "Tell her this is not an ordinary house, or even hospital; I want her to understand that all who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule, *love for God*, and then I need not say, love for their work." At one period she had a sort of Bible-class on the Sunday afternoons for the inmates and old patients; and she introduced into her wards the hymns of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, of whose praises she was full, after hearing them in Birmingham.

For fifteen years, Sister Dora continued her labours, but at last her own strength began to fail. She gave no sign, but continued to toil in the same resolute spirit. The intensity she put into everything seemed proportioned to the sense of coming failure. "From six P.M., till between ten and eleven at night she drove now to see patients who could not be received into the hospital. She visited all classes, from the respectable down to what she called the 'ragtags' of the town. These last were her favourites, and her chief happiness seemed now to consist in spending the night by the bedside of wretched dying patients, soothing, exhorting, encouraging, going almost down with them into the dark valley, truly representing unto them their Saviour. She was sometimes fearful, perhaps not without reason, lest they should cling too exclusively to her, and to the human support which she afforded them. Yet her religion was eminently spiritual. She thought," says her biographer, "too little of outward forms, and rarely, if ever, cared to teach others to depend upon them. To one who tried to follow her, she gave the wholesome advice: 'When you want to lead any one to Jesus, remember you must point, and take care not to stand in the way yourself.'" The part which she had borne in mission work opened now to her the darkest doors.

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Her bearing, however, at this period in relation to herself was more Spartan than Christian. She refused all help, she concealed the true nature of her disease. When at length she was confined to her chamber, the people of Walsall believed her to be dying of consumption, when in reality cancer was doing its deadly work.

She bore her sufferings heroically. There were days of darkness and depression. "I cannot pray; I cannot think; I sadly fear I shall be lost. I can only trust." But she triumphed by faith in a personal Saviour. In one of her letters we read: "I have not had two hours' sleep, for four days and nights, but in the midst of the fiery furnace there was a form like unto the Son of man." "If I went back to teach patients again," she said, when nearing the end, "I should dwell more than ever on the necessity of building our hopes on Jesus only." The cabmen of the town had assembled in the mission-room at her request, and the clergyman who was going to address them was with her: "Oh, speak to them," she said, "on this text, 'What think ye of Christ?' Make it ring in their ears." Yet she had, in a time of great suffering, asked that a crucifix might be placed in her room; it was a perilous possession, but she regarded it as the rebuking symbol of the greater agonies by which she was redeemed. "Sometimes her visitors, as they were waiting in the little adjoining room, could hear her groaning in agony, and praying aloud for patience; and yet a minute or two afterwards, when she had summoned them, she would receive them with outstretched hands, and a face beaming with smiles, and would ask them about their own concerns, showing all her old vivid interest and sympathy in her friends' affairs." The end was light. Her faithful nurse reminded her that the Blessed Lord was standing at the gates of heaven to open them to her. "I see Him there," she answered; "the gates are opened wide." The ruling feature of her life was strong in death. "I have lived alone, let me die alone," she said to the friends around her, repeating the request. And so she died, living on for some hours, while one friend only watched through the half-open door.

The last pleasure of Sister Dora was the completion of a new hospital, opened a few weeks before her death. No wonder all Walsall loved her, and followed her to her grave. It so happened that four workhouse funerals were waiting in the cemetery chapel on that mournful day; her coffin was placed outside, in the porch, and one service read over the five dead. Beautiful flowers intended for her were placed by her friends on the coffins of these unknown paupers. The fitting termination was instantly recognised. In death they were not divided.

When the sculptor takes in hand his mass of marble, he is not content unless he sees in it some ideal form; and in our treatment of the facts of life we are too apt to shape them to our thought in the same spirit, according to some type of excellence. Sister Dora was no perfect heroine. The biography from which our story is drawn is wisely impartial. Strong individuality is mother of many failings, yet we are impatient of criticism in the presence of such devotion. In other ages or more troublous times Sister Dora might have won a niche in history or a place in the calendar of saints. She lived to illustrate in a humble sphere of practical duty the noble capacities of a true woman.*

* Sister Dora. A Biography by Margaret Lonsdale. Kegan Paul and Co.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XII.—TOKIO AND ITS MISSIONS.

YEDDO, since the revolution of 1868 called Tokio, the capital of Japan, is a city of 750,000 inhabitants, twenty miles from Yokohama. A railway of narrow gauge, with carriages like long omnibuses or tramcars, connects the port with the city, and several trains run both ways daily. When the line was first opened, the Japanese, who wear high wooden clogs, which they leave outside when they step into a house, unwittingly left their clogs on the platform when stepping into the carriages, and great was their dismay when the train moved off and carried them away without these necessary appendages for muddy streets. Soon, however, in this, as in most things, they accommodated themselves to the new but convenient innovation, and now you see them stepping in, clogs in hand and morning paper, with all the ease of our city men on their way to business. The country on either side of the line reminded me somewhat of Cheshire; fields of rice and corn divided by hedges, heavy-roofed farmsteads, and villages here and there, but no cattle or sheep. The land seems to be tilled in small plots; and at this season (which is considered the best time to visit Japan) you see in front of most houses cotton, grain, and tobacco spread out on mats in the sun to dry. On reaching the terminus in Tokio we should have been much perplexed, surrounded as we were with importunate jinricksha men clamouring for a fare, had we not with us a friend as guide, who soon bargained with them, hiring quite a cavalcade for our party, each jinricksha drawn by two natives running tandem, and, as they ran, shouting through the streets. The houses are low, often one story only; the shops are dark, with the counters, on which the seller sits, open to the street; and the roofs everywhere are of wood, slightly inclined, weighted with stones and with overhanging eaves. Everything in the buildings indicates uncertainty of tenure on account of earthquakes. Earthquakes are frequent in Japan, caused, as the superstitious believe, by a huge dragon under the islands, that shakes them whenever he tosses his head or writhes his mighty body.

Tokio, built by the great Shogun Iyeyasu (1603),

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is in shape somewhat like an egg, the castle with its extensive gardens, surrounded by a moat, forming the central yolk, round which the city clusters, and from which the streets radiate. North of this castle are the foreign embassies: and here calling upon Sir Harry Parkes I received a cordial welcome. Sir Harry is esteemed and beloved by all, by English and American residents, and by the Japanese citizens likewise. His house is the centre and scene of liberal hospitality. He is brother-in-law to Dr. Lockhart, the well-known medical missionary, formerly of Shanghai. A hill in the city called Atago Yama, approached by a long flight of steps, and crowned with tea-houses, commands an extensive view. Before you lies the city, monotonous with its dark flat roofs; in the centre is the green of the castle and its trees; round the horizon the beautiful country lies spread out, in the distance is the sea, and the graceful Fusiama is visible from base to summit, as a presiding genius overlooking all.

Of the temple enclosures in Tokio that of Shiba is the chief. Here are the tombs of several Shoguns, shaded with beautiful trees and avenues of over-arching firs, and temples and pagodas are here raised in memory of the warriors. In a pebbled courtyard are long ranges of stone lanterns, five feet high, the gifts of damios (or lords) to the successive Shoguns. Passing through three wooden gateways beautifully carved and brightly coloured, with sacred buildings on either side, we come in front of a magnificent temple, built of wood, the panels carved with birds and flowers coloured true to nature, lacquered steps, lacquered walls, and even floors lacquered, a massive and yet graceful roof over-hanging all. Here, in spite of government restraint, the Buddhist rites are still celebrated with bell, book, and candle, drums and musical instruments, and shaven-headed priests. Beyond are the mausoleums of six Shoguns. The calm stillness of the enclosure presents a striking contrast with the noise and stir of the city outside. The shrine with its grounds covers several acres, and is one of the places which Mr. Norman Macleod, of Yokohama, takes to confirm and illustrate his whimsical theory that the Japanese are the ten lost tribes.

Five miles or one hour's jinricksha ride brings us across the city to another interesting temple enclosure, still more extensive, that of Uyeno. This also is a sort of necropolis, covering several acres, and thickly planted with trees. In the centre of the park is a fine old temple, with pagoda, belfry, and the other usual side buildings and gateways, but with more of the air of dilapidation and decay. Here, however, we met with pleasant signs of new life and civilisation. A kinder-garten school, kept by a German teacher and his wife, was dispersing for the day; the little children, boys and girls, some of them not more than four years old, were met by father or mother who had come to fetch them home. It was a type of the change which is taking place everywhere in the country, a healthy foreign growth springing up amid the decaying systems of false religion.

But the most interesting temple in Tokio, the St. Paul's of the city, is that of Asakusa, now in the heart of the capital, though three miles from the castle. An avenue about twelve feet wide, with shops on either side rivalling those of Ludgate Hill for variety, displaying toys and nicknacks, and crowded every day with women and children and worshippers passing to and fro, leads up to the temple. Facing us on either side are the hideous wooden demons, the one green, the other red, said to be the guardians of the sacred precinct. Prostrate on all fours, on the ground are beggars, knocking their heads to the earth before us as we pass. On the left is the tank of holy water, where are worshippers washing hands and lips. The front of the building is open, and a crowd are standing before the shrine. In front of the lighted altar, where the priests are officiating in dumb show, or sitting with their account books before them, rises a large high wire screen. This is to protect the image and altar inside, and to secure the falling of the cash into the huge money box, which opens its lips from side to side all the way across. Each worshipper coming up is expected to throw some coin into the box, as a heave-offering, to secure Buddha's attention to his prayer, and those behind throw their contributions over the heads of the worshippers in front. This is a device of the Buddhist priests to keep up their funds; but the people have been a match for them, and there is a special religious "cash," coined of iron simply, a large pile of which (about fifty pieces) I purchased for a halfpenny or its equivalent. Another practice is to write a prayer on a strip of paper, chew it into a ball, and then throw it at the idol, which becomes bespattered with these prayers. Worshippers are continually coming and going—mothers with children, old men and youths, and hosts of girls, soldiers and shop-boys—who throw their cash, clap their hands, bow their heads for a few seconds, and then move off again. Some have strings of beads, and make longer prayers. On the right, half way down the temple, is the image of the ugly Binzuru, one of Buddha's sixteen disciples, the disease curer. Whatever part be affected—head, nose, eyes, ears, limbs, the sufferer rubs his hand on the corresponding part of this idol, and then upon the diseased part of his own frame, and healing virtue is supposed thus to be conveyed. I saw crowds of halt, and lame, and withered, mothers with sick children, and the bearers of the infirm, crowding round this nasty idol, greasy and black, and worn with the repeated touchings, and in no few cases probably the cause of infection not of cure. It is the fashion to draw fine pictures of Buddhism in books; here one learns what it is in practice. If in view of the majestic temples of Athens, the apostle Paul's spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry, what would he have felt at such a degrading sight as this?

The temple is specially dedicated to Kuanon, the Buddhist goddess of mercy; and it is surrounded by theatres of the lowest type, archery galleries presided over by girls, serving tea and *saki* (a spirit made from rice); and waxworks illustrating the wonderful miracles of Kuanon. We were glad to escape from the throng of this religious fair into the quiet gardens close by, where at this season the display of chrysanthemums is beautiful. The chrysanthemum is, like the rose in England, the national flower of Japan. You see it on the postage stamps, and everywhere. The plants are trained into various shapes—cats, dogs, foreigners with hats, women in European dress—each presenting a blaze of flowers. In these gardens too are

dwarfed trees of every shape, oaks and firs, tea-plants, bamboos and pines grown in pots, and only a few inches high. Here, too, are images for sale in bronze and stone, of Buddha, some with finger lifted—the teacher—some with hands folded thumb to thumb—the contemplator.

It is a pleasant and a hopeful contrast to turn from these debasing shrines of heathenism in Tokio to the quarters of the missionaries, their chapels and schools. These are in the quarter of the city called Tsukiji, where most Americans and Europeans live. Here I met Dr. H. Faulds, medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church, who first showed me over his hospital, which he is enlarging, where he has a dispensary, and receives patients every morning at ten, and has a few beds for in-patients. He gives special attention to the eye, ophthalmia being prevalent, owing in part to small-pox, and in part to smoking. He has under his tuition about a dozen young Japanese students of medicine. We next called upon Bishop Williams, of the American Episcopal Church, who has been labouring here many years. We found him engaged with a class of Japanese theological students, Christians, who were being educated for mission work. He spoke of Shintoism as a very shadowy faith, upon which Buddhism had been grafted, and Buddhism as mainly influenced and degraded by the prevailing immorality of the people. The Mission of the Church of England, with Mr. Piper as its secretary, is doing a good work. Its chapel is simplicity itself. Next Dr. Faulds took me to a Presbyterian school for girls (the American Mission), under the charge of Mrs. True, with two assistant teachers. The room was beautifully light and airy, the walls hung with the newest maps and pictures, an American organ, and each girl with desk and chair of her own. There were fifty Japanese girls present, between the ages of ten and seventeen. Being asked some questions they repeated for me the Lord's Prayer in Japanese simultaneously, then the fifth commandment, and next the twenty-third Psalm in English. They also sang from note remarkably well. One of the girls played the harmonium, while two others sang a duet very nicely indeed. It is surprising that Japanese girls can thus be taught musical notes, considering the discord of their native music. I was asked to say a few words to them, and a Japanese girl of nineteen, a pupil teacher, interpreted sentence by sentence very cleverly, and, as Mrs. True assured me, very correctly. Next I met with Mr. and Mrs. Harris, our fellow-passengers on the ocean, who were staying with Mr. Soper, of the Methodist Mission, and who showed me the chapel of this mission, a very comely building. We also visited Mr. Wright, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Here also is the Roman Catholic Church and Schools. With the exception of this last settlement, the missionaries in Tokio seem to live and work harmoniously, and are making evident progress. All the Japanese like to learn English, and with English in these schools they are taught the Bible. Thus an antidote is provided against the spreading scepticism so fashionable among the students in the government colleges. Dr. Faulds was at the time engaged in an interesting controversy with one of the tutors who had been lecturing upon Tyndale and Spencer. Men who write and publish their crude theories in England little think what damage their writings may do among a people like the Japanese, just awaking to the worthlessness of systems which have degraded them for centuries. Without the high standard of life which Christianity alone can bring, and the blessings which even they who abjure Christianity in our country share, these youths, accustomed only to vice, feed with avidity upon works whose practical tendency in their case is to deaden conscience and the fear of God; and thus, vice and infidelity going hand in hand, their latter state is worse than the first. The most serious hindrances to the spread of the religion of Jesus come from the infidels in Christian England.

XIII.—TRIP TO NIKKO.

This is one of the most interesting inland journeys in Japan, and it brings you to the finest temples and most striking scenery. It occupies at least a week, though the distance north of the capital is only a hundred miles; but you must travel in jinrickshas, a mode of locomotion very pleasant and easy if the roads be good, but quite otherwise if, as when we made the journey, they are muddy or stony. Nikko means "sunny splendour." Its lake, Chiuzenji, mirroring the wooded mountain Nantaisan, is a frequent theme in Japanese poetry, and its waterfalls, especially Kegon (750 feet high), are comparable with any in Switzerland. Historically, from the eighth century downwards, Nikko has been reverenced as the abode of a Buddhist saint called the Gongen of Nikko; and upon the death of Iyeyasu, the great Shogun, in 1616, Nikko was the spot chosen as a fit resting-place for that greatest character in Japanese history.

On this trip we were a party of five, and had a cavalcade of eight jinrickshas (including one for our guide and two for our provisions) drawn by sixteen men, whom we hired in Tokio to take us the whole way there and back. One of our company was a stalwart German, trained in a military school and belonging to the army, who marshalled the men bravely and kept them well up to their work. They ran three and sometimes four ri (the ri = 2½ miles) in two hours, and then halted, sat in a row before the tea-house, feeding themselves with chopsticks from bowls of hot rice which they held up to their mouths, and drinking cups of tea. The same refreshment was offered to us: the tea was bitter, but the rice was beautifully white and carefully cooked. Thus we travelled four or five stages a day along an avenue seventy miles long planted with beautiful chryptomerias and pines two centuries old; alighting and walking when the road became very hilly or heavy. We put up at night in the best tea-house of the village (our halting places thus were Koga and Utsunomiya), drew off our boots before stepping upon the polished floors, sat down upon the neat matting, and ate our evening meal without table or chairs. The houses are fragile, the partitions of the outside walls of wood, no windows, but sliding panels, and the inner partitions of paper only, but often beautifully painted. The only bedding provided was two or three thickly padded quilts, or a quilt-case sewn like a shoe, with an opening near the head; the Japanese pillow is a wooden prop like a high

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dumb-bell. In the centre of the house is a small garden open to the sky, about twelve feet square, generally with a few dwarfed trees, the stone household god, and a bath. Here the family perform their toilet and say their prayers. They never neglect their morning prayers. The people are cleanly in their persons, though not in their padded winter clothes, which are never washed. They are very cheerful, merry, and excitable. We were the



FUSIAMA.

objects of curiosity, especially our lady, for European ladies are not often seen in the interior, and as we rode through the numberless villages (generally consisting of a long muddy street only), men, women, and children crowded out to look at us. The Japanese are very polite to each other; it is comical to see ladies or gentlemen meeting and saluting each other in the road with long and repeated bows almost to the ground, their bodies bent quite low, and their heads cocked like sparrows eyeing one another, each waiting till the other shall rise. At the tea-houses the girls are pleasing and pretty, always laughing and chattering, with painted cheeks and lips, and the hair elaborately dressed with large pins. The married women, however, are rather revolting in looks; they are obliged to blacken their teeth and to shave their eyebrows. Every morning there was an exciting scene at starting, the jinricksha men drawing lots for the choice and order of their carriages, that conveying the lady being the lightest and the favourite, and those for the luggage being the least agreeable.

The third day brought us to the far-famed Nikko with its inspiring scenery and solemn temples. A sacred bridge, painted red and supported by stone piers of great solidity, spans the river, and is fabled to have been made miraculously in answer to the prayer of the holy Shonim. It is eighty-four feet long and eighteen feet wide, and its gates are kept closed. A simpler bridge lower down the stream brings us across to a flight of stone steps leading into a wood gor-

geous in October with the golden maples, and fringed with noble cryptomerias. A gigantic torii, with granite columns three and a half feet in diameter, and twenty-seven feet high, marks the approach to the sacred precincts. On the left is a five-storied pagoda of graceful form. A pavement of forty yards square leads to the gateway containing in niches on either side the Buddhist Gog and Magog. This gateway is of wood exquisitely carved. We now pass three buildings containing the temple books and furniture, and, close by a gigantic tree, a sumptuous stable for a sacred white pony kept for the use of the god. The eaves of this stable are ornamented with some cleverly-executed groups of monkeys. Here too is a beautiful cistern, down the sides of which water continually flows, and a flight of steps leads into a second court, containing the famous Corean lantern, ten feet high. The Yomei gate, a marvel of workmanship—carved groups of children playing, and of Chinese sages—leads to a third and still more elevated court, in which the great temple stands. Here we come face to face with the Shintoo priests dressed like laymen; for this was originally a Shintoo shrine, and the government since 1879 have cleared it in great part of its Buddhist ornamentation. It is a hall beautifully lacquered, forty-two feet wide and twenty-seven from back to front, with two side-chambers containing four oaken panels. The inner shrine contains only the mirror.

Iyeyasu's tomb is reached by long broad flights of moss-covered steps climbing the hill behind the temple. It is of bronze, and surrounded by a stone wall; in loneliness and massiveness reminding us of Napoleon's tomb in the Invalides.

A short walk leads through woods to a second temple, still in the care of shaven Buddhist priests, but built on a similar plan and of carved and coloured woods, in memory of another Shogun, Iyemitsu. From the inner gate of this temple a lovely view presented itself of the hill of Iyeyasu's tomb covered with bright foliage, and seen with the evening sun full upon it through a vista of giant firs. On a second hill, rising behind this second temple, stands the tomb of Iyemitsu.

These tombs and temples, so far away from the concourse of men and the noise of cities, have a Sabbath-like aspect. All is calm, amid the stillness of nature's grandeur. They are interesting relics of a past worship, save that pilgrims now and then come to say their devotions before what were till lately recognised Buddhist shrines. Ere long in the neighbouring village there will doubtless be a missionary and a Christian church planted to throw the bright light of Gospel hope over grounds now dark with the shadow of hopeless death. Already a missionary from Tokio visits Nikko.

Interesting as are the great Nikko temples as works of art, a sombre stillness pervades them, and one is glad to escape again from the sacred precincts to the joyous air and sunshine, the merry waters and bright gleaming streams, and boisterous falls, the rich autumn-tinted woods of pine and oak and maple, and the bracing breezy hills. It is a good day's excursion to the lake, which is 3,500 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by graceful and thickly-wooded mountains, with a snowy range bounding the horizon on the north. The path climbs the hill to a narrow ridge where is a resting-place and a lovely view of two waterfalls; and from this point a stiff climb of an hour and a half brought us within sight of Chiuzensi, the coolness of whose waters strikingly contrasted with the warm sunny air.

Wherever our party took up its quarters for the night we received visits from people, seizing the occasion to sell their varied wares. Exquisite little boxes, trays, ivory buttons, for holding the pipe in the girdle, marvellously carved, stag-horns and skins, and above all beautifully wrought swords, are offered in abundance at remarkably low prices, which may be still greatly reduced before the bargain is concluded. Since the new régime began the old custom of wearing swords has ceased, and these weapons are now quite at a discount; the most elaborately-worked hafts and blades and scabbards are to be bought for a merely nominal price. As we drive through the villages we see the people at their various trades. Almost everything is made out of the bamboo—folding screens, and cabinets, and buckets to carry water, and boxes in endless variety, and fishing rods—while its tender shoots are used for food. Their mode of using tools differs amusingly from ours. The joiner draws the saw towards him when he cuts; its teeth are set opposite to ours. In planing, he pulls the plane towards him. Japanese screws screw the other way. Locks shoot to the left, not to the right. The cooper holds the tub with his toes. They all sit when they work. The horse is stabled with his head towards you. In writing, they begin on the right, not the left, and the lines run down, not across the page.

Our jinricksha men, now facing homewards, took us along at full speed. It is amazing how, day after day, they can keep up such a pace. Short, light and muscular in frame, their bodies are almost wholly divested of clothing, and tatooed with curious patterns and devices; a man often has the faces of his lady-loves tatooed down his back. Like gymnasts and athletes, they die before their time. Constant running exhausts them early; they are a prey to rheumatism and to heart disease. But they are most plucky and good-humoured creatures. They watch us with the same wonder and curiosity that we watch them. They made a final push or spurt of two hours' hard racing to bring us in time to Soga ferry, where a Japanese steamer for Tokio called at four in the afternoon. The perspiration poured from them, but they did this to save themselves twenty miles of heavy travel. The sail for us was a pleasant change, but rather venturesome, in a small old Japanese steamer down a wide and shallow river. The craft was already crowded, and the engine gave forth ominous sounds. The view of sunset from the deck was glorious, and for a time diverted our thoughts from the danger we were in. But night soon came on and darkness, and several times we grounded and were pushed off the hidden banks by long bamboo poles. It is not an uncommon thing for these native steamers to blow up; by midnight, however, we were safely landed, and jinrickshas in waiting conveyed us through streets dark and silent, and over endless bridges, to the native hotel in Tokio.

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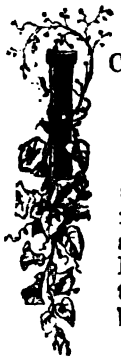
ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER XII.—TAKEN INTO CONFIDENCE.



"I CAN'T help forgiving her, Clarice," said Eva, as she sat by Clarice's bed. "I meant to give her up, but I feel I must not do it."

"No, indeed you must not," Clarice answered earnestly. "And you must never remind her of the past; let the subject be altogether dropped. Dorothy has already promised to be quite gracious to her, and the children will be guided by us."

"There is one person who won't easily pardon her," Eva remarked. "Bessie Mardock is really furious about the matter. She blames me, I can see, for not having taken due care of you, and thinks that if she had been with us, all would have gone well."

"Poor Bessie," said Clarice with a smile. "She hasn't seen me since my adventure. Dorothy has guarded my room like a dragon."

More than a week had gone by since the eventful night of the storm, and Clarice was still confined to her bed. She had taken cold, and was voiceless for several days; her limbs had been racked with rheumatic pains, and there was great fear that a severe illness was coming on. But careful attendance and good nursing had warded off the danger; and now, despite weakness and extreme languor, she was gradually recovering.

"Mrs. Vallance is no dragon to me," laughed Eva softly. "She encourages me to come and sit with you."

"Because she sees that you really do me good. Dorothy's perceptions are very keen where I am concerned; she knows exactly what will weary me, and what will refresh me."

"And she can't forgive Bessie for boring you. I am quite sorry for that girl, Clarice; her heart can only hold one person at a time."

"Ah," said Clarice, raising herself a little, and speaking earnestly and sadly, "I would give much if I could change her nature! As I once heard an old woman say, it's a mistake to hang everything on one peg; and that's just what Bessie does. I have talked to her, but without effect, Eva."

"You are talking too much now," responded Eva, surveying her with a critical glance. "I shan't speak to you any more at present, and I insist upon your shutting your eyes. Indeed, I think we will avoid the Bessie subject in future; you feel too much about her."

"That was said quite in Dorothy's tone," murmured Clarice, obediently sinking back on her pillows.

There was silence in the room for some time, broken only by the click of Eva's needle as she sat braiding a little apron for Dora. The afternoon sunshine came in through the open window, and sometimes a soft breeze sent a dry elm-leaf drifting over the floor. Bands of light and shade lay across the carpet, but the rest of the room was in shadow; the blind had been partly drawn down; and the toilet-table was moved away from the window that the air might have free entrance. Eva was sitting in a low chair at the head of the bed, as pleasant-looking a little nurse as could be found in any sick-chamber.

Clarice had fallen into a deep sleep. It almost made Eva drowsy to listen to her regular breathing, and her own eyelids began to grow heavy, but she sewed steadily on. A few more turns and twists of the scarlet braid, and then the pretty apron would be quite finished. There was something dreamy in the atmosphere of the shady room; all the familiar objects in it were dimly seen. But over the mantelpiece hung an illuminated text in an Oxford frame; and when Eva had set the last stitch in the apron, she fell to gazing at the text and thinking about it.

The letters—scarlet and black and gold—were traced upon a scroll that was twined about a cross. Over the cross, just touching the scroll here and there, hung two or three graceful sprays of lilies of the valley, their pearly bells beautifully painted upon the dark-green leaves. There were but nine words in the text, but they were words that can sustain a sinking soul, and lead it to the highest ground that humanity can know.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

As Eva looked from the text to the quiet face of the sleeper, she thought that there might be an untold life-story connected with the words that had been traced by Clarice's own hand. Had she known the bitterness of separation from an earthly love, before she had found that love from which she could never be divided?

And then Eva thought of the thousand things that may separate us from the great love of a life. From its very birth, a strong human love is beset with busy enemies; "war, death, or sickness do lay siege to it," and a still deadlier foe than all these may be found in the instability of human nature. "There is but one Love," mused Eva, "that is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and those who have learnt to trust in Christ can put a surer faith in each other than those who trust Him not. The clasp of human hands will never part while the Divine Will holds them together."

And then, remembering that Douglas Kerr had learnt the reality of an Eternal Love, her heart could rest in peace.

The room was sweet with the scent of a bunch of tea-roses and mignonette, standing in a glass on the toilet-table; and the perfumed air and tempered light soothed Eva to repose. She, too, fell asleep, with her head resting against the back of her cushioned chair, and her work still lying on her lap.

Long afterwards, Eva Gower was wont to say that she had had two prophetic dreams in the course of her life. The first came to her in the chamber at Brook Street after she had parted with Douglas at Paddington. And the second was dreamed in Clarice's room in Elm Cottage while she slumbered by her friend's bedside. Wiser people than Eva

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laughed at her for calling these dreams prophetic, and yet most of us have known what it is to be comforted and even strengthened by a dream.

In her sleep, Eva seemed to see Clarice, walking in the rambling old garden behind the cottage. The weary look had left her face, and it was bright with unspeakable joy. She came towards Eva with beaming eyes and parted lips as if about to speak, and tell her good tidings; but there the dream ended. Eva awoke suddenly, and with a start; a shrill burst of childish laughter under the open window had aroused her.

Clarice, too, was awake, and as Eva looked at the worn face lying on the pillow, she was struck by its unlikeness to the face in the dream. And yet a great joy was all that was wanted to make the reality the very counterpart of that bright dream-face.

"Are you better, Clarice?" she asked. "You have had a nice long sleep."

"Much better. You were dozing when I opened my eyes, and I was glad to see you getting some rest. What time is it, Eva?"

"Nearly five. You shall have a cup of cocoa at once. Ah, I hear Mrs. Vallance creeping upstairs with the tray!"

"It's quite pleasant to be an invalid when one gets petted as I do," said Clarice, sitting up. "How shall I ever come back to ordinary life after all this indulgence? That's right, Dorothy," she added, as her sister appeared at the door; "I'm glad to see two cups on the tray; Eva always enjoys your cocoa."

"I have had quite a struggle with Bessie Mardock this afternoon," said Mrs. Vallance, while Eva brought a little table to the bedside. "She has gone away with the conviction that I'm a thoroughly hard-hearted woman, and that you are pining for lack of her sweet society. I caught a glimpse of my own face in the pier-glass as I talked to her, and I was a grim object to behold."

"Oh, Dorothy, I wish you had more patience with her," sighed Clarice. "Eva, is she not too severe on Bessie?"

"Yes, just a little hard, I think," admitted Eva, with her frank smile. "I own that poor Bessie's worship of you is very troublesome and absurd, but it is one of those nuisances which we must deal with as pitifully as we can."

"I should have pitied her to-day," replied Dorothy, more seriously, "if she had not tried to force herself into your room. She seems to be utterly wanting in tact and good breeding."

"Not 'utterly wanting,'" said Clarice, kindly. "But her one idea absorbs her, and makes her regardless of everything else. In days to come, poor Bessie will look upon her old self, and be quite ashamed of her monomania."

Mrs. Vallance went downstairs to join her little girls at the tea-table, and Clarice and Eva took their cocoa together. The pleasure that Clarice found in Eva's company was brightening her whole life; Eva's calm, unclouded temper and cultivated mind made her a delightful companion, and between these two women there was that mysterious something which we call affinity—a something which lies at the root of all lasting friendships. It is often difficult to say why we like to be served by a certain pair of hands, while the touch of other hands, just as gentle, perhaps, is not pleasant to us.

"You are not going away yet, I hope," said Clarice, when the cups were removed. "I'm afraid I am selfish in wanting to keep you here a little longer."

"I am very glad to stay with you," Eva replied. "These warm days are Anna's holidays, so that I have no teaching to do. And Aunt Carrie has quite taken Anna under her wing."

"Then I may keep you till eight o'clock. When I am lying here alone, Dorothy persists in thinking that I get dull; and I don't like her to leave the children to come to me. However, I shall soon be well again, I dare say."

"You are certainly better," said Eva, brightly. "I like this room, Clarice; there are so many traces of you in it. How rooms reflect their occupants, don't they?"

"Always," answered Clarice, smiling. "I have seen rooms that were meant to deceive visitors, and give callers quite a wrong impression of the inmates, but somehow I generally saw through the trick. One lady of my acquaintance was very anxious to be thought intellectual, and used to scatter high-class journals about on her tables. But it is difficult to sustain a sham, and by-and-bye the high-class journals were piled up in a corner, and a monthly fashion-book became conspicuous."

"Shams are more likely to be found downstairs than upstairs," said Eva. "A sleeping-room generally tells a true tale. I have been looking at your illuminated text, and thinking what a good thing it is to have comfortable words before one's eyes when one wakes in the morning."

A little pause followed Eva's words. Never, perhaps, had Clarice's chamber looked pleasanter than it did at that hour, when it was full of golden evening light. Its few pictures, books, and simple ornaments were all seen in the soft glow which fell, too, on Clarice's pale face, and large earnest eyes. One little delicate hand lay carelessly on the coverlet, and Eva almost sighed as she noticed how slim and frail it was.

"It was just because those words have been my greatest comfort that I hung them up there," said Clarice at last. "I don't know what has come to me this evening," she added, "but I feel a strong inclination to talk to you about my old days. Shall I bore you if I do?"

"If you only knew how interesting you are to me, you would not speak of boring me," returned Eva, drawing her chair nearer to the pillow. "Begin at once, please, if you have strength enough."

"Then I must begin with my girlhood. I do not remember my father, Eva; he was a clergyman, and died when I was very young. My mother and Dorothy and I lived in a pretty little villa on the outskirts of Plymouth; just one of those nests that seem built expressly for a widow and two children. Dorothy was married at eighteen, so that I was left quite alone with my poor, gentle mother, who was always an invalid.

"I was a self-willed girl, Eva, following my own devices, and spoiled and petted wherever I went. There must have been something in me, I suppose, that made me liked; but I did not deserve half the affection I won. I had admirers, and once or twice I was almost tempted to believe that I had fallen in love; but it was not so. I never gave away my heart really till I was six-and-twenty."

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Clarice's sweet voice trembled slightly when she came to this part of her story. Her slender hand went up to her forehead, and pushed back the dark hair as if its weight were too heavy to be borne.

"I am not going to weary you with a long description of Alan Bertie," she went on. "No woman finds it easy to describe the man she loves; and Alan was not handsome nor remarkable in any way. He was, I think, simply the most refined and graceful person I have ever seen; and that is all that I shall say about his attractions. You know what it is, Eva, to have found some one whose mind is in perfect harmony with your own, whose tastes are your tastes, and his thoughts your thoughts. Alan and I did not take a great fancy to each other at first sight; yet we glided naturally into close intimacy. Lookers-on said at first that it was only an intellectual attachment; but I believe attachments are strongest when the intellect leads the way, and the heart follows.

"Those beautiful first days of companionship—I can't talk much about them. I wish you could have seen the little balcony, festooned with creepers, where we used to sit in the summer evenings long ago. We overlooked rich gardens and fields, and winding lanes, until our eyes rested on the sea, and we grew silent, sometimes, when we watched its ever-changing lights and tints. It was so like that great mystery of Eternity that lies beyond the boundaries of every human life.

"To this day, Eva, I must blame myself for the ruin of my happiness. 'Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands'; and bit by bit, stone by stone, I plucked down my palace of delight. I will tell you, Eva, how I accomplished the work of destruction; it was very easy work indeed, as destruction always is.

"I let my love for Alan grow and spread till there was room for nothing else in my heart. I scarcely ever thought about God, I neglected all my friends, I became a person with but one idea. Alan loved me, as I now believe, very dearly and truly; but he was a favourite in society, and liked to keep his place in gay circles. I grew jealous, and tried to excite jealousy in my turn; there was a certain old admirer of mine—a Mark Dashleigh—whom Alan had especially disliked; and I fell to flirting with Mark out of sheer bravado."

Again Clarice paused, and again the fragile little hand put back the heavy dark hair. Eva began to fear that she was hardly equal to the task that she had undertaken.

"You need not look at me in that way, dear Eva," she said. "It does me good to tell my story; indeed, I feel as the Ancient Mariner did, that it must be told. Are you tired of listening?"

"My dear Clarice, no! A story of real life is worth all the fiction in the world."

"Do you think there is such a thing as fiction? I am inclined to believe that the best so-called works of fiction are facts in disguise. But I have nearly got to the end of my tale, Eva; and if I do not finish it quickly, we shall have Dorothy here to scold me for talking too much."

The golden glow was growing a little fainter in the room, and the air was getting chill. Eva softly closed the window, and then came back to her friend's side.

"We had stormy scenes," Clarice continued; "and if you are acquainted with men's natures you know how they hate scenes. Alan had a very calm, languid manner, but when he was provoked he could say dreadfully bitter things, as those quiet people always can. Oh, Eva, if I could give advice to girls who are newly engaged, I would say, Avoid anything in the shape of a scene! As much as possible refrain from accusations and explanations, and let your betrothed life be as unsensational as it can be. A man wants to find rest in a woman's companionship; his nature demands peace, and she too often gives him strife."

"It is sadly true," sighed Eva.

"Well, I have not yet told you that Alan held an appointment in Plymouth dockyard. We had been engaged twelve months when he was offered a much more lucrative post in India."

"Ah, Clarice, did you let him go there without you?"

"Yes. We had another of those miserable scenes before the time of starting came, and we parted by mutual agreement. I did not break down till after he had sailed, and then—Dorothy has told you all about my terrible illness?"

"Yes, she has often spoken of it."

"My mother's health grew steadily worse after my recovery, and she died two years ago. Then I said a long farewell to the dear little villa where I had known my brightest joys and worst sorrows, and came here to live with Dorothy and the children. It was a lovely home, Eva; I am glad to think that happy people are living there now."

"Then it is not let to strangers?"

"No; the widow of my father's brother—Aunt Emily—went to live there after I left the house. She has two daughters; and the younger, my namesake, Clarice, was married to Mark Dashleigh only two months after they had settled in Vine Villa."

"To Mark Dashleigh, your old admirer?"

"Yes; I was very glad to hear of the match, for I feared I had caused him some pain. The Clarice Burne whom he has married will suit him much better than the Clarice of his first choice."

"And have you never heard from Mr. Bertie?"

"Never, and no tidings of him have ever reached my ears. I don't think we shall meet again on earth, Eva; I am waiting for the time of eternal reunion. I believe it will come."

There was a lighting up of her face as she spoke. Her look was that of one who has got a sudden glimpse into a bright hereafter. There are, perhaps, such moments in every Christian life, when the pilgrim climbs the Delectable Mountains, and sees the far-off gleam of the Celestial City. And Clarice just then was lifted high above the many doubts and fears of humanity.

"Doesn't it strike you," she went on, "how many lives are 'waiting lives'? What numbers are waiting as I am, for their lost joys to be given back to them in a new form and in a new world! Well, I have told you my story, Eva, and now you will understand why the text is so dear to me. Think of the comfort it is to know that not even our own weakness and sin can separate us from the love of Christ! When we have alienated the earthly love, we learn to realise the great patience of the love Divine."

Eva walked back to Lake Lodge in the twilight with her mind full of the tale she had just heard. Before going to rest she sat down to write a long

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letter to Douglas Kerr, and filled a whole page with Clarice and her concerns. And Clarice, relieved by having unburdened her heart, slept sweetly and peacefully till morning.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

"Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day."—*Acts* xxiii. 1.



CONSCIENCE is sometimes regarded and spoken of as a separate and distinct principle in the mind, placed there to warn us when we do wrong, and to approve what is right. Hence it is called God's vicegerent, an inward monitor, and various other names expressing its use and its claims. This view of conscience, it must be remembered, is only a figure of speech, neither telling us what conscience really is, nor how it operates, nor giving help to enable us to employ those means which may enable conscience to act most correctly and usefully.

The truth is that conscience is not a distinct principle, or something separate from the mind, but is nothing more than the mind or understanding itself acting in a particular manner, just as judgment is really the mind judging, memory is the mind remembering, perception is the mind perceiving. So conscience is really the mind itself acting in a particular manner, passing judgment on the actions or affections of the individual himself, according to some received standard of right and wrong; and to the mind so in action the name of conscience is applied.

Another mistaken opinion about conscience, it is necessary to notice. Sometimes it is spoken of as a law of action, itself pointing out what is right as distinguished from that which is wrong. But conscience is not a law. It is more like a judge. And as a judge does not make law, but only declares or expounds what is law, so does conscience, having already an outward standard of right and wrong to go by, compare a man's own action with it, and pronounce a decision of right or wrong, according to their agreement with or contrariety to the same.

Now the importance of these corrections or cautions will be evident. Every one is prone to plead conscience when wishing to defend some line of conduct. But this plea is valid only when conscience is really brought into exercise, and when the standard by which conscience makes its judgment is on the side of truth, justice, and right.

The standard of conscience in the state of nature, or under certain circumstances, is not necessarily right. For example, Paul the Apostle, when he was Saul of Tarsus, acted up to the dictates of his conscience. He was "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious" (1 Tim. i. 13). He consented to the death of the martyr Stephen. He gave his voice to put to death many of the saints, being exceedingly mad against them. And he confesses further (Acts xxvi. 9): "I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." He acted according to his conscience, yet he acted wrong, and committed what he himself called crimes, and for which he afterwards sought and obtained forgiveness and mercy.

This shows that conscience, *i.e.*, the mind in its judgment of what is right or wrong, needs a better standard than nature, or education, or training can afford. And this standard we have in the revealed word of God, in the Bible. By that written law we are to be judged hereafter, and therefore by that law we are to live and act now. The Gentiles, not having that written law, will be judged by the law of nature written on their hearts, but those who have the revealed word will be judged by the deeds of the written law, conscience bearing witness in the great day of judgment.

Even in regard to human laws, no judge will allow a man's personal opinion of what is right or wrong to weigh in decision as to breach of the law. Neither will professed ignorance of the law avail as an excuse, although the moral guilt may be lessened thereby. In the presence of written law conscience has no plea which a judge can recognise. Much more in regard to Divine law, conscience cannot plead its private opinion, nor will profession of ignorance avail. There may rather be additional guilt in neglect of knowing the law, which is within every man's reach, in this age and in this land, where the Bible is in every hand, and the proclamation of its requirements within every one's hearing. The will of God is the true and proper standard of right, to which all the actions and affections of men ought to be conformed; and in proportion as the real and true nature of that will is ascertained, and as it is received and acknowledged as the test by which all men's actions are to be tried, will conscience speak and guide aright.

We see then how vain the plea of acting conscientiously may often prove. A false standard of right in place of the true may be followed, making wrong appear to be right, and right to be wrong. It was so with St. Paul in his unconverted state, by whom sin was committed and crimes perpetrated, with the approbation of his conscience. And this is the case with many men, who neglect duty or commit wrong without compunction. Surely there is need for clear and full understanding of the will of the Lord as declared in Scripture, and of the utmost and most prayerful diligence in the study of it.

Another practical point is the duty of keeping conscience alive and tender. It is the will of God that we should have this testimony of approval, which indeed will sustain us in every good way, will encourage to perseverance, and will comfort in trial. Nothing, save the approbation of God, exceeds the value of an approving conscience; in fact, the voice of an enlightened conscience is the voice of God within us, His word echoed in the heart. On the other hand, it is God's merciful provision that this voice warns us against sin, deters us from evil purpose; or, if we have done wrong, reproaches us as guilty, and so leads us with true contrition to that fountain where all sin may be washed away. These good services can only be rendered if the conscience is kept tender, or as St. Paul describes it when he said, "I exercise myself" to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and men. This exercise grows into a habit of godliness. Whereas to tamper with conscience, or to silence its voice, leads to hardness and impenitence of heart, with readiness for all evil.

Another duty is to be tender towards the consciences

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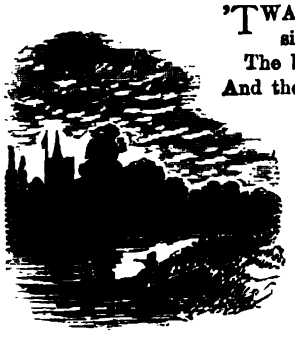
of others. The apostle gives many directions as to this, in regard to those who are true believers. For instance, some may imagine that the Divine law prohibits certain things which it really does not. We are not to urge a weak or less instructed brother to violate his conscience by imitating our freedom, and so sin against light which he possesses. The noble spirit of St. Paul decided in such a case to deny himself in lawful things rather than make his brother to offend by acting against his conscience.

While it is obviously a Christian's duty thus to act tenderly towards the conscience of a brother, the same rule does not apply to cases when it is not conscience, but self-will, or prejudice, or false teaching that dictate the conduct of others. To accommodate ourselves to opinions or practices which we know to be contrary to the word of God, is only to strengthen error, and it is our duty to point out the mistake of ascribing to conscience what is due to false feeling or wrong teaching.

May we be enabled to deal faithfully with our own consciences, and justly and tenderly with the consciences of others. And may we ever so seek the testimony of an approving conscience, showing us that our spirit, our temper, our actions are conformed to the will of God, and assuring ourselves that we are led and governed by the Spirit of God. Thus only shall each of us be enabled to say, "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day."

Faith and Fancy.



'TWAS May-time; the cuckoo was singing;
The beeches were fair to see;
And the music of flowing waters
The soft breeze bore to me.

I walked in the dusty roadway,
And my heart was full of care;
I heeded not summer sunshine,
Nor the sweet and fragrant air.

I was poor and lonely and troubled;
All the world seemed sad and cold;
I was deaf to the river's music,
And blind to the cowslip's gold.

But suddenly through the hedgerow
Came ringing laughter clear
Of children's voices, waking
Echoes I loved to hear.

And looking over the hawthorns
To the meadow green and fair,
A picture I saw that scattered
My dull and aching care

As a sunbeam scatters the shadows
And drives the mists away,
For a group of merry children
In the field kept holiday.

The winding river beyond them
Was flowing to the sea;
But deep in the grass and daisies
Of the green and flowery lea

An old, battered boat lay stranded,
No more to rock on the tide:
Her work all done, she was resting there,
With the green moss on her side.

But oh, she was not forsaken!
On her benches a brave boy stood,
With sun-burnt face and flaxen hair,
In joyful masterhood.

"I'm the captain of the 'Nancy';
Now, steersman, look ahead!"
He shouted, and pushed with a hazel branch
In the cowslip's mossy bed.

And, firmly grasping the rudder,
With thoughtfulness intent,
Sat the rosy little sister,
To do all his bidding bent.

While over the prow leant a laddie
With fishing-rod in hand,
Diving down among the daisies,
Crying, "A fish to land!"

With lap full of golden daisies
A tiny girl sat by,
Her heart full of happy fancies
As she threaded them silently.

Then, "A daisy-chain for the captain!
Now, Johnnie, come to me;
I will put it round your neck, and *then*
How splendid you will be!"

O royalty of happiness!
What do the children care?
Rich in their sweet imaginings,
Glad in the sunny air,

What do they care for our treasures?
For wealth, or fame, or gold?
What think they of the future—
Of the winter, drear and cold?

As the flowers of the field they toil not,
As birds of the air they sing,
Without one thought of to-morrow,
Or one troubled questioning.

Once more on the dusty highway
I walked with busy feet;
But faith and hope were rekindled
By that vision bright and sweet.

And happy thoughts, like angels,
Came from the azure skies;
And I saw the springtide beauty
With strangely-opened eyes.

In my heart I thanked our Father
For the fresh young hearts' glad mirth;
For the presence of the children
In our toiling, sorrowing earth.

For the wondrous gift of fancy,
And the better gift of faith,
And the child-like hearts that rest and sing,
Remembering what He saith.

Be ye as the little children,
In their guileless trust and love:
So shall ye know the Father here,
And see His face above.

JULIA E. BALL.

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Page for the Young.

PEARL.

XI.

THE beautiful twins were the talk of Cornwall for a season. It was at home, seated between her newly-found parents, that Pearl found her greatest joy. Sir Pen and Lady Mary listened to the story of their child's struggles, and although deeply pained at the lonely life she had had, they were proud of the manner in which she had fought out her battle with adversity. Her experience had strengthened and elevated her nature, and taught her that so long as conscience guides the hand that works, so long as faith and trust in God go hand in hand, the girl, however young, must come out conqueror.

And Pearl, happy, grateful Pearl, how she rejoiced in her parents' love, and the happiness of a sister's affection.

"You have seen so little of my daughter Pearl, Edward, that I think it would be wiser to wait," said the happy father to an earnest pleader; "besides, it is only a year since we received her back to us. Indeed, I thought it was Elsie you cared for."

"Ah, Sir Pen, I saw your daughter Pearl when the world dealt hardly with her. Alone in her girlhood—her brave honest spirit defied circumstances by her steadfast holding to the right, and I learnt so to respect her girlhood that I love her in her womanhood."

Both sisters had been sought in marriage by men of high position, for they were now co-heiresses to the Tregaron estates. A halcyon period of repose succeeded to the troubled past.

In the early summer time the whole family, with Jack Penruddock and Edward Harcourt, now the affianced lover of Pearlie, went to France, then on to Passy. They visited La Maisonnette, and Miss Andrews congratulated Pearl in her courteous but frosty manner. But at St. Valérie the joy of Madame Annette and Juliette was lovely to see, because it was so real. No entreaties could make them let Pearl and her parents and Elsie go elsewhere than to the farm.

"Ah, chère enfant, you remember that you would not stop for the fête because you thought you would lose your time, but now the fête time is coming, and I shall see ma chérie enjoy it. Is it not so?"

So they remained at the farm, and Sir Pen and Lady Mary rejoiced that everywhere their child, although her life struggles had been so great, had made her mark of love on the hearts of those who knew her.

A handsome monument was placed above poor Madame Martinez' grave, in loving remembrance of a life spent in works of love and charity.

A wedding followed not long after their return, where the brides in their flowing white silk dresses were so one like the other that they laughed and told their bridegrooms not to mistake them. Pearl Tregaron and Elsie her sister were married on the same day, Jack Penruddock having found out that the time passed very slowly when not with Elsie. Dear Madge was bridesmaid—first one, for there were many others—but she stood next her old school friend, and took the first kiss of the bride, her Pearl of pearls; and when the newly-wedded pairs started for their honeymoon holiday journey, Madge's eyes were so red with weeping for the loss of her friend, that Lady Mary had Mrs. Howard's permission to take her with them to the castle on a lengthened visit, that when Pearl and her husband returned from their journey—(for they are to live at Tregaron; the parents cannot part with their recovered treasure)—they may find the faithful tried friend awaiting them there.

* * *

Over the now happy dwelling, where so many joys and sorrows have passed in the lives of the leal and loving hearts about to meet together, the peaceful stars are shining; and as midnight chimes from the turret clock, the Christmas bells ring out their first tones.

Joy bells are they to hearts so lately under affliction's chastening hand, but now, by God's mercy, restored to live together; for Pearl and her husband have returned to abide at Tregaron. They desire to live, so that when affliction comes—as it does to all—true human love may sustain them, and the higher love of God revealed in Jesus Christ lighten their pathway across the shining river from whence there is no return.

Farewell, brave-hearted, gentle Pearl; farewell, leal-hearted, bonnie, winsome Madge; true friend, kind Mary, and thy husband. Good-bye, Elsie, favoured child, and thy Jack! God's blessings on thee all, and to Madge and Pearl a double store! Addio!

C. DI T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IX.

THREE letters constitute my name,
Whoever I may be,
And you must riddle out the same
Before you reach to me.

I was, and am, and yet shall be,
Till Time's last round is o'er;
Yet all the space allotted me
Is but a point—no more.

I wait to finish Time's last stage,
While many wait for me
With patient hope, or trembling rage,
Till they my advent see.

I stop each mortal's fleeting breath;
All creatures own my sway;
And e'en the world, and time, and death
With me must pass away.

All kings that ever had a throne
Just to my date did reign;
But the long rule of Christ alone
Shall not that date attain.

All works, by God or men begun—
Things present, future, past—
Long as their various course may run,
I finish them at last.

A life, a history, or a book,
Beyond me cannot go:
Now, my dear children, search and look,
Till you my name shall know.

W. L.

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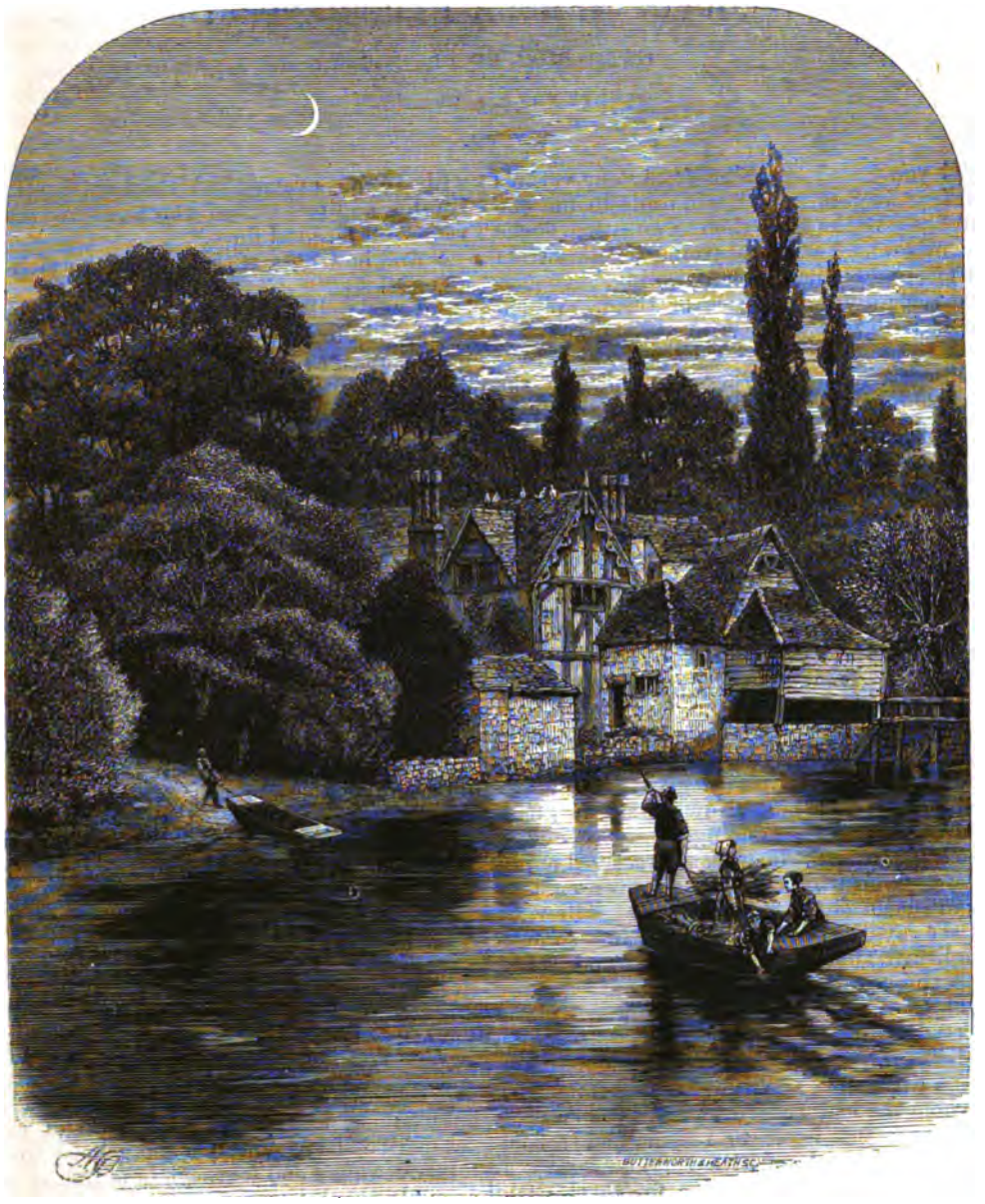
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



SATURDAY EVENING.

"AND THE SABBATH DREW NIGH."

EARTH'S misty veil that hangs so closely round us
Is gently lifted that one day in seven;
And pressing cares which in their net have bound us
Retire, and leave us transient gleams of Heaven.

No. 1364.—JUNE 19, 1880.

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COUSIN MABEL'S EXPERIENCES:

GATHERING UP FRAGMENTS.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

VII.

"HAVE you heard anything from your various fragment gatherers?" said Julia to me one day, about three weeks after this conversation, as she and her cousin and I were returning together from a mission meeting we had been attending.

"I have something from each of them. Which shall I begin with?"

"I think I can speak to Lydia Franklin's share of it," said Margaret. "The other day I met at the Sunday-school a girl—a small tradesman's daughter—who goes daily to Miss Morgan's little school. She has just been drafted into my class. She told me she and one of her companions had been staying to read to Lydia after school hours, by turns, and she had been lending them such delightful books to read! And the companion, whose family circumstances I understood from her were very painful—she lives with some relatives who don't treat her at all kindly—had been so helped by being able to talk to 'the sick Miss Franklin' of all her troubles, and said she had given her such good advice, and been so kind to her."

"Well, those are 'fragments' not to be despised," said Julia. "But really Lydia was always one who utilised hers; all you did was to give her a little encouragement to cheer her. Now I want to know what Mrs. Travers has been doing."

"I have a letter here which I only received a day or two ago. If you will come and sit down on this seat in the Promenade, as it is so fine, I will read you what she says, or rather a part, for it is so long that it might tire anyone who had not watched her efforts from the beginning."

"Has she seen or heard anything of Mrs. Haynes and her sick daughter?"

"Yes, she has invited them to come and pay her a visit, some little time ago. She heard from Mrs. Haynes, whom she had begged to write to her, that Annie was still too weak to resume her school teaching. They have been with her now nearly a fortnight, and she has formed a plan for them, with her husband's full sanction, which promises well for all. She proposes to place them in an unoccupied house at the old park gates, which used to serve as a lodge, but is useless now they have made a new entrance. Her idea is to get Mrs. Haynes for a small salary, besides the advantage of the house rent free and other conveniences, to superintend a little invalid home for delicate persons of a respectable class needing rest and country air. There is room in the house for three or four only, but the kind of occupation is just what will suit Mrs. Haynes, and she is delighted with the proposal. The first inmates will be an overworked teacher known to Miss Hunter, and two nurses who had broken down after very hard hospital duty."

"And how does Miss Haynes, the sick daughter, go on?"

"Very well; she is so much better since she came again to the country that she hopes to be able to gather up some fragments of service, too, by giving music lessons to Beatrice's little favourite, Lucy Williams, and drawing lessons to a lame boy whom Mrs. Travers had found out, and is supplying with copies and models from her stores, and whom she hopes eventually to send to the school of art."

"Certainly, the work is growing under her hands," said Margaret.

"Yes, and what is best of all is, that Mr. Travers, who first seems to have looked on his wife's plans merely as a kind of new amusement for her, to keep up her spirits and cheer her, is now beginning to enter into them more and more, and to become more interested in schemes for the good of those around them. Mrs. Travers writes: 'I am so happy now—happier than I ever thought to be again in this world! And not mere outward happiness; I think trying to help others does draw one nearer to Him who "first loved us,"—at least, so I find it. I know some people do the one without the other, but I don't understand that. I am sure these efforts one makes lead one to pray more, and in that way one gets watered oneself in watering others. I am sure my "fragments" are bidding fair to fill more than twelve baskets-full, for really the difficulty now is to find time for all one has to do. And my husband, who was at first anxious lest I should overtire myself, now sees that I am better than I have been for years. My invalid home and the flower missions and school treats—did I tell you that I had been entertaining two whole schools-full of children in the park?—have done me more good than all the mineral waters and journeys in search of health. I can only thank God for it all.'"

"That is cheering," said Margaret; "but in some respects Mrs. Travers had an easier task than your other friend. She had only to open her eyes, and see the work which lay actually under her hands; and she had also the advantage of having no home opposition to encounter."

"Yes, that is very true. But, before going on to my friend Mrs. Vernon, I must tell you about my young school-girl, Beatrice Travers. She has written to me very freely and fully. I will read you an extract from one of her letters: 'You will be glad to know, dear Miss Selwyn, that, though very busy

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this "half," I have managed to gather up a few little fragments. I know you will say that my school business is really part of my work, and I must not consider it an interruption. I do try to look at it so, but I like the "fragments" of sidelong work best, I own. Well, first, I have got on very well with my collection for the East End. Two or three of the girls are helping me, and I was surprised to find them so interested in it; one has a sister who has a little ragged school of her own in a very wretched district, who told us some of the children were very ill off for clothing, so I and the other collectors began working at odd times for the little ones. When Miss Barton found what we were doing, she proposed setting up a little working party once a week, and we enjoy it so much. She reads very interesting accounts of home missions while we are working. Then we find time to illuminate texts for the flower mission and for other places, and I hope to finish more in the holidays. Then this work had a great effect on some of the girls; I believe it was the first real serious attempt to do good to others some of them had ever made. One or two have had very nice talks with me, and we have Bible-reading together on Sunday afternoons. I will tell you more when I see you.' I gathered from this and from other letters that this dear child is really exercising influence for good among her schoolfellows, but I love the reticence which prevents her telling me more."

"And I know well by experience," said Margaret, "how a girl may be helped at school by a right-minded Christian schoolfellow. I was so helped once by a dear companion; she is gone now to her rest, but I can never forget what she did for me."

"Is your little friend solitary as to her family?" asked Julia. "She does not speak of any near relations."

"Her parents are in China, I think. Her brothers are one at school and one in the army; she has no sisters; and her home here is with an aunt and uncle in London; very good, kind people, but not, as I inferred from what I saw, very sympathetic with the young. But she has a brave, bright temper, and plenty of energy, which carries her through all. I think she will turn out a valuable Christian woman when she grows up."

"But now tell me of Agnes Vernon," said Margaret. "I remember her so well before her marriage, in the days of her strength and health and active work; and I feel so for her trial now, in being hampered by feeble health."

"Yes, and it was peculiarly difficult to her to learn to accommodate herself to the change, because she had to fight against careless habits acquired when she was strong, when there seemed less need to overcome them. But I will read you part of her last letter to me: 'Mine is sometimes a hard fight; but I am more and more convinced that if I would "gather up the fragments" of my strength, and meet in some faint degree the claims on me, I must try to overcome my want of order and regularity. It has been a greater struggle for me than any of you orderly people can imagine! Martha Vernon, my sister-in-law, has been staying here, and I got her to show me some of her ways of keeping books and arranging time-tables, and so on. I used to laugh at her methodical ways, and when I asked for her advice the other day I believe she thought at first I was joking; but I told her honestly that I had found out it is well to learn these good habits, for in the long run they save time and trouble. She was very kind, and did not triumph over me at all, and she helped me greatly in getting my affairs into some order . . . . I am getting to be earlier up in the morning. It was a great trouble at first, but I see now that, whatever it may be with some invalids, I am really better for keeping early hours, both for going to bed and rising. And Henry was so glad to have me to breakfast with him, and talk over matters before he goes to his day's work, that I felt the truth of what you said, that it was worth making an effort, if only to prevent the lives of those dearest to us drifting apart by our carelessness. It might have been so in my case at last, patient and kind as my husband is. Then I keep my visiting—the work I love best—for two days in the week, when I have least of other engagements; and if I am knocked up or ill I make myself rest quietly, and get a young person in the village, Miss Black's younger sister and pupil-teacher, to go in her leisure afternoons for me, just to see how people are going on, and to explain my absence when I must stay at home. I think I have known some workers break down because they cannot bear to let anyone take their place even for an hour; I know it is a temptation; but I have made up my mind not to be ashamed to employ a substitute if I can't come. Then sometimes I can go to the school or mothers' meeting for a short time when I am not equal to more, and then I am contented with doing that half work and letting the schoolmistress take my place for the rest. When I say contented, I should rather say, I try to be. How trying it was to me at first, you can hardly think. There were times when I would almost rather have gone away and left everything, than bear the humiliation of taking such halves and quarters of work, and appearing, to those who did not know me, so lazy and self-indulgent. But I have tried to remember that God knows what self-denial it is to me to submit to this, and He can bless my poor little bits of time and strength as truly as He does the great efforts that His strong servants can make—just as He accepts the pence of the poor as readily as the gold of the rich. And after all, if being able for very little makes one pray more and look up to Him more continually for daily strength, just as a very poor person does for his daily bread, realizing his need more than those well off could, perhaps that may bring a blessing which is worth the depression. But certainly I find that my health is much the better since I took to these regular habits and care of myself. I have not had one of my *worst* fits of prostrating neuralgia since I began them, and that is saying much. And so now, dear friends, I can place myself among those who are seeking and finding a blessing by 'fragment gathering,' as you called it."

"Many would think that hers were more than 'fragments,'" said Julia. "But I suppose the strength she had formerly makes her naturally feel the difference more, just as a millionaire reduced to a moderate fortune would think herself poor."

"Yes; and it is difficult for us to keep in mind that in God's sight it is not the comparative greatness or smallness of the thing done, but the *thoroughness* of the service, that really matters. We learn a

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great deal in this way from a book generally looked on as very dry—the first Book of Chronicles."

"I should never have thought it a very suggestive book," said Julia. "So many tedious lists of names."

"But among those lists one can pick up very useful suggestions. It has been called the 'Book of Servants and Service.' We have lists of the king's various officers, high and low: 'the potters, and those who dwelt among plants and hedges' would have seemed servants of a very humble kind; but it is recorded of them that they 'dwelt with the king for his work.' And if we truly 'dwell with the King' it matters little whether the work be in the hedges or the Tabernacle."

"The trial to many," Margaret observed, "is not so much in the work being humble as its being interrupted. It is trying to have one's copy or one's seam, as it were, continually taken out of one's hands when one is endeavouring to do it well."

"It is so," I replied. "And that is just the kind of trial which makes the lesson of 'gathering the fragments' so valuable. We are apt, if the work we have been doing is taken from us, to conclude hastily that the Lord has set us aside as useless, and we allow ourselves to become listless and desponding, and perhaps overlook some little piece of service that lies in our path, if we would but see it. If, like servants whose 'eyes wait on the hand of their master,' we are ready to accept whatever God gives us to do for Him, great or small, we shall find blessings untold springing up for us on all sides, and best of all, enjoy the rest of mind which those only can enjoy who are in the path He has appointed for us."

"Yes," said Margaret, "just as it is expressed in those beautiful lines of Jean Ingelow's I recall so often,

"'And deign, O Watcher, with the sleepless brow
Pathetic in its yearning, deign reply:
Is there, oh, is there naught that such as Thou
Wouldst take from such as I?

Are there no briars across Thy pathway thrust?
Are there no thorns that compass it about?
Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust
My hand to gather out?

Oh, if Thou wilt, and if such bliss may be,
That were a cure for doubt, regret, delay.
Let my lost pathway go! What aileth me?
There is a better way.'"

"There is indeed, and that better way is just simply, in a word, learning humbly to 'gather up the fragments.'"

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER XIII.—A MORNING STROLL.



IT was becoming clear to Miss Caroline that Anna was not gaining fresh health and strength. After the dungeon scene, she was observed to be keeping a strict watch over herself, and even nurse was heard to say that missy was really improving at last. But her spirits had grown quieter; she did not care much for games, and her daily walks with nurse got shorter and shorter. Yet she made no complaints of illness, and nobody could see that anything ailed her.

Clarice was recovering, and Eva again gave nearly her whole attention to her pupil. Anna had had a month's holiday, and her governess got out the lesson-books, resolved to set diligently to work; but Aunt Carrie remonstrated.

"Let the child rest, Eva," she said, earnestly.

"But, dear auntie, she has been resting. We shall get into lazy habits if we don't take up our studies."

"It will be better to give her another month of freedom. She has a quick brain, and will make up lost time by-and-bye."

"But what would Lady Westmoor say?"

"It seems to me, Eva, that Lady Westmoor is very little concerned about her grandchild. She has not sent one line since you have been here."

"She told me we were to remain here until October; and we may, perhaps, stay through November. Lady Westmoor had no fixed plans, but I think she means to go back to Brook Street for Christmas."

"Where is she now?"

"With her son, the Earl, in Warwickshire, I believe."

"And where is Lady Glencoe?"

"Travelling from place to place, I suppose. How we shall miss her when we return to town!"

"But nurse thinks she will spend the season in Brook Street with her mother. I daresay she does not intend to lead a very domestic life."

"I don't know," cried Eva, rather sadly. "I cannot understand how any woman can be happy with Lord Glencoe; he seems a stiff, cut-and-dried person.

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I was quite fond of Lady Mary; I wish she could have had a pleasanter lot."

"Probably she is very well satisfied," rejoined Aunt Carrie. "But I should think better of her and her mother if they took more notice of the little orphan here."

"Clarice says that if they had lived in the middle age they would have put her into a convent," said Eva. "One day Anna heard Clarice repeating Charles Kingsley's little poem of 'The Ugly Princess,' and the child took a great fancy to the lines:

"'They little know what dreams have been
My playmates night and day;
Of equal kindness, helpful care,
A mother's perfect sway.

Now earth to earth in convent walls,
To earth in churchyard sod;
I was not good enough for man,
And so am given to God.'"

"I have heard her murmuring those last two lines over to herself," said Miss Caroline, thoughtfully. "There is sometimes a quaint wisdom about her that surprises me."

Eva strolled out into the garden in search of her pupil, and found her sitting on the lawn. She was perched on a stool, and had a volume of Grimm's fairy tales on her lap, but she was not reading; her eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the great grey tower of the castle.

"Have you had a walk this morning, Anna?" Eva asked.

"No, I told nurse I liked sitting here with my book better than walking."

"But I think a little saunter would do you good; you needn't go far, you know. Just come with me into the castle meadow; we shall find Clarice and Bessie there, I daresay."

Anna complied readily enough, but there was a quietness in her manner that Eva did not fail to notice.

"What have you been thinking about, my child?" she asked.

"I've been making up a story about a poor princess who was shut up in that old tower. They would never let her come out into the beautiful sunshine, and see the flowers; it was very sad."

"It would have been very sad if it had been true. Why do you make up sad stories, Anna, dear?"

"Because they're ever so much prettier than lively ones," the little girl answered without hesitation.

Clarice Burne, closely attended by Bessie Mardock, was walking in the path by the churchyard; and it half amused Eva to see the cloud on Bessie's face as she advanced. Bessie had made up her mind to have her idol all to herself for a little while, and was vexed at the sight of intruders.

But Eva passed the pair, saying smilingly that she was going to wake up an echo for Anna's entertainment, and taking her way across the green to a corner of the castle wall. Bessie was infinitely relieved, and proposed to Clarice that they should turn back towards the village.

"Oh, I am not tired yet," Clarice replied. "I should like to follow them and hear the echo myself."

"But, dear Clarice, your nerves are not strong; and Eva will have to scream to make the echo answer."

"I can endure Eva's screaming," said Clarice, thinking that she positively could not endure another half hour of Bessie's companionship alone.

"Of course we will follow them if you like, dear," responded Bessie, resignedly. "But you haven't yet told me how to act with regard to Sarah and her meddlesome ways."

"We must have patience with everybody's ways," answered Clarice. "It seems to me that you are left a good deal to your own devices, Bessie; there surely is not great cause for complaint."

"Oh, you don't know how I'm persecuted——" Bessie was beginning; but light feet were bounding after them over the grass, and they were joined by Lucy and Dora.

"Always the same," Bessie muttered; "I never get three minutes alone with you now!"

Meanwhile, Eva and Anna had reached the corner of the outer wall of the castle, and the former called "Echo" in a clear treble, that bore no sort of resemblance to a scream. A sweet, half-mocking voice, that seemed to come through one of the narrow windows of the great tower, repeated the word with perfect distinctness.

"Oh, is there really some one shut up there?" asked Anna, with eyes full of wonder.

Lucy and Dora laughed merrily, and then the sport went on for some minutes to Anna's great delight. Not once did echo fail to answer, always in the same sweet tone that was like, and yet unlike, Eva's natural voice. A day came afterwards when some of the little group recalled this sunny morning with tears and tender thoughts. The bright sunlight on the grey walls; the wide expanse of greensward where a few ponies browsed peacefully; the old Norman church, sheltering a crowd of headstones under its wing, all made a pleasant picture that was to be often remembered in time to come.

"Farewell," called Clarice, just before they moved away from the spot, and the Echo answered, sweetly and mournfully, "Farewell."

Bessie went homeward, feeling very little pleased with her morning ramble. Her pretty face was under a cloud. She returned the good-humoured greetings of the villagers very curtly, and would not see the old gardener who wanted to ask if she would buy some of his black currants for preserves. Her uncle's house stood apart from other dwellings, and was enclosed in its flowery garden, as nearly all the Porchester houses were. The large, full roses were still in their glory, opening their creamy buds slowly, and the brilliant nasturtiums spread their blossoms in the sunshine. Bessie was fond of her flowers, but to-day she had not even a smile to give them.

Mr. Mardock sat in an arm-chair by the window. There was a little table at his elbow, and on it lay his Bible, a pair of gold spectacles, and an open letter.

The frown deepened on Bessie's brow when her glance fell on that letter. It had arrived at breakfast-time, and was in Sarah's handwriting.

The old man's face wore a look of patient sadness that made the girl's heart ache, self-absorbed as she was. But the sting of self-reproach added its pain to the dissatisfaction she had been feeling, and her voice was almost harsh when she spoke.

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"Haven't you been out, uncle?" she asked abruptly.

"No, my dear," he answered, turning towards her with a dreamy gaze; "I've been sitting here, and dozing and musing."

"But that isn't good for you, uncle. You ought to have been walking abroad on such a lovely day. I daresay, now, you have no appetite for dinner?"

"Not much," he admitted, quietly.

"Really, uncle, I wish you would pay more attention to your health. I made a rice pudding for you before I went out, but I'm afraid you won't enjoy it at all."

"Maybe I shall eat some of it, my dear," he replied, in his meek tone. "Sarah advises me to take milk puddings."

"I know what is good for you quite as well as Sarah does. There was no need for her to write from Highminster to tell you to take milk puddings."

To do Bessie justice it was seldom that she was so thoroughly out of temper as she had proved herself to be to-day. But discontent has a way of venting itself upon people and things which have nothing to do with its origin. And, moreover, her own heart was condemning her severely for neglecting her uncle, and putting herself and her pleasures before him.

The old man made no answer to the pettish words, but he sighed, and turned again to the open window. A breath of summer wind wandered in and stirred the silver hair that had grown so much whiter since his wife's death. He thought of her as he looked out into the quiet road where they had been wont to take their morning stroll together; and then he thought of the grave under the shade of the Norman church, and almost longed to be at rest by her side. He could not help feeling that Bessie's young life had but little in common with his own. John and Sarah understood him better than Bessie did now. They were staid married people, and had known what it was to weep over the graves of children as he had wept years ago. Great joys and great sorrows were alike unknown to Bessie; her world was too narrow, her thoughts and feelings too cramped, for her to sympathise with one who had lived, and loved, and suffered for nearly threescore years and ten.

The girl went away to her own room with tears in her eyes. She was quite conscious that all was not going well, and well aware that she was far from blameless. And yet she tried hard to believe that she was not so guilty as the inner voice declared her to be, and attempted to talk down conscience by recounting a long list of well-performed duties. But it would not do. We cannot satisfy God by doing a hundred little meritorious acts that cost us nothing, while we leave undone the very thing that He commands us to do.

It grieved her to see Mr. Mardock's kind old face looking pale and sad, and she resolved to be as attentive and agreeable to him as possible for the rest of the day. But she did not resolve to give up her own will to make him happy; self was still dearer to her than his comfort, and she still set her face as a flint against the counsels of John and Sarah.

After their early dinner was over, Bessie took her work-basket and seated herself beside her uncle's chair. He was very quiet, and sat, with idle hands, looking out into the road, or watching the bees that were buzzing round the flowers. His niece seemed to think that silence was bad for him, and began to talk.

"How beautiful the gardens look, uncle!" said she. "I think there are no gardens like those in Porchester. This is a dear old village, isn't it?"

"It is a pleasant place, my dear," he answered.

"Sarah likes gaiety, I suppose, as she is so happy in a town. But I love the quiet life that one lives here; it is delightful, I think, to move in a small circle."

"I don't think Sarah loves gaiety," remarked Mr. Mardock, taking up the first part of her speech. "She is a devoted wife and mother, and doesn't see much of the world. But Doctor Lifford likes her to entertain his friends sometimes."

"Oh, yes; she boasted a great deal about her grand parties when she was here!"

Bessie's temper was getting the better of her again, as tempers are apt to do, if we do not fight against them with all our might. Gentle as he was, Mr. Mardock was moved to displeasure by her sneering tone.

"Sarah is no boaster," he said. "She is a good sensible woman, and if she spoke of her parties it was to prove to you that you would not have to live a dull life in Highminster."

"But I am not going to Highminster, uncle. I'm very well, and don't need change of air."

"Both John and Sarah think that you ought to see more of society," Mr. Mardock went on. "In the letter I received this morning Sarah writes very sensibly about the disadvantages of Porchester. And indeed, my dear, I believe it would be well for us both if we removed to Highminster."

There was a moment's pause which the bees filled up pleasantly enough as they hummed over the roses. And then Bessie burst out suddenly into passionate sobs.

"They want to break my heart," she panted. "They want to drag me away from my dear home, and the best friend in the world. Oh, I could not bear it!"

Mr. Mardock was sorely distressed.

"Don't cry, child," he said, laying his trembling hand on her golden head. "If the matter upsets you in this way, we will never refer to it again."

And so Bessie won a victory; but who does not know too well that there are victories less honourable than defeat?

PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

WATCH AND BE READY.



"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—*Matt.* xxiv. 42.

CHRIST'S preaching was for the most part practical; but here we have a prophetical discourse of, however, a practical tendency and with a practical application. For the quickening of his disciples, to prepare them for the awful calamities that had just been predicted—wars, persecutions, the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem, the ruin of the Jewish nation, He says: "Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

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Now, it is the great duty of all Christians to watch and to be ready. The troubles that fell upon Judæa were but faint types of the tribulations that are to be on the world in the latter days. God's people will then be all safe in their place of refuge, as the Christians were who fled from the doomed city, of whose destruction they had been warned. The Bridegroom cometh; we must have our lamps trimmed. We have an account to render; our account must be ready. We have an inheritance upon which we hope to enter; we must be made meet now for that inheritance.

Yet, sad to say, there are comparatively few of whom it can be said that they are thus watching. The heart of one man is in his houses and lands, the heart of another is in his bank or his business. The heart of a third is in some form or another of worldliness, even when not absorbed in pleasure or in viler pursuits. Of many the chief thoughts are, "What shall we eat; what shall we drink; wherewithal shall we be clothed?" And so absorbed are most men in these things, that to them it is the same as if there were no God, no eternity, no account to be rendered. They say practically: "God delayeth his coming," and so they go on utterly unconcerned.

Now from this charge of delay in executing his purposes, whether of mercy or of judgment, St. Peter would vindicate God's word to his own people. "Beloved," he says, "be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." The coming of the Lord may be delayed, but our days at the longest are few, while God's days are endless. And the practical inference is, that be our days few or many, it is our wisdom to use them well, for the great ends for which they are vouchsafed to us.

As to the uncertainty of life, and its brief duration, we are none of us ignorant: "We spend our days as a tale that is told;" our life passeth away as a shadow. Yet each day that breaks over us leaves behind it some influences, some impressions, that may never have an end.

What a thought! That our yesterdays, our to-days, our to-morrows, are furnishing the materials of a life which shall for ever shine amid the splendour of unending glory; or, reflect the lurid glare of the fire that is not quenched! Should it not be, then, our part to pray that the Holy Spirit may imprint upon our hearts that inner character which shall show itself in the outer life—outlive the grave, and reach its perfection when time shall be no more?

Such is the influence of time as it passes, changing the aspect of everything! Let anyone look back a few years, and think what changes have taken place! The friends of your youth, where are they? The household that dwells to-day under the same roof, meets at the same board, will, at no very distant time, be scattered. Or the old home may be broken up, or so changed that you can hardly recognise it as having ever been your home at all! Such is the influence of years as they roll on; ever lessening the links and loosening the ties that bind us to this world.

Indeed, this was the intention of them; to draw off our affections from earthly things and set them upon things above. Are they in your case answering that end? Are the shadowy concerns of earth becoming less important in your sight; and do you ponder more deeply the realities of the world to come? Does your sense of the paramount value of your never-dying souls cause you to postpone to it every earthly consideration? Are you laying up for yourselves treasures in heaven?

There are few making any profession of religion at all, who do not admit the importance of these things, the awfulness of the ordeal through which we have to pass, and the wisdom of being ready for an event so momentous as the coming of the Son of man to judgment.

And they will tell you that they mean to be ready for it—but not just yet. There is some matter of business which they wish to see settled; or there is some speculation afloat, and they would wait the result; or there is some domestic difficulty which must be got over. After that they mean to be ready.

Here is the delusion! The precept is from God, and obedience to it is a positive duty. But all duties lie in the present. If God bids us to watch, He means now; and if you say, "Not now, I mean to begin to-morrow," you put off your duty; you refuse obedience to the command of God.

It is the duty and interest of all the disciples of Christ to watch, to be awake, and to keep awake. As a sinful state is compared to sleep, senseless and inactive, so a state of grace is compared to watching and waking. We must watch for our Lord's coming, especially his coming to us, at our death. That is the great day with us, the end of our time; while his coming at the end of time to judge the world is the great day with all mankind.

But what is implied in watching? Well, to watch implies not only to believe that our Lord will come, but to desire that He would come, and to be always looking for it, always thinking of it as sure and near, and the time of it, uncertain. To watch for Christ's coming is to maintain that gracious temper and disposition of mind which we would be willing that the Lord when He comes should find in us.

In this watching we are not, indeed, required to neglect any known duty, any lawful business, but only to sit so loose to these things that we can let them go when the summons comes.

Nor, indeed, is there much in this world to make the surrender of it much to be regretted! Do you not feel that this world is not your portion nor your rest? Rather do we not often long to be rid of what now burdens us. There is the burden of sin that weighs so heavily upon the conscience. There is the burden of sorrow which lies like a cold shadow upon the heart; and there is the burden of human infirmities ever increasing as years increase! How are we to be rid of these our burdens? Where is the readiness for a better world to be found?

It is to be found in Christ! All this making ready is in order to salvation. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," is Christ's precept and promise; and this is your consolation, that He who bids you be ready stands Himself engaged to make you so, and to make all things ready for you. To those who believe in His name He has given the promise of the Holy Spirit as the Comforter and the Sanctifier. And He has said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there you may be also."

"Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

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LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

NO. VIII. — THE BED.



THIS man is folding up his bed—a very different sort of one from what children have in England, yet it is the usual one in the Holy Land. The beds there are usually mere rugs, about the size of a hearth-rug in an English room. Sometimes they are stuffed with wool, and are a few inches thick. People put some of their clothes for a pillow, cover their feet over with their cloak, and so "go to bed." The poor go to bed as soon as it is dark, rising at sunrise. They do not, as we do, take off their clothes, though they do take off the turban from the head, or any other head-dress they happen to wear. In the heat of the day they throw off the upper cloak, which is used to cover and keep them warm at night.

In most Eastern houses little recesses are made in the walls of one of the rooms, the beds are rolled up and put away in that. These recesses are sometimes larger, and form a kind of cupboard or closet —you may see this sort of thing even in Scotland in the cottages; they lower the "bedstead" at night.

Sometimes these places are shut off from the other portion of the room by doors—as is generally the case in France. This sort of recess or cupboard is the "closet" spoken of in the Bible, when our Lord says, "When thou enterest into thy closet shut the door, and pray to thy Father that seeth in secret."

But great numbers of the people in the East never sleep in a room, but out in the open air; but whether in the house or in the field they usually have a jar of water standing close to the bed head. When Saul, the king, was pursuing David, we read that when he was in the wilderness of Ziph, trying to catch David, one night he went to sleep, surrounded by soldiers. David, however, stole down in the darkness, took away Saul's spear, and the "cruse of water from Saul's bolster" (1 Sam. xxvi. 12). In the East a father never went to bed without a jug of water close to his bedside.

Now, again, listen to a little more about the bed. We read that our Lord one day went to a pool of water called Bethesda. A great many poor diseased people were lying about; one man had no use of his limbs at all; he had been like that for thirty years; people used to carry him to this place. Our Lord had compassion on him, and said, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk" (John v. 8). You can understand now, I think, the sort of bed this poor man must have been lying on.

At another time our Lord was in a house at Capernaum. The people about so crowded to hear him teach that at last it was impossible to get in at the door. But then four people came, bringing on their shoulders a poor man very ill indeed, sick of palsy. These men were so determined their poor friend should see Jesus, that they went up to the

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top of the house. You must understand Eastern houses are not like ours. They are generally built with an open courtyard in the centre; the house with its rooms being all round the courtyard, the windows look into the courtyard and not, as with us, into the streets. In hot summer weather they stretch ropes across this open space, and attach matting or canvas to the ropes; so they keep out the sun, making the courtyard cool and pleasant to sit in. Rich people generally have a fountain of water in this courtyard, too. Well, we read that these four men went up to the top of the house. They must have removed some of this covering which went over the courtyard, for with ropes they let the poor man in his bed right down to the feet of Jesus. Jesus healed the poor man at once, and sent him away rejoicing. You see they could easily fasten ropes to the four corners of a bed such as I have told you is used; so now I hope you will better understand the narrative of this miracle.



A PRIVATE DINNER.



LEADING THE BLIND.

NO. IX.—EASTERN DINNER.

I have often dined with people in the East. Many of their customs are very different from ours. I will tell you of one dinner I had with the governor of a town. We were quite a small party, for the dinner was given by him in my honour. We sat in the middle of a room, on very low stools, made of wicker-work. The tray on which the food was placed was circular, and of silver; it was placed on what we should call a stool, but what they call a table. . . I have given you a little sketch of the tray (1) and "table" (2). Now the first thing to note is this, we had no spoons, knives, or forks! A dish was placed on the table; we had to eat off it with our fingers. When we had taken of that dish, it was removed, and another put in its place. The eldest son of the governor sat down with us; but the younger son served the dishes and helped the servants. I must not forget to tell you that when you entered the room you found two servants standing near the

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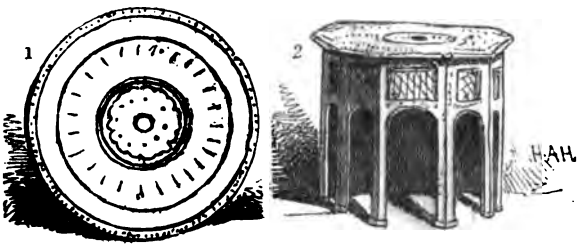
door: one with a jug of water and a towel, the other with a basin; the one poured some water on your hands, the other wiped them with a towel. They did this between each course; it was very necessary, you know, as you had no knives or forks. At the close of the dinner you had your hands washed again.

When I was travelling in the Holy Land the last time, I had an Eastern gentleman with me; he wished to see his own country, so asked to be allowed to travel with me. I was glad of his company, and he slept in one of my tents. He walked a great deal, but the native shoes are not things like ours which keep the feet dry and clean. Whenever we came to the end of our march for the day, I always saw him first wash his feet, then his hands, and then kneel down to pray. It mattered not how tired he was, he always did this before he had anything to eat.

The custom of washing hands and feet before eating is a very old one. Job, the oldest book in the Bible, speaks of "washing his hands." Job was a native of Uz, and from Lam. iv. 21 we see that Uz was in the land of Edom. The Jews especially of all nations, washed their hands before eating, and if they could not wash their hands, they would not eat. (See Mark vii. 2–5). Our Lord Jesus complained to the Pharisee who invited Him to dinner that he had given Him no water to wash his feet, and the poor woman who loved Jesus so much, washed his feet with her tears, and then anointed Him with precious ointment (Luke vii. 38–46). Our Lord, also, as an example of humility to his disciples, washed their feet (John xiii. 4–17).



NO. X.—THE BLIND MAN.

The poor man in my sketch is blind; the little boy leads him or he would be sure to come to some harm, for in the East the streets are very dangerous to blind people. There are no pavements or sidewalks for foot-passengers; you walk all over the road just as you can. Camels and horses are going all about—just as you see in the little picture—in the crowd. The poor blind man, unless he had some one to take care of him, would soon come to harm. . . . The little boy carries a small tin can in his hand, so that people may put money in it for the poor man. In England you see sometimes a blind man led by a dog. You would never see that in the East. Then you see very few blind people in England; in the East you see great numbers of them—why, I cannot tell you. Perhaps it is because the country is so hot that the dust and dirt are always blowing into people's eyes; for in the East people suffer from a terrible disease of the eyes which, thank God, is little known in England. Do not think they do not prize the blessing of sight. I never heard a more touching promise than the one my guides made to me once. I was climbing a most dangerous place—it was very, very steep. I got afraid. The Arab guides who were with me, said, "Don't fear, sir; we will take care of you like the apples of our eyes," touching their eyes as they spoke. They felt there was nothing they could say more likely to give me fresh courage than that.

Good people of every age have been kind to blind people. Job said that he had been "eyes to the blind" (Job xxix. 15), meaning that he had helped them, and kept them from harm. King David prayed that God would keep him with all those that put their trust in Him "like the apple of the eye." Our Lord Jesus was always tender to blind people. Whenever they cried to Him, He always listened and restored their sight. There are many beautiful instances of this in the gospels. His teaching has so wonderfully altered the world in regard to the treatment of blind people. Good people now build houses for the poor blind; also teach them how to work, and to read by means of raised letters. In old days it was not so. Cruel kings often put out the eyes of the poor captives they took in battle. The Philistines, you know, put out the eyes of Samson; also when the King of Judah was captured and his city Jerusalem taken, the cruel king who conquered him "put out his eyes." When you go to the British Museum to see the stone carvings from various lands, you will often find a representation of kings putting out the eyes of the captives, a most awful, wicked thing to do. Our Lord, when He was on earth, said if people were blind they must get some one to lead them; and if they wished to be led aright, the person who led them must have eyes, for if a blind person were to lead another blind person, they would fall into the ditch.

Grown men and women, and little children, too, must ask Jesus to lead them, for we are all blind to the evils and dangers that are all about us. If we trust Him, He will take care that, however rough the road, we shall come to no harm in it, and be led to home, happiness, and life at last.

MADAME SIMONET'S TROUBLES.

IT was a fine afternoon in June, when Madame Simonet must go from home. So proceeding along the dusty road, she went on with some network in her hand, stopping from door to door, to have a little chat with her neighbours. Why not? We must divert ourselves; and when the heart is heavy with grief, it is a relief to find an ear attentive to the recital of one's troubles. Now, Madame Simonet had many troubles. Nothing had gone well with her, and she had had many heavy troubles since she had been married.

This is what she was about to repeat for the hundredth time to one of her good friends: complaining of her husband, who was getting worse every day; of her boys, who were the worst in the village; of her little girls, who did only silly things; of her

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pig, that got thinner and thinner; of her garden, in which nothing but weeds grew at all well.

She was in this mood when a half-hour bell sounded at one of the church clocks. "Is it possible?" said Madame Simonet—"already half past five! I must go quickly, and buy some little thing for supper!"

Saying this, she rolled up her stocking, which seemed to blacken between her fingers, rather than improve, and rummaged her pocket to find in it a piece of money which she had put into it on setting out. "Dear me!" she cried, "I have lost my twenty sous. Such mishaps always befal me!" And she shook her pocket, turning it, and turning it again, but the piece of twenty sous did not fall out; only her neighbour could see that the said pocket was pierced with a large hole, through which a five-franc piece could easily have passed.

"You have let it fall in coming here, Madame Simonet, or perhaps at home, and you will find it again," said the neighbour.

"Well, I must go to see," replied Madame Simonet; "and as to supper, we shall be content with what I can find at home."

She returned, looking eagerly on the ground, and relating her new trouble to all those whom she met, exclaiming against the ill luck which harassed her.

Having returned home, the poor woman armed herself with a broom and went about everywhere with a feverish eagerness in order to see if her piece of money had not rolled into some part of the house. Alas, it had not rolled anywhere, and was not found, but in return Madame Simonet found such a quantity of cobwebs and made everywhere such clouds of dust arise that a friend of neatness would scarcely have wished to have her every day seeking for some lost object.

It struck six o'clock. Supper must be prepared now or not at all. Madame Simonet cast her broom away in a rage. "No doubt I was too rich," said she, "because I must lose the twenty sous," and continuing to grumble, she wished to light her fire to make the potatoes boil. But where were the bellows? where was the saucepan? where were the potatoes? where was a knife? Madame Simonet ran hither and thither, puffing, pushing, jostling everything in a rage, taking all the things that came to hand, and those of which she had no need.

"One would think some bad luck has possessed me," she repeated, in exasperation.

At last having found her bellows, her saucepan, her potatoes and her knife, in places very different from those where they ought to have been (for she knew not or minded not the proverb, "A place for everything, and everything in its place"), the frugal supper was at last got ready.

The idea having occurred to Madame Simonet that she might add a salad to it, she went out to gather one. In a corner of the enclosure which was occupied by brambles, grew some stunted cabbages, and some lettuces of drooping and melancholy appearance. These poor herbs were dying of thirst. Madame Simonet cut them with a ferocious air, grumbling against the gardener who had sold her the seed.

At this time she heard her pig grunt. "What do you want?" said she, turning that way. "Pooh, how bad you smell!" Poor beast; what wonder! he was steeping in a puddle where he rummaged for food in a frenzy, seeking in vain some bits of his last repast.

"Oh! I have forgotten you to-day," said she. "Plague on it, one can't be everywhere."

Poor Madame Simonet had always so much to do that she never finished anything.

Having promised her pig a fresh litter and a trough full by-and-bye, she went into her kitchen, driving before her a poor thin cat with haggard eyes. "Is it mad, this beast?" said Madame Simonet, who never met it but with kicks, when it made some timid attempts at wheedling and making friends with her.

It was now near seven o'clock, and the table must be laid, but earthenware did not abound in the household of the Simonets, and the dinner things not having been washed there were none in the cupboard.

"Certainly everything falls on my hands to-day," said the unfortunate housekeeper. "Where are, then, those two naughty girls Nathalie and Bertha? It never came into their heads to help me a little. To get away from me, that is all they think about. Who knows where they have been roving all this afternoon?" And going out at the door, "Nathalie! Bertha!" cried she in a snappish voice, "come here to me directly!"

Nothing stirred; no one came.

"Nathalie! Bertha!" repeated Madame Simonet in a louder and more threatening tone.

At length they showed themselves, and advanced towards their mother with that timid pace which animals have that are accustomed to be roughly handled.

It would have been difficult to find two little girls more dirty and more disorderly.

"Where do you come from, looking like witches?" said the mother, giving a slap to each in token of reception. "There is no way of keeping you clean; I must give it up."

But she had given it up for a long time. "What has been the matter, Bertha? You are as wet as a duck."

"I fell into the pond," said the little girl, hoping perhaps that the telling of her misfortune might gain some sympathy.

"Did one ever see such a careless girl?" cried Madame Simonet, "You have been again catching some fever or some cold, and I shall have you ill, and to attend on you! What a trouble this child is! I must always have her hanging to my apron! Go to bed, that is the best thing you can do. And you, Nathalie, if you can do any good, wipe these dishes as I wash them, and if you break one, look out, that's all I say!"

Thus encouraged the child began her work, but her little hands were trembling, and the plates badly washed were greasy, so that one slipped from her fingers, and before she could catch it, the plate fell to the ground and was broken. "Stupid good-for-nothing!" shouted her enraged mother. "I must do everything myself! I cannot get any little help! A great creature like you does not know how to hold a plate!" and at the same time she gave her one box after the other on the ears.

In the midst of the cries of the mother, and the tears of the child, the two boys Simonet, returning from school ran into the kitchen, quarrelling, noisy, and rough. These rude fellows did the greatest

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justice to the education they had received, and reproduced with a scrupulous fidelity the tone and the manners which were in vogue at home. Throwing right and left their books and their bags, without noticing their mother or their sister, they sat down to table, telling of their hunger.

"Stop, you good-for-nothings!" cried Madame Simonet; "I am going to give you a dish of some sort presently. Pick up your things before asking for supper. There is no keeping a house in order with you."

"As to that, the house is in order enough," said they.

"Ah! how insolent you are! Let me hear you again! Be off directly. I have no peace but when you are away!"

They did not need it to be said twice, and little tempted by the poor meal or by the seasoning of the maternal scolding, they each cut for themselves a piece of bread and ran off.

In the meanwhile the father of the family arrived. It was past seven o'clock, and he was very hungry. He came to find a kitchen in disorder, to find his two sons gone off, to hear his two daughters whining, and to be received by the complaints of his wife, who, uncombed, with red eyes and cheeks, and rough voice, called out for one and the other, for everything, telling him the troubles of the day, and explaining to him how they were the cause why she had such a poor supper to offer him.

Poor supper indeed! But poorer home.

"There," said he, "always the same thing. Everybody is wrong, except yourself. There is no fault there, oh no! Thanks to your potatoes badly cooked, and your spoilt salad! I shall go and seek somewhere else a better supper, and a better kind of manager," and thrusting his hat on his head he left the house.

"Ah! that is like thee!" said Madame Simonet, "always falling on the poor woman, and seeking some excuse for going to the public-house! Really I am very unfortunate!" and she passed her apron over her eyes.

The remedy for all the misfortunes of Madame Simonet was gadding about. She took up her stocking again, and set out after having eaten a morsel.

But in her trouble she did not turn towards the most populous part of the town, which commonly attracted her, but found herself, without knowing how it was, in a lonely path, very near the house of the Thomases. This house was bedecked with honeysuckles and sweet briar, surrounded by a pretty garden, in which fruit, vegetables, and flowers seemed to be equally disposed. Everything gave the idea of a little asylum of peace and happiness, which attracted the presence of numerous swallows that had sheltered in it their nests and their affections, and made their joyous cries heard. One would have in vain sought for swallows' nests in the rafters of the house of Simonet. By instinct they had fled from this roof, where resounded continually discordant voices, or whence they had been driven by some brutal hand.

Through a window half open one could cast a look into the clean and joyous kitchen and see the Thomas family united around a table, with clean napcloth, supping from a dish attractive by its appearance and odour. They were all there, father, mother, children, clean and joyful. They talked in a friendly, cheery way to one another.

"Here is a happy family!" sighed Madame Simonet, who, concealed by a corner of the wall, saw everything. "When I think that we were married at the same time, and that in the beginning of housekeeping we had not more the one than the other! How everything has changed since! Some people are lucky! Everything goes well with them!

The supper was finished; they went away. The father and the sons went into the garden, where they began, one to dig, the other to weed, the third to water, whichever he liked best. During this time, the mother and the daughters put everything in order in the kitchen. With a word, with a look, Madame Thomas showed the little ones (for her daughters were not older than Bertha and Nathalie) what they had to do, and directly, gladly, cleverly the daughters did it. The voice of the mother was also so affectionate, her look so kind.

"What a comfort and joy to have children like that!" thought Madame Simonet.

At length Madame Thomas and her daughters came also into the garden. The first began to collect some linen that she had extended on lines during the day. Clara took a little wheelbarrow, filled it with grass, that her brother Charles had picked up, and carried them to a pretty goat with shining hair, whilst Fanny was giving to a little dog that yelped about her, a nice supper made from some remains of bread and vegetables.

It was evident that in the Thomas family they had the habit of utilising every minute and every scrap, and of thinking of the well-being of all. And in going and coming, by being active and on the alert, with serene countenance, with affectionate tone, caressing hand, Madame Thomas seemed to be the beneficent divinity of the home.

"Do you see that?" said Madame Simonet to herself; "her husband looks only after her, and finds a pleasure at home; her children adore her, and obey her as if by a charm; and even her beasts have the appearance of loving her! Is she not happy?"

At this time Madame Thomas perceived her.

"Oh! good evening, Madame Simonet," said she; "will you come in?"

"No, thank you; it is late. I was passing by, and I just stopped to admire your garden. What good ground you must have! And then, you have good luck in everything. All goes on well with you. Here is such prosperity and contentment as I never meet with. I should like to know the secret of it."

"It is very plain," replied the good Madame Thomas smiling: "to treat all and everything with love, activity, and regularity; these are the three magic springs of it."

"Ah!" said Madame Simonet, sighing; "I must own that I have not known how to play these three springs, or I have been born under an unlucky star for everything goes wrong at home."

"Dear neighbour," said Madame Thomas in a serious tone. "There is neither a lucky nor unlucky star. God is the father of us all, and is willing to bless us all; but we do not always consider his favours, or profit by his gifts. Has He not given you as well as me a husband and four children to love and to render happy? Has He not given us the hope of heaven, to cheer us amidst earthly trials and peace in the heart now through trust in the

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Saviour? Has He not given his Holy Word to be our guide, and the Good Spirit to be our teacher and comforter? Believe me; to apply ourselves to duty for His sake, this is happiness: and in our difficulties to look to Him to be assisted, this is help."

"I must believe you are right, if such is what you practice," replied Madame Simonèt, and taking leave of Madame Thomas, she returned thoughtfully home.

Let us hope that for her and her family, the pious and wise precepts of her neighbour, with her good example, have not been entirely useless to this unfortunate Madame Simonet.

Sabbath Thoughts.

SELFISH HEARERS.

"There were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another."—*Luke* xii. 1.

THE crowds that followed Jesus were not animated by very high motives. "Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." It was not pure desire to hear His wonderful words that brought so many together; they had motives which He who saw the heart regarded with displeasure, and against which He uttered faithful warnings. While such were the feelings that led many to gather around him—feelings of selfish greed, or of idle curiosity—we cannot wonder that their conduct towards each other was marked by rudeness. They listened to the words of Christ, but their spirit was very unlike the spirit of Christ; very unlike the spirit of that charity which "seeketh not her own." Alas, there are too many who still resemble these men; churches and sects and individual hearers who "tread one upon another" when they ought to be seeking one another's good! Each tries to obtain the credit of being nearest to Christ; each seeks to assert its superiority by treading down another, and while they contend with each other, how can the voice of the Master be heard? Let us be well on our guard against seeking to get a place which can only be attained by treading down another. It may be to outward seeming a very near place to the Lord, and yet it may be in reality and in spirit very far away from Him!

What became of all that multitude at a later day? Probably many of them were in Jerusalem some two years after, at that memorable feast of the passover which brought Him up from Galilee, a Lamb ready to be slain before them; and yet amidst all the crowd whose voices uplifted the dreadful cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" there was not one voice uplifted to save Him, not one of his Galilee hearers who remember the loaves—the cures—the miracles—the words that never man spake? Such was the fickleness of those selfish hearers; but let us take heed and beware!

A Sabbath Hymn.

SWEET day of rest! the very sound is healing—
A hush amid the conflict and the strife;
The calm of Heaven is softly round us stealing,
We hear the whispers of a holier life.

Earth's misty veil that hangs so closely round us
Is gently lifted this one day in seven;
And pressing cares which in their net have bound us
Retire, and leave us transient gleams of Heaven.

This day on which the Saviour rose to glory
Has left a shining radiance on its track;
Again we hear with joy "the old, old story;"
Our childhood's faith on wings of light comes back.

Oh, wherefore, wherefore should we lose the blessing,
When morn restores the round of earthly care?
Happy the souls who all in Christ possessing,
Breathe, e'en below, Heaven's pure celestial air.

And we, amidst the daily path of duty,
May keep the oil still burning in our breast;
So shall the toilsome path grow bright with beauty,
And every day shall be a day of rest.

M. E. Beck.

He hath done all things well.

FAR o'er the Galilean sea
A thousand voices swell;
And with its waves' wild harmony
Blends ever and anon the cry:
"He hath done all things well."

And he—yon speechless one—henceforth
His loosened tongue shall tell
The story of His love who feels
The sufferer's woe, and pitying heals:
"He hath done all things well."

And oh! what hearts, for ever freed
From sin's enthralling spell,
Have joined since then the grateful throng
Who own one burden to their song:
"He hath done all things well."

For round the "sea of glass," where storm
Or tempest never fell,
One Name shall wake the heavenly choirs;
One theme attune their golden lyres:
"He hath done all things well."

L. E. Bingham.

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Pages for the Young.

THE CARD ON THE NOSEGAY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOWER MISSION.

"H, auntie what can I do? Really I wish I was at school again; one gets quite tired of doing nothing. I've practised, and read, and——"

"Idled away the last two hours!" replied Miss Bentley, with a knowing look in her large blue eyes.

Ethel Matthews had only just left school, and was spending the first few weeks of the holidays with her favourite aunt, Miss Ellen Bentley. Her next sister was still employed with a governess; and time was hanging very heavily on poor Ethel's hands.

"Suppose you fetch your work, while I put away my writing; then we can have a chat together," said Miss Bentley.

"Oh, yes! that will be delightful, auntie. I'll run and fetch it, and you shall tell me what you did when first you left school, and if you ever found the hours pass as slowly as I do," replied Ethel, running out of the room. "Now, auntie, you're not going to do any more writing, are you?" she continued, as on entering the apartment, work in hand, she saw her aunt taking some cards and paper from a drawer.

"No, dear, I'm going to do my texts for the Flower Mission. Perhaps if you are not in a hurry to finish your embroidery you will help me. I've more than usual to do this week, as one or two of our best workers are from home."

"Oh, I'll help you, auntie, though what good they can possibly do, I never could see. I don't suppose any of the people ever take the trouble to read the texts; they only care for the flowers——"

"Stop, Ethel, you are mistaken, many do read, and to many I believe God's Word is blessed. At all events we have our Lord's own promise: 'It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it'" (Isa. lv. 11).

"Yes, but, auntie, you can't say you know anyone to whom it really has done good—now can you?"

"I can, Ethel, and if you like to cut out some flower-holders, while I paint the flowers round, I will tell you of a case which I know to be true, as it happened to myself."

"Oh, do, auntie, that will be nice! Your *cases* are always interesting, and at any rate, one knows they're true, which is an advantage!"

"Well, to begin with, I must tell you that ever since I first sent texts to the Flower Mission, I have, by the advice of a friend, always put my initials in one corner, so that should I come across them again I might know them.

"Some years ago, during the summer vacation, my parents, as was their custom, took a house at the seaside for two months, taking the whole family away for the change. It had long been my ambition to teach in the Sunday-school, but, as my home was in London, and I was very young, my parents had objected.

"At a small seaside place, however, it was different; and when the clergyman, who was an old friend of my father, asked if I could take a class of little girls, whose teacher was away ill, he most willingly gave his consent.

"All the week I was longing for Sunday; never did days seem to go so slowly as those previous to my first initiation into Sunday-school work. But the longest week comes to an end, and Sunday came at last. Long before three o'clock, the appointed hour, I was dressed and anxious to be off. My dear mother came to me, just as I was leaving the house, and putting her arm on my shoulder in her gentle way, said: 'You must not expect to find it all easy work, my darling, for even the best of children will sometimes be troublesome, and I should be sorry for you to get discouraged.' Indignant at the idea, I turned round, thinking my mother was certainly mistaken, and replied: 'Oh I'm sure I shall like it; why, mother, it's too bad of you to throw cold-water on my hopes, just when I'm feeling so sure and bright too.' 'I would not do that, my dear Ellen,' said my mother. 'Only I say, don't trust too much to *your* powers; look higher, to Him who alone can give success to any of our endeavours. Then, dearie, I shall not fear your being discouraged, or failing in your work, if done in His name, for His sake.'

"With a hearty kiss, and again answering my mother that I knew I should like it, and get on well, I hastened to the school.

"Certainly no teacher ever had a more exemplary set of pupils. Their manners were perfect, their answers correct; but they seemed like so many little machines. In vain I tried first one thing, then another, but with the same result. To all I said they acceded, to all my questions they replied with the greatest accuracy; but when it came to the practical lessons, the only answer to be obtained was an indifferent 'Yes, teacher,' or 'No, teacher.' However, I determined not to be discouraged. After all, they certainly were wonderfully good, and one could not expect them to be quite at their ease at first with a new teacher. So I argued with myself, and when, on my return, my mother questioned me as to my success, I replied that the children were dear, good little things—no trouble!—I am not sure if those loving eyes did not see through my attempt at concealing what might trouble her. If they did, they certainly told no tales, and the only reply given was one of those hearty kisses which seem to come from none but mother's lips.

"The week following passed. Sunday came again, but it only brought fresh disappointment. Out of my eight little pupils, only five were in their places, and they seemed, if possible, even less 'get-atable' than before.

"So passed five Sundays; all my efforts seemed fruitless; my interest in the work was gradually dying out, as, one by one, I saw my little friends drop off, till, on the fifth Sunday, I found only one child in my class. That seemed to bring things to the climax. In my disappointment and mortification I began to question whether God did hear or answer prayer. I had so earnestly begged Him to bless my efforts that week, and to let me see that my labour was making some impression, and now it seemed as if things had got worse than ever. In my own mind, I determined to give up trying to do any work for God. The only things I had attempted appeared to have been mistakes. To the best of my knowledge, my Flower Mission work had done no good, and certainly my Sunday-school class had proved an utter failure. Poor little Bessie (my one pupil) received, I fear, very little attention that day. At last school was over, and, weary and dispirited I turned to go home.

"Just as I was beginning to climb the hill, at the summit of which our house stood, I noticed a poor girl on the opposite side of the way. She was carrying a very large parcel, and trying to reach the top of the hill, though, at every two or three steps, she stopped, and laying down her bundle, gasped for breath. The thin, wan cheeks, with the bright red spot on each side, together with the low hollow cough, told their tale but too plainly. Quickly crossing the road, I asked her to allow me to carry her bundle up the hill, adding, 'You must, I fear, be suffering sadly.' The only reply my words received was a burst of tears from the poor girl, so violent that her thin frame seemed shaken through and through.

"The excess of her sorrow quite frightened me, and laying my hand on her shoulder, I said: 'Do tell me your trouble—I

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should be so glad if I could help you. Won't you come and sit down on the seat under that elm-tree, and then you can rest a little bit?' With a great effort the girl walked a few steps farther, and we sat down together. She did not speak at first, so once more I asked if I could be of any use to her. Again she broke out into fresh sobs, till, at length, seeing how really distressed I was at her grief, and her continued silence, she sobbed out:—'You are too good; nobody ever speaks kindly to me now.'

"By degrees she became calmer, and then she told me a sad tale of poverty, sorrow, and sin. A young country girl, she had come up to London on her father's death, having been promised employment by a widowed aunt, who kept a small confectioner's shop. The first news that greeted her arrival was of her aunt's death. Her mother wrote, begging her to return at once to their little country house, but to a giddy young creature such as she was, our great metropolis offered too many charms. She obtained a situation, through the influence of a friend, as barmaid in a large public-house, and, disregarding her mother's earnest entreaties for her return, she lost the blessing promised to those who honour and obey their parents. Naturally delicate, and used to a country life, the confinement, together with the bad atmosphere, soon affected the poor girl and caused the roses to flee from her cheeks. It would take too long to tell all she told me, suffice it to say, her health gave way, and she sank lower, till at last she even meditated committing suicide. She was in this condition, when, one day being sent out for change by her master, she happened to pass one of our large hospitals. Several ladies, with baskets of flowers on their arms, were just going in, and one of them, noticing her wistful gaze, offered her a bunch, saying at the same time, a few kind words. The card, attached to that little nosegay, had on it two texts. They were, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and, 'I will arise and go to my father.' (Matthew xi. 28, and Luke xv. 18).

"These words were read by the poor young woman, and sank deeply into her heart. She determined, if possible, to find her way back to her mother, and for that purpose asked her master's permission to leave before her month was up. This he refused to let her do, and after treating her in the most heartless manner, during the remainder of her stay under his roof, he turned her adrift without a penny in the world. He alleged, as a reason for withholding her wages, that, owing to ill-health, she had never done a full day's work.

"Thrown thus upon the wide world, the friendless girl resolved to return, if possible, to the home of her childhood.

"She had not proceeded far, before her strength entirely gave way, and she was conveyed by stranger hands to a neighbouring workhouse. There she lay for some weeks between life and death. After a time she rallied, and her longing desire to see her mother again took possession of her; once more she set out on her journey. She was within a few miles of her mother's cottage when I met with her that Sunday afternoon, in the way I have described. A home was found for her that night, and the next day a letter was sent, begging her mother to come at once.

On her arrival the poor girl was found too ill to be moved, and a kind boatman generously gave both mother and child a shelter in his little hut. Only those who go amongst the poor can form any idea of their kindness to each other. In subsequent visits she told me of the sympathy that had been shown her during that long and dreary journey. How one carrier after another had given her a lift in his cart, while shelter and food had many times been provided by the kind inmates of the villages through which she passed. I visited her constantly during my stay at L——, and, on hearing of the case, the kind clergyman of St. M—— went to see her. Contrary to all expectations, she lingered on for nearly two years. His visits and the study of God's Word were blessed to her soul. She was led, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to see how great a sinner she had been, and for some time she was almost overwhelmed with distress. One day, however, on entering the cottage, I was surprised to see a bright smile on the usually sad young face. Before I had time to speak to her, she greeted me with the words: 'Oh, miss, I see it now, and I'm so happy. Jesus did it all: He died for me, and all I have to do is just to believe it, and thank Him, showing my thankfulness, not with my lips only, but in my life. Oh it seems too good; I have come now.' And as she said these words, she drew from under her pillow the soiled, dirty little card with those blessed words, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' written on it. Handing it to me she added: 'And now, miss, I'm sure He'll find mother too, for she is weary and heavy laden, and wants finding—oh, so badly.' I could hardly reply to my sick friend's words, for imagine my joy and thankfulness, when, on looking at the card, I found in the corner my own initials. From that time, notwithstanding intense suffering, I never heard a murmur or complaint. All seemed changed, and her sweet smile used to light up that little hut. Her great joy was in reading her Bible, and being sung to. One hymn in particular she always loved, and never would she let me leave the cottage without singing at least one verse. It was one beginning as follows:

"'The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.'

"On my return to London, I received several letters from both mother and daughter. After the poor girl's death, her mother sent me, as a little token of loving remembrance, a present her daughter had, during her long illness, prepared for me. It was a shell, with these words tastefully worked on it, 'I will arise, and go to my Father.' And now, dear Ethel, tell me, do you still think that the Flower Mission does no good, and that no one takes the trouble to read the texts?" said Miss Bentley, as she ended her little history.

"Oh, no, auntie! I couldn't have believed such a wonderful story to have been true, unless you had told it me yourself. How glad it must have made you! But now you've not told me about your Sunday-school, and how you got on."

"I did not think of it, dear; but as you ask me, I will tell you. That evening I went to my dear father and told him all my trouble. And then he showed me, how instead of teaching those little ones for Jesus' sake, I had been teaching them for my pleasure and gratification. He gave me much good advice, ending with a few words of prayer about it. That week he took me to see the children in their own homes, and helped me to speak to them there. It was hard work at first, but it bore fruit, as all work done for His sake does. The next Sunday I had four little ones, and although I did not find them always easy to get at afterwards, and sometimes felt discouraged, still I dared not give them up, for surely God had sent that poor girl to me to teach me that no effort made for His sake shall be without its reward, and even though we may not see the good done, we know that He will give the blessing, even though it be 'after many days.'"

T. M. E.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. X.

"Righteous!" so stands the written word;
Both, righteous found before the Lord.
Both, in life's walk, touching the law
"Blameless." Strange then, that when he saw

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The radiant messenger, and heard
Of coming bliss, so long deferred,
Faith wavered. But the loyal wife,
Filled with the Spirit who is life,
Joyful through hope, by faith believed,
Thankful, the voice from heaven received.

1. Father of two belovèd ones,
His name yet liveth in his sons.
Blest, for with spirit nothing loth,
Knowing them called, he gave them both.

2. "City where David dwelt" of old,
Still, on each heart falls, chill and cold,
The "woe" by prophets' voice pronounced
On thee, who David's son denounced.

3. His son the "woe" must also speak,
Which sin upon their head shall wreak
Who follow her, forget their Lord.
Yet shout, for Zion is restored.

4. Ah! woe the oath at random spoken!
The promise which were better broken!
Whose daughter claimed the monarch's word,
And such a ghastly boon preferred?

5. His course, who in the temple served,
Whose faith that little moment swerved;
But shone forth brightly when he praised
Him, who Salvation's horn hath raised.

6. Behold his race are faithful still,
Abstaining at their father's will.
"Judah! My prophets cry to thee,
Yet hearken not my sons to Me."

7. "Fulfil your work, your daily task."
"Leave to do sacrifice we ask."
What scornful taunt returns the king
To those who this petition bring?

8. Long have the waters o'er the land
Prevailed; waters on every hand.
What mountain summit now may bear
The ark and those who refuged there?

9. Another son from God is sent,
In place of one too briefly lent
To earth: the mother's heart is filled
With comfort; and her grief is stilled.

F. M. E.

SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO. II.—TABLE, TABLES.

By the word "table" in the Bible, two very different kinds of tables are meant; sometimes it is employed with reference to a table for food, at other times it means a table or tablet for writing upon.

I. A table for food is described (Exod. xxv. 23). This was the table for the shewbread. It was made of shittim wood, overlaid with pure gold, surrounded with a border and a crown of gold (see Exod. xxxvii. 11). And when it was finished, Moses "put the table in the tent of the congregation, upon the side of the tabernacle northward without the vail, and he set the bread in order upon it before the Lord, as the Lord had commanded Moses" (Exod. xl. 22). This remarkable table was preserved through all the wanderings of the children of Israel, being carried about by the family of the Kohathites (Num. iii. 31), and upon it were placed every Sabbath, twelve loaves or cakes of shewbread, six in a row (Lev. xxiv. 5, 6).

Solomon seems to have made a new table for the shewbread when he built the Temple (1 Kings vii. 48). See also Heb. ix. 2, where the table of shewbread is mentioned.

"The king's table" (1 Sam. xx. 2–29). The philosopher "shall eat meat at my table continually, as one of the king's sons" (2 Sam. ix. 7, 11, 13). "Let them be of those that eat at my table" (1 Kings ii. 7). "Victual for all that came unto King Solomon's table" (1 Kings iv. 27). "The prophets of the groves which eat at Jezebel's table" (1 Kings xviii. 19).

"There were at my table an hundred and fifty of the Jews" (Neh. v. 17).

David says, concerning his King and Lord, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies" (Psa. xxiii. 5).

The Israelites had not David's faith, and said in their unbelief, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" (Psa. lxxviii. 19).

"The dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table" (Matt. xv. 27).

When our Saviour was on earth the "hand of him that betrayed him was with him on the table" (Luke xxii. 21).

II. Tables used for writing table.

Of such were the most remarkable of all tables, those on which the ten commandments were written. "The tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God graven upon the tables" (Exod. xxxii. 15–16). Sad was their fate, for when Moses saw the idolatry of the people and the calf which they had made, "he cast the tables out of his hands and brake them" (ver. 19), then other tables had to be made (Exod. xxxiv. 1–4), and Moses hewed them, and took them up to the mount, and God "wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant" (ver. 28). These were kept in the ark of the testimony, and when the ark was brought into the temple "there was nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone" (1 Kings viii. 9).

Now it is in reference to these tables that Paul says to Christ's people that the epistle of Christ was written upon them "not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart" (2 Cor. iii. 3). God has promised, "I will put My laws into their mind and write them in their hearts," and this is what you and I should continually ask God to do for us in fulfilment of His own promise.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Where are to be found the following passages, often quoted in religious discourses?

1. "Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders."
2. "God loveth a cheerful giver."
3. "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."
4. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." (Find a similar reflection in the book of Job, and a parable of our Lord, conveying the same solemn lesson.)
5. Who prayed, "Keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me," and received a favourable response?
6. Who prayed "Give me neither poverty nor riches"?
7. Where is David styled "the sweet Psalmist of Israel"?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.—p. 206.

1. DA-ET: Job xli. 26. Eph. vi. 16.
2. MAS-TER: Matt. xxiii. 8. John xiii. 13.
3. CUS-TOM: Judg. xi. 39, 40. 1 Sam. ii. 13, 14. Matt. ix. 9.
4. DA-MAS-CUS: Gen. xv. 2. 2 Kings v. 9—12. Acts ix. 3, etc. 2 Cor. xi. 32, 33.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



"MAY YOU ENJOY YOUR OUTING, SIR!"

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER XIV.—"BUT SEAS BETWEEN US BRAID HAE ROARED."

THE clock of St. Mary Redcliff was chiming seven, as Douglas Kerr put the finishing stroke to a long letter. He laid down his pen with a sigh of satisfaction, and looked up, through the open window, at the evening sky. There was a warm glow of sunset above the roofs of the opposite houses; the street was one of those quiet, respectable streets where modest lodgings are to be found by single gentlemen or maiden ladies of scanty means. The room in which Douglas sat was neither better nor worse than the rooms in such lodging-houses usually are. It was just large enough to hold a small table, three chairs, and a little sofa covered with faded damask.

That poor little shabby room! How often Douglas

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had wondered what his old gay companions would say if they could look in upon him here? At first he had felt as if it would be impossible to endure the sight of the mean furniture, and the two wretched coloured engravings, in tarnished gilt frames, that adorned the walls. The landlady was a dolorous widow, who seized every opportunity of talking about her better days, and did not spare him a single detail of the last illness of her departed spouse. But Time and Habit are friends that smooth many of the rough things in life, and Douglas gradually grew reconciled to his lot.

And now that he was soon to leave these humble lodgings of his, he began to have quite an affection for them. He had spent not a few happy hours in this dingy little room, and had learnt some of the best lessons here that a man can be taught. He had found out that it is quite possible to rise intellectually and spiritually above one's surroundings, and that the soul often thrives best when the body does not dwell in an earthly paradise. True, there was nothing new in such lessons as these; they had been learnt by thousands before him. And yet this knowledge, which can only be set down on paper in hackneyed phrases, had come to him with a freshness and sweetness that no words can describe.

He folded up the letter with a smile on his face, and wrote Eva's name and address upon the envelope.

"My little woman will be astonished at the news," he thought. "We expected a long waiting-time; and sometimes I think we were both tempted to believe that the waiting-time would be a lifetime. But, as one says,

"'We may be near our port when we esteem it lost,'

and only last week I had a regular fit of the blues. I was just as unprepared for the tidings as she is."

It was the first of September, but the long, bright summer was as yet scarcely on the wane. Douglas had seen many a rich sunset above those opposite roofs, and the vesper lights had often set him longing for country places far away. Now, those longings were about to be fulfilled; this was Thursday evening, and on Saturday he was to start off on a month's holiday.

It was the first holiday he had ever asked for, and Mr. Maple had granted it with great willingness. Year after year he had worked on through spring, summer, autumn, and winter without forsaking his post, save on the few days when the offices were closed. The other clerks had wondered at him, but they never meddled with his concerns, and knew nothing of his life apart from the office. The news had spread among them that Kerr was going away for a month, and one of the juniors had suggested that he must have had a windfall.

Mr. Maple knew well enough that Douglas was bound for a certain little Hampshire village where Eva Gower was to be found. It was at his house that Douglas and Eva had had their first meeting.

Mrs. Merriot had been on visiting terms with Mrs. Maple; but it was but a half-hearted acquaintance on both sides. The old lady had always given herself airs, and had contrived to make the Maples feel that although they were among the wealthiest people in Bristol, she considered them beneath her in rank. But while they despised Mrs. Merriot and her pretensions, they could not help being won by the sweet young grand-daughter who came to share her home.

Mrs. Merriot's death had taken place suddenly and unexpectedly, and there was very little left for the orphan grandchild. The old lady had lived upon an annuity; her furniture and personal effects were not valuable; and Eva found herself the owner of a little battered silver; a few old-fashioned brooches and rings, and some well-worn chairs, tables, carpets and household belongings. All the best plate and jewellery had been taken away, years ago, by Mrs. Merriot's favourite daughter, who had married, and died abroad.

It was when Eva was on the point of leaving Bristol that Douglas Kerr told her of his love. She was going to new scenes and among new faces, and he could not let her depart without asking the most momentous question that a woman can ever have to answer. It was well for Eva's sake that he did ask it. She had learnt to love him unawares, and his friendship had made the sunshine of her Bristol life. It had been easy to bear her grandmother's tart speeches and constant complaints while she could look forward to an hour with him, sometimes, at the close of a day.

It had never occurred to Mrs. Merriot that Mr. Kerr was likely to become a lover. In her eyes Eva was a thorough child, and she was utterly blind to the fact that the child was a woman in years.

She suffered Mr. Kerr to come frequently to the house, because his visits were pleasant to herself. She was keen enough to see that he had belonged to a world that she had dearly loved, and had never had enough of. Reserved as he usually was about himself, she had found out that he had known the people she had vainly longed to know. The ways and manners of his old life clung to him still; he even seemed to bring a faint odour of aristocracy into her drawing-room. And Douglas, while he smiled at her weakness, knew well enough that he was not the first man who has been valued for the least deserving part of him.

After the letter had been folded and addressed, he rose, and went out to post it.

"Going for a little stroll, sir?" said the landlady, who was at the bottom of the narrow staircase. "Lovely evening, isn't it? You'll have beautiful weather for your holiday, sir, and I hope you'll enjoy it. You deserve a holiday, that you do. Not that people always get their deserts: I work as hard as anybody but there's no holiday for me, and I suppose it'll be fag, fag to the end of my days."

As Douglas went out of the stuffy little house, into the soft evening air, her words followed him. Not long ago he had been inclined to think that he, too, would have to fag, fag to the end of his days just to pay the money he owed, and keep body and soul together.

And now the turning had come to his long lane, and the letter that he was carrying to the post would tell the welcome news to Eva. Poor melancholy Mrs. Tims would soon have to find another tenant for those two rooms upstairs. Perhaps some other gentleman in reduced circumstances would stretch himself on that shabby little sofa on winter evenings, and see pictures of old days in his scanty bit of fire. He wondered whether the new-comer would hate the coloured prints, and the blue vases

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on the mantelshelf as bitterly as he had hated them once upon a time.

He turned out of the quiet street into a more frequented thoroughfare, and made straight for the nearest post-office.

As he dropped his letter into the box another man stepped up to it at the same moment, and their eyes met.

"Why, is it really you, Kerr? You don't recognise me, I daresay," said a half-remembered voice.

The speaker was rather shorter and slighter than Douglas, and was bronzed and wasted by a tropical climate. His face was sharpened by ill-health; his eyes, dark-grey, had the peculiar look of melancholy that want of physical strength often gives.

As Douglas scanned him closely for a second or two, he smiled, and the smile helped Kerr to a recognition.

"I do know you now, Bertie," he answered, shaking hands with him. "Have you been long in England? I saw your Indian appointment in the papers some years ago."

"I have only just come home," Bertie replied. "But why I should say 'home,' I don't know. I haven't the ghost of a home anywhere."

"The climate out there has knocked you up, I suppose?"

"Yes; I couldn't stand it half so well as many do. I've had cholera, fever, sunstroke, and a dozen other *ills*; the only wonder is that I am alive."

"You will get all right again in England," said Douglas, cheerfully; "you'll settle down somewhere and pick up your strength."

They strolled on together, and walked for several paces in silence. Alan Bertie was acquainted with some of the particulars of Kerr's former days; he had heard that Douglas had been discarded by his uncle, and compelled through want of means to retire from the army. And he had felt enough interest in his old associate to wonder often what had become of him.

"How has the world used you lately, Kerr?" he asked at last.

"Much better than I have deserved," was the frank reply. "I've had hard times, it is true, but they are nearly over now."

"I'm very glad to hear it, old fellow. Did you get something to do after you left the army?"

"A very humble something. I got into the office of a Bristol merchant as clerk, and have been living in cheap lodgings for more than five years."

"Is it possible, Kerr? You really look as if you had thriven upon cheapness; and, barring a wrinkle or two, you don't seem much older than you did in your prosperous days."

"I am none the worse for a long course of toiling and saving," said Douglas, with evident sincerity. "But as I was saying, my hard times are nearly over now. Next January I am to start for New York to be manager of a branch of my employer's business there, and my salary will be very liberal. The late manager was Mr. Maple's nephew, who is just dead."

"You are a very lucky man to have got into this Maple's good graces. Well, I congratulate you with all my heart. I suppose it won't grieve you to say good-bye to England?"

"I am not going away alone; I shall take all I want with me," replied Douglas, composedly.

"Not going alone! Then you mean to be married, I suppose?"

"Yes, this is my last year of single blessedness."

There was another pause, which Alan Bertie broke with some abruptness.

"So Lady Mary Cavaye has taken Lord Glencoe," he said. "Such a noted beauty as she was ought to have done better. Do you know, Kerr, that people said you were very hard hit at one time by Lady Mary?"

"And they told the truth. It was when my regiment was quartered at Chichester, and she was living with her mother at their old manor-house, only a few miles from our depôt. Of course the intimacy was known and talked about."

"And the countess was gracious on the strength of your expectations from General Crowther?"

"Gracious, but no more. She never openly acknowledged me as her daughter's lover. But the fact was that Lady Mary and I became engaged, and then I was thrown over for Sir George Varney. It was just the oft-told tale of 'Locksley Hall' that one gets sick of hearing."

"I didn't know the affair had been quite so serious as that. However, it was well, perhaps, that Lady Mary set you free. She was not the kind of woman who could have lived comfortably on love and a small income."

"Possibly not. And how about yourself, Bertie? Do you mean to retire from the Civil Service?"

"I have not decided yet. When you have only yourself to consult you are apt to change your mind a good many times. But even if my health had not broken down, I must have left India to look after some property that has lately come to me. I had only one relative living when I went abroad—a first cousin—and he died the other day. On my return I came straight to his lawyer, who lives here, and who had written to me announcing his death. This is the first time that I have ever been in Bristol; it is curious that I should stumble on an old acquaintance."

"I am going away on Saturday for a month's holiday," said Douglas.

"Then you are lost as soon as found! So much the worse for me, old fellow. I'd been making up my mind to see a good deal of you."

There was genuine disappointment in Bertie's tone. If the two men had never been very intimate friends, it was only because they had drifted apart from each other on the waves of this troublesome world. They had been just sufficiently well acquainted to feel that they had tastes and feelings in common, and that time and opportunity might have knit them closely together. Douglas was quick to understand that sympathy was required of him.

"Come and dine with me at my hotel to-night," Bertie went on. "I am on my way there now. Do take pity on a lonely man."

And Kerr assented readily enough. His instinct told him that Alan Bertie was far less happy than himself.

It was a long time since Douglas had dined in the old luxurious fashion of other days. As he sat at Bertie's table the remembrance of many bachelor dinners returned to his mind, and the faces of lost comrades rose up before him again. Once more he seemed to be carried back to the glitter and gaiety of his former life; old voices rang in his ears; old

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scenes were re-enacted; the present was an illusion, and the past a reality. He could scarcely believe that he had anything in common with the simple clerk in Mr. Maple's counting-house; he was Douglas Kerr, the gay young officer, and the favoured lover of Lady Mary Cavaye.

But did he really wish to be his old self again? If such a desire actually entered his mind it was banished in a moment. No man knew better than he did the worthlessness of the pleasures he had lost; the dross had been taken, and the pure gold left in its stead; the sham riches had been exchanged for the pearl of great price.

"Where are you going to spend your holiday, Kerr?" asked his host, when the waiter had withdrawn.

"In a little sea-coast village called Porchester; I daresay you have hardly ever heard of it. But if you have no better plan, Bertie, why not go there with me?"

"I'm afraid I should be *de trop*," answered Alan with his sad smile. "I suppose your betrothed is there?"

"Yes, but she will have enough of my company by-and-bye; and she'll be glad to welcome a friend of mine. Make up your mind to come, Bertie, and you won't repent it."

"I will go," said Alan after a moment's pause. "But I must follow you. My business with the lawyer will keep me here some days."

"Very well: I will prepare the minds of the villagers for your coming. Shall I announce you as the heir of a vast fortune?"

"My fortune consists of two thousand a year. A man ought to be contented with that, you will say; and yet I feel I am a most discontented fellow, Kerr."

"Don't you think bad health is the cause of the discontent? You will take kindly enough to your lot in a week or two."

Alan shook his head.

"No, old fellow," he answered gravely. "In my case the mind is more to blame than the body. I positively dreaded the return to England. Before I went abroad I quarrelled bitterly with the dearest friend I had in the world; and afterwards—afterwards she married the man that I had most disliked. I ought to have got over it, I daresay; but I haven't, and I never shall."

Surprise kept Douglas silent for a moment or two. Of all the men that he had ever known, Alan Bertie had seemed the most unlikely to suffer deeply in an affair of the heart. He had always looked upon Alan as a trifler where women were concerned; an honest trifler, it is true, making no false vows, and openly avowing himself a mere butterfly. It must, he thought, have been a remarkable woman who had obtained such a firm hold on his affections.

"I have known what it is to feel as you do," he said. "But I got over it, Bertie; and you will get over it too."

"Every man thinks his own case peculiar," replied Alan in his slow, quiet way. "But this case of mine, Kerr, is really very unlike that old affair of yours. We may learn to forget one who has forsaken us, more easily than one whom we have forsaken. True, the quarrel was not of my making; her temper was, it must be admitted, both jealous and irritable; but it was I who said, literally, that we must part."

"And you did not seek to be reconciled?"

"No; I steeled myself, and left England without seeing her again. In fact the quarrel took place but a very little while before I sailed. I had not been more than three weeks in Calcutta when I fell dangerously ill."

"But you might have written to her on your recovery?"

"I have hated myself for not doing it. But my first year in India was simply a succession of illnesses and misfortunes. And before that year came to an end, I saw her marriage announced in the 'Times.'"

"I am very sorry for you," said Douglas, as he rose to depart. The words were commonplace enough, but there was deep feeling in the tone.

"I grieve for her," replied Alan, sadly. "I'm afraid, Kerr, that she rushed into the marriage just because she thought I had slighted her. He was not the kind of man to make her happy."

"But such matches sometimes turn out better than might be expected. Don't brood over it, Bertie; try to think of the good that does often arise out of our blunders. You can't altogether forget the Providence that shapes our ends!"

They parted for the night, and Douglas walked back to his lodging, thinking even more about his friend's affairs than his own. It was half-past ten; overhead was the clear darkness of the summer sky sown thickly with stars, and he thought of the times when he had looked up in bitterness of soul to those very stars, and wondered whether there was any abode of peace for those who had sinned and suffered and loved on earth as he had done? Ah, since those days he had found that there is peace to be had, even in the midst of a restless world, if the Prince of peace takes up His abode in the heart!

He had crossed the rugged wilderness and reached the green pastures, but Alan Bertie was still toiling over thorny ground. As he knelt that night, in his little room, he prayed that Alan, too, might be led into the paths of peace.

He little knew how soon that prayer was to be answered. He knew not that it was his hand which was to lead his friend to comfort and rest. And yet he felt that it was no chance which had thrown him and Bertie together.

CHAPTER XV.—THE SHADOW OF CHANGES.

Eva's mind was not at rest concerning her little pupil. Even nurse began to have misgivings about the child's health, and at last agreed with Eva that it would be well to write to Lady Westmoor.

"Not that my lady can do anything," said nurse, gravely. "She'll just send a line, Miss Gower, telling you to have a doctor for Miss Anna. And that will be a relief to us all."

"Perhaps she will come and see her grandchild," suggested Miss Rachel.

"Oh no, ma'am; my lady isn't young and strong, and the journey from Warwickshire would be a deal too much for her. And of course she knows that Miss Anna will have the best of care and attention."

The countess did exactly as nurse had predicted. She wrote a courteous note to the governess, saying

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that she had full confidence in Miss Gower, and directing her to call in medical advice if it were necessary. At the same time Lady Westmoor hinted that Anna's peculiar temper made it difficult to know how she was to be treated. Sullenness might be very naturally mistaken for the first symptoms of sickness. But Miss Gower might safely be trusted to follow the dictates of her own judgment.

After carefully reading the letter Eva felt that the whole burden of responsibility was to be left upon her shoulders. Little Anna and her concerns were of small consequence to the Cavayes; her ladyship had attained the object on which her heart had long been set, her daughter was suitably married, and she was resolved to trouble herself as little as possible for the rest of her days.

In the comfortable retirement of her son's country house, Lady Westmoor was feeling that she had had quite enough of the world and its ways. She was heartily glad that there was not another daughter to be married; she knew she could not fight the battle as she had fought it in days gone by. There was only little Anna to be considered now, and she might be safely left to her governess for a long time. The dowager was very well pleased with Miss Gower; she was a quiet, unassuming young woman, a little too soft-hearted perhaps, but that was her only fault. Lady Westmoor did not in the least believe in her grandchild's illness, but Miss Gower should be permitted to have her own way, and send for a doctor.

The countess's letter had come by an afternoon post; and Eva, having left it in Miss Rachel's hands, went out into the garden in search of her pupil.

Nurse had carried a cane chair to a sheltered spot on the lawn, and Anna sat on a stool by her side, resting against nurse's knees, and reading her favourite fairy tales. Her little face had acquired a look of gentleness and patience that was very touching to see. Eva knelt down upon the grass and kissed her.

"Anna, dear," she said, "I have been talking to my aunties about you, and we all think that our little girl doesn't eat quite enough, and isn't so rosy as we want her to be."

"I can't always eat when I try," answered Anna, stroking Eva's soft cheek with a thin little finger.

"No, pet; you have a poor appetite. And so I'm going to write to Dr. Ascott—a very nice, kind man—to come and see you."

"When will he come?" Anna asked.

"I shall write to-night, and he will be here to-morrow. He lives in a town three miles away."

"Doesn't your friend—Mr. Kerr—come to-morrow?"

"Yes; but he will not arrive till evening."

"I want to see him because his name is Douglas. Is he an old man, like Bell-the-cat?"

"Not old, but not very young. He will tell you more tales about the Douglases than I can, for he comes of their race. And he has often gone fishing on Loch Leven, and has seen the ruins of the castle on the island."

"Oh, I'm glad he's coming!" said Anna, with her old animation. "I think he is 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true'!"

"Shouldn't you like to come and lie on Aunt Carrie's sofa by the window?" Eva asked. "I have found 'Tales of my Grandfather' to read aloud to you."

"Yes, I should like it," replied Anna, getting up languidly. "I wonder what is the matter with my back, Miss Gower? It does ache so."

"Better lie down a bit, missy," said nurse, with a glance at Eva. "I don't know anything nicer for little ladies than to lie on a sofa and be read to."

"I know something nicer than that," rejoined Anna, shrewdly: "There's nothing so nice as being strong and well, and not wanting to lie down till you go to bed at night."

"Well, well, we shall get strong again by-and-bye," said nurse, in a comfortable tone. And Eva put her arm round the child, and led her into the house.

It was the beginning of a good many afternoons on the sofa. Anna sank down upon Aunt Carrie's soft pillows with a sigh of satisfaction. The window was widely opened, and roses sent a breath of faint sweetness across her couch; peacock butterflies were fluttering through the warm air, and Miss Rachel's bees were humming among the flowers. Eva's voice blended pleasantly with the drowsy summer sounds out-of-doors, and Anna listened in languid contentment. At last her large dark eyes closed, and she fell asleep.

Eva shut the book, and silently drew her work-basket towards her. But while her hands were busy with crochet, her eyes were dim with tears.

Like all true women, she had a strong instinct of motherliness. The sight of any lonesome young thing always moved her to intense compassion, and the desire to protect and cherish. It seemed to her that God meant her to take the place of the mother whom Anna had never known. And as she sat by the sleeping child, she resolved that she would give her all the care and comfort which that mother would have given.

She had received Douglas Kerr's letter, telling her that she must soon prepare herself for her new home in another land. And she had taken the tidings into her heart, with a quiet joy, knowing that the life, so much desired, was about to begin for Douglas and herself. But a little pain was tempering the gladness: for her husband she must leave all; the beloved aunts, growing old women now, and the little pupil whose very peculiarities had endeared her to the governess. The full sunshine, earnestly prayed for and waited for, was now streaming brightly into her world; but there were certain shady places which its light could not reach.

As she sat by Anna's couch she tried to picture her home in New York, and realise the new life on which she was about to enter. She had no fears concerning the untried path that lay before her; there was not a single flaw in her faith in Douglas. So good had God been to Eva Gower that her heart had never lost its habit of perfect trust in those she loved, nor even in the outer world. Where others would have found it difficult to believe, she found it hard to doubt.

Anna woke refreshed, and ready to do her best at tea-time. But it made Eva's heart ache to see the dainty little strips of toast left untouched upon the child's plate, and to meet the wistful look in the dark eyes as Anna said gently, "Indeed, I *do* try to eat, Miss Gower."

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In the evening, Clarice Burne came to Lake Lodge, and sat and talked with Eva in the twilight.

It was Eva's turn now to unburden her heart, and Clarice listened and sympathised. She perfectly understood all the gladness and sadness that mingled in her friend's lot, and spoke the very words that Eva had wanted to hear.

"You are a very happy woman, Eva," she said. "I have always pitied people whose engagements daundered on year after year without coming to anything. One doesn't like a tree to be too long in blossom, although the blossoms are pretty and pleasant enough in their way."

"I am very happy and grateful," Eva answered. "And yet I could find it in my heart to cry like a baby when I think of leaving that poor child in her lonely school-room in Brook Street? How will she bear to be in that room without me? I can fancy her talking to the pictures and telling them all my old stories."

"You must commit little Anna to God," said Clarice, in her sweet, thoughtful way. "When He calls us away from our places, He means to take care of those we leave behind. Remember that we leave them with Him, and is not His keeping as safe as ours?"

"Far safer, Clarice. And then there are the dear aunties. But I shall try to persuade them to follow us."

"You must be thoroughly established in your own home before you ask them to leave theirs. But I really don't see why they should not follow you one day. They are not very old, and Miss Caroline is much stronger than she used to be."

A little wind was rising with the tide and blowing softly through the open window. Leaves and flowers were whispering out of doors, and a star or two had begun to twinkle through the grey veil of dusk.

"Clarice," said Eva after a pause, "I wonder why it pleases God to fulfil all my hopes; why should I be more favoured than you are?"

"Because you have a calmer nature than mine, Eva," Clarice answered, "and have I not told you that I spoiled my own happiness? God did not take Alan from me; it was my jealous, hasty temper that drove him away. I was left to myself,—left to the guidance of my own undisciplined, idolatrous heart. I did not care about anything but Alan; I did not ask God to teach me how to love aright, and so my love only embittered, instead of sweetening Alan's life."

"Are you not too hard upon yourself, dear Clarice?"

"No, Eva; you little know how much I was to blame. That miserable scene was the last of many scenes. He had been sorely tried before his patience and love broke down. I wonder where he is now! Out in India, I suppose. Sometimes, Eva, I do wish that he could meet the new, self-restrained Clarice, and hear her tell what a change Christ's love has wrought in her life."

"I cannot think how he could have forgotten you," said Eva, almost bitterly.

"He told me that he never could forget me. But he had a deeply-rooted conviction that we should not be happy together. He believed, not unreasonably, that we should make each other wretched."

"He was a short-sighted man," Eva remarked, with a touch of scorn in her tone.

"I don't know that he was," Clarice replied. "If he had married the old Clarice, there would have been misery for both. God knew that only severe discipline would bring me to my right mind."

The wind was growing chill, and the twilight was deepening into darkness. Clarice rose to depart.

"Don't walk home with me," she said, kissing Eva. "You have already been too long away from Anna, and I have but a little way to go."

She went out of the house and under the rose-laden porch, little knowing whose feet were soon to cross that threshold; and then she took her way across the dewy meadow, passing the great tower of the castle, and the mouldering walls of the keep, and coming into the village street. One or two persons were standing at their doors enjoying the cool air. A rich fragrance came from the nurseryman's greenhouses and gardens. Lights were gleaming from several windows; and as Clarice approached the cottage-gate she saw Dorothy's shadow move across the blind.

"The summer will soon be over," thought Clarice, "and then Dorothy and I shall spend our long winter evenings together. We shall have a quiet Christmas here. Well, I suppose this is the only earthly home that I am ever to know. I ought to be thoroughly contented, for it is a very happy home."

And it was a contented face that met Dorothy's glance as she greeted her sister at the door.

"I'm glad you stayed a good long time with Eva," said Mrs. Vallance, laughing. "Bessie Mardock has been here asking for you; and when she found you were not at home she prowled about the street till it grew dark, and then she was obliged to go away. What a fuss she would make, Clarice, if you were going to be married instead of Eva Gower!"

"She isn't likely to lose me in that way," responded Clarice, taking off her hat and shawl.

"Who can tell?" said Dorothy, lightly. "'It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.'"

THE NEW LIFE.

IV.—THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"I CAN only pray." We often hear it said, as if to have resort to prayer were indeed being reduced to the last extremity, deprived of every resource; whereas it is bringing all the resources of God into action on our behalf. Of all the forces that are at work in this world of ours, prayer is the mightiest. Silent, multitudinous are the influences that fashion things around us. Physical forces bind the planets in their courses, and hold the waters of the deep in their hollows; mental forces mould the intellect, and guide the reason; forces of affection, gentler yet more powerful, govern the heart. But of these none are to be compared with the agency of words spoken from the lips of men, women, and little children into the ear of God.

If that God were merely a First Cause, only resistless Law, there might be no room for such words. But if He be my Father, loving me with an infinite love, bending over me with continuous care, com-

we learn his heart. And we see that Son passing by no feeblest hand that is stretched out for help, shutting his ear to no faintest cry that reaches Him for succour, putting forth his hand to touch a leper's skin; waiting to dry a widow's tears, to open a blind man's eyes; stooping even to the child-hearts. Here is One to whom I may kneel, and from whom my prayer may draw mightiest works.

Knowing God as the living Father through Jesus Christ, our souls grow strong with trust. Faith realises Him at our side, and prayer becomes the stretching forth of the hand to clasp his. So we enter into communion with his eternal power, with his unchanging love. Our natures feel the rest of a Divine nature above, yet in sympathy with, them. Our thoughts meet response in his thoughts, our desires are filled from the Heart wherein are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Prayer is sinfulness coming to the fountain of purity; it is weakness taking hold of Divine strength; it is darkness losing itself in heavenly light; it is emptiness taking from the deep ocean-fulness of God. Prayer is the nestling of the babe in the mother's arms; it is the turning of the child to the father's face. Because it thus links our lives with God's, it is powerful to produce the mightiest results, the most lasting fruits. Stephen prayed, and his face shone like an angel's; Paul prayed, and there fell from his eyes the blinding scales, and from his heart the scales of deeper spirit-blindness; Cornelius prayed, and in heaven still he rejoices in the fruit of his prayers; Lydia prayed, and her heart was opened; the Church prayed, and the angel was sent to deliver Peter. The page of Old Testament history is studded with examples of the power of prayer. There is no marvel that God's wonder-working hand will not perform in answer to the petition of those ancient men of faith, no good that He will withhold, when their souls seek it of Him. We read the record with glad faith; and there, too often, we stop. We do not believe that prayer has *now* the power it had when, at Moses' intercession, Israel was spared; when, at Elijah's command, fire descended from heaven; when, at Hezekiah's entreaty, Jerusalem was saved. What David and Paul experienced, we hardly expect to be ours. The very heavens and earth seem to rebuke our unbelief, for surely God works in *them* as marvellously now as of old. Not less fair is this earth now than when David sang of morning's holy calm and evening's hush; of rivers and fountains leaping for very gladness; of mountains and hills standing fast in their everlasting strength.

Can we believe God's workings in the spiritual world are more changeable than in the natural? The young ravens, when they cry He feedeth still, as in the days when He pointed Job to his care of them; the grass in its mute plea for rain He satisfies now as when Elihu said, "He maketh small the drops of water, to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth." But the days when verily He inclined His ear to listen to the words of a man, are not they past? Strange yet true, it is because God is *closer* to us, that we do not feel Him; because His answers to our petitions are *more* wondrous, that we do not believe in them. Signs visible to sense no longer appear when the soul's silent prayer ascends. No land. And because prayer acts in no such material way, we are slow to realise its heaven-moving might. Because God works only his grandest effects in answer to it, we wonder if He works at all. We do not open our spirits to see the marvels that outward eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived.

Yet we need not go to bye-gone times to be taught what things are wrought by prayer. Come with me to some homes in this land of ours to-day, and see what it is doing. Watch that mother, as she bends over the child given her to keep for God; mark the tear that springs unbidden to her eye, as she realises alike the deep joy, and the deep responsibility of such guardianship. Then listen to the low-breathed prayer, and know whence comes the power with which so wisely and tenderly she trains the little one; and in the child's life see embodied the might of the mother's prayer. Mark him upon whom life's labours have pressed heavily. The dimming touch of care has left its traces on his brow, many perplexities are daily around his footsteps. But see him enter the silent chamber, and ask of the Father the daily guidance and daily supplies, and wonder not that he is fearless and calm.

There is another, in whose path sore temptation lies, who can follow the dictates of duty only by the sacrifice of what is dear and precious. Whence comes the panoply in which, divinely clad, he resists all the assaults of the evil one? He has gained it in the secret wrestling with God. Wavering becomes courage, doubt grows into certainty, in that holy presence.

Well do God's children know that all their strength springs from those cherished moments when they lose themselves in Him. Well can they recall times when the landscape of their life was dark, and seeking refuge in prayer, as they knelt, a rift was made in the clouded sky, and heaven's own sunshine, has broken through. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." There is no mountain of difficulty prayer will not remove, no hedged-in path to which it does not open some outlet. Hearts prone to sink beneath the pressure of sorrow and disappointment as the sand beneath the footsteps, grow rock-like in firmness by the power of prayer.

God wants us to be so like Himself that He never gives us a power for ourselves without granting us likewise the capability to use it for others. How different had been our case, had He made us each an isolated being, independent of all others. Priests are we unto our God. The Son of Man is the Great High Priest, the World's Intercessor. But under Him is every redeemed child of man exalted to the holy office of intercessor. This world is indeed a world of woe and sin, but have we ever tried to imagine what it would be without the prayers that day and night rise from it to God's Throne? On the Sunday sometimes we realise the blessedness of the great assemblies gathered together all over the earth, pouring out like praises and like prayers. Were our inner eye clear, not on Sundays only but every day we should see bands of holy men and women united in secret supplication for the world perishing around them. Then should we understand how weakness is made strong, how cold lips are


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touched as with a coal from God's altar, and speak words of life. We know sorrowful hearts, can we comfort them? We know anxious, burdened lives, can we help them? "No," we are ready to say,

> "What blessing word can I
> From my own tears keep dry?
> My good reverts to ill,
> My calmnesses would move thee,
> My softnesses would prick thee,
> My bindings up would break thee,
> My crownings curse and kill."

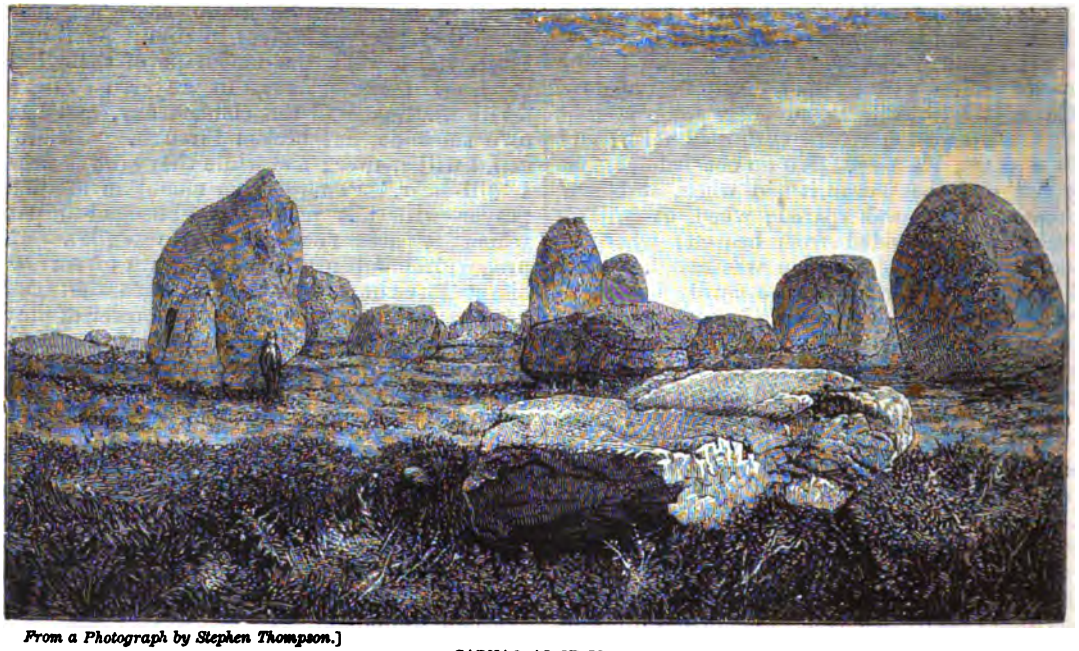
But, blessed be God, the help we cannot bring we can gain. Why should love's pleading be so powerful in the Saviour's ear, do we ask? Because He is Himself the pleader, because with each hour of His eternal life is linked His own intercession. Reverently yet confidently may we feel it. What accents of tenderness have been so mighty as those poured forth on the night of his betrayal: "*Thine* they were, and Thou gavest them Me . . . . Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me."

How little the world knows what it owes to the prayers of its unknown pleaders! There is the invalid whom pain holds in its resistless grasp, she surely has no power to bless? Amidst the myriads of busy toilers there is one,

> "Her young life was blighted
> By the withering touch of woe;
> Her days were sad and weary,
> And she never went forth to sow:
> But there rose from her couch of suffering
> The fervent pleading prayer:
> She looks on many a radiant brow,
> And she reads the answer there."

"There is one thing that causes me regret above all others," said an aged minister on his death-bed. "It is that I have not prayed more." Oh, let it not be ours to realise when too late to use it well, this mighty power God has placed within our hands. We talk of lost opportunities, of neglected possibilities. But in looking back upon our lives from the border of the grave, might not our saddest regret indeed be that we had failed to pray as we ought? We may have gone hither and thither with busy feet; we may have planned with active brain, and executed with willing hands, but we have not in spirit waited upon God, and our loss is an eternal one. May He awaken us to the sense of our privilege and our responsibility, not as by a sudden flash in the dark night of death, but even now softly as by the gently-coming light of morning! The day of new opportunity is still before us. Let there be in our spirits a fresh turning to Him, and a deepened, solemn, yet blessed sense of the infinite possibilities of our lives. C. E. L.

CARNAC, BRITTANY.



From a Photograph by Stephen Thompson.]

CARNAC AS IT IS.

SHADOWS of the unknown have for ages rested over the pre-historic "borderland" that veils from mortal gaze the early life of man on the earth. But in these latter days, a new and distinct branch of knowledge has arisen—the scientific study of the remains of pre-historic times. This new science has borne fruitful results; has collected a vast array of interesting facts, and prepared the way for yet further results; has dispelled many illusions, and, it must be added, has left many questions of the gravest import shrouded in as deep a mystery as ever. The first appearance of man in Europe is a

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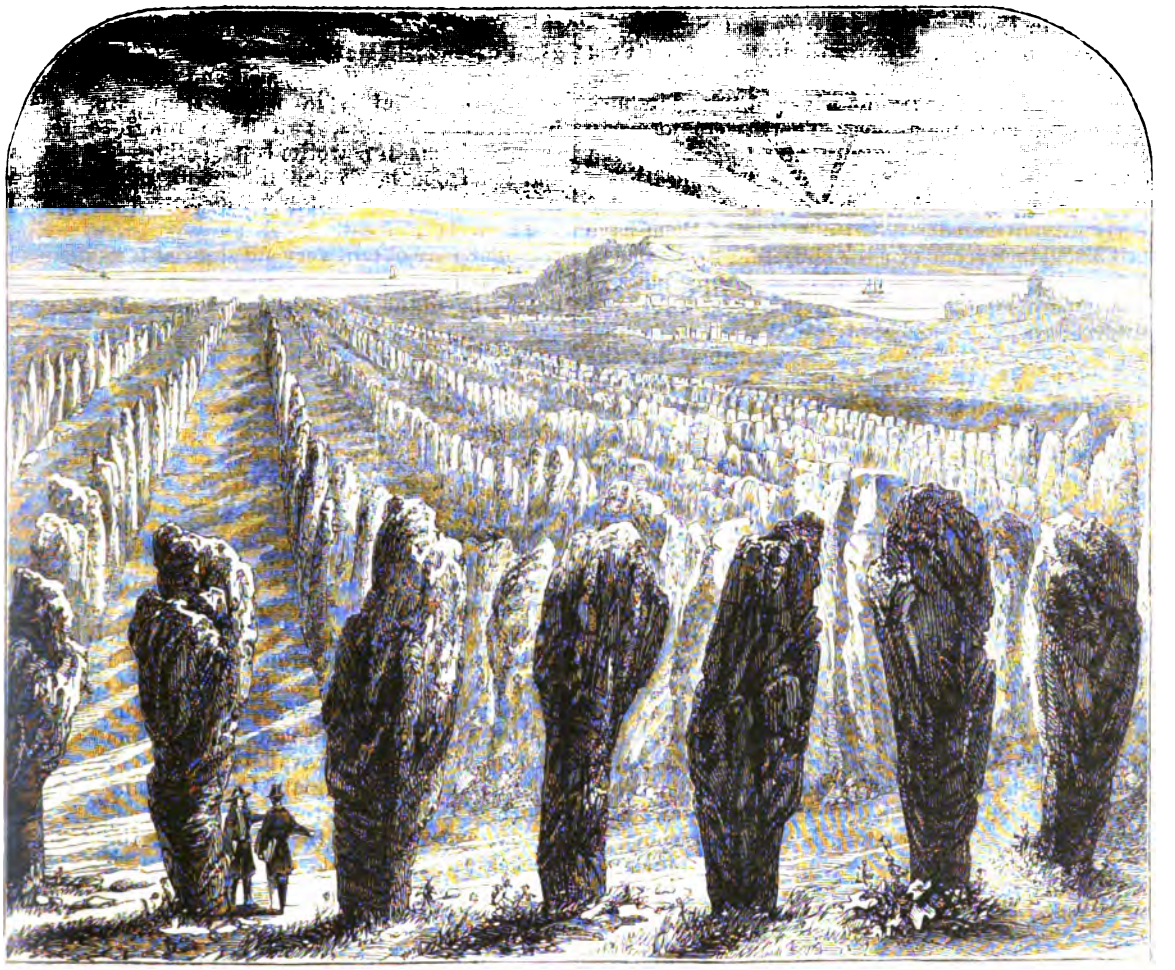
discovered relating to the men who have at some time lived in this speechless past, we are able to determine with accuracy the geologic period in which they lived, the animals, now extinct, with which they shared possession of the earth, and to classify these remains, consisting mainly of abodes for the living, tombs for the dead, temples for worship, implements for use, and ornaments for decoration.

Pre-historic archæologists have agreed to divide these mysterious times into four great epochs: 1. That of the Drift, when man shared the possession of Europe with the mammoth, the cave bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and other extinct animals. This is called the "Palæolithic" period. 2. The later, or Polished Stone Age; a period characterised by beautiful weapons and implements made of flint and other stones, bearing no trace of the knowledge of any metal excepting gold, which was sometimes used for ornaments. This is called the "Neolithic" period. 3. The Bronze Age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds. 4. The Iron Age, in which metal had superseded bronze implements of peace and war: bronze still being used, but not for the blades.

they have been coeval; and there are parts of the world still under "the stone age."

These pre-historic antiquities are found everywhere, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; their aggregate number is enormous. The remains found in connection with them, consisting principally of implements, weapons, and ornaments, are almost countless; and we have now museums wholly appropriated to the custody, classification, and study of such collections. Foremost amongst them may be mentioned the "Christy" Museum, at present located in Victoria Street until space can be found for it at the British Museum, on the removal of the National History Department to South Kensington. Also the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury, particularly rich in specimens from Ancient Mexico and Peru. In these studies there is no gradual blending of historic with pre-historic times. The division is sharp and decisive, and the gulf has not yet been bridged. Egypt was highly civilised when her history begins; its origin is lost in the night of time, beyond the ken of historic or monumental record. Assyria daily yields up her clay-cold tablets and books, and by the great advancement of cuneiform decipherment, we are enabled to unroll the history



RESTORATION OF THE CARNAC STONES.

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year by year of one of the ancient civilisations nearest the pre-historic borderland. But with the newer branch of study, silent facts, evidences of man in company with other animals than ours, rude drawings on bones, stone weapons of man, spindle-whorls of women, and the dim, but still indisputable history which the hand of nature has written in the caves of pre-historic man, are the only records of the past. How much has nevertheless been done; how great the store of knowledge accumulated is truly surprising! The climatic conditions under which these rude generations lived is fully understood, and of their habits and modes of life we have abundant evidence.

The celebrated monument of Carnac in the Morbihan, Brittany, is the most extensive in France, or indeed in Europe. Like Abury and Stonehenge —believed by Sir John Lubbock to have been used as temples—Carnac belongs to the "Stone" age. Its present extent give but a very inadequate idea of its original dimensions. There were formerly some twelve thousand stones standing in eleven rows, forming ten avenues. The wild heath on which these stones were placed, has now become nearly all cultivated. Great numbers of them have been altogether removed; the church of St. Cornelay in the village is said to have been wholly built of these stones, and numberless farmhouses, walls, and buildings bear evidence of the extent to which this ready quarry has been drawn upon by the local Bretons. It is very difficult to distinguish any order in their arrangement now, when such a large number have disappeared, and so many of those remaining have been overthrown, or enclosed by hedges, but a closer inspection will reveal that notwithstanding the huge gaps they must have once stood in regular lines, of which our picture attempts a restoration. There are no trilithons, as at Stonehenge.

As in England, popular superstition connects them with the Druids and Druidical worship, though without any sufficient reason. Traditions of the strange life and mysterious rites of the Druids are still preserved, and this belief has yet an influence by no means effaced from the Breton mind. Pilgrimages are made and stealthy visits paid in the depth of night to certain stones and fountains, in defiance of the prohibition of the priests, and sick cattle led round and round these sacred spots, in the secrecy of darkness, accompanied by muttered prayers and incantations. The influence of paganism lingered longer in these remote districts than anywhere else, attached as it was to visible objects. The Romish priesthood at length sought to eradicate it by engrafting their own faith upon the old idolatrous worship, converting the dolmen into a chapel, and surmounting the menhir, or monolith, with a crucifix, a typical example of which is the Pierre du Champ Dolent, near Dol, a very remarkable stone thirty-five feet high above the ground, and said to be as many feet below, standing alone in the centre of a large cornfield.

To obtain a comprehensive view of Carnac, the visitor should ascend the great tumulus of Mont St. Michel, nearer the village (not to be confounded with Mont St. Michel on the Norman coast), from the top of which he may also see the whole of the peninsula of Quiberon washed by the grey sea of this melancholy coast. The tumulus itself is of great extent and sixty-five feet in height at its apex. Some years ago it was opened and found to contain a square chamber, in which there were eleven beautiful jade celts, two large rough celts, and twenty-six small petrolite celts, besides one hundred and ten stone beads and fragments of flint, but no trace of metal.

There is a small hotel at Carnac where the traveller may obtain very substantial fare, including such luxuries as oysters in abundance, from beds belonging to the proprietor, at prices absurdly low, and should he sojourn long enough thereat he may probably have to assist in the making up of his own bill, renewing thereby his lost faith in the simple goodness of such worthy people as *Madame la Maîtresse*. The "Pardon" at Carnac takes place in September, when the church of St. Cornelay runs over, and flows down the street on either side in a long queue of bare-headed, kneeling worshippers, picturesquely attired.

Perhaps after all, the most impressive thing about Carnac is its mysterious age. There stand the memorial stones, while seasons come and go, century after century. Dumb, motionless, unchangeable, their unconscious endurance seems to rebuke the vain stir and fret that wastes life's little day. Long before the Christian era, ere the Romans came, and built the villas lying in ruins around, some of which have been recently excavated; ere Clovis or Charlemagne; ere Merovingian, Carlovingian, Capet, or Bourbon king, these grey stones stood as they stand to-day, listening to the murmur of the sea as it washes the bay that looks out on the stormy Atlantic, where ships go by to continents whose existence was not then even dreamt of.

THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

VI.—THE FALSE FINERY OF THE PULPIT.

READERS of John Ruskin will not forget his wise and eloquent words in "The Stones of Venice," in which he descants upon the mission and the power of the pulpit. Sitting in the Duomo, or chief church of the Isola di Torcello, the mother island of the Venetian States, sitting before the pulpit, impressive in the severe simplicity of its ancient and early beauty, an elevated train of thought passed through the mind of the brilliant critic as to the symbolism of the pulpit in all ages. English people who have not travelled have very little idea of either the magnitude or the magnificence of the pulpits of the continent, although some splendid models may be seen in the South Kensington

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Museum. It would seem that while some preachers have attempted in the pulpit the display of a gorgeous pomp of words, and the artifices of a splendid rhetoric, others have attempted to convert the very wood, marble, and mosaics into a sort of speechless Bossuet of fine carved work. The pulpit of the Cathedral of Louvain does not date beyond the year 1742, but it represents St. Peter on a rock, and the conversion of St. Paul, surmounted by palm trees; the stricken horse and fallen rider are the admiration of all artists for their beauty of form and expression. But many of the pulpits of the Netherlands are remarkable for the strength and majesty of their wood-carving. Sometimes they stand on pillars, representing, in life-size, the prophets or the evangelists; sometimes the cunning of the artist has been displayed in the symbols of the four creatures of Ezekiel or the Revelation; sometimes the preacher stands as before the tall stem and the overshadowing branches of a noble tree. In St. Andrew's, in Antwerp, one of the most beautiful and singular of the carved pulpits of the Netherlands represents Andrew and Peter called from their nets and boats by the Saviour. The pulpit was built by Van Hool, the figures were executed by Van Gheel, and the figure of our Saviour has a dignity of expression to which it might be thought impossible that the wood-carver could attain. Such are the pulpits of the Netherlands, characterised by a sombre magnificence.

Crossing the Alps, and descending into the land of sunlight, the pulpits become far more light and spacious, costly, but with the costliness of marbles and mosaics, and often abounding with meretricious ornament and display. All these varieties of art were no doubt passing through the mind and memory of Mr. Ruskin when the plain, but very ancient pulpit of Torcello suggested to him the wise thoughts to which we referred above. "When the sermon is good," he says, "we need not much concern ourselves about the form of the pulpit;" and then he goes on: "I believe, therefore, in the first place that pulpits ought never to be highly decorated. The speaker is apt to look mean or diminutive if the pulpit is either on a very large scale or covered with splendid ornament. I have observed that in almost all cathedrals, when the pulpits are peculiarly magnificent, sermons are not often preached from them; but rather, and especially if for any important purpose, from some temporary erection in other parts of the building;" and a little farther on he continues: "There are two ways of regarding a sermon; either as a human composition or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning for our better delight, whether of ear or intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and to think that all is not well if the pulpit have not a golden fringe round it and a goodly cushion in front of it, and if the sermon be not fairly written in a black book, to be smoothed upon the cushion in a majestic manner before beginning. All this we shall duly come to expect; but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three-quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds, in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But, if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavour to conceive how precious those hours ought to be to him—a small vantage on the side of God after his flock has been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptation—and he has been forced to watch the thorn and thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and, at last, when breathless and weary with the week's labour, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself has stretched forth her hands, and no man regarded—thirty minutes to raise the dead in: let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from whence the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them. We shall not so easily bear with the silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger; we shall wish that his words may be simple even when they are sweetest, and the place from whence he speaks, like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst."

And from the false finery *of* the pulpit itself, how easy and how natural is the transition to the false finery *in* the pulpit—the false finery of words, the meretricious and finical adornments which have so often drawn the attention away from the reality and the truth, which it is, and should ever be, the chief business of the preacher to present to the heart and to the mind—as if it were to a thirsty man of prime importance that the draught of water should be offered in a jewelled chalice or a rich porcelain vase. Robert Browning satirizes this propensity in the pulpit when he says,

> "Ha! is God mocked, as He asks?
> Shall I take upon me to change his tasks?
> And dare, despatched to a river-head
> For a simple draught of the element,
> Neglect the thing for which He sent,
> And return with another thing instead!
> Saying, 'Because the water found
> Welling up from underground
> Is mingled with the taints of earth;
> Therefore, I turned from the oozings muddy,
> And bring thee a chalice I found instead:
> What matters the water? A hope I have nursed,
> That the waterless cup will quench my thirst.'
> Better have knelt at the poorest stream,

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That trickles in pain from the straitest rift!
For the less or the more is all God's gift;
I then, in ignorance and weakness,
Taking God's help, have attained to think
My heart does best to receive in meekness
That mode of worship as most to his mind,
Where earthly aids being cast behind,
His All in all appears serene,
With the thinnest human veil between,
Letting the mystic lamps, the seven,
The many motions of his Spirit,
Pass, as they list, to earth from heaven.
For the preacher's merit or demerit,
It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
In the earthern vessel, holding treasure,
Which lies as safe in a golden ewer;
But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matters!"

Thus both orders of pulpit finery do remind us very naturally of that odd, perhaps, not unpicturesque, but surely uncomfortable architecture of our forefathers, described by Grey as an effort

"To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

There was, perhaps is, an order of pulpit finery and affectation which was well reproved by Antony Vieyra, a Portuguese preacher of the early part of the seventeenth century, to whom we have already referred in a preceding paper. He says: "It is possible to hear a preacher speaking in our own language and not to understand what he says—it seems sometimes necessary to have a vocabulary for the pulpit. I could wish, at all events, our preachers would be intelligible in their proper names, for they, in their ornateness, have rebaptized the saints, and every author whom they cite is an enigma. Thus they speak of the 'Penitent Sceptre,' and of the 'Evangelistic Apelles'; thus of the 'Eagle of Africa,' thus of the 'Honeycomb of Clairvaux,' of the 'Purple of Bethlehem,' of the 'Mouth of Gold.' Do you call this quoting? They say that the 'Penitent Sceptre' means David, the 'Evangelistic Apelles,' Luke, the 'Honeycomb of Clairvaux,' Saint Bernard, the 'Purple of Bethlehem,' Saint Jerome, the 'Eagle of Africa,' Saint Augustine, the 'Mouth of Gold,' Saint Chrysostom. But a man might take it the other way. I believe that the 'Purple of Bethlehem' was Herod, the 'Eagle of Africa,' Scipio, the 'Mouth of Gold,' Midas. If an advocate were thus to quote Bartholus or Baldus, would you trust your cause in his hands? If a man were thus to speak in conversation, would you not set him down as a fool? That, then, which is folly in ordinary life, why should it be wisdom in the pulpit?" Charles Simeon was, as all our readers know, a great critic in sermons. A young preacher was reading to him a sermon, hoping to receive his approbation, and he reached the following passage: "Amidst the tumult and ecstasy of the children of Israel the son of Amram stood unmoved" "The son of Amram!" interrupted Simeon, "the son of Amram! Who was he?" "Why, sir, I meant Moses." "Then," exclaimed the critic, "if you meant Moses why could you not say Moses?"

We love Jeremy Taylor, and it is exceedingly delightful to read many of his sermons; but it sometimes seems a very fair question to ask how far they could have been of any possible use to the persons who listened to them? They are rich mosaics, and remind us very much of those splendid pulpits to which we have just referred; full of rich and rare learning, and strains of what may in truth be called splendid poetry, brilliant coruscations of genius; but they are like a magnificent robe which only hides the beauty of the figure, or a rapid series of dissolving views which rather divert than fix the attention. We have no love for Dr. South; with all his strength and frequent reality of wit, he is far too coarse for our taste. It may be supposed that no small amount of jealousy of Taylor mingled with a criticism which is, beyond all doubt, intended for him, or for his style. When speaking of the preaching of Paul, from the text, "I preach not with the enticing words of man's wisdom," Dr. South says, "We have nothing here of 'the fringes of the north star,' nothing of 'nature's becoming unnatural,' nothing of the 'down of angel's wings,' or the 'beautiful locks of cherubims;' no starched similitudes, with a 'Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion,' and the like; no, these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit. The apostles, poor mortals, were content to take much lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms, 'He that believeth shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned'; but they made their hearers cry out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?'" We need not quote more of South's criticism; it was like the man, harsh and unkind, but containing, not the less, a just denunciation of finery in the pulpit.

And truly we have many instances lying before us of sermons in which the false finery has only given a ridiculous aspect to the whole discourse; but which, of course, was never the case with Taylor. Robert Robinson, in his notes to his edition of Claude's well-known essay on the "Composition of a Sermon," quotes from a discourse by Father Selle, a celebrated French Dominican, from the text, "I do set my bow in the cloud," surely a very sweetly suggestive text, and one which a skilful fancy and a pious mind might easily play upon in an exceedingly elevating and comfortable manner. The first words of Father Selle are not very exceptionable; he says, "It is not enough for the celestial rainbow to please the eye; it conveys the richest consolation into the heart, the word of God having constituted it the happy presage of tranquillity and peace; 'I do set my bow in the cloud';" but then the preacher goes on to show how "the bow, enriched with clouds, becomes the crown of the world, the gracefulness of the air, the garland of the universe, the salubrity of heaven, the pomp of nature, the triumph of Serenity, the ensign of Love, the picture of Clemency, the messenger of Liberality, the mansion of amorous smiles, the rich stanza of Pleasure—in fine, the trumpet of Peace, for 'I do set my bow in the cloud'!" After this strange muddle of incongruous images and mixed metaphors, the preacher took another flight, in a strain too ridiculous, if not too irreverent for us to quote.

An impetuous fancy will often carry even a faithful preacher who possesses these attributes, and who has not severely disciplined his style in the study, into a prurient indulgence in words which hang like gilded tassels and false fringes of speech upon his discourse. But it has been truly said that the

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man who deliberately goes into the pulpit to utter fine things is guilty of a great sin.

It has been remarked also that sometimes a sincere desire to open or elucidate Scripture has led to a solemn trifling which has, indeed, illustrated the preacher's ingenuity in a play of idle fancy. Van der Meulen of Utrecht, in his "Dissertations" published in 1713, shall furnish us with an illustration of what we mean. The text from which the good man discourses is Genesis ii. 21, 22: "And the Lord took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman." Upon this the preacher proceeded to enquire first, "Was the rib taken from the right or the left side of Adam? Second, Was Adam, after the loss of that rib, a maimed or imperfect man?" very grave and important questions for discussion in the pulpit! Then he proceeds "Thirdly, Why was Eve formed of a rib, and not of the dust of the ground? Had Eve been created of the dust of the ground she would have been a stranger to Adam; had she been created out of his foot, he might have despised her, or trampled upon her, as being very much his inferior; had she been produced out of his head, she might have taken too much upon herself, and pretended to domineer; it was therefore more proper that she should be taken from the middle of Adam's body, on which account he could not but have a due esteem for her;" and then the preacher cites, in confirmation of this doctrine, the words of the Angelical Doctor, Thomas Aquinas; and those also of "the master of the Sentences," Duns Scotus, who says, "I take thee not to be my mistress, or my servant, but my wife!" This childish love of the marvellous, and silly desire of uttering sparkling things before the eyes or ears of a congregation, has led many a good man astray by the discovery of false brilliants in the word of God which, assuredly, the Divine Spirit never put there.

How different is all this from the usually judicious management of dear old Matthew Henry, whose ingenuity was certainly equalled by his solidity of judgment. Take his sermon on Ephesians iv. 22, 24: "Put off the old man; put on the new," in which he brings out in four particulars, what it is to die of sin, what it is to live to righteousness.

In Particular.

1. Put off *Pride* (Jer. xiii. 15); put on *Humility* (1 Pet. v. 5).
2. Put off *Passion* (Col. iii. 8); put on *Meekness* (1 Pet. iii. 4).
3. Put off *Covetousness* (Heb. xiii. 5); put on *Contentment* (Heb. xiii. 5).
4. Put off *Contention* (Gen. xiii. 8); put on *Peaceableness* (James iii. 7).

There can be no doubt that hearers do delight in the exhibition of ingenuity in dealing with a subject, and foolish preachers have often conformed themselves to this taste in a very reprehensible manner; but Matthew Henry has, in an especial manner, shown how this ingenuity may be employed in a most useful and exemplary manner. Probably no circumstance in Scripture seems less likely to furnish a fruitful, pleasant, and instructive discourse than that instance when the Ethiopian, Ebed-melech, drew Jeremiah out of the dungeon with "cords, old cast clouts, and rotten rags." Now notice how Matthew Henry turns the story to use: "First fact—A prophet is in a dungeon," from which he observes, "It is common for wicked people to look upon God's faithful ministers as their enemies." "Second fact—The king could not help him;" observation, "Those will have a great deal to answer for who, though they have a secret kindness for good people, dare not own it in a time of need." "Third fact—Ebed-melech was an Ethiopian;" observation, "Some Gentiles have more piety and equity, and sense of right than some Jews," etc., etc. "Fourth fact—Ebed-melech was a courtier;" observation, "God has a remnant in all places, and among all sorts; there were even saints in Cæsar's household." "Fifth fact—The king was sitting in the gate on public business when Ebed-melech applied to him for the release of Jeremiah;" observation, "Whither should oppressed innocency flee for protection but to the throne? No time must be lost when life is in danger, especially a valuable life; God can raise up friends for his people in distress when they little thought of them." "Sixth fact—The king orders his release;" observation "The hearts of kings are in God's hands; let this encourage us to appear boldly for God; we may succeed better than we could have thought." "Eighth fact—Ebed-melech took old clouts and rags from under the treasury in the king's house;" observation, "No waste should be made even in kings' palaces; broken linen, like broken meat, should be preserved for the use of the poor." "Ninth fact—Ebed-melech directed Jeremiah to put the soft rags under his arm-holes;" observation, "Distressed people should be relieved with tenderness." "Tenth fact—Ebed-meleoh did not throw the rags down, but let them down by cords;" observation, "The poor should be relieved with respect," etc., etc. This is ingenious, but it is solid.

The first pulpit of which we have any account was no doubt a very plain one; it was when, as we read, "Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose, and opened the book of the Law in the sight of all the people; for he was above all the people; and when he opened the book, all the people stood up; and he read in the book of the Law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused the people to understand the meaning." They had put up the pulpit in some street or square, near the old water-gate, and there were probably fifty thousand people assembled together. Few stories of great preachings and preachers are more pathetic than that of the preaching of Ezra on that Sabbath day morning—"the first day of the seventh month," the time of the Feast of Trumpets—the preaching of the Word should always be a Feast of Trumpets. What an affecting account we have of the sermon; the people all bathed in tears, till Nehemiah said, "Mourn not, nor weep," for all the people wept, and then further, the preacher said, "Go your way; eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." And so, while some remained behind, and "made themselves booths from olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle and palm branches, and the branches of thick trees," others returned home—those who were near home—and we read again repeated, "They went their way to eat and drink, and to send portions to them for whom nothing was prepared; and they made great mirth because they had understood the words of the Law that were declared unto them." We have always thought this one of the finest illustrations of power

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in the ancient pulpit; there was no finery about it, but it was effective, and it is an instance of what the pulpit, in its lesser or larger sweep of power, ought always to be. And it is probable, as in the instance of our great revival, from this auspicious moment public preaching became universal throughout the land, and every little neighbourhood had its synagogue and its proseucha—its place of public, and its spot for more private prayer; but the instance certainly illustrates what it has been the chief object of this paper to say, that the plainer the pulpit, and the more unadorned the discourse, the more they have been the vehicles of great spiritual power.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.



NO. XI.—TREADING OUT THE CORN.

THIS picture represents what you could never see in England. Here, when farmers want to thresh out the corn they often use a steam engine, which does a great deal very quickly. The old-fashioned way in England was to do it in a barn or a wooden floor; men used what is called a flail—one stick loosely fastened on the top of another; they would beat out the corn. They threshed their corn in the open air in the Holy Land, and they do so now, in many places, just like the picture. The threshing-floor is at the top, or near the top, of the highest ground about. A flat smooth rock is chosen for the purpose, or they clear away all the loose stones to make it flat. A low stone wall is put round to divide one person's floor from another. Sometimes they only have one, and that is used by the whole village. After the corn is cut, it is put up in sheaves to dry, but then is not carted away to be stacked in a farmyard as with us, but taken off at once to the threshing-floor. The climate is so certain they can leave the corn without fear of rain spoiling it, for two or three months. It is spread over the rock a good depth; oxen are then driven round and round until the constant pacing of their feet over the corn has trodden it out. Sometimes two or three or four oxen are used, at times oxen and donkey—the latter not often. A man walks behind the oxen to urge them on or to guide them; sometimes he stands on a board which is fastened to the oxen and pulled over the corn, and helps to crush out the ear. Then another man is engaged with a long wooden fork, to put the corn back into the proper place on the floor, and prevent it scattering, or to put more corn on when it is needed.

When the corn is all trodden out they collect the broken straw and remove it. Then a man with a long wooden spade will toss up the corn into the air; the wind carries the chaff away, the good corn falling to the ground; next that is collected and stowed away.

Now I hope when you read in your Bible about threshing-floors you will be able to understand more about them. Look at Deuteronomy xxv. 4. Moses there gives a commandment that the Israelites were not to "muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." The people in the Holy Land often leave the oxen unmuzzled to this day. Hosea (x. 11) tells us oxen were trained to tread out the corn, and liked the work. You can read a great deal about a threshing-floor in 1 Chron. xxi. 18–30. Solomon built the great temple at Jerusalem on the hill where the threshing-floor of Ornan had been, and which had been bought from Ornan by David.

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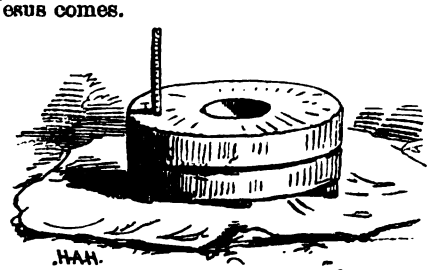
pearance of a threshing-floor before the corn is put on. I made the sketch at Bireh, the old Beeroth, not far from Bethel.



One of the most common sounds in an Eastern village is that of grinding corn; it is done by women, who have a small mill like the one in the sketch. It is made generally of granite, and is circular; it is made of two stones, one fits on to the top of the other; they are moveable. A short stick is also fastened into a small hole in the upper one; that one has also a large hole in the middle of it. They put corn into this middle hole. Two women work the mill; one sits on one side, the other opposite to her. They then each take hold of the stick, the first one turns it half round, the other woman the other half; so they keep on working it. As it requires they put fresh corn into the centre hole; the flour falls between the stones on to a cloth which is spread on the ground. It takes a long time to grind any quantity, and therefore women are engaged a good part of each day in preparing the flour. It is a sign that all is well in the village if you hear the mill going. It was so in Bible story, for in the days of great calamity it is said that "the grinders shall be few .... and the sound of the grinding low" (Eccles. xii. 3, 4). Also, in Jeremiah, speaking of the terrible destruction to come upon the nations, God, by the prophet, says He will "take away the sound of the millstones" (Jer. xxv. 10).

They ground corn like this in old days; it was considered a menial occupation (see Isa. xlvii. 1, 2); blind people also do it now, as they did in olden time. Samson was made to grind in the prison-house (Judges xvi. 21). In the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew and the forty-first verse, our Lord speaks of the custom, and illustrated a terrible meaning by it. When He comes back to earth again, as He will one day in great glory, His coming to judge the world will be so sudden, that people will be taken just as they are: so that two women might be grinding at the same mill, sitting close together, taking hold of the same handle, yet one shall be taken, the other left—one taken to Himself and glory, the other not. So we must all pray that we may by His grace be found ready when the Lord Jesus comes.



Monthly Religious Record.

THE appointment of the Rev. J. C. Ryle to be the first Bishop of Liverpool, has given great satisfaction in that city and diocese. But a few weeks before that appointment, Canon Ryle, as we mentioned last month, had conferred upon him by the Crown the Deanery of Salisbury, and he had not yet been installed when the higher dignity claimed his acceptance. St. Peter's Church, Liverpool, becomes henceforth the cathedral of the new diocese. At a meeting of the Liverpool Bishopric Committee, at which the Bishop-designate was present, he said that his appointment as Bishop of Liverpool had come upon him so unexpectedly that he had hardly had time to breathe. He tendered his heartfelt thanks for the extremely kind manner in which he had been received. As long as he lived he should never forget the manner in which Liverpool had received her first bishop. He was, as they knew, a committed man. He came among them as a Protestant and Evangelical Bishop of the Church of England, but not as the Bishop of any particular party. He desired to hold out the right hand to all loyal churchmen, by whatever name they were known, though at the same time holding his own opinions determinedly. He was sure they did not want a milk-and-water Bishop, or a colourless Bishop without any opinion at all. He did not expect to find men entirely of one mind with himself, but he did expect to find true, loyal Churchmen. He had never found any difficulty in getting on comfortably and pleasantly with loyal Churchmen, to whatever school they belonged. The consecration of Dr. Ryle is expected to take place during the present month (June). The Deanery of Salisbury was filled immediately after the new bishopric, by the appointment to the former of the Rev. George David Boyle, M.A., Honorary Canon of Worcester, Rural Dean, an Vicar of Kidderminster. Mr. Boyle has not publicly identified himself with any party in the Church, but as a supporter of the Church Missionary Society, he is understood to be a moderate Churchman with Evangelical proclivities. He was appointed Vicar of Kidderminster in 1867, in succession to the present Bishop of St. Alban's.

WITH a new Parliament there is also elected a new convocation in each of the two provinces into which England is ecclesiastically divided. These bodies assembled, as usual, the day after the meeting of Parliament, under the presidency of their respective primates. The Canterbury Convocation commenced its proceedings, as is usual, by attending the celebration of divine worship at a special service, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and listening to a Latin sermon delivered by a clergyman selected for the performance of that duty by the Archbishop. The preacher on this occasion was the Venerable Dr. Balston, Archdeacon of Derby, and formerly Head Master of Eton College. Later in the day the Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation was elected. The choice of the clergy fell upon the Very Rev. Lord Alwynne Compton, Dean of Worcester.

THE annual session of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland, was held lately in Dublin, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Armagh. The report of the Representative Body drew attention to a progressive decrease in the funds contributed by the members of the Church for several consecutive years. The total receipts from all sources, during the last few years, have been in round numbers, as follows: 1876, 212,000*l.*; 1877, 197,700*l.*; 1878, 174,400*l.*; 1879, 165,000*l.* After referring, as they well might, under the circumstances of this continued decrease of funds, to the possible dangers thus arising, the Representative Body went on to say; "But while they have thought it their duty to give warning of possible dangers, they do not wish it to be supposed that this warning is the result of any really serious alarm existing in their minds. If Irish Churchmen are learning, however slowly, the duty of giving, a slight deficiency in their contributions for even a few consecutive years, is a matter of comparatively small importance. If the Church is true to herself and her position, and is resolved to vindicate her title to the name of 'The Church of Ireland,' there will not be wanting fit men to engage in the work of the ministry. The Church of Ireland has passed through many dangers, not only since it has ceased to be an Established Church, but, still more, perhaps, in what were regarded as prosperous times, and the same Divine Power which brought our Church in safety through those perils, will, it may be hoped, bring it safely through those which may lie before it in the future."

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THE English Presbyterian Synod met, this year, in Marylebone Presbyterian Church, the pastor of which, the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., filled the office of Moderator, and delivered the usual introductory address from the chair. Among the facts reported by committees of the Church to the Synod were the following:—During the year the Sustentation Fund had been able to keep the lowest ministerial stipend at 200*l.* per annum. The Union Thanksgiving Fund now amounts to 138,607*l.* The 268 congregations on the roll of Synod are divided into ten Presbyteries. The ministers number 249. The income of the Church from all sources for the nine and a half months over which the current revenue is spread, has been 180,269*l.*, against 190,555*l.* in the previous twelve months. The debts still existing on churches and manses amount to 124,614*l.* There were at the close of last year 135,232 church sittings available, of which 61,485 are let, or 45 per cent. The communicants number 54,259, against 54,135 in 1878. Deducting removals, deaths, etc., the net increase of members for the year was 124. The Church has 1,538 elders, 575 deacons, 6,252 Sabbath-school teachers, with upwards of 60,000 scholars.

THE Library of Lambeth Palace was crowded from end to end on occasion of the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society. In the absence of the Primate, the meeting was presided over by the Bishop of London, who, in opening the proceedings, remarked that he believed the cause of Temperance was by God's blessing making progress in our land. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Lord Chelmsford, and the Bishop of Carlisle, were among the other speakers.

ONE of the more recent and attractive forms of Christian activity is that known as the "Bible Flower Mission." Last year proved one of the most trying years that has been known for flowers. But through this one metropolitan agency alone we learn that during 1879 upwards of 26,000 bouquets, nearly 16,000 cards, having inscribed on them appropriate Scripture texts, and more than 11,000 lavender bags, were distributed among the inmates of hospitals, union infirmaries, workhouses, and similar institutions, and among the sick poor, at their own homes. There are several ways in which the work may be helped by those who are themselves unable to carry the flowers to the bedsides of the sick and the homes of the poor. Besides subscriptions, gifts of flowers and text cards are always welcome. All small-leaved evergreens are also most thankfully received at the office of the Mission, 28, Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

THE Young Men's Christian Association recently held its thirty-fifth annual meeting at Exeter Hall. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and the hall was filled. The report showed that the operations of the society had been attended with marked success during the year. The income amounted to 4,276*l.*, and the expenditure to 4,041*l.*, but the surplus would be insufficient to meet the necessary outlay for enlarging the central premises. The Rev. Burman Casein, the Rev. John Clifford, Mr. Stevenson A. Blackwood, and the Rev. Dr. Sinclair Paterson then delivered addresses on the subject of the young man in the Association, in his social circle, in Christian work, and in business; the speeches being listened to with deep attention.

ABOUT 260 lads, past and present inmates of the "Working Boys' Homes," were entertained by the committee at the Freemason Tavern and sat down to a very substantial supper. The chair was taken by Mr. T. H. W. Pelham, and several ladies and gentlemen who take an interest in the institution were present. Speeches were made by the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Billing, Mr. Denny and others, and the entertainment was enlivened by singing. These homes (which are four in number) provide accommodation for nearly 140 boys in all. Besides 4*s.* 6*d.* a week, the entire cost of their food, every boy earning 6*s.* a week pays 1*s.* towards the general expenses. It is calculated that each boy, over and above what he pays, costs the institution 5*l.* 10*s.* a year, and that the annual charge of the homes is about 800*l.*, towards which 400*l.* is received in yearly subscriptions.

THE twenty-seventh anniversary meeting of the members of the Open-air Mission was held this year in the lecture-hall of the South Kensington Museum, Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., in the chair. The report, as read by Mr. John Macgregor, Honorary Secretary, stated that open-air preaching was regularly increasing, and becoming more common, as a lawful method of educating the masses. The mission had no paid agents for out-door work, except in a few cases; 400 members, however, did all they could in the matter.

EARL CAIRNS presided at the recent distribution of prizes to members of the Men's Night School at the Mildmay-park School. His lordship, in addressing the prize winners, said he had been much struck with the fact that, out of the average attendance of 873 men, no less than 299 were deserving either of prizes or certificates. He was glad to hear that Scriptural instruction was so highly prized by the members. The Bible was the most important factor in education. No book they possessed contained in it the elements of learning in any degree comparable to the Bible. But, higher than all this, there was in the Bible that which required no learning to understand, which a child, equally with the educated, could understand; the Bible contained stores of information which could be learned without any elaborate course of study—the truth that God loved us, that He longed for us to draw near to Him, that He had given his Son for our salvation, and that in the Saviour we had a kind, loving, sympathising friend; these and other truths of the highest importance which could be learned from the Bible were not only hopeful in secular life, but of inestimable value as regarded everlasting happiness.

THE annual festival of the friends and supporters of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, took place at Willis's Rooms. At present the number of inmates was 183, and of pensioners 419, a total of 602, who were now receiving the benefits of the institution. The cost of maintaining the inmates was a little over 10,000*l.* a year, and the pensions amounted to a little over 8,000*l.* a year.

WE learn from Rome that, following close on the "Catholic Congress" there, a series of evangelistic services were commenced by the Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Glasgow. "Despite the opposition of the municipality," says a telegram sent at the time, "which, pandering to clerical intolerance, set its veto on the contract already concluded by him with the proprietors of the Argentina Theatre, and sanctioned by the Government, the reverend doctor was to-night able to address 1,500 persons in the Alhambra. A large crowd had assembled outside the Argentina in ignorance of the veto. At the close of the meeting Dr. Somerville was by acclamation invited to continue the series, which at Florence and Naples has already attracted such numerous audiences, and which nowhere but in Rome has encountered municipal opposition."

JUST now (says the organ of the American Board of Missions) there seems to be a decided reaction at the Court of the Sultan against religious toleration. It is but a few weeks since the British Ambassador received from the Sultan formal assurances that "if Ahmed Wefik or the Sheik-ul-Islam himself would wish to become a Christian they could do so without incurring any penalty." But now, from a correspondence between Sawas Pasha and the British Minister, it appears that the Porte draws a distinction between liberty of religious profession and liberty of propagandism, denying the latter but affirming the former. That there is no sincerity in this ostentatious proposal to allow a change of faith on the part of Moslems is apparent from several incidents, notably the refusal of the Government to protect Mustapha, the converted Mohammedan of Marash, who was recently allowed to return home by Said Pasha. After three weeks' stay at Marash Mustapha has been advised to flee by Said Pasha, who doubtless gets his instruction from Constantinople.

THE Congregational body has suffered a severe loss by the death of the eminent minister, Dr. Alexander Raleigh. He was born at Castle Douglas in 1817. His early years were spent in Liverpool, but having passed through Blackburn College he accepted a pastorate at Greenock. Before coming to London he was for some time minister at Masborough, Yorkshire. For several years he was the pastor of Harecourt Chapel, Canonbury, and during this period he published his well-known volume "Quiet Resting Places." He subsequently became the minister of the Congregational Church at Kensington, of which the Rev. Dr. Stoughton had been the minister for many years. Dr. Raleigh combined rare gifts as a preacher with qualities of the highest excellence as a man and a Christian. The simplicity of his character, the amiability and devoutness of his disposition were as marked as his power of setting forth Divine truth as revealed in Scripture, with much freshness of thought and felicity of diction. By his own wish, his remains were interred in Abney Park Cemetery, beside those of the late Rev. Thomas Binney. The Hon. and Rev. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, and the Rev. Dr. Allon jointly conducted the service at the grave.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

ANNA CAVAYE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "JANET DARNEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—"I HAVE A FELLOWSHIP WITH HEARTS."

DR. ASCOTT entered the pleasant sitting-room with a brisk step and a cheery voice.

"Good day, Miss Caroline," he said. "Glad to find that you are not my patient; you are quite out of my hands now. So, this is our little friend who doesn't feel quite well."

He sat down on the couch by Anna's side, and took her small hand in his.

The child still kept the curiously gentle manner which gave nurse a bad opinion of her state of health. "If I could only see her in one of her old tantrums," nurse had said with perfect gravity, "I should be quite sure that she was not ill at all." But Anna had done with tantrums, and it was diffi-

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cult to believe that she was the same little girl who had arrived at Porchester in a towering passion two months ago.

Dr. Ascott's face grew a shade graver as he asked his questions, and studied the sharp little features of his patient. He wrote a prescription, gave a few simple injunctions to Eva concerning her charge, and then went his way.

"He doesn't seem to think that Anna is going to be seriously ill, does he?" said Eva, when she found herself alone with Miss Caroline.

"I scarcely know what he thinks of her, my dear," Miss Caroline answered. "He did not speak quite so hopefully as I could have wished."

"Oh, Aunt Carrie, you surely don't fancy that he supposes she is in a critical state? I never dreamed of such a thing!" cried Eva in sore distress. "I looked upon her as being just a trifle indisposed, that was all."

"My dear Eva, I don't want to be an alarmist," replied Miss Caroline, very gently, "but I have certainly thought her more than just a trifle indisposed. She has never been a healthy child, like Lucy or Dora Vallance, and I have sometimes questioned whether she would ever live to womanhood."

"You astonish me, auntie. Indian-born children are often a little delicate and languid; but how active and high-spirited Anna has always been!"

"Yes, dear; but there was a feverishness in the activity and an excitement about the spirits."

Eva was silent, but her tears began to flow fast.

"Eva, my darling, I am sorry to have put sad thoughts into your heart," said Miss Caroline, tenderly. "But they have been in Rachel's mind and mine for weeks. It seems cruel to have made you cry to-day when Douglas Kerr is coming. Try to compose yourself, my child, and remember in whose hands are the issues of life and death."

Hastily drying her tears, Eva put on the shady straw hat that was lying on a chair, and went out of doors without saying another word.

She was going to Clarice, but she did not follow the usual road through the village street. There was another way, across the meadows that extended from the backs of the houses to the shore of the creek.

The fields were still and pleasant in the sunshine of early September. As yet there were but few signs of the year's decay; scarcely a yellow leaf could be seen upon the trees; the cows feeding peacefully on the grass were swishing their tails to keep off the flies, and hardly a breath of wind was stirring. Eva climbed lightly over a wooden fence and made straight towards the high hedge that divided Mrs. Vallance's garden from the meadows.

There were voices on the other side of that hedge. The children had brought their books to the bench at the end of the garden, and were busy with their lessons. Clarice, always a patient teacher, was explaining and correcting, smoothing difficulties away, and making the studies as pleasant as possible. Eva could just see the top of her sunshade above the green twigs.

"Clarice," she called; "can you come out here for two minutes and speak to me?"

"Yes," said Clarice rising, and looking over the hedge. "Lucy and Dora can spare me for a little while. I will be with you in an instant."

Leaving the bench to the children and their books, Clarice passed through a little winding path in the shrubbery, and unbolted a door that opened upon the field.

"When we came here," she said to Eva, "that door was furnished with an immense lock, so stiff that the united efforts of the children and myself could never turn the key. It looked as if it belonged to the dungeon of Giant Despair. We sent for a man who had the lock off in a trice, and provided us with this nice easy-going bolt. So now, you see, we can run in and out of the door as often as we like without trouble."

Clarice had chatted on that Eva might have time to recover herself. She had seen that her friend had some difficulty in keeping back her tears.

"I am troubled about Anna," began Eva at last. "Doctor Ascott was rather reserved when he came this morning, and Aunt Carrie thinks seriously of her case."

Clarice's face looked grave.

"What do you think of her?" Eva went on. "Tell me, Clarice, does it really seem to you that she is passing away?"

"My opinion is hardly worth anything, dear Eva," replied Clarice with reluctance. "We think her a fragile child; Dorothy has often said so, and her judgment is better than mine."

Again Eva began to weep silently and bitterly.

"My dear Eva," Clarice said affectionately, "let us look at the matter as calmly and prayerfully as we can. It may be God's will that Anna should live and grow well and strong. But if He sees fit to call her away, depend upon it that He is doing the very best thing for her that can be done. You are an exceptionally happy woman, Eva; but if poor little Anna lives, I don't think her lot will be so bright as yours. We cannot shut our eyes to that truth which Elsie tells us in the 'Golden Legend,' although it sounds morbid, I am afraid:

> "'The life of woman is full of woe,
> Toiling on, and on, and on,
> With breaking heart and tearful eyes,
> And silent lips, and in the soul
> The secret longings that arise,
> Which this world never satisfies.'"

"Oh, Clarice, that is morbid indeed! and one must recollect that Elsie was a German peasant whose soul was above her station. Seen from her point of view, I daresay a woman's life seemed sadly wearisome and unsatisfying."

"I grant all that, Eva. But it is a sad fact that even our English women, with all their cultivation and advantages, are not so happy as they ought to be. Our journalists are saying bitter things of womankind, and I fear they are not wholly without foundation. I have seen more of what is termed 'society' than you have, dear Eva; and I know something of that craving for excitement and sensationalism that is spoiling the girls of to-day. I don't like joining in the common wail, and crying, 'Where are our maidens of long ago?' But I can't help wondering sometimes what has become of our happy, satisfied women?"

"And you don't think Anna has the making of a happy woman in her?"

"I own I do not. She is terribly sensitive, painfully anxious to be loved, and not gifted with

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much power of winning affection. If God takes her, Eva, it will be his merciful will to spare her the bitterness of a disappointed woman's life. Perhaps I have carried my forecasting too far; but it may help you to be resigned to his decree, whatever it is."

"My poor little Anna," Eva said thoughtfully. "I shall think over your words, Clarice. She is a motherless child, too; there has been nobody to love her very much."

"And does not that reconcile one to the thought of her being taken straight to the Eternal Father? There is no lack of love in His 'many mansions,' Eva."

Eva's face had already begun to wear a brighter look.

"Just another word before you run home," said Clarice, with a smile. "Don't let Mr. Kerr find you under a cloud when he arrives to-night. Remember he will be quite unable to enter into your feelings about Anna; men very seldom understand a woman's affection for a child that does not belong to her. He will expect you to be absorbed in him and his plans, and he will be disappointed if you don't receive him joyfully. And now go away, and store up all my sage advice!"

"You are a wise woman, Clarice," rejoined Eva, gratefully. "I wonder when I listen to you that your own affair did not end more prosperously."

"My dear, there is no adviser so safe as one who has failed in managing her own concerns. She knows just how and why she did fail, and she can warn you off the dangerous spots in the ground which she has crossed before you. Take advantage of her experience."

And Eva tripped homeward across the quiet fields, feeling herself all the stronger for that womanly counsel and sympathy.

In spite of all the sneers and scoffs about woman's friendship it has often been proved to be a very real and enduring thing. And a few of us can remember that the most helpful words ever spoken to us were uttered by a woman's lips, or written by a woman's pen. It is in the power of women to hearten and soothe each other, like Rosalind and Celia, making the best of their fortunes in the forest of Arden; and Rosalind, brave and true as she was, could be neither braver nor truer than Clarice Burne.

Clarice went back to her bench and her pupils, and the studies proceeded without farther interruption. From her seat she could see the low green hills on the other side of the creek, and the shadows of the clouds upon their slopes. Those clouds, light and fleecy as they were, hung lower than they had done earlier in the year. The autumn days were coming on, days when the earth and sky would seem nearer together, and the mists would be creeping up from the low-lying fields.

The scene was bright and fair enough to-day, but Clarice remembered how it had looked under December skies. She had seen this landscape in its mourning dress, when the ground was covered with snow, and every bare stem and wooden fence showed black against the spotless white. She recalled the solemn winter stillness, unbroken by sigh of wind or song of bird; the leaden skies above the hills; the cold neutral tints of the creek.

Clarice was no lover of winter. She would have liked to take her flight with the swallows at the end of every summer. No one knew how acutely she suffered in the long chill days, and pined for sunshine. When the last roses were dead, and a few stunted chrysanthemums only made the poverty of the garden more conspicuous, Clarice longed to flee away to lands where flowers were blooming and heavens were blue.

And those dark days were coming again, and she would have to live through them, and keep up that patient continuance in well-doing which is the only sure proof of a true Christian life. There are few who are not capable of spasmodic goodness; but it is the "staying power" that is the sign of reality.

"I am prepared to go on, right on to the end," thought Clarice, as she looked across the level field to the sunlit hill. "God will lead me step by step and guide me with his counsel. I do not say I shall not be glad when the end comes; the celestial city looks fairest to those who have but few possessions on this side of the river. But I can wait and work as long as He wills me to be here."

"Have we been good this morning, Aunt Clarice?" asked little Dora, pressing close to her side.

"Yes, darling, very good. There is time for you both to have a run in the field before you go indoors to luncheon."

CHAPTER XVII.—DOUGLAS KERR'S COMING.

Eva was mindful of Clarice's counsel; and when Douglas Kerr stepped out upon the railway platform, it was a smiling face that greeted him.

"A long journey, Eva," he said, "and a pleasant welcome at the end of it. We are to walk to our destination? That's right; I'm glad to stretch my limbs after being cramped up so long."

It was between six and seven o'clock, and the first shades of gloaming were creeping over the village. To Douglas, who had seen nothing countrified for a long time, there was a charm about the little houses with their straggling gardens, and the glimpses of green fields beyond them. As they passed Elm Cottage they caught sight of Clarice, standing at the open window to set the last stiches in a piece of needlework.

"That is Clarice Burne—my greatest friend," said Eva, as she smiled and nodded; and Douglas Kerr's eyes followed her glance.

"You have often mentioned her in your letters," he remarked, a little indifferently, perhaps. His head was full of future arrangements that concerned Eva and himself, and he may be forgiven if he had few thoughts to spare, even for her "greatest friend." If Alan Bertie had but chanced to mention the name of that lost friend of his, Douglas would have been roused to the liveliest interest in Clarice. But Alan had not spoken her name, and there was no link in Kerr's mind by which Clarice Burne could be connected with Alan Bertie.

Clarice stood watching the pair until they were out of her sight. And then she laid down her needlework, and went quietly upstairs to her room.

It was still and shadowy in the little chamber. The foliage of the old elm was rustling in the evening wind, but it was so soft a sound that it did not break the silence. The sunset lights had all departed; the room was left entirely to dusk and quietness, and it suited Clarice's mood very well.

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She stood for a moment looking at the swaying leaves and grey sky. It would not have been easy for her to have told why her life seemed at that moment to be veiled in twilight. But certain it is that there arose within her a passionate longing for that full sunshine which was poured freely on other paths; a yearning to feel once more the warmth and gladness of long ago. Would it never return? She was still a young woman, and it was probable that many a mile must be trodden ere she reached the eternal rest. Would her path be always grey with a perpetual dusk, and must there be for her only peaceful quietude, and no great joy?

She turned from the window suddenly, and fell on her knees. Her eyes were lifted to the familiar text upon the wall; "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Here indeed was a ray of light strong enough to pierce through the thickest gloom of this world! And as she knelt, her heart answered that sweet question with all the fervour of reviving faith:

"'For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, 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 us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

Her prayer was not quite what it would have been before that ray of light had found an entrance into her heart. She had been about to ask earnestly for earthly happiness, to plead for a renewal of old hopes and old joys. And now she simply prayed for that "blessedness" which is often given instead of bliss. She asked for a submissive spirit that should be content with any lot, knowing that there was one joy from which it never could be parted.

Ah, Clarice, it is often God's way to grant a desire when He has given us the grace to resign it! He will sometimes fulfil our hope just when we feel that we are ready to let it go for ever.

Like all young people, and especially young women, Clarice had shed many bitter tears over her unanswered prayers. There had been times in her past life when she had grown sick of asking what God seemed so little disposed to grant. She had wanted the thing, the very thing she prayed for, and nothing else. And then the desired object had lost its sweetness, and a new want had taken its place; such was, and ever will be, the common experience of the inner life. There are few who can reach middle age without looking back with earnest gratitude on the unfulfilled wishes of their lives; and many of us have learnt to loathe that we once longed for. But there are other desires that come to us, perhaps, when the flush of youth is over, and its roving fancies past; desires that commend themselves to a matured judgment and a disciplined heart.

It seems hard when these prayers of our riper years are left unanswered. And Clarice, chastened and subdued by sorrow, was sometimes disposed to wonder why God seemed to turn a deaf ear to her request.

But as she knelt alone in the twilight, all the dull pain had passed away from her heart. There had been granted her a clear insight into the love of Christ, and she felt that neither "things present, nor things to come" could separate her from that Infinite tenderness. From this feeling proceeded that perfect submission which was calming and sweetening her whole life.

It was the best preparation for a coming blessing that any heart could have. Most of us know that we need greater strength to sustain a joy, than to endure a sorrow. It is in the "time of our wealth" that the spirit loses its might and vigour; and he who has walked erect under the burden of a cross, is too often beaten down to the dust beneath a load of flowers.

Meanwhile Douglas Kerr had been conducted to his lodgings in a quaint old cottage near the castle, and was very well satisfied with his quarters.

Although the ceilings were low and the windows small, the rooms had none of the stuffiness that pervaded Mrs. Tims' apartments. And Douglas, albeit he had become pretty well used to stuffiness, was delighted to feel the fresh air coming freely in through the open door, and to hear the breeze rustling the sycamores in the strip of garden. That old cottage had its history, and those who had once dwelt within its walls were scattered far and wide. But their story has been told elsewhere, and has no place in this little chronicle of common life.

The aunts had been busy in preparing a substantial traveller's tea for the new-comer, and were awaiting him with a little fluttering of hearts. He had come to lay claim to their child; the little Eva who had been trusted to their care before she could walk or talk, and had belonged more entirely to them than she had ever done to her father or mother. His coming was the shadow of a parting; and while they were ready to love him for Eva's sake, they had almost dreaded his arrival.

Little Anna Cavaye, lying on Aunt Carrie's sofa, did not dread him at all. She could not divest herself of the notion that he was in some way the hero of her favourite song; although she knew that the real hero of that ballad had perished long ago. Anyhow, Douglas Kerr was a real Douglas, whose ancestors had borne arms under Scottish kings, and figured in many a border foray. So she lay watching the door with eager eyes, and privately making up her mind that nurse should not take her to bed too early, let the doctor say what he would.

When at last he entered, Anna was not disappointed in his appearance. She decided at once that he ought to have been a knight, and have worn armour, and a good sword by his side. But although he bore no "bright brown brand" the child was conscious of an air of martial dignity about him. She was well pleased when he came over to her couch; and said as he took her hand in his,

"Well, Anna, do you think I look as if I could be 'tender and true'?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly. "But I do wish you had got a sword."

"I parted with my sword long ago," he said, laughing. "And I don't think you would have been quite satisfied even if you had seen me in my soldier's uniform. You want something more picturesque than our modern military dress, little woman. To please you I should have to go to the Tower, and rig myself out in 'shining mail' from top to toe."

"And you ought to have come on a 'milk-white steed' instead of in the train," Anna remarked.

"Yes, these are sadly unromantic days. And if I could have had my will I should have preferred

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the steed to the train. I'd rather have been on the back of a good horse than in a stifling, cramping railway carriage."

"I am always naughty in the train," said Anna, in a confidential tone. "Miss Gower had a great deal of trouble with me when we were coming here. I kicked an old gentleman dreadfully."

Often in after days did Douglas Kerr look back upon his first evening in Lake Lodge. The door was set wide open, and the light wind strayed into the room where they all sat. Sometimes a few rose-petals drifted in and fluttered over the white table-cloth; the lamp was lighted and shed its soft glow over a bunch of scarlet geraniums and jessamine that stood in a glass in the centre of the table, a bouquet which Douglas knew that Eva's hands had arranged. Aunt Rachel, in a new cap, presided over the tea and coffee, looking a good deal primmer than usual; and Aunt Carrie, who never wore anything on her soft grey hair, talked in her gentle way, and set everybody at ease. Anna's dark eyes, preternaturally bright, scarcely wandered from the descendant of the house of Douglas, and her bread-and-milk was hardly tasted. Eva ate and spoke but little; her cheeks were tinged with rich carmine, and she seldom glanced at any one. She looked very fresh and girlish with her bonnie brown hair braided closely round her head, and a tea-rose in the bosom of her black dress. There would always be something of the simple village maiden about her, and Douglas loved her for that very simplicity. He had been sickened long ago of high-born beauties, and had proved the truth of the poet's words—

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

So occupied was Douglas Kerr with his new surroundings that he quite forgot to say a word about Alan Bertie. He had meant to tell Eva, that very evening, that his friend would follow him to Porchester; but all recollection of Alan seemed to have deserted him.

After tea, when Anna had reluctantly gone to bed, and he was alone with Eva in the pretty sitting-room, there was a great deal to be said on both sides. Douglas was full of his plans, and there were a hundred questions to be asked and answered. On the whole it was not wonderful, perhaps, that Alan Bertie was temporarily forgotten.

THE WELLS OF SALVATION.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., OF MANCHESTER.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—*Isa.* xii. 3.

TWO events, separated from each other by fifteen hundred years, bear upon these words. One was the origin of the peculiar form of this prophecy, the other contains its interpretation and claims to be its fulfilment.

The wandering march of the children of Israel had brought them to Rephidim, where there was no water. Their parched lips opened to murmur and rebel against their unseen Leader and his visible lieutenant. At his wit's end, Moses cries to God, and the answer is the command to take with him the elders of Israel, and with his rod in his hand to go up to Horeb; and then come grand words, "Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock, and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it." It is not the rock, nor the rod, nor the uplifted hand, but it is the presence of God which makes the sparkling streams pour out. How the thirsty men would drink, how gladly they would fling themselves on the ground and glue their lips to the glancing blessing, or dip their cups and skins into it, as it flashed along!

Many a psalm and prophecy refer to this old story, and clearly Isaiah has it in his mind here, for the whole context is full of allusions to the history of the Exodus, as a symbol of the better deliverance from a worse bondage, which the "Root of Jesse" was to effect. The lyric burst of praise, of which the text is part, carries on the same allusion. The joyful band of pilgrims returning from this captivity sing the "Song of Moses," chanted first by the banks of the Red Sea, "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation." This distinct quotation, which immediately precedes our text, makes the reference in it which we have pointed out, most probable and natural.

The connection of these words with the story in the Exodus was recognised by the Jews at a very early period, as is plain from their use in the remarkable ritual of the Feast of Tabernacles. That festival was originally appointed to preserve the remembrance of Israel's nomad life in the wilderness. In the later days of the nation, a number of symbolical observances were added to those of the original institution. Daily, amidst loud jubilations, the priests wound in long procession down the slope from the Temple to the fountain of Siloam in the valley beneath, and there drew water in golden urns. They bore it back, the crowd surging around them, and then amidst the blast of trumpets and a tumult of rejoicing, they poured it on the altar, while thousands of voices chanted Isaiah's words, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

So much for the occasion of the prophecy, now for its meaning and fulfilment. Nearly eight hundred years have passed. Again the festival has come round. For seven days the glad ceremonial had been performed. For the last time the priestly procession has gone down the rocky road; for the last time the vases have been filled at the cool fountain below; for the last time the bright water has been poured out sparkling in the sunlight; for the last time the shout of joy has risen and fallen, and as the words of the ancient chant were dying on the ear, a sudden stir began among the crowd, and from the midst of them, as they parted for his

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passage, came a young man, rustic in appearance, and there before all the silence-stricken multitude, and priests with their empty urns, "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Surely such words, in such a connection, at such a time, from such lips, are meant to point the path to the true understanding of the text.

So then, consider what we have to understand by *the wells of salvation.*

We are not to be content with any shallow and narrow interpretation of either idea in that phrase. No doubt "salvation" in the Old Testament often means merely outward deliverance from material peril. But there is surely a perceptible deepening of the meaning of the word in the mouth of this prophet, to whom was granted a nearer approximation to the light of the gospel both in respect of the Saviour and of his salvation, than had previously been given. We shall not strain his meaning here, if we take salvation, almost in the fully developed New Testament sense, as including negatively the deliverance from all evil, both evil of sin and evil of sorrow, and positively the endowment with all good, good both of holiness and happiness, which God can bestow or man receive.

Then if so, God himself is, in the deepest truth, the Well of Salvation. We need only remind you that the figure of our text does not point to a well so much as to a spring. It is a source, not a reservoir. So we have but to recall the deep and wonderful words of the psalmist: "With thee is the fountain of life," and others not less profound, of the prophet, "They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters," in order to be led up to the essential meaning of this text. All the springs from which salvation, in any measure and in any form, flows to the thirsty lips of men are in God himself. What grand truths that thought involves! It declares that salvation has its origin in the depths of God's own nature. It wells up as of itself, not drawn forth by anything in us, but pouring out as from an inner impulse in his own deep heart. God is his own motive, as his own end. As his Being, so his Love (which is his Being) is determined by nothing beyond Himself, but ever streams out by an energy from within, like the sunlight whose beams reach the limits of the system and travel on through dim dark distances, not because they are drawn by the planet, but because they are urged from the central light. Surely, too, if God be the fountain of salvation, the essence of salvation must be his communication of Himself. The water is the same in the fountain as in the pitcher. So, while salvation includes and gives rise to many another blessing both in this life and in the next, the very core and heart of it is, the possession of God himself, filling our spirits and changing our whole nature into his own image.

But, God being the true fountain of salvation, notice that Jesus Christ plainly and decisively puts himself in the place that belongs to God: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Think of the extraordinary claims involved in that invitation. Here is a man who plants himself over against the whole of the human race, and professes that He can satisfy every thirst of every soul through all the ages. Every craving of heart and mind, all longings for love and wisdom, for purity and joy, for strength and guidance He assumes to be able to slake by the gift of Himself.

Moses sinned when he said, "Must *we* fetch water out of this rock?" and expiated that sin by death. But his presumption was modesty compared with the unheard-of assumptions of the "meek and lowly" Christ. There is but one hypothesis by which the character of Jesus can be saved, if He ever said anything like these words—and that is that He who speaks them is God manifest in the flesh, the everlasting Son of the Father.

One other remark may be made on this part of our subject. The first word of our text carries us back to something preceding, on which the drawing water with joy is founded. That something is expressed immediately before: "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and song: He also is become my salvation." These words are quoted from Moses' song at the Red Sea, and there distinctly point to the one definite act by which God had saved the people from their pursuers. In like manner, we have to look to a definite historical act by which the fountain of salvation has been opened for us, and our glad drawing therefrom has been made possible. The mission and work of Jesus Christ, his incarnation, passion and death, are the means by which the sealed fountain has been opened. In these, or more truly in this, as one great whole, God becomes to us what in the depths of his Being He always was. The living stream is brought near. For men, Jesus Christ is as the river which flows from the closed and land-locked sea of the infinite Divine nature. He is for us the only source, the inexhaustible source, the perennial source—like some spring never hot or muddy, never frozen, never walled in, never sinking one hair'sbreadth in its basin, though armies drink, and ages pass. "They drank of that Rock which followed them, and that Rock was Christ." So all the files of this moving host of men find the same spring beside them, wheresoever they pitch, and the last of all the generations shall draw joy from the eternal fountain, Jesus Christ!

Consider, again, what is *the way of drawing* from the well of salvation.

It is not difficult to come to a right understanding of the act which answers to this part of the metaphor. People have given many answers to the question, If God be the fountain of salvation, how are we to get the water? If I may say so, pumps of all sorts have been tried, and there has been much weary working of arms at the handles, and much jangling of buckets and nothing brought up. The old word is true, with a new application, to all who try in any shape to procure salvation by any work of their own: "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." But there is no need for all this profitless work. It is as foolish as it would be to spend money and pains in sinking a well in some mountainous country, where every hill-side is seamed with watercourses, and all that is needed is to put one end of any kind of wooden spout into the "burn" and your vessels under the other. The well of salvation is an artesian well that needs no machinery to raise the water, but only pitchers to receive it as it rises.

Christ has taught us what "drawing" is. To the Samaritan woman He said, "Thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee

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living water." So, then, Drawing is Asking. To the crowds in the Temple courts He said, "Let him come unto Me and drink." So, then, Drawing is Coming. To the listeners by the Sea of Galilee He said, "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and He that believeth on Me shall never thirst." So Coming, Asking, Drawing, are all explained by Believing. To trust Christ is to come to Him. To trust Christ is to draw, and to trust Christ is to drink. Simple faith draws all God's goodness into the soul.

Now that faith which is thus powerful, must fix and fasten on a definite historical act. The faith which draws from the fountain of salvation is not a vague faith in generalities about God's goodness and the like, but it grasps God as revealed and becoming our salvation in the person and work of Jesus Christ. Nor is it a vague faith which has regard to Christ in his lovely character and perfect purity only, but one which lays hold on that great miracle of love perfected on the cross where He bore our sins. In that wonderful discourse in which Christ proclaims Himself the Bread of Life, it is very instructive to note that He advances from the more general statement that life comes from eating of that bread which is Himself, to the more special and defined one, "Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life." Not merely Christ, but Christ crucified, is the food of our souls, the water of life. So then the drawing is faith, and that a faith which grasps the great sacrifice which Christ has made, as the channel whereby God's salvation comes near to each thirsty lip and drooping soul.

The words preceding our text suggest another characteristic of the faith which really draws water from the fountain: "He is become my salvation." That is to say, this believing grasp of Christ manifested in a definite historical act is an intensely personal thing. We are not merely to say "He is the Saviour of the world," but "He is *my* Saviour, He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*." We must lay hold of that love as embracing ourselves, and make our very own the treasure which belongs to all. No general faith in Christ's mercy, or in the atoning power of His cross, will suffice to make us glad and to bow our souls in quick and quickening love. It must be something a great deal more personal than that: even the faith that His heart has love in it for *me*, that I am not lost in the crowd, nor forgotten in that abstraction, "the world," but that I had a place in His thought when He died, that I have a place in His heart while He lives. All Niagara may roar past a man's door, but only so much as he draws off by his own sluice will drive his wheels, and so much as he puts to his own lips will slake his thirst.

Consider too, *the joy of the water drawers.*

The well is the meeting-place in these hot lands, where the solitary shepherds from the pastures and the maidens from the black camels' hair tents meet in the cool evening, and ringing laughter and cheery talk go round. Or the allusion may be rather to the joy, as of escape from death, with which some exhausted travellers press towards the palm trees on the horizon that tell of a spring in the desert, and when they have reached it, crowd to the fountain and drink greedily, no matter how hot and muddy it may be.

So jubilant is the heart of the man whose soul is filled and feasted with the God of his salvation, and the salvation of his God. True Christianity is a joyful thing, not indeed with foolish laughter like the crackling of thorns under a pot, but with a joy too deep to be loud, too pure to be transient. Such a man has all the sources and motives for joy which the heart can ask. Salvation unfolds into manifold gladnesses — rare and profound. There is in it forgiveness, which makes us "hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice." There is companionship with God and Christ, and such society makes "our hearts burn within us." There is obedience to his will, and then his statutes become the "joy of our hearts." There is a bright hope beyond, and "in that hope of the glory of God we can rejoice." We are independent of externals, possessing that which no change can affect and of which nothing can bereave us. So we can sing the old song: "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." How different the false and fleeting joys of earth, when men come to their broken cisterns that can hold no water. The grim words of the prophet are only too true about all other springs of gladness: "They came to the pits, and found no water; they returned with their vessels empty. They were ashamed and confounded, and covered their heads."

That great Lord and Lover of all our souls calls to each of us now, as He did to the men of his generation, when He was on earth. To them He stretched out his hospitable arms as He stood in the Temple court and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." To us He speaks from heaven, in the great words from his lips which all but close the volume of revelation: "Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." May each of us answer, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come to earth's broken cisterns to draw."

Dunmore Woods.

THEY heard of it, they found it, in the wood—*
The ark, the Presence, of the Lord of all;
Before His glory on their face they fall,
And worship Him, the Holy and the Good.
And we, have we not found Him, as we stood
Amid these pines which rise like pillars tall,
And in this leafy temple heard His call
Thrilling the silence of the solitude?
When grateful shadows dim the noontide ray,
Lo, God is here and sheds a secret balm;
Here still He walketh at the cool of day:
The lofty fir-trees sing a quiet psalm,
The beeches lisp a soft, melodious lay,
And on the spirit falls a heavenly calm.

RICHARD WILTON.

* Psa. cxxxii. 6.

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CHAUTAUQUA,

AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OF AMERICA.



CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

IN this centenary year, looking back to the time when Robert Raikes paid his first four teachers to instruct the little pin-makers of Gloucester in reading, taking them to church, and teaching them to repeat the Catechism, it must be acknowledged by everybody that the development of the Sunday-school has kept pace with the other improvements of the age.

Great as the advance has been in England, our Transatlantic cousins have outstripped us in the work. They have made the Sunday-school an important part of their educational machinery, and adopted methods and appliances that in this country would appear to be impossible luxuries. With them originated the idea of the International System of Lessons, that the ablest minds of the age might give teachers their combined help in elucidating the Scriptures in the form of lesson-helps. It was long ago laid down as a rule in America, that piety alone does not qualify a person for the position of Sunday-school teacher and superintendent; and the general recognition of this principle has stimulated attention to the methods of instruction. Many schools are injured by persons who are incompetent though pious workers. They love the Lord, but they do not study the Scriptures or human nature enough to know how to win souls.

The latest outgrowth of this reform in the Sunday-school system of America, is the Sunday-school Assembly Meeting at Fair Point, on the shore of Lake Chautauqua, in the western wilds of New York. Here in 1872 came Dr. J. H. Vincent, the Sunday-school secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had originated, years before, normal classes, and a plan for a protracted session of normal workers in connection with Sunday-school interests, and friends had suggested that a camp-meeting ground be taken for this purpose. Learning that such a ground had been established at Fair Point they visited the spot, and saw in the beauty and healthfulness of the region, and in its central position and ease of access, the "promised land" of their vaguely-defined Sunday-school Assembly. Satisfied with the situation, the meetings were inaugurated in July, 1874. Chautauqua already had something of a name as a healthful and attractive resort for summer tourists, and hotels were already built on the shores of the lake, and the first assembly was successful beyond anticipation.*

Encouraged by the result of the first meeting the National Sunday-school Assembly bought the eighty acres comprising Fair Point, and at once set on foot many improvements. Among other appliances for the profitable study and understanding of the Bible, Dr. Vincent had suggested a model of Palestine in earth and rock, over which men could walk, and from which they could learn more of the topography of the Holy Land in an hour's study than by the use of any other means. A minister with the mind of a scientist, a careful investigator



MODEL OF PYRAMID.

of natural laws, took charge of the working out of this idea, and the result was, Palestine Park, with its miniature Jordan, Dead Sea, and Sea of Galilee, let in from the adjacent lake which forms the Mediterranean of this model Palestine.

This was supplemented by a large model of Jerusalem, a model of the Jewish tabernacle, one-

* For the account of what has since been accomplished we are indebted, in its main features, to an article which appeared in "Harper's Magazine" at the time of last year's meeting. We desire to acknowledge the permission given by Messrs. Harper to reproduce the accompanying illustrations.—ED. S. H.

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of Cheops. By means of this collection of models, and with the aid of stereoscopic views of scenes in the Holy Land, thrown in a magnified form on an immense screen at night, the student of Bible history is enabled to secure a more vivid comprehension of Eastern life than is attainable without making a voyage to the Orient itself. To still further increase the facilities for a thorough understanding of the life depicted in the Bible, competent persons, who have lived in Palestine, have been present at each assembly, with oriental costumes, and some of the most entertaining and instructive evenings of the assembly have been devoted to lectures on the manners and customs of Bible lands, illustrated by *tableaux vivants*, representing scenes in the daily life of dwellers in "those holy fields." Among these are—salutations, grinding at the mill, water-carrying, the shepherd, an Arab school, a burial scene, a wedding scene, burden-bearers, winnowing grain, Egyptian magicians, treading the wine-press, besides many others. Then there is an oriental house, which is a fine specimen of oriental architecture. It contains the open court, the outside stairway, and the open house-top, where Orientals sleep by night, and retire for quiet meditation and prayer during the day. From the roof of this house, every afternoon except Sunday, is heard the Muezzin cry—the cry given by the Turkish priests, as they announce to the people the

deliver his daily lecture, somewhere in the vicinity of the miniature Mount Hermon or Olivet.

The second year's assembly at Chautauqua was even more successful than the first, there being an average daily attendance of six thousand people. Twenty thousand were present one day. In 1877 the meeting comprised a Church Congress, Reform Council, and the Scientific Congress. The succeeding year there was an increase of earnestness on the part of those who were drawn to the gathering, and the attendance surpassed that of 1877.

The normal class at Chautauqua has awakened throughout the land a higher enthusiasm, and imparted a clearer understanding in relation to the



SUNDAY-SCHOOL PARK AT CHAUTAUQUA.—ORIENTAL GROUP

Sunday-school cause. In hundreds, perhaps thousand of Sunday-schools throughout America, there s better teachers and better teaching as the resul the Chautauqua work.

The aim of the normal class at Chautauq larger than merely to store the minds of its str with information concerning the Bible ar Sunday-school, even though that informatic be invaluable. Its work is to instruct teach to teach, and to train other teachers in th imparting knowledge to the young in the most attractive way.

What was begun as a Sunday-school merely, gradually and naturally devel teachers' training school. It hardly mer

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some have given it, of a summer university, but it has the features of a school. It has classes for normal instruction, classes for kinder-garten instruction, and a school of languages, where French and German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew are taught by thoroughly qualified masters.

Chautauqua School aims to be a school for the people—for those who, conscious of their need, earnestly desire the highest culture possible for them. It seeks to give general views of the value of knowledge to promote mental discipline. It is not a substitute for the grammar-school, the seminary, nor the college, but to supplement all these—it is a school of specialities.

The men who have been chosen to give instruction in the four departments of this school—the ecclesiastic, philanthropic, Biblical, and Sunday-school and scientific—have been chosen from all denominations. Eminent as ministers and lecturers in the departments of reform or philanthropy, the leaders of the various movements for ameliorating the conditions of society have treated of their respective causes. The department of Biblical instruction has been in the hands of those trained for the work: Bible students, learned Orientalists, and experienced teachers. The course of study in this direction is carefully mapped out, and is as comprehensive and thorough as is possible in the limited time of the annual gatherings. Daily lectures and explanations, aided by the study of text-books, models, and all the appliances of Palestine Park, prepare those who are seeking special training as Sunday-school instructors for the final written examinations at the end of the course. These tests, which are conducted very much after the manner of college examinations, result each year in the granting of some hundreds of Chautauqua Normal Class diplomas to graduates. In the department of physical science, lectures more or less popular in form, are given each year on astronomy, chemistry, and physics, illustrated as far as possible by the use of apparatus and instruments. A class in microscopy has also proved more than an experiment; indeed, at its organization, the class was so large that it had to be divided, and three instructors were required to take charge of the sections, giving information and directions regarding the use of the collection of fine microscopes placed at the disposal of the Assembly. A course of somewhat abstruse lectures on the solar magnitude afforded another proof of the popular desire to obtain information when presented in an attractive form.

To these were added last year, practical lessons and lectures in cooking, home-management, and physical exercises, by the most eminent teachers in the United States.

The children are not forgotten in this Sunday-school Assembly or great National School. For them a temple has been erected where classes, lectures, and little people's entertainments are provided, to say nothing of swings hung in the trees, and a children's daily paper, containing both humorous and useful information for the entertainment of the little folks at Chautauqua.

It is not claimed that the lectures and instruction of the Assembly are thorough or exhaustive. It is freely admitted that the work done there, while it is not superficial, goes but a little way, and its main object is to give only the impetus and direction to individual investigation. The effort during the meetings is to give a taste for, a bias towards, learning and culture to minds which would not be apt to receive that learning under ordinary circumstances. It is the aim of the Assembly to afford this information, and this intellectual stimulus in the interests of evangelical religion and Biblical truth to study nature and the God of nature at the same time.

Combined with the above objects is that of rational recreation — the recreation that is so urgently needed in this busy age, when men literally wear out before they have lived half their years. The theory is that the highest rest and recreation is not found in idleness, but in exercise of unused powers of body and mind. At most fashionable watering-places the social dissipations of the city "season" are continued, and business and professional men are followed thither by the cares and duties of their home life.

At Chautauqua a new set of interests are excited; the mind wearied by business is turned into new channels of thought; early hours, simple diet, and pure air build up the enervated body, and the result of a few weeks' sojourn is apparent in the rest and freshness, the mental vigour and bodily health, which are brought again to the ordinary avocations of life's dull round.

Chautauqua has now grown to a village of some five hundred summer cottages, to say nothing of temporary shops, hotels, and as many more tents erected during the Assembly meetings. Then it has a model of Noah's Ark the "nests" of which are utilised as dwelling rooms. There is an Amphitheatre and Hall of Philosophy, Pavilion, and an Auditorium, covering nearly an acre of ground and capable of seating five thousand people, besides the Children's Temple, and several monster tents used for the various classes. The Government has provided excellent postal facilities, and the telegraph gives instant communication with the outside world. A regular police force is constantly on duty, and a sanitary force looks after the cleanliness of the ground so necessary to preserve the health of the large number of people collected together. At night the grounds have hitherto been lighted with ordinary street lamps and the immense Auditorium by means of the lime-light, but hereafter the newly-invented electric light will be used for purpose of general illumination.

One of the features of the assembly is its morning newspaper, the "Assembly Daily Herald" a quarto about half the size of our "Daily News," or "Times," which is printed on the grounds and requires in its preparation a corps of fifteen editors, reporters and shorthand writers. A special feature of the paper is its reproduction *in extenso* of all the lectures and addresses delivered during the meetings.

In addition to all this a Foreign Mission Institute has been organised. It has a bazaar and museum of models and missionary curiosities, lectures and lessons are given, and a library attached, for it is felt that there is great need of instruction and help in this direction to raise up intelligent friends of missions. From the waking signal in the morning given by a musical peal of bells situated on the extremity of the Point until the Chautauqua bells ring out over the lake at night, the day at Fair Point is a busy one. The perusal of the following actual programme of a Chautauqua day will convey

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some idea of the manner in which time is utilized. Of course no person is expected to take part in all the exercises set down, but it will be readily admitted that opportunity is given for a considerable diversity of taste. The programme below was selected at random, and presents the ordinary exercises of an Assembly day:

"THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY PROGRAMME.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 7TH, 1879.

6 A.M.—Morning bells.

6.40 A.M.—Morning prayers; Guest Tent Parlour; Pavilion; Chapel; Tent C.

8 A.M.—*a.* Children's Hour. *b.* Second Early Lecture (Hall). Dr. G. D. Boardman: "The Genesis of Sin."

9 A.M.—Musical College. W. F. Sherwin. (Auditorium.)

9.30 A.M.—*a.* Normal Class Divisions. First section: R. S. Holmes; Second section: J. L. Hurlbut; Third section: G. A. Peltz. Bible Doctrines. (Temple.) *b.* Devotional Conference: Major Cole. (Pavilion.)

11 A.M.—Lecture. H. W. Warren, D.D.: "The Fundamental Ideas of Astronomy." (Pavilion.)

1 P.M.—First C. L. S. C.: "Round Table." (Hall.)

2 P.M.—*a.* Second prelude. Dr. Sargent: "Physical Culture." (Pavilion.) *b.* Lecture, Frank Beard: "Odd Sketches from the Portfolio of an Artist." (Pavilion.)

3.30 P.M.—*a.* Microscopy. *b.* The models: "Palestine as it is to-day:" Dr. Eaton. "Jerusalem:" Rev. S. M'Gerald. "Tabernacle:" J. C. Hill. *c.* Special Normal: Mrs. Seymour. Primary teaching. (Temple.) *d.* Calisthenics. (Hall.)

4 P.M.—First Philological Conference: Prof. A. S. Cook: "Characteristics of various Literatures, with Specimens." (Pavilion.)

5 P.M.—Lecture by Rev. J. S. Ostrander: "Geography of Abraham's Life." (Park of Palestine.)

7 P.M.—Denominational Prayer Meetings: (Chapel.) *Pres.* (Pavilion.) *Bap.* (Temple.) *M. E.* (Auditorium.) *U. P.* (Hall.)

8 P.M.—C. L. S. C. "Review of English History": James Hughes. (Pavilion.)

9.30 P.M.—"Views in Europe," by J. Q. Maynard. (With Ox-Hy. Ill.)

10 P.M.—Warning Bell.

10.30 P.M.—Night Bells."

Before dismissing the Chautauqua meetings from consideration and taking up what seems to us a more important branch of the Chautauqua plan, it should be remarked that the Assembly has a literature of its own, comprising text-books, lesson-papers, etc., which are in use in all parts of the country. It has also given rise to similar local assemblies which are being profitably conducted, notably the one held in the valley of the Yosemite, also under the supervision of Dr. Vincent.

By far the most valuable fruit of the Chautauqua plan—at least, in an educational sense—will come from the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. It had its origin as far back as 1856, in an attempt made by Dr. Vincent to establish a course of home study and reading for young ministers who had lacked early advantages. Several meetings were held in furtherance of the project, but it was finally abandoned for the time. In August 1878, Dr. Vincent felt that the time had arrived for the resumption of the plan on a more extended scale. His travel and experience had convinced him that there were hundreds of men and women, in all ranks of life, who had from various causes failed to secure the benefits of a liberal education, but who were anxious for knowledge, and would gladly pursue a course of home study if in some manner their investigations could be placed under judicious guidance. They were conscious of their needs, and willing to make the necessary individual effort; but they lacked a knowledge of the right means and directions of their labours. It was to meet this want that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was organised. The plan, in brief, embraces the following features: First it has a prescribed curriculum covering four years; second, its aim is to give the college students' outlook; third, it covers, in special courses, the entire range of study in art, science, literature, and history (the general and initial four years' course may be thought circumscribed or superficial, but this only prepares the way for exceedingly thorough special courses afterwards); fourth, it is based upon religious truth, and embraces Biblical studies from an evangelical standpoint; fifth, the course of study is carefully prepared by expert and practical scholars—college professors, scientific students, and teachers of experience; sixth, a series of examinations is held by means of printed questions sent to each member of the class; anyone who answers a reasonable percentage of the inquiries must have pursued the course faithfully, as no system of "cramming" would make it possible to meet the test successfully. Each member is kept in constant communication with the president by reports and by printed circulars containing suggestions and items of interest in connection with a course of study.

The register for the membership was opened on the 10th of August, and by the 20th of November—when entries for the first class were closed—contained over eight thousand names. From the reports received, it is known that about that number are actually engaged in the prosecution of the prescribed course of study at the present time. When it is borne in mind that the effort is entirely voluntary; that the text-books for the year cost the members about a sovereign; and that, on an average, forty minutes must be devoted to the course each week day for nine months, the result will be admitted to be exceedingly gratifying and significant. Judged by the result already achieved great permanent good will result from this plan for gathering up the fragments of time, the spare hours that have been wasted, and turning them to purposes of usefulness. It meets the wants of those to whom the doors of knowledge have hitherto been locked; it brings pleasurable occupation to those whose leisure hours have hung heavily on their hands; it lightens labour, brightens life, and developes power. In one of the reports sent in last year to the president, the man who signed it explained that he could not state the number of hours he had given to the course, for he was a night watchman, and had done his reading by the light of street lamps between his rounds. Similar instances could be multiplied.

The eight thousand student members of the "Circle" are scattered through all the states and territories of the Union, and many are found in the Dominion of Canada. Nearly two hundred local "circles" have been formed of members of the parent "circles" living in the same cities or towns, and meetings are held for reviews and lectures on the subject of study.

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Before closing I must add another word about the Assembly. The Sabbath is most strictly observed at Chautauqua. The gates of the grounds are kept closed, and no one is admitted from Saturday until Monday, thus all mere holiday-seekers are excluded, for the day of rest at least. Another strictly enforced law is, that no intoxicating liquors are sold on the grounds, but in respect of innocent and harmless recreation, there is the utmost freedom allowed. Fishing, boating, bathing in the lake are favourite amusements, while croquet and lawn tennis under the shade of the giant trees afford another healthful relaxation. The Assembly is not a money-making venture, although it is now clear of debt, and can pay its working expenses. Some idea of what these must be, may be gathered from the fact, that the cost for lectures alone during last year's meeting, from the 17th of July to the 23rd of August, amounted to upwards of two thousand pounds, and yet, from the number visiting the Assembly, a fee of about eight shillings for each person, gave them the right of admission to all these as well as the various models, museums and appliances on the ground, save and except the school of languages, for which a small extra charge is made. This of course does not represent the rent of cottages or tents, but gives permission to live on the ground, or pass the gates every day but Sunday, when not even a season ticket will open them. The chief originator of the Chautauqua plan and the hardest worker, Dr. Vincent, gives his services without fee or reward, and in him America may claim to have found a reformer by whose aid she may hope to maintain her place as a Sunday-school country at the head of all nations. It must not, however, be forgotten that the simplest aims of the Sunday-school are still the greatest: to impart exact Scriptural knowledge is one thing; it is more to influence the moral character or touch the heart with the love of Christ.

THE SHEPHERD OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THERE are not many places within five miles of St. Paul's Cathedral where such pure air can be breathed, and where every turn brings such fresh surprises of picturesque beauty, as Hampstead Heath. The immense flocks of sheep that are frequently pastured there for a few days add a great charm to the rural scene. These sheep are brought by drovers, and committed to the care of a resident shepherd, who has "hirelings" to assist him in the charge. With one of these I had a long conversation the other day, which was like a new parable in its teaching to my own heart, and the profit of which I would gladly share with my readers.

I came upon the man seated on a knoll which commanded a view of the great woolly crowd scattered over the slopes around him; his beautiful collie stretched at his feet, apparently dozing, but with one eye very wide awake to the interests of the flock, and both ears open to the slightest word of his master. I sat down beside him on the green grass, and we were soon engaged in conversation.

"That is a heavy charge for you," I said, pointing to his sheep.

"Everybody ain't of that mind, sir; some reckon it rather an easy kind of a life to sit here and, as they think, do naught but look at the sheep. There's a many of the folks that the railway brings here from Lunnon, and that come trooping on to the Heath to get a sniff of the air, that chaff me about the fine times I have. But they'd change their tune I'm thinking, if they were here for a few of the wet weeks we had last year, day and night, often wet to the skin and without any shelter, and feeling that they're bail for every one of the poor helpless creatures, and will have to answer for it if they don't all turn up right in the morning. They'd want a train to take them back to the City pretty quick, I reckon."

"And what is it that gives you most trouble with the sheep?" I asked.

"Why they're so restless and never know when they're well off. No matter how good a pasture it is, they'll run away if they can get any kind of a chance, and there's some o' them so unsettled and wild-like that they can lead away a whole flock. It wouldn't be so bad if they all went the same road, but one goes off one way, and another goes just opposite, with ever so many following him, and that's the way they're so difficult to keep together. Me and my dog can do well enough in daylight, but nobody that hasn't tried it knows what it is like to keep a flock all together in the dark."

"But I thought that when they were well fed they lay down and slept through the night?"

"So they will if they don't get disturbed, sir, but the least thing does it, and if they get roused up once there's little chance of settling them down again till morning. Only the other night, I had got them, as I thought, quietly disposed of, and it was such a pouring rain that I thought I might turn in to a kind of hut I've got for shelter and leave Sandy in charge. But just then a man with a dog happened to cross the heath, and they were all on the scramble in a minute. They don't usually run fast when they are on the grass, but as soon as they feel the beaten path under their feet they go off at a gallop. Well, sir, all that night Sandy and I were running about, and my coat was so wet that I took it off, for I was better without it. When we came back at last I saw that Sandy was so uneasy that I was sure we hadn't got them all, but it was too dark to count. So I kept wandering about and at last I found four of them a mile away on the Highgate road. When I got nigh they kept trotting in the wrong way as fast as their legs could carry them, and I had to turn them round and drive them back to the rest. I can tell you that it doesn't do for a shepherd to have a small stock of patience, for there's plenty needed."

"And did those four make up the number?"

"No, sir; I had four hundred and forty sheep in my charge that time, and when I counted them in the morning, there were only four hundred and thirty-six, so I had to set off again, and at last I found the others in a field which they'd crept into through a hole in the hedge, silly things, tearing their fleece and not bettering themselves any way. But I was thankful enough to get them, for master's 'sponsible if one gets lost."

"Does that often happen?"

"I never knew it but once. I'll not forget that

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night very soon! The guv'nor and me had been round among them, working hard for three hours, and it was just after ten at night, and he says, 'Come in; you'll do with a drink.' So we went into the 'Masons' Arms,' and had a pot of beer. We weren't in five minutes; but as soon as we got back and looked round, I says, 'Where's that big tup? Why, he can't have got very far.' So master ran one way, and I ran another; and when we met we hadn't seen him. He says, 'Somebody's got him; run for your life.' So I made for the high road, and ran down the hill about half a mile, and met a man. 'Have you seen anybody with a cart?' 'Yes,' he said, 'there were three men in a spring-cart passed me ten minutes syne, driving like mad.' I were starting after them, but he said, 'Why! you'll never come within five miles of them;' and I knew I couldn't catch them; but if only I could ha' got a horse, I would. They got clear away, and master had to pay for the tup, and we never lost none but that."

"Then do the drovers come back again for the sheep they have put into your care?"

"No, we have to drive them to some market in the neighbourhood—most times to Holloway. It takes the matter of an hour for any one who knows the ways of sheep and isn't fractious with them; but I've seen men that's been that worrying and awkward with them that it's taken well nigh three hours to get them there. Sheep's much like the rest of us, sir; they do best with a kind word and a bit of managing."

After a little further conversation I left my new friend, carrying with me a far more vivid idea of the reality of the shepherd's care. That plain man, brought even for a few days into this relation of a shepherd to a particular set of sheep, showed a spirit of self-sacrifice in his devotion to their interests that could not be exceeded by the conduct of the tenderest mother towards her own offspring. Loss of sleep and home comforts, and exposure to the weather in our variable climate were the daily requirements of his position, but how patiently and bravely were they borne! And yet how little confidence or gratitude was his portion in return; nothing on the part of the sheep but a constant endeavour to escape his care, and to turn every one to his own way, and these separate ways always proving ways of danger, and ofttimes of suffering. Well might he say a shepherd has need of patience. And as I remembered his story of the night search after the wanderer, how could I help thinking of the Good Shepherd towards whom everything in the afternoon's conversation had pointed? I thought of all that is written about his watchful tender care, and of the silly, wayward nature of the sheep. In eastern lands there are other perils to be provided against, all of which are used in illustration of the soul's danger and the Saviour's wisdom and love.

"Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home."

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE YOUNG SLAVE.

"The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt: but God was with him."—*Acts* vii. 9.

JOSEPH, at the age of seventeen, cruelly torn from his father, and sold into slavery in a foreign land, was indeed forlorn and desolate. His whole hopes and prospects were changed; the bright dreams which had elated him and had excited the envy of his brothers, seemed now utterly vain; he had no means of escaping from his present state of servitude; no way of communicating to his mourning father the tidings that he was yet alive; all seemed hopelessly dark around him. And yet, slave and exile as he was, Pharaoh himself might have envied him had he known the light that filled his heart—for "God was with him!" It was this that preserved him, pure as a lily among thorns. It was this that "made him a prosperous man." Grievous as were the temptations he met with, he was strengthened to resist them all, and to remember that the eye of the Lord was upon him. Heavy as were the calamities which befel him, he was never utterly forsaken, for in the prison as well as in the house of the Egyptian, it was still true that the Lord was with Joseph; and this was seen and known by all who had to do with him, for the keeper of the prison, as well as his Egyptian master, found that "that which he did the Lord made it to prosper."

So it is still and ever will be with the man who has God with him as his "Sun and his Shield." The young Hebrew bore a talisman which made him both blessed in himself and a blessing to others, and his example and experience in this stage of his wonderful career, may well serve to encourage other young servants when feeling sad and lonely in separation from their home and its privileges.

Observe how few religious advantages and what great disadvantages the youthful Joseph had. All that he learned of God, the God of his fathers, must have been learned before he was seventeen. After that there was no teaching, no Bible, no religious worship for Joseph. On the contrary, he was surrounded by the most debasing idolatry and gross immorality; but he lived by faith. How responsible are those who have received an early religious education! How happy are those who not only from education but from conviction and choice, say to the God of their fathers, "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth!"

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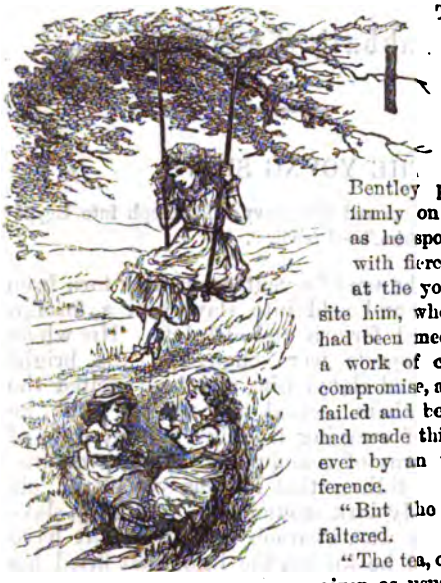
Pages for the Young.

SQUIRE BENTLEY'S TREAT.

CHAPTER I.



"I TELL you, sir, I give the whole thing up entirely. I will have nothing more to do with it," and Squire Bentley planted himself firmly on the hearthrug as he spoke, and looked with fierce determination at the young man opposite him, who, hat in hand, had been meekly attempting a work of conciliation and compromise, and had signally failed and begun to fear he had made things worse than ever by an untimely interference.

"But the tea, sir," he faltered.

"The tea, of course, will be given as usual. I am not a man to grudge a few poor children their yearly pleasure, because some stuck-up people in the parish, who ought to know better, want to put a lot of foolish notions in their heads. The tea will be given as usual, but no marquees or bands in a meadow of mine. You are at liberty to arrange things so if you choose, but you will select another spot. I forbid anything of the kind in a meadow of mine. There's no reason in it whatever."

The young man, who was the superintendent of the Sunday-school, looked thoughtfully at the carpet. He had been entrusted with this interview with the squire, and was pondering whether he had brought forth all his choicest arguments.

"We thought in case of wet—the children——"

"A few drops of rain, sir, would not kill them."

"No, not a few drops, but last year, if you remember, it was very wet, and was unpleasant for the children having their tea out of doors."

Squire Bentley turned impatiently on his heel. "You are quite at liberty, sir, to make things more pleasant, only you will have no meadow of mine to do it in, that's all. Arrange just as you like; I wash my hands of the whole matter."

The young man looked again at the carpet, as though its softly blended colours proved helpful to his perturbed thoughts.

"Young Clarkson suggested," he began again after a pause.

The squire's eyes literally flashed at the inadvertently mentioned name.

There had been a secret feud between the Clarksons and Bentleys for many long years. Certainly the squire had kept the ancient flame vigorously alive. He waved his hand majestically.

"I don't wish to hear any of young Clarkson's suggestions, sir. I have no doubt he suggests something valuable."

The superintendent's meekness suddenly deserted him. He was a comparative stranger in the place, and not aware of the long-standing feeling of enmity between the two families. That the squire should be angry was not perhaps a thing to be surprised at; that he should be wholly unreasonable and refuse to listen to a suggestion when he had one to make, was quite another matter, and altogether too much for even the spirit of humility in which he had determined to carry out his enterprise. He plucked up courage for a remark beyond the simply defensive.

"I am thinking," he said, "to-day is Saturday, and the treat on Monday, there's only Sunday between. I don't see how we can choose a fresh place and let them all know. Hadn't you better have a board, or notice, or something put up, so that in case anyone should chance to come to your field, they may find out their mistake at once?"

The squire tried to look unutterable contempt. The young superintendent, whose conscience gave a guilty flutter at his audacity—had he not been warned by those on whose behalf he had been despatched, to speak with all propriety and decorum?—fancied the squire looked fixedly at the library door; he had better at least make his exit unordered to do so.

"I don't think there's anything more to be said then, sir."

Squire Bentley inclined his head grandly. "Nothing more, sir; I wish you good-day."

There was nothing for the defeated superintendent but to retire, and Squire Bentley stood alone on his hearthrug, feeling himself the most outraged and aggrieved of men. And he really had some cause—he told himself much reason—for displeasure. The yearly school treat was a time-honoured institution. The squire's father had been much interested in the school, and his son had followed his example, and the annual treat, towards which the squire always contributed the principal part, had year after year been held in the meadow close by his house. But of late some of the old standards and supporters of the school had died off, and young people with younger, if not wiser notions, had taken their places, and by these the yearly school treat had been voted a dull and lifeless proceeding. Other Sunday-schools in the neighbourhood went for a day's trip to the sea-side, and indulged in various other modes of entertainment.

They were willing to pay more towards the general expense, but why could not the squire have a marquee for the children to have tea in, and a band, and flags flying, and put a little life into the otherwise dull proceedings? These innovations had been mentioned to the squire, and the squire had at the first disapproved. Then there arose spirits bold enough to suggest, that if Squire Bentley would not give his consent, they would carry out their plans without his leave altogether. But at the last it was thought well to acquaint him with their resolution, and Mr. Wells, the superintendent, had been despatched on an errand that was to be in part conciliatory and in part a compromise, for in case the squire too violently opposed their measures, the marquee was to be given up, and only the band added to the usual arrangements.

But Squire Bentley had given Mr. Wells no chance of conciliation or compromise either. He had seen his position at once. In return for all his kindness, he was to be treated with ingratitude and contempt by a set of thoughtless jackanapes—that was the term Mr. Wells had to stand and hear applied to himself and his colleagues—no, they should have their way, do as they liked, but no meadow of his should be lent for the occasion. On this point the squire was resolute, immovable.

Now as he stood reflecting, he felt quite sore at heart at the insolent treatment he considered he had received. It wasn't the bare fact of having a band—he wasn't one, as he had said, to grudge a few children a little pleasure—it was the feeling that they meant to do it all without him, in opposition to him, quite senseless of all past favours, this was the part that stung the squire's vanity to the quick. If any man had a right to the respect and homage of his neighbours he, Squire Bentley, had. In everything connected with the place he had given liberally, acted generously, and this was his reward. A party of senseless young people had set their heads on a drum and fife

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"Let them, let them do it," said the squire, speaking aloud in the heat of his troubled reflections. "They will have their drumming and fifeing just where they can, that's one thing."

And young Clarkson, his enemy's son, was making suggestions. That young man was at the bottom of it all, there was not a doubt of it, he had set it all on foot on purpose to annoy him. Whether the squire gathered most sorrow or satisfaction from this conclusion, it would have been difficult to determine. And the superintendent had insulted him by proposing he should put up a board, a public notice! The squire's face grew very angry as he reflected on that part of the business, then a sudden impulse stirred within him. The young man should not make his audacious proposal for nothing—he would—— At this point the squire turned hastily, took his hat and went quickly from the house.

CHAPTER II.



NELLIE AND HER UNCLE.

In about half an hour Squire Bentley returned. At the garden-gate a man stepped suddenly out from the shadow of the high laurel hedge. It was the village policeman, evidently waiting to speak with him. Squire Bentley was not surprised at his appearance. He had himself set him watching on a little business that had proved puzzling to him. For some time past someone had been committing petty robberies on the squire's premises. He had himself played the spy. He had set his foreman on the track in vain. At last he had one day reluctantly mentioned the case to Gripper the policeman. Very quietly the policeman came forward.

"I think I have 'em, sir," he said. "I've got a good clue. We shall run 'em to earth, sir, if we're careful."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked the squire, stepping cautiously into the shadow of the hedge from which the policeman had just emerged. The policeman went and stood by his side, and said a few words in a low voice. The squire visibly started, and repeated a name aloud. "Bill Stephens! You must be mistaken!"

The policeman smiled. "I don't think there's much mistake, sir?"

The squire stuck his stick angrily into the ground. "I wouldn't have believed it, if there's a man anywhere I've befriended and helped, it's Stephens. I kept him on all last winter, and didn't want him either. They'd have been in the poorhouse, every one of them, if it hadn't been for me, and this is my reward."

The policeman nodded his head. He looked only at the professional side of the matter, the squire's disappointed feelings did not come into his calculations. If people put any "And," continued the squire, "there's Jones, my best man, living next door. He must know of it, at least, if there's anything much wrong."

Again the policeman gave his head an official nod. He did not see fit to explain that a little careful cross-questioning of Jones had led in a large measure to the knowledge he already possessed. "You see, they never inform on each other," he said, philosophically. Then he proceeded at some length to detail out his plans; but the squire, to do him justice, hardly entered into a full understanding of his projects, so predominating was the feeling of surprised indignation at Stephens' rank ingratitude. Truly it was a wicked world in which he lived, the squire felt very assured on this point as he walked slowly back into his own grounds, and he was a credulous, generous-minded, much-abused man. He stood on the lawn gloomily ruminating, when suddenly there was a sound of a pretty, childish voice, and the squire, despite his miserable reflections, turned his head in that direction. Children Squire Bentley had none. Some people charitably supposed he would have been altogether a more amiable man had a few young children of his own been round him, to expand his nature, and to smooth away some of the angles and eccentricities of disposition by which he too often made himself notorious. Anyhow, little Nelly was, among all his nieces and nephews, his especial favourite. She had been spending the whole summer at his house; her health having been delicate the previous winter, country air had been advised for her, and ever since the spring Nellie had been an inmate of her uncle's house. Health had again touched her cheek with its soft bloom, and sparkled brightly in her pretty blue eyes, but still Squire Bentley put off the day of her departure. "So she gets back again to town in time for the winter," he said, and to this arrangement Nellie gladly consented.

At sight of her uncle, Nellie ran quickly towards him. She perched herself lightly on a hollow stump of a tree, in which were blooming some brightly-flowering plants. Thus elevated her face was on a level with her uncle's. She looked fearlessly into his eyes, for Nellie that face was never clouded or angry, his pretty niece held a magic sway over her irascible uncle. Yet even the child discovered something troublous on the countenance into which she looked.

"How grave you look, uncle," she said, turning his face towards her with one of her little hands.

"These are grave times, Nellie; and this is a bad world at best."

"I think it is a very nice world, uncle."

"So it is, dear, for a good, pretty little girl like you."

Nellie drew herself up with the sweet gravity of childhood; her uncle was speaking to her as though she were a baby, and Nellie was eight years old. "Isn't it nice for you too, uncle?"

"It might be, Nellie; the world itself is fair enough, but the people who live in it make it seem bad."

"But there are some good people in it, uncle."

"Of course there are, child."

"Some very good people."

The squire looked into the grave, innocent face. "What do you mean by very good? Tell me one, Nellie."

"Miss Croft is very good."

Miss Croft was a lady whom Mrs. Bentley had engaged dur Nellie's stay, as a kind of daily governess for her. Not r teaching entered into the bargain, but Mrs. Bentley kne value of even a little pecuniary aid to a person in Miss straitened circumstances, and it was better for the ch argued, a little supervision of some kind, than running day long.

"Yes, yes," said Squire Bentley, "of course Mi very good. Miss Croft has known a great deal Nellie, and has come out of it all a good and sensi

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"Has she had a very great deal of trouble, uncle?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Because she always seems very cheerful and happy."

Nellie, like most quick children, had a pertinacious way of sifting matters to their foundation. The squire paused a moment, then he said, "You see, she is very unselfish, my love; that makes her happy and contented."

"Yes," said Nellie, "unselfish means giving up our will to others. Miss Croft explained that word to me, and she says we should always do to people exactly as we should wish them to do to us."

The squire groaned in soul; the world in general was owing him a heavy debt of unpaid gratitude for disinterested conduct. "Ah, Nellie, there are not many people of that way of thinking. Folks like being treated well as a rule, but they are in no hurry to return the treatment." But the squire remembered he was speaking to an impressible, unsophisticated little child, and he would not for worlds have put a drop of the gall of scepticism in the sweet innocence of the childish belief.

"You are a very little girl now," he said, "but you will be grown-up one day, then you will understand what I mean."

"Miss Croft is grown up."

"Tut, tut, child; of course she is."

"Miss Croft says people are always very kind to her; and she says if we love God best of all, and our neighbour just as ourselves, we shall always find people good to us."

"Odd if we shouldn't," was the squire's spontaneous exclamation.

"We must be unselfish, you know, uncle."

"Yes, yes, child, and Miss Croft is a very good and excellent woman, and you must mind everything she tells you."

Squire Bentley kissed the child's face, so close to his own; it was a sign the argument was at an end. But the conversation at that moment received a more decisive termination.

A man on the other side of the garden-hedge was reining up his horse, evidently stopping with the desire to speak. The squire would have got away if he could; it was his old enemy, Mr. Clarkson. He was a man about the squire's age, with a pleasant sensible-looking face. The squire returned his salutation stiffly. Mr. Clarkson hesitated a moment, the squire's manner was not inviting, then he plunged at once into his subject.

"I have just seen the superintendent, Mr. Wells. He tells me there has been some unpleasantness about the school treat. I just stopped to say that if my son has had anything to do with these proceedings I will see that he withdraws from them at once. It is not my wish he should do anything displeasing or annoying to you in any way."

The squire felt for once a little taken by surprise, but in a strictly formal tone he replied, "Your son may be of a different opinion, Mr. Clarkson."

"Oh, as far as that goes I can trust my influence over him; my boy will not do anything contrary to my wishes. Seeing you in the garden I thought I would just stop and say this much to you. I wish you good-evening, Mr. Bentley."

The squire stood watching Mr. Clarkson's retreating form. Having made up his mind that people were so generally bad and unthankful, he did not know whether it was altogether satisfactory to find one at least turning out better than he had expected. He had for so long taken it for granted that Mr. Clarkson cherished ill-feeling towards him, that he could not all at once disabuse his mind of the idea. Yet neither he nor the present Mr. Clarkson had really had anything to do with the matter that had caused the long-existing feud. A forefather of Mr. Clarkson's had bought a piece of land which a former Squire Bentley had set his mind upon possessing. The land had been bought in a clandestine, unfriendly manner, and the squire fiercely resented the unneighbourly act, and being a man of choleric and vindictive disposition, he had perpetuated the quarrel, and instilled his own resentment into the mind of his son, and a feeling of dislike and separation had existed between the families ever since. Squire Bentley took it for granted that Mr. Clarkson regarded him with unfavourable feelings. "He had reasons of his own for speaking so, I have no doubt," he muttered as he walked slowly across the lawn. "All nonsense that, about not wishing his son to annoy me."

The squire, as was his habit, was jumping rapidly to a conclusion, yet hasty judgment of others had been the rock upon which he had foundered over and over again. Then as he paused, a scene rose before him of happy children assembling on that lawn. It was always their custom to do so after the treat was over, and a bun and a small story-book was presented by the squire to each child. Then before they left they always gave the usual hearty cheers: three for the squire, then for Mrs. Bentley, then for the teachers; it seemed sometimes as if there would be no end to their joyful cheering. And the sound of their glad voices always did the squire's heart good. The thought passed through his mind that it would not be pleasant to miss the happy scene that had been enacted there for so many years, and the buns and the books were all prepared ready, and he did not want the children to miss having them. He could almost have wished he had not been quite so rash with the superintendent that afternoon, but then it was not his fault, the blame lay with those who had behaved in so ungrateful, ignorant, and thankless a manner.

Church and School.

GOD keep our Church and School!
Shed on them blessings full!
Bless Church and School!
Crowd them from day to day;
All walking in the Way;
All living as they pray:
Bless Church and School!

Fill with Thy Spirit's might
To know and do the right,
And evil shun:
Here let each heart upraise,
Sweet notes of prayer and praise,
Bright'ning the day of days—
Heaven begun.

Children of peace and light,
Give each the robe of white
To wear for Thee!
When each Lord's Day is done
May scholars, one by one,
Be found to Jesus won,
And Christ-like be.

Lord, let thy gospel reign
And still fresh conquests gain,
At home, abroad:
Help us with heart and hand
To spread the tidings grand,
Till souls in every land
Welcome their God.

God keep our Church and School!
Shed on them blessings full!
Bless Church and School!
To sow we will not cease;
Give, Lord, the rich increase;
Faith, holiness, and peace:
Bless Church and School.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D.

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



AMAZIAH AND THE PROPHET.

"But there came a man of God to him, saying, O king, let not the army of Israel go with thee; for Lord is not with Israel, to wit, with all the children of Ephraim. But if thou wilt go, do it, be s' for the battle: God shall make thee fall before the enemy: for God hath power to help, and down. And Amaziah said to the man of God, But what shall we do for the hundred talents have given to the army of Israel? And the man of God answered, The Lord is able to give t more than this."—2 *Chron.* xxv. 7–9.

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AMAZIAH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DESPARD, M.A., TRINITY CHURCH, KILBURN.

THE history of King Amaziah is a sad one. At first he paid respect to the Law of God in refusing to allow the children of his father's murderers to be put to death. But "his heart was not perfect," and therefore when a temptation came to strengthen his army with men whom he knew to be under God's displeasure, he yielded. The errand on which the man of God mentioned in the text was sent was to reprove the King for this sin. And though Amaziah was not yet hardened against God's reproof, he showed in the course of the interview some ominous symptoms of the spirit which led him afterwards to despise the counsel of the Almighty. His interview with the man of God, therefore, was a crisis in his life, and its details deserve careful consideration as serving to illustrate some important Bible truths and lessons. 2 Chron. xxv. 7–9.

Thus it illustrates the standing danger for us all in respect to *the use of means*. It was not wrong in Amaziah to look out means by which he might repel his enemies. If he had sat down idly, and let his enemies come on, without doing his best to utilise the means of resistance God had given him, it would have been presumption. But then, in considering and preparing the means, he was bound to see that they were such as God would approve. And when he proceeded to hire men to fight for him "with whom the Lord was not," what was that but the unbelief which counts means, however wrong, of greater value than the blessing of God?

The temptation is one which meets us all in our common everyday life. Means of gaining our ends are never far to seek, of which, if we consider the matter honestly, we can hardly doubt that the Lord is not with them. Men act continually as if they could not expect God to take care of them, unless they helped Him to do so by something sinful on their part. The excuse for many of the paltry "tricks of trade" is—"You know we must live!" People get the idea that it is impossible to live, or to be successful, if a man is "over-scrupulous" as to means. We can be only too like Amaziah, who could not trust God if he had only his own soldiers, which was the lawful resource. The contingent from the neighbouring kingdom which was unlawful must be brought in before he could feel happy in his own mind! Compelled as we are to use means for the accomplishment of nearly all our plans, how needful it is to keep by us some good test which we may apply to them before venturing to adopt them. The only safe test I know is the test given to us in the Bible —"Are they means on which we can ask the blessing of God?"

Then, again, this scene in King Amaziah's life illustrates *the difficulty of retracing a wrong step*. The conscience of the king seems to have acquiesced in the justice of the prophet's reproof; it had not yet reached the hardened stage when it was deaf to all reproof. But Amaziah was in such a position that, through his own folly, he found it a very difficult thing to follow the convictions of conscience. He had unfortunately committed himself in the matter, a contract had been formally made, and to go back from it now would damage his character in the eyes of men, and convert friends into enemies. It is easy to take a wrong step, but it is never easy to retrace it. When conscience is asleep, we allow ourselves to become involved in guilty entanglements, and then, when conscience wakes up, we find, to our dismay, that we are so deeply committed it seems almost impossible to go back. We have another and still more painful illustration of this in another king who lived long after Amaziah; I mean King Herod. In an idle moment he promised, "with an oath," what he never ought to have promised at all; pledged his kingly word to give anything she might ask to the daughter of Herodias. He was very much shocked when she asked for the head of John, but Herod was too deeply committed to go back, "for his oath's sake and them that sat at meat with him, he commanded that it should be given her." Let us think of this whenever we are enticed to any wrong steps. They are generally taken because people persuade themselves that it will be easy to draw back whenever they wish. They little know the cunning of the tempter, or the skill which he expends on the meshes of every "net" he "spreads" for the silly "bird." Better keep out of the tangle than try to get out of it after having got in. Amaziah had to pay a hundred talents for breaking out of the net, and heavy interest along with it. The broken bargain restored his peace of conscience, but it brought fire and sword upon the cities of Judah from the slighted mercenaries!

Moreover, the scene between the king and "the man of God" illustrates remarkably *the mercifulness of God*. At first, no doubt, "the man of God" was an unwelcome intruder in the royal presence, though, whatever the king felt, he had grace enough, so far, not to express it. Next time he had gone farther down the broad road, and did express what he felt at the prophet's interference; told him it was a piece of impertinence in a low person like him presuming to take upon him as if he were one of "the king's counsel!" What people hate, when conscience is wrong, is not themselves—which would be the proper thing to hate—but anything that reminds them of their wrongness. Ahab would have it that Elijah was his "enemy," when he had no enemy but himself. It was not pleasant for a king to be browbeaten by a prophet, however much he might be browbeaten by his own conscience. But at the same time, if it was not pleasant, it was

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as he once did, now seeking the king in; the person of a living witness of the law, to stop him in mercy on his fatal course. You see God blocks up the way of sinners, and puts a thorn-hedge in their path, because He pities them too much to allow them to go on unchecked in their evil courses. Balaam was annoyed when he was stopped, and would have ridden on if he could, not knowing that it would have been an angel of mercy he was riding over. And one of the most awful revelations reserved for persistent sinners one day, is the number of times they have found it impossible to move on to their sinful ends without trampling down angels of mercy in their path. If God meant to destroy us He would let us sin on without putting in our way anything to remind conscience of Him and of his law. But as He was merciful to King Amaziah He put "the man of God" in his way to rouse his conscience; and as He is merciful to us, "not willing that any should perish," He puts many a check and restraint in the sinner's path, by which He says, as plainly as if He said it in words, "Turn ye; wherefore will ye die?"

Then another thing which comes out in connection with the scene before us is, that if we desire to please God rather than ourselves, we must be prepared *to make some sacrifice.* Directly King Amaziah heard what the man of God said, he felt that in hiring the men of Ephraim he had sinned against God. And while he saw very clearly that it was his duty to send them away, his mind at the same time ran upon the large sum of money he had given for their services; could he do as duty demanded, and at the same time get his money back? I think that question would never have been asked were it not for his want of that "perfect heart," referred to in the second verse. The man who really desires to do right wants nothing for doing so. If I am to wait to do what is right until I am sure I shall be no loser by it, it is evident that it is not what is right for its own sake I care for, but for myself and my own interests. Mercenary motives in obedience are a sure sign that a man's heart is not with God. Amaziah cared more for his "hundred talents," I fear, than he did for the right or wrong of things; he took no step to dismiss his hired soldiers until he had first been assured that he would lose nothing by it. Have we not need to remember one thing which is an unfailing mark on all true obedience to God? Supposing there were to be no bad consequences from breaking any of God's laws—neither disgrace, nor punishment, nor falling before the enemy, nor condemnation before the judgment-seat—would you none the less obey God, and do what you know to be right in His sight? And supposing you were to gain nothing by doing what pleases Him, no worldly advantage, or temporal reward—nothing, either now or hereafter, beyond the happy sense of His approval, would you still obey, and do the thing that is right? You know there is but one thing that is not mercenary, and that is love. And that is why there is only one kind of obedience that is not mercenary, the kind of obedience which, though he could be obedient when it suited him, King Amaziah knew nothing of—the obedience which springs from love! Not one thought would there have been of his "hundred talents" if there had been in his heart any particle of true love to God. "Let them go," he would have parison with the happiness of doing that which is right in the sight of the Lord."

We should beware how we set any value on the kind of obedience Amaziah was willing to give—obedience up to the point at which it costs nothing—but not one inch beyond! It was the same kind of obedience which King Saul was satisfied with. As long as he was dealing with "everything vile and refuse" his way of "performing the commandment of the Lord," that he should destroy *all*, was to destroy *that* utterly. But directly he came to "the best of the sheep, and all that was good," which it seemed a pity to touch, he became tender-hearted, and spared that! Amaziah seems to have parted with his money readily enough in the service of sin. But he seems to have considered, also, that the service of God is not to be thought of unless it pays. At least he acted as if he thought "the man of God" could not be in his sober senses to expect him to sacrifice his "hundred talents" to his conscience! Let us bear in mind that it is not the action, but the motive, that decides anything. The first action of Amaziah, in this business, was one of disobedience to God in making an ungodly alliance—and the motive was to serve himself. His second action was one of obedience to God in dismissing those whom he had unlawfully hired—but the motive was still the same—to serve himself—escaping defeat, and thus getting paid back for his "hundred talents"! Oh, that the case may be the reverse with us—whatever the action, the motive at any rate right—God served, whatever may be the expense to self!

But in the answer of the man of God to the king a truth came out which, in its place, is both important and encouraging. How far King Amaziah understood the prophet's meaning it is impossible to say, though I fear that, considering the kind of man he was, he took it in a sordid sense.

But whatever mistake Amaziah may have made there is no mistake at all about the truth itself—it is one that continually meets us in the Bible. If there can be no real obedience, or service to God, without some sacrifice, *there is ample recompense* provided for any sacrifice it may involve. True, Amaziah would lose his "hundred talents," by giving up the hired soldiers in obedience to the will of God, but there would be no real loss for all that: "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this." It was a seasonable and suitable reminder of something King Amaziah had forgotten—how "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith." If Amaziah consented to lose his "hundred talents" sooner than disobey God, would he not get back that which would be worth more to him in the day of battle than "a hundred thousand men," namely, the "blessing of God"? Was Amaziah so ignorant of the history of his own nation as to be unaware of one great fact? When sin was in her own camp, how had it always fared with the Israel of God in the hour of battle? Whereas she could do nothing against her enemies, with all her armies, when her own heart was defiled with sin—had any enemy been able to stand before her when God was with her? The result, in this ve instance, was in keeping with all the facts in previous history of God's people, as a recor even for the unworthy kind of obedience manifested in Amaziah's conduct: namely

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plete victory over the Edomites, without the aid of the disbanded mercenaries. And if Amaziah had but found in this an encouragement to go on in the path of obedience—how different might the close of his life have been! Unhappily for himself, his pride came back with his success, and he drove away the blessing when he adopted the gods of Edom, and forbade God's counsellor a place in "the king's counsel." But though the promises of God may be forfeited by the sin of man, they remain, like Himself, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

It is not much, after all, that loving obedience to the will of God costs any of His people in the way of self-sacrifice. But does anything show more the "riches" of His grace than the heaped-up expressions in His word which intimate the greatness of "the recompense of the reward"? Turn, for instance, to the words of Christ (Luke xviii. 29), "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting." There is a double reward to all self-sacrificing service promised in these words—a providential reward "in this present time," and an eternal reward "in the world to come, life everlasting." We have an illustration of the providential reward in Job xlii. 10, where we read of "the Lord adding all that had been to Job unto the double" (margin). And we have another illustration in Simon Peter, who was rewarded for lending Christ the use of his boat, by "a great multitude of fishes." In some way all the little sacrifices and self-denials "for Christ's sake" are made up to his people, even "in this present time," if not in kind, at least in kindness. Every love-token Christ sees left on his altar by us He requites with a love-token on his part to us—a love-token all the more valuable because it is inward and spiritual—even "the secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," our Lord said, "and all these things"—things that have to do with present need—"shall be *added* unto you." For "God is able to make all grace abound unto us," and is moreover "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Now if He is able to do this—"able to give thee much more than this," as the man of God put it to Amaziah, is He less willing than He is able? Nay, for "He that spared not his own Son, but gave Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things"?

We can never really lose by anything we give up for God's sake, or in the way of duty. If we can trust God enough to forego what He forbids, we may trust Him to make good what He has promised! But the man of God, in what he said, looked higher than anything present or earthly. Amaziah was no loser by being content to let his hundred talents go, in the battle that followed—and if he lost the reward of the hereafter, it was only because his heart was not "perfect" in what he did. No one of us, I hope, is likely to mistake what it means, that infinite grace is pleased to represent the glories of heaven as a "reward" for our fidelity on earth. Reward, in the sense of merit on our part, there can be none, but in the sense of gracious allotment on the part of God, it is certain. "A cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of a disciple," the lip of truth has said, "shall in no wise lose its reward." If we weigh all the self-sacrifice and self-denial possible for us here on earth, how light do they seem in comparison with the "far more exceeding and eternal weight and glory"! "He that saveth his life"—consults for the earthly life at the expense of principle—"shall lose it"; but "he that loseth his life," who is willing to sacrifice the earthly interests, "for My sake and the gospel's, shall find it," *i.e.*, shall have "in the world to come life everlasting."

No one is ever called to give up anything, be it remembered, for the mere sake of doing so. But "for Christ's sake and the gospel's," and for our sakes also, many a surrender is demanded. Amaziah might have persisted in his resolution to get the worth of his "hundred talents" out of the ungodly band he had hired, but, if he had, there would have been disaster instead of victory, in "the Valley of Salt;" it was for his own sake the surrender was demanded. May we always remember this, when there is a struggle at the heart to retain anything that by the highest law of duty is bound to go! For our good always, and never except it is for our own good, does God say, touching anything, "be content to let it go!" And if only we trust Him, the struggle will never be long. Even if it be as a "right arm," or a "right eye," there is a voice of love at the call of which the heart, when "perfect," will let go its dearest idols; and if a recompense is sought at all, it will be sought and found in the assurance which falls from heaven on the ear of faith: "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

The last lesson the whole scene teaches us is a most solemn one—*the insufficiency of good impressions.* Those gracious warnings told on King Amaziah at the time, and convinced his conscience, and even moved him to go some way in the right direction. But the spirit that led him to trust in "the arm of flesh" rather than in the living God was not dead. Next time he did worse, for he trusted in "the gods of the children of Seir," and the seared conscience was then proof against any conviction. How we should beware of trifling with the convictions of conscience! No heart is so hard as the heart beaten down under the footsteps of impressions no sooner made than they pass away! And we know what is written in the unerring Word (Prov. xxix. 1), and how it was exemplified in the terrible end of King Amaziah: "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy!"

"THERE'S SUMMAT IN IT";

OR, "BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

COLONEL WALDEGRAVE sat in his library one autumn afternoon, with his well-worn Bible before him, but as the light failed he closed the book, and leaning back in his chair indulged in a reverie that brought a gleam of reverent gladness over his face. He thought of the time when he had vainly sought satisfaction in a life "without God:" of the remarkable chain of circumstance that had

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his soul, "I am thy salvation." Then as in a rapidly-moving panorama, there passed before him scenes of conflict in his early Christian life, when he had to suffer reproach and ridicule, and when it needed all a soldier's courage and endurance to be steadfast and immovable in his new service. But the Captain of his salvation had given the needed grace. He came to be honoured for his earnestness, and he was a good friend and adviser to not a few young men in the army, some of them serving divers lusts and pleasures, and being hurried on to misery for both worlds, but stopped in their downward course by his influence, and made noble and pure through becoming good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Since he left the army he had inherited the old family estate, and went to end his earthly life amongst his own people. He showed the same earnestness for the best interests of his tenantry and neighbours. Men and women who had never cared to travel a mile or two to the nearest village church, came gladly to the service, which, once in the week, and again on Sabbath evening, when there was no service in the church, he held in the hall of his beautiful home.

The Colonel was enjoying, as we said, a quiet meditation, from which he was startled by the entrance of a servant with lights. He roused himself to speak to the old man, who had been with him in all his wanderings, and still kept the post of personal attendant.

"Well, Thomas, is all ready for the meeting to-night?"

"No, sir; I was just going to name to you that there's no oil for the lamps. What you ordered from town, sir, has never come. I thought maybe it might be lying at the station, but I sent Bob over in the light cart to enquire, and it wasn't there."

"Then drive down to the village, Thomas, and get what you want at Tomlinson's."

Thomas stood irresolute, the old habit of military obedience preventing a negative reply to any order.

"What is it, Thomas?"

"Sir, you remember what the old man said the last time we went to his shop for oil?"

The Colonel smiled. "Did not approve of these meetings, rather inclined to denounce them, was not that it?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas; "he flew out at me quite spiteful, and said he would refuse to send oil to help such doings."

"Well," continued the Colonel, "though I pity the old man's ignorance, I cannot but admire his honesty and independence, for he must have known that he was risking our custom in speaking so."

"He doesn't believe in either God or devil, so I'm told," said Thomas, with suppressed wrath.

"Poor fellow! He will learn better by-and-bye. We must pray for him. His must be a dismal life with a creed like that. However, Thomas, we must face the enemy again; you and I don't believe in discouragement, do we? You just drive over and give my compliments to the old man, and say I particularly want a supply of oil for the meeting to-

Thomas was, like his master, an old veteran, but like many of his class he could face the roar of cannon far more bravely than the strife of tongues, and his heart sank in a manner very unusual to it, during his drive to Fullerton.

Jerry Tomlinson's store was in the middle of the village, and being the only shop in the place the old man did a thriving business, though his rough eccentric manners frightened many of his customers, and he made no secret of his contempt and hatred for everything "religious." Some of his neighbours who had attended Colonel Waldegrave's meetings, and had learned there of pardon and peace through the atonement of Jesus, often looked with pity at the gloomy, hard-faced man, and prayed that the Sun of Righteousness might shine into the darkness of his heart, but they dared not speak.

But by this time Thomas had arrived at his door. The upper half was swung back on its hinges, and over the lower half the old man was to be seen peering out into the gloom, He came forward with unusual politeness as Thomas drove up, and listened attentively to the Colonel's message, which Thomas delivered with a quaking of heart that no one would have suspected who looked at his erect bearing and unmoved face.

Jerry paused a moment in his reply, and then spoke with great deliberation: "Ye mind t'answer I gied ye when ye cam' on that business afore, and I wonder that ye'd come again, but ye soldiering folk don't give in for a trifle I reckon. Anyhow, I ain't a-going to give t'same answer this time, and I'll tell ye why. I know all t'folks about here as well as I know my own mother. They've been born in t' village and come in and out o' this door since they were big just enough to stand a tip-toe and peep over t'bottom half. And some of them's honest and some isn't. It's only a sprinkling here and there that manages to keep out of debt, and there are dozens in t' village that got into my books and never cared about getting out again, until, a few weeks ago, first one came and cleared a few shillings off, and then another, and now they've squared it all off. Though I've said naught to them, nor them to me, I've noticed that it's them as has been keenest about going to your master's meetings that have changed their manners so much, and old Jerry can put two and two together as well as most folks. So now let me know how much oil you want, and you shall have it, and make my respects to t'Colonel and say that if his religion teaches folks to be honest and pay their debts, there must be summat in it, and for the future I'll be glad to let him have all the light he wants for nothing."

A striking lesson, never more needed than in these times. It is easy to say "Lord, Lord," when saying so does not put the life in jeopardy, it is not so easy to be true in all our words and honest in all our dealings for His sake. A devout believer who "adds to his faith" toward God this "virtue" of fair dealing towards his fellow-men, does more to disarm an infidel of his best weapons, than could the cleverest book on the "Evidences." M. C. F.

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ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—"BRAVE DOUGLAS."



THE next day, Sunday, was as calm and sunshiny as a Sunday ought to be. As Douglas sat at breakfast in one of the low-ceiled rooms, his eyes were gladdened by the freshness and greenness out of doors. Small as the window was it afforded a view of the castle and a glimpse of the harbour. The morning light fell softly on the grey walls, with their rich mantle of ivy, and the glitter of the sea gave a cheerfulness to the scene.

When the solitary meal was ended, Douglas crossed the road and traversed the meadow-path which led to Lake Lodge. Eva, with Anna clinging to her arm, was slowly pacing the lawn; and the contrast between the bright girl and her little companion was painfully striking. The sunshine brought out the warm tints of Eva's glossy brown hair, and heightened the bloom on her cheeks; there was a smile on her ripe, red lips, and a look of health and vigour in her whole aspect. Anna, sallow and thin, gazed up into that happy face with wistful eyes that told more of the child's inner self than she was ever aware of.

"This is a perfect Sunday," said Douglas, as he drew near the pair. "I like the quietness of this decaying old place, Eva. It's a great relief to be here after having been so long pent up in a city. I was almost tired even of the chime of St. Mary Redcliff's bells."

"Oh, I never could get tired of St. Mary Redcliff!" responded Eva. "It was like a lovely sacred poem, to be studied whenever one was in a sober mood. But I could not get fond of the church I had to go to when I was in Brook Street."

"Were you fond of your church, Anna?" Douglas asked.

"Not very," she answered. "I always liked Miss Gower's Sunday stories better than the sermons."

"What kind of tales were those Sunday stories?" he inquired. "I think I shall make her tell them to me."

"I daresay she will if you are good," replied Anna encouragingly. "They were very nice; all about lots of different things."

"Were any of them about the Douglases?"

"No; they came into the week-day tales. The Sunday stories were often about people who had suffered for the sake of their religion. Sometimes they were thrown into prison and hurt dreadfully; and sometimes God let them get away. But whether they lived or died, He always took care of them, Miss Gower says."

"And she is right, Anna. God has more than one way of taking care of people. If they are His, you may be quite sure that He will never let them go."

Anna gave him a quick, intelligent glance. In her heart of hearts she was thinking that he did not talk like most of the gentlemen who had come to see her Aunt Mary, although he certainly looked as if he belonged to their set.

They talked on a little longer, and then Anna went indoors to Aunt Carrie's sofa. Aunt Carrie herself had volunteered to sit with her while the others went to church.

Eva and Douglas lingered on the lawn till the bells began to chime. Then she, too, went into the house, reappearing in a few minutes in the neatest of black bonnets with a little tulle frilling under its narrow brim. She was still wearing mourning for her grandmother, and her black dress set off her bright complexion. Douglas gave her an unequivocal look of approval.

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Miss Rachel accompanied them to church. And as they took their way through the dark old gateway of the castle, Douglas was reminded of a Sunday spent long ago in a primitive Norman village. The grey church, enclosed by the ruined castle-walls, stood in its quiet grave-yard, where one or two old men were lingering under the shade of a fine yew.

They passed in through the magnificent west entrance, and climbed up a steep stair to a little gallery at the west end, as dim and dreary a nook as was ever worshipped in. Looking down into the great nave, in which there was plenty of space, Douglas wondered why they should be banished to this upper region. Below, the light was stealing through the long aisle, and gilding the old walls that had witnessed a far more gorgeous ritual in days gone by.

One could not help thinking of the rugged Norman soldiers who had once been gathered there, and the monks who had chanted solemn litanies under those massive arches.

But the old order had changed, giving place to the new, and warrior and churchmen had gone their way, leaving only faint traces behind them.

The afternoon was as warm and cloudless as the morning. At Eva's request, Douglas carried a low chair to a corner of the garden, and Anna was wrapped in a light shawl and seated there.

"You will let her be with us?" Eva whispered. "I think she has found out that she will have to lose me soon. While I am with her, Douglas, I want to be as kind as I can."

And as Douglas looked at the little wasted face, he thought that Anna would not be very long in need of earthly kindness.

The name of Cavaye had somewhat prejudiced him against the child, and he had expected, perhaps, to see some resemblance to one who had spoiled the earlier part of his life. But Anna, as we know, was curiously unlike her own people, and her lack of beauty made Douglas look kindly upon her. If she had had the golden locks and chiselled features of the Cavayes, he would have found it harder to take her into his favour.

They had chosen a smooth piece of greensward at the side of the house, close to the little wicket that opened upon the shore. Anna's chair was in the shade of thick shrubs; behind her was a splendid tree-fuchsia, still hung with coral tassels, and wooed by Aunt Rachel's bees. Eva had drawn her seat near the child's chair, and Douglas had flung himself down on the grass at their feet.

"What a holiday this is!" he said contentedly. "I didn't know the meaning of the word rest, till I had to work, Eva."

"Have you not been thankful for your Sundays?" she asked. "I have often thought that your six days must seem very long."

"Very long. I was glad enough to have one day in the week to myself. But after you left Bristol there was a sadness mingled with the Sunday peace. The Divine love does not destroy the need of human sympathy, Eva; nor was it meant to do so. I always missed you most on any rest-day."

"And I used to think of you in dear old St. Mary Redcliff," said Eva, with glistening eyes. "It was good to know that we were joining in the same old prayers. 'Where two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt grant their requests.' I often feel that our requests were exactly the same."

"There is no real loneliness where there is communion with another soul," remarked Douglas, after a little pause. "But I am glad to think that my solitary days are nearly done. We were not so full of hope when we parted at Paddington."

Eva glanced at Anna, but the murmur of voices had lulled the child to repose. The little ears that would once have listened so sharply to this talk, were now deaf to all that was going on. It was seldom now-a-days that Anna failed to go to sleep in the afternoon.

"Poor darling," sighed Eva, softly drawing the shawl over the little sleeper's chest. "I have grown very fond of her, Douglas; it will be no light trial to say good-bye."

"She may leave you before you are required to leave her," he whispered. "Don't fret, dear; there are farewells that leave a sweet echo of hope behind them."

He drew closer to her side as he spoke, and took her hand in his. Eva sat for some time in silent contentment, listening to the drowsy hum of insects, and drawing in the fragrance of flowers; just realising that she was living in a very sweet world, and that the warm clasp in which one of her hands lay, was a symbol of the love that enfolded her whole earthly life.

Anna still slumbered peacefully. Not a sound proceeded from the house, wherein it is possible that the good aunts were indulging in an afternoon doze.

The servants had gone out, and there was nothing to disturb their perfect tranquillity.

Suddenly a shrill cry of terror broke the summer stillness; a cry so wild and sharp that Douglas sprang to his feet in an instant; and Anna awoke with a start.

"Don't be frightened, pet," said Eva, anxious to soothe the nerves that were always too easily excited.

"What is it? Who cried out?" asked Anna, in bewilderment.

"Some one on the other side of the hedge——" Eva was beginning to say; but at that moment the cry was repeated. And then a man's voice, thick and hoarse, was heard to mutter something in a threatening tone.

Douglas had made but one stride to the little wicket, and Eva ran to his side. Anna, now fully awake, slipped out of her chair, and followed them.

A little girl of nine or ten was crouching outside the garden hedge, and lifting up a face of abject misery and fright. A big, dark-skinned man was standing over her with a savage look in his eyes, and a whip in his hand. It was evident that she had been hiding from him, and he had but just discovered her place of retreat.

"Don't beat me, don't!" she pleaded, as he raised his arm. "I couldn't help it; mother knows I couldn't."

His answer was an oath, and in another instant the blow would have fallen. But Douglas was too quick for him.

"Don't flog the child," he said, laying a hand on the uplifted arm. "That's a heavy whip; you may do her a mischief."

"Don't you come a-meddlin' with me!" retorted

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the rough angrily. "I don't want no swells hinterferin' here."

The little girl had risen, and now made an attempt to run away. Her movement seemed to rouse the spirit of a demon in the man. Shaking off Douglas, he dashed forward and seized the skirt of her shabby frock.

"Take that!" he cried, striking her on the side of the head with the whip. Blood followed the stroke, which inflicted a cut on the ear; and as the little red stream trickled down the child's face, Anna burst out into a scream of horror, and Eva's cheeks grew white.

Half mad with rage, the man was about to repeat the blow, when Douglas threw himself upon him.

The struggle that ensued brought them both to the sharp edge of the embankment, which was raised above high-water mark. The fellow grappled fiercely with Mr. Kerr, but the latter had the training of a soldier, and the pluck of an old fighting race. It was all over in a few seconds, although to the frightened spectators it seemed to have lasted a long time. Just as the two aunts, aroused by Anna's scream, were rushing out upon the lawn, the victory was won. Douglas had got possession of the whip, and the vanquished bully was on the ground at his feet.

"Do you want me to give you another lesson?" demanded Douglas, coolly. "Or are you sorry for behaving worse than a brute?"

The fellow shook himself, picked up his cap, and rose slowly. The fire had died out of his eyes, and he looked thoroughly crestfallen. Before he was fairly on his legs again, Eva laid hands upon the little girl and drew her inside the wicket. She was crying quietly, and the cut was still bleeding.

"I don't want to have no words with you," said the defeated one in a tone of gruff submission. "But that there child had been aggerwatin' me to desperation. She've smashed a bottle pretty nearly half-full of gin; that's what she've done."

"And a good thing it would be for you if all the gin-bottles in the land were smashed," responded Douglas. "If I'm not very much mistaken you had been drinking before you struck the child. I hardly think you would have been such a miserable, cowardly sneak as to cut a little girl's head open if you hadn't been half drunk."

The man rubbed his forehead, and said sheepishly that he might have had a drop too much.

At that moment a sunburnt woman, clean, but poorly clad, appeared upon the scene. She looked enquiringly at the group at the little gate, and then her eye fell upon the child who was still under Eva's protection.

"I'd come to look for her, miss," she said respectfully. "Oh dear, dear, I feared how 'twould be! She's hurt; I knowed he'd half kill her if he got at her."

"She isn't very badly hurt, I think," Eva answered in her kindly voice. "I'll take her indoors and wash her face."

"Is this your husband?" Douglas asked, pointing to the man."

"Yes, sir. Oh, Ned, you're drinky, and didn't know what you was doing of! He really ain't so bad, sir, when he's not in liquor."

"Can't you make up your mind to leave off bad ways, and be a good husband and father?" said Douglas, speaking to him in a gentle tone. "You have to thank God that I kept you from killing the child in your passion. What would you feel now if she were lying there dead at your feet?"

Ned's dark red face did really begin to show some signs of emotion.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said huskily, and turned slowly away.

Meanwhile Eva and the aunts were conducting the woman and child into the house. The little girl's face was cleansed, and the cut found to be not very deep. Still there was a black mark on her temple, and it was clear that she would bear the traces of the brutal blow for many days. But she was a quiet little thing, and took her injuries with patience.

Her husband was the part-owner of a travelling-cart, the woman said. There were four children in all, and times were often hard. They had a small stock of tins and brooms and a few baskets, but the things were not bought quickly, and money was scarce. Yet they might have been more comfortable if Ned could only be persuaded to keep sober and stick to his business.

Miss Rachel made her happy with the gift of a shilling, and one of her old gowns, and Douglas slipped some silver into her hand. She left them with many grateful words, and taking her little girl went off after her husband.

But it was long before Anna could be soothed. A fit of hysterical crying seized her, and shook her from head to foot. She was led up to her room after tea, and Douglas had to go to church with the aunts, and content himself with their company for the rest of the evening. Eva could not leave her pupil's side.

When the bells had left off ringing for service and the house was profoundly still, Anna's nerves began to be quieter. For some time she lay on the pillows in perfect silence, her large eyes open, gazing at the opposite wall as if she were seeing pictures there. At length she called Eva in a feeble voice.

"Miss Gower, *do* you think that man will beat the little girl any more to-night?"

"No, dear, I do not. His wife says he never strikes any of his children when he is sober."

"But, oh, Miss Gower, why can't he be kept from drinking so dreadfully?"

"He cannot be kept from it, Anna, while the public-houses are open."

"But is that right? Why doesn't the Queen shut up the public-houses?"

"That is too hard a question for you, my pet, or for me either. All we can do is to pray earnestly that God will lead people to hate the drink that makes them do such wicked things. And when they have once learnt to hate it, and to see how horrible it is, we shall be saved a great many sad scenes."

There was another silence, and then Anna said in a sleepy voice,

"I like Mr. Kerr. He's just as brave as if he wore armour and had a sword. And I think he's a *good* man, Miss Gower."

"I am sure he is," returned Eva, quietly.

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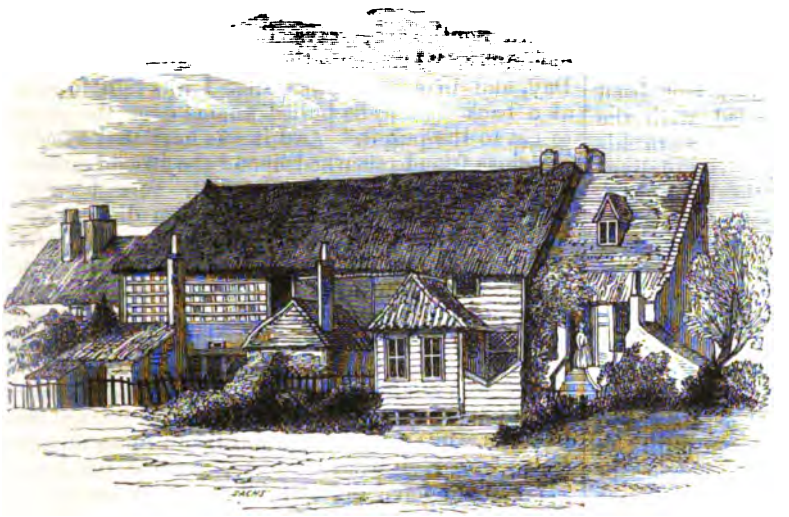
RELICS OF JOHN BUNYAN.

IT is not wonderful that relics of Bunyan are eagerly sought after. They are so rare that English people prize them highly. Colonists and foreigners who have learnt to love the "Pilgrim's Progress," speedily find their way, when they visit this country, to the village of Elstow, and the tomb in Bunhill Fields. It is well that it is so; such hero-worship cannot be condemned; the memory of great names is precious, and pains need be taken to preserve them to the people.



ZOAR CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.

How little is left to us of Shakespeare, except the house at Stratford-on-Avon, whose beams of English elm will last for centuries. All his writings have perished, a signature or two is all that remains, and for one of these on a parchment deed the corporation of London recently gave one hundred and seventy guineas.

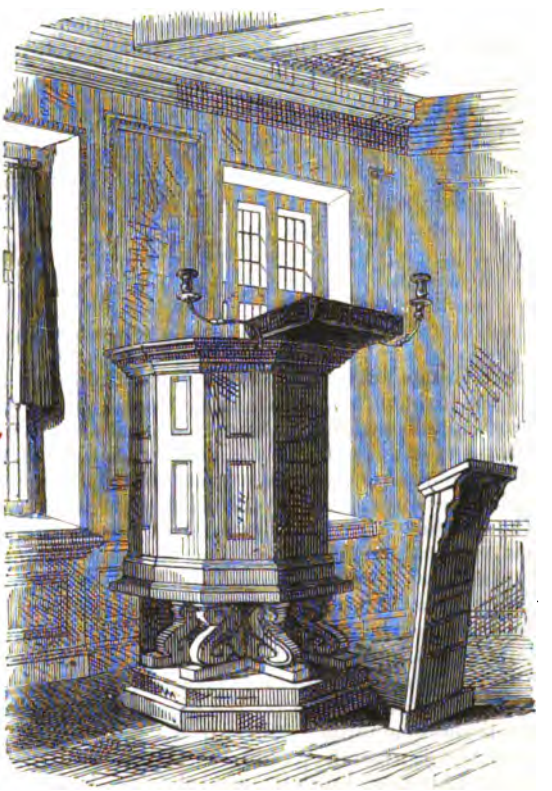
What have we of Milton's rare penmanship? Much as he wrote, as secretary to the Protector Cromwell, his letters, and those even of his amanuensis are rarely to be found. The mulberry-tree at Cambridge, and the memorial stone in the new warehouse built on the site of All Hallows Church, are our only public relics.

John Bunyan was a plain man, and his letters were doubtless few, yet he lived to sixty years and wrote as many books. No manuscripts remain, and not even a copy of the first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is extant. His will, piously subscribed, "In the year of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 1685;" two signatures in his copy of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," with quaint original lines under some of the portraits, and some other writings in the Bedford Church books, are all that remain to us. Mr. Whitbread has secured his pulpit Bible, for which he gave twenty guineas, and this contains a signature. Besides this, there is one in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, and one other in the British Museum.

Even of the family there is now no trace, though a sailor in the last Arctic expedition (one Bunion) claimed his descent from Bunyan. Hannah, his great-grandchild, died in 1770, aged seventy-six, and she, it is believed, was the last of the race.

Still there are relics. The belfry on Elstow green will long bear the memory of the youthful bell-ringer, and though the prison at Bedford and the very bridge on which it stood are demolished, his chair, his cabinet, and his "writing-tackle" are yet to be seen in the vestry of the chapel erected to his memory. He preached much at a meeting-house in Hitchin, where his chimney-corner, where he sat "between the preachings," still remains; and doubtless at Samsell, at Gamlingay, and at Coleman Green are houses where he was once "an honoured guest."

His preaching places have all gone, the one in Jewin Street and that in Southwark are demolished, and, with them, with one exception, the pulpits have been broken up.



BUNYAN'S PULPIT, PALACE YARD CHAPEL, LAMBETH.

This pulpit is a prominent object of interest in the private museum of Sir Charles Reed, M.P., by whom

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it was lately lent to a well-known minister who preached from it in the Town Hall of Shoreditch to crowded audiences.

A sketch of this rude pulpit was given in "The Mirror" of the 21st of November, 1840, and its complete identification was then established. It was the pulpit of Zoar Chapel in Southwark, and after Bunyan's death was thence removed to the Methodist Meeting, Palace Yard, in Lambeth, being used by the Rev. John Mountford, and at times by Rowland Hill.

Zoar Chapel was the freehold of Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, who, after Bunyan had been imprisoned for twelve years, interceded with the King and secured his release. Greatly to his honour, Bishop Barlow gave Bunyan leave to deliver his "Bible expoundings" to the faithful followers who crowded to hear him, and subsequently leave was given to him to preach, at Bedford, the first licence granted by the King, after the Restoration, being given, and in the following terms.*

"CHARLES R. (sign manual).

"Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc. To all Mayors, Bayliffs, Constables, and other our Officers and Ministers, Civil and Military, whom it may concern, Greeting. In persuance of our Declaration of the 15th of March, 167½, we have allowed, and we do hereby allow of a Room or Roomes in the house of George Hamvett, at Bedford, to be a place for the use of such as do not conform to the Church of England, who are of the Perswasion commonly called Baptist, to meet and assemble in, in order to their public Worship and Devotion. And all and singular our Officers and Ministers, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military, whom it may concern, are to take due notice hereof; and they and every of them are hereby strictly charged and required to hinder any tumult or disturbance, and to protect them in their said Meetings and Assemblies. Given at our Court, at Whitehall, the 25th day of July in the 24th year of our Reign, 1672.

"By his Majesty's Command,

"ARLINGTON."

"In Southwark," says Bunyan, in his "Autobiography," "I compute that 8,000 came on one Lord's Day, and in such crowds, that I was fain to enter at a back door to be pulled almost over the people to get to the pulpit." And it was here that some injudicious friend remarked upon "the sweete sermon" he had delivered, when Bunyan turned on the pulpit steps, and said, "Aye, aye, you did not need to tell me that; the devil was before you, for he whispered it into my ear ere I had done preaching."

At court plain John came to be called "Bishop Bunyan," and though he never went to Whitehall, many persons of quality were known to cross the river from the Strand, or to slip down to the ferry to hear the public favourite. One day King Charles said to his chaplain, "I marvel much, a learned man like you, Dr. Owen, can sit and listen to an illiterate tinker." "Well, your Majesty," replied the doctor, "if I could have the tinker's power, I would give all my learning to get hold of it." And well might he say that of him who was described by our historian Macaulay "as one of the only two men of genius produced in the 17th century," and of whom Cowper wrote:

> "I name thee not, lest so despised a name
> Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame.
> Revere the man whose Pilgrim marks the road
> And guides the Progress of the soul to God!"

* We are indebted to Sir Charles Reed, M.P., for the precise form of the licence.

THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

VII.—THE PAPER IN THE PULPIT.

FEW things in the history of the Pulpit seem to us to have a more ironical aspect than the interest manifested by Charles II. in its spiritual welfare and efficiency. His Majesty was pleased to deplore a general declension in reference to morals and religion, and after great searchings of heart he arrived at the conclusion that this general depravity of the times resulted from the reading of their sermons by preachers. He was therefore pleased to issue a prohibition of this deleterious practice. It is said to be on record in the statute book of the University of Cambridge, and is as follows:

"To the Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen: Whereas his Majesty is informed that the practice of reading sermons is generally taken up by the preachers before the university, and therefore sometimes continued before himself, his Majesty has commanded me to signify to you his pleasure that the said practice, which took its beginning from the disorders of the late times, be wholly laid aside, and that the said preachers deliver their sermons, both in Latin and English, by memory, without book, as being a way of preaching which his Majesty judges most agreeable to the use of all foreign churches, to the customs of the university heretofore, and to the nature and intention of that holy exercise; and that his Majesty's commands in these premises may be duly regarded and observed, his further pleasure is that the names of all such ecclesiastical persons as shall continue the present supine and slothful way of preaching be, from time to time, signified to me by the Vice-Chancellor for the time, on pain of his Majesty's displeasure. (Signed) MONMOUTH."

When we consider the kind of person his Majesty was, this tender interest in the efficiency of the pulpit must certainly seem remarkable. The King, however, is far from being solitary in his antipathy to read sermons, although we confess there seems to us very little difference, on the purely moral side of the argument, between the sermon read and the sermon recited; indeed, the sermon read has certainly

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the advantage in point of honesty. We do not know what effect the mandate of Charles had upon his own immediate neighbourhood and times, but, certainly, we suppose that throughout the two centuries since—especially in the English pulpit—may we not say more especially in the pulpit of the Church of England?—the black sermon case has been for the most part an indispensable piece of pulpit furniture.

> "In point of sermons 'tis confessed
> Our English clergy make the best;
> And, what seems paradox at first,
> They make the best, and preach the worst!"

And the making of a sermon has usually been considered too lengthy and fearful an undertaking to add, or super-add, to that, the more fearful task of committing it to memory. Is not the story well known of the preacher of this order who was roused from his slumbers one morning by his servant, who told him that during the night the house had been broken into and some of the rooms ransacked? "John!" cried the startled divine, jumping up in bed, "have they stolen my sermon-box?" "No, sir; they have broken open the box, but they left what was in it." "Then, John, bring up my shaving-water at the usual time!" Dr. Beattie, who certainly was possessed of far more than the average amount of genius, a poet of a respectable order, a philosopher of the same rank, and every way a useful man, supposes that a minister would ordinarily spend two days in committing a discourse to memory. If the time spent in preparing should bear any proportion to the time consumed in learning, what a fearful thing the preparation of material for the pulpit must be. We should dare to say that such iron necessities proclaim the utter unfitness of such labourers for the work of the pulpit at all; but, on the other hand, what delightful portraits we possess of preachers who were pressed upon by no such difficulties, and who fulfilled with ease most arduous tasks.

Is it not animating to read such an account, for instance, as we have of the good and venerable Thomas Scott, the Commentator? Being the preacher at the Lock Hospital, lecturer at St. Mildred's, Bread Street, and also at Lothbury, he conducted his Sunday services in the following manner. "At four o'clock in the morning of every alternate Sunday, winter as well as summer, the watchman gave one heavy knock at the door, and Mr. Scott and an old maid-servant arose, for he could not go out without breakfast; he then set forth to meet a congregation at a church in Lothbury, about three miles and a half off—I rather think," says his biographer, "the only church attended so early as six o'clock in the morning. I think he had from two to three hundred auditors, and administered the sacrament each time. He used to observe that if, at any time, in his early walk through the streets in the depth of winter, he was tempted to complain, the view of the newsmen equally alert, and for a very different object, changed his repinings into thanksgivings. From the city he returned home, and about ten o'clock assembled his family to prayers, immediately after which he proceeded to the chapel where he performed the whole service, with the administration of the sacrament on the alternate Sundays, when he did not go to Lothbury. His sermons, you know, were most ingeniously brought into an exact hour, just about the same time, as I have heard him say, being spent in composing them. I well remember accompanying him to the afternoon church in Bread Street, nearly as far as Lothbury, after his taking his dinner without sitting down. On this occasion I hired a hackney coach, but he desired me not to speak as he took that time to prepare his sermon. I have calculated that he could not go much less than fourteen miles in the day—frequently the whole of it on foot—besides the three services, and at times a fourth sermon at Long Acre Chapel, or elsewhere, on his way home in the evening; when he concluded the whole with family prayer, and that not a very short one. Considering his bilious and asthmatic habit, this was immense labour; and all this I knew him do very soon after, even if not the very next Sunday after he had broken a rib by falling down the cabin stairs of a Margate packet."

But Thomas Scott was a man all in earnest, and his week-day life, although not spent in preparing sermons, was passed in accumulating material which all turned to use in the pulpit. His mind was full; he did not care about pulpit style, he had, no doubt, great facility for the conveyance of religious and Scriptural instruction. His mind was full of native energy too; when between fifty and sixty years of age he gave himself up with assiduity to the mastery of the Hebrew language, and, at sixty, he devoted himself to a diligent conquest of the difficulties of Arabic. This is necessary to say, because, to determine constantly to speak in public, without writing or preparation, must usually be almost worthless and inconsecutive mental dissipation. Thomas Scott was writing his large commentary during the week, and other works of a similar character, so that, during the hour or two before preaching, and the hour in the pulpit, his ideas naturally marshalled themselves into order; and he was very likely one of those preachers who preach best, when, having furnished themselves with ideas, they leave the words to take care of themselves; he certainly does, however, present a striking contrast to the frightened parson who trembled lest the thieves should have purloined his box of sermons.

They make a great mistake, however, who suppose that extempore preaching has been the law with all great preachers; in fact, we may almost go so far as to say the reverse has been quite the case. Extemporising will often be exposed to difficulties which only a very honest mind can overcome, and make the best of. When Father Taylor, of whom we have already spoken at length, once lost himself and became bewildered in the course of his sermon, he extricated himself by the exclamation: "I have lost the track of the nominative case, my brethren; but one thing I know, I am bound for the Kingdom!" and the frankness of such a confession would be sure to save him from suffering in the esteem of his audience. But the more stately and dignified masters, it is very obvious, cannot deliver themselves in that way. The most singular instance of this kind in our memory is the case of a very distinguished man to whom we loved to listen in our boyhood, a preacher with a wonderful command over every faculty that could give brilliancy or beauty to pulpit exercises. He always preached without notes, and always broke his discourses into

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divisions, but once, to our amazement and that of the congregation, having travelled through, so far as we remember, two departments of the discourse, he caught himself up and said, "I—I forget the third division!" He turned round to the organist, "Organist, strike up a verse!" He gave out a line of a hymn, and while the organ was playing and the people singing, he leaned in deep thought over the pulpit; the singing over, he announced the missing link. "But," said he, "is not that singular?" and he proceeded to show how it was that he had lost it, and how he found it—proceeded, in a really enchanting way, to talk upon the law of association of ideas, and the mystery and marvels of retentiveness and memory, as proof of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, until the time was gone, and we really had no more of the sermon after all. A similar anecdote has been often told of the late Thomas Binney. Dr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," had begged his services for some anniversary, and Binney declared his utter inability to prepare a sermon—in those days he was a strictly extempore speaker. It was urged, "Oh, come and preach such and such a sermon; that is ready to your mind!" And so Mr. Binney promised that he would take the service; but he also, having got through two heads of the discourse, became bewildered. "Thirdly—thirdly—I've forgotten what *was* thirdly!" he said, and he looked over the pulpit to where Dr. Harris was sitting, "Brother Harris, what *was* thirdly?" Harris looked up and said, "So and so." "Exactly," said the discomfited preacher, who pursued his way with ease and happiness to the close.

So that it seems a not unnatural, but indeed a very safe and manly thing, at any rate, to take the notes of a sermon into the pulpit, as we read was the habit of Mr. Albert Barnes, the well known author of the "Notes." When called upon to preach on important and distinguished occasions, he took his manuscript with him into the pulpit, spread his notes before him on the Bible, and then proceeded safely to preach entirely from memory.

But slavish reading can never be true preaching, a man can scarcely be entitled to take rank as a real preacher, who cannot, whatever he may have prepared, freely and wisely extemporise. An ingenious analogy has been drawn by Professor Edwards Park, who has perhaps written more, and more wisely, upon the subject of preaching than any man living. He has pictured a stranger standing before the cylinder machine, in one of the great print works, in or near Manchester; he is bewildered by its complicated processes; the yellow, or the purple cloth is applied to one part of the machine, it is drawn between the main cylinder and the rollers, and in a few minutes, it comes forth from another part of the machine; it comes forth, not the plain yellow or purple fabric, but variegated with eighteen or twenty different colours, arranged in festoons of leaves and flowers, in crimson arches, or scarlet curves. One is so ornamented as to gratify the taste of a European princess; another to captivate an Asiatic king; one is modestly adorned for a fellow at the university; another highly coloured for a half civilised African. How magical all these emanations must appear to the stranger, who, uninitiated in the mystery of the machinery, walks round and surveys its various complications; the mordant, the colour boxes, the engraven rollers with their deep intaglios, and then all the wheels and the bands drawing along the fabric when saturated, and giving the result in the curious or splendid pieces of variegated work. And such is the power of the real speaker, producing varied results, like this printing machine we have described. Surely he is not addressing himself to one order of mind, and therefore, in a large congregation, we see the unwisdom of travelling along in such a line that the mind is not left free to speak to different frames of character and feeling, and different attitudes of thought. A purely extemporary speaker—even the most accomplished—will, perhaps, sometimes find himself caught in what may seem to him, much more than to the people who are listening to him, a difficult and complicated involvement of words; reminding us of what Samuel Rogers mentioned in a conversation he had with that great scholar, Professor Porson, in which Porson contrasted those two great orators, William Pitt and Charles James Fox. "Mr. Pitt," said he, "conceives his sentences as he utters them; Mr. Fox throws himself into the middle of his, and leaves it to Providence to get him out again." The last, somewhat irreverently expressed, is the true idea of great extemporaneous speech. Fox was always prepared, because he could speak without preparation, mighty in argument. If we speak of his grand and uncombed slovenliness of style, that must always be in the remembrance of what a perfect scholar he was, and how impossible it was for his slovenliness to be anything other than the shaking of a lion's mane, as he rose and rushed on, in his fine and forcible vehemence of style; while his words, as it has been said truly, jostled, struggled, crowded, and seemed almost to quarrel with each other in the earnest desire to get forth. It is, we suppose, only the extempore speaker who can experience that fine nervousness which such a description as this implies, and which, not satisfied with a flow of words, hesitates and pants until the tongue catches the one word which is the true key to the whole argument. There is an anecdote—it is not of a pulpit orator, but it is very illustrative of what we would convey—it is of Hamilton, who is said to have made and sustained the greatest argument ever pronounced in law, in the United States. It was on the law of libel; and the principle of the pleader was, that the truth, if uttered without malice, was a justification. On the night previous to the delivery of his great speech, Hamilton sat up and wrote out his entire oration—the whole argument. Of course we may suppose, although that does not appear, that he read it again, and, perhaps, again. He wrote out every word of it; then tore it up, and went forth to the conflict without it. He had finally and fully deposited it in his mind; he knew the whole material, and he would not permit himself to be cramped and fettered by a dependence upon precise verbal expression. He spoke; he triumphed; and that speech has become historical in the annals of his country. But this shows the process of a very great mind, intent on one thing, and on a great occasion. Most preachers are not permitted to know such absorption in their subject; it may be that it is not even desirable they should; but we have always thought this a fine hint and illustration of the method which is most likely to be effective.

Certainly preachers would gain in power if they

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tion and persuasion in their own minds, and, next to this, with as firm a persuasion that all their hearers are prejudiced against what they have to say, and that it is their duty sacredly to overcome the prejudice. That would create a sense of earnestness which could never be fully met and realised by a strict adherence to a cold and written paper. And we apprehend that it is this which justifies Alexander Vinet's criticism of Dubosc, to whom he devotes, in his "History of Preaching among the French Reformed in the Seventeenth Century," two hundred pages. Dubosc was a pre-eminently great preacher. His style is universally admitted to be of the most perfect and brilliant clearness; but Vinet—himself an almost incomparable master—refuses to admit him to the highest place of pulpit-orators for the following reason. He says, "He is the most interesting, the most captivating of preachers, but yet he is not the orator, for," continues Vinet, "there are two things in eloquence: the first is intuitiveness," by which, we suppose, he means not merely perception, but deep, human, spiritual perception, "and, secondly, movement; the gift of making objects visible, and of making them move. It is in the first of these elements that Dubosc excels, and in this he is wonderfully aided by his memory, his imagination, and his judgment;" but Dubosc wanted "movement," and without this the preacher will not greatly and effectively influence. As we have said before, this does not mean the movement of the body, the motion of the hand, but the eye and the soul.

We more than a little demur to the verdict of the good and great Andrew Fuller, when he heard Dr. Chalmers. "If that man," he said, "would but throw away his papers in the pulpit, he might be king of Scotland." The truth was, Chalmers, in his own region, was king of Scotland, in spite of his papers in the pulpit, for his soul was full of movement; but the criticism of Fuller produced a great effect on the mind of Chalmers, for, when he heard it, we find that he wrote in his journal, "Let me henceforth attempt to extemporize from the pulpit; let me decline all extra engagements; let me redeem time, and give a steady and systematic direction to my efforts." It is clear that, if he carried his manuscript with him into the pulpit, it was that it might operate on his character there, perhaps to restrain something of that overwhelming vehemence which was always quite sufficiently in play, as all remember who listened to the astonishing power with which he bore all before him from the first moment when he began to speak. Such written words when uttered remind us of the famous dart of Acestes the Sicilian, of whom Virgil sings, and of which we read that he hurled it with such force that it took fire from the friction as it passed through the air. The written words of such men become, to quote the language of Lord Brougham, "like sparks thrown off from the motion of an engine; they are not fireworks to amuse by their singularity or to please by their beauty; it is all for use not ornament; all for work, nothing for display." So ought true speaking ever to be a soul taking fire from its own motion.

No! it is not to be supposed that the mere fact of a man having his paper with him in the pulpit is necessarily a serious hindrance to his great usefulness and success; it seems certain that the greatest Augustine, and Gregory the Great, did not disdain such assistance. Coming down to later times our dear Richard Baxter says, very significantly, "I use notes as much as any man when I take pains, and as little as any man when I am lazy, or busy, and have no time to prepare." As to Whitefield and Wesley, if they did not read their sermons, we know that they wrote them, and that they were repeated again, and again, as they moved rapidly from place to place. In our own day, reading did not interfere with the great success of Payson, with the passion of Dr. Guthrie, or the tender accentuation and pathos of John Harris; but what shall we say of Jonathan Edwards, whose fame as a pulpit orator we would rather covet than that which surrounds, with a false splendour, the memory of Bossuet? Why, he was an orator, perhaps, beyond any whom we have ever known, or heard speak; but, while he stood motionless in the pulpit, one hand resting on it, and the other holding up his little closely written manuscript to his eyes, the history of the pulpit has few more extraordinary instances than those which are related of his power: cold indifferentism was roused from its careless apathy when he preached; his beautiful spirit—for exceedingly beautiful his spirit was—used to startle men until, before he had proceeded far, they began to wail and weep. Once, while proceeding calmly along, with one of these quiet utterances in which the whole soul of the man was kindling dread and fear in the minds of the people, the aged minister of the place in which he was speaking, rose, and standing at the foot of the pulpit stairs, said, "Oh, Mr. Edwards! sir, spare the people; sir, spare the people!" On another occasion, when preaching on the certainty of death and the assurance of a coming judgment, the people with pallor in their faces, started from their seats, all looking up expecting to see the parting of the heavens, and the Son of man coming to the judgment. But Edwards' soul was in his papers, and Rufus Greswold, one of his American critics, says, "His triumphs of eloquence were such as are not dreamed of by those who deem themselves masters of the art from reading the foolish recipe ascribed to Demosthenes." But let no one think of attaining to the power of Edwards unless they are prepared to live like Edwards lived, an absorbed spirit in his study. In the middle of the day, his wife took him up his dinner of bread and milk, and sat conversing with him; then it was his most frequent wont to start off for his walk of pastoral visitations during the afternoon, and we may be very sure that they were not ministerial calls of the popular and profitless kind; then he came back again to his study. He was a man of faith and prayer, a man who handled the things which are unseen as things really felt and seen, a mind shining through a beautiful face, not uncheerful, but terribly in earnest, with a dreadful sense that sin was sin, Satan, Satan, and Christ, Christ. A man of this order may do as he likes about the minor matter of paper in the pulpit; should he take it with him, it will be, most likely, because he wishes to guard reverently, and to utter with a tender accent the words which have been given to him, but the pathos and dread, and reality of his own nature will create an earnestness, an alarm, a sense of reality when he comes to talk with other men.

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Pages for the Young.

SQUIRE BENTLEY'S TREAT.

CHAPTER III.



THE next day, on his way to the morning service, the squire had to pass by the very meadow which had become such strictly forbidden ground. Yet as he drew near the spot, he was conscious of a half-nervous sensation arising within him. The superintendent had not made his parting suggestion in vain. The squire had not erected a board, but he had taken measures equally effective. The gate was securely locked, a row of prickly furze had been inserted in the top bars, so that no one could think of vaulting over it in sheer defiance, and that the public should be in no doubt as to whether or not they were to enter, he had ordered the words "No Admission" to be painted in white letters on the middle bar. Yet why these proceedings should form subject for ridicule to a group of idle boys loitering round the spot the squire could not quite comprehend. He would have liked to stop and investigate the cause of their mirth, but the pride of his heart prevented him, he would not deign to turn his head in their direction as he passed, but walked steadily on.

But upon his return home his curiosity got the better of both his pride and decorum; the idlers had doubled in number; the squire's gate had evidently a peculiar attraction, and distinctly he heard one of them saying something derogatory of his, the squire's educational attainments. It was too much for him; telling his wife and Nellie to walk on, he stepped hastily aside. The little group made way for him, and the squire at once plainly understood the reason of their merriment. Instead of the words that were to have given such grandly formal notice to the public generally, an ignorant hand had printed the illiterate announcement "No Parth." The squire turned quickly away. Was it ignorance? He might have overlooked that. But no, the man at the little wheelwright's and blacksmith's shop, to whom he had entrusted the commission—his children went to the Sunday school—the man had doubtless been annoyed at the meadow being forbidden, and he had put this on the gate purposely to annoy him. The squire had not a doubt of it. So lowering was his brow when he rejoined his wife, that after one glance at his face, she wisely forebore questioning him. Nellie thought her uncle must be finding it a bad world again, and slipped her little hand into his, by way of childish consolation.

Being Sunday, nothing could be done that day to remedy the mistake, but when evening came, the squire felt he could not pass a second time by that gate, so he allowed his wife and Nellie to go to the evening service alone, and he himself stayed at home. But after they had gone, the house seeming irksome to him, he set out for a long, solitary ramble. Walking along absorbed in his own thoughts, he did not observe the densely-gathering clouds, and not till a few pattering drops of rain, followed by a vivid flash, and a loud peal of thunder, roused him from his reverie, did he become aware of the fast approaching storm. He was some distance from home, but Rose Cottage, where Miss Croft with her invalid mother lived, was close at hand. The squire made a hasty advance towards the house. Miss Croft was at home, and opened the door herself and bade him welcome. Inside their little sitting-room, her mother was reclining on a couch. She also cordially welcomed the squire. It was fortunate for him that shelter was so near, for the storm was a heavy one, but Mrs. Croft, invalid though she was, proved a pleasant and intelligent companion, and the time seemed to pass quickly.

"I'm thinking," said the squire at length; "if they go home and find that I am out, they will be almost alarmed about me. Nellie will soon be asking what has become of her uncle?"

"Nellie is a sweet little girl," said Mrs. Croft.

The squire looked at her kindly; any praise of Nellie was always pleasant to his ears. As he had glanced round the room, with its scanty, meagre furniture, in chivalrous kindness of soul he had been thinking if he could not devise a few extra comforts for the invalid woman, who yet bore her lot so cheerfully.

"Perhaps," he said, "you would like Nellie to come across and see you sometimes; she would cheer you up a bit."

"I shall be pleased indeed to see her, whenever you can spare her!"

"You must have many a lonely hour here, I should think," said the squire.

"I am often alone, but friends are very good to me."

Silently Squire Bentley ran over in his mind the friends likely to be good to a lonely, ailing woman like Mrs. Croft.

"Humph," he said, "some people find more goodness in the world, I think, than others."

"People and things have always two sides, a good and a bad. A great deal depends on how we look at them?"

"I don't know why," said the squire, "but people always seem to show their bad side to me. What I mean is this," he said, after a moment's pause. "Supposing, year after year, you'd been showing kindness to people, and they repaid you only with ignorance and ingratitude, just went their own way wholly forgetful of the hand that had so long helped them, and treated you with open disrespect and thanklessness—you wouldn't call that finding goodness in people, would you?"

"No," said Mrs. Croft; "but, unfortunately, there's a great deal of ingratitude in the world, and so long as we do our good deeds with a view to the applause or gratitude of our fellow-creatures, we shall always find ourselves more or less disappointed?"

The words were spoken with such gentle sweetness, Squire Bentley could not find fault with them.

"Well, well, that's all very right, but I'll give you another example. Now, there was a poor family last year, last winter; by giving the son constant work, I fairly kept them out of the poorhouse. Now, lately, I have known somebody has been committing petty robberies on my premises, and who do you think I find out to be the thief?"

"The man you befriended?"

"Exactly so, and I ask you now, what do you call that but base ingratitude?"

"Certainly, I must call it so; but yet, Mr. Bentley, I feel sure your deeds of kindness were not lost. There is One who will not forget your labour of love; and remember we are to do good, hoping for nothing again, and our reward shall be great."

"Yes, yes, but that sort of thing doesn't come naturally to us."

"No, perhaps not, but myself, I have faith in good deeds: even in this life, in part, I think they meet their recompense.

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If one fails us, another repays us. A faithful, loving soul even in this world, more or less meets its reward."

"Humph," said the squire, "I wish I had more of your faith." By that time, the storm abating, he rose to depart. "I didn't go to hear a sermon to-night, Mrs. Croft, but I fancy I have heard one, nevertheless; it has been short and to the point, and I really believe it has done me good." He shook her hand cordially as he spoke. Miss Croft accompanied him to the door. "If there's anything your mother would like that's in our house, or we could procure for her, you've only to let me know," he said, as he bade her good-bye.

Miss Croft was about to thank him, but he broke hastily away. With all his intense desire for gratitude, the squire had a distinct aversion to thanks. He walked briskly home. At the door Nellie stood looking for him.

"Uncle, where have you been? I have felt so frightened about you."

"What would you have done if I had never come back, Nellie?"

"Oh, uncle!" and the child clung round him caressing him fondly.

Squire Bentley had been very good to Nellie's father and mother, struggling along with the burden of a large family upon them, and surely the child's tender, passionate love for him was at least a portion of his reward. At the dining-room door his wife was awaiting him. Like Nellie, she expressed herself glad at his safe return.

"There's a letter for you in there," she said, pointing to the dining-room table. "It has only just been brought. I fancy it is from the Sunday-school."

Squire Bentley took the letter and hastily opened it. The superintendent and teachers of the Sunday-school had written to him in a body, expressing their regret at the unpleasantness that had occurred, and their willingness that the marquee and band should both be relinquished. The letter concluded with expressions of gratitude for all the kindness Squire Bentley had shown through so many former years. Foremost among the names subscribed, was his enemy's son, young Clarkson. The squire stood looking intently at the letter, as though he did not wholly comprehend it. Things were getting a little reversed, the good side of people was coming uppermost, and the squire fancied himself not quite so familiar with that aspect. His wife glancing over his shoulder read the contents of the letter. "It is a good thing it has all ended so well," she said.

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," said the squire.

At that moment a servant appeared. "If you please, sir, Bill's mother, Mrs. Stephens, wants to see you."

The squire's face instantly recovered its usually keen expression. If the Sunday-school people were coming to their senses, Bill Stephens at least was an incorrigible offender. He felt by no means favourably disposed towards Mrs. Stephens.

"Tell her to send her message in."

"Please, sir, she says she must speak to you herself."

"Show her in, then."

The next moment Mrs. Stephens entered. She was agitated and distressed in manner.

"Well, my good woman," asked the squire, "what do you want with me?"

"Oh, sir, I'm in great trouble, and I didn't know who to go to but you; you've always been good and kind to us. It's my son Bill—he wasn't at work for you yesterday."

"No, I didn't enquire much after him, though——"

"He's gone away, sir; he went yesterday, and to-day I've heard news of him, and he's just 'listed and gone off, sir, and I didn't know who to go to for help but you, sir."

"Mrs. Stephens, I must say, if your son has enlisted for a soldier, it may possibly be the best thing that could happen to him."

"Mayhap, sir, but I don't know who's to win bread for us now he's gone."

"No, I don't deny it is a hard case for you, Mrs. Stephens, but what I mean is this; I think your son is best out of this neighbourhood. Since he has been in my employ, from what I have heard, I am afraid he has not been behaving well or honestly by me."

Mrs. Stephens shook her head gloomily.

"I fear he hasn't been up to much good; but if he's been dishonest with you, sir, it's been without my knowledge, that's all."

The squire looked at her keenly. He did not know then, he never knew afterwards, whether she spoke the truth; but, at least, in asking his help she had come to him with grateful acknowledgments of past kindness. He thought of what Mrs. Croft had said, about one disappointing and another repaying. This was not much of a repayment certainly—a bare acknowledgment—but it was an acknowledgment, and that was more than the squire would a little while ago have supposed could be got out of some people. The interview ended by his promising her what help and assistance lay in his power. Then the squire stood by the window thinking intently; and so absorbed grew his expression, that Nellie again feared something had vexed or gone wrong with him.

"Is it a bad world to-night, uncle?" she said softly, in his ear.

"I don't know, Nellie, quite what to think about it."

"If it is so very bad, we ought to try and make it better, ought we not, uncle?"

The squire looked at her with an attentive, half-comical expression. Was he, Squire Bentley, to be taught his duty by an old invalid woman and a little child?

"Bring me my desk, and pen, and ink, Nellie," he said, quickly. "It isn't my way to write letters on a Sunday, but I must write this one."

Nellie did as she was desired. The squire's letter was speedily concluded. He had something to say, and he said it quickly and well. The letter was directed and duly despatched to the superintendent, and its effects on that young man were such that his face grew quite aglow with satisfaction and pleasure, as he enthusiastically remarked, "The squire after all was a Briton." The marquee and the band, they were to have them all, and the treat was to be held in his meadow just as usual; in nothing the children had anticipated were they to be disappointed. And though, upon further consideration, it was thought best still to dispense with the band and marquee, the order for them having been already contradicted, yet the heartiness and warmth of the squire's letter kindled a glow of kindly feeling, and lifted from the minds of some concerned in the dispute quite a weight of anxiety and apprehension. And when the next day arrived, brilliant with its unclouded sunshine, there certainly seemed no sign of disappointment for anyone. A genial spirit seemed to pervade all the proceedings, and never had the children seemed so jubilant, or the scene so joyous. Those who had been most anxious for the innovation began to think they had laid undue stress on the matter, and that after all, the simplest pleasures were the best.

And somehow, though the squire could never quite tell how it all happened—Mr. Clarkson having only, as he was going past, entered the meadow for a few minutes just to look at the sports—but the squire found himself standing side by side with his life-long foe, and a few minutes after Mr. Clarkson was saying, "Whatever happened in the past, certainly neither you nor I were to blame in the matter. Suppose we let by-gones be by-gones from this time forth."

It would hardly have been in human nature—it certainly was not in the squire's nature—to resist the frank, friendly appeal; he cordially grasped the hand held out to him, and from that memorable treat-day, the old, senseless feud died away for ever.

A few minutes after, the squire felt someone nervously touch his arm. It was the man from the wheelwright's shop, an

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apologetic expression on his face. "Please, sir," he said, "I sent my man to do that little job," pointing over his shoulder in the direction of the gate. "I didn't know, till this morning, the stupid blunder he made. I was afraid you might be angry, sir."

"Oh, never mind the gate, now," said the squire. "You see, after all, the meadow was wanted. I, had the words scraped off early this morning; they will soon be forgotten."

Yes, the words might be forgotten, but that school-treat was remembered for many a long day, and the children were not the only ones who treasured up its memory; certain lessons, learned effectually at last, were associated in the squire's mind with that memorable day.

At the close of the festivities, the usual scene took place on the lawn, only that night it seemed as if the hurrahing and cheering would surely never come to an end, and Nellie flitted to and fro in her white dress, and fairly danced for joy. When, at length, they were all gone, and the last sound of their voices had died away, she slipped into her favourite place on her uncle's knee, and put her arm round his neck. "It's a very good world, to-night, uncle, isn't it?" she said.

Squire Bentley kissed her gravely as he answered, "Yes, dear; for those who love God and love their neighbours, I begin to think it is a very good world, indeed."



SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XI.

1. Fair as a queen she ruled the strand,
   And shimmered in the light,
   When through her midst, from God's right hand,
   A prophet took his flight.

2. Vain flight! Wind-lashed at God's command,
   This witness to His might,
   Wrapping her weeds around his head,
   Buried him out of sight.

3. But love and care pursue him still;
   Once more to earth restored,
   Owning at length a mightier will,
   Here must he preach earth's Lord.

4. Perchance too oft the wilful youth
   His wayward way he won,
   Piercing, as with "a serpent's tooth,"
   His heart who called him son.

5. And wayward still, in sullen ire
   He grieves that God hath blessed;
   While fiercer than the sun's fierce fire,
   This burns within his breast.

   Oh, Father! may Thy God-like love,
   So full, so free, so vast,
   Our refuge from earth's tempests prove,
   Our shield from passion's blast.

   As this Thy prophet's will with Thine,
   Long time refused to blend,
   Our wayward wills too oft incline
   To struggle to the end.

   Yet, Lord, in faith our prayers arise,
   That, earth and heaven made one,
   Soon, as in realms beyond the skies,
   Thy will on earth be done.

F. M. P.

WORD PICTURES FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. II.

THE light is dawning on a sleeping camp:
A light which was to be the dreadful dawn
Of siege and battle. Softly, one by one,
The silver stars make way for rosy morn.

And now there sounds a murmur and a stir
Among the armèd host. The day has come;
The battle must be set in bright array.
Be sharp, ye swords! Ye spears, be driven home.

Why sleep they still? so many soldiers bold.
What means the perfect silence of that rest?
Awake, ye slumberers—tardy sons of war—
Doth not the trumpet fire your martial breast?

Ah me! No earthly trumpet shall awake
That silent multitude. The last great day
When all the dead are raised, alone shall see
The souls of these joined to their lifeless clay.

Thousands and thousands of th' invading host,
Touch'd by the ghostly hand of angel death,
Lie motionless. Th' invader's power is gone,
Fled with that mighty army's fleeting breath.

M. E. B.

ANSWER TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

NO. III.—p. 176.

1. Gen. iii. 16—19.
2. Rev. xxi. 4; see the reason in ver. 27. Isa. xxxv. 10; lxv. 19.
3. Job v. 7; xiv. 1. Eccles. xi. 8. John xvi. 33.
4. 1 Thess. v. 16. Phil. iv. 4. John xv. 11.
5. 2 Cor. vii. 10; 1 Sam. xxviii. 15. 2 Sam. xvii. 23. Matt. xxvii. 3—5.
6. Matt. v. 4. Luke vi. 21. John xvi. 20. 2 Cor. vii. 10. 2 Sam. xii. 13. Matt. xxvi. 75. Luke vii. 38, 48, 50.
7. Indwelling sin: Rom. vii. 21, 24. The evil of the world around him: Psa. cxix. 53, 136. Ezek. ix. 4. Ezra ix. 3—6.
8. God's Word: Psa. cxix. 14, 111. Jer. xv. 16. His house: Psa. xliii. 4; lvii. 1—5; lxxxiv. 10. Isa. lvi. 7. Communion with God: 1 John i. 4. Rom. v. 11. The communion of saints: Acts ii. 46. The progress of the gospel: Phil. i. 18. 1 Thess. iii. 9. The hope of future glory: Rom. v. 2. 1 Peter i. 8. See Hab. iii. 17, 18.
9. 2 Cor. vi. 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

NO. VI.—p. 224.—BETHEL—LADDER.

1. B-ethue-*l*. . . . Gen. xxviii. 2.
2. E-zr-*a* . . . . Ezra vii. 6, 9; Gen. xxv. 3.
3. T-ender-eye-*d* . . Gen. xxix. 17.
4. H-atre-*d* . . . . Gen. xxix. 31.
5. E-l-eloh-*e* . . . Gen. xxxiii. 20.
6. L-awgive-*r* . . . Gen. xlix. 10; Psa. lx. 7.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



REFLECTIONS.

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER XIX.—"SO SAD, SO FRESH, THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."

ANNA passed a restless night, and woke feverish and unrefreshed. Eva could not be prevailed upon to leave her side while the child entreated her to stay. All through the morning hours she was kept a prisoner in Anna's room, and Douglas did not even catch a glimpse of her till afternoon.

"You can spare me a few minutes now," he said, leading her out upon the lawn. "The air will do you good; you are not so rosy as usual, my Eva."

"The roses will soon come back," she answered, smiling. "But I am afraid you are getting dull here, Douglas."

"It is dull anywhere when you are invisible. I forgot to tell you, Eva, that a friend of mine is

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coming to Porchester. I did not expect him till next Saturday, and now I find he is to arrive to-day."

"Your landlady has one or two spare rooms," said Eva. "She will be glad enough to have another lodger. Is he an old friend?"

"An old acquaintance who is likely to become a friend. I thought he was in India; and ran up against him last week in Bristol. He's in bad health, and poor spirits too, although he has just inherited two thousand a year."

"Then I suppose he is coming here for the sake of your society? We will all do our best to cheer him."

"I never saw any one more completely in the blues. He says he is quite alone in the world."

"He will not get here till this evening, will he?" asked Eva.

"I scarcely know when to expect him," Douglas answered. "I find he has hit upon a train that does not stop at this station. He will arrive at Fareham before four o'clock, I believe; and I daresay he will get out there, and hire a carriage to bring him to Porchester."

"Oh, there are plenty of flies to be had," said Eva. "You will see him by five, I should think. I hope Anna will be well enough to set me at liberty this evening."

"So do I. And I really think you may do poor Bertie good if you try."

"Bertie! Is his name Bertie?"

"Yes, Alan Bertie. Have you ever seen him, Eva?" asked Douglas, with some curiosity.

"Never. But oh, he must be Clarice's Alan Bertie! He comes from India. There is no doubt about it!" cried Eva, suddenly withdrawing her hand from Mr. Kerr's arm, and confronting him with a flushed face.

"My dear Eva, don't let us make any mistakes," said Douglas with rather provoking calmness. "Bertie has had an unfortunate love-affair, and is still a good deal crushed. I may as well tell you at once that before he left England he quarrelled with the young lady he was engaged to, and ——"

"Yes, of course he did! That was Clarice," interrupted Eva in evident excitement.

"Just hear me to the end," continued Douglas, coolly. "He had not been a year in India when he saw her marriage in the 'Times.' So you see she could not possibly be your Clarice."

Eva was silent, puzzled, and disappointed.

"You mustn't allow yourself to build up a romance on nothing, my dear child. But, really, I am very sorry for Bertie. It was particularly hard on him, because the girl has married a kind of old rival of his—a man whom he greatly disliked."

"Douglas," said Eva, looking up quickly, "did he tell you the girl's name?"

"No."

"Nor the name of the man she married?"

"No, I have only had one talk with him on the matter. Now I am afraid you are going to excite yourself again!"

"I shall not excite myself," returned Eva, with just a slight touch of offended dignity. "But I am convinced I know more of this affair than you do. Soon after Mr. Bertie went to India, Clarice Burne's cousin—another Clarice Burne—married an old admirer of Clarice's——"

Douglas stopped her by laughing outright.

"We are mixing up Clarice in an insane way," he said. "It's a hopeless case, dear; don't try to explain it."

Eva bit her red lips, and looked so unmistakably annoyed that he had to coax her into good humour. But he found he could not coax away her fixed impression that his Bertie and her Clarice were parted friends.

While Eva and Douglas were whiling away the afternoon hours in the garden, Clarice Burne was out walking with her little nieces. As they passed through the village they had of course fallen in with the inevitable Bessie, who at once decided to accompany them.

"No stories for us to-day," grumbled the children to each other. "Bessie will devour Aunt Clarice as mother says."

Clarice languidly submitted to her fate. And while Bessie was beginning a new list of grievances, she solaced herself with little bits of beauty by the wayside. Here there was a splendid show of geraniums in a cottage window; and there a white convolvulus had been trained into a wreath round an old decayed doorway. Sometimes a child looked up at her with a shy smile and bright eyes, or a tame pigeon plumed its soft feathers in her path. A gentle "Yes" or "No" now and then was almost all that Bessie got from her.

"Let us take the Fareham road," said Bessie, when they came to the outskirts of the village.

"I thought we were going under the viaduct and up the hill," remarked Lucy. "It's the prettiest way of all."

"But very steep, dear," said Bessie. "Aunt Clarice isn't a good climber, and we can't talk well when we are going up hill."

So it was Bessie's decision that led them into the Fareham road, and little did she know what she was leading them to meet.

It was a straight road without ups or downs or remarkable beauties of any kind. There were flat, fertile fields on each side, but the boundaries were different; on the right the fields were shut in by the slopes of Portsdown Hill, and on the left they stretched away to the shores of the long lake that is a branch of Portsmouth harbour. The calm bright weather as yet knew no change; and blue skies and blue water added their fresh colours to the landscape. One of the wide wheat-fields was newly reaped; in another the grain was in shoaf; and in a third it was fast falling under one of those agricultural machines which save labour, but destroy the poetry of harvest.

"Oh, how lovely everything looks!" said Bessie, enthusiastically. "And how pleasant it is to be walking with you, dear Clarice, and opening my heart unreservedly. There is no one in the world I could talk to as I do to you. I don't know what I should do if we were ever to be parted; but that isn't likely at all, is it?"

"I suppose not," Clarice answered in rather an absent tone, as she watched Lucy and Ethel picking up stray wheat-ears, and gathering poppies from the hedge-banks.

"Oh no. Mrs. Vallance and the children are so happy in Elm Cottage, that they would not like to leave it; and you will never leave them. I know you hate changes as much as I do. When things are agreeable I don't see why we should wish to

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alter them. But my sister Sarah is fond of change, I think. In fact I believe she delights in disturbing people when she sees that they are comfortable."

Clarice did not exert herself to defend Sarah at that moment. She had never met Mrs. Lifford, but felt sure that if she were to encounter that much-abused person she should find her very unlike the portrait painted by her sister Bessie. It is quite possible for an unflattering picture to produce a good impression when we know that it has been drawn by an unskilful hand.

Her companion's silence was no check to Bessie's tongue. She was perfectly satisfied with her dear Clarice's quiet sympathy, and rambled on without cessation. Meanwhile, Clarice was becoming weary of the long monologue, and the dusty road, and was privately making up her mind to turn homewards very soon, when a startling sound met her ears.

"Bessie," she said, suddenly stopping short, and looking back; "a horse has run away; I can hear it coming!"

The children and Bessie stood still and listened. Nearer and nearer came the noise of galloping hoofs and rattling wheels, coming along the way they had just traversed. And although the footpath was raised considerably above the level of the road, they involuntarily drew as close to the hedge as they could, and stood huddled together in a frightened group.

The runaway horse soon came in sight. It was a large, powerful, black animal with an empty cart behind it. The vehicle was a light one, and swayed from side to side as the great horse galloped on, terrible in uncontrolled strength and liberty. Clarice shuddered as it passed them, and in the next instant a cry burst from all their lips.

An open fly was coming towards Porchester, and the wild creature bore madly down upon it. Scarcely could there be a possibility of escape, although the driver saw the danger and strove to avert by pulling up on one side of the way. Another moment, and the carriage was completely overturned, and left in a heap on the road, while the black horse pursued his headlong career.

The first impulse of Clarice and her companions was to hurry at once to the spot where the carriage lay. The horse, a sober, grey hack, stood patiently with one shaft broken, and part of the harness dangling about its legs. The driver, who had been flung in the hedge, was just beginning to extricate himself as the ladies and children came up.

"Was anybody inside the fly?" asked Bessie trembling.

Yes. The sole occupant of that luckless carriage was lying motionless by the wayside; and near him were a portmanteau, a hat-box, and the cushions of the seat. He had fallen on his side, and lay with part of his face pressed upon the dust of the road. His head was bare; he wore a summer suit of grey tweed, and was a slightly-built man, with light hair.

Bessie's glance took in these details at once; but Clarice's eyes saw more. With a suppressed cry, which none of her hearers ever forgot, she ran to the prostrate figure, and knelt down in the dust by its side.

Very tenderly she raised the fallen head, but uttered no second cry at the sight of the flowing blood. They saw her trying to staunch the stream with her handkerchief, and heard her say in quite a calm tone:

"Bessie, he is an old friend of mine. Run quickly to the fields, and call some labourers to help."

Bessie turned to obey, but Lucy was before her. Quick as thought the little girl made for the nearest gate, scrambled over it, and ran at full speed towards a spot where the men were engaged in binding up the sheaves.

"I'm afraid he's a good deal hurt, miss," said the driver, wiping his scratched face as he drew near Clarice. "He got into this trap at the Fareham Station, and told me to drive him to Porchester. It's a bad job altogether."

Clarice could find no voice to reply. She was bending over the still face in a silent agony of prayer.

"Here comes a waggon, auntie!" cried little Dora. "That will take him back to the village."

Clarice looked up with a sigh of thankfulness. The waggon belonged to a Porchester farmer, and was on its way to Fareham. The waggoner's face, too, was familiar to Clarice; relief was near, but who could tell how it would all end?

The labourers lifted Alan Bertie into the waggon, and one of them was at once despatched for Doctor Ascott. And then the little party retraced their steps to the village, keeping pace with the waggon, and walking like people in a dream. It was all terrible and bewildering. Even Bessie was awed into silence; it was Clarice's friend who was hurt—perhaps dying; and she did not dare to offer comfort. Something in the expression of Clarice Burne's face kept her from uttering the commonplace words that rose to her lips.

At the entrance to the village, they came suddenly upon Eva Gower and Douglas Kerr, and Lucy ran towards them to tell of the disaster.

At the sight of the still figure lying in the waggon, Douglas Kerr turned pale. And one glance at Clarice told Eva the whole truth, even before Douglas spoke.

"It is Bertie," he said.

"Make them take him straight to Lake Lodge, Douglas," cried Eva, stepping up to Clarice, and taking her arm. "Aunt Rachel will nurse him," she added in a lower tone. "He will be safe with us."

Clarice leaned heavily on that kind arm, and was thankful for its support.

"He was coming to stay with Douglas," Eva whispered. "They are friends. Oh, Clarice, darling, I am praying for you with all my heart."

They told Clarice afterwards that she was but a few paces from home when she lost consciousness. How she got into the house she never knew; there was a long blank, and she came to her senses in the familiar sitting-room to find Dorothy by her side.

Mrs. Vallance spoke but few words. She sent the children away, and let her sister lie upon the sofa in a kind of dreary calm. Clarice did not know how long she had been in a swoon, and had no strength to ask questions. She swallowed the cordial that was given her, and then closed her eyes, and lay perfectly still.

Two hours went by. Dusk was creeping on, and Dorothy sat alone with her sister in the darkening room. Those two hours seemed an age; the sense of helplessness, almost of hopelessness, was more

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than Dorothy could well bear. She recalled the days when she had watched by Clarice's pillow, while the beloved life was thought to be slipping away from earth. Alan Bertie had been the cause of that illness, she said to herself with some bitterness; and now he was here again, at their very doors, and his coming seemed to bring nothing but woe.

In her intense love for her sister, Dorothy had refused to believe that Clarice had been to blame. She did not realize that Alan had been lashed and stung until he had lost all patience and power of endurance. She had known Clarice as a spoiled, wayward girl, haughty and passionate when opposed, but sweet as summer to all who yielded to her will. And it had seldom been the fate of Clarice to be thwarted. There was about her that indescribable witchery, which seldom fails to gain everything by fair means. In her case a very strong intellect was joined to a charm of manner; a graceful playfulness beguiled people into giving up their notions to hers; she had been the queen of every circle she had entered, and like all too-absolute sovereigns she had finally lost the mastery over herself.

The particulars of the quarrel between Alan and Clarice had never been fully known to Dorothy. She had seen only its results, and they were painful enough to justify her resentment against her sister's lover. She looked upon Mr. Bertie as the evil genius of Clarice's life. He had won a love not easy to be won; and then, as it seemed, he had flung it from him in a fit of anger or caprice, and had recklessly gone his way, taking no farther thought of the woman he had left to suffer alone.

It was of these things that Dorothy was thinking, and losing herself in the mazes of the past, as she sat by Clarice's side. The door of the sitting-room was closed, but the house-door still stood open, and light footsteps stole in unheard. Very softly Eva entered the room, and laid a hand on Dorothy's shoulder.

For an instant Dorothy's heart seemed to stop beating. What tidings had she come to bring, and what would be their effect on Clarice?

"Good news," said Eva's gentle voice. "Doctor Ascott says the hurt is not dangerous. He must be kept perfectly quiet for a time, and we must give him careful nursing."

Clarice had heard and understood all. She opened her eyes and tried to reward Eva with a smile; but tears came instead, and they relieved her.

Afterwards she lay quietly awake and alone in her own chamber where a night-light was burning. A faint light was thrown on the illuminated text above the mantelpiece, but bringing out a glimmer of the gold lettering here and there; and she remembered the prayer that she had prayed only a few days ago. In this time of excitement and anxiety her heart was all the calmer for that prayer. Her spirit could be thankfully at rest, because it was leaning, with all its strength, upon the immutable Love.

The night-hours passed slowly away; the little taper went out just as the first pale rays of the morning found their way into the room; and then Clarice fell asleep. It was a sweet dreamless sleep that lasted for hours, and she woke at last to see the chamber bright with sunshine, and Dorothy standing by her side.

"More good news," said Dorothy, cheerfully. "Eva has been here to say that their patient has had a quiet night. Wasn't it fortunate that Doctor Ascott went so soon to him yesterday? The man you sent to the doctor met him on the road. I won't talk any more now, Clarice; and, really, the whole affair is so like a dream or a novel that I'm half bewildered still."

CHAPTER XX.—BY THE OLD MILL.

A more vigorous man than Alan Bertie would soon have shaken off the effects of the accident. But Alan's health and spirits were not strong enough to bear the shock he had sustained, and for several days he was ill enough to make Douglas fear that his recovery would be a long business.

But Aunt Rachel was a perfect nurse, and Alan felt all the sweetness of womanly care and tending. He did not yet know that it was Clarice who had witnessed the accident, and found him lying in the road, nor had he even been informed that she was living in the village. Douglas was resolved to make sure that his friend could bear the news before it was told to him.

"Let me know when you are going to tell him," Eva entreated. "Oh, how I wish it wasn't dishonourable to listen at doors! I should like to hear everything."

"I am ashamed of you," said Douglas, laughing.

"What do you think now of my building a romance on nothing?" she asked triumphantly. "It turns out that my romance had a good solid foundation, after all!"

"Well, well, I own that you were in the right," he rejoined. "And I hope, with all my heart, that this long-parted pair will make up their differences when they are brought together again."

Alan was dressed, and lying on a sofa in his room when Douglas entered. Miss Caroline's chamber had been given up to him, with its little invalid comforts, and the good lady had betaken herself to her sister's room. Alan had no idea that such a sacrifice had been made for him, although he fully appreciated all the arrangements for his convenience.

"What a pleasant view of the castle one gets from this window," he said. "In spite of wounds and bruises, Kerr, I'm glad I came here. I have not had such a home feeling for years."

"You will be gladder yet when you have heard all that I have to tell you," responded Douglas, taking a seat.

"Why, what news have you brought?"

"When you told me that story of yours the other day, Bertie, you did not mention the name of the lady concerned in it. But I think I know that name; it is Clarice Burne."

"It *was* Clarice Burne," Alan answered in his slow, sad way. "It is Clarice Rashleigh now."

"No, it is Clarice Burne still. It was her cousin, another Clarice Burne, who married Rashleigh."

"Impossible," said Alan wearily. "Clarice was married from her old home, Vine Villa. There is some confusion of names."

"After you went to India," went on Douglas, wishing himself well through his task, "Mrs. Burne died, and Clarice—*your* Clarice—left her home to an aunt and two cousins. The one Clarice married

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Mark Rashleigh, as I have said; but the other, still single, is living in Porchester with Mrs. Vallance, her sister."

"Mrs. Vallance!" repeated Alan, as a flush dyed his face and then left it paler than before. "Yes, that was her sister's name. But you don't mean—you surely cannot mean—that they are both now in this place?"

"I do mean it," replied Douglas, steadily. "It was Miss Burne who found you lying in the road, and had you brought here in a waggon. She is my little woman's greatest friend, and has opened her heart to Eva as you did to me."

If the "little woman" had indeed been listening outside the door she would have felt sadly disappointed. There was no scene; no outburst. Long training in the world had enabled Alan Bertie to repress many signs of deep feeling; and now he only rested his weary head on the sofa-pillow, and said in a low tone,

"Ah, I shall see her to-morrow."

But Douglas, who understood men and their ways, was not disappointed at all. He went quietly out of the room for a little while, and left his friend to his own thoughts.

With eyes half closed, Alan lay watching the evening sunbeams shining on the castle tower. A golden mist was filling up all spaces in the landscape, and creeping over the still meadows. The light was like one of Turner's sunsets, mellow, and dreamy, and soft; and Alan began to wonder vaguely whether he was indeed in a land of reality.

And so through many changes, and dangers, and troubles, he had been led home to his true love at last. Whose Hand had guided him back? It was not the first time that the sense of a guiding Power had made itself felt, but never before had he so strongly realised its influence on his life. He had never been a thoroughly irreligious man, although religion had had very little to do with his way of living. Always, even in his hours of folly and sin, there had been a consciousness that happiness was not to be found in unrighteousness; and he had felt a secret longing for the paths of purity and peace.

Whatever Eva might have thought of his manner, she would have been fully satisfied with his thoughts if she could have read them that evening. And if Clarice could have read them she would have found in them a happy promise for her future life.

To Clarice herself the days of Alan's illness passed away quietly enough. Eva gave her frequent news; and her own nerves had sustained a shock that rendered absolute stillness necessary.

Anxiety was ended; she knew already all that Eva could tell her of Alan's confession to Douglas in Bristol; and she was now waiting, calmly waiting, for the meeting that must soon take place.

Not a single person in the village, save those who were intimately concerned in the matter, had the least suspicion of the state of things. The villagers knew indeed that the stranger who had met with an accident was an old friend of Miss Burne's; but there was nothing remarkable in that. Moreover, he had come to stay with Mr. Kerr, and it was to Lake Lodge, not to Elm Cottage, that he was taken to be nursed. Even Bessie suspected nothing. She remembered Clarice's look and manner on the day of the disaster, but attributed everything to a sensitive temperament and frail health. Only she wondered sometimes that Clarice did not get over the shock.

There came at length a certain afternoon which was destined to be long remembered by Clarice Burne. She had sauntered out into the village with the children, and leaving them to go and see Anna Cavaye, had bent her steps to the shore. It was Bessie's favourite walk, the very way they had often trodden together. And Clarice, as she followed the path along the embankment, could not help recalling the talk she had had here with Bessie not long ago.

It was a true autumnal afternoon, yet with more of silver than of gold in nature's colouring. The tide was coming in, but had not yet risen high enough to cover the waste of greenish mud that gleamed here and there with little pools. Above was a soft grey sky touched with silvery lights, but there was no full burst of sunshine. Everything was calm and softly tinted, and the landscape had a kind of subdued beauty which only belongs to grey days. Clarice strayed on and on, only stopping once to give a greeting to the goat that was tethered in the old place. And at last, half wearied, she came to a standstill by the disused mill.

The soil here was dry and stony, growing only a few tufts of coarse grass and flowering weeds. She sat down with her back to the old mill, and her face to the harbour, to watch the tide come in; the fresh, breezy tide whose scent and sound she had learned to love.

As she sat there, silent and alone, the flood of old memories seemed to be coming back upon her heart like the tide upon the shore. And with those recollections came the thought "goodness and mercy," which had never deserted her in all the "changes and chances" of her lot. How strangely the joys, which she had given up hoping for, were returning, and how wisely He "had compassion upon her infirmities," and withheld them until she was fitted to receive them! The silver-grey sky, and slow in-coming waters seemed to be in sympathy with her life that day.

"Aunt Clarice!" cried Lucy's clear, ringing voice.

She turned her head, and then rose quickly to her feet.

Lucy's light figure came bounding towards her, and someone else was following the child's footsteps at a slower pace. He was still far enough off to give Clarice time to quiet herself.

"Aunt Clarice," said Lucy, breathlessly, "Eva sent me with Mr. Bertie to show him where to find you. I'm to go back, Eva says, at once, as she wants to keep Dora and me to tea with her to-day."

"Very well, dear," Clarice answered; and the little girl was off again in a moment.

It seemed a long while, and yet it was only a few seconds, before Alan reached the spot where she was standing. It was a wordless greeting that passed between them; they met almost coldly, a looker-on might have thought. But Clarice knew how deeply Alan was moved, and saw traces of ill-health and sorrow in his worn face.

"I could not get to you sooner," he said at last. "It was only last night that Kerr told me you were in the village. I was just setting out to your house with Miss Gower when your little nieces met us."

"You have suffered much," said Clarice.

"I was out of health when I came here; and I

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have been out of spirits for a long time. Let us sit down here a little while; we have much to say to each other."

She took her old seat on the edge of the embankment, and he placed himself by her side.

"I think you are less altered than I am," he said, after a little silence. "Yet you are changed to some extent—thinner and paler than you used to be. Have you been ill, Clarice?"

"I was very ill after you went away," she answered, in a low tone; "so ill that no one thought I should have recovered. And then, before I was fairly well, my mother died. I am not quite so strong as I used to be."

"Can you forgive me, dear?" he asked, in a voice that trembled with intense feeling. "Can you care for me again as you did once? God only knows how unhappy I have been without you."

There was another pause;—

> "And her great heart through all the faultful Past
> Went sorrowing."

When at last she spoke, the answer came low and broken and mingled with tears.

"It is I who ought to ask forgiveness, Alan. I drove you away."

There is no need to set down all that was said. For more than an hour they sat together on the bank, and no one came to interrupt their talk. The tide rose higher and higher; the waters began to show silvery ripples under the sober afternoon light, and when they rose to leave the spot Clarice looked back upon it lovingly. From henceforth it would be endeared to her by its sweet associations, and even the grey old mill came in for a share of her affection.

Alan walked back with her to Elm Cottage, and joined the sisters at their tea-table. And while Clarice was upstairs, he had a conversation with Dorothy, which quite changed her former opinion of him, and made her willing to trust Clarice in his keeping.

Next morning Eva, with true feminine impatience, dashed off to the cottage after breakfast, and found Clarice alone in the old garden. It was verily the Clarice of her dream, walking among autumn leaves and fading flowers with a face lit up by hope and gladness.

JUVENILE EMIGRATION.

BY MRS. MEREDITH.

I.



MARCHMONT, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO. FOUNDED BY ANNIE MACPHERSON.

TO an ordinary English housewife, whose instincts are sharpened by high prices and increasing domestic expenses, and who has for a whole lifetime been busy economising by various arts, not alone money but food, it is a marvellous experience to drop into an American family, and to see the profusion of all sorts of things to eat and drink, and to behold how they are treated! The prodigal use of the *materia alimentaria* with which their country abounds is the phenomenon of American life. All the things one was trained not to do, such as leaving half a plate full of one's dinner, ordering, or getting helped to, a variety of *plats*, and not even tasting many of them, are done with impunity by our wealthy friends at the other side of the Atlantic.

The first sight of this kind of thing was intensely exciting to one who had been gauging the appetites of destitute children, and trying to feed them at the least possible cost to the Christian public, to whose charity the poor wee things were indebted for rescue from the misery of homelessness in the city streets.

It is a fact that, latterly, from one cause or another, this kindly action has been difficult to maintain; and, somewhat wearied with the burden, we had gone across to see how we might with advantage transfer a few of our hungry youngsters to the rich homes of the New World.

The art of colonisation requires to be studied. Emigration is a human instinct, under certain circumstances; and it is of importance to do it rightly. Its history is especially instructive. The settlement of the United States by the various colonists that left our own shores for the New World is full of intense interest; and there is not in the story of civilisation a chapter that is so beautifully complete as that which records the process by which the great continent has become the country of the great English-speaking people.

Though the archæology of America is not old, it is voluminous. We will, therefore, not endeavour to treat of it, but only occupy ourselves with the present state of affairs, which is sufficiently remarkable to afford ample room for speculation.

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At the end of a pleasant summer voyage, which had closed in brilliant sunshine on glassy seas, it was a most fitting continuation of travel to enter on the vales of New England, golden with corn, purple with grapes, rich with all fruits of the earth, crowned with hills yielding mineral treasure, surrounded with seas abounding with fish, showing fields ripe for the sickle, displaying variety of food for man and beast in unparalleled luxury of kind —all indicating supply beyond consumption, and calling for larger markets and more consumers. Here were we, having need of all these good things, many of them new and strange, but promising to be useful and highly agreeable; and only wanting the means to buy from the owners of the precious substance a supply for our families at home.

It was specially remarkable that the novelty of these possessions has long passed off the minds of their proprietors. To them hominy, squash, bananas, pumpkins, melons, turkeys, eggs, butter, etc., had been always in such abundance as to be no more their dainties but their common fare. They feast on the produce of a country "flowing with milk and honey," and eat "old store every day with the new," as did the Hebrew when he enjoyed his promised land. Then these eastern and central states of the Union through which we passed are only the types of the "Far West," which lies out in the "regions beyond" and presents a prospect of endless future crops, on boundless territory, providing homesteads of a magnitude incalculable, for generations interminable.

What had we women, "keepers at home" in the old country, whose duties are to abide with the poor of the flock, and to help their little ones, to do in this grand panorama of riches? Just to look in wonder and thanksgiving at what God had done for the emigrants of former days, and, while we sought grace not to break the tenth commandment, earnestly promote honest industry and lawful enterprise, that many more may enjoy the sure reward of labour.

This feeling drew us towards Canada with renewed interest. If, we thought, within our own dominion the elements of such a state of things exists, then it is our duty to endeavour to develop them for the benefit of our fellow country people; and especially if we can in any way obtain a share for the children in whom we are interested, it is our most urgent object to do so. Full of this purpose, we visited the newer colonists in the provinces of British America, to which our steps were led by ties of kindred and friendship to certain districts of that new world.

It was, indeed, a most delightful experience to find that the same success had attended the same proceedings, and that the difference between British America and the United States is merely one of degree and not of kind. In proportion to its age, population and culture, Canada appears to be fully up to the rest of the continent of America in fruitfulness. Abundance of all food material, luxuries in plenty, and land awaiting the coming of those who are to enter on the next scene of similar provision for generations to come, is the description of the country that one must give, as a fair account of its condition.

One of the first visits we paid in Canada, was to an Emigration Home for Children, where both boys and girls are received for transmission to families in the district. Great success has attended the effort to naturalize them in the Dominion. The Home is a large villa, built of brick and stone, with ornamental porch and balcony, standing in a well-kept garden. We entered the office and were immediately in the thick of the business. A farmer was applying for a boy, and the lady who contracts for the young people, securing that they are to be dealt with favourably, was enquiring particulars of the farm on which her boy was to work. Kind treatment and educational advantages, as well as agricultural practice, were stipulated for; and she did not forget to insist on opportunities for spiritual improvement, Sabbath privileges, and good example in morals, etc.

The farmer bore the test, and he left, taking with him a fine strong lad, who had been out before, but was brought back to the home, for some reason which was not to his discredit.

When this interview was over, a second began, by the entry of two fine young men, coarsely but cleanly clad, who were out for a holiday, and came to see their friend the lady at the head of the Home. They had a pleasant chat with her, until one of them began enquiring about a sister, whose passage to Canada he had paid, in order to have her near him; and whom now he wanted to visit, in the situation he knew she had found directly on her arrival. He really was hurt to the quick, when the lady broke to him, in gentle words, that she had left that place, and had gone to the States to one much more highly remunerative, and that she would write to him.

"More money! Not near me! Write to me! I wanted her to talk to!" Bitterly disappointed he went away with his friend. These young men are about taking a farm. They will find no difficulty in borrowing capital, if their character bears examination, and their land and its situation are worthy. Happily it won't need much money to start them. Their own strong arms and some seed will be all their machinery for the outset. Soon the return will procure for them the means of increasing their business.

The progress of boys is assured in the colony; if they do their duty they will be rewarded by success. It was pleasant to see this instance of their appreciation of the kindness of the ladies, who bring them from their native misery, to such a condition of prosperity, and with so much care for their best interests. Several similar cases were brought to our knowledge in other places, by other ladies who work in this interesting field of service.

The important part of the transaction we witnessed of the boy transferred to the farmer, was the evidence it afforded that the demand for the youths is greatly in excess of the supply.

The ladies have the pick of the employers, and they exercise their privilege. So long as this is the position of affairs, well and happy for the youngsters. Their lot is most enviable. Eagerly sought, canvassed for, and valued as scarce exotics, they are prized accordingly. The prospect is that this state of things will continue for some time. Only a limited number can be sent out on one occasion; and it is no one's interest to ship off juvenile emigrants wholesale from any of our distressed classes.

It is subject for congratulation to the country and for thanksgiving to Christian friends, that matters are in this healthy state, as regards this question.

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No doubt can be entertained that the workers of the movement have exercised a very great amount of wisdom and discretion. This fact is highly appreciated in Canada, where the esteem in which they are held is remarkable. They are considered public benefactors, whose action is singularly free from abuse.

Inspector Doyle's "blue book," which disturbed the English public mind, made little or no impression in the Dominion. Although in England official opinion may be antagonistic to women's services in general, there can hardly be an objection to the employment of them in this line. It would ill become the chivalry of our countrymen to refuse their meed of approval to those who have encountered the difficulty of inaugurating this enterprise, and have carried it out, and organized it so efficiently, at the risk of perils by land and sea.

In the nature of this work, and its success, I claim to be an impartial witness. I have not been in full sympathy hitherto with the project of transplanting our little boys and girls to the new world. But "seeing is believing;" and I am a convert to the scheme which has such good results to show.

I am anxious to publish this sketch of what I saw because no "reports," "returns," nor "tabulated statements" can give a correct idea of what is being done. There is an element engaged in the operation that can only be supplied by Christian love, and it may only be judged by contact with its effects. "Can these be put down on paper?" enquires a friend; "for if not, political economists will not be able to take cognizance of them, and they will remain unknown and unproductive of influence on the mind of the nation."

If the querist means that only numerals can convey information to social reformers, it may be difficult to satisfy their zest for figures; but "facts are stubborn things," and they are sometimes too many for the statisticians. Happily the good women who were stirred up to take little ones out of the misery of our large cities and put them into Canadian homes were unmoved by the opinions of politicians. Their direction came from the same source as that which called Abraham out of his country, and was, it may be unconsciously, a fulfilment of the law of God to replenish the earth. Removal from one land to another, for the preservation of life, is part of the order of earthly things established by the Almighty Ruler of the world. The King's command is urgent to save the children from evil and death; emigration offers a lawful means to do it, but it involves many considerations. These hinder men from embarking in it. Not so women. Their importance, however, are not such as should prevent either from taking tentative steps; and the energy of women took the initiative, and they have accomplished the movement that never could have started without their efforts.

It is not sufficiently acknowledged that there is so much due to women's personal labour, done at their own hazard, in this matter, for the good of the community. Their special child-saving instincts, and their repugnance to be bound by the bands of red-tape, that stultify men's best impulses, and destroy the spontaneity of their good will, give women a power of which they have made use with such results as to justify them in their acts and deeds. God has signally blessed them in these undertakings; and the most exacting officials cannot refuse to be pleased and grateful for their work.

In fact, it is just a question of officialism. The efforts of volunteer labourers in the field of philanthropy are usually regarded with suspicion. There is a decided objection to admit their agency in any public department for the relief of distress; and, however capable of administration, amenable to rule, and anxious for such co-operation with the State as may make their work of permanent benefit to the country, there is no place found for them in the economy of our government at present.

But perseverance, successful service, and popularity, will one day conquer this English difficulty; and "Women's Advisory Boards" will be established in connection with institutions that deal with social problems.

As we travelled about, we frequently met incidents that threw light on the question of Juvenile Emigration; and, drawing information from all the sources that opened to us, we concluded that it is very acceptable to the Canadians, while it is certainly useful to England. Of course, we found that it was not without its opponents. Several times we heard objections made to it. Some of them were very reasonable, and really ought not to be possible. Those, especially, that relate to the kind of people sent out, are not to be disregarded. Great care in selecting the right sort of youths and maidens to make part of the new communities, and of little ones to be good members of the families that adopt them, is the duty of the agents of the transfer. Failure in any of these points gives rise to many unfavourable remarks. We came in contact with a few who were prejudiced against the whole scheme, because they had met some inconvenient examples of its operations. Occasionally, one heard of these from various points of view; and they were sometimes a little amusing.

Comments on the way in which one of the agents distributes the youngsters were adverse when the speaker had been refused a girl; and, sometimes, even when she was most complying, she was found fault with because the girl would not stay in the situation, but insisted on finding a home for herself in the house of a husband.

A lady with whom we talked in a railway car was very wroth with another: "She brings a wretched pack of creatures here, and abandons them!" was her statement; and it seemed so important that we were glad to be able to question the lady alluded to about her intercourse with our fellow-traveller, whose name happily we had learned: "I know her very well," was the reply. "She had one of my girls for six years, and because I could not immediately supply her with another, when the one she had so long was married out of her house, she was wroth to distraction, blaming me for neglecting her interests," etc.

People will take only the view that meets their own case, and endeavour to make it a vista for the public too. In our next chapter we will widen our prospect, and see what becomes of the children that emigrate under their wise and kind protectors, the various Emigration Ladies, whom we all know and respect so highly.

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EDMUND EVANS.

SUMMER.

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Blowing Kisses to Heaven.



THE pretty, gentle Isabel—
The babe of just two years—
She strives in infant phrase to tell
The thought which fancy stirs.

And when, perplexed, I strive to trace
Her little thought aright,
She upward turns her cherub face,
So serious yet bright.

Then, waving with her tiny hand,
She blows a kiss away.
"*Now*, does dear mammy understand?"
Her blue eyes seem to say.

She gives her head a knowing nod,
And whispers as she clings,
"Me's blowing tisses up to God,
For all dese pitty sings." (*A fact.*)

God bless my pretty Isabel!
As long as memory stirs,
Within its holiest spot shall dwell
This one sweet thought of hers.

God bless my darling's happy whim,
And may she quickly learn
That for one kiss blown up to Him,
Ten thousand will return!

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INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XIV.—A SABBATH AT ENOSHIMA.

ONE of the most frequent and interesting excursions from Yokohama is the trip to the Lake Hakoni, which lies about three thousand feet above the sea, at the foot of the great Fusiama. For this journey, at least for the greater part of it, we secured a sort of waggonette drawn by three sturdy ponies, a *betto*, or groom, running in front; and our road lay along the Tokaido, the king's highway, well kept and lined with fine old cedars and firs, and in some places paved, running between Tokio (or Yeddo) and Kioto. The emperor was at the time travelling along this road, making his annual journey to see that it was kept in proper trim; and as we travelled on we met several small companies of soldiers, the men on foot, the officers mounted. A few years ago it was not safe for foreigners to travel even here without a guard, now you may go to the remotest corners of the country with perfect safety. A reign of terror has given way to a reign of peace and goodwill. At Odawara we left the main road; and after a few miles of jinricksha riding we climbed through beautiful thickly-wooded hills to Miyanoshta, arriving in the dark with the help of Japanese lanterns. Here we found a very comfortable inn with European furniture, and hot baths supplied from a boiling spring, very refreshing after a journey of fifty miles. We were now among the mountains, and in rain and mist. Nevertheless we walked over the hills next morning to the lake, two of our party preferring to be carried in *cangas* or baskets swung on a long bamboo pole with four bearers for each, a clumsy contrivance, and very cramping and uncomfortable for the limbs of the occupant. Hakoni is a lake seven miles long in the heart of the mountains, the scenery not unlike the highlands of Scotland. The mountains are volcanic, and are scarred in some places and yellow with hot sulphur springs, but woodland is the prevailing feature. There is an interesting old temple at Hakoni, now well nigh deserted except by the inhabitants of the village, who seem to be Buddhists, judging at least by the tawdry ornamentation of the building and shrines. We returned at night to our hospitable quarters at Miyanoshta; and as the rain and mist came on again, we determined next day to descend to the sea, and to spend a quiet Sabbath upon the island of Enoshima.

Enoshima is a little island, barely two miles round, with steep cliffs rising fair and lovely from the ocean, and crowned with verdure and groves of trees. It is joined to the mainland by a bank of sand, an isthmus, covered only at high tides. Approaching it from Yokohama a splendid panorama breaks upon the view, a panorama which the island itself commands. In front is the ocean, with its majestic swell and refreshing breeze. Away south is the island of Oshima and the peninsula of Idzu. Landward is the hill country of Japan, with the peak of Oyama, and above all in full magnificence of proportion rises Fusiama. A legend connected with Enoshima is thus told by Mr. Griffis: "On the eve of the battle (this was in the eleventh century of our era) Nitta, assembling his host on the edge of the strand and removing his helmet, thus addressed his warriors: 'Our heavenly son has been deposed by his traitorous subjects, and is now in distant exile in the western sea. I have raised an army to punish the thieves. I humbly pray thee, O god of the sea, to look into my loyal heart; command the tide to ebb and open a path.' Thus saying he bowed reverently, and with his head bare and in the sight of heaven cast his sword into the waves, as a prayer-offering to the gods, that the waves might recede in token of their righteous favour. The golden hilt gleamed for a moment in the air and the sword sank from sight. The next morning the tide had ebbed, the strand was dry, and the army headed by the chief, whom the soldiers now looked upon as the chosen favourite of heaven, marched resistlessly on. Kamakura was attacked, and in a few hours was a waste of ashes."

Such is the legend connected with Enoshima. Kamakura now is a deserted hoary ruin, and Enoshima a calm, peaceful fishing hamlet. No spot can rival this little island for seclusion and for beauty. Here, after crossing the isthmus of sand on foot, we took up our abode on Saturday evening, and determined to have a Sabbath, if not of worship at least of perfect rest. We were a company of four Christians in an island of perhaps a hundred heathens, and without the power of speaking to them one word about the Saviour of mankind. Most painful was it, especially to a Christian minister, to be unable to tell to those around the message he is commissioned to proclaim, and this from no unwillingness on their part to hear, but from inability on his to speak their tongue. We read together the morning and evening prayers, and psalms, and lessons, and thought and talked of England and of home; while at our feet the ripples of the mighty ocean gently broke, and before us lay a landscape of surpassing loveliness. Never was Sabbath more literally kept than on that bright Sabbath day in that far-off isle.

Enoshima is usually visited only for the sake of its caves, two branching subterranean passages about forty yards in the cliff, and accessible only when the tide is partly out. In these caves there is a Buddhist shrine, with the usual tinsel and lights, so like a Romish altar; and here we found a priest officiating, not in acts of worship, but in the sale of charms and trinkets. The Japanese know nothing of the Sabbath, but their religion prescribes many saints'

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days on which they keep holiday. The inhabitants of this island lead a peaceful life, earning their bread as fishermen. The fishing boats are high in the prow and pointed, the stern open, with an inner board fixed to keep the water out. The oar is in two pieces, the blade being fastened at an angle with the handle, and worked on a pivot; the rowers stand sideways in the boat, back to back as they scull, keeping time by means of alternate jerks and grunts. The nets are weighted with iron below, and floated by blocks of wood above; lines also are used on bamboo rods. Indeed, the habits of the fishermen here differ little from those of our own island, or from those of the fishermen of Galilee in our Lord's time.

On the day following, after an excursion round the little island on the calm ocean, we visited the great Daibutz on the mainland. This is a huge image of Buddha in copper, hollow, forty-four feet high, embodying strikingly the calmness and impassiveness of the saint. It is a monument of the zeal and industry of the mediæval Buddhist monks and nuns. Five persons can sit on the thumbs, the face is eight feet long, and by means of a ladder behind, you can climb into the head. Trees are planted round it, and two or three poor priests have charge of it and sell its photograph. Near to it at Taffa is another colossal image of Buddha, built of wood and gilt, kept under cover of a temple, a full-length figure, standing, and thirty feet high. There are only three of these in Japan. Not far from this is Kamakura, which once was the residence of the great Shogun Yoritomo, and afterwards the capital for four hundred years. Its glory as a city is departed, but the natural beauty of its situation still remains in a valley surrounded by hills on every side, opening only on the glorious sea. The rice and millet fields now cover the sites of former streets and palaces. The priests still gain a scanty living by showing swords, daggers, arrows, armour, and various relics of a power and greatness long past, and in particular two MSS. in Chinese and Japanese, which our guide called their Bible.

The scenery along the coast road back to Yokohama is very lovely. From one hill in particular a charming view is obtained, of what are called "the plains of heaven," verdant knolls like islands in a district full of beauty, with a background of "delectable mountains" on one side and the blue ocean on the other. The scenery of Japan is not majestic and awful like the snowy Alps; beauty, sweetness, richness, and endless variety are its prevailing features.

Before leaving this part of Japan an institution may be mentioned, which has lately been established by the residents at Yokohama, namely a Home for Seamen, where the men coming ashore from the numerous war-ships and merchant vessels can get food, entertainment, and a night's lodging, apart from the temptations of the gin-shop. It is conducted on temperance principles, and has already become self-supporting. Were such homes more general all round the world they would be a great boon to the sailors.

XV.—KIOTO AND ITS MISSIONS.

The journey from Yokohama west to Kioto may be made either by land or by sea. By land, along the Tokaido and in jinricksha, it occupies ten days, and the road is not very attractive, nor are the tea-houses very comfortable. By sea the distance is 340 miles, and the time forty hours, in a good-sized, well-manned steamer, with American captain and engineer, which leaves Yokohama weekly. We made the journey by sea. The weather was stormy, but the sun shone brightly as we entered the east opening of the inland sea, and steamed, the last five-and-twenty miles of our voyage, up the beautiful bay of Osaka to Kobe. From Kobe a railway now runs, in three hours, to Kioto. The country looked rich and beautiful in its autumn tints; the rice harvest was being reaped, and whole families were in the fields gleaning, binding rice-sheaves, and hanging them on long horizontal poles, raised about four feet from the ground, to dry. Kioto is in the centre of Japan, and was for centuries the capital. It is a city of 900,000 inhabitants, who are mostly poor, and live upon a dollar a month. It is situated in a rich and well-watered plain, with mountains on every side, excepting towards Osaka. Its history dates back from A.D. 794, when it became the capital. The tone of reverential tenderness with which the Japanese speak of it, witnesses to its classic associations and its natural beauty. It is quadrangular, the streets all running at right angles to each other, and the view of it from the overlooking hills is striking and impressive; the low, dark-roofed houses look monotonous, and contrast strikingly with the loveliness of the suburbs and surroundings.

We were hospitably entertained by the missionaries of the American Board, the only society as yet allowed by government to carry on its operations in the city. They have a strong and extensive organization. Two large handsome buildings, in spacious grounds, first meet the eye. These are schools and colleges, on one side for boys and young men, on the other for girls. As we entered the enclosure the boys were playing a game of ball, not unlike football; they were dressed as Europeans or Americans, and they showed as much eagerness and boisterousness in this play as English boys. In a large school-room, empty at the time, we heard the strains of an American organ played by a blind Japanese boy, and the air he was playing and singing was, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The school arrangements and the apparatus, both in the girls' and the boys' departments, were first-rate, superior to most English public or board schools; indeed, this is apparent all through the East as well as in the United States. The president of the institution, our host, is the Rev. John Davies, who was, for four years, an officer in the United States army, and who, at the end of the great war, exchanged the rifle for the Bible and devoted himself to missionary work. He, with his family, lived in a commodious house which he has built near the Mission premises. One of the tutors and trustees is a Japanese gentleman, Mr. Nessima, whose history is very interesting.

Joseph Nessima, when a boy of fifteen, ran away from home as a stowaway on board a vessel bound for Shanghai. On his arrival he sold his dagger and bought a Bible with the money. From Shanghai he worked his passage on board a vessel bound to Boston, and during the voyage he won the goodwill

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of the captain by his diligence and intelligence. On his arrival the captain, himself a Christian man, put him in charge of Christian friends in Boston, where he was sent first to school and then to college for seven years. The Japanese embassy appointed to enquire concerning education, when they came to the States, needed an interpreter, and Nessima was recommended to them. He consented to join them, provided he should have a free pardon for the crime of having left his country, and freedom, as a Christian, whenever he should return. This was promised, and accepting the situation, he proved a most valuable helper to the embassy, travelling with them not only in the States, but to most of the capital cities of Europe. On his return with them to Japan he was offered a post of importance and high emolument under government. But he said, "No; I have learned Christianity abroad, and I shall now give my life to spread it among my own people." Accordingly he put himself in the hands of the missionaries; and now he occupies a place of honour and of trust as a tutor in the Mission College at Kioto. He is a very intelligent and unassuming man. At the house of Mr. and Mrs. Master, who have the conduct of the girls' department, we spent an evening in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Nessima, when he told me his history. Mrs. Nessima is a cheerful and unaffected Japanese lady, and still dresses in Japanese costume. She also is a Christian.

On the first day after our arrival, our friends took us to see the most celebrated of the Buddhist and Shintoo shrines in Kioto. First we entered a temple containing a thousand idols of large size, each of which is surrounded by a number of smaller ones—all of wood and gilt—making in all 33,333 images. "What a bonfire they would make!" said one of the misionaries: "they would do to keep poor students warm." The verandah of this temple once served as a shooting-gallery 200 feet long, for archery; the length of the main building is 396 feet, with thirty-three columns. It was built by a prince in A.D. 1162, in gratitude (as the tradition runs) to the god who cured him of an excruciating headache, which had defied the skill of the best physicians. In the next temple, Daibutsu, is a very large, wooden Buddhist figure. Formerly it was of bronze, but was melted into cash by Iyeyasu's grandson when in want of money, and he replaced it by one of wood. This, in turn, was destroyed by lightning eighty years ago, and the present image has since been set up. Daibutsu has thus had an eventful history. Near it is a huge bell on the ground, twenty-four feet high, and ten inches thick. It has upon it a long inscription; and, the story runs, that Iyeyasu, believing this inscription to foretell his destruction, never would allow the bell to be struck. A bridge, called in Japanese, "The Spectacle Bridge"—the Japanese are strong in spectacles, one sees them everywhere—from its resemblance to a pair of spectacles, here crosses a large pond filled with lotus-plants and surrounded with cherry trees, presenting a very picturesque aspect. A flight of steps leads up from this to Kiomidzee, a venerable Shintoo temple, now dedicated also to Buddha, built A.D. 798, and in a commanding situation near a waterfall. Here is a shrine "to the patron saint of lovers," to which young men or women desiring the love of some sweetheart, fasten strips of paper with their prayers written thereon. In order to success, the strips must be tied to the grating by the little finger and thumb of one hand. In front is a platform overlooking a ravine, and the superstition is that anyone jumping into the ravine will obtain his wish. Thus many have been injured, and some, it is said, killed. Six years ago a young married woman, ill-treated by her husband, threw herself down here, followed by her maid. Strange to say, neither was hurt; and the faithless husband, struck with the devotion of his wife, reformed. So the story runs; but now the authorities have put a high barrier along the alluring precipice. We next ascend Maruyama, a hill crowned with a clump of trees in shape resembling a junk, and commanding an extensive panoramic view. At the foot of this is the monastery called Chioin, covering a considerable space, planted with trees. Its central gate is 150 feet high, and contains a long room above full of idols, portraying the several evil passions of mankind. The priests allowed us to picnic within the very threshold of this temple, and supplied us with tea. Here there is a large, fine-toned bell, eighteen feet high, and nine inches thick. Useless tiles may be seen piled upon the roofs of these Buddhist temples. These are intended to show that the temple is not yet finished; for there is a superstition that when a temple is finished it will soon be burnt down. Fires are frequent in Kioto; and in 1846 several acres of streets were destroyed. One more temple must be named belonging to the Monto sect of Buddhists, Nishi Honganji, said to be the largest and finest in Japan. Here we were met by Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Gordon, and their children; and our large party excited no little curiosity, and great attention was paid to us. We were shown a statue of the founder of the Monto sect, carved with his own hands. The immense hall of the temple is supported by massive pillars. The shrines and pillars seem to be sumptuously gilded; and there are many curious pictures. In front is an old Icho tree, which is said, during fires, to vomit water; and as the temple, unlike others, has never had a fire, this is attributed to the protection of the tree. The Monto priests are allowed to marry, and live within the precincts. Buddhism, especially the Monto sect, is still very popular in Kioto. Crowds of worshippers are to be seen at the more important shrines. Outside this cluster of temples, for such it is, is a fine garden, in which is one of the seven famous springs of water for which Kioto is celebrated. Here, too, is a stone said to be luminous at night. There are ponds, bridges, bowers, once artistic and grand, now faded and romantic.

It was delightful to turn from these vanities to the worship of the living God in the schools of the prophets that had been opened up in the midst of this heathen city. Service was held at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and a hundred young men and boys were assembled. These are all of them boarders, who pay for their board, but get their education free. At this meeting they sang, prayed, and read the Scriptures, all in Japanese. I gave them an address on Isaiah liii., and was told that forty or more could understand English. The senior students had English Bibles, and turned up and read the passages that I referred them to. Then

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twenty, have been in the Government College four years, and here three years; and some of them are employed in conducting Sunday services in rooms hired for the purpose in different quarters of the city. Sunday is not kept religiously in Japan, but the day is a holiday in the various government offices and departments, and is by degrees, through foreign influence, becoming much of a rest day in the commercial cities. There is a nucleus of very hopeful practical Christian work in Kioto, and there are a few promising converts. On the Sabbath evening at six, there was a large gathering of children and adults in Mr. Davies's house for Christian instruction, and this was followed by a service attended by Japanese men, women, and children, at which I preached, the sermon being interpreted sentence by sentence by one of the students.

Dr. Gordon, medical missionary, who crossed the Pacific with us, was now at Kioto with his family, hoping to obtain leave from the government to reside in the city. I have since heard from him by letter bearing date, the 12th of August, 1879. He writes as follows: "After waiting till the middle of January, a negative reply was received, and we have since been living and working in Osaka. In May, however, Mr. Nessima made a second application, and much to our surprise, and more to our gratification, this application was successful, and we are the happy possessors of a permit to reside in Kioto for five years from the first of September. The school remained without much change during the year. At the close of the year fifteen of the young men, having completed both the scientific and theological courses, have closed their connection with the school as pupils. Of these, three remain in the school as teachers, a fourth becomes Miss Starkweather's assistant in the girls' school, another becomes a teacher temporarily in the Agricultural College in Tokio. Mr. Ire (who interpreted for you at Mr. Davies's), has taken up a mission at Shikotu, where a church will be formed within a few months; and four or five others go to similar missions in different parts of the empire. On the whole, those who have had part in the training of these young men have good reason to be pleased with the plans they have made for themselves. Our work is still progressing. Three little churches have been formed since you were with us, two of them being on the eastern shore of Lake Biwa."

The missions of the American Board here, and indeed at all the stations that I visited, impressed me as being thoroughly efficient, and worked with vigour and business-like tact, combined with truly Christian zeal. Greater freedom of action and of plan is given than is the case in other societies. The missionaries are well chosen, well supported, and thoroughly trusted; and when they write home for help, either in the way of teachers, of missionaries, or of funds, it is at once granted. Thus they are well backed up; and such a thing as languishing through lack of assistance or necessary appliances is nowhere to be found. It is made a law of work, that if a mission station is worth keeping open at all it must be well supported. Well would it be for missions if this could be said of all the societies!

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE DYING THIEF.

(Read Luke xxiii. 39–45.)



THE conversion of the thief upon the cross is the most remarkable instance of the power of God, as manifested in the salvation of a sinner, recorded in the Bible.

This dying malefactor was the first sinner who looked to the cross of Christ for salvation.

How clear or how dim was the perception which God gave him of the wondrous truth, we are not told, but in the rebuke he administered to his fellow-criminal—"Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we, indeed, justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss;" hereby acknowledging the righteousness of God, confessing his own guilt, and vindicating the character of Christ—do we not perceive the first rays of the light from heaven piercing the gloom of his own soul, and shining brightly amid the surrounding darkness, growing stronger and clearer, as, turning his eye upon the dying Saviour, he acknowledged Him as the Lord of life, and sought His salvation?

Undoubtedly it was the shadow of the cross falling backward over man's history to the fall in Eden that gave efficacy to the sacrifices enjoined by the law. But the great mystery of "God manifest in the flesh" had "been hid from ages and from generations;" and though the prophets, who "prophesied of the grace that should come," "inquired and searched diligently," "searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory which should follow" (1 Peter i. 11), yet it was not given them fully to understand the wonderful plan of salvation.

Not even to the eleven, who had accompanied the Lord during the three years of his public ministry, who had seen his wonderful works, and listened to his teaching; not to the three who had enjoyed most intimate communion with Him; not to the beloved disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast; but to a poor outcast criminal, suffering "the due reward of his deeds," and on the very point of death, did the Spirit of God *first* reveal that "that same Jesus which was crucified was both Lord and Christ."

How this magnifies the sovereign and boundless grace of God, and shows that the Holy Spirit alone can reveal to a man "the deep things of God." So said our Lord Himself. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

This is not as man would have it, but "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."

How marvellously was this man taught of the Spirit; how keen had his spiritual vision become, and how strong was his faith!

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As Jesus hung upon the cross, derided by the rulers, reviled by the chief priests, railed on by the multitude, mocked by the soldiers, and to all appearance forsaken by his God, one solitary human voice proclaimed Him Lord; one man alone confessed Him to be God's Anointed, and spoke of his kingdom.

That one man was a dying malefactor. Even the faith of His disciples had completely failed; they "trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel," but the cross had put an end to their hopes. Not so with this poor sinner; the cross was no stumbling-block to him. Neither was his own past guilty life, nor his utter inability to make any amends; but with a simple, childlike faith he perilled his soul's eternal welfare upon "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Millions have trusted in Christ since his exaltation; only one sinner trusted in Him during his deepest humiliation.

"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." How simple the prayer, and how speedy the answer: "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

If, then, such a sinner at such a time could be pardoned, surely no one need despair.

This man had done nothing to commend him to the favour of God. Neither was it his penitence, nor his faith, nor his prayer that drew towards him the love of God, or that procured for him the forgiveness of his sin. It was while he was yet "dead in trespasses and sins" that the love of God the Father yearned towards him, the love of God the Son interceded for him, and the love of God the Holy Spirit wrought in him. It was a manifestation of the free, unmerited, infinite mercy of God, and the mighty power of the Spirit working in the heart of the lost sinner, "to the praise of the glory of his grace."

And such is a type of the conversion of every sinner who turns to the Lord. It is not the prayers and tears of the penitent that touch the heart of God. It is not the desire for pardon and deliverance on the part of the awakened soul that moves Him to pity: but the very first motions towards grief and hatred of sin are begotten by God Himself in the heart of the sinner. Alarm for the consequences of sin may be but the result of natural fear, but the first cry of the sin-burdened soul, like the first wail of the new-born infant, is an evidence that God has breathed into it the breath of life.

It is the Holy Spirit's first work to convince of sin, and the soul that is truly seeking the Lord may know that it is God Himself who is drawing him with the cords of his love.

We often hear of deathbed repentance, and, blessed be God, there are such cases. Foolish and wicked as it is to put off salvation to the fag-end of life, with all the risk, moreover, of being "suddenly cut off, and that without remedy," yet even up to the last moment, if the soul can but look to Jesus with the eye of faith, as the glazing eye of the serpent-bitten Israelite might have turned towards the serpent of brass and found healing, He who is "able to save to the uttermost" will be found "ready to save" the soul that is "ready to perish."

But oh, how awful is the folly of trusting to such a time as that! How awful the folly of those who risk their eternal destiny upon the frail chance of a dying bed.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Yet "the Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy;" and even to the last "let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

But almost invariably—and more especially in cases of deathbed conversions—God makes use of some human instrumentality to lead the soul to Himself. A man of God is sent to read and expound the word, to point out the way of life, to plead with and pray for the poor sinner; but here, to the dying thief, God in a most remarkable manner showed Himself independent of creature service.

In the midst of intense bodily anguish, where it might have seemed the thoughts could only be concentrated on the terrible passing moments, with no one able to breathe a word of comfort in his ear, with no one to pray for him or tell him the way of salvation, the dying malefactor might have presented to man an utterly hopeless case.

But "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," shone into the heart of this dying man, "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

What was the extent of that knowledge which he received we know not, or whether he was an Israelite and had any previous knowledge of the prophecies regarding Christ, or whether he had heard, in Pilate's judgment-hall, our Lord's claims to a "kingdom from above," we are not told; but this we know—that, in view of a speedy death, and conscious of his guilt in the sight of God, he cast himself entirely upon the mercy and intercession of the crucified Jesus, he showed an undoubting faith in his present sovereignty, and sought a place in his coming kingdom.

Oh! who can fathom the depth of that joy which the Saviour must have experienced as He hung upon the accursed tree and received as "a kind of first-fruits" this returning prodigal, "plucked as a brand from the burning," on the borders of eternity. In His agony in Gethsemane, we are told, "there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him," and may not this also have been given Him to strengthen Him for that terrible ordeal He had yet to pass through, that deep, mysterious woe into which He entered when He cried, as his Father's face was hidden from Him, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me."

It was "for the joy that was set before Him" that "He endured the cross, despising the shame;" and though He is now "set on the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens," He tells us "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Is there such an one now reading this—groaning under the burden of sin, longing for salvation? Be of good cheer: you have only to trust Him, to cast yourself believingly upon his own Word, to accept his finished work as an "atonement" for your soul, and "He will save, He will rejoice over you with joy."

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Pages for the Young.

RUTH'S SECRET.

I.

HOLIDAYS, holidays!" This was all the girls talked of, or dreamed of in Mrs. Lester's school now, and perhaps no one did or had a greater right to look forward with pleasant anticipations to this coming holiday than Ruth Martin. She was one of the "little ones," as the elder young ladies called all those in the classes below their own, but Ruth had been so attentive and industrious during the last year that she had carried off two of the best prizes, and was consequently looked upon by her companions with no small amount of envy.

"If I were only as lucky as Ruth Martin, I should long for the holidays ten times more than ever. Only think, she has two prizes to take home with her."

"While you have a book full of bad marks. Whose fault is that, Caroline?" asked one.

"Oh, it's all luck. I tell you I am one of the unlucky girls, while Ruth—well, she is the luckiest girl in the school, everybody knows that."

"Nobody thought she was very lucky to be obliged to stay at school all the last holidays. Don't you remember how dull she looked when we all went away in the summer, and she was left alone with only Mrs. Lester and the servants?"

"I wouldn't have stopped," said Caroline, "I would have written to them at home and made them take me away somewhere."

"Mrs. Lester said few of us would have been so patient as Ruth," said her friend warmly.

"Oh, as to that I don't believe in her patience; she is a favourite of Mrs. Lester's of course, and it's easy enough to be good when everybody is praising you. She happens to be lucky, that's what it is, and I am the most unlucky girl in the school," and Caroline heaved a deep sigh of pity for herself.

Her companion would probably have told her what she had overheard spoken by one of the teachers the day before—that Caroline Ross was the most careless and inattentive girl in her class, but at this moment there was a little shout of "Letters, letters," and everybody crowded forward in hope of receiving some missive.

But there was only one to-day, and that was for Ruth Martin.

"Now who says she is not the luckiest girl in the school? Only one letter, and that is for her. Oh yes, I could be as good as she is if I was only half as lucky," and Caroline felt herself a very ill-used little girl just at that minute.

Ruth was of course delighted at receiving a letter, and eagerly tore open the envelope, wondering what her mamma could have to write about when the holidays were so near, for all the directions about her journey, and how her luggage was to be sent, and who should meet her at the railway station had been arranged some days previously.

But before she had read many lines the envelope fell from her hand, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"What is it—what is the matter?" asked one.

"Oh, Ruth, don't cry; tell us what your letter is about," said another, pressing forward to comfort her friend.

But poor Ruth felt as though she was choking. "Don't, don't," she said in a hoarse whisper, and then she turned and left the room.

She asked, looking round the room.

"I think I know, ma'am," said her friend; "I will go and fetch her."

It was some minutes before she returned, and Ruth's eyes were red and swollen, and she was still sobbing a little.

"Poor Ruth, I am very sorry for you; it is a great disappointment I know," said her governess, tenderly laying her hand on the little girl's head.

The tears came into Ruth's eyes, but instead of lamenting her own share of the trouble, she said, "Do you know what is the matter with papa, ma'am?"

"No, my dear, your mamma only says that he is very ill and that she is obliged to send the other children away, and wishes you to remain here again for the holidays. I suppose she tells you the same?"

"Yes, ma'am," was all poor Ruth could say, for she felt as though she were choking again.

The girls looked at each other, and then at Ruth and Caroline.

"Who says she is the luckiest girl in the school now?" whispered one.

"She is the best I know, for nobody else would be so patient," said another.

"I wonder how it is—what makes the difference in her. I should have cried and screamed myself into fits if anybody said I was not to go home to-morrow."

"I know something; I know why Ruth does not rave and scream," said the little girl who had fetched her.

"Perhaps she doesn't care much about going home, after all," suggested Caroline.

"Oh yes, she does; you should have heard how she sobbed, and how hard she prayed."

"Prayed!" exclaimed two or three together.

"Yes, that's Ruth's secret—that's how it is she is so good, and yet so merry and full of fun. She just tells God everything. I heard her telling Him how hard it was for her to be patient and not fret at having to stay at school for the holidays. 'I can't bear it, I can't bear it by myself,' she kept saying, and I waited, for I did not like to speak to her, and presently she seemed better, and then I told her Mrs. Lester was here. 'I can't go home for the holidays, but God will help me to be good, and He will help my dear papa and mamma,' she whispered. There, that is Ruth's secret, and that makes her the luckiest girl in the school," added her friend.

II.

"Now, Miss Caroline, your mamma says you are to wear your thick shoes."

"Oh, nonsense, nurse; whoever heard of thick shoes such fine weather as this?" and Caroline kicked the offending shoes away, and proceeded to put on a thin pair.

"I am sure your mamma will be angry, Miss Caroline," said Jane the nursemaid, when she saw the thick shoes taken away and put out of sight.

"You need not tell her, and then there will be no fuss," said Caroline, running away to join her brother, who was waiting to take her for a walk.

As she said, it was fine weather now, but there had been a heavy fall of snow a few days before, and it was still very cold—cold enough to make thick warm shoes a necessity to any one but a foolish little girl; and she soon began to wish she had not been so disobedient, for although the paved footpath was dry and clear of snow, it lay in little heaps and patches in the road, and her brother, not noticing her thin shoes, was not as careful as he might have been to keep her out of these. Caroline tried to forget her cold feet and enjoy her walk in the

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clear bracing air, but they soon began to get damp as well as cold, and she was afraid to say a word about this either to her brother or to nurse when she got home.

In the night she was awoke with a sharp pain in her chest, and soon she began to cough and could hardly get her breath. Nurse came to her bedside very soon and gave her some medicine, but in the morning she was so much worse that the doctor had to be sent for, and he said she had an attack of bronchitis brought on by a cold, and must not leave her bed at present.

"Please make me well before next week," said Caroline, "for I want to go with the rest and see my cousins."

But the doctor shook his head. "I am afraid you will not be able to go out next week," he said; "you will have to put off the visit."

"Oh, but I can't; it's cousin Lucy's birthday, and there is to be such fun."

But the doctor still shook his head gravely, and when he went downstairs he said to her mamma, "Your little girl must not go out next week. She is now suffering from exposure to the cold, and if you are not very careful she will not get well again."

Her mamma, who knew nothing about her going out in thin shoes, was both surprised and grieved, but promised Caroline should not go out, and when she went upstairs, and Caroline began teasing for her medicine that she might get well in time to go to her cousin's birthday party, she thought it better to tell her at once what the doctor had said.

"If you do not lie still in bed you will not get well again. You must give up this birthday party for once, Caroline."

The little girl looked frightened. "I shall not get well again," she repeated. "Then, mamma, does the doctor think I shall die?"

"I hope not, my dear; I hope you will be very good and patient, and not try to get out of bed or leave the room until the doctor says you may do so."

"But, mamma, I am not good—I am not fit to die," said Caroline, bursting into tears.

Her mamma did not know what to say to comfort her, and Caroline, who had always been over-indulged, would not be pacified. At length she said, "Mamma, will you send for Ruth Martin to stay with me a little while? She knows the secret of how to be good, and I think she will come, for she has not gone home for the holidays."

Her mamma was willing to do anything to please her, and so a letter was sent at once to Mrs. Lester, enclosing one also to Ruth's mamma, asking that she might come and stay with her sick schoolfellow; and a day or two afterwards Ruth herself arrived.

Caroline had been allowed to get up and have her clothes on that day, but she was forbidden to leave the room, and she still looked very pale and weak.

"Yes, I have been very ill," she said, when nurse left them to themselves to have a little chat over the fire. "The doctor was afraid I should die at first, and—and, oh, Ruth, it was all my own fault," she said, bursting into tears; "and I used to think God would be sure to make me die to punish me," and then she told her all about going out in the thin shoes.

"Poor Caroline, you must have been unhappy until you knew God was ready to forgive sin," said Ruth, gently.

"But will God forgive me? Oh, Ruth, you do not know how often I am naughty."

"But I know God is always ready to forgive—that Jesus Christ died to take away our sins, and however often we may be naughty, it is not too often for Him to wash us and make us clean in his own blood."

But Caroline still shook her head.

"You cannot believe that God will forgive you, but you believe your mamma does?" said Ruth.

"I have not told mamma about the shoes."

"Oh, Caroline, but you will tell her—you'll tell her and God, too, all about it, and ask Him to forgive you and help you to be good."

"Then that is your secret of being good; God helps you all the time," said Caroline.

"Yes; God helps me all the time; but it is no secret, Caroline, for He wants to help you too."

"Then I'll let Him, Ruth. I'll ask Him to help me, and I'll tell mamma all about the shoes."

Ruth kissed her little friend and whispered, "I am so glad."

"But, Ruth, I don't know how to begin. How shall I begin?" asked Caroline.

"God will show you the way. Let us kneel down now and ask Him;" and the two little girls fell down on their knees at the bedside while Ruth asked God to help her schoolfellow, and show her how to be good. And God answered that prayer, for although the way seemed hard to Caroline, especially when she had to give up pleasing herself, as she often did, yet she persevered, and when she returned to school it soon became known by the change in her conduct and character that she had learned Ruth's secret.

WORD PICTURES FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. III.

WHITE moonlight, through the weary evening hours,
On crimson canopy of many a tent
Glimmers, and on the far beleaguered towers.
And murmurs of a people starved and pent,
Come sometimes drifting through the dead hushed night,
With the cool breeze of nightfall softly blent.
Flags flutter, and the steel of arms shines bright;
But where are those that should have borne the spear?
Or wherefore have they fled and without fight?
Strewn are the ways with weapons, far and near,
And none remains to guard, but all are gone,
Smitten with madness of some sudden fear.
Four silent shadowy figures stealing on,
Flit through the dim deserted camp, as though
In fear to hear some clash of clarion
Startle the night; and wandering to and fro
They seize on precious spoil and hide it straight,
As doubting whether it be theirs or no.
Then pass they back unto the silent gate,
And all is hush'd till from the city's bound
The clamour of a mighty crowd elate,
Breaks, while the faint stars shiver at the sound.

A. R. R.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.—p. 288.—BENJAMIN.

1. B-rethren . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 8, 11.
2. E-gypt . . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 28.
3. N-ation . . . . . Gen. xxxv. 11.
4. J-oseph . . . . . Gen. xlv. 5–9.
5. A-sses . . . . . Gen. xlii. 26.
6. M-oney . . . . . Gen. xlii. 35.
7. I-nnocent . . . . . Gen. xliv. 1–10.
8. N-eck . . . . . Gen. xlvi. 29.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE EXERCISES.

Page 350.

1. Isa. li. 3. Ezek. xxxi. 9, 16, 18. Joel ii. 3.
2. 2 Cor. xi. 3. 1 Tim. ii. 13, 14.
3. 1 Pet. iii. 6.
4. Isa. liv. 9. Mat. xxiv. 37. 1 Pet. iii. 20. 2 Pet. ii. 5.
5. Mic. vi. 5. 2 Pet. ii. 15, 16.
6. Job xxxi. 33; xxii. 15, 16, 17

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE CORN FIELD. [*Constable, R.A.*

"Continue Thy loving-kindness unto us, that our land may yield to us her fruits of increase, to Thy glory and our comfort, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

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No. 1369.—JULY 24, 1880.

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER XXI.—"THE KIRK WAS DECK'D AT MORNING-TIDE."

MRS. VALLANCE would readily have undertaken the task of breaking the important news to Bessie Mardock, but Clarice would not have it so.

"Leave me to tell Bessie myself," she said. "Poor child; you cannot realize what she will feel when she finds that she is going to lose me."

On the day that followed that meeting by the old mill, Bessie might have been seen tripping towards Elm Cottage with a quick step and a light heart. Her mind was quite at rest; of late John and Sarah had said nothing in their letters that could give her offence. Not another word had been spoken by her uncle about leaving the village, and things were going on as calmly as possible. It really seemed to Bessie as if everything in her own little world was arranged to her perfect satisfaction, and she was going to live in it for ever.

Alan, who was resting on the couch in the sitting-room, and spending the afternoon in Clarice's company, looked up as the garden-gate clicked.

"A visitor, Clarice," he said. "A pretty girl enough, but I wish she hadn't come here."

"It must be Bessie Mardock," returned Clarice with a smile. "I will speak to her in the other room, and send her away as soon as I decently can. I am afraid she will be made very wretched when she is told that I am to be taken from Porchester."

But Alan was very little concerned by the thought of Bessie's wretchedness. He bade Clarice return as soon as possible, and then proceeded to think over future plans as he lay on the sofa, and looked out upon the quiet road. "I am come to take you out walking," said Bessie, cheerfully greeting her friend. "How still the house seems, Clarice! Is Mrs. Vallance gone out with the children?"

"Yes, she has taken them to Fareham; a most unusual expedition."

"Then I shall have you all to myself!" cried Bessie, using her favourite phrase.

"Not to-day, Bessie," replied Clarice, with some hesitation. "I—that is—Mr. Bertie is here this afternoon."

"Oh," said Bessie, with a change of countenance. "He is nearly well now, I suppose?"

"He is much better."

"Well, we can arrange a walk for to-morrow. Shall I come to-morrow at three, Clarice? or I can look in again this evening."

A faint colour tinged Clarice's pale face. She picked a bit of scarlet geranium out of a vase, and began to pull it to pieces in a nervous fashion.

"My dear Bessie, I have some news to tell you," she said at last. "It won't be pleasant news to you, I am afraid."

Bessie was silent and dismayed.

"Do you remember a talk we had on the shore one day?" Clarice went on. "You had been speaking of your love for me, dear Bessie, and you asked if it were at all probable that I should ever leave this place? I told you 'No, not unless a very unlikely thing were to come to pass.'"

"I remember. I did not know what you meant," said Bessie, breathlessly.

"The unlikely thing *has* come to pass. Bessie, I am going to be married to Mr. Bertie."

"Then you are going away!" cried Bessie, in a voice that sounded strangely unlike her own. She had become very pale, and was looking at Clarice with scared brown eyes.

"Yes, dear Bessie. Don't look at me so! I was engaged to Mr. Bertie long ago; but we parted, and he went to India. I never thought to be so happy as I am now. Oh, Bessie, won't you be glad with me?"

But Bessie could think of nothing but herself, and the destruction of her little paradise. She had never looked for any pleasure beyond self-pleasing, and to rejoice in another's joy was something that she was incapable of doing. In truth, it seemed to her at that moment that Clarice had made a cruel and unreasonable request.

"I don't know how you can ask me to be glad," she sobbed reproachfully. "Is it likely that I can forget my own misery in your happiness?"

Clarice sighed. She knew how hard it was for a nature like this to lose sight of self, even for a moment. It was hopeless to use any arguments; there was nothing within Bessie to respond to them.

She stood helplessly watching the girl, who sat, sobbing violently, in a chair by the window. Not a voice was to be heard in the house; a few flies were buzzing about the little green drawing-room, blending their drowsy murmur with the sound of Bessie's weeping; and poor Clarice in her distress and perplexity looked round at the familiar things in the room as if they could give her some assistance. She was beginning to wish that she had let Dorothy impart the grievous tidings, and to wonder how much longer Bessie would sit and sob, when relief unexpectedly appeared.

"Bessie," she said, touching the heaving shoulder, "here is Mr. Bleeke coming across the road. He will be calling here in a minute."

"I can't see him," gasped Bessie, starting up, "I won't see anyone. I'll go—yes, I'll go through the garden and out into the field. I can get home that way without meeting anybody."

She dashed away without waiting to receive her

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friend's kiss. Like some hunted creature she ran down the long garden path, and made her exit at the door that opened upon the field. It was very quiet there; the cows were feeding undisturbed; the low white clouds hung motionless over the hill. All was peace, the sweet, unbroken peace of early autumn, and earth and sky had little sympathy with Bessie's passionate heart. Thinking how often she had wandered here with Clarice, her tears burst out afresh, and again she sobbed aloud.

"Oh, it was cruel," she said bitterly, "it was heartless to ask me to be glad!"

Old Mr. Mardock was quietly seated in his usual chair by the window, with the old look of patience on his face. He had been reading Sarah's last letter again; the letter of a true daughter and mother, recounting her children's sayings and doings to please the dear old uncle who was miles away. There was something about John's young ones too, words of loving praise and goodwill, for Mrs. Lifford was not one of those women who can only see perfection in their own darlings. Poor Uncle Mardock meant to put the letter out of sight before Bessie came in. He did not want her to suspect that he still cherished an irrepressible desire to go and live in Highminster.

But Bessie rushed in upon him unexpectedly while the letter was still in his hand.

She was looking very unlike her neat, pretty self. Her eyes were inflamed with weeping, tears still streamed down her cheeks, and sobs came thick and fast. She tore off her hat, and flung it on the table; and then hid her face in her hands.

"How, now!" ejaculated Uncle Mardock in great concern. "Do speak, my dear, and say what has happened!"

"Oh, it's a false world!" were the first intelligible words that met his ears. "And I've loved her so dearly; oh, it's very, very hard to bear! If it had been any one but Clarice!"

"Dear, dear me!" said the old gentleman in a sympathising tone. "This is very sad indeed, Bessie. What has Miss Burne done?"

"She's going to be married," Bessie answered with difficulty. "She's g—going away from Porchester, and she wants me to be glad!"

There was a twinkle of humour in Mr. Mardock's eyes which Bessie did not see. But he had too much tact and kindliness to let her suspect that he was inwardly amused.

"This is a great blow to you, my dear," he said, with becoming gravity. "However, young women have got a way of marrying unexpectedly; and Miss Burne was such a taking woman that I really wonder it hasn't happened before. But it is trying for you, very trying indeed."

Poor Bessie went up to her room to shed more tears—that very room which she had quitted in such blithe spirits scarcely an hour ago! As she thought of the change that had gone over her little world in that one hour, her lamentations grew louder than ever. But the pity was that she had chosen to live in such a very little world, when nothing would have been more easy than to have made it wider.

She cried until she could cry no more, and then went downstairs with a sadly disfigured face to pour out her uncle's tea. Mr. Mardock was wise enough to know that violent grief must have its course as well as its ending, and he did not lecture Bessie as some people would have done. He simply contented himself with being very kind to her.

At length his quiet sympathy and tenderness began to find their way into the girl's wounded heart, and she felt herself drawn closer to her uncle than she had ever been before. How readily he seemed to forget himself and his own concerns that he might enter into her sorrow! And yet, as Bessie's instincts told her, it was a kind of sorrow that must appear somewhat ridiculous in a man's eyes.

"Uncle," she said when the tray was removed, and he had gone back to his window-seat; "uncle, I don't think I shall be able to endure this place after Clarice has left it!"

"Is she going soon?" he asked.

"Yes; I suppose that man wants to take her away at once. And she did not seem a bit sorry at the thought of leaving me. I couldn't have believed it was in Clarice to be so unfeeling."

"It is natural that she should be full of her own happiness," Mr. Mardock ventured to say.

"But isn't that selfish? Ought she not to have some consideration for such an intimate friend as I am?"

To hear Bessie deliberately charging Clarice with selfishness was almost too much for Mr. Mardock's gravity. It was a too palpable case of the mote and the beam.

But he saw clearly that the girl was in no mood to be reasoned with by any human being. She must, for the present, be left to her absurd anger and irrational woe; but the old man did not forget to pray that she might be enlightened and calmed by a power that never fails in its operations. It seemed to him, too, that this power was dealing with Bessie with infinite wisdom: she had obstinately refused to leave Clarice Burne at the call of duty, and now Clarice was taken away.

It soon became generally known that Clarice's wedding would take place at the end of September, and that the pair were to spend the winter in Rome. It was thought unlikely that they would ever settle themselves permanently in England; Mr. Bertie's health required a mild climate, and Clarice had always pined for sunny lands. And when Bessie heard their future plans discussed, she felt that her separation from Clarice would be a separation indeed. Their two paths would never, in this world, run side by side again.

In the midst of numberless occupations and engagements Clarice found leisure to devote many an hour to Bessie, and did her utmost to console the forlorn girl. The violence of Bessie's grief had subsided, but it seemed impossible to rouse her from the settled gloom that she now indulged in. She was not to be coaxed into a smile, nor could she be won to take an interest in any of the wedding preparations, although she had consented to be a bridesmaid.

The day came speedily enough, and the village children made the chancel gay with September flowers. And Clarice knelt with Alan, in the old church where she had often prayed for strength and grace; and heard the grand words of the blessing breathed above their bowed heads. All the past came back to her as her heart joined in the solemn prayer that they might please Him both in body

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and soul, and live together in holy love unto their lives' end.

Then they went forth into the golden autumn sunshine, and there were kisses and farewells; and Bessie's house was left unto her desolate.

CHAPTER XXII.—"IN THE OLD LIKENESS THAT I KNEW."

While these changes were taking place in other lives, one little life was swiftly nearing the end of its earthly pilgrimage. All that skill and care and tenderness could do had been done, and done in vain for little Anna Cavaye.

An earnest letter was written to Lady Westmoor, still at her son's house in Warwickshire; but the old countess herself had begun to feel that her own days were drawing to a close. She was in no condition to undertake the journey to Porchester, and scarcely ever left her chamber. Lady Glencoe had come to see her mother, and took matters into her own hands.

"I will go down to Hampshire, mother," she said. "Glencoe will not say a word against it. Poor little Anna; I believe I always had more affection for the child than you had."

So it was settled that her ladyship should go; and the train whirled her through fair lands that were now showing the touch of autumn. In a sober mood she leaned back in the corner of a first-class carriage, and looked out upon rich woods, and still green pastures, and yellow fields from which the harvest had been gathered in.

How was the world using Lady Glencoe, and how was she using the world? At first she had made up her mind that she had had enough of pomps and vanities in her maiden days, and had resolved to settle down in the old Highland castle with her lord, and "e'en do her best a gude wife to be." But the Highland castle was lonesome and bleak, and her lord was not very good company. And now she was bethinking herself again of the town season, and feeling that it would be quite impossible to do without the old excitement after all.

She was a little less thin and worn than she had been before her marriage. But there was no brightness in the delicate face; no light in the weary blue eyes. Lady Glencoe was one of those women who go through life with an unsatisfied heart, and are never at rest until its throbbings cease.

She was really sorry that little Anna was dying. If she had had more leisure to cultivate the feeling she might have loved the child very much. Anna's wit and quaintness had pleased her better than the commonplace sweetness of her other young nieces. She had thought that Anna might grow up some day into a bright, original girl who would rather astonish her family.

But there would be no growing-up for Anna in this world. She would never have to brave the wear and tear of fashionable life, nor would there be any concern about her future disposal. For her no schemes would be laid, no matches planned, as they had been for Lady Mary. She was going where there would be neither marrying nor giving in marriage—going in her childhood to eternal rest, without having known anything of the strife.

And then Lady Glencoe's thoughts strayed off to the little governess in whom she had felt more than a mere passing interest. She remembered the quiet talks in the schoolroom, and the gentle earnestness which had made Eva's simple words linger in her memory. She had really liked Eva Gower, and fell to wondering what would become of her? She even resolved to use all the influence she possessed to get her another post when Anna should need her no more.

It was a long, weary journey. The day was fast closing in when her ladyship arrived at Porchester. But there was light enough to see Eva Gower's figure as she stood waiting on the platform.

Lady Glencoe thought Eva's manner more reserved and formal than it used to be. The girl seemed a little shy and constrained, and answered questions briefly, although with perfect courtesy. Lady Glencoe meant to sink the difference of rank and treat her as a friend; but it was clear that Eva had no mind now to show herself friendly.

Peerson, who had accompanied her lady, was not at all well pleased with the aspect of the little village. It was no small trial to her to leave the Earl's mansion in Warwickshire to come to a little house like Lake Lodge. She sat upon the box of the fly in no amiable mood, prepared to be disgusted with everybody and everything.

Lady Glencoe spent a restless night, although good Aunt Carrie had given up her room again, and there was no lack of comfort in the pretty chamber. But the guest woke early and went to the window to let in the morning sunshine.

The green lawn with its bright flower-beds looked fresh and sweet. And Lady Glencoe's unquiet spirit tempted her to dress quickly without the aid of Peerson, and go for a stroll in the garden before breakfast. She met no one on her way downstairs; the house-door stood open, and the monthly roses on the porch swaying in the soft morning wind. A briny scent came up from the the creek, now brimming with fresh blue water. She soon discovered the little wicket, and went out eagerly to meet the salt breeze.

Two persons were standing on the embankment, so deeply engaged in conversation that they did not hear her approach. One was Eva Gower, wearing a neat morning gown of black and white, and a coarse straw hat trimmed sparingly with white muslin and black ribbon. A crimson rose gave a touch of rich colour to the sober dress, and Eva's cheeks were glowing with the freshest pink. She was looking really pretty, thought Lady Glencoe, glancing from the governess to her companion.

His back was towards the intruder, but as the rustle of her dress caught his ear, he turned. Lady Glencoe was, as we know well enough, a thorough woman of the world; but all her long training had scarcely prepared her for a meeting like this. Her face flushed and paled, her breath came quickly; and it was by a great effort that she responded to Eva's morning greeting. The gentleman, on seeing her, had calmly lifted his hat; and after a moment's hesitation she held out her hand to him.

"We have not met for years, Mr. Kerr," she said, controlling herself sternly. "You have been lost to the world lately; where have you been hiding yourself?"

"In a merchant's counting-house, Lady Glencoe," he answered, with easy frankness. "The world had no better place to offer me."

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"I am astonished," she said. "All I heard of you was that you had left the army. But there is something better in store for you, I hope."

"Something much better," he replied. "I am to start for New York in January. My prospects have brightened of late: we all have our dark days, Lady Glencoe."

"I trust your dark days are ended," she responded, with a slight touch of feeling in her tone.

"Thank you; I think I have seen my darkest. I must not forget to congratulate you on your marriage."

She coloured very faintly as she bowed her thanks, and then turned to Eva to inquire for her little niece.

Eva answered that there was little change; the child grew perceptibly weaker every day. She had been told of her aunt's arrival, and seemed glad to hear that Lady Glencoe had come.

A sudden summons from Miss Rachel called Eva to the house; and for a few minutes Douglas and the guest were left alone together.

"The Gowers are excellent people," she said. "We always felt we had a perfect treasure of a governess. But she never told us that she was a friend of yours, Mr. Kerr."

"She did not know till yesterday that I was ever acquainted with you," he replied. And then, after a moment's pause, he added, very frankly and simply—

"I am to be married to her at Christmas."

"I am sure she will make a sweet wife," Lady Glencoe answered, promptly. "I am rejoiced to hear of your happiness. There is so much sorrow in the world that one is always glad to hear that one's friends are likely to have a bright life."

A glance at her face at that moment was enough to convince him that her life was not bright. She looked up at him and spoke as if she read his thoughts.

"For my own part I think life is a mistake," she said, suddenly and bitterly. "I have found it so."

"It is a mistake if we try to live it without the highest guidance," he answered in a quiet tone.

"'The highest guidance!'" she repeated in well-bred surprise. "I hardly expected to hear such a phrase from you. You used to walk very contentedly according to your own will."

"And my own will led me into dark places, Lady Glencoe; since I have walked in the light I have learnt to shun the old pitfalls."

"Well," she said, with a long breath, "I am glad you are in such an enlightened condition; it must be very delightful, I suppose. I am a benighted creature, myself."

There was a light scorn in her manner, but he knew that it was used to veil a deeper feeling.

Eva came out again just then, to say that breakfast was ready, and they walked towards the house.

After breakfast, Douglas took his departure from Porchester. His holiday had been prolonged on account of Alan Bertie's wedding. Eva accompanied him in the fly to the railway station, and was unusually silent and grave. "We shall meet again very soon, my Eva," he said tenderly, as they stood waiting on the platform for the train to come up.

"Yes," she answered, rather abstractedly, and then suddenly asked,

"Douglas, now that you have seen *her* again, are you sure, quite sure that you are satisfied with me?"

"Eva," he said, almost indignantly, "how can you ask such a question? You are more to me than she ever was, or ever could have been."

"But she is high-born and beautiful. Forgive me for being so silly, Douglas, but I did feel myself an insignificant little thing by her side."

"Do you suppose that beauty and high birth can compensate for the lack of truth and sterling worth? When I lost her, Eva, I was foolish enough to think that fate had snatched away a treasure; but I now see that God took from me a misery in disguise. Had I married her we should have drifted miles apart in spirit. Do you think I could have borne to see my wife living an utterly selfish, frivolous life?"

"No," said Eva, softly. "It would have been terrible."

"Lady Glencoe has chosen her path, Eva, and it is hardly likely that she will cross ours again. Do not let her shadow darken our way, dear. And now goodbye; or rather *au revoir*."

THE MILDMAY CONFERENCE HALL.

WHEN early in the year 1864 the rumour ran through Barnet with most unwelcome rapidity that the Rev. William Pennefather, the beloved minister of Christ Church, had accepted an invitation from the Church of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, the question which every one went about asking was, "And where is Mildmay?" Scarcely any one in Barnet knew; and when the map was carefully consulted, it afforded them no information. It may be that many who have heard of the great midsummer gathering known as the Mildmay Conference, may have had but little knowledge of its remarkable history, and still less of the varied religious, educational, and benevolent institutions of which the Hall is the centre. Those who know the story will be the first to say it can never be told too often; and so far as interest and value are concerned, there are many who would not hesitate to assign to Mildmay Conference the chief place among the anniversaries of the season.

The large Hall itself, which will seat comfortably upwards of two thousand people, lies between the Newington Green Road and Mildmay Park, in the north of London. It has a large platform, which in conference time is well filled with ministers and speakers—it may almost be said from all parts of the world; and the floor and the three galleries are crowded with visitors. It stands in what was once a fine old garden, with well-kept lawns, and spreading mulberry-tree, where too is a comfortable house for the superintendent.

Both the building and many of the institutions which cluster around it, as well as other institutions farther afield, but which are nevertheless connected with it, owe their origin to the Rev. William Pennefather. While at Barnet he was accustomed to hold not only special services for the benefit of the working classes, but meetings, too, for the promotion of brotherly love and spiritual union amongst Christians of all denominations.

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So early as 1856, it may be possible to see the germ of the Mildmay Conference, although the first was not held until several years afterwards. At that time an earnest desire took possession of the good clergyman "to bring into closer social communion"—to use his own words—"the members of various churches, as children of the One Father, animated by the same life, and heirs together of the same glory." With this object in view, and to test the possibility of such a thing if it were simply and devoutly done, notwithstanding the differences which were dividing so many good men from each other, he issued a number of friendly invitations to a conference which he proposed holding in Barnet. The response was so cordial, frank, and brotherly that this first gathering left but one desire in the hearts of all who took part in it, that it might be repeated the following year. Many would have heartily endorsed the emphatic note which one of the visitors made: "August 1856 was an epoch in my spiritual history."

In 1864 Mr. Pennefather entered upon his work at St. Jude's Church, and perhaps had he not been so earnest a worker, he might have keenly felt the contrast between Barnet and Mildmay. His biographer, the Rev. Robert Braithwaite, speaks of his ardent love of nature, and his enthusiasm amidst beautiful scenes whether at home or abroad. There was nothing at all in the neighbourhood of Mildmay to excite any such feelings of admiration. "If any of you knew," said the Rev. Stephen Langston, "what the district was in which he laboured, as I knew it before his entrance upon those labours, you would say, 'The wilderness has become glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.'"

Having made it his first business to become thoroughly well acquainted with the new sphere of effort upon which he had entered, it was not long before some of the agencies were set in motion, which are now in full operation at the Conference Hall. Nor was it long before he saw his way clear to carry on in London the Conferences which many had attended with such delight at Barnet. An iron room was erected, and the writer well remembers the holy joy which seemed to shine on Mr. Pennefather's face as in that room the first Mildmay Conference was held. It was in July 1864, and though it may not naturally have been anticipated with some feelings of anxiety, at the close of the proceedings Mr. Pennefather could write: "God has brought me through all the difficulties of our first Conference here. I was a good deal harassed at the opening of it. Circumstances were so changed. Many fond and familiar faces were absent, and many were looking on with feelings of distrust and alarm. But God was my stay, and I look back with fervent thankfulness."

These annual gatherings at Mildmay did not pass without the criticism of some who from the first regarded them as tending to encourage an undesirable spirit of self-complacency to the neglect of practical efforts for the good of others. It was very pleasant, no doubt, they admitted, to spend three days in singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, in prayer, and in listening to addresses from eloquent speakers. But when the Conference was over, what practical good resulted from all this? It was an important question, and in 1867 Mr. Pennefather thus gave expression to what, in his judgment, should follow the Conference which had just been held:

"Many of you are about to return to your happy homes, bright with blessings bestowed on you by your Heavenly Father. Will you remember this million-peopled city, with its sins and its sorrows? 'If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?' There are not only the poor, whose poverty comes quickly to the surface, to be fed and clothed, but there are widows and fatherless ones among those whose early life was, like yours, one of sunshine and prosperity, who hide their anguish from the gaze of men in the garrets and cellars of this mighty metropolis. We want your prayers; we want your money; we want your active sympathy to aid us in drying tears that the bitterest agony of heart has forced from unwilling eyes. Perhaps the ministers of the Gospel are privileged to enter into the peculiar griefs of those who have long hid their poverty and misery from their fellow-creatures in a way that is granted to no others. If the poor of the labouring class be more effectually reached by persons of their own grade, the men and women of education who have sunk into the ranks of distressed are more easily discovered by those whom they regard as ministers of the Gospel, and as having a right to know the condition of their flock. God is putting his seal of blessing on various agencies and instrumentalities, and there is room enough for all in this wonderful city, to which more than 100,000 persons are annually added, and in which some 1,400 or 1,500 souls pass week by week into eternity."

In 1869 the way at last was clear for the erection of the large Conference Hall; for at the beginning of the year a friend sent him 1,000*l.* to head the list for the building, but for a considerable time he could not venture to proceed on account of the difficulty of obtaining what seemed to him the right site. Mr. Braithwaite refers to this in the following words: "Inquiries had been made in various directions with respect to ground, but for some time without success. The spot on which the Hall was actually to stand had not even been thoeght of, when a gentleman called at his house very unexpectedly to inform him that a plot of nursery ground might be obtained for his purpose. One morning as Mr. Pennefather was going down the street some large placards caught his eye announcing the freehold of several adjoining properties for sale, and among these this very plot of ground. He immediately requested a man of business to look at the piece of land, and give him his opinion as to the probable value of the land. He had at this time 500*l.* in the bank, given him by a lady, prior to the donation of 1,000*l.* above referred to. She had been much distressed at the crowded state of the church, and had placed it in his hands as a deposit toward any building he might erect. At that time it had not been added to, and when the valuer returned, and estimated the nursery ground at 500*l.* the Unseen Hand seemed to point in the same direction. "Go to the auction," said Mr. Pennefather, "and bid for me 500*l.*; not a penny more." Speaking of it afterwards he said, "I might have added a little, but I did not choose to do it. I felt that if that were the spot to be obtained for the Lord's work, it would be bought for the 500*l.* The man went to the auction mart. The bidding went gradually up from 100*l.*, and it was knocked down

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eyes."

Eventually the house in which Captain the Hon. R. Moreton resided as the superintendent of the various missions at Mildmay, and which stands in the garden in which visitors stroll in the intervals between the day's meetings, was also purchased. One fact may be mentioned here which, in Captain Moreton's estimation, always gave a peculiar solemnity to his acceptance of the office of superintendent, which at the close of about seven years of happy and honourable service, he resigned in April last for the sake of accompanying his sons to the Western States. It was only ten days before the death of Mr. Pennefather, the 10th of April, 1873, that he wrote to Captain Moreton, asking him to hold himself in readiness to begin his work at Mildmay on the 1st of June for the Conference to which they were then looking forward. He obeyed the summons; but he had to go on his way apart from the beloved friend with whom it would have been no ordinary privilege to have worked. It is the unanimous testimony, however, of all over whom he presided, that they never co-operated with one less sparing of himself, or more solicitous for the comfort and happiness of others than Reynolds Moreton.

Of the Mildmay Conferences themselves it is not necessary to say more than that they extend over three days, and that the morning and evening meetings in the large Hall, which has for some years been presided over by Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, whose addresses on the topics set down for meditation are highly appreciated. The audience is always as large as the building can accommodate, seldom less in the evening than the 2,500 for whom seats are provided, if not, sometimes, a hundred or so beyond. Addresses on set subjects are delivered by ministers, missionaries, and Christian workers in every field. Platform eloquence, of the kind which is usually associated with "loud cheers," is never aimed at, but in its place there is the deep, devotional sentiment, which is of far greater value. "The motto of these Conference meetings, it has been well remarked, has ever been, 'Grace be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' and very faithfully, for the most part, has this motto been adhered to. True, the tone of the meetings has been decidedly evangelical. This could not be otherwise; for the basis of union recognised as existing between those who attended them was neither ecclesiastical nor doctrinal, but simply spiritual, and therefore dependent upon the acceptance of the Gospel with true heart and faith; but, on the other hand, all party narrowness and exclusiveness was altogether alien to the spirit of these gatherings, and if occasionally a warm partisan gave expression to his convictions, it was felt to be quite out of harmony with the tone of the proceedings, and received no encouragement from Mr. Pennefather. Whatever may be thought of these meetings, it may safely be asserted that few, if any, of those who regularly attended them will ever forget the hallowed influences which seemed at times to pervade them; nor can it be doubted that they have already contributed greatly towards enlarging the sympathies, and intensifying the brotherly love of the true followers of Christ."

part of the proceedings, for there are always a considerable number of societies who through their representatives press their claims upon those present. Every meeting, however, whether held in some of the smaller rooms of the Conference building, or on the green under the far-famed mulberry tree, is animated by the spirit of the Conference itself, and the topics of the day are insensibly woven into the words spoken.

In glancing briefly at some of the principal institutions connected with Mildmay reference may be made first to the Deaconesses' House, attached to the Hall. At Barnet there had been a Home opened for the training of Female missionaries, and until 1866 the object seems to have been to train them entirely for foreign and country work. Though the example of the Protestant Deaconess Houses in Germany had much to do in suggesting the name, it was not until some such distinctive appellation became really necessary that Mr. Pennefather consented to adopt it. He was most anxious to prove that it was possible to develop woman's fame for practical service, in a happy communion of love and labour, without any approach to the evils of conventual life. But he had also a strong conviction that woman's work ought to be as simple and natural, and unofficial as possible, and shrank from anything that might make it too formal, or self-asserting.

The first work of the deaconesses was in 1866, in the East End, when the cholera was sweeping down hundreds a day, and when the distress amongst the poor was deep and general. They undertook the visitation of a district containing about 5,700 souls, and set on foot various efforts for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the suffering people. A considerable number of ladies continue to offer themselves for the work of deaconesses, and there is always plenty for them to do. The nursing Home also has done good service, for here women are taught their duties, and when they have given proof of being able to do their work they are sent to private families in need of their services, and sometimes to the hospitals.

Then, there is the Cottage Hospital, chiefly devoted to the reception of poor patients from the immediate neighbourhood. A good deal is done in the way of visiting and caring for the sick—the expenses of this branch of the work alone amounting annually to about 600*l*. There is an Invalid's Home, a Medical Mission at Bethnal Green, and a small Orphanage in the Newington Green Road, and in the basement by the Conference Hall there is an Invalid's Kitchen for supplying food to the sick poor.

Another institution is that known as the Orphan Home, at Silesia House, Hackney, and yet another is the Children's Rescue Society, which aims at saving neglected juveniles in danger of lapsing into crime, by placing them in Homes and Refuges, and paying for their support until, after a good training, they are able by some trade to make their own way in the world. A passing reference has already been made to the Training Home for Female Missionaries, and though now the design of this institution is more especially with a view to home work, it must not be forgotten that many have been fitted here for foreign service in connection with various missionary societies, and have been sent out to labour in various

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capacities. Some have gone to Syria, Africa, China, Malacca, and Madras.

Mr. Pennefather's interest in this branch of work seemed to deepen year by year. Writing to one of the deaconesses he said: "The need for such an institution is great indeed. I do not suppose there ever was a time in the history of Christianity in which the openings for holy, disciplined, and intelligent women to labour in God's vineyard were so numerous as at present. Women in Mohammedan and Eastern countries are crying out for women to teach them; and our Female Refuges are needing women of piety, education, and sympathy to act as mothers in such households. The population in towns and rural districts are waiting for the patient, enduring love that dwells in the breast of a truly pious woman to wake them up to thought and feeling. If I had the women, and had the means, how gladly would I send out hundreds, two by two, to carry the Lamp of Truth into the hamlets of our country, and the streets and lanes of our great cities. India, China, Syria, are all looking to us to help them, while at home the openings for devout handmaids of the Lord are countless."

This Home became what Mr. Pennefather often prayed it might be, a place of holy, peaceful memories to many workers in distant lands. Sometimes, as the good clergyman looked on the Deaconesses' House and other institutions springing up around the Conference Hall, he could but say, "I can scarcely believe that it is a reality, and not all a dream. The Conference Hall, with its appendages and the Deaconesses' House is actually in existence! May the Holy Spirit fill the place, and may the Lord make it a centre from whence the living waters shall flow forth."

There is still a large night school for working men in connection with the Hall, which serves to remind old friends of Mr. Pennefather's unceasing interest in the welfare of the working classes. "He was ever devising one plan or another for their benefit, both temporally and spiritually, and embraced every opportunity of friendly intercourse with them. Some time before the Coffee Palace movement had begun to excite interest he had opened in his own parish a resort for those who desired to escape the temptations of the public-house, and though only intended as an initiatory measure to give rise to something far more effectual, it afforded many opportunities for gathering in those whose interests were so near his heart. Every winter he held meetings of working men, sometimes in connection with the temperance cause, sometimes with a view to the better observance of the Lord's Day, and always with more or less of encouragement. He so arranged that the Conference Hall should have a share in ministering to the good of the working classes by planning the basement rooms with a view to the carrying out of night schools and other active agencies for their benefits."

It may perhaps be asked in conclusion, where has the money come from for all these valuable efforts? Captain Moreton once said that on one morning in their history they literally found themselves without a farthing. He called a meeting of the workers, and as usual they held a meeting for prayer. While they were so engaged a lady entered the Conference Hall, and left a cheque for 100*l.* Very frequently they have been brought very low, financially speaking, but help has always come at the right time. "Where does the money come from?" asked Captain Moreton. "We can only say that hitherto we have lacked nothing. The cost of the Conference Hall, Deaconesses' House and 'Spring Gardens' was very little short of 25,000*l.* which the Lord sent to the beloved founder very signally in answer to prayer. Between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* was contributed after his death to form a 'Pennefather Memorial Fund.' This has been invested and produces nearly 200*l.* a year. But beyond this there is no fixed income, though the need of the whole work is at least 6,000*l.* a year. But 'God is faithful,' and as the work is his, He has hitherto inclined the hearts of his people to send in all that has been needed."

ETCHINGS FROM HISTORY,

ILLUSTRATING THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

BY MISS ALCOCK, AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS," ETC.

THE ROYAL MONOPOLIST.

"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him."—*Prov.* xi. 26.

NO young king ever enjoyed more unbounded popularity than Louis XV. He possessed the outward graces that charmed the multitude; he had done no harm; his faults were not those which make sovereigns odious in the eyes of their subjects. When he recovered from a malignant fever, in which his life had been despaired of, the joy of the people knew no limits; and it was then that the universal voice conferred on him the title, so justly prized, "Louis the Well-Beloved."

A few years passed away. Louis the Well-Beloved had become Louis the Hated, Louis the Despised. Into that Paris which had well-nigh "gone mad with joy" at his recovery he no longer dared to enter. He was actually obliged to have a new road made by which he could go from Saint-Denis to Saint-Cloud without passing through the rebellious city, where curses and insults greeted him, and even more desperate outrages were to be apprehended.

It is true there were many causes for this hatred. Louis was steeped to the lips in crime—against God, against his people, against his own soul and body. To retrace the melancholy history would be (as an eloquent historian has said) "to lose ourselves in an

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ever-deepening abyss, not of fire but of filth." But one crime, more than all others, caused the people to curse him. The king of France had become the greatest of corn merchants and of corn monopolists. That he might fill his private purse—drained by vilest needs—Louis used his royal prerogative to forestall the markets, to buy corn cheap and sell it dear, thus literally starving his people. Famine after famine, induced or aggravated by this abominable wickedness, swept over the country. The people suffered and died; their cry of agony never reached the "little apartments" of Versailles, where Louis buried himself with his vile favourites, but it entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. The day of reckoning was at hand. Fain would we turn our eyes from the exceeding horror of that death-bed scene, fain would we close our ears lest that despairing cry should haunt us for evermore—"Oh, God, have mercy on me, the greatest sinner that there has ever been since the beginning of the world!" There is nothing to shed a ray of light upon that thick darkness, except it be the heroism of the blind old priest who forced his way into the presence of the dying man to tell him of his danger, saying to those who threatened to fling him from the window, "If I survive the fall, I will come in again by the door." Except this brave old man, there was none to have pity on the closing hours of Louis the Well-Beloved; and, except perhaps his own neglected daughters, there was none to weep for him. He "departed without being desired."

The following is an extract of a speech made by M. Pelletan, senator, at a conference held at Fontainebleau, which describes the condition of the French peasantry before the Revolution: "Gentlemen,—in order to let you know the burdens that before 1789 weighed on the peasantry, we will consider severally the numerous taxes with which they were loaded. There was first the tenure, which constituted for the peasant the purchase of his liberty when he was a serf, and the price of the land granted to him. But the landlord finding that this tax did not produce sufficiently, established the subtenure, which may be assimilated to the additional charges of the present day. Then there was the charge for transfer and sale, like our permission of change now in use,



A SCENE IN FRANCE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

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and this varied at from a sixth to a ninth of the value of the property. There was, too, the tax of valuation, according to the estimated revenue of the peasant; the tax on labour; the tax on harvesting, which they called fieldage, which amounted sometimes to a fourth part of the produce. So much for the farmer. As for the vine-dresser, he was equally oppressed. First he had to pay the right of vintage, in order to have permission for gathering: then a charge for the right of putting in stock, and numerous other charges more burdensome and vexatious one and the other, without reckoning that, the vintage being ended and the wine in his cellar, he had not the right of selling before the landlord had sold what he had to sell of his own making. Do you think that now he had the right of planting as much as he wished? Oh, no! He must have the permission of the steward of the landlord, and after that, notwithstanding the permission, the steward might cause the vines to be removed if he pleased.

"I have spoken of two classes of farmers, which constituted the better sort of cultivators; let us now consider the poorer classes. The man who had but a wretched garden paid for having the right of cultivating it, called the land tax. He who, not possessing any plot of land, had some sheep that grazed on the public common, paid first a tax for this permission, then he paid another tax which was called dustage, for the dust made by the beasts on the roads. Did he wish to cut up one of his sheep? He must obtain the right of lambing. As for servitudes, they were numberless. Did one want to press grapes for the vintage? He must have the public presser, for the use of which there was a recompense raised for paying the landlord; as well as a tax for the baking of bread in the common or public oven. The extra duties were innumerable, and to let you know to what extent the service of the peasantry at this time was constrained, I will remind you that some landlords, whom the frogs in the ponds hindered from sleep, caused these ponds to be beaten, during the night, by bands of peasants, in order to rid themselves of such a disagreeable croaking. Do you think that after so many burdens laid on them the peasants were free? Oh, no!

"Then came added to these the rate for the secular clergy, the tithe which was raised on the harvest, the vintage, the woods, the quarries, the fruits, the vegetables, the poultry, etc. There was the tithe of delicacies, which obliged the peasant to give cakes and niceties of all sorts; and to give you an idea of the produce which the tithe brought in for certain members of the clergy, I will relate that the bishop of Montpellier received five hundred red partridges and two hundred casks of wine for his share, to say nothing of the rest of his clergy.

"After these taxes paid to the nobility and the clergy, there was also the tax due to the king; the *taillage*, then the *gabelle*, that is to say, the right of using salt, which, moreover, the peasant was obliged to buy; a tax which was of large produce, the king being proprietor of all the salt-beds in France. There was also the tax of helps, which may represent to us the actual taxes united. In the case of services they were without bounds; the king was master of all the arms and hands of his subjects. When Maria Leczinska came to France to marry Louis XV. a considerable number of the peasantry were employed to sweep the roads, which were in a miserable state. Under the old *régime* there were no barracks; the peasant provided a lodging for the soldier; also fire, candle, and other things, and the soldier whom he received into his house treated him as an enemy; he robbed him, he dishonoured him if he could. The peasant could neither buy, nor inherit, nor work, nor reap, nor plant, nor sell his crop, nor have the smallest flock without paying, paying continually, in every form and fashion. Can we wonder at the Revolution, when the people were so grievously oppressed?"

LIGHT FOR THE TRAVELLER.

A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS FOR YOUNGER READERS.

BY THE REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES."

WE were crossing one night a lonely moor in one of the dreariest parts of the Highlands. The sun had not set on starting, and we hoped to reach a distant town on the other side of the mountain by the help of the evening light, and when that failed, by the aid of a crescent moon and stars. But ere the top of the pass was gained, star by star had faded from the sky, and the rain came down in torrents. No house or cottage seemed near; and so intense did the darkness become, that to proceed or to return were alike impossible. There was nothing for it but patiently to wait through that wild night, in that wild place, for the coming dawn. After pausing for a time, one other attempt was ventured upon, to diverge from the road and grope our way along the moor, in hopes of hailing a light in some shepherd's hut or "shieling." Next day showed at what peril the effort had been made, owing to the deep holes and "tarns" which had been skirted, filled with stagnant water. It was, however, successful. A glimmering lamp was gladly hailed in a cottage window; and on reaching it, it was found to be the keeper's lodge, the one only solitary dwelling for miles round. Late as it was, we were kindly welcomed, and generously provided with shelter till next day.

But for that light, I know not what the risk would have been, of remaining for hours exposed to the midnight storm.*

We are, each of us, in another sense, travellers through a dark world. The Bible tells us that by nature we have "all gone out of the way." We are

* It was a remarkable incident in this occurrence, that the keeper and his family had gone to bed, and by a mere mistake had left the oil lantern burning in the tiny window. There are such things as are called "little providences."

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in darkness by reason of sin; with bogs and pitfalls on every side. We should be altogether benighted and bewildered, but for a precious Lantern divinely provided, to "guide our feet into the way of peace," and on the road to heaven. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psa. cxix. 105).

God has hung other lamps in His vast universe to proclaim His power and wisdom. He has placed a wondrous lamp in the very centre of what is called the solar system, the glorious sun which rules the day. And with what a blaze of lovely smaller lamps He has studded the firmament; the silver lamp of the moon, and the glittering crystal lamps of the stars—wondrous lights in the Great Temple of Night—

> "For ever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is Divine."

But the Bible is better than all these. I have compared them to silver lamps, and crystal lamps; I may well call the Bible a *Golden* lamp. Let me mention some rays which proceed from it.

It tells you about *God;* that He is your great and kind Father; that He so loved our sinful world, as to give His dear Son to die for it.

It tells you about *the future.* It opens to you the very door of heaven, and shows you the many mansions of your Father's house. It tells that the grave is not the gloomy prison which the ancient heathen thought it to be; rather that Jesus has taken its darkness away and made it a robing-room, where God's children put on their white vestures before taking their places among the multitude which no man can number.

What a soft and gracious light, too, that Lantern sheds on "the dark places" of the road—those times of trial which so often come unexpectedly! The sun sets calmly, and there is no appearance of storm. But all at once the night surrounds us. The beautiful stars of life fade from view, and we walk in darkness, and can see no light. Then it is that this Holy Bible proves so precious. As with the sailor and his beacon, or with the miner and his safety-lamp, so it is when God's children are out in the starless sea, or down in the deep mine of trial, that they know the full value of their beacon and their lantern, the light and consolation of this blessed Bible! Indeed, the sadder the time of affliction is, the more valued its comforts are. Let me give you two instances by way of example.

In the terrible Indian Mutiny of 1857 (and I heard this from the lips of one who knew the truth of it) a number of fathers, mothers, and children, were shut up within the walls of a fort. Every day, every hour, they were expecting a fearful end at the hands of their savage foes. It was a sudden gleam from God's own "lantern" which cheered them, as nothing else could have done. What do I mean by this? A native servant who had remained faithful, had stolen, one night, secretly into the citadel, in order to try and fetch some medicine for his sick master. He managed to procure it, and returned with the drugs wrapped up in a piece of waste-paper. What did this paper turn out to be? It was a portion of a leaf of God's Holy Word. It was, as I have said, a gleam from the Divine Lamp of God. Listen to what these terror-stricken sufferers read with tearful, grateful eyes: "I, even I, am He that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail. But I am the Lord thy God, that divided the sea, whose waves roared: The Lord of hosts is his name. And I have put My words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of Mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art My people." (Isa. li. 12–16). Need I tell you that these precious thoughts and words contained in that scrap of paper, were, to these lonely, affrighted captives, better far than the medicines which they enclosed; that that flash from the heavenly lantern brought a gleam of hope and peace, which nothing else could, into the awful darkness of their despair. They thanked God and took courage. The day did come when they found He was true to His word; and, when some of them at least were spared, joyfully to say: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for his mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder" (Psa. cvii. 1, 2, 14).

I read, some time ago, another impressive story about this same Lamp of heaven, "the light shining in a dark place." The incident is told in Captain Maclintock's narrative of the search in the Arctic Seas for Sir John Franklin and his brave men:—After many difficulties and dangers, these explorers at last came upon a boat, containing some bleached skeletons of Englishmen. A few silver spoons and forks with name and crest upon them were also discovered; which at once told the sad truth. But, to me, the most touching and impressive things they beheld were two guns, doubled-barrelled. One of the barrels was loaded. The guns were in full cock, resting over each side of the boat, ready to be fired. They had been in that position for twelve years. Beside them, and scattered in the boat, were *lanterns.* What sort of lanterns? I do not mean lamps to guide them and light them in the arctic seas and among arctic icebergs. But I mean Bibles and Testaments, Prayer-books and books of devotion. These too were carefully marked and underlined, as if they had been carefully read. A friend of mine told me that he had been at the United Service Museum, where these relics of the Franklin expedition were collected; that he had there seen the marked Bibles and underscored verses: the guns too, just as they were found, pointing upwards from the boat. He mentioned being specially struck with the underlined words in Psalm cxxxix.: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." It was almost as if he heard the voice of these deserted men. With that divine

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lantern in their hands, these noble-hearted Bible-readers and Bible-lovers could say, with death before them, "Thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness." And on that day when the sea around the icy pole shall give up its dead, they will have God's own gracious word of promise fulfilled, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name" (Mal. iii. 16).

My dear readers, take that picture of the arctic boatmen, and hang it up in your mind's gallery. It is a noble allegory of true life. Like them, you are in "a narrow strait separating two seas," the little sea of Time, and the great sea of Eternity. The loaded guns in the boats are types of watchfulness, telling you to be earnest and busy in whatever work or duty God may appoint you. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Your thoughts, moreover, ever directed upwards; pointing to the God you desire in all your ways to serve on earth, and whose presence you hope to reach in heaven. The truths and promises, and directions of the blessed Word, like the other silver relics of which I have spoken scattered around, form your guide in life, and your hope in death. Thus, with your lamps at your side, and the armour of righteousness on your right hand and on your left, you need not care how soon or how suddenly the cry may break on your ears: "Behold, the Judge standeth before the door!"

I have just spoken of the "armour of righteousness." You remember when St. Paul conducts us to the Christian's Armoury, what name he gives to the principal soldier-weapon, without which all the others would be useless? It is, "The sword of the Spirit, which is *the Word of God*" (Eph. vi. 17). You may recall, not in the Bible, but in a book you may well love next to your Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," how Apollyon vanquished Christian in the Valley of Humiliation. It was "when his sword flew out of his hand." Then said Apollyon, "'I am sure of thee now': and he felled him to the ground." On the other hand, when Christian rose to his feet after getting the stunning blow, it was with his recovered *sword* he "gave the adversary a deadly thrust; and Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away that Christian saw his face no more!"

God's ministers are spoken of in the Bible as "Watchmen," pacing the streets with that Lantern in their hands. Watchmen, in the dark, have generally a cry or signal to let people know how far on in the night it is. In some foreign cities they use a horn; sometimes a handbell; but most frequently they call out some well-known word or saying. God's faithful Watchmen do the same. Here is one of their cries, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Here is another, a striking verse in Isaiah (xxi. 11); that verse, I think, may be taken to describe an anxious one rushing up to a watchman and calling out, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" "What o'clock is it? Is it near morning? Has the Gospel vessel sailed yet? Has the clock struck the hour of departure? Am I still in time, or has the last warning bell rung? Has the anchor weighed? Has the vessel left, or is it leaving the harbour?"

My young readers, there is a special answer of the Watchman for *you*:—"The morning cometh!" "It cometh fast; but you are still in time for the early sailing. Other vessels will leave the harbour at midday, which you might also take, and manage to complete the voyage down life's river. But it is best to have the early start, the fresh bracing air of the early hour, when the morning star still lingers in the sky! Whatever you do, do not wait till the shadows of evening fall. 'Behold, now is the accepted time!'"

The Great, the Divine Watchman has Himself a word for all, young and old: "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light" (John xii. 35, 36).

An Ancient Prayer.

"Great God, by Whom, through Whom, and in Whom, all things were made, visible and invisible; Who surroundest all thy works without, and fillest within; Who reignest above, and upholdest beneath; keep me, the work of Thy hands, hoping in Thee, and trusting in Thy mercy alone; keep me, I pray Thee, here and everywhere, now and ever, within and without; so that no place in me may lie open to the snares of the enemy."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

GREAT God, by Whom all things were made;
Through Whom earth's marvels were displayed;
Creator, in Whose outstretched hand
The universe upheld doth stand;
In Whom the sun with radiant might,
And countless star-worlds of the night,
And all the wonders eye hath seen,
Exist, and aye sustained have been.

Of mysteries, Thou the hidden cause;
Thy will hath bound in unseen laws
Matter itself, and heat and light;
The lightning's flash proclaims Thy might;
Within Thy vastness are contained
All worlds Thy hand to form hath deigned;
Without, within, Thou all dost fill,
No place but owns Thy present will.

Thou from Thy throne on high dost reign;
Beneath, Thou all things dost sustain;
Time's æons but Thy power display,
Eternity Thy endless day.
The meanest of Thy creatures I;
Yet let Thy hand to guard be nigh!
On Thee my every hope is laid,
My only trust on Thee is stayed.

Thy mercy is my anchor sure,
Which ever shall unmoved endure;
Keep me, I pray, while here below,
Where'er my wandering feet may go!
Now and for ever be my guide,
At home, or absent, at my side;
Let no temptation find a place;
But guard me ever by Thy grace!

F. PERRONET LISSON.

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JUVENILE EMIGRATION.

BY MRS. MEREDITH.

II.



"OUR WESTERN HOME," NIAGARA, ONTARIO. FOUNDED BY MARIA S. RYE.

ONE afternoon, while we rested in the "Western Home," a visitor was announced and a young lady entered, whose toilette, a grey costume with hat to match, of graceful shape and subdued colour, showed good taste and refinement. The name announced brought no acquaintanceship to mind, and we had to be told that she was Jane, sent to Miss —— by a Mildmay Deaconess, who had found her in most perilous circumstances.

This girl had been an utterly friendless waif, and was, by the loving hand of a servant of the Lord, brought into the bosom of a Christian family by means of Juvenile Emigration. She gave us a very friendly invitation to tea, from her "father and mother," as she called the Canadian farmer and his wife who had adopted her six years before; and when we most cordially accepted the invitation, she said, "I must now make haste home to prepare."

The farm on which she lived was some two or three miles off, but the young lady did not need to mind the distance; she had driven over in her pony carriage, and we saw her start from the door, reins in hand, as if she had been "to the manner born." The tea-party was very pleasant. Our young friend took a daughter's place. "Mother" told us, with pride, that the cake (a very high specimen of culinary attainment) was made by Jane, and that she was a good housekeeper. Three other girls of the same class had been taken into the same house at different intervals, but none were promoted from the kitchen except this one. She was educated in the way usual to young ladies in Canada, which, in this respect, is much in advance of England. The other girls were merely instructed according to the course of the elementary schools, and fitted for the lower domestic life of the colony. They did all the household, dairy, and farm work in which women are usually employed; Jane was made the minister of another sphere. When tea was done we had the pleasure of hearing her sing with a voice like that of the Swedish nightingale, and she accompanied herself on the piano with unusual skill. The girl's love for her foster-parents was a genuine affection, which will be the solace of their otherwise childless old age.

In another farmer's house we met a group of children very happily placed. One of them, a fine strong boy, had, we were told, ridden six horses in the course of the morning, and was in the afternoon to be employed in the direction of a threshing-machine. "He has a turn for horses, and will be making a fortune for me, and himself some day," said his master, as he recounted the achievements of the lad. In this family the girls were all being trained in domestic work, and we were told that every one was worth her keep. All seemed very happy and bright-looking. They had ample opportunity to tell us if it was otherwise. We walked about, and talked to them. When the fruits of the land, grapes and apples, were produced for our refreshment, they were evidently accustomed to partake of all the good things that were going.

The boy referred to told us his history; and a very touching one it was: "Came to London with mother; lost her; believes father was a gentleman, and rich; once lived in a handsome house, and was dressed in good clothes; had a donkey then, and a nurse. Mother used to ride in a carriage; thinks she ran away with him; does not know any name for certain but Mrs. ——, and heard her called a many others; always was begging people in the streets to take him home; a lady did, at last, take him to a home, and then he came to Canada." "Was he glad!" "He should think so!" We promised to enquire about "mother," and took a note of certain marks and tokens by which to recognize her. If we find that woman we will not easily part with her, for her son's sake. In this house we found a girl, who had had but a meagre amount of schooling before she left England, in her twelfth year; yet she contrived to improve so much as to be a sort of nursery governess in this family, where the distance from schools was a great inconvenience. She and the farmer's wife united in deploring that "College" was out of her reach. However, she was considered useful in teaching the young children how to read.

Some of our visits were to married women who had been of the Juvenile Emigration company. None of these could say too much in favour of the work by which they had profited so greatly, and their unbounded gratitude to the ladies who had befriended them was most refreshing to ears tired of hearing the dissatisfied murmurings of women who have to earn their bread in our less favoured land. It is hard lines, indeed, in England to work for a bare subsistence, and with it no family joy. The charm of the colonial life is the domestication that it gives to the homeless, and the immense compensation they feel it to be for their quota of labour supplied to the commonwealth.

It is impossible to over-rate the blessing that these children confer and obtain. The advantage is

mutual. Our object is gained when we use this way of rescue for the orphan from destitution and unhappiness; and we have also the comfort of knowing that the influence of the Gospel in some of their hearts is well manifested in the Dominion. In a chapel where we attended, some girls were pointed out as "Sunday-school teachers going home," and "two of them came out with Miss ——," said our informant. The new settlements need a good many such to help in forming their schools. A great strong child in a perambulator attracted our attention, and we were told that the nursemaid in charge had been one of a party that came over three years before, and that her mistress was well satisfied with her. "They don't all turn out like that," said our friend.

"Of course not," we remarked; "no flock is without black sheep."

"Very bad work has come to pass in some cases; when you go to the prisons, you will hear." We did hear; but the officials could not say that they had ever heard of more than three cases of bad conduct on the part of the girls. Only one of the three was of criminal wickedness; and one was a matter that might have happened in England, and attracted no particular attention. It was a case in which a girl was more sinned against than sinning; and a trial had occurred, and her master had borne a just punishment.

It is well to have it known that the girls taken out by the Emigration Ladies are regularly apprenticed, under an act of the Dominion legislature. There is an Inspector who is intended to aid in the protection of the children, which office, however, he takes care to avoid, and leaves the ladies to do it single-handed. Perhaps it is just as well to commit the whole to their care. There is no better resource for a girl than to have a lady to complain to, when she is injured. The case is rare, to the credit of the Canadians. The children find in every good man a guardian of their rights; and any violation of them would bring public odium that in a sparse population would be sore punishment.

But we trust "One who is above all others," He will take care of our little wards. Those who bring children up for Jesus know no fear. There have been many proofs that a large number of girls that were sent out at different times have thriven well; but it is remarkable that the boys outvie them by a large majority. Many more boys than girls were at one time sent out. Women shrank from the risk of deporting weak little things at first; but experience tells that this risk is no greater than keeping them at home, but even less. Colonial life has no more temptations than home society; and it has many more ways of escape open to girls by means of socialities.

They marry soon, and have wealth early. These do their share to preserve morals; but, without other and higher restraints, there can be no security for good living. These fail in due course of nature in every centre of civilisation. Only that which resists sin—the new heart and right spirit, clean and pure, by the cleansing of the precious blood, and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, can give assurance that there will be good conduct and happiness; and this is the same in the New as well as in the Old World.

All the ladies engaged in Juvenile Emigration have much encouragement in their work. There is still much for them to do. Many districts are still untouched by the feet of their "little strangers." They will have to follow up the settlements in the new territories, where, undoubtedly, in a short time, young hands will be wanting to do the work of the farms and homesteads that will be thickly rising in the farther "Far West."

They will have to proceed with caution, for the newest places are not yet so safe for their work as the old ground. Their funds, too, are not flourishing so well as to enable them to take tentative expeditions. This is to be regretted. These ladies and their companions are most useful visitors to the growing communities. Their social influence is of a purifying character; and in Christian work it is far more. Their aim is to carry with the force of example the evidence of that love which seeks and saves the lost. They testify of Jesus, and his wondrous work, in living and doing, and, even by "word and doctrine," in preaching too.

We heard of a certain Evangelist who visits the homes, where the children are as one, who has brought much blessing. These domiciliary tours are means whereby a great deal of Gospel truth can be spread. The expense of maintaining this agency is very considerable. It is one of the great trials of those ladies who labour in this good cause, that they find it very difficult to obtain money enough to do it efficiently. The benevolent public often forgets to finish its good work, and leaves undone many a well-begun undertaking. This happens mostly by inadvertence, and not purpose. In the case of this Juvenile Emigration work, it is a great evil to stop short with the mere placing of the children. The means of keeping up communication with them should be constantly open. It is bad policy to cut away the bridge when the advanced party is gone across; the next adventurers are badly placed in consequence. Information and much aid are obtained by continual intercourse with the emigrants. They are supported, and the cause is kept in view; love is cultivated, and the true spirit of kindness and good will works its best fruits in the service of the Heavenly Father, by thus fulfilling the royal law of the Christian Church.

Night.

When evening shadows deepen,
  When day has glided by,
When sunset beams have faded
  From out the darkening sky;
When silence reigns around me,
  And Nature seems to rest,
Then I my head would pillow
  Upon my Saviour's breast.

I fain would bring my burden
  For His great strength to bear,
My daily joys and sorrows
  For His sure love to share;
And then in restful gladness,
  And peace of sins forgiven,
Would lose myself in slumber,
  And dream bright dreams of heaven.

J. S.

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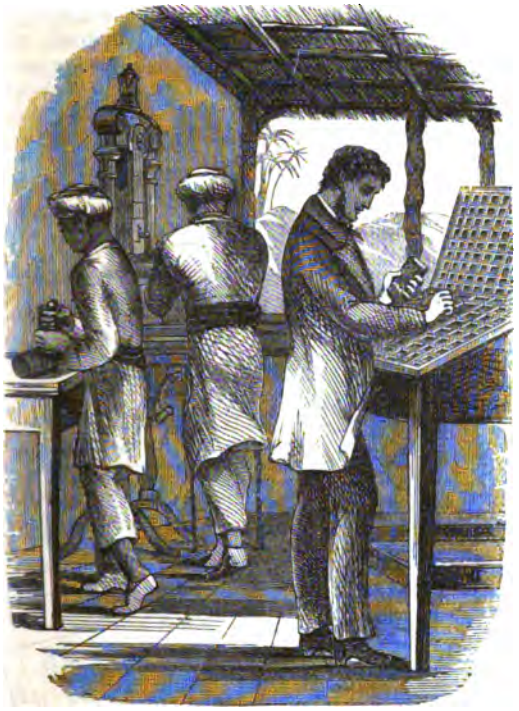
Pages for the Young.

THE MISSIONARY PRINTER.

I.



WHERE there is not the Bible there is no right knowledge of God, or of the way of salvation. The Bible

"Is like the sun—a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way."

This heavenly light has never yet pierced the darkness of many lands. As the heathen cannot become truly wise and holy without the Bible, it is one great object of Christian missions to give it to them.

But there are often many things to be done before they can possess it. Hard and strange languages must be learned and well studied. Or, it may be, the people have no *written* language. They *speak* words, but do not know how to write them. There has never been a book printed for their use, nor do the poor ignorant people know how to shape a single letter, nor even what are the uses of letters. They have never seen a page of print.

If this be the case, then the missionary has to *make*, or form, a language. First, he has to catch the sound of a word as spoken by one native; then, as it is spoken by another, and then by a third, and so on by many more. He writes the word down on paper, as he hears one and another pronounce it, and then compares their way of speaking it, so that he may get it quite perfect. Then he goes on with another, until he properly understands how to pronounce that also. Then with a third, and so on. This is rather slow work, but he must be patient, and not give it up.

As there is no grammar, he must next make one. He carefully listens to the way the natives speak when using the past tense, or the present tense, or the future tense; he notices whether they use genders, as "he" or "she"; and numbers, as "plural" and "singular"; and other matters connected with the "parts of speech." This done, he has next to teach the natives the use of letters, and how to put them together into words and sentences.

As he goes on in this work, he finds that the language is very limited; for poor savages, who live chiefly to eat and drink, fight and sleep, use few words compared with the words we employ. New words must, therefore, be made to express new objects. These labours make it very difficult for the missionary at first; but he loves Christ, and loves the souls of men, and does not give up his work because he finds it costs him much labour and trouble. Love, prayer, and patience will overcome almost any difficulty.

The missionary now wishes the heathen among whom he lives, to have the Bible. But of course it would not do to give them Bibles printed in the English language, as they would not understand them: the holy book must therefore be translated into the native language. Many months must pass away before any part is ready to be printed. He does not wait till the whole of the Scriptures are translated: it is best to begin with a part; it may be one of the Gospels. It would not be so well to give all at first. Begin with a small book, and then the people will learn to value a large one.

Well, now the missionary thinks it is time to begin to print the Bible. If it is sent to England to be done, he can go on with other labours. If he does it himself, he must be ready to work hard and cheerfully, that he may give "the bread of life" to those who are ready to perish.

What does he want that he may print the Bible. He must have type, a printing-press, paper, ink, and many other things. Some kind friends send these over to him, and now he has become the missionary printer.

It is slow work to teach the natives to print, so he often sets to work himself. He puts the type, letter by letter, into words, and the words into sentences, and the sentences into lines, and the lines into pages. When he has got enough pages to fill a sheet, he puts them into a kind of iron frame, and lays them on the printing-press. The tops of the letters are next thinly covered with ink, a sheet of paper is laid on the inked letters, then for a good pull at the press, and there comes out the first sheet of a Bible for the heathen in their own tongue!

When the natives of South Africa saw the sheets of paper come out of the press dotted with black letters, they carried the sheets about the village, telling all they met that the printing was done "by a black roller and a shake of the arm."

Similar surprise was felt by the people in the South Sea Islands when the printing-press was set up among them. They went day after day to the printing house. They stood around the doors in crowds; some placed themselves against the windows, while others climbed upon their backs, so that they darkened the room where the printing was going on. When the first impression was taken, they cried out with delight, "O Britain, land of skill!"

Everywhere through the island the thoughts and talk of the people were about the missionary printers, and the ease with which they could make books. Strangers from other islands heard of it and came in large numbers. The noise and interest were something like what it is in our country, when a very costly and great railroad is going to be opened.

The missionaries had the printing house enclosed with a fence six feet high; but this, instead of keeping the people from overlooking, was turned into a means of aiding them in their object. Many climbed this railing, where they sat at ease, looking over the heads of their friends, and closely watching the working of the press.

But little time was allowed for drying the printed sheets. The natives were in want of books, and most eager for them. The first inquiry of every party that arrived was, "When will

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the books be ready?" They gladly gave a small quantity of cocoa-nut oil for each book.

The missionaries were cheered by often seeing thirty or forty canoes from distant places, lying along the sea-beach, in each of which five or six persons had come, whose only errand was to get a book. Sometimes a large canoe arrived with six or ten natives, and all their cry was, "A book! a book!" And when they had landed, they laid a bundle of thirty or forty letters, written by their friends on plantain leaves, and still their object was "a book!"

One evening, about sunset, a canoe from Tahiti with five men arrived on this errand. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, and drawing their canoe up upon the sand, hastened to the missionary's house. He met them at the door, and asked them their errand. "*Luka*," or "*Te Parau na Luka*" —"Luke," or "The Word of Luke," was the reply; at the same time showing the large bamboo-canes filled with cocoa-nut oil, which they had brought as payment for the books, and now held up in their hands. They were told that none were ready; but if they could come on the morrow, they could get the books; and they were told in the meantime to go and lodge in the village.

Twilight in this island is always short. It soon grew dark. The missionary wished them good-night, and afterwards retired to rest, supposing they had gone to sleep at the house of some friend; but, on looking out at his window about daybreak, he saw these five men lying along on the ground on the outside of his house, their only bed being some plaited cocoa-nut leaves, and their only covering the large native cloth they usually wear over their shoulders. He hastened out and asked them if they had been there all night. They said they had. He then inquired why they had not, as he directed them, lodged at some house. They said, "We were afraid that, had we gone away, some one might have come before us this morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any; therefore, after you left us last night, we would not go away till we had got the books!"

The missionary called them into the printing-office, and as soon as he could put the sheets together, gave them each a copy; they then asked for two copies more—one for a mother, the other for a sister—for which they had brought payment. He sold them these also. Each wrapped his book up in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished the missionary good-morning, and without (as he believed) eating or drinking, or calling on any person in the place, hastened to the beach, launched their canoe, hoisted their matting sail, and steered, rejoicing, to their native island!

Let us turn to another part of the world, and we shall see how the Bible is valued by those who were once heathen.

"In one of my journeys," says a missionary in South Africa, "we came to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and tired. For fear of lions, we thought it best to go into the village and tarry for the night, rather than continue on our journey; but the people seeing us, roughly bade us keep at a distance. We asked for water, but they would give us none. I offered the three or four buttons still left upon my jacket for a drink of milk; this also was refused, and we had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from the water, though within sight of the river. Our lot looked hard, especially when, in addition to these rebuffs, the manners of the villagers aroused our fears.

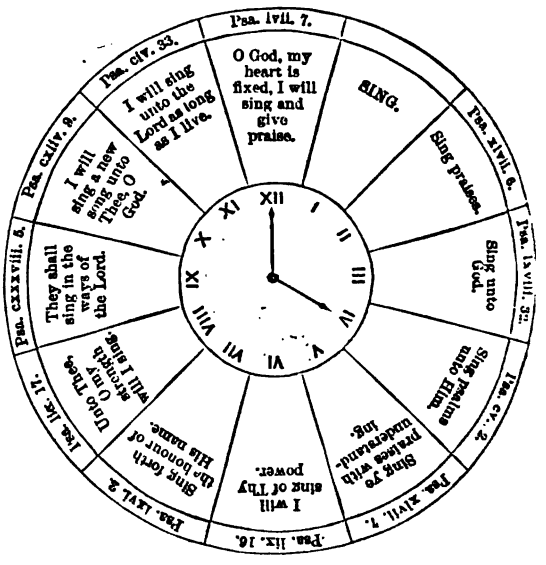
"When twilight came on, a woman drew near from the height beyond which the village lay. She carried on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. Without speaking, she handed us the milk, laid down the wood, and went away. Soon she came back with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She then kindled a fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She said not a word, until we asked her why she showed this unlooked-for kindness towards strangers. A tear stole down her black cheek as she answered. 'I love Him whose servant you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a drop of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.'

"On learning a little of her history, and finding she was a Christian—a solitary light burning in a dark place—I asked her how she kept up the life of God in her soul without Christian society. She drew from her bosom a New Testament, which she received from a missionary while at his school many years since, before her friends took her away to a distant place.

"'This,' she said, 'is the *fountain* whence I drink; this is the *oil* which makes my lamp burn.' I looked on the precious volume, and you may conceive how we felt when we met with this disciple, and mingled together our prayers at the throne of our heavenly Father."

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 368.



Let our readers take the word ARISE for their next exercise.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VIII.—p. 304.—SNOW.—Psa. lxviii. 14. Jer. xviii. 14.

NO. IX.—p. 384.—END.—1 Pet. iv. 7. Rev. xxii. 13.

NO. X.—p. 399.—ZACHARIAS—ELISABETH.—Luke i. 5, 6.

1. Z-ebede-*e* . . . . . Mark i. 20.
2. A-rie-*l* . . . . . Isa. xxix. 1.
3. C-ush-*i* . . . . . Zeph. i. 1; iii. 14-20.
4. H-erodia-*s* . . . . . Matt. xiv. 6-9.
5. A-bi-*a* . . . . . Luke i. 5, 67.
6. R-echa-*b* . . . . . Jer. xxxv.
7. I-dl-*e* . . . . . Exod. v. 17.
8. A-rara-*t* . . . . . Gen. viii. 4.
9. S-et-*h* . . . . . Gen. iv. 25.

ANSWER TO WORD PICTURE FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. L—p. 320.—1 Kings xi. 28-39.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE LAST FAREWELL.

ANNA CAVAYE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—"FAR BETTER."

WHEN Eva returned to Lake Lodge, she found that much of her old kindly feeling for Lady Glencoe had come back. In the early days of her engagement, Douglas had told her the history of that blighted first love of his, but he had never mentioned the name of Lady Mary Cavaye. She knew that he had suffered, but she had not known the author of that suffering.

It is probable that Douglas would have been less reticent if Eva had not been going to enter Lady Westmoor's family circle. In looking back upon the days she had spent in Brook Street, Eva was glad that she had known nothing of that old attachment between Mr. Kerr and Lady Mary Cavaye. Many little things returned to her mind, and took a new shape and meaning. She remembered how

Lady Mary had wept over the old ballad, and how she had hated to hear little Anna's talk about the house of Douglas.

But when she found Lady Glencoe sitting quietly by her young niece's bed-side, intent on ministering to the little girl's wants, she reproached herself for the coldness she had shown the guest. Her old belief, that real kindliness lay at the bottom of Lady Glencoe's heart, revived; and she recollected, too, the courtesy and consideration that had added to the comfort of her home in Brook Street. Anna was dozing—she slept away the greater part of the time nowadays—Lady Glencoe was employed with some fancy-work, but she stole many a glance at the little sleeper.

She gave Eva a very kind smile as she entered. Her brief agitation had passed away, leaving no outward traces behind it. She was exactly the Lady Mary whom Eva had first known, a trifle more stately in appearance, perhaps, but quite unchanged in manner.

"Mr. Kerr has told me what is coming to pass," she said, softly, as Eva took a seat near her. "I am very glad that you are both to be made happy."

Eva's colour deepened as she whispered her thanks. The look and tone of the speaker had given a deep meaning to the words, and the manner was at once gracious and graceful.

"You have done your duty faithfully to this poor child," Lady Glencoe went on. "She was troublesome, and difficult to manage, but your patience won her heart."

Eva's eyes filled with tears. She thought of the times when she had felt tempted to give up her little charge in despair. What a little while that charge had been committed to her keeping! Had she only known, how all the faithfulness and earnestness would have been doubled and trebled!

"You will think of the Brook Street days when you are far away in the New World," continued Lady Glencoe. "I shall remember our school-room talks; how you used to interest and amuse me when I was tired and bored to death! And now—it is curious that you are going to marry an old acquaintance of mine."

"The world is such a little place that it isn't easy to lose sight of old acquaintances," remarked Eva. "If we miss them for a time they are sure to turn up again."

"Yes! and what changes a few years may make in them! I never dreamt that Douglas Kerr would ever become a religious man. But I think it is the most unlikely people who are generally 'converted'; that is the correct phrase, I believe."

Eva was silent. This was a subject which she felt she could not discuss with Lady Glencoe.

"You ought to be proud of your conquest," said her ladyship, smiling. "He used to be a most fastidious man in old days; and he was popular in society. You don't want to hear about all that, I can see! Well, it is best, perhaps, to let bygones be bygones."

And this was all that Lady Glencoe ever said about the past. She buried it quietly; and with much tact and good-feeling set about helping Eva as well as she could.

It soon became plain to them all that the little life they watched was very near its close. And yet, when the end did come, it seemed sudden, and they could hardly believe that it was indeed the end.

Lady Glencoe had not been more than a week at Lake Lodge; Monday, the day of her arrival, had come round again.

All day, Anna had lain in a kind of stupor, but when it drew near sunset she woke up suddenly to full consciousness and intelligence. Lady Glencoe, Eva, and nurse were in the room; and the low light, warm and golden, was shining through the window. Eva went to the bedside, and bent over the pillow. Anna's eyes sought her face with a loving look that went to her heart.

"Kiss me, Miss Gower," the child said, softly. And Eva kissed her and sat by her side.

"It's very pleasant here," Anna said, "but I should like to see the old school-room again, and the pictures on the walls. I liked the harvest picture best of all. Miss Gower, do you think God will gather me into his garner?"

"Yes, Anna; indeed I do."

"While I've been ill and quiet He has been making me love Him. I shall never be naughty any more, because He is going to take me away."

"Dear Anna."

"Yes, I'm going to Him. I'm glad He doesn't mean me to grow up. I was like the ugly princess in the poem. God takes the children that nobody wants, doesn't He? And now tell me about my Saviour."

"You know what He has done for you, Anna. He died upon the cross that you might have eternal life. He died to win for us that beautiful home, where we shall meet again and live for ever and ever."

"And you and Douglas will come to me there?"

"Yes, dear; when God calls us we shall come."

"Will Aunt Mary come, too?"

Lady Glencoe drew nearer, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I should like to come, dear Anna," she said.

"And nurse—poor old nursie. I'm sorry I ever teased her and said she was selfish. I want nursie to come and meet me in heaven."

"Bless your heart, dear missy," said nurse, crying heartily. "I'm afraid I'm not so good as I thought I was. But I only hope I shall get there."

"I think you will," said Anna, with a brightening face. "I shall ask Jesus Christ to let you all come—even grandma; and I know He will make her nicer first. I'm going to lose my bad temper, and be very, very happy."

There was such perfect assurance in the child's tone that all her hearers were struck by it, and remembered it long afterwards. Eva recalled Clarice's words, that God was doing for little Anna the best thing that could be done. He had provided a home for this strange, passionate little spirit; a calm refuge, where it would never be shaken by the storms of this world; a resting-place full of peace and love, where all its yearnings would be satisfied.

And these words, telling of the certainty of her happiness, were the last that they heard her speak. As an infant sinks to sleep she sank to rest, with Eva's hand held fast in her own.

Her life had been the means of bringing many persons together who might never have met but for her. And as Eva stood silently by the quiet bed, she thought how wonderfully little Anna had been the connecting link between severed hearts. Her coming with Eva to Porchester had drawn Douglas Kerr thither; and Douglas Kerr had been followed by Alan Bertie. Clarice and Alan, beginning a new

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and happier existence, owed their reunion to the little girl who had passed so quickly away when her brief life-work was done.

A few days went by, and then Lord Glencoe came down to the village to be present at the quiet funeral, and take his wife back to Warwickshire. He brought accounts of the old Countess's failing health, which confirmed Lady Glencoe's impressions. She had thought her mother much altered, and had told Eva that she believed Lady Westmoor would not long survive her grandchild.

"I feel as if this were only the beginning of deaths," said Lady Glencoe, coming to Eva with a troubled face. "When one link of a chain breaks, others are sure to follow. And life does seem to me intolerably dreary."

"Then look beyond it," replied Eva earnestly. "Look away, over the graves, to the gates of the life eternal. Remember how One overcame the sharpness of death that He might open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

"I wish I had your hopeful spirit," sighed Lady Glencoe. "But I have always been so busy with the affairs of this world, that I have never had time to look beyond them."

"You may redeem the time," said Eva, feeling that this was the season to speak, and the last opportunity for speaking. "Dear Lady Glencoe, you need not go back into the world; let this little grave stand between you and its vanities as a sacred barrier. Ask Christ to take you by the hand and lead you into his paths of righteousness."

Lady Glencoe did not answer, but she drew Eva into her arms, and gave her an earnest kiss.

The Glencoes left Porchester on the day after the funeral, and nurse went with them, after saying a tearful goodbye.

They were gone, all gone; and Eva had to turn her face away from the past, and set her mind steadfastly upon the present. There was much to be done; many preparations had to be made; and she knew that she must not sit still and dream when all her energies were required of her.

But one late October afternoon, after she had been busy with her needle all day, she went out into the field for air and refreshment. Children were searching the hedges for blackberries; their voices and laughter came drifting over the greensward, reminding Eva of another little voice that was quiet now. She crossed the field, went out into the road, and passed under the dark arch-way that led into the precincts of the castle.

And then she took her way along the path that led to the churchyard. It was a very quiet resting-place, protected by the crumbling walls of the castle, and thick with scores of forgotten graves. On Anna's little mound there was a bouquet of autumn flowers, laid there by Lucy and Dora that morning; a few pale roses, a crimson dahlia or two, and some sprays of laurustinus. The grave, as yet unmarked by any headstone, was close to the west portal of the church, and lay full in the soft glow of the sinking sun.

As Eva stood looking down upon the spot, an indescribable feeling of comfort and peace found its way into her heart. Far better indeed was it for Anna to rest here awhile

> "Than wander back to life, and lean
> On our frail love once more."

She could leave her here "within the church's shade," and go her way, prayerfully and hopefully, to the new home and new work in another land.

CHAPTER XXIV.—"BUT I REMAIN'D, WHOSE HOPES WERE DIM."

On the day after Christmas Day, Eva and Douglas were married in the grey old church. It was bleak weather with cutting winds and little sunshine; but the bride's face was like a rose in June, as she stood at the altar wrapped up in furs instead of white robes and orange-blossoms. Hearty words of kindness met her on all sides as she came out leaning on her husband's arm, words that were warm enough to make her forget the wintry cold.

It was now well known that the Miss Gowers intended to follow their niece to America. The young people would go first, and prepare a house for them; and although the undertaking seemed great for two elderly women, there were few who wondered at their decision.

So the bride and bridegroom went their way, and those who had come out to see the bridal, went back to their homes.

The villagers returned to their usual state of winter quietness, and gossiped over the day's doings by many a fireside. Two weddings and a death—it almost seemed as if the place were destined to be the scene of changes. The good people were rather glad to think that they might settle down into their old tranquillity without fear of farther interruption. Changes may be interesting, and even salutary; but they are certainly disturbing.

On the afternoon of the wedding day, Dorothy Vallance sat writing a letter to her sister in Rome. The children had gone out walking under the servant's care, and their mother was alone in the house.

There were tears in Dorothy's eyes as she wrote, describing the event of the morning. Weddings, although they are joyful things, are always a breaking of ties; and Dorothy felt that they had all looked their last on the sweet face of the bride.

"I am glad that I, too, have resolved to leave Porchester," she wrote. "Alan is right; a few years spent on the continent will be good for the children and me. We are missing you more and more every day, and the parting with Eva has been a fresh pang to us. Eva spent an hour with me on Christmas evening. She ran upstairs to take her farewell of your room—the very room where you told her all your heart-story. We talked over the days that are gone by; and went back step by step along that path which you trod patiently, and alone. Ah, dearest Clarice, how good God has been to you and to us all!

"There is not a leaf to be seen on the poor old elm whose leaves used to whisper to you on summer evenings. I wonder who will fill our places here, whose feet will tread these old floors, and whose voices will echo through these little rooms? People will come here to live and think and feel as we have done; and it will be well indeed if they find that unfailing help that we ever found.

"It is a fancy of mine that when we are leaving a house we ought to pray for those who will come after us. The Lord has preserved our going out, and

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coming in; and I love to feel that we may leave a blessing behind us. These chambers have been hallowed by our prayers, and our communion with an unseen, yet well-tried Friend. Oh, Clarice, trust that there may never be a hopeless mourner under this dear old roof! May He who helped and aided us be the Comforter of all who make this house their home!"

Dorothy had written thus far when she heard the well-known click of the gate. Bessie was coming in —poor solitary, gloomy Bessie, to whom Dorothy felt more kindly than she had ever done before.

"I don't wish to disturb you, Mrs. Vallance," she said, in a meek tone of apology. "I only want to walk in the old garden for a little while before it gets dark."

"Do, Bessie; and then come in and take tea with me and the children. They will be coming home presently."

"No, thank you," Bessie answered. "I must go back to my uncle before five."

She went quietly through the little passage, and out into the wintry garden. How utterly the scene had changed since she had walked here with Clarice in the summer! Then the whole place had been full of light and bloom and song; a thousand rich scents had filled the air; the rustle of foliage and the hum of bees had made a soft music everywhere. Now the wind came sweeping up the long path, driving a few shrivelled leaves before it, and not a flower could be seen, save a chrysanthemum or two.

She walked on to the end of the path, and made her way into the shrubbery to Clarice's favourite seat. The sky above the low hill was a dull grey, but in the west there was a faint flush of tender crimson —the only touch of warm colour anywhere to be found. Two or three hardy ponies were grazing in the field, their shaggy manes blown about by the wind; but not a human being was to be seen.

"Oh," thought Bessie, looking sadly over the desolate scene, "I shall be glad enough now when the time comes for us to go to Highminster. How soon this old place has lost its charm; all the light and beauty vanished with Clarice; and I shall never see her again, I suppose; my life will never more be what it was when she was with me."

She shivered as a keen blast shook the bare branches over her head, and folded her woollen wrapper closely round her.

"John would say I was justly punished for my selfishness," she went on musing. "Perhaps he was right after all. Did not Clarice herself warn me of the folly of setting all my affections on one object? It would have been better for me if I had taken an interest in other people and other things too. But I don't feel now as if I had heart enough left to care for anything. Ah, well; I dare say I shall get over it all in years to come; but it will be a long, long while first."

Courage, Bessie; we cannot expect to fill up a great void in a life all at once. It will take time for the ivy to grow in the gap, and hide its emptiness. But while we are loving, and working, and praying, the ivy grows; and some day we shall find that vacant place made beautiful with living green. Only let us not forget that it will grow the faster if we do not sit down to watch its progress, or go continually to water it with our tears. We must give our thoughts to other parts of our inner world, and leave our desolate spot to God.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XVI.—TRIPS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF KIOTO.

THERE are at least three excursions to be made in the neighbourhood of Kioto, which no visitor should omit, namely, Lake Biwa, the Rapids, and Nara. Very early in the morning, with Dr. Gordon as our guide—and a better guide we could not have had, a man once distinguished in the American army, and now as medical missionary in Japan, well acquainted with the language and the people—we started in jinrickshas for a day's excursion to Lake Biwa. In my jinricksha I had a large bundle of tracts in Japanese: I could not follow the good rule in home distribution, "Read them before you give them," but I knew what they were about; the missionaries selected them for me, and assured me they were appropriate. These I distributed to passers-by as we went along, and everywhere they were politely and gladly received, my jinricksha men helping in the distribution. It is a capital road, about eight miles, to Otzu. We branched off by a side track, just like an English lane, which brought us into Otzu close by the Soldiers' Monument—a granite monolith lately erected in memory of the soldiers who fell in the late rebellion. Here is a very interesting temple in the midst of woods, and with extensive grounds. The huge bell has marks or lines upon it caused, it is said, by dragging it down the mountain-side; and close by is a large old iron cauldron, fabled to have been for the rice of some giant. The view of Lake Biwa from Otzu is very beautiful. The lake is fifty miles long, and varies in width from five to fifteen miles. It is surrounded by lovely hills. The best view of it is from Ishiama, three miles farther south, where the river issues from the lake, and where on the hill there is a picturesque old temple in the midst of dark-coloured water-worn rocks, probably trap. Here we lunched, with the charming waters before us reflecting the green overhanging hills. In Otzu a Buddhist festival was being held; it seemed holiday with the people, and small gilded cars carrying dumb idols and merry children side by side, a strange and amusing juxtaposition, filed past in gay procession through the narrow streets. Out into the fields again, north of the town we visited a wide spreading pine-tree, upwards of three hundred years old, upon the west side of the lake. The circumference of its trunk is 34 feet, it has 380 lateral branches, extending 130 feet radius all round, and supported by manifold props, thus forming a flat green canopy or awning,

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covering a shrine, and affording a pleasant shade. This tree is in its way quite as surprising as those of the Yosemite, its boughs forming a circle of 240 yards in circumference. Many fine old pines are to be seen in Japan. The pine-tree and the stork are with the Japanese emblems of longevity, and appear over and over again on their lacquer-ware, as do the willow and swallow, indicative of gentleness. The main road back to Kioto was in the pleasant evening crowded with foot-passengers from the city, and Japanese navvies, light and wiry, returning to their homes from the new railway works which are to join the ancient city with the inland lake of Biwa.

Next day gave us one of the most delightful excursions that Japan can afford, the ascent and the descent of the rapids of the river O-ingawa. A tolerably level jinricksha road leads six miles west of Kioto to the village of Arashiama at the foot of the rapids, and here begins the magnificent ravine through which the river rushes, a ravine like the pass of Killiecrankie in Scotland, or the Devil's Glen in Ireland. We in England should regard such a river as unnavigable; but not so the Japanese. They have the skill and courage to carry on considerable traffic up and down these rapids, which extend for a distance of eight miles. The body of water is large, especially after rains, and where the bed of the river is narrow and tolerably level, the depth of water is about eight feet; its force, therefore, as it sweeps down over rough stones and leaps over rocks, and winds among huge boulders is almost irresistible. But the barges or boats are constructed to skim the surface only, letting the tide sweep beneath them. They are flat-bottomed, forty-four feet long and eight feet wide; the prow rises quite out of the water, and projects six feet, the bottom forms an oval sweep in its deepest part, drawing only three inches of water, and the stern again rises quite above the surface. Each boat is manned by four expert fellows, men whose lives have been spent upon the river; and as we begin the ascent, three jump ashore, each with a long thin tow-rope and each pulling independently, so that in the constant windings of the stream, they may each in turn hold on, keeping the boat up while the other two are gaining a new vantage ground for a pull. One man remains in the bow of the boat dexterously using a long bamboo pole, which he plants against the rocks now on this side, now on that, to keep her clear. As we sit the waves toss and foam around us, the thin bottom of the boat heaves beneath our feet, answering to the sweep below, and up fall after fall we are literally pulled. When we could assure ourselves of safety in circumstances apparently so perilous, trusting the alertness and skill of our boatmen, we were able to admire the wild grand scenery of the gorge up which we were making way. Beautifully-wooded mountains rose on either hand, the grey rocks peering through the brushwood and mantled with reddening ivy and ferns. Frequently the effect was as if we were landlocked, and the river had no place of exit. The falls we ascended are numerous, several three feet at a leap, and our craft seemed at times quite immovable against the rush of waters. In some places the man in the boat fixed a stout pole in a hole in her side near the bow, tying it so that it projected at right angles, and jumping ashore would guide her in and out among the projecting boulders. Now and then we were amid a continuous roar of tossing waves tumbling over rocks for a hundred yards, and involving a descent (or for us ascent) of ten feet. The men towing also showed marvellous alacrity, lengthening or shortening their ropes, jumping into the boat to cross to the opposite bank, going ahead to be ready to pull at another angle as the river wound its way. Such was the ascent, which is seldom made by tourists, the usual trip being to go round in jinrickshas to the head of the rapids and to descend only; but the descent is so quick and exciting there is hardly time then to notice the scenery. The ascent occupies four hours and gives ample opportunity to see the beauties of the ravine. At the head of the rapids near Kameyama, there stands on a hill a house which was formerly a temple, where we landed, and climbing up, had a magnificent view of a very fertile plain fringed with mountains singular in their contour and indented with many ravines. How shall I describe the descent? I remember at Killarney, in Ireland, shooting the Old Weir Bridge; this was like shooting the Old Weir Bridge for seven miles and during three-quarters of an hour. It was a new and strange sensation. All four men are now in the boat, one at the prow with bamboo pole, two with broad-bladed paddles eight feet long; now to pull, now to back water, standing with their faces towards the prow; the fourth man steering with a long oar lashed to the stern and serving as a powerful helm. Not a word is spoken; each one with keen, quick eye is on the alert and knows his part. All act in concert, and away the boat shoots, carried along with the foaming tide, amid falls and rocks and whirlpools, sometimes jumping six feet at one leap, and we are not even splashed by the spray. One false push, one pull too weak or too strong and the craft must be swamped; but the energy, promptness, and withal coolness of the boatmen are admirable. They never seem to miss the right planting and the right push of the pole or pull of the oar at any moment; and after about an hour of this excitement, with a cheer we glide back into smooth water, a beautiful rainbow leaning upon the mountain side as we approach the place of disembarking. The excursion was, I think, the most enjoyable we had in Japan. The scenery of Nikko is doubtless more extensive; but for uniqueness, interest and exhilaration, the O-ingawa rapids surpass even Nikko.

Our third excursion from Kioto, in company with our excellent guide Dr. Gordon, was to Nara by way of Uji. We started early in jinrickshas, two men running tandem for each; but the drive across the city was long and tedious, the houses low, and the streets narrow. We visited a Shintoo shrine, said to be the largest in Kioto, dedicated to Inarisima, the god of rice and agriculture. The hill on which it stands, "the three mountain-tops," commands a good view of the Yodo and Uji rivers. Uji is celebrated for its tea plantations. The tea-plant is usually from two to three feet high in these parts, and grows in small patches or in rows, not unlike a rhododendron, or a box-border. It bears a white flower, and its leaves are dark green and smooth. The tender leaves are gathered in the spring and fall, and the oldest plants are the most esteemed. Some of these are said to be five hundred years old. A trench is dug around the rows, so that the water may get to the roots. All Japanese tea is green, and America is its chief market. Leaving Uji, the

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road winds at the foot of the river embankment and through the plantations. Orange-trees are here and there to be seen, and oftener still a tree called Kaki, at this time shorn of its leaves and laden with its rich and orange-coloured fruit. The hills around are comparatively bare, but the people seem prosperous, and as usual happy. The tracts in Japanese and almanacks which I distributed were eagerly sought after by the villagers and the passers-by. We reached Nara after a journey of twenty miles, early in the afternoon. Nara is one of the most ancient and picturesque towns in Japan. It abounds with antiquities, old temples amid woods and tombs. Seven sovereigns ruled here, as far back as the eighth century of the Christian era. Here too, and about the same period, the Kojiki was written, a book in sixty-six volumes, giving a topographical description of Japan. A library of Buddhist literature brought from China and numbering five thousand volumes, then existed here. During that remote period a singular law was passed, forbidding the slaughter of animals. Copper, too, was then discovered, and the colossal copper image of Buddha was set up. This celebrated Daibutz is still in existence. It fills a huge temple, and has a gilt halo. It is fifty-six feet high, and the expression is not so good as that of the Daibutz of Kamakura. The attitude, too, is different. Here the right hand is uplifted, and the left rests open on the left knee—Buddha teaching. There (at Kamakura) both hands are together, the thumbs touching, and as if twirling—Buddha in contemplation. In front are splendid lotus flowers in copper, twelve feet high. The face of the image is sixteen feet long, by nine feet six inches wide, each eye three feet across, and through the nostrils a man may crawl into the head, which is quite hollow, as any worshipper may conclusively find out, if he will climb the ladder inside the image behind. Round this Daibutz, within the temple, is an exhibition or museum of various relics of the early Mikados. Next we visited the belfry, in which hangs one of the three largest bells in Japan. Some distance off is a stone lantern containing sacred fire, said to have been brought from Ceylon. We next ascended to the temple of lanterns, lanterns hanging on all sides. Here we had a magnificent view of the setting sun, more gorgeous far than any light of earth, and strikingly contrasted with the dull glare and closeness of the temple lights of ritualism. Passing an avenue of shops for the sale of curios and swords, the relics of bygone greatness and barbaric pomp, the path led through a grove and down a fine avenue of ancient firs, the gorgeous sunset sky still in view. Very loth were we to turn in as the crisp night came on, into the squalid and noisy tea-house, which is called the best inn in the place. Two tracks or paths lead westward from Nara to Osaka. One over the mountains, commanding extensive views, must be traversed on foot or in cangas, *i.e.*, baskets. The other serves for jinrickshas; and we, therefore, chose it, and for the first half of the journey found the country most interesting. The range of mountains is split or divided into a succession of hills clad and rounded with trees and bushes, then glowing in their autumnal splendour. In about three hours we came upon a river with rapid course, up and down which there seemed to be considerable traffic. The music of the stream, the rice-fields now being reaped, the well-rounded and beautifully-tinted knolls, the coolies hurrying along with their burdens, or leisurely watching us, the women always laughing, the children bowing and staring as we passed, all together presented a very unique picture of Japanese scenery and life. Another three hours of hard jolting along deep ruts brought us to the citadel of Osaka.

Osaka is a gay commercial city, sometimes called the Venice of Japan, on account of its numerous canals. It has, it is said, eleven hundred wooden bridges. There are also foundries with their tall chimneys, and many theatres and dancing-rooms. The ladies of Osaka are supposed to excel those of Kioto and Tokio in taste and beauty. From the castle one gets a fine view of the city, and the huge blocks of granite, some of them forty feet long by ten square, built into the fort walls, are well worth seeing. There is an outer and an inner foss, and the fort seems almost impregnable. Here we see the barbaric signs of modern civilisation, heavy guns and soldiers being drilled to harsh and discordant music. The government works, too, carried on here are chiefly for the manufacture of weapons of destruction. Far away across the city, from the castle, is "the Concession," where the stations of the missionaries lie, and it was a pleasant contrast to pass from the one place to the other. Here, instead of the bugle and clash of swords and hammering of implements of war, we found the peaceful homes and churches of the ambassadors of the Prince of Peace. There is a large settlement of missionaries belonging to various societies in Osaka. Dr. Gordon brought us to his old quarters, now occupied by Mr. Forest, also of the American Board; then, taking leave of the kind and obliging doctor who had been for several days our guide, we spent the evening with the brothers Hale, one of them here already for two years, the other just arrived with wife and children on the same vessel with us. Both are promising men, and have the prospect of a useful career of mission labour. We also met Mr. Warren, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, and saw the neat little church in which the English service is read, and where the English residents worship. Osaka, being one of the ports open by treaty to foreigners, possesses, like Yokohama, a strong foreign element, an element which here, as everywhere else, works partly for, and partly, alas! against, the spread of the Christian religion. But, in the words of that true poet, that true missionary poet, Thomas Kelly, we can sing,

> "While the foe becomes more daring,
> While he enters like a flood,
> God the Saviour is preparing
> Means to spread His truth abroad;
> Every tongue and every language
> Soon shall tell the love of God."

XVII.—KOBE TO NAGASAKI; THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

What a change, in a single day, from a Japanese tea-house—no chairs, no table, no bread, no milk, no candles—to a comfortable European hotel; from a jinricksha drawn by half-naked men over wretched tracks with ruts a foot deep, and through dirty, foully-smelling villages, to a comfortable first-class railway-carriage! This is the strange juxtaposition of civilisation and barbarism now everywhere meeting

you in Japan. The railway brought us again to Kobe; and to the comfortable hotel, kept by the well-known hostess, Mrs. Green, looking out upon the lovely Inland Sea. Hiogo is the name of the native town, Kobe is the name of the foreign settlement; and the name *Kobe* signifies "gate of God;" not an inappropriate name if we remember that here are the headquarters of Christian missions, the base of operations for the district of Central Japan. Kobe, too, is the great place of call for ships between Nagasaki in the south-west and Yokohama in the north-east. It is beautifully situated at the foot of lovely hills, at the east end of the Inland Sea. Mr. Jenks, the secretary of the American Mission, proposed a walk over the hills to a temple three miles distant and perched high among the woods where a festival was being celebrated. I accompanied him; and we had a capital climb up a rambling path, along which was slowly moving a stream of pilgrims, mostly women and children dressed in their best very gaily, and each company carrying a bag of rice and pieces of iron money for the beggars and the gods. The path was marked out by stations at short intervals, stone shrines each containing two Buddhist images—Kuanon, the goddess of mercy, and Binzuru, the god of healing. The pilgrims paused before each successive shrine, threw two or three pinches of rice into a box placed in front, said a short prayer, and went on. Upon reaching the temple we found booths erected for refreshment, and crowds of worshippers passing in and out. Coming up they first paid two or three pieces of money to four priests sitting by the great altar to receive it, who struck a gong and lighted a candle for the worshipper, and, thereupon, said a short prayer audibly. On a plate, within the altar rails, was boiled rice with chopsticks; and we saw one devotee, on his knees, take some of the rice, place it on the palm of his hand, and devoutly eat it. It seemed an imitation of the Romish wafer. From this temple we had a glorious walk along the ridge of hills overlooking Kobe, and commanding exquisite views of the bay, the eastern end of the Inland Sea. The sun shone bright and warm, and the air was clear and pure, and free from the disagreeable odours which continually offend one's olfactory nerves, not only in the villages but in the valleys and fields, where liquid manure is so constantly used. The Japanese are careful farmers, and everywhere utilize the sewerage of their towns and villages, but instead of sewers, uncovered vessels are used; even during rain you will see the coolies watering beds and terraces from these receptacles, and your only escape from horrid smells is on the very top of the mountains. Descending into a deep and narrow gorge we came upon a fine and picturesque waterfall, a fashionable resort for picnics from Kobe, and then made our way to a Japanese photographer who took our portraits, jinricksha and man included, very cleverly.

The sail from Kobe to Nagasaki, through the Inland Sea of Japan, with its three thousand islands—a distance of four hundred miles—is acknowledged to be the loveliest voyage in the world. It is a succession of five inland *nadas* or seas, surrounded by mountains of all shapes and sizes, graceful and fantastic, and dotted over with *simas* or islands, clad in foliage now in its autumnal richness. These five land-locked seas, varying in breadth from ten to thirty miles, with numberless openings and vistas of mountains, dotted over with the white square sails of junks and fishing-boats, are linked by a series of *setos* or straits, through which the Japanese steamship "Hieroshami Maru" of the Mitsu-Bishi Company (the three diamonds) threads her way. And all this scenery is enlivened by farmsteads and villages nestled in woods, sleeping in the sunshine along the water's edge, or creeping up ravines. The strange shape of the volcanic rocks with numerous caves, the waving strata, the singular outlines of the terraced mountains, with here and there a pebbly beach on which the rippling waves were dancing—all combined to make a series of pictures, a moving panorama, of startling beauty and surpassing loveliness. Never shall I forget sunrise on this Inland Sea. The Chinese steward called me at 5.30, and drawing the curtain of my state-room window, I looked out upon a headland with its lighthouse. The dawn was sending messages of light over the sky and chasing the cold moonbeams and the stars away. Coming on deck a breeze was raising the white horses over the sea, the dark mountains threw their clear-cut outline against the horizon, and as the dawn climbed up towards day the clouds all around were tinged with gold, save in the dark cold west, the eye of the wind. Presently the island mountains, large and small, were "apparelled in celestial light," and the sun himself, in all his splendour shot his rays upon our ship, and threw his sheen upon the waters, and the glory of the dawn faded into the clear light, not "of common" but of perfect day. Yes; the text was in my mind with the full force of its metaphor: "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

No doubt the rapid movement of the steamer with the clearness of the atmosphere and the gorgeousness of the autumn tints added to the fairy-land effect and charm. One mountain in particular, first right ahead in domelike beauty, which the captain told me to watch, changed its form curiously as we moved along, till behind us it rose out of the sea in a single point or cone like the Matterhorn. The more distant and loftiest mountains were powdered with snow. Sailing on the sapphire sea each hour brings new scenery, myriads of surprises, narrow inlets, mysterious outlets, land-locked lakes, expanding seas, bays with every charm, cliffs so bold and precipitous that our ship can pass under their shadow, heavy currents arresting our progress or hurrying us on.

The sea communicates with the Pacific by the Straits of Simonosaki, "the Gibraltar of Japan," on the west. Here having anchored till day-break we passed through a narrow channel with sunken rocks and marked out with buoys on either side, and rounding a beautifully cultivated island smiling in the sunshine we were out upon the Genkai Nada or Yellow Sea, and the passengers who were not good sailers began to feel the heaving of the ship.

It was Sunday, a glorious day upon the glorious ocean, but the roughness of the waves prevented our assembling for service; almost all our company were *hors de combat*, the crew were Japanese, and we had to be content with our private devotions, and with watching the successive scenes of loveliness which the great Framer of earth and sky in these quiet regions so lavishly displays.

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LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

XII.—THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

I WAS at Jerusalem, and painting a view of the city from the Mount of Olives. Olivet is a higher hill than those on which the city of Jerusalem is built; the deep valley of the Kedron separates Jerusalem from Olivet. No water comes down the brook Kedron now, it has been so much filled up with rubbish. On the slopes of Olivet shepherds feed their flocks, though some parts of the hillside are cultivated with olive plantations and patches of corn-land. I became great friends with one of these shepherds, and he used to watch me paint. He was much interested, and he said he liked to see me "write down the city;" they have no idea of pictures, thinking it writing. Where I took my

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lunch I left my camp-stool, and sat under a small olive-tree a few yards away from my picture, and always gave part of my lunch to the shepherd. I would give him some bread or an orange; he would take those and eat them. I never offered him meat; he would have refused that, for fear the flesh might be pork. The Arabs are like Jews in that respect; they never eat pork, and have a horror of it.

One day when we were under the tree I saw one of the sheep go up to my easel and rub himself against it. I was in great fear that it would upset my picture, so I said to the shepherd, "Go, drive that sheep away;" but he did not leave my side and only called out a name. The moment the sheep heard the call he left my easel and came to the shepherd. I was so astonished, and said to him, "Do you know your sheep by name?" He said, "Yes, all." So I said, pointing to one which was some distance off, "What is the name of that one?" He called out a name, that sheep came. I tried him with several others, and they each came as they were called. So ever afterwards I used to give him some bread, every day, and get him to call out the name of some sheep; and when it came he gave it some of the bread. They were very fond, too, of orange-peel, and would eat that when he gave it to them. This sort of thing went on every day that I was on the Mount of Olives painting that picture.

Now read the tenth chapter of St. John; see how often our Lord compares himself to a shepherd, a "good" shepherd, who calls his sheep by name, and they know him and follow him. So you see when our Lord said those things to the people, they would quite understand all his meaning, for they would so often have seen the same thing done by shepherds about. Our Lord was very fond of comparing Himself to a shepherd, and those who loved Him to sheep, or lambs, or "little" children, because they are both so innocent, and want ever so much care and love, and have no strength or knowledge of their own. Little children must love the Lord Jesus, because He first loved them, and will make them "good," and then they will always be happy.



THE RETURN HOME.

XIII.—ARAB LIFE.

In the desert of Sinai, I had a man whose duty it was to attend solely to my camel; he walked by the side when I rode, would assist me to mount or dismount, making the camel kneel for the purpose. He knew the camel well, and it was fond of him—one of the few camels I ever saw with a good temper and without vice, for though some people call camels "patient" they are really a very bad-tempered race, grunting and groaning whenever they are expected to do anything. When I did not care to ride I used to put this man on the camel. Being always together for a long time, we got very friendly; he told me all about himself, his life, his hope of some day having a wife. He was but a young man; he was also very much attached to his mother and father, and told me various things about them.

I was anxious to see how Arabs lived when they were quite in the desert, so I asked him one day, when he had seen them last, and finding he had not seen them for six months, I asked him if he would like to pay them a visit. He was riding my camel, I walking by the side at the time of this conversation, and I have never forgotten how he looked. Tears stood in his eyes, as he said, "he did so wish he could;" but they did not camp anywhere near where I was going. "But," said I, "you have been very good to me, so I don't mind going out of my way to call and stay a night near their camp." At this, he put his hand on his heart, bowing himself on the camel's neck, in the most princely, as well as touching manner, while the tears rolled down his cheeks as he thanked me. I gave the order to the leader of my caravan that we were to visit the camp of Bedouin to which Aeid's father (for that was the name of my man) belonged. All the other men seemed to think it very kind of me. You know I did mean it as a kindness, though at the same time I wished to study the people when they were at home.

We had to go a great deal out of our way, but a few days after, late in the afternoon we came in sight of the tents. My man was then walking. The Arabs came out of their tents to see us. The old man soon recognised his son; they ran to meet each other, met, shook hands; then the son put his face on his father's neck and kissed it, first on one side and then the other; the old man did the same to the son. Then the son presented me to his father, telling him I was a kind master, and that I had

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allowed him to come to see his father and mother. I was afterwards taken into the tent, to see the mother, who shook hands with me, and she was very pleased when I praised her son. Of course I could not see what she was like, for she had the usual veil over her face. I stayed with them in their camp, and made many sketches, and then went on my way again.

Aeid after that was more than ever good and attentive to me; he seemed to think I had been so kind to him; he knelt down at my feet and cried when I left the country some time after. The little picture on the previous page shows you how the father and son met. The tents were in an open place, but about a mile away there was a lovely little spring of water, with some palm trees, the water was so clear, the whole place was so cool and lovely. They call these places "oases."



In the Holy Bible you will find this custom of falling on the neck and kissing often spoken of. The most beautiful story of all is one our Lord Jesus told to the Jews, when He wished to show them how kind, loving, and forgiving God is. So he told how a naughty young man left his father's house and would not live at home, but went right away and did what was very wicked. He spent all his money, and then had nothing to eat, he was so hungry, and no one gave him anything. Then he thought of his father, and he said, "I will return to my father. I will tell him I know I have been very wicked, but I am very, very sorry. I hope he will forgive me, and not punish me too much." So he set off, but when he was a long way from his father's home, his father saw him—he had looked out so often to see if that naughty son was coming back to his home—ran towards him, kissed him, forgave him—then took him into his home again, and surrounded him with love and kindness. Jesus Christ said, God was like that father—kind, loving, forgiving, and that even after all our wrong-doing, if we will only go back to Him, He will be just as kind to us as that good father was to his son.

XIV.—THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.

There is a beautiful passage in the prophet Isaiah, of which, as you live in England, you children would not understand the full force or meaning. The prophet says, a king and princes shall rule in such righteousness, they will be such a comfort, that they shall be like "a covert from the tempest; rivers of water in a dry place; a shadow of a great rock in a weary land." By God's great mercy the Bible is so written that people of every land and tongue can understand it; but, at the same time, there are many, many passages like these I have told you of which to *fully* understand you must have lived in the East. Let us take, first, "the shadow of a great rock."

In the desert the sun shines very fiercely: there are no trees to shelter you, there is no grass to cool your feet, no water for your parched lips. As you go weary mile after mile, you do so long for a little shelter. Many a time I have had to stop, then put my head under a tiny bush to get the least shelter from the terrible rays of the sun. Once, going through a stony part of the wilderness of Sinai, my Arabs pointed out to me a large rock; they said, "That is where we sit for shade in the hot summer time." At another time, on a terribly hot day, we got so worn out it was painful to go on. A long way off our track we saw a great rock standing out of the sand; we urged our camels towards it; when we got to it we dismounted, threw ourselves down in the lovely cool shade of this "great rock in a weary land." We rested there for a long time before we started on our march again; so thankful for that grateful shade, so refreshed to go on our way. See then with what fuller meaning the people of the East would understand that our God would be a comfort to all who rest in Him. Our Lord Jesus said, all that were weary were to come to Him, and He would give them rest and comfort.



The passage speaks also of "a covert from the tempest." The same prophet refers, in chap. xxi. 1, to the whirlwinds of the desert, a *terrible land*. That also alludes to another terrible thing which happens in the desert—a terrible wind springs up there; we call it the Simoom. It blows up the sand so, that people and animals are choked and die from its effects. In different places in the East I have been overtaken more than six times by the "Simoom." Some time, perhaps, I may tell you all about it; but once, when I was caught in one, I was fortunately near a cave in some rocks. I crept into this cave, resting there for several hours until the wind passed away. This wind is known all over the East, and is very much dreaded by every one, even as it was in old time.

King David must often have felt this terrible heat and deadly wind, for all through the Psalms he speaks of God as a rock, a defence, a shadow. Read that beautiful Psalm (cxxi.), where he says the Lord will keep him, "and be a shade on his right hand," that the sun should do him no hurt by day, or the moon by night, that God would preserve him from all evil at all times. Children, though we have not in our own

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land these dangers of sun and wind like the East, yet we are surrounded by danger; our only safeguard is to do as David did—put all our trust in the Lord.



ORIENTALS IN LONDON.

AN appeal lately appeared in the "Times" in behalf of "the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders" at Limehouse, E. The appeal bore the names of three men well-known and much honoured in the Indian Civil and Military Service, Sir William Muir, General H. W. Norman, and Colonel H. Yule.

The object of this institution is to provide shelter, board, and lodging, of as congenial a kind as is practicable, to Oriental waifs of all sorts; the shelter in question being not only from cold and starvation, but from the villanies of many kinds of which that class are easy victims in London.* Aid is also given in finding employment or passage to their homes, and sometimes in the recovery of property or wages unjustly withheld; while money or valuable trinkets are taken charge of, if desired. All who have means are expected to pay a moderate amount for board; but, from the nature of the case, a number of destitute persons have every year to be provided for, at the expense of the funds. Out-goings are in ordinary years barely covered by the receipts from inmates, added to subscrip ions (including a contribution of 200*l.* a year from the India Office). But last year, in the absence of the special aid we now solicit, there will be a serious deficit; for the building requires extensive painting and other repairs, estimated to cost 400*l.*

During 1879, the Home gave shelter to 570 natives of the East, of whom 63 were shipwrecked mariners or persons otherwise destitute. They are classified as lascars, 200; firemen, 196; cooks and stewards, 118; servants, 23; doctors, 8; carpenters, 8; travellers, 9; apprentices, 3; magicians, 2; ayahs, 2; soldier, 1. Omitting count of 33 who remained in the Home at the year's end, of one who died during the year, and of 245 lascars or other seagoing folk who returned on the vessels which brought them, nearly every one of the number mentioned found employment or passage by aid of the Home. Their deposits with the Home during their sojourn there mounted to 2,418*l.* in cash, apart from valuables, in the shape of watches and ornaments. Their contributions in payment of board and lodging amounted to 888*l.*

All who have been in the East know the old saying, that there is no gratitude in Asiatics, and no word for gratitude in Asiatic tongues. All who have been *long* in the East should know how untrue and unjust this saying is. Those who administer the Home speak in a very different tone. Here is one fact. During the last year, a party of seventeen destitute persons, who had been sent to the Home by various Consulates, and for whom employment had been found, came forward, on receiving an advance of wages, and voluntarily paid to the Home 22*l.* 12*s.* in part recoupment of the board which they had enjoyed, leaving the Home with expressions of gratitude for all that had been done for them.

* See "Sunday at Home" for 1874, p. 372; also for 1879, p. 74. The bankers of the Strangers' Home, Limehouse, E., are Messrs. Barclay, Tritton, and Co., 54, Lombard Street; or contributions may be sent to J. H. Fergusson, Esq., formerly of Calcutta, Acting Honorary Secretary. Colonel R. M. Hughes, of the Bombay Army, the founder and director of the Institution, we regret to hear, has been for some time set aside by illness.

Thoughts for the Afflicted.

"No more Pain."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

DEATH has at length released thee,
Thou brave and patient one!
The unutterable pangs are past,
And all thy work is done.

Thou wert a daily lesson
Of courage, hope, and faith;
We wondered at thee living,
And envy thee thy death.

Thou hast gone up to heaven
All glad and painless now;
The long-worn look of anguish
Has left thy noble brow.

Thou wert so meek and reverent,
So resolute of will,
So bold to bear the uttermost,
And yet so calm and still.

We think of thee with sorrow:
Thy sad untimely end;
We speak of thee with pity,
Our sore-tried, suffering friend.

We cheat ourselves with idle words:
We are the poor ones here;
Sorrow and sin and suffering still
Surround our steps with fear.

Our life is yet before us,
The bitter cup of woe;
How deep it is which each must drink
Not one of us doth know.

The shadow of the valley
Whose gateway is the tomb,
Spreads backward over all of us
Its curtain cloud of gloom.

Some stand but at the inlet,
And some have passed within;
O'er all the shadow hourly creeps
And we move farther in.

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Thou art beyond the shadow,
  Why should we weep for thee?
That thou from care and pain and death
  Art set for ever free!

Well may we cease to sorrow,
  Or, if we weep at all,
Not for thy fate but for our own
  Our bitter tears should fall.

'Twere better still to follow on
  The path that thou hast trod,
The path thy Saviour trod before,
  That led thee up to God!

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

I Wonder Why.

WHY doth my life from year to year
A useless, aimless thing appear?
Why do my daily actions prove
The loss of faith, the lack of love?
And still for graces of the mind
The more I seek the less I find,
And often to myself I sigh—
I wonder why; I wonder why.

The friends I love, the true and brave,
Are called to share an early grave,
And those the dearest to my heart
Who live, will soon, alas! depart.
Why am I spared amid the strife?
What is the object of my life?
Why live I on while others die?
I cannot tell! I wonder why.

And yet there must some reason be
Why life was granted unto me.
When I my duty can fulfil,
With ready hand and yielding will;
When I the daily cross can bear,
And learn the easy yoke to wear;
When I can thus myself deny,
I shall not need to wonder why.

When I can feel from sin set free,
When God's own spirit dwells in me,
When I can feel a Saviour's grace
Hath found within my heart a place,
When love doth in perfection bloom,
And hope can rise beyond the tomb,
And faith can lift unwavering eye—
I shall not need to wonder why.

Bereavement.

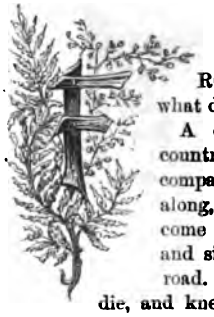
"I HAVE long since been taught that it is not our affection for the departed, it is our love for ourselves that makes the chief bitterness of our grief; and when the love of Christ constrains us to forget our own pleasure and seek only His glory, then the present suffering is lightened, and the future hope becomes more real. It will only be for a little while, and we shall look on all these passing changes of our life here in the mind of God, and see in them the continually renewed proofs of His fatherly love, showing us from time to time how shadowy and unsubstantial all dependence is, but upon the Rock that can never be moved, the hiding-place in all our trouble, the Refuge in every storm."

MRS. A. HARE.

Pages for the Young.

THE MISSIONARY PRINTER.

II.



FROM the south we turn to the east, and what do we find there?

A caravan was crossing a wild part of country in the north of India. Among the company was a missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man, a Hindoo, was overcome by the heat and toils of the journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him turn aside to die, and kneeling down near to him, he whispered in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself to reply, and with a great effort said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and then expired. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and at the calm and peaceful appearance of the man. "How, or where," thought he, "could this man have got this hope?" At that moment he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the dead body, which he got out and read. What was his surprise and delight, when he found it was a single leaf of a Bible, containing the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, in which these words occur! On that page the heathen man had found the gospel.

Besides the blessed Bible, the missionary puts into different languages many Christian books and tracts. It is by them that he spreads the knowledge of Jesus through a country.

"Eighteen years ago" (says a missionary in India) "I went to a place called Thengee, where I gave away some tracts. One of these was given to a heathen, a poor wretched creature, who wandered about the country, pretending to be very good and holy, and whom the people worshipped as a god. The tract did him no good that I know of. But he showed it to some of his countrymen. They eagerly read it. They were struck by what it said to them. It told them of things they had never heard before. They were pricked to the heart on account of their sins, and they cried for mercy to the Saviour of sinners. Wonderful to relate, that one tract, placed in the hand of the poor Hindoo, was the means of bringing more than a hundred idolaters to give up their idols, and receive the gospel."

The following is related by Mr. Kincaid:—"A young Karen mountain chief had heard of the Christian religion, which many of the heathen identify with reading Christian books; but this man could not read, as the Karens had then no written language. He insisted that he must learn to read the Christian books, and went two hundred and fifty miles, with three or four companions, expressly to learn to read. The missionary's wife taught him, and in a short time he was able to read. He was in great joy at his success. As he had much influence over twenty or thirty villages, he was extremely desirous to carry home some books. The Burman government, however, was very jealous of all intercourse with foreigners; and the missionaries tried to dissuade him from taking books home with him, as he would be subjected to persecution. But he placed a number of tracts in a basket, and covered them over with plantain-leaves, and thus tried to pass without suspicion. But he was detected, thrown into prison, and doomed to perpetual bondage as a pagoda slave. Through the influence of friends, however, he was released; but even then he refused to go home unless he could take books with him. This time he was more successful, as he was not detected, but reached his home in

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safety. He immediately taught his neighbours to read; the news spread to other villages, and great numbers came to his house to be taught. He supplied them with food, and so, through his instrumentality, the gospel was spread wonderfully abroad.

"The tract," said Mr. Kincaid, "that led to the conversion of the young Karen mountain chief cost one halfpenny, and yet it was the instrument of bringing him to the feet of Christ. Whose halfpenny was that? No one can tell; but it is recorded in heaven as the offering of Christian love."

"I am sure," says an aged missionary, "that the sending forth of truth on the *printed page* is, at the present day, in almost every land, one of the best means of doing good. Where the numbers of preachers is so few, and the people are so many, it is the most necessary aid to the minister; and where there is no living preacher, may even to some extent supply his place."

In this great work of printing tracts and books for the heathen the Religious Tract Society has been engaged for many years; and by grants of money, paper, and pictures, it helps all Protestant missionaries in many lands.

As we read these accounts, what shall be said to those who can obtain the Bible without any trouble, and perhaps for nothing—not a part of it, as the Gospel of Luke only, but the whole of the Old and New Testament, nicely bound together, and in a convenient size, which a boy may put in his pocket, or a girl in a little bag? Some children do not value anything which does not cost much money, or which they have obtained with ease. Because an article is easily to be obtained, it is not esteemed by them. But if they had to travel miles for a copy of the Bible, and even then could only get a small portion of it, they would learn to value it more than they now do.

Young reader, where is your Bible now? Is it kept neat and clean; or is it torn and covered with dust? When did you last read it? Have you read a chapter to-day, or yesterday, or any day this week? How many verses have you learned during this last month? When and how earnestly did you pray that God would give you his Holy Spirit, to enable you to understand his word? Do you love to read in your Bible about Jesus Christ dying on the cross to save sinners? Can you repeat what He said when He invited little children to come to Him? Do you remember any text about the nature of sin? or of being born again? or of being saved through faith in Christ? or of the joys of heaven? or of the woes of hell?

Can you answer these questions? or does conscience say that you cannot answer them as you ought?

SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT TREES AND PLANTS MENTIONED IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

1. What was the tree into which Zacchæus climbed?
2. Under what tree did the Lord see Nathanael?
3. What flowers did our Lord bid his disciples consider?
4. What was the barren tree that the Saviour cursed?
5. What was the tree to which the Lord compared Himself, his disciples being the branches?
6. What was the small seed to which the Lord likened the kingdom of heaven, because it grew into a great tree?
7. What was the tree planted in a vineyard that was to be cut down for bearing no fruit?
8. From what tree did the disciples take branches when Christ entered Jerusalem in triumph?
9. What plant is to-day in the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven?
10. What was the plant the seed of which an enemy sowed among the corn?

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO. III.



Let our readers take the word THRONE as their next exercise

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XII.

If these initials side by side you place
A text, to comfort, you will clearly trace,
Which to the Christian mourner brings relief,
And is a sovereign balm for every grief.

1. A seer who wrote the lives of monarchs three,
   And 'gainst their warlike foe did visions see?
2. What town would yield into a tyrant's hand
   The man who saved them with his little band?
3. A guiltless victim of a wicked king,
   Whose crime did on himself sore judgment bring?
4. 'Neath this the holy Joshua placed a sign,
   To witness to the sons of Israel's line.
5. What is the greatest gift we can obtain,
   Which God has said shall not be asked in vain?
6. What is the name of that most useless weed,
   That like the wicked bears no precious seed?
7. That which supports us in our hour of woe,
   And beckons us to glory here below.
8. A type of the security of those
   Who on the faithfulness of God repose.
9. A type of that, which to the heavens ascends,
   And God in answer richest blessings sends.
10. What nourishes each tree and flow'ret fair,
    And which the Lord doth to His Word compare?
11. The mount from which God spake His holy law,
    And Israel stood opprest with fear and awe.
12. Beneath this tree the sons of Israel raised
    Their idol-gods which they so vainly praised.
13. These, safety gave from the avenger's sword,
    And thus were emblems of our blessed Lord.
14. To what sweet flower, whose fragrance scents the air,
    Doth Christ, in Holy Writ Himself compare?
15. Who from the Lord a blessing great obtained,
    For in his house, the ark long time remained?
16. What typifies the saints of God below,
    And also Him from whom all blessings flow?
17. What sheds light, joy, and fruitfulness around,
    And thus an emblem of our God is found?

E. R. W.

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Monthly Religious Record.

THE RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

THE bright, sunny days which succeeded the long and severe season of last winter had, perhaps, something to do with gathering the large audiences that filled Exeter Hall and other places in which the various religious societies held their respective anniversaries. But, after all, there is reason to believe that the undiminished attendance and the sustained attention on these occasions may be still more confidently attributed to a real interest and concern in the work brought under notice, and in a sense of the absolute necessity for the varied agencies which have been put in operation within the present and immediately preceding generations, for the diffusion of the gospel at home and abroad. This year, as at many former anniversaries, there were able and experienced missionaries from foreign lands to tell what they had seen with their own eyes of the triumphs of the Cross among the heathen, and to testify to the power which accompanies the spoken and the written word to effect those transformations in human nature, though degraded to its lowest depths, of which God alone can be the Author.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury, for the thirty-second time, occupied the chair of this great national institution, as its president, at the anniversary meeting in Exeter Hall. The Rev. Charles E. B. Reed, M.A., one of the Secretaries, having opened the meeting with devotional exercises, the report was read by the Rev. W. J. Edmonds. It appeared that, notwithstanding the depressing times, the financial position of the society had greatly improved. The gross receipts for the year, including receipts from special funds and sales of Bibles, had been 213,374*l*. The total payments had been 193,539*l*. The free income amounted to nearly 111,000*l*. Under the heads of France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Denmark, Russia, Transcaucasia, Turkey, China, and Japan, as well as in India and the colonies, the operations of the society's agents were described in detail. The report stated that at home, notwithstanding the lamented death of Mrs. Ranyard, the link between the Bible Society and the Bible-women in London remained unbroken. There had been issued from the society's depôts, at home and abroad, during the year, upwards of 2,780,000 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions. The adoption of the report was moved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who thanked God that in this age of indifferentism, and in an age tired of negations, they could still unite together in one common faith to proclaim their allegiance to God and their faith in the Book of Life. The Archbishop was followed by the Rev. A. E. Moule, of the Church Mission, Ningpo, who bore a modest, yet earnest, testimony to the value of the society's work in China. The third speaker was the Rev. Canon Ryle, Bishop-designate of Liverpool, who also received a cordial welcome from the meeting. He spoke with much of his old enthusiasm, declaring himself as firm and devoted a friend of the society as ever. The Rev. W. G. Lawes, of the London Mission, New Guinea, spoke of the triumphs of the Gospel in "Savage Island." Dr. S. Manning, of the Religious Tract Society, followed Mr. Lawes, and drew a wonderfully graphic and beautiful picture illustrative of the "ubiquity" of the society's agents and operations. He testified that wherever he went—east, west, north, or south—in the Old World or in the New, he met the dauntless and untiring agents of the society. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, the Rev. Charles Jackson and Mr. J. Braithwaite also addressed the meeting.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL was densely crowded on the occasion of the eighty-first annual meeting of the *Religious Tract Society*, and the proceedings, from first to last, were full of interest. The chair was occupied by Sir Charles Reed, M.P., supported by the Secretaries, the Rev. Dr. Manning and the Rev. L. B. White. Sir Charles, in the course of his opening speech, remarked that the whole of the money subscribed to the society went to the benevolent fund, as did every penny of profit on its trading transactions. Last year not quite 25,000*l*. was received in the way of contributions, and to this amount 15,000*l*., being profit derived from the sale of publications, was added, making a splendid fund of 40,000*l*., for benevolent and missionary enterprise. The aid rendered by the society, in conjunction with Mr. Peek, enabled the London School Board to present prizes for Scriptural knowledge to some 4,000 children every year. At the conclusion of Sir Charles's address, Dr. Manning did not read the report, but presented in pleasant conversational style, an outline of its contents. The publications of the Tract Society, he stated, were to be found translated into 130 languages, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Ocean. France, where a remarkable movement was going on, and the villagers were eagerly asking for Protestant pastors, was being flooded, by means of colporteurs, with tracts and books. In Belgium, where 7,000 teachers had been excommunicated by the Church of Rome, suitable publications had been circulated. And so, throughout the world, truth had been spread by the society's presses. The circulation during the year had reached 65,616,690 at home, and 12,000,000 in foreign lands; making a total circulation of 77,616,690. The adoption of the report was moved by the Right Rev. Dr. Titcomb, Bishop of Rangoon, in a speech which was listened to with great attention, his lordship's account of Buddhism being especially interesting. The Bishop was followed by the Rev. Dr. W. P. Mackay of Hull, in a vigorous address, not unmixed with humour. The Rev. G. Everard narrated several cases of interest in connection with tract distribution. The last speaker was the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who was received with several rounds of applause, and who spoke with his usual eloquence and power. He heartily commended the "Boy's Own Paper," thanked the society for publishing some of his sermons in the Servian language, and mentioned the interesting circumstance that a daughter of Dr. Livingstone had forwarded him one of his sermons which had been found among the doctor's effects, having on it some words of commendation in the handwriting of the great African traveller. A few days after the anniversary meeting, a public breakfast took place in Cannon Street Hotel, in order to afford an opportunity for giving information on the missionary work of the society from the lips of those who were actively engaged in that work upon the Continent of Europe and elsewhere. A large number of ladies and gentlemen sat down on the occasion, the chair being occupied by Sir Harry Verney, M.P. The speakers were the Rev. Messrs. Fisch, of Paris; Meille of Turin; Dardier, of Geneva; Jaulmes-Cook, of Lausanne; Constantine, of Athens; Archdeacon Kirby, of Athabasca; Baring, of India; Ashton, of Calcutta; Lansdell, of Russia; and Lawes, of New Guinea. The statements made by these gentlemen were of the most cheering character, and awakened a feeling of deep interest.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THE *Church Missionary Society* met in Exeter Hall, which was crowded throughout its whole extent. The Earl of Chichester, the president of the society, filled the chair. The report, presented by the Honorary Secretary, the Rev. Prebendary Wright, detailed the efforts of the society's missionaries in Africa, Palestine, Persia, India, Ceylon, Mauritius, China, Japan, New Zealand, North-west America, and the North Pacific Ocean. The society had, at the date of the report, 192 stations; 408 missionaries (218 of whom were European clergymen and the rest native and country-born clergymen), besides European lay agents, European female teachers and native teachers; and 28,510 communicants. After the meeting had been briefly but pertinently addressed by the noble chairman, the adoption of the report was moved by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who drew attention to the "bright, clear spots of refreshing grace," indicated by the facts of the rapid development of Christianity in Africa, and the creation of an order of native Bible-women in India. Earl Cairns, who ably seconded the motion, remarked that the missionary spirit was no mean test of a standing or a falling church. The missionary speeches which followed were of the deepest interest. The growing readiness of the Chinese to receive

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Christianity was described by the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, who had been labouring in Fuhkien province. Mr. Wolfe told some touching stories—one of an old blind man, who after hearing the preaching of the gospel, presented himself for baptism, and spoke as follows, when asked to declare to the assembled congregation what God had done for his soul: "When I was twenty-five years of age I came to the conclusion, like many others, that idolatry was vain. In despair, one morning, as I was walking behind my house in a field, I saw a glorious ball of fire jump up out of the east, and I fell down and worshipped the rising sun, saying, 'O sun, take away the load from my heart.' Again in the evening, as the sun was going down behind the hills, I said, 'O sun, before you go, leave a blessing behind thee, and take the burden from my heart.' For two years I worshipped the rising and setting of the sun, but the burden remained on my heart still. Again, as I was walking in the fields, I said to myself, 'Perhaps the moon can save me,' and I prayed to the moon for twelve long months. But no peace came to me either from the sun or from the moon. Next I turned to the glittering stars, and for a year I worshipped them. But they brought me no comfort. One day I threw myself on the ground and said, 'If there be a Ruler above the stars, reveal thyself to me.' But no voice came from the Ruler above, and I went on my weary course in the world till I became a blind old man, bearing a burden in my heart, when I heard a commotion in the street, and asked what it was all about. I went to hear the foreign man preach. I heard him describe the great God above, and then he went on speaking of His love to man. I could stand it no longer, and jumping on my feet, I exclaimed, 'That is just what I want.' Now to-night here I am, standing at this font, about to be received into the Church of Jesus Christ, and I can say with Simeon, 'Lord, now let me die in peace, for I have found my Saviour, and the burden is taken away from my heart.'" The second resolution was moved by the Rev. Canon Ryle, Bishop-designate of Liverpool, who asked his audience to pray for him that he might be enabled to do his duty as a Protestant and Evangelical bishop. The Rev. C. T. Wilson, missionary from Uganda, who was received with loud cheers, described his work in connection with the mission to Victoria Nyanza. Upon the platform were several negro chiefs who had accompanied Mr. Wilson from the interior of Africa to England, as the bearers of a letter sent by their king to Queen Victoria. Mr. Wilson urged the claims of Central Africa in impassioned tones; as did the Rev. C. F. Warren, who followed him, those of Japan. The last speaker was the Venerable Archdeacon Kirby, who gave an interesting account of his work in the Red River Settlement. There was also, as usual, a very full evening meeting of the Church Missionary Society held at Exeter Hall.

THE *Wesleyan Missionary Society* was presided over by Mr. W. Bickford Smith, J.P. The report was read in abstract by the Rev. Dr. Punshon. The refrain of this document, to quote its own language, was "spiritual encouragement, heavy financial difficulty, urgency of spiritual need, loud cries for help, inadequate means to sustain existing missions, and no means at all to originate new ones." The President of Conference (Rev. Benjamin Gregory) said that the answer to the "refrain" of the report was like that given by the French to the Germans at the capitulation of Paris. Not one inch of the mission field or one brick of a chapel would they relinquish. The Hon. Sir Alexander T. Galt (Resident Canadian Commissioner) spoke of the healthy condition of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, and the evangelistic work to which it was called there. The Rev. James Scott, from South Africa, said they had now an open door everywhere in that land. The Rev. J. C. W. Gostick presented a sketch of India, its history and its population, the attractions which it had offered to the military conqueror, the statesman, and the educationist. The Rev. Zadok Robinson, from Natal, gave encouraging evidence of the results of Christian work there. The Rev. William Wilson, formerly a missionary in Fiji, insisted on the word "entrenchment" being substituted for "retrenchment," in the resolution to which he spoke. After dwelling upon his experiences in Fiji, where he had seen a man eaten, and had himself been in imminent danger of a similar fate, but where Christianity now reigned, and many of whose people were now ready to aid in the evangelization of other islands, he ably pleaded for increased support to the mission cause. Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., presented a telling picture of the results of "retrenchment." The venerable Dr. Rule also spoke a few words—probably his last in that hall, he said—for Spain and Portugal.

AT the eighty-sixth annual meeting of the *London Missionary Society*, its treasurer, Mr. John Kemp-Welch, J.P. filled the chair. The Rev. J. O. Whitehouse read an abstract of the report, which stated that the society began the year with difficulties. Complicated and painful questions had arisen in connection with the mission to Central Africa, one after another of the brethren sent out having succumbed to the climate; their greatest loss being the death of their foreign secretary, Dr. Mullens, who had gone out with a view to establish the mission on Lake Tanganyika, but caught cold among the swampy grass at Kitange, 150 miles from the coast. At Ujiji, however, the mission had been at length established. From India the chief features of the report related to the work among the women, twelve ladies, as female missionaries, being thus employed. The Rev. Dr. Allon moved the adoption of the report, and adduced many statistics to show that the missionary enterprise had been far more successful than many of its best friends could have anticipated. The motion was seconded by the Rev. J. Macfarlane, from New Guinea, which was, he said, the largest island in the world, being as long as from London to Constantinople, and 500 miles broad. He went on to tell a long but deeply-interesting story, enlivened and relieved by incident and anecdote. The Rev. F. Trestrail moved the second resolution, which was seconded by the Rev. James Richardson, from Madagascar, who spoke from seven years' experience of Christian work in that island.

As in the case of both the meetings last mentioned, which were also held in Exeter Hall, there was at the *Baptist Missionary Society* anniversary, a large audience. The chair was occupied by Mr. Joseph Tritton. Mr. A. H. Baynes read the eighty-eighth annual report, which was described by him as encouraging and stimulating. It stated that the reports from India bore strong testimony to the vitality and independence of the native Christian churches. Success had attended the operations of the missionaries in China, Africa, the Bahamas, Hayti, San Domingo, and Trinidad, Jamaica, Norway, Brittany, and Italy. The report concluded by stating that, notwithstanding the long-continued commercial and agricultural depression, the total receipts of the society for the year exhibited a most striking increase. The Rev. T. V. Tymms moved the adoption of a resolution in favour of extending the society's work and increasing the number of its missionaries. The Rev. J. Bate, of Allahabad, in seconding the resolution, described, as an eye-witness, the results of the missionary enterprise as seen in India. The Rev. Jackson Wray moved a resolution urging united and importunate prayer that qualified men may be raised up to be sent forth into the mission field. The resolution was seconded in a stirring speech by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough. In connection with the Baptist Missionary Society there was also an annual breakfast of the Zenana Mission, given at the Holborn Town Hall. A missionary *soirée* was also held in the same building.

The following table shows the receipts of the five principal missionary societies for the two past years:

	1879.	1880.
Church Missionary Society . .	£232,836	£221,723
Wesleyan Missionary Society . .	133,333	165,498
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	145,236	131,674
London Missionary Society . .	101,100	102,162
Baptist Missionary Society . .	46,092	50,351
	£658,597	£671,408

Fifty-six of these societies (the most important being included) received during the past year, the following gross amounts respectively;

Bible Society	£213,374
Religious Tract and publishing Societies .	192,523
Societies for Foreign Missions	708,942
Colonial, Jewish, and other Missions . .	147,861
Home Missions	384,136
Religious Educational Societies	82,583
	£1,729,419

This sum is more by about 25,000*l.* than was received by the same societies during the preceding year.

SOCIETIES FOR HOME AND SPECIAL EVANGELISATION.

THE *Church Pastoral Aid Society* was presided over, as usual, by one of its founders, the Earl of Shaftesbury. The report stated that grants had been made to 543 clergymen and 193 lay agents to labour in various parishes throughout the land, benefiting a population of nearly five millions. The receipts, as compared with those of the previous year, showed a diminu-

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tion of upwards of 10,000*l.* The expenditure had been not quite 50,000*l.*, being less than that of the previous year by 5,000*l.* Referring to the extension of London, the report stated that upwards of a million of its inhabitants lived in habitual neglect of public worship, and no fewer than sixty miles of its shops were open on the Lord's-day. The meeting was addressed by the Bishop-designate of Liverpool, who, in moving the adoption of the report, declared his unfaltering allegiance to old principles and old friends. Sir W. T. Charley urged the claims of the society to increased support as a national and not a merely local institution. The Rev. T. Howard Gill, of Whalley Range, the Rev. Flavel S. Cook, the Rev. Canon Richardson, the Rev. J. Allan Smith, and the Rev. J. G. Dixon also spoke in support of the society.

Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., presided over the annual meeting of the *London City Mission*. From the report it appeared that the mission has now 447 missionaries. Of these, 378 were engaged in house-to-house visitation in ordinary districts, the average number of families in each being 650. There were 69 engaged in special work, of whom 19 were set apart for the visitation of public-houses and coffee-shops. The total number of visits paid during the year was 3,018,136, of which 274,908 were to the sick and dying; 22,464 Bibles, Testaments, and portions had been distributed, and also 3½ millions of tracts. Sir William Muir said he was convinced that the society's agents were admirably fitted for the work they were called upon to do. Sir T. Chambers, Q.C., M.P., expressed his thankfulness, speaking as a judge, that the statistics of crime were not discouraging. The society had the greatest possible claim upon the public. Addresses were subsequently delivered by the Rev. Burman Cassin, Rev. Dr. Mackay, Rev. J. Jackson Wray, Rev. F. A. C. Lillingston, and the Rev. Marmaduke Osborn.

The *London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews*, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair, reported a deficiency, including the adverse balances of two former years, of more than 6,000*l.* There are 136 agents employed in the work of evangelising the Jews, and of these more than half are themselves baptised Jews, many of whom, as well as many more of the Gentile agents, are in holy orders. Thirteen proselytes had been baptised during the year by the missionary in the Episcopal Chapel at the East-end of London. After reviewing the progress of the missions at Amsterdam, Konigsberg, and Berlin, the committee stated that there had broken out at Leipsic, in Germany, and perhaps through all Europe, a feeling and an agitation against the Jews such as could hardly have been surpassed by any of the anti-Jewish outbreaks of history. Whole societies had organised themselves for a campaign against the Jews; nor was it alone in small towns, but in capitals, such as Dresden and Berlin, that the agitation was urged on. The greatest evil of all was that Christians joined in and helped on the strife. The Jews themselves were in part to be blamed, but the religious condition of the Jews in the whole German and Austrian dominions was becoming worse and worse. The majority were materialists, and altogether engrossed in the pursuit of riches. It was well known that many of the learned Jews denied a personal Messiah. The meeting was addressed by the Dean of Canterbury, the Bishop-designate of Liverpool, the Rev. Prebendary Cadman; the Rev. S. T. Bachest, missionary from Hamburg; the Rev. Canon Tristram; and the Rev. Burman Cassin.

The *British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews* reported that it employs 25 missionaries, all Jews, and several unpaid workers. Its mission stations include a number of English and foreign cities and towns. From each of its stations had come the clear note of success. The year had been one of the most blessed and fruitful in the history of the society. Mr. W. B. Habershon, who occupied the chair, and the Revs. Dr. D. MacEwan, W. F. Gooch, W. Wingate, and E. S. Bayliffe delivered interesting addresses.

The annual meeting of the *Colonial and Continental Church Society* was presided over by the Earl of Roden. The Rev. F. J. C. Moran presented the report, which stated that the committee had been reluctantly compelled to reduce some of its grants. The Bishop of Rangoon, after moving the adoption of the report and the appointment of the committee for the ensuing year, delivered an address on "Need of Increased Efforts among English and Eurasians in India." The Rev. Canon Hoare, after seconding the motion, delivered an address on "Home Helps to Wanderers." The Bishop of the Mauritius delivered an address on "Missions to Sailors in British Ports." Mr. Sheriff Woolloton next spoke on "Church Work amongst Continental Travellers." The Right Rev. Dr. Riley, Bishop of the Valley of Mexico, afterwards gave an address on "The Influence of the Church of England in Foreign Churches." Major Francis Duncan, R.A., addressed the meeting on "How the Church of England should follow her Emigrant Children." The Hon. Mr. Pelham, who delivered the concluding address, spoke briefly of "Mission Work at Manitoba."

The thirty-first anniversary of the *Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics* was celebrated at St. James's Hall. The proceedings began with a breakfast, the Bishop of Ripon presiding. The annual meeting, at which Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., took the chair, was subsequently held in the large hall. The secretary read an epitome of the annual report, which stated that the society's missionary agency comprised 26 ordained clergymen, 170 trained teachers and Scripture readers, and 90 Irish "text teachers." About 16,000 persons were visited every month, and nearly a million tracts and handbills had been circulated. The Rev. Canon Cory, Rector of Clifden, Connemara, and missionary secretary, said that after much persecution, which had been unsuccessful in its object, violence had happily entirely ceased throughout Connemara. The Rev. Canon Hussey, the Rev. S. D. C. Douglas, the Rev. J. D. Smylie, Bishop Riley and the Rev. S. O'Donnell addressed the meeting.

The *Church of England Sunday-school Institute* held its annual festival service, one evening, in Westminster Abbey. The following day was given up to Conferences and the Exeter Hall meeting. The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph presided over the morning conference of country representatives at the Cannon Street Hotel. The subject of the afternoon conference was the observation of the approaching Centenary. In the evening a "magnificent assembly"—to quote the words of the Bishop of Carlisle, who presided—was held at Exeter Hall. In the abstract of the report, read to the meeting by the secretary of the institute, Mr. John Palmer, it was remarked that important additions had been made to the publications of the society, and the total sales of copies for the year amounted to nearly a million and a half. During the year much systematic work of an organizing character had been accomplished. The institute had been represented at 436 places, 59 being within the metropolitan area, and 377 in the provinces. The Branch Association now numbers 230, of which 35 were in the metropolis, and 195 in the provinces. The most pressing need of the Institute at the present time was the want of a building suitable for carrying on its operations, for the erection of which funds are now being raised. The meeting was addressed by the Right Reverend Chairman, the Bishop of Rangoon, the Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Alford, and others.

The anniversary of the *Sunday-school Union* commenced with a conference of delegates from country Sunday-school Unions in the Lecture Hall, Old Bailey; Sir Charles Reed presiding. In the evening, Exeter Hall was filled to overflowing on occasion of the annual meeting. Sir Thomas Chambers, who presided, said that his connection with Sunday-school work had continued from his boyhood to old age. The report, presented by Mr. Benham, stated that six out of the thirteen auxiliaries reported the adoption of a regular system of visitation of the schools. Between twenty and thirty conferences or other meetings had been held by the auxiliaries during the year in addition to the annual meetings. There were no fewer than 198 local unions scattered over the country, in addition to the metropolitan auxiliaries and the several colonial unions. The number of scholars in the London schools had increased during the past year to the extent of 14,237. During the year the sales had amounted to 49,517*l.*, being an increase, in spite of depression of trade, of 6,409*l.* over those of the previous year. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. P. Chown, the Rev. Dr. Rigg, the Rev. G. Martin, and others.

The *Ragged School Union* met at Exeter Hall on the occasion of the thirty-sixth anniversary and distribution of scholars' prizes. The chairman, as on all former occasions, was Lord Shaftesbury, and the gallery behind the platform was occupied by from five to six hundred boys and girls and the teachers from the numerous schools of the Union. Mr. Kirk, the new secretary, read an abstract of the report, giving details of the extensive operations of the society in various parts of the metropolis. The children's prizes having been distributed, Lord Shaftesbury presented a testimonial to the retiring secretary, Mr. Joseph Gent. The Rev. Dr. M'Auslane addressed the children in a familiar and interesting strain. The meeting was also addressed by Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., the Rev. J. F. Sargeant, Dr. Donald Fraser, Mr. Anthony Denny, and Sir Robert Carden.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



DAVIE'S BOAT.

A SHETLAND SKIPPER.

A LONG time ago, when I was quite a little boy, I remember riding with my father on one of his medical visits to his many patients in our native island. We stopped at the door of a miserable cabin, through the gaping rifts of which the fierce north wind blew keenly upon the poor doomed sufferer within. The cottage, if cottage it could be called, had only one room, and as we were about to raise the latch and enter, we heard the voice of the Free Church minister who was praying by the bedside of a dying man. We waited until the office was over, and then my father went into the cabin, a look of sad significance passing between the minister and doctor, as they together bent over the bed of death. A gray and weather-beaten face, already darkened by the shadow of approaching dissolution, looked up and brightened a little in greeting the friend

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whose coming had so often relieved the agony of a long and lingering illness.

"It will sune be ower noo, doctor," he said. "I feel nae pain, and I ken what's coming." He stopped, and his eyes wandered to where his four boys sat round the dim peat fire, where sat too the weeping wife and mother, so soon to be a widow.

My father beckoned to the eldest boy, who came to the bedside, trying hard to restrain the sobs that would burst out, notwithstanding all his efforts. No words were spoken as the father's wasted, trembling fingers clasped the sunburnt hand of his eldest son. No words, but there was a world of anxious, pleading love in the poor wan face that looked up from that bed of death. At last the father said:

"Tak' care o' mither, Davie, my boy; she'll sune hae naebody but thee to depend upon."

"I will, fayther," was the sobbing answer.

"And mind be gude ta the bairns, puir things."

Again the earnest, heartfelt reply, and then my father led the lad away from the bedside. He seemed now for the first time to remember that I was present; and, thinking no doubt that the scene was not one for me to witness, he sent me away to a neighbouring cottage, there to await his coming. In about an hour he rejoined me with our ponies, and I could read easily enough in his grave face and glistening eyes that the long struggle was ended, and poor Willie Anderson at last released from his suffering. We rode silently homewards, and there was none of that merry, pleasant talk that so often enlivened our long rides over the rugged hills and dreary moorland.

And now those four poor boys were fatherless, and had to earn their own support, as well as that of their widowed mother. I am going to tell how they set about it, and to relate at least one notable adventure that befell them. Their father's death made but little immediate difference in their worldly prospects, for he had been wholly unable to earn anything for months before he died; but a small pension of fifty shillings a year, which had been his during his lifetime, was now of course at an end. They had been obliged to give up the cottage and small piece of land which they formerly occupied, and such "stock" as they possessed had gone to pay arrears of rent. Little by little the goods and gear which poor Willie had gathered together while he was still hale and strong had melted away, and their cabin now contained nothing of value within its four bare walls. Their rent indeed was only a few shillings a year, but even this would have been beyond their means, had not the kind tacksman who was their landlord told the broken-hearted widow and her boys that they might stay on without paying rent at all. The neighbours were kind and friendly, as natives of those islands always are, but a succession of bad seasons had left most of them with little enough for their own families, and the assistance they could afford to others was very small. The boys would have been glad to work, but there was no work for them to do, and therefore no wages to be earned. Stout manly little fellows they were, all four of them inured to a rough life from infancy, the eldest just fifteen, the youngest nearly ten. The other two were twins, and when their father died were rather more than thirteen years old. Others there had been, all of them younger than the four surviving sons; but these all died in early childhood, when sickness and trouble had come upon the struggling family. Davie, the eldest lad, who rightly considered himself the chief prop and pillar of his house, had many an anxious hour in thinking how he was to provide food and clothing for his hungry, growing brothers, and for his invalid mother. A supply of half-worn garments, indeed, came from a friendly house, enough to last them all through the winter, but clothing was only part of what they stood in need. Davie was too proud to beg, and of work on the land there was none. But at the very door of his little cabin lay stretched the ever-bountiful sea, and to it the fisherman's boy turned as to a never-grudging mother. The children of those northern islands take to salt water as naturally as young seals or Newfoundland puppies; and it is probably due to their early training that they grow up the fine smart seamen that south-country skippers like so well to have with them in their ships. Davie was still too young for the deep-sea fishing, but he thought that if he could get a boat, some good might be done nearer home. His three younger brothers would form his crew, and there were some of his father's fishing-lines remaining which would furnish at least a portion of their equipment. But to get a boat was the great difficulty. There were none to be had on hire, and the fisher-folk around the place who owned skiffs had need of them for their own purposes. Davie could often get a seat in some one of his neighbours' boats, but as he was only a youngster, his share was a small one. Moreover, he knew that while he was away at sea, his three brothers were at home, idle, and probably in mischief. He felt that he must have them with him or stay at home.

There was a small boat that had long been lying in the factor's yard, supposed to be now unfit for further service. Davie cast his longing eyes upon this weather-worn craft, and thought that if he were allowed to try, and could get hold of some sheet-tin, old canvas, tar, and a lot of "scupper" nails, he might possibly be able to make the old boat so far seaworthy as to answer his purpose. She would never be anything but leaky of course, and no amount of patching would ever entitle her to be classed "A1 at Lloyd's;" but, if she could be got to float at all a little extra baling would be of small account. So he took heart and spoke to his kind landlord, obtaining a ready assent to his plan. More than that, the factor gave him all the repairing materials that were required out of his own stores, and lent him the tools needed for his operations. Such welcome help gave much encouragement to the young boat-builder, and to work he went with all his heart and both his hands. Many a patch was put on the sun-riven planks of the old boat. Canvas and sheet-tin were nailed over the worst places, and smaller cracks were carefully caulked. Finally a plentiful coat of tar was daubed outside and inside, and when the pitch was well dried, the boat looked fit once more to float in salt water. The factor, pleased with Davie's energy and perseverance, made him a present of some old oars, which he contrived to re-shape and cut down to a proper size for his juvenile crew. At last the boat was re-launched, and Davie was probably as proud of his crazy craft as ever Nelson was of the "Victory." Her power of suction was certainly out of all proportion to her draught of water, but she only needed to be baled

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out once in every half-hour, and Davie would far rather have submitted to one of his "men" being kept constantly "at the pumps," than have been without his boat. So to sea went those brave lads, never doubting that fortune would favour them, with much of the same pluck and confidence that centuries ago had sent their Viking sires over the wild northern waters in quest of adventure and of empire. Davie already knew some of the rocky spots where big grey cod did love to congregate, and when the "keelings" were from home he sought them in other places. The sea was as wide for him as for others, and no fishery boards or trespass laws hindered him from going where he listed, and fishing where he had a mind. The boys were wonderfully lucky, but not more so perhaps than their industry and perseverance deserved.

Early and late they were at their work, getting shell-fish for bait when storms kept them on shore, and never losing a chance of wetting their lines in salt water when winds were light and the sea smooth. They could not go far from shore in their leaky old boat, but they found plenty of fish in the rocky bays of the islands, and they seldom came home empty-handed. They caught quantities of "sillocks" and "piltacks," as Shetlanders call the young of the coal-fish (*Gadus carbonarius*) in their first and second years, but these were kept for home consumption, there being no market for their sale. Cod, torsk, and ling were what they chiefly sought, but the two last named were only occasionally met with, cod being the staple of their fishing. At that time cod fetched about six shillings per hundredweight, and when the boys were lucky they sometimes made one and sixpence apiece by their day's work. They had, besides, for use at home the heads of all marketable fish which they caught and sold, and from the livers they got plenty of good oil with which to lighten their little cottage.

Davie was as thrifty as he was industrious, and soon began to accumulate a tiny fund, even after buying many little comforts for his sick mother. He began to grow discontented with the crazy tub which he had cobbled with such exceeding care, and thought that if he had a taut, sound little boat, he could easily venture farther out to sea and visit better fishing-grounds. At length, after a year of patient hard work in their old boat, the boys were able to go to their friend the factor with their little store and ask him to help them in purchasing a better ship. This was only a matter of business, being the usual way in which Shetland fishermen buy their boats. Part, and sometimes all of the price is advanced by the factor or fish-curer, who buys the fish caught, and repays himself by small instalments out of the proceeds. Davie had thirty-five shillings in the common purse, and a like sum advanced by the factor enabled him to buy a stout little boat, not new, but sound and seaworthy. She was only a very little larger than their old skiff, but she was water-tight and staunch, so the youthful fishers had no fear in venturing as far out to sea as older seamen would have done in a boat of similar dimensions. Luck followed the boys in their craft, and in a very little time they were able to purchase a mast and rigging, and a sail about the size of a large table-cloth. This was a proceeding of which older and more experienced mariners were inclined to disapprove, but it was soon seen that Davie could handle his boat when under sail with no little skill, while his brother Willie, one of the twins, proved himself equally adept in managing the halyards. The boys prospered greatly in this new venture, and in a few months' time they had paid for their boat, and she was all their own.

One day in the late autumn all the boats had been out to sea, and the Anderson boys had, of course, gone with the rest. The morning had been fine, but as the day advanced the wind rose, and soon blew half a gale from N.N.E. One by one the boats came back, the crew of the last to arrive having a hard pull before reaching the shore, and none of the fishermen noticed that Davie and his brothers were missing from their number. The wind was blowing dead out the wick, or bay, and harder and harder it blew as the evening shadows fell upon the dark and angry water. A solitary, sable-clad figure was standing upon the rocky beach, and a pair of wistful eyes were gazing out to sea, looking in vain for the little skiff that should have been the first to come to land on such a stormy day. But still the boat came not, and the widowed mother turned from the sea-shore and sought the house of the friendly factor. He was in his office, busy with his books, and looked up as a timid voice spoke to him across the counter:

"If ye plase, sir, my boys are no come hame, and the weather is ill for them to be upo' the sea."

"Your boys at the sea, and not home *yet*?" cried the factor in astonishment.

"Aye, sir, it's ower true; and I'm sair feared that without help they'll no be able to win the shore in sic a night."

Out ran the kind-hearted factor, staying only to take his telescope with him; and on the beach he found a knot of neighbours gathered, for the word had now gone round that the Anderson boys had not returned. They were gazing intently out to sea, and as the factor joined them an old skipper said: "The boys can never row the wick in sic weather as this; see how the spindrift is flying ower the watter."

"I kenna weel whaur the bairns can hae gane," said another fisherman. "They were na onywhere near us."

"Na," replied the first speaker; "Davie tauld me that he was going to try the frammer scurs* this mornin', and I advised him no, for I thought it wad blaw before night. But see! what's yon out by the Niv? Surely it's a boat, and it maun be them!"

"Aye, there's nae doubt, yon's a boat!" cried a second skipper. "Try if ye can mak' her oot wi' the glass, Mr. S——."

"It's they, sure enough," said the factor, after a moment's glance through his telescope. "But what *can* they be thinking of in rowing up under the cliffs out yonder?"

"They're trying to get under the lee o' the banks,"† replied the old skipper. "Puir bairns, they kenna weel whaur they're going! The tide will sweep them round the point if they come onywhere near hand."

"It will, indeed," said the factor, shutting up his

* "Frammer scurs" are Norse words signifying seaward fishing-grounds.

† Cliffs.

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glass in an agony of apprehension. "The boys must have thought that we couldn't see, and had forgotten them, as—may God forgive us all!—we have too long done."

"Lads!" cried a stout, bold-faced skipper who had not before spoken. "We mauna see the widow's bairns drooned before our very een. Wha's wi' me ta gang out yonder and save them? My boat is lying low on the beach, and under the double reefs we'll rin out the wick in twa or three minutes."

There was a score of ready responses to this appeal, and the men ran down the beach to where the boat was lying. A minute more and she was afloat, while willing hands threw in the ballast, and carried down the mast and sail.

"Haste ye! Haste ye, my lads!" cried the skipper. "Set taut that fore-stay and take twa reefs in the sail!"

These orders were obeyed, and the boat was already pushing off from the shore, when a cry from the higher ground above the beach arrested them.

"Stop, there! the bairns are making sail! Stop, Bob! It's nae use now."

It was indeed true. The boys had pulled well up under the cliff, and had then quickly raised their mast, set their close-reefed sail, and were now speeding away across the stormy wick. There was little need of conjecture as to their object. Every one of the skilled seamen who were standing on the beach knew that the boy-skipper was doing what each one of them would have done in a like case, in their far larger and better-appointed boats. And they knew too that what might have been to them a matter of choice, was one of stern necessity to the poor little boys. A stout crew might have hoped to pull to windward, even in the teeth of furious wind and driving spray, but the weaker muscles of four young lads, one of them a mere child, were wholly unequal to such a task. It was evident that Davie, despairing of help from the shore, had striven to pull up under shelter of the cliffs as far to windward as the feeble strength of his brothers would allow. He had then made sail on his boat to run across the wick, and seek safety in the sheltered harbour of Baltasound. It was his only chance, and he had seized it with accustomed boldness and decision. If they were driven to leeward, and failed to fetch the narrow entrance called the North Sound, no earthly help could save them from instant death, while between them and the haven of safety there were still two miles and more of tempestuous sea. Few words were spoken by the anxious watchers on the beach, as they marked the little skiff go flying on her way. The practised eyes of those veteran fishers could tell them, even at so great a distance, that Davie was fighting out his hard battle for life right manfully and well. A single mistake, or a moment's panic, and four young lives would be quenched for ever in the angry waves; but the young skipper had come of a race that knows no fear of Mother Ocean even in her wildest moods, and he threw no single chance away. Again and again, often twice and thrice in a minute, he was seen to run his boat's head to windward, and shake his close-reefed sail in the teeth of the fierce north-easter, as black squalls swept down from the heights of Saxavord, driving the spindrift flying in clouds before them. Then, as the gusts blew over, the helm was put up and a course steered for the sheltering sound. Every movement was eagerly watched on the beach, where the number of spectators was constantly increasing. The men stood in a group together, marking with stern and quiet approval the daring courage of the orphan lads; while the women were wringing their hands and weeping silently as they witnessed what to them appeared a hopeless effort. Not a word was said until the little boat had gained fully half her way across the wick, still beating on like a weary bird seeking some friendly shelter. Then the old skipper spoke:

"The bairn has got his fayther's cast* wi' the helm, and he'll do it right enough noo if sheet and tack haud gude. I think ye said his rigging was new, Mr. S——?"

"Yes, yes," replied the factor, "new less than a week ago. His old tackle was so worn that I made him take a fresh outfit. Thank God for it!"

He tried to use his telescope again, but there was something more than rain or spray in his eyes that dimmed the glass and obscured his sight.

On sped the little boat over the fast-darkening water, and as she neared the land she was almost hid from sight by the breaking waves. A few cable-lengths further and they would be safe, when a fierce blast swept down from the high cliffs above, and the skiff disappeared in a mist of rain and spray. It was a moment of agonising doubt and dread, and every breath was tightly held; but the squall blew quickly over, and the boat was seen again in the very entrance of the sound. A minute more and she shot into smooth water under the rocks and disappeared behind the sheltering point. An English crowd would have cheered, but the children of the Norsemen are quiet and undemonstrative folk. They turned from the sea-shore and sought their several homes, in silence but with glad and thankful hearts.

I had been riding "north the hill" that day and was hurrying homewards, when I heard from a passing fisherman that the Anderson boys were missing. I rode down to the beach and witnessed with the others their sore peril and gallant escape. When we knew that they were safe I went on my way through the fast-fading light, taking a rocky path that led homeward by the sea-shore. I had climbed the rugged road and was urging my pony to his speed on the smoother ground that slopes towards Baltasound, when I saw a little figure come trotting up the hill as fast as his small bare feet could carry him. His shoes were slung over his back, his ragged sou'-wester was in his hand, and he seemed in hottest haste. When we met I recognised Magnie Anderson, the youngest of the four boys; and, as he was hurrying past with a shy salute, I stopped him to inquire where his brothers were.

"They're coming behint wi' the fish, sir," he replied. "We had ill weather at the sea, and Davie thocht mither wad be feared, so he telld me ta rin on and tell her we were safe."

That day's adventure was the making of Davie and his brothers. The next morning the skipper who had been first to volunteer a rescue, sought the factor's counting-house and begged that Davie might be enrolled among his crew for next season's fishing.

"He's only a boy it's true," he said, "but he

* Skill

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showed us yestreen that he could do a man's work, and he's weel worth a man's wage."

So Davie went with his friend to the "haaf" or deep-sea fishing in the following spring; and before he was twenty-one he was himself skipper of a boat, and one of the most successful fishermen in the North Isles. One of the twins got a berth in the "Lady Saltoun," a trading packet sailing from the port of Lerwick; and the other shipped as a half-share hand, on a smack engaged in the Faroe fishing. Both rose rapidly and were master-mariners when I last heard of them. Magnie stayed at home with his mother in the snug little cottage which Davie's industry enabled them to take; and in course of time he too went to the haaf fishing, seeking, like his brothers, his bread upon those waters which hardy Norsemen in all ages have regarded as their own heritage. T. EDMONSTON.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF ITALIAN TRAVEL.

BY STENTON EARDLEY, B.A., VICAR OF STREATHAM COMMON.

I.—PROSE AND POETRY.

THE name of the place was Forio, called Fori—an odd way they have in Italy of abridging names of places, especially in the south, dropping the last syllable. It is a strangely old-world, tiny little town, lying at the foot of the seamed and vine-clad slopes of Mont' Ipomeo, the central point of the beautiful island of Ischia, which lies twenty miles out to sea from the bay of Naples. My Forio stretches its one street—have small Italian villages and towns ever more than one street?—out into the Mediterranean, and differs little from other such places, save that it looks too old ever to have been built; and also in this, that you now and again catch a glimpse of a pair of eyes that glow with orient fire. For Forio, like England, has a curious ancestry. It was possessed by the Spaniards, its singular Saracenic towers mark another epoch of its history, and in the old days it was a Greek colony—Greek, and if anybody wants to know what *that* has to do with orient eyes, let him read "Pocock's India in Greece," and he will know more than a good many people know, and more than I can tell him here.

Well, I had been at Forio before, and bought a few bits of that rare thing now, Ischian lace. They have ceased to make it, and the last lace-cushion in the island is said to be above a hundred years old.

No sooner did old Tonio with me on his back, make his appearance in the piazza, than I perceived men, women and children running towards me, each with some object in his hand. One held up a scrap of lace or a bit of old muslin; another a dark undistinguishable daub of a picture, generally bearing some resemblance to a Madonna or a mitred apostle; another a *benito* for holy water, which in old days they always kept hung in the bed-room. "Eccellenza Inglese, buy this! Eccellenza, look at this! No, this!" Thinking to quiet them I lifted up my hand, and said aloud, "My friends of Forio, I wish to buy only what is *extremely* old."

"Oh, Eccellenza," the chorus began again, "this is very, very old—and this—and this."

"But," I replied, "I fear they are not antique enough for me."

"Eccellenza, how old do you want them?"

"I should like to buy nothing less than two thousand years old."

"Eccellenza, this is *much* older—and this—and this!" holding them above Tonio's head.

Whereupon one of the by-standers stepped to my side, and facing the people, thus addressed them, and was worshipfully heard. "Men of Forio, his excellency is an Englishman. Now that nation is highly educated, and really you should not give an impression of your ignorance to such. You," singling out an individual whose dear desire was to sell me something, "you said that that thing of yours was more than two thousand years old. Now his excellency knows perfectly well, if you do not, that this world has only been made one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three years, and what opinion must he have of us when you say such a foolish thing?"

He concluded with an air of conscious dignity, and the assembly kept silence.

Seeing my way at this juncture to a conclusion, I said, "Men of Forio, you see the value of learning: my friend has reproved you; I may not agree with him exactly as to the age of the world, but I am much obliged to him and to you for offering me these objects, though I do not think they are antique enough to tempt me to buy them."

But I had gone to Forio specially to see what no passer-by would ever imagine it possessed, namely, curious goldsmiths' work. These poor islanders seem to have and to hold but two items of personal or domestic adornment. They are a lace bodice and wedding-veil, which pass from generation to generation in the family; and the earrings of the women. A common pair, or none, may be worn ordinarily, but at festas every pair of ears is adorned with a sort of open-work, basket-shaped pendant, something like the form of a lobster trap, and varying in size from that of a thimble to the nest of a linnet, more than a hand's-breadth in depth and resting on the bosom. These are often worth ten or fifteen pounds the pair, and as the manufactory and emporium were at Forio, I was anxious to see them.

Turning up a little, blind, narrow alley, I found the goldsmith. He was at work in his shop, about nine feet square, but that contained the whole stock of crucibles, arts and mysteries of his profession, and the open space in place of a window displayed his finished handiwork. He was loth to let an Englishman off without purchasing, and I could hardly escape by saying that my wife cared little for jewellery, and that my own taste ran after the antique. He had a pair five inches long. It has been a Forio manufacture time out of mind, and

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what strikes one is the Indian character of the gold filigree work, indeed it is just such as is the staple of goldsmiths' work in southern India to-day. Did it come from thence along these dim and distant pathways into Europe, take a lodging at Forio, and is there yet?

On the western side of the island of Ischia and near Forio, lies a quiet, lonely little bay, perhaps three hundred yards wide, flanked at its mouth by magnificent rocks on either side, its sandy beach running quite into the fig-gardens and vineyards which fringe it. My object in visiting it last April was to fill myself again with its beauty, for who could gaze without inward rapture on that tender yet sublime intermingling of azure sea and bold uprising rock, sea smiling like heaven in an infant's eyes, and rocks, rough, perpendicular, menacing, like two lions holding a jewel safe between them, and all steeped in the glorious effulgence of Italian light? But, besides this, I was in search of a botanical rarity whose habitat was that spot—alas! was, but is not. I sought long, but vainly, for a sweet-scented iris (*Pancratium maritimum*) which takes the name thereabout of Restituta lily; yet within living memory the whole beach was sprinkled with it. Every bulb has been carried off, not, in this case, by botanical eagerness, but in honour of Santa Restituta, who is the popular patron saint of those parts, whose church and monastery stand hard by the bay, and of whom this is the ancient legend. A pagan African king had three daughters, each of whom became enamoured of a Christian sweetheart. Resolved to prevent their marrying Christians he placed each daughter alone in a boat and sent them adrift on the Mediterranean. One day a fisherman's wife at Lecco, watching for her husband, observed a boat floating towards the bay. Thinking it was her husband's, she ran down to the beach in time to see it grate on the shingle. Within it she found, not her husband, but a young maiden just alive, and who expired soon after setting foot on the beach, where lilies sprang up in her honour, and which have been ever since called by her name, Restituta. It is singular that the commonest female name for miles round is Restituta.

II.—YOUNG ITALY.

One evening, riding back from Forio to Casamicciola, lingering with inward hunger for the indescribable glories of sunset light and colour, the sun suddenly slipt below the sea and the solemn, silent twilight came around me as in a moment. As old Tonio worked his way at foot pace, thinking I heard the patter of feet behind me, I pulled up and found a young boy gallantly fighting his way up the hill under a great hamper of vegetables. I at once proposed to take it upon the pommel and relieve him so far as our roads were one. At that moment the sound of a church bell reached us from the valley of Forio.

"What is that?" I said.

"The bell for evening prayers, your excellency."

"It would be delightful to hear it if one could think the people would pray simply and only to the living God in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Excellency," he almost exclaimed, "they will pray to dead men and women, that can no more hear or answer than this stone," slapping a coping stone of the low wall as he passed it.

As the lad was apparently very young and I knew there was not a professed Protestant in the region, I said, "Who are you, my boy?"

"The son of ——, your excellency," naming a man holding office in the community; but he proceeded: "There are two Italies now—the old and the young. The old won't learn anything, but there's a career now for young Italy. My brother is gone into the royal navy, and I am going too. All you need is good character and good education. It used to be the priest here and the priest there and everywhere, but under Victor Emanuel good conduct and good learning does it. Isn't it so in Inghilterra, excellency?"

An island urchin of fourteen that! A little precocious, but in sentiment a type of myriads of his coevals and elders. When our roads parted, as I gave him his hamper and bade him good-night, he thanked me with a racy effusiveness which at least made me remember him.

III.—THE MOUNTAIN HERMIT.

Mont' Ipomeo is the extinct volcano which has been quiet for these five hundred years, during which period Vesuvius, the other blow-hole, has been fretful—as in olden days Vesuvius was quiescent and Ipomeo deluged all around him with lava-fire. He is a nobly-outlined mass, jagged-edged and steep, his craters all closed, and his summit forming a glorious stand-point for a magnificent panorama. Facing Naples, lying twenty miles off at the foot of Vesuvius, there to the right is Capri, and there the Abruzzi mountains, bandit-haunted; and there to the left is Posilippo, with its tunnelled roadway nearly 2,000 years old—and the road yet—and there is Cape Miseno and Baiæ, a whole territory, to say nothing of Virgil's tomb, full of natural beauty, and teeming with classical and historical interest.

But I walked up these some 3,000 feet, not more for the view, than to visit the hermit of Ipomeo, who had been described to me as dwelling in his rock-cave hewn out of the sandstone chine which forms the summit. As I neared the top, I perceived a man attired in a rather ragged velveteen jacket, with a fur cap on his head, an antique fowling-piece under his arm, and accompanied by a little dog of no breed in particular.

"Good-day, my friend; pray tell me where is the hermit!"

"He has the honour to speak to his excellency," he replied. ("You a hermit! What a disillusion," I thought to myself). "Do me the honour to enter my cave."

I expressed my thanks to him, but informed him that I had just discovered that I had left without money, and that I could not recompense him pecuniarily for any attention. To which he suggested that he often descended to the valley, and that anything I was pleased to give to the landlord for him would reach him. (I found that with the next daylight he made application at the hotel). With this understanding, I entered his abode. There were two small rooms cut into the chine of rock, and on the side nearest the sea a little balcony overhanging a perpendicular descent of some hundreds of feet.

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It was Easter Monday, and whilst we were chatting, the sound of cannon with repeated and continued echoes came up from the village below, and reverberated around the mountain. The hermit instantly seized his wooden rosary, and began intoning a prayer.

"What are those cannon fired for?" I inquired.

"Excellency, those are the cannon of assurance."

"The cannon of assurance; what is that?"

"They are to assure us all of forgiveness."

"But haven't you all confessed and been absolved before Easter Sunday?"

"Oh yes; but you see those cannon sound out the assurance all round the island, over the sea, and up to heaven. And they are sacred cannon; the holy Father has blessed the powder."

After some talk, I asked him, "How does the holy Gospel tell us is sin washed away?"

"By the absolution of the priest, who has the authority of St. Peter."

"Have you a 'Santo Evangelo' here?"

"Ah, no. I never had one, but my brother who lives in that village, has a part of it."

I said, "I know the 'Santo Evangelo' well, and I will recite to you some passages in it, about the forgiveness of sins and justification by faith in Christ."

I adduced a good number, applying them and expounding one by another. The man seemed utterly perplexed, assenting yet afraid to assent.

I told him I had seen St. Peter's at Rome, and its great spectacles and processions, and that a man who was grieved for his sin could get as near to Jesus Christ, and receive absolution from Him as the only priest in heaven or earth, on the top of Ipomeo, as in the grandest church in all the world; for that it is not the place that brings Christ to us, but faith that brings us to Him, and that anywhere.

"Well, excellency," he said, "I am but a poor monk, but I once heard a great cardinal preach, and he said it was written in the 'Santo Evangelo' that once one of the inferior apostles came to St. Peter, the chief of the apostles, and said, 'I forgive seven times,' to whom St. Peter answered, 'But I forgive seventy times seven.' Your excellency, does not that show that forgiveness is to come through St. Peter?"

After a long colloquy, I said, "Before I go I should like us to pray together."

"Oh, yes," and he rose to fetch his rosary which hung on a nail in the rock.

"No," I said, "not with that; the eastern heathen use rosaries. You can pray without that. The Apostles had no rosaries."

He looked perplexed.

"Here am I," I said, "an Englishman, far from home, in weak health, and we can kneel down here, and you can ask our Father in heaven to cure me, or to bless my illness to my soul's good, and, as we shall never meet on earth again, ask Him to wash us from our sins in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ and fit us to live for Him, and to depart, and be with Him."

Finding that he still eyed the rosary, and felt like a man called to knock a nail in without a hammer, I said, "Let us pray," and knelt down, partly carrying him down with me. "Now, my brother, pray."

"Oh, eccellenza," he said in distress, "you lay on my spirit a burden too heavy for me to bear."

"Then I will pray."

In simplest words I called on God, our loving Father; on Jesus, the Son of his love, slain for our sins; on the Holy Ghost, the loving Spirit, opener of eyes and quickener of death, and, as best I could, threw myself, and the man kneeling by my side, into the bosom of God.

The monk sobbed, and so did I, and when he rose, he said, laying his hands on his heart: "Your words have penetrated my very soul and spirit, and I shall never forget you."

I bethought me before leaving, of our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria at the well, and repeated the whole passage. He said he had never heard it before in his life!

As he could not read writing, before I left him I got a bit of charcoal, and upon the rock of his cell I printed in Roman type, words which I had expounded and applied as earnestly as I could: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Poor fellow! He could not tell me the name of a single flower of all that I had gathered on my way up the mountain on which he had lived fifteen years. He had not the slightest idea of natural history or geography. He had no books of any kind. Cardinal Sforza, he told me, gave him the "hermitage," where he reaps now and then a franc from a visitor; and he laughed when I told him the cardinal would have done a better thing if he had told him that work is more honourable than idleness, even in solitude; and I added, that as he cultivated neither his mind nor his body, and lived only to eat and fumble that old rosary, I could not see that he was of any use in the world, and that at thirty-five that ought to make an honest man blush.

My company, however, he declared to be *molto gradevole*, very agreeable, and I left him, not without some liking, and with an intense pity in my heart.

IV.—LIGHTING THE DEAD.

Whilst sojourning in a large city in Lombardy, a cavaliere of our acquaintance called to say I might have an opportunity that day of seeing some part of a funeral service conducted with considerable pomp. At the hour named I accordingly went to the Piazza (square), one side of which was formed by the church, and across which the procession was to pass, and took my place amongst a large concourse of spectators. After some delay, during which one could hear mournful strains issuing from the church doors, which were open, a sudden movement and murmur announced that the cortège was in sight. First came certain acolytes, then an open carriage-bier bearing the coffin; then carriages with the deceased's friends; then men, two-and-two, each bearing a candle three feet long, the lighted end leaning outwards, and the lower resting in a socket on the hip fixed to a girdle round the waist. The candle-bearers came on in twos, tens, scores, hundreds. They were, I found, the employés at the theatre at which the deceased had been a singer and actor. I counted three hundred, and as they still hove in sight I heard such expressions as, "What piety!" "What lavish cost!"

When the procession of dignitaries and priests had met the cortège, and all had entered the draped

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doors of the church, I asked a respectable-looking citizen by my side what was the precise religious meaning of the candles.

"Signore," he replied, "it is to light the soul of the departed."

"I perfectly comprehend," I replied, "the maintenance of traditional usages, especially on these sad occasions, though they may be peculiar; but I fail to see how these candles, which do not in the least enhance the sunlight in the Piazza, can light the man. Is he supposed to be somewhere near; and if so how can candles help him on his way; what journey is it that the sun cannot lighten and these candles can?"

"Well, signore," he replied, "this is a part of the church's work for his soul. He has need of it, poor fellow; he lived as actors generally live, and died in an instant, and I don't think he had ever been in his parish church since he was baptized, and, signore, in such a case as that, if the church can't put a poor fellow right, what's the use of the church and all the money we pay for it? we might as well have none, and take our chance."

To which I only rejoined that I could not find anything in reason, nor in Christ's statutes, about candles as part of the church's work for souls, nor about the church putting a man right if he had lived and died wrong; that I thought religious delusion the most terrible of all delusions, and that Christ's word in his Testament, He said, was to be our guide and judge, and if we went against that, and depended on what priests and candles could do I thought it would go ill with us.

V.—A MONK'S SERMON ON JUSTIFICATION.

Seeing one day an "Invito Sacro!" viz., a printed notice, of a special sermon to be preached in a city church in the south of Italy, on "Justification," and arrested by the novelty of such a topic in the hands of a priest, I instantly made up my mind to attend. It was an evening service, and I found the large church filled to overflowing by a congregation—I need not say to any one who knows Italy—almost exclusively of women of the lower rank. The monk soon made his appearance in the pulpit. What a presence! what an eye! what a magnificent, sonorous mellifluous voice! and the sermon! I can never forget it. The subject announced was "Justification," and I entered the church pondering how a guilty sinner makes his flight from condemnation to peace with God. Let me describe the sermon. I will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." "My brethren, here you are, and want to know who the *justificati* (the justified) are—ay, who they are: listen to me and I will tell you. What is it? Who are the justified? Listen: they are the justified who have broken their will and laid it down at the feet of the church. *Eccoli!* (there they are). Now you know who the justified are, wait a moment, and I will tell you who are the *santificati* (the sanctified). I told you who the justified are; I said, they whose will lies broken at the feet of the church; and who are the *santificati?* Listen: they whose will lies *dead* at the feet of the church. *Eccoli!* (there they are)." There was no further allusion whatever to justification or sanctification, but the sequel was a wondrous masterpiece of its kind.

He began in lugubrious tones to lament the desecration of the festas and the forsaking of the functions (services). After a little while he almost suddenly appeared transfixed, his face upturned, his eyes riveted as on something in the church roof or beyond it. He ceased to speak, and seemed to vibrate with emotion, his attitude indescribably pathetic. At length his voice broke tenderly over a silence deep and motionless as death. "Ah! is it possible? Can it be? Mary, Mary! sweetest, dearest, divinest! That most gracious face—what do I see? A shadow upon it! a frown of sadness and of pity! Nay, *Dio mio*, a tear!" and as his face remained fixed the tones became thrilling—the vision absorbed him. Then a pause. Then the eyes fell, and glancing round with more than magisterial authority, and rising into austere dignity, he broke out in tones of thunder upon the guilty wretches before him, who knew well (he said) why that terrible shadow of tears clothed the face of Mary. "In my young days," he cried, "all her festas were honoured, young men in their best, and maidens in their gayest, crowded the functions and processions; the chink of coin never ceased from morning to night near her shrines. *Now*, how is it? The mother of God is dishonoured and neglected, and her shrines desolate. *You* know why the shadow rests on her face, and why her tears fall. *Sinners, will you repent?*" he exclaimed, hurling the words down with a voice of thunder. After another pause I saw him working his eye upwards again and felt sure there was a pendant to the other picture. He had fixed it again. He stood as if he were magnetized, but now the gestures were of adoring rapture, and he seemed as if drinking into his spirit something celestial. At length he uttered an exclamation, inarticulate, like a child's broken speech, something between the joy of rapture and the timidity of surprise. Then, "Is it possible? Divinest, sweetest Mary, star of the desolate, joy of the sad, is it true? Yes, it is true! it is true! Oh, joy! a little, little, little *smile!*" and he arrested himself as if the wonder of the vision silenced him, and gazed motionless. A few moments thus and he appealed again to his audience. "You know why the light of a smile shines from that divinest face! Mary sees your hearts, sees your shame, sees your repentance, and when she foresees you all honouring the festa to-morrow, of which this is the eve, she smiles!"

And so ended a sermon on "Justification," announced by placard, and preached by a picked orator to two or three thousand people. I left the church in utter distress, and was almost angry with myself for asking myself as I went home how would St. Paul have preached on justification if he had been there? For it was professedly a Christian church, yet the mention of such a man in such a connection seemed almost sacrilegious.

VI.—HOLY WATER.

I could not make out for a good while what the curious object moving before me across the mountain-side could be. It was the beautiful range of hills which runs on the west side of the glorious bay of Spezzia to the marvellous old time-worn Roman station of Capo Venere; commanding scenery far finer than much which conventional adulators

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THE BAY OF NAPLES.

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praise one after another, like sheep following each other over a fence, perhaps only the first knowing why. It seemed like a woman, yet so bent and low, and so oddly harnessed, and it stopped so frequently, that I was puzzled till I drew near.

"Good morning, mother mine," I said, as I found a little, emaciated old woman easing her burden against a rock, and looking sadly ill, troubled, and weary. "You seem overburdened for one of your age. How far have you carried your load?"

"Ah, signore, I am both weary and troubled. You see, my old husband has had fever this winter, and he seems as if he couldn't recover, for now he he is out of health, and the pig is ill, and our son, who was our stay, is gone to the army, and I can't do much, so sorrow and want are come upon us."

"May I ask what you have in that wooden firkin which seems so heavy? Isn't that blood I see on your shoulder, where the cord cuts?"

"Signore, it is water from the holy well of the church there," pointing to a mountain hamlet, perched at the head of a steep valley beneath us. "I fetch it twice a week and I pay a lira (tenpence) for it, for the Padre gives it a special benediction, and I hope, by the blessing of the holy Mary, it will cure both my poor man and the pig. It's true the cord cuts my shoulder. If my brave boy were at home he would not let me do this; but that can't be helped, and I don't mind if only it cures him, so that he can earn a bit to eat for us. It won't be for long, for we are both over seventy."

I gave her a trifle, and we had good talk about water, and fountains, and living water, and after the cord had cut well into my shoulder for a mile our ways parted, and I went on musing very sadly, all the more because my shoulder smarted, about that poor little soul who fetched a firkin of holy water, costing a lira, twice a week over the hills, carrying it above five miles on her back. A saddening paganism, but I thought of the *cruelty* too, and then got too angry for a botanist alone on the hills on a grand day, and the rest of the day courted the beauty of the bay and the flowers, for these always heal a hurt spirit.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

WHEN the Shunammite was asked by the prophet Elisha, what could be done for her in return for her kind hospitality, whether she would be spoken for to the king or to the captain of the host, she made a reply which has always been admired for its modest simplicity and contentment of spirit: "I dwell among my own people." By that answer she virtually declared, that she had no wish to exchange the duties of a lot which she was able to fulfil with satisfaction to herself and comfort to others, for the trials, vicissitudes and possible disappointments of higher rank. In a remarkable memoir before us * there is a record given of a choice of a different kind, and so monitory are its lessons, that they may perhaps profitably employ even a Sunday hour, illustrating as they do, the old Scriptural lesson of the vanity of all ambition which aims at anything short of the skies.

Elizabeth Patterson was the daughter of a wealthy American merchant, and was born at Baltimore, in 1785. She had as she grew up the perilous possession of great beauty, an endowment which she retained to a late period of life. "Hers," says her biographer, "was not the ordinary type of American beauty. She possessed the pure Grecian contour, her head was exquisitely formed, her forehead fair and shapely, her eyes large and dark with an expression of tenderness which did not belong to her character, and the delicate loveliness of her mouth and chin, the soft bloom of her complexion, together with the beautifully rounded shoulders and tapering arms combined to form one of the loveliest of women." "Beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised," said the wise man of old. Had Elizabeth Patterson remembered this, her life had been a happier one, but a false ambition early took possession of her along with a passion for high rank amounting almost to disease. The selfishness of her character was also stimulated by her early study of Rochefoucauld's maxims, a book whose precepts seem deeply to have tinctured her after-life.

When about nineteen years of age and in the full bloom of her personal attractions, the crisis of her being arrived. Napoleon I. in 1803—then Consul of France, and just on the eve of being crowned its Emperor, had sent his young, weak and fickle brother Jerome on a cruise, in hopes that he might display naval talents which might form a counterpoise to those of Lord Nelson. Jerome visited Baltimore in the course of his voyaging, and meeting Miss Patterson at the races, fell violently in love with her, while she fell also violently in love, if not with him, at least with his position. In vain was it pointed out to her, that he was a minor, and that no marriage he could contract, although it would be binding on him in America, could be valid in France. In vain did her prudent parent endeavour to oppose her wishes and break the force of them by sending her to another part of the country. Miss Patterson was a wilful daughter, and would have her own way. "I would rather," she said, "be the wife of Jerome Buonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life." She little foresaw that when she had a child, the waywardness she now manifested to her parent was to be returned upon her own head. The marriage with Jerome accordingly took place, but scarce had tidings of it reached Europe, when the first Napoleon ordered his brother's recall, and proclaiming the marriage null and void according to French law, refused to recognise it. The issue was that Jerome returned to France, and notwithstanding vows of undying fidelity to his young wife, became king of Westphalia and then married a princess more suited to the ambitious designs of his brother. His deserted wife bore him a son, which was called after his father—and at this point the curtain drops for a few years on Miss Patterson—or as we may now call her, Madame Buonaparte, with her broken hopes and scattered illusions. She had placed her happiness in the world, and even at this early stage of her experience had found that its thorns pierced her and made her bleed. The herb heartsease, she might have known, groweth more in the valley than on the mountain top.

* Life and Letters of Madame Buonaparte. London: Sampson Low.

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Time brings its changes, and some twelve years after her marriage the fall of the first Napoleon came, and Jerome lost his crown and even became a needy man. To prevent any claim being made upon Madame Buonaparte's fortune under his American marriage, that lady obtained a divorce from the ex-king of Westphalia. She was now left with the education of her son as her object in life, but instead of settling down in America, as her father wished, the passion for high society again broke out in her, and she paid another visit to Europe, where she eventually settled for a number of years.

Her father, to whom she had written in glowing terms of her admission to fashionable circles, and to whom she appears to have sent over some of her tickets of invitation to the nobility's parties, wrote her in the following sober terms: "I am persuaded you are pursuing a wrong course for happiness; but I hope and pray you may soon see your mistake, and that you will look to your mother country as the only place where you can be really respected; for what will the world think of a woman who had recently followed her mother and last sister to the grave, and had quit her father's house, where duty and necessity called for her attention, as the only female of the family left, and thought proper to abandon all to seek for admiration in foreign countries?" Without attempting to give any sketch or details of Madame Buonaparte's life, we may only say that while she gained her wish and obtained admission to elevated circles, her life seems to have been a completely worldly one. We read of her rising from a sick bed to go to a fashionable party, and at Florence she was out every evening for two months until two in the morning at balls and assemblies. Ever and anon also there flashes out her passion for rank: she writes home in a sort of rapture when an American lady of her aquaintance has succeeded in getting title by a marriage with an English nobleman, old and deeply embarrassed by debt, and adds on this occasion a not very complimentary opinion of her sex: "There is not a woman in Europe who would not prefer a man of rank without money to the richest man in the world who has no title." As might be expected, there was a deep weariness of existence superinduced by such a frivolous life. Amidst commissions to a distant correspondent to send her diamonds, we find her saying: "I am dying with ennui, and do not know in what way a person of my age can be amused. I am tired of reading and of all ways of killing time. I doze away existence; I am tired of life and tired of having lived." Was such a conclusion to be wondered at when she was thus living so thoroughly without God in the world and with such a mean ideal of the purpose of life?

An object remained, however, which might have given a purpose to her being—and a definite shaping of it. She had had, as we have already said, one son by her marriage, and to his education she now devoted herself. To do her justice, she seems to have had a deep sense of the importance of this education being a finished one—and his intellectual faculties were thoroughly cultivated. But all this was to be a means to the end that her son might marry some person in Europe of eminence and *with money*. To this purpose she herself seems to have saved and scraped, while almost every letter about her son is on the folly and madness of a person marrying without money. There have been numerous worshippers of Mammon in every age, but none who believed in his power more openly than Madame Buonaparte. "I am sure," she writes on one occasion, "I would prefer paying Jerome's expenses in Siberia or Africa rather than seeing him married to some idiot and bringing beggars into the world every year—which is what we see every day." The prospect of her son being married to some wealthy person in Europe, so that his historic name might be supported, was now her guiding star and supporting hope in life. But her expectations were doomed to a terrible disappointment. After a passing but abortive effort to marry him to the wealthy daughter of Joseph, ex-king of Spain, the son took his own way in marriage, as his mother had done before him, and contracted an alliance with an American lady, and therefore a person without rank. This was to the ambitious mother a dreadful blow, and had only one mitigation—that the lady of her son's choice had money. Here the curtain appropriately falls on the second act of a selfish life doomed again to disappointment.

Madame Buonaparte survived her own son, who died leaving her two grandchildren. Returning to Baltimore, she now apparently worshipped more closely the idol money, and devoted herself to parsimonious accumulation. Even when at the age of ninety, she was in the habit, we are told, of visiting the business parts of the city, collecting her dividends, making close bargains with her brokers, and managing all her affairs with great shrewdness. Her letters show indeed that she had high financial skill. We read little of any benevolent use made of her wealth, or of any object occupying her, beyond the welfare of her two grandchildren. Although nominally a Presbyterian, yet she one day stated that if she adopted any religion, it would be that of a Catholic, because at least that was a religion of kings. The restoration of the Napoleon dynasty under Louis Napoleon gave a temporary flutter to her old hopes; but nothing of very material benefit to her family came out of it. At last, having reached the extreme age of ninety-four, her strange career came to an end. She died so recently as April 4th, 1879. She left to her two grandchildren a fortune which she had accumulated of one million five hundred thousand dollars, having lived at the rate of two thousand dollars a year (about 500*l*). All her life long she had chased a series of mirages. But was not, it may be asked, her money, a reality, a possession which repaid the self-denial taken to accumulate it? Hear, then, reader, her own declaration upon the subject in her old age: "Once I had everything but money; now I have nothing but money." In closing the record of such a life, we would fain hope that amidst its apparently sterile sandy wastes there was in it some oasis of kindness to others which has escaped notice. As it is, when we lay down the book, we think of the solemn refrain:

"Nothing but leaves!
The Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life.
Oh, who would thus the Master meet
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah, who would at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves
Nothing but leaves?"

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THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.



"I will arise, and go to my father."—*Luke* xv. 18.

THESE words mark the turning-point in the life of the prodigal son. Where all before had been wretchedness and gloom, the purpose expressed in his saying, "I will arise, and go to my father," is the breaking in of new hope and new light upon his soul. Where his course had before been one of downward descent and ever deeper degradation, from this point he begins an upward path to peace and happiness.

There must be a similar turning-point in the history of every soul that is saved, a time of turning or being converted to God. There may not be in all the rising from the same depth of misery, the returning from the same distance of moral depravity; the time and manner of conversion may not be equally striking in various individuals, nor the contrast between the state of nature and that of grace equally marked; but there is a time in the life of every redeemed soul when there arises, if not with the same suddenness, yet with the same strength as in the prodigal, the resolve, followed by corresponding action, "I will arise and go to my father."

In order fully to understand and appreciate this resolve, we must consider the previous condition of the man, and the state of his mind before this change came over it. This is described very simply in the familiar narrative. There is no more instructive summary in the Bible, of the great truths as to man's lost and miserable condition on the one hand, and of the love and grace of God in receiving the returning penitent. We are taught the condition of the sinner, as one of departure and distance from God; his misery, having lost his patrimony, wasted his substance, and being now in want and woe. He is in a state of servile bondage also, a state of helplessness and discomfort, and at last, in extremity of want and danger, ready to perish with hunger. It is true of every man, that he is by nature far from God and from righteousness; in a condition of alienation and banishment; destitute of holiness, of merit, of grace, and of all that is needed for the support and well-being of the soul; and, moreover, in bondage to the ruler of this world, doing his service and work.

In time of health and of plenty we may forget in what land we are, far from the fatherland; contented with our strange place, or even with our condition of servitude: but when times of dearth come—times of darkness and danger, when blight and desolation pass over the scenes in which our hearts once delighted, then comes misery, and there are desires felt which this world can no more meet than the husks with which the poor outcast would fain satisfy himself. Then in sadness and distress the soul draws nigh unto death, and is ready to perish.

But now let us mark the change that came over the prodigal's mind in his condition of distance and poverty and hunger, and want and wretchedness. That is a remarkable expression, "*when he came to himself*," *i.e.*, when his reason and right feeling returned to him. Until the time of his distress, he seems to have been under some miserable delusion and infatuation—as it were, "out of his mind." It was in this foolish and mad spirit he had sought to leave his home and get hold of what he could from his father, and with this to set out in the world, to know good and evil. In the time of thoughtless youth, in the midst of his merriment and riotous living, he had no leisure either for reflection or for remembrance; but when alone and in affliction—away from his bad companions, removed from the noise and turmoil of revelry and pleasure, deprived of the vain resources with which he had for a time stayed the cravings of desire, in the time of want and solitude and peril—his reason and right feeling returned, perhaps slowly and gradually, after some struggles of pride, shame, and various desires and passions. All we are told is that when he came to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

It is usually in the time of affliction that men come to themselves; that right reason and right feeling are restored to them. It is very ungenerous that this should be so, that men should forget God in prosperity, and seek Him in time of calamity. But so it is generally, and that word spoken by the Lord concerning His ancient people Israel is true concerning most: "I spake to them in their prosperity, and they would not hear." Amidst the sounds of business or pleasure the calls of God are not heard, but when sickness or trial withdraw the soul from the world, then often the word of God is heard, the ears are opened to discipline and teaching, and instruction is sealed home to the heart.

So it was with the prodigal. When in distress he remembered, he reflected, he came to himself. He thinks of home, his heart has travelled thither while his wretched, famished body is in his place of famine and bondage. Memory and reason raise up scenes before him in strange contrast with those by which he is surrounded. Here am I a stranger in a strange land, without friends, without means, destitute, oppressed, ready to perish. Why should I stay here to die miserably? Why remain here an outcast, toiling in hard service, famishing in want, when I think of the plenty that is in my father's house, the satisfying portion, the honourable position I might have there! I will arise and go to my father.

But what if I am not received, if I find that door shut against me, from which I myself willingly went out. Even if so, I cannot be worse than I am. I must perish here, and that speedily. But do I not remember the love of my father? do I not remember his words of warning and of entreaty, his looks of tenderness and sorrowful pity? Is not his heart still yearning over his lost son?

That prodigal's father might possibly have changed, but our Father in heaven never changes. His love is unchanging. "God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not

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E. Frith.

PRAYER.

'TURN THEE UNTO ME, AND HAVE MERCY UPON ME;
FOR I AM DESOLATE AND AFFLICTED."—*Ps.* XXV. 16.

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that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 John iv. 8-10). And again, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

The work of Christ accomplished many things. His death on the cross atoned for sin, and satisfied Divine justice. His righteousness, received by faith, forms the sinner's plea for acceptance. His grace bestowed by the Holy Spirit fits the soul for the heavenly inheritance. But the first and greatest lesson of the history of Jesus, as recorded in the Bible, is its testimony to the fatherhood and the love of God. "God commendeth His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).

The poor prodigal counted on his father's love, and was not disappointed. When he returned, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. The son had the feelings and the words of deep penitence, and of earnest contrition, but on the father's part there was no upbraiding. All the past is forgiven and forgotten in the joy of the present.

And so, when a sinner returns to God, all his transgression is never named to him, all sin is forgiven, and he may enter at once into the peace and joy of the family of God. For there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.

Nor will sorrow and humiliation cease after forgiveness, for the truest contrition and godliest sorrow come from a heart melted by Divine love, and received into Divine favour.

And one more thing consider, not however by way of illustration, but by way of contrast from the parable. For us who return to God there is a joyous reception; and whatever Pharisees or formalists on earth may say, as the Jews said about Samaritans and Gentiles being received, there is in heaven no elder brother to complain and object. We have an elder brother there not only rejoicing to receive sinners, but it is through His work and His intercession that the way is opened for returning to our Father's home. Christ our elder brother appears for us at the right hand of God; in every repenting sinner He sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied; and through Him every blessing and favour from God is bestowed upon the pardoned soul.

Ah, then! with all the invitations and promises and encouragements of the Gospel, let the resolution arise in your hearts to arise and go unto your father. Not only at first conversion, the first rising from the corruption and wretchedness of sin, is this purpose to be acted on. In any time of darkness, of difficulty, of doubt, of fear, of trial, learn to resort unto God. When in perplexity, and your own wisdom and understanding are at fault, and when earthly counsellors and friends cannot help you, then is a time to resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father." He is the Father of light, the fountain of truth, the source of wisdom. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally, and it shall be given him."

When in danger or distress, and human help and relief are unavailing, in your extremity remember there is One who is waiting to be gracious, ready to help, almighty to save. And when friends fail, or physicans can give no help, or when even an earthly father and mother forsake you, let the resolution come into your mind, "I will arise and go to my Father"—your heavenly Father, who hath taught that if earthly parents give good things to their children, how much more shall not He give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?

Whether then in danger, and you want safety; in trouble, and you want peace; in darkness, and you want light; in bondage to sin, and you sigh for freedom; in misery, and you want your soul fed with something better than this world's vanities; whatever your condition, let your resolution be, "I will arise and go unto my Father."

That Father is almighty. He is infinite in love and pity and grace, as He is in wisdom and power. Having by faith come thus habitually to Him through life, at death He will receive you joyfully into the mansions of eternal glory.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE WORD OF GOD IN THE TIME OF AFFLICTION.

"Unless Thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction."—*Psa.* cxix. 92.

THERE are many who can testify that they never knew what the Bible was until they knew sorrow. It was affliction that ploughed the hard soil of their hearts, and opened it to receive the good seed of the Word. It was affliction that darkened every earthly prospect to them, and revealed to them the glories of the starry sky of God's promises. It was affliction that brought them to the feet of One who had Himself been a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and when they first discovered that "in all their affliction He was afflicted," His word became the light of their darkness, the balm of their wounds.

It is not, however, to the mere formal reader that the Word of God is revealed in all its wondrous efficacy. It must be diligently searched and earnestly prayed over, it must be received as a reality, and applied as if spoken by God to our own souls, before it can become all that the Psalmist meant when he spoke of it as his "delights." Well may we be ashamed when we think how much more we possess of the Word of God than he knew of. It was only through a dim veil of types and shadows that the salvation of Israel was revealed to him; what would he have thought if he could have studied the Gospel history? How would he have found his "delights" in the narrative, to us "the old, old story," of the words and works, the life and the death of Jesus of Nazareth? Let us endeavour to realize what that life would have been to him, and what it actually has been to thousands of God's children; so shall we see what it may become to ourselves in the day of our affliction, by the blessing of God and the teaching of his Holy Spirit.

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Pages for the Young.

THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER I.—BAD NEWS.



THE LITTLE PRINCE.

IT was the days when the cause of the Reformed religion was struggling to get a footing in the south of France; God's people saw themselves surrounded at once with brightness and with shadow: brightness that shone from the young Queen Jeanne of Navarre as she sat enthroned, alike as sovereign and mother, with her infant son Prince Henry in her arms; shadow that came from the hostile attitude of the French monarchy. The land rang at the same moment with Marot's translation of the Psalms into verse, translations that, set to hymn tunes, some of which are popular among ourselves at this very day, were household music in every family that had taken hold of the truth as it is in the pure Gospel; and with the anathema of the Roman Catholic priesthood hurled vindictively at those who had dared to put that Gospel into the people's hand. There was a great stir in men's hearts and lives; it was a time for fair heroic acts, a time when noble self-sacrifice found its way into the daily story of human existence, a time for brave doing and steadfast leaning on God.

One afternoon of late autumn Queen Jeanne sat in deep and troubled thought in one of the lofty tapestry-hung rooms of the royal château at Pau. Her little son was crawling and tumbling upon the rich carpet at her feet with many a winsome, gracious baby gambol; like a vast, beautiful picture painted in living colours the glorious view lay stretched out before the windows of the wide park, and of the wavy line of the Pyrenees. But Jeanne heeded neither the sunshine kindling on the distant snowy peaks, nor yet the lisping laughter of her boy, though that was a sound which was in general sweetest melody to her mother's ear; her whole mind was fastened on a paper she held in her hand.

This paper told how a fortress up among the mountains, which was very valuable to the Huguenot cause, for it was the key to one of the passes into Spain, and the garrison of which was commanded by a brave and distinguished Huguenot officer, Gaston Count de Blancheville, was surrounded by the enemy, and, unless it could be very speedily relieved, was almost certain to fall at once into their hands. The letter had been left by some one at the palace gate, who had hurried away the moment he had given it to the porter who sat there, so there was no means of gaining any further light upon these gloomy tidings. The Queen had no doubt that the writer had been some inhabitant of the mountains who was favourable to the Huguenots, but who feared, on account of the French government, to show openly his partizanship. Jeanne's quick eye for military matters, that eye which was her warrior son's heritage, saw that some days must elapse before a sufficient body of troops could be brought up to cut their way through the enemy, and reach the besieged place; could the Count de Blancheville know that such help was coming he would certainly do his utmost to hold out till it arrived, and there would be some chance of the fortress being kept for the Huguenots; but how was a message to be conveyed to him? She had, just then, no one near her in whom she could confide to perform such a difficult and dangerous errand; all her most trusty and bold servants and friends were at this moment employed far away from their Queen in work for the good cause, and she did not know where to look for one who would serve her promptly and faithfully in her extreme need; no wonder, then, that the serene depths of Queen Jeanne's eyes were to-day like troubled waters.

Just then there was a little rustle at the door over which hung the heavy silk curtain, and a lady, with a baby boy in her arms of about the same age as the young prince, stepped lightly, with a little silver ripple of prattle to the child, into the room. Her face, which was charming without being beautiful, was like an April day in its mixture of playful smiles and thoughtful shadow; but chiefly did her soul seem to sit in earnest sweetness in her dark eyes.

"So please your majesty," she began, in a tone which showed that she was well used to the royal presence, and quite accustomed to know herself a privileged favourite there, "my little saucy rogue has been whimpering for his princeling playfellow ever since he awoke from his afternoon's slumber; I tinkled for him my guitar, and sang him one of my old nurse's fairy ballads, and I even made his grandfather's sword, which always hangs by my bed's head, glint for him in the sunshine, a game which will generally amuse him when nothing else will, for the boy has already a rare martial turn; but to-day it would not do, and so as I thought, my Queen," but here she broke off suddenly as she looked into Jeanne's face and noticed the letter in her hand, and exclaimed, "Oh, madame, my sweet mistress, what is the matter? What bad news have you received?"

"Oh, Constance, my poor Constance!" cried Jeanne, the words pressed out of her in the sudden burst of feeling caused by the unexpected appearance of the woman, loving pity for whom had been ringing like a funeral wail through her tender, yet queenly heart in the midst of her weight of royal care ever since she had read that fatal letter; then, seeing how her words and tone had startled the lady, she added quickly, "But forgive me, my child, my foolish exclamation has made you think things yet worse than they are, I fear."

"Gaston," gasped the young wife, her thoughts flying at once straight to her husband, as a bird flies to her nest at the first sound of danger.

"Gaston is, I trust in God, safe and well at this moment," said the Queen, who by this time had recovered her usual self-control. "Constance, you are a soldier's child, and better still than that, woman though you are, you are one of God's soldiers. I will not treat you as I might treat one of our softer ladies, who has no more strength in her than her own tapestry needles; gather up your courage, and lean firmly on your Lord, and read this," and she put the paper into her hand.

Constance de Blancheville took it in a way that proved the truth of the words the Queen had just spoken concerning her; she had already in some degree recovered herself, and though the sweet mouth quivered a little, her eyes looked as if she saw

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an angel hovering somewhere near her to strengthen her; the only sign of emotion she gave was, that as she read she pressed yet closer her child, who, unconscious of the sword that was entering his mother's soul, was stretching out his chubby arms towards the little prince on the carpet, and sending out to him a babble of baby chatter.

"But, madame," she cried when she had done reading, "there are brave men who have been Gaston's comrades in war, and who will make their way through the enemy to his relief, as he would do to theirs were he free and they in his place."

"It will take some days to get together a sufficient body of troops such as we can send with any reasonable hope of their bringing him help," said Jeanne sadly. "If only I had some bold, trusty messenger who would dare the attempt of making his way to him to bid him hold out, since his Queen is straining every nerve to aid him."

Then she went over aloud to Constance, as she had lately done in her own mind, the list of all her most faithful servants and friends, and showed her how they were none of them available just at this critical moment for the performance of this difficult commission.

The young wife stood with her head drooping dejectedly for some moments after the Queen had done speaking, and there was silence in the room, broken only by a cooing murmur from one of the children. All at once Constance drew herself up with a quick, sudden movement which, in its proud grace, brought to Jeanne's mind the martial bearing of her father, the old baron, who fell fighting for the faith, and a sudden brightness came into her face. She opened her lips as if to speak out what was in her heart, then, seeming to change her purpose, she stooped, and arranged the folds of the Queen's black velvet dress, whispering softly as she did so, "Just one more service for my princess." She had been a maid of honour before her marriage, and had, even since her retirement from office, often loved to help to robe her mistress. After that she bent yet lower, until her lips pressed the Queen's hand, and, as they touched it, Jeanne heard her murmur something of which she could only distinguish the words, "My God, my husband." But before she could ask her what she meant Constance had left the room.

The Queen came to the conclusion that grief had overpowered her, and that she had withdrawn hastily to weep; yet what was the meaning of that light in Constance's eyes? But Jeanne had no time to dwell on this question; she resolved that she would visit Constance early next morning, when the first force of her sorrow would be spent, and then she turned her whole mind to her queenly business of writing letters to draw together troops for the Count de Blancheville's relief.

CHAPTER II.—THE NIGHT RIDE.

A broad, bright flood of moonlight was pouring down upon Pau, making strange light and shadow play in the alleys of the old town, decking the castle with glittering battlements, washing the whole fair country round in a tide of glory, turning the distant snowy mountains into mighty walls built up of silver, clothing everything in a new and wondrous robe of beauty of which the garish daylight knew nothing.

Along the road which led from Pau towards the mountains there went a solitary mounted figure, the figure of a female. She was dressed in a plain grey hood and mantle such as in those days was worn by a simple citizen's wife when she went on a journey; she rode a soberly-pacing little bay horse. There was nothing in her appearance to denote a woman of rank; yet she was a lady of high birth, and gentle nurture, for she was Constance Countess De Blancheville.

As she had stood by the Queen with the sad tidings of her husband's dangerous position filling her with a great anguish that was unspeakable—for her life was bound up in his, though her cheerful faith in God, and her inborn energy of character had kept her bright and serene on his departure for the war, when many women would have been in a chronic state of gloom and despondency—as she stood by the Queen, there had suddenly flashed into her mind the thought, "What if I could save him and do the great work for God's people of keeping this valuable fortress in the hands of the Huguenots?" The idea, in her firm, active nature, which was endowed with a strength beyond the common strength of womankind, had quickly grown into a resolve that she would do it. What could be more grand and beautiful for a woman than to put her life in peril for her husband and for her God? What could be sweeter than to die for them? But if God should intend her to be the instrument of her husband's deliverance, should intend her to work this great work for his cause, then what would be the joy, what the triumph? And surely He must mean her to be such an instrument, or He would not have put this bold thought into the heart of her, a woman; surely He, with whom she had walked ever since her earliest days, would lead her in safety through this peril. All this passed as quick as lightning through Constance's mind while the Queen was speaking to her, and with the native openness and straightforwardness of her temper, she was just about to reveal to Jeanne the whole idea, when she checked herself. With all her courage and force of character, Queen Jeanne was of a cool, cautious disposition; she would be almost sure to think the enterprise too hazardous, and too much savouring of daring romance, and notwithstanding her extreme anxiety to convey a message to the Count de Blancheville, she would most likely forbid Constance to think for a moment of such a scheme. The young wife therefore held her peace, and taking, as we have seen, a hurried leave of the Queen, went away to ripen her plan with thought and prayer, before she put it into execution.

The Countess De Blancheville's house stood at some little distance from the royal castle; thither she returned, and giving her child into the care of his nurse, retired into her own room, and sat down to think. Her design, after all, was not so wild and impossible as it might have seemed to one who knew nothing of her character and antecedents: she had inherited from her soldier-father a courage, and a strength of will, and a decision of purpose such as are very unusual among women; she had spent her childhood among the mountains, near the very fortress which was now held by her husband, and knew each rugged path, each lonely ravine as well as most ladies know the walks in their gardens; her life of freedom in her youth among the hills had increased the natural fearlessness of her nature. Her old nurse Marie lived in a cottage which stood in the lower part of the mountains, at but a few hours' ride from Pau; thither she would go, and would get her, and her foster-brother Pierre, the old woman's son, to help her in her undertaking. They were both devoted to herself and the good cause; Marie had breathed into her a good deal of her deep religious faith, and they would certainly go with her in everything heart and hand: she had, besides, the greatest trust in old Marie's keenness of wit and clearness of judgment, she was sure to be a most useful ally. Yes, such was the conclusion of her thoughts and of the prayer that she sent up for guidance; yes, she would dare it, dare it for her husband and her God. Yet there was one sharp pang in her woman's heart, a pang that came from the image of her child, What if he should lose his mother? Yet if he lost her, God would still be near to love and guard him, the Father of the fatherless.

Constance De Blancheville was not a woman to let herself be vexed by weak, lingering doubts; when her resolution was once taken she set her mind immediately to prepare for what she was about to do. She would start to-night on her secret expedition, partly because her riding abroad alone, a singular proceeding for a lady of rank in those days, would be less noticed than in the day-time when more people would be in the streets and roads to see and recognise her, and partly because there would then be no possibility of the Queen finding out her in-

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tentions and stopping her. Her husband's estates lay in a distant part of Gascony, and the servants might think that her presence was needed there on some urgent business matter to which she must attend as the count was absent in the war. When the whole house was sunk in sleep, the lady left her chamber in the dress of a simple citizen's dame, with a little copy of the Holy Scriptures lying on her heart—such a book was no small treasure in those days in France. With a short, keen dagger of her father's in her girdle, she glided like a grey shadow down the silent passages. When she reached the door of the room where her boy lay, a great sob rose up, and tried to burst from her, but she put it back with a prayer, and turning softly the handle, stole in. There was, of course, some danger of her awaking the nurse who slept in a bed close beside the crib of her charge; but Constance could not have borne to go away without one more look at her son, and so she ran this risk, meaning, if the woman awoke, to make some trifling excuse for her visit. Fortunately, however, she was breathing heavily, held by the chain of a deep slumber; there lay the child as pure and sweet as a dew-drop resting among the petals of a flower, she bent over him, and, like a bird's soft wing, the mother's lips touched his cheek. Light though the kiss was, it broke the fairy spell of babyhood's sleep; the little fellow half woke and opened his eyes, and smiled at her, and caught in a drowsy grasp a lock of her hair that fell from beneath her riding-hood. The smile was like a cheering omen; and as he closed his eyes again, the mother left the room with peace at her heart.

Swiftly and noiselessly she went downstairs and out into the stable yard. How white and cold the great, broad paving stones looked in the moonlight, and how her footsteps sounded upon them, and how dark and shadowy the big well was in the centre! There was no serving-man there to do the countess's bidding, but in the old days of her free girlhood in her father's mountain château she had often amused herself with saddling and bridling her pony, and she believed she had not forgotten the way to do the same now. When she entered the stable the horses looked round inquiringly, and pricked their ears, evidently surprised at the late visit; but Bayard, her own gentle, well-trained palfrey whinnied softly when she drew near and spoke his name. She led him out, and soon found that though at first she was awkward at the work, she had not forgotten her old skill. When the horse was ready she mounted, and rode away. The few night-wanderers in the streets glanced rather curiously after her as she passed along, but no one molested her; when she reached the city gate it was opened to her at once by the drowsy sentinel, for her familiarity with military matters made her know the pass-word; the soldier, it is true, peeped up a little inquisitively under her hood, but a severe look from her dark eyes stayed the jesting words that were evidently rising to his lips, and he let her pass out without comment.

Now that she was out on the lonely moonlit road, with no sign of life near her except the barking of a dog in some distant farm yard, or the sleepy tinkle of a sheep-bell, Constance, with all her courage, was not without many womanly fears; they had been kept off before by incessant action, but now they came hovering round her. What were those shadowy forms by the roadside? were they only trees?

Suppose when she got up among the hills she should lose her way to Marie's cottage? It was quite possible in the uncertain moonlight. Suppose she should go stumbling about on the steep rough paths, until at length she and her horse fell over a precipice? There were many spots among those mountains where never even the wandering shepherd came. Oh, let her put away such pictures of horror with prayer; and as she prayed, it seemed that a soothing whisper came gliding down upon the moon-beams, "I will never leave thee, or forsake thee."

Hark! what was that? How like it was to a scream, the scream of some one in wild terror; yet quickly she, the old dweller among the mountains, laughed at her own foolish fancy; it was only the cry of one of the night-birds whose voices had formerly been quite familiar to her. Hark! what was that? It was like the sound of many hurrying feet; it was only some mountain torrent rushing over its stony bed. Thus she rode on, in fear now and then, yet with brave hope and calm faith for companions—thus she rode on till the mountains wrapped her round in their grand shadow.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIII.

1. Who would not grant his subjects' just demand,
   And lost the sovereignty o'er Israel's land?
2. A form, by which in visions of the night
   The history of the world was brought to light.
3. A Jewish ruler, treacherously slain
   By those he did with kindness entertain.
4. A holy king, who pious letters sent
   To call the tribes of Israel to repent.
5. An ancient city, famed for wealth and pride,
   But now a barren rock, as prophesied.
6. What scribe God's holy law to Judah taught,
   And for the Temple sacred vessels brought?
7. This starry group, observed from ancient days,
   In radiant beauty shows its Maker's praise.
8. The banks on which in vision was foretold
   The story of two monarchies of old.
9. A king who seized upon his neighbour's land,
   And who was killed, attacking Israel's band.
10. Who caused the walls of Sion to be built,
    And cleansed his nation from their sin and guilt?
11. The fairest spot e'er known on earth below,
    Before sin entered, bringing death and woe.
12. A holy man, to whom the Lord foretold
    That he his blessed Saviour should behold.
13. Who was the mother of God's chosen race,
    Who once was favoured by this special grace?
14. What bird will on its wings its offspring bear
    Type of our gracious Saviour's love and care?
15. This letter, as initial, is not found
    In Scripture name, or word of English sound.
16. A propheteas of fourscore years and more
    Who witness to the infant Saviour bore.
17. A beast which typified great Babel's king,
    An emblem of the woe that tyrants bring.
18. The spot a prophet by a sign made known,
    Where Babel's tyrant should erect his throne.
19. Of whom do we in Paul's epistles read
    He risked his life to bring him aid in need?
20. The sea where Jesus walked upon the wave,
    And of his Godhead thus a proof He gave.
21. Where did the Israelites their God forsake,
    And for their worship vain an idol make?
22. Who was commanded by the Persian king
    For Salem's walls the needful wood to bring?
23. Whose valiant son led Israel's chosen band,
    And brought them safely to the Promised Land?
24. A holy youth removed in early prime
    To save him suffering for his father's crime.
25. Who o'er Assyria's realm bore regal sway,
    And carried part of Israel far away?
26. A man who would not leave his much-tried friend,
    But in his wanderings would on him attend.
27. The mount where Jesus oft retired to pray,
    And where He will descend on the last day.
28. Who in a ship the mighty waters braved,
    And through his faith the human race was saved?

If these initials side by side you place,
A Scripture text you then will clearly trace,
Which shows on what a state may safely rest,
And without this no nation can be blest. E. E. W.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



SINAI AND CALVARY.

THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder!
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder!

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

Heber.

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INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XVIII.—NAGASAKI.

STEAMING south we came through the Obree channel between two islands of singular outline and surpassing verdure.

Hirado Sima (island) is on our left as we pass two isolated rocks about a thousand feet high, clad with trees from their dark precipitous sides to their summits; they are basaltic, and somewhat resemble Staffa. Numbers of hawks or kites flew round our ship like gulls. The scenery was almost equal to that of the Inland Sea itself: indeed it is a continuation of it, and long stretches of islands westward of us presented strange shapes against the horizon. After sunset the sea was lit with bright lights; all round us were the torches of Japanese fishermen, used partly for the sake of safety as beacons, and partly to attract the fish. At eight P.M. we entered the channel leading up to Nagasaki, passing Pappenberg, the small island where, as the legend runs, many Christians were martyred two centuries ago. The familiar story runs that the Jesuit Christians, persecuted by the Japanese, fled to this island as a last refuge, and, pursued by the authorities, were driven over a precipice into the sea. The precipice is pointed out, and the supposed martyrs have been canonized *en masse* at Rome; but Mr. Stout, American missionary at Nagasaki, assured me that he could never discover any historical ground for the legend; that the position of the island makes it very improbable that any one flying from danger should fly into the jaws of danger by landing in such an open and accessible spot; and, moreover, that there is no knowledge or trace of the story among the Japanese themselves, who are known to be careful and minute in their annals. That the Spanish Jesuits who had settlements in Nagasaki interfered with the political affairs of the country, incited the people to rebellion, and were expelled from the country, these facts the annals tell.

Nagasaki harbour is connected with the sea by a channel about four miles long, winding through many islands and opening wide as you approach the town. Lofty hills clad in bright verdure surround it on all sides, and coming right down to the water, give it the appearance of a lake. A Russian and an English man-of-war were riding at anchor, and a few commercial steamers. The European town and the native town are quite distinct, the former on the east, the latter on the north-east of the harbour. Upon landing, the Rev. Henry Stout, whose house on the hill commands a lovely view, received us cordially. Shintoism is, he thinks, almost as ritualistic in Nagasaki as Buddhism. It is, he says, practically a political system—the worship of ancestors and of the Mikado—but has been greatly influenced by Buddhism. A boy in his school, Mr. Stout told us, was guilty of theft. His fellow-scholars persuaded him to atone for the crime by suicide (*hara-kiri*). He did so; and the next day they worshipped him as a Buddha. They believe in more than Nirvana, they believe in paradise, they have prayers for the dead; and on payment of a sum of money to the priest, the spirit of one's father may be rescued from hell and raised to heaven. Their word for sin is expressive; it is *Tsumi*, which signifies black, dark, charcoal; also what is tarnished. We visited the church of the American Mission in Nagasaki. It is plain; a map of Palestine hangs on the walls, and there is a large blackboard upon which the missionary writes his text every Sunday, that the congregation may not only hear it, but may see it in full before them; not a bad plan, even perhaps for home congregations. In the porch, instead of pegs for hats, there are shelves for clogs, which the Japanese take off when they enter a house. Two years ago Mr. Stout was the most popular man in Nagasaki, but now he is disliked and avoided, and this is owing to Romish influence. The streets of Nagasaki are very narrow, but they are tolerably well paved or flagged. The large temple on the hill overlooking the town is Shintoo; yet it has lions and elephant heads engraved in stone or cut in wood; evidently imported by Buddhists from India. Graveyards with numberless upright tombstones, about a foot square and three or four feet high, surround this and other temples; bright flowers are here and there to be seen decking the graves among the trees. Women may now and then be seen cleansing the monuments or placing fresh flowers on the tombs.

At Nagasaki we take our leave of Japan. Before doing so, however, we must not pass by unnoticed a theory which was much talked about and much ridiculed at the time of our visit, but espoused enthusiastically and seriously reasoned out by a Mr. Norman McLeod, that the Japanese are the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. Mr. McLeod has published two volumes, the one of letterpress, the other of illustrations, now in their second edition, in support of this theory. The word "Shin," he says, means God, light and truth; the word "too" means way or doctrine, also door; the word "Shintoo" means the doctrine of the God of heaven. Shintoo temples are called "Yashiro" "Pure or holy tabernacle," and are divided into a holy and most holy place. Shintoo priests resemble the Jewish priests of old; and in their temples are musical instruments answering to those of the ancient Jewish temple. "Mi," meaning serpent, dragon, has been worshipped by the Japanese instead of the true God; and this worship was first introduced into Israel by Jeroboam. The heifer Baal has from the earliest times been worshipped in Japan. As the Israelites defamed the high places of Israel by burying their dead kings beside their

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temples, so do the Japanese to the present day. The imperial crest of Japan, including the national flower, the chrysanthemum, is traced to the ruins of Solomon's palace; and various pictures are given copied from walls of temples and from Japanese books illustrating the conveyance of the Israelitish race to Japan, the order of their march, their conveyances, supposed rafts on which they crossed, the brazen fiery serpent, trumpet, psaltery, timbrel, cymbals, chariots, etc.; ancient characters of Nineveh, Assyrian and Jewish antiquities found in Japan; trees, fruits and flowers of Palestine also found in Japan; also the terraced hills, agriculture and irrigation of Japan as borrowed from Palestine. Mr. McLeod lays great stress also upon the Jewish caste of feature traceable in early Japanese portraits, and strongly maintains, regarding the ethnology of the different races in Japan, that part of the Japanese race is descended from lost Israel.

The same line of argument has led other enthusiasts in prophecy to the conclusion that the English are the Ten Lost Tribes. Indeed, there is hardly any race living in the same latitudes which has not or at least may not be thus singled out and points of resemblance discovered. The root of the error lies in the supposition that the captives of Israel under Sargon must still be living as a distinct people in some one country. Apart, however, from his theory, Mr. McLeod's work contains many curious and interesting illustrations of Japanese history and life. With much frivolity and fickleness the Japanese possess high intelligence and kindliness. Some of their proverbs show this. For example: "Making an idol does not give it a soul;" "Give sails to dexterity;" "Live under your own hat;" "The world is just as your heart makes it;" "The unskilful speaker is long-winded;" "Deaf men speak loudly;" "The gods have their seat on the brow of a just man." Our hope for them is not in their adoption of the naval and military systems of the West, not their guns and ironclads, not even their railways and telegraphs—though these are great civilizers—not merely their postal system and schools, and colleges for secular learning, advantageous beyond expression for true progress as these are. Side by side even with these barbarism and unchastity hold their sway. Our hope for them is in the spread and triumph of that Gospel of Christ, which, as the apostle Paul in the same Epistle says, he is not ashamed of:—"For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith." Mr. Griffis ("The Mikado's Empire," p. 561) who has had long and varied opportunity in Japan of estimating its changes and its progress, gives the following testimony: "Nothing can purify society, and give pure blood-growth to the body politic in Japan but the religion of Jesus Christ. Of the signal success, far-reaching influence, and exalted teachings of the Christian missionary schools for girls, I cannot speak too highly. In this good work American ladies have led the way. By them the Japanese maiden is taught the ideals, associations and ordering of a Christian home. The precept and example of Christian women are mightily working the renovation of the social fabric in Japan." . . . . "Our missionaries have translated large portions of the Bible in a scholarly and simple version, and thus given to Japan the sum of religious knowledge and the mightiest moral force and motor of civilization."

XIX.—SHANGHAI.

The voyage from Nagasaki across the Yellow Sea to Shanghai, in China, occupies about forty-eight hours, and often is stormy, owing to the monsoons, which blow one half the year from the south-west, and the other half from the north-east. But at this season the south-west monsoon had ceased, and the north-east monsoon had hardly begun; we were "between the winds," and the passage was quite calm. Several small islands west of Japan, of fantastic shapes, rise like teeth out of the sea; one, a huge tusk 500 feet high, and two close together, called the "Ass's Ears," belonging, with Gotto Island, to Japan, but uninhabited. Far away to the north we caught sight of Quelpart, an island forming the southern extremity of the Corea, with a mountain 6,550 feet high, and clearly visible though seventy miles north of us. The sea was perfectly smooth, and glistening in the sun like a mirror. As we came within 300 miles of land, the water gradually changed in colour, from deep blue to green, and from green to brown, and then from brown to yellow. The Yang-tze-kiang, the second river in the world, next only to the Amazon, flows from the mountains of Thibet, 3,000 miles, bringing down tons of mud, making its waters yellow, and spreading out into a wide delta of alluvial soil. Its flood, continually pouring into the ocean, discolours the water for miles, hence the name the Yellow Sea. Several land birds—a raven, two doves, and smaller birds—lighted on the ship to rest their weary wings and find rest for the soles of their feet, reminding us of the narration of Noah in the ark, seeking dry land. Next we sighted Saddle Island to the south-west; the first land belonging to China, and afterwards Amhurst rocks; and about midnight we anchored within the mouth of the river. We had to wait for the tide; and here larger vessels are often detained for days. Dangerous bars of mud obstruct navigation except under favourable circumstances of wind and tide. "The bottom is too near the top," said our Yankee captain, "we are waiting for the moving of the waters." The land lies low and flat as far as the eye can reach. A pilot took charge of the ship in the early morning, and with marvellous skill steered her slowly up the Woosung river, thirteen miles to Shanghai. We passed the site of the railway which had been constructed by the English over this flat but fertile delta, but which the Chinese purchased and destroyed. There is not a single railway in China. This short line was at first much used by the people, who crowded its carriages; but the mandarins, jealous of foreign innovation, persuaded them that the train running along disturbed the spirits of their ancestors; so the line was bought and torn up, and the plant removed to the island of Formosa. Thus we came face to face with tokens of the great contrast in disposition between the Japanese and the Chinese. Contrasted as are the countries, the nations are as much contrasted. The Japanese are imitative, and glad to adopt anything new from the foreigner; the Chinese are sternly conservative,

jealous of interference, hating the foreigner. Wherever you see a Japanese he is frank and friendly, ready to learn and prompt to doff his native costume and habits for yours. But the Chinaman is always the same, silent, stern, morose; with his pigtail, his loosely fitting and becoming garments, and his thick-soled shoes, in every quarter of the globe. From the deck of our steamer on either side the river hosts of small mounds raised over graves were visible, and the tide as it flows has washed into these, and bones and coffins are exposed. Handsome coffins are the fashion with the Chinese, and it is an ordinary thing for a son to give his father or mother a coffin as a present when they reach sixty years of age. You may see these handsome coffins standing in the houses, like old-fashioned eight-day clocks, in readiness when death comes. Thus they practically obey the maxim of the old Greek philosopher, "the duty of life is meditation upon death." They have a firm belief in the existence of the soul after death, and even in the need of bodily sustenance for the departed; because they are wont to bring clothing and food and lay them for the use of the dead upon their graves.

The river as we approached Shanghai was alive with boats and junks and ships of all nations; for Shanghai is the largest and most important of the Chinese open ports, and its population now amounts to one million. Before us as we landed were the American, the English, and the French settlements, with a handsome quay or bund extending about two miles along the water's edge; and beyond lay compressed and crowded within its mighty walls the native city. Mr. Muirhead, of the London Mission, received us with kindness, and conducted us through the mission premises, and to the chief sights of the old town. Such narrow streets—six, or at most eight feet wide, with open sewers flowing through them. We visited a Tauist temple, the temple of the god of the city. Tauism is a system of materialism that deifies material objects. It existed in China before Buddhism, and has been much modified and mixed up with Buddhism. We also visited an opium smoking saloon, fitted up grandly and ostentatiously like our London gin-palaces, and crowded with smokers coiled up upon crimson velvet divans. Room after room that we passed through was full. But, unlike the London gin-palace, all is silent; the silence of death seems to rule, for it is a habit—this opium-smoking—pernicious and indeed ruinous to its votary, but not, like drunkenness, so directly a nuisance to others. The crime of forcing this drug from India upon the Chinese in the face of their protest, carried even to the sword and war, lies at the door of England. And the English have ever since been hated by the Chinese. As we walked through the streets they called after us "Foreign devils!" but as it was in Chinese, and not in English, it did not matter to us. Here, too, we saw the Chinese mode of punishment called the *canque*, which is a cage in which the criminal stands with his head emerging from a hole in the top, the top forming a sort of collar, so wide that he cannot reach his head with his hands nor feed himself. Other prisoners we saw crouching in cages like wild beasts, and exposed to the public gaze. It was a pleasing change to turn from these painful sights out into the quiet neat little Mission chapel in the heart of the native town, and to take one's stand in the very pulpit in which the missionary Medhurst was wont to preach. The hospital founded by Dr. Lockhart, that pioneer and prince of Chinese medical missionaries, is in the English settlement, and is still carried on with efficiency. We found about forty patients seated in a large room in which a short service is held daily, and religious instruction given before they pass one by one to receive advice and medicine. In a smaller room behind the doctor was prescribing, and a Chinese assistant was officiating at a huge mortar. The rooms of the hospital are light and airy, cheerful and well-ventilated, the iron beds neatly covered with white quilts, and the patients clean and well cared for. The name of Dr. Lockhart, though he is no longer there, is a household word in many a Chinese home.

Shanghai and its missions have been so often and so fully described that we need not tarry here to give any details. Suffice it to say there are twenty-two Protestant missionaries connected with American and English societies, and the foreign settlements are light and healthy and civilized, equal as places of residence to any seaport in England.

It was too late in the season to attempt the journey north to Pekin; frost and snow had already set in, so we took the Messageries steamer "Amazon" southwards 850 miles and four days' voyage to Hong-Kong. On board with us was the Chinese ambassador to London and Paris, the Marquis Tsêng. Before starting he had given Mr. Muirhead a donation for his school, and Mr. Muirhead came on board to introduce me to him. He had a considerable suite on board, including the Marchioness with her two children, and his secretary, a man of great intelligence and learning. The yards of the Chinese men-of-war and of the foreign ironclads were manned, and salutes fired in honour of the departure; and thousands of junks were decked with flags. Our ship carried the Chinese ensign (yellow with a black dragon) at her main-mast. The Messageries steamers are officered by Frenchmen, and French is the language chiefly spoken among them. The decks are like saloons for neatness and cleanliness, the ropes beautifully coiled, double awnings, not only overhead but all round, so that you do not see the rigging or the steering. And, shut in as if in a railway car, in calm weather you hardly feel as if you were on board ship. We passed the island of the Parker group called Pootos, a sacred island, on which Buddhist priests live a celibate life, and no woman is allowed to land. The captains of junks are wont to call here to pay rice and money to the priests, and to get in return their prayers for a prosperous voyage.

The captain, though a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic, gave us permission to hold English Protestant service in the saloon at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and afterwards I had an interesting conversation with the Chinese Marquis about Christianity. He admitted that the Christian religion was good for the Chinese. But Confucianism, he said, was good likewise. I dwelt upon the reality of sin and the need of a Redeemer. He rejoined: "Yes, to force opium upon China was sin; you were sinners for that opium." He seemed to have the idea which is entertained by many Europeans in the East, that all religions are equally good and

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useful, and that the Chinese, like most people, make interest their god, and will profess anything you like for money, or if they can get a "squeeze out of you," as the Yankees say. Upon my observing that Confucianism, though good, had not practically elevated the Chinese, whereas Christianity where received does practically elevate both individuals and peoples, he admitted there was truth in this, and said that he had read the New Testament and the Psalms, and liked them much. Every one, he believed, was good who tried to make others good. I asked him what he thought of the missionaries. "They do good," he said, "but not so much by their preaching as by their living among us. There is a man in Pekin living among us as a Christian; we all esteem and love him; he is wiser, better, abler than we. We feel there must be something in a religion which makes such a character, such a life as his." He referred to Dr. Edkins, of the London Mission, and a valuable testimony I thought that was. Words may not convince, nor even acts, but life and example must, and none can tell how widely, how permanently a good life speaks. With the secretary too I spoke through their interpreter, and upon my referring to the Crucifixion he said, "I am crucified, we all are crucified, like Christ. The cross has four points; at its head are my ancestors; to the right my relations; to the left the people of the world, and at the foot my descendants; my heart is in the centre. If I do good and right to my relations and the world, I honour my ancestors and leave a good legacy to my descendants." It is evident that these men already are leavened with the first principles of Christianity, and that this leaven is spreading and working mightily in the hearts of the people.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PROGRESS.

THOSE who have undertaken to trace the rise of modern Protestant missions to the heathen, are apt to forget, when detailing the origin of existing missionary societies, that the close of the eighteenth century merely represents an epoch in the history of religious effort. Under the impulse of a quickened spiritual life, British Christians roused themselves to recommence a work which had never been wholly unrecognized, and never entirely neglected, from apostolic days down through the long ages of darkness and superstition.

A like error is even more generally prevalent in reference to the establishment of Sunday-schools. In the ready adoption of the plans devised by Raikes and his coadjutors, and the wide-spread encouragement afforded to them by the various Protestant denominations, a careful observer might have discerned the recognition of a solemn claim, too generally neglected amidst the confusion of religious and political strife, but never denied by earnest Christian men. Traces of these disquieting influences were perceptible even in Raikes's own days, when the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland gravely cautioned its ministers against the "new" institutions, as possible hot-beds of sedition and disloyalty; and some few of the English clergy appear to have shared in these nervous apprehensions. But such cases were quite exceptional, even in those earliest years of the Sunday-school. In the main, the simplicity of Raikes's idea, and its singular adaptability to varying outward conditions, secured for it general acceptance, while clerical hesitancy in the employment of lay help was overcome by the unpretending nature of the service required.

It would have been strange, indeed, if the Church had refused to avail herself of so flexible an instrumentality for enabling her to discharge an integral part of her high and responsible office. For surely, if the religious nurture of the young has been divinely committed primarily to the parent, it is not less evident that the Church has received a like commission also. Each rests on the same unquestionable authority, nor can the one supersede the other. Could it have been denied that the "every creature" to whom the Gospel was to be preached, comprised the youth of the world as well as its adult population? Or could children have been excluded from the "lambs" of the flock whom the under-shepherds were called to "feed?" And yet, by a strange, though not unprecedented, one-sidedness of view, Sunday-school agency in this country has not, until, perhaps, within the last twenty-five years, been recognized as capable of enabling the Christian church to fulfil more than one portion of this twofold commission. For the young outside the church's fellowship, Sunday-school instruction has been extensively provided, with the happiest results, but for those within the fold scarcely any systematic provision has been made; and only here and there have the eminent capabilities of the Sunday-school to aid in their godly upbringing been practically realised.

That ideas so defective should have held their ground, will awaken less surprise than regret if we consider the circumstances under which Raikes began his labours. The Sunday-school institution, as conceived by that benevolent journalist, was a purely charitable and philanthropic agency for the reclamation of children of the lowest social rank; and the schools established by him and his contemporaries find their parallel in a modern "ragged school," except that the former were conducted by paid "masters" and "mistresses," hardly above the level of monitors. And although there was a rapid development from the original type, both as to pupils and teachers, unfortunately, in the public idea, the old "charitable" stamp remains on the Sunday-school to the present day. We say "unfortunately," for while it has scarcely hindered the due expansion of the system, it has led the Church to withhold from the Sunday-school the personal help which it would otherwise have secured. Degraded to the level of a merely temporary expedient on behalf of neglected children—to be willingly dispensed with in favour of parental instruction so soon as the adult population should have become more fully Christianised—Sunday-schools, some have

openly declared, would, like an anti-slavery society, achieve their noblest triumph by rendering themselves entirely unnecessary.

With such views it is not surprising that the growth and efficiency of these institutions have been mischievously retarded. On the one hand, the children and youth of the Church have been deprived of Sunday-school instruction, to their own disadvantage; and on the other, personal assistance in the work of teaching has too often been both sparingly and grudgingly given. The immaturity and inexperience of the Church have been deemed amply sufficient for the demands of this merely "charitable" mission to the juvenile poor; and if any measure of mental culture, of moral and spiritual power, and of educational efficiency, has manifested itself within the Sunday-school, it has been an internal development rather than the free gift of the Church. Not a few notable exceptions might be found; but, until quite a recent date, the above represents the general rule.

In this respect, America presents a striking contrast to our own land. Schools of the "Raikes" type, philanthropic in aim, and missionary in organisation, were established in New York, and in other parts of the United States, early in the present century. But the shrewd practical intelligence of American Christians was soon manifested in the discovery that Sunday-schools so carried on were discharging but a part of their proper functions. By the influence and example of the late Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. S. H. Tyng, Dr. J. H. Vincent, and very many other able workers, the Sunday-school has developed into the "Bible-school" of the church as well as the "mission school" for the juvenile population outside. In consequence, it has risen to a position of power and usefulness as yet quite unattained in this country.

It is a more agreeable task to contemplate, however cursorily, the actual progress of Sunday-school education in the British Isles, notwithstanding the many disadvantages with which it has had to contend.

It was the especial merit of the Gloucester philanthropist to have presented the Sunday-school idea in a crude but plastic form; it was the merit of his immediate successors to mould it into a symmetrical organisation. Thus, we find a "Sunday-school Society" established in London under distinguished patronage as early as the year 1785. It was originated by Mr. William Fox, a pious London merchant, and its objects were declared to be "the establishment and support of Sunday-schools throughout the kingdom of Great Britain." Mr. Raikes warmly entered into the scheme; and we find his brother, together with the amiable and eccentric Jonas Hanway, the Thorntons, and other leading Christian philanthropists, among the members of the original committee. The schools so established and supported were, of course, of the original "mission" type, with paid teachers; and it appears that between 1786 and 1800 the above society expended about 4,000*l.* in the form of salaries to masters and mistresses. A few elementary books were also published for the use of the pupils; but after the formation of the "Sunday-school Union" in the year 1803, the other society gradually fell into a secondary position, and became more and more restricted in its operations; until it was finally amalgamated with the Union. The change was due to the simple fact that the younger institution was established on the basis of voluntary lay agency, a thought as happy and as fruitful in results as the original idea of Raikes himself. The society contemplated the improvement of existing methods of conducting Sunday-schools, as well as their extension throughout the British dominions, thus assuming at once a distinctively educational position, which it has ever since maintained. Its vigour and catholicity have secured for it a large and increasing constituency of gratuitous Sunday-school workers; nor has the establishment of institutions of a similar character on more limited bases—notably the useful and ably conducted "Church of England Sunday-school Institute," and the recently-formed "Wesleyan Sunday-school Union"—rendered the work of the elder Union less important.

To the various societies just described, the cause of Sunday-schools is mainly indebted for whatever of progress and success has marked its annals. That which would have been impracticable in the case of isolated schools, having no bond of connection or recognised means of intercommunication, has been accomplished in a very marked degree by a few institutions, simply organised, but conducted in an earnest and persevering spirit, by devoted Christian men. This advance has been more strongly marked during the past twenty-five or thirty years, than during any previous period. It would be tolerably correct to say that for the first half of their history Sunday-schools were developing mainly as *religious* associations, growing by degrees out of their original restricted type, and becoming seminaries of Scriptural instruction for children of the middle and artisan classes, instead of mere reformatories on a small scale for the ignorant and degraded. No more striking proof of this upward development can be found than the necessity which arose for more specific efforts on behalf of this lowest class of juveniles, a want nobly met by the establishment of "Ragged Schools," and subsequently, in 1844, of the Ragged School Union.

But the last quarter of the Sunday-school century has been specially characterised by *educational* progress—improvement in organisation and method. An efficient school of the modern type, with its several grades and departments, its classified groups of children and young persons around their respective teachers; its class-rooms for the primary and senior divisions; together with its multiplied agencies, educational, benevolent, and evangelistic, subsidiary, yet auxiliary to the main purpose of the institution—such a school bears as little resemblance to Raikes's rude assemblages of unkempt juveniles, as a microscope of modern construction to the lenses employed by Swammerdam and Leuwenhoek. Yet in both cases the one is the direct descendant of the other.

In place of small ill-lighted and ill-ventilated apartments, suitable, commodious, and not unfrequently elegant, schoolrooms have been erected by the liberality of Christians of various denominations, for the purposes of Sabbath instruction. Attention has been paid to the due classification of the scholars on the basis of their intelligence and attainments; the "common" room, where all the pupils assemble for devotional or collective engagements, is supplemented by class-rooms of various sizes, for elder scholars, whom it is desirable to isolate from the more juvenile portion of the school. In these they

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receive special Biblical and religious instruction suited to their advancing years, and tending to qualify them for church fellowship, and future service in the school itself. A separate room is usually set apart for the infant division, which forms a little school by itself, and is furnished with one or more galleries, with blackboards, pictures, and other appliances for simultaneous teaching. The lessons given in a well-ordered Sunday-school are not chosen at random by individual teachers, but form part of a systematic annual, triennial, or more extended course of Scripture study. In place of the antiquated plan of instructing each scholar in rotation, a conversational method is adopted, with free use of interrogation and illustration, calculated to exercise the faculties of the pupil, and invest each sacred theme with lively interest.

Such Sunday-schools, we are thankful to record, may now be found in most of the cities and towns of our land; and their numbers are continually augmenting.

It is admitted by historians like the late Earl Stanhope and Mr. J. R. Green, that "Sunday-schools were the beginnings of popular education." That great movement which within the last decade has become national in form as well as in fact, had its origin in the unobtrusive efforts of voluntary Sunday-school workers in the early part of the present century. Finding their pupils not only deficient in religious knowledge, but also lamentably ignorant of the rudiments of secular learning, they sought to impart the latter side by side with the former; and vast numbers of children received in these humble seminaries their only scholastic training. It would be the grossest injustice to ignore, and the veriest foppery of educationalism to despise, these unassisted pioneers, whose labours drew first the attention of the Christian public, and afterwards, by slow degrees, that of the nation at large, to the illiterate condition of the juvenile population of this country.

The day-school has not ungracefully recognised and repaid her obligations to her sister agency. The study of education as a science and an art; the establishment of training colleges for the better equipment of persons about to enter on the scholastic profession; and the more general diffusion of information on educational methods and appliances; these gratifying signs of progress have exerted a most helpful and salutary influence on Sunday-school work. Without losing sight of the religious character of his office, on the contrary, feeling it more strongly in proportion as its secular claims have diminished, the Sunday-school teacher has in many cases thankfully recognised the importance of the "art of communicating," and intelligently studied the best modes of acquiring it. And thus the literature of the Sunday-school now includes not only Biblical and religious treatises, but also manuals and handbooks of teaching; while, as a further stage in advance, many hundreds of teachers have voluntarily presented themselves for examination in the methods as well as the matter of their Sabbath instructions.

The phrase "Sunday-school literature," historically considered, is also full of interest. The spelling and reading-books of the "Sunday-school Society" were the scant firstfruits of such a harvest as none could have imagined. If the movement inaugurated in Gloucester city was the beginning of secular education, it is equally true that the coadjutors of Raikes and their immediate successors were the founders of juvenile literature in this country. It could hardly have been otherwise, at least for the children of the poorer classes, to whom the remark especially applies. It was soon found that the boys and girls gathered into Sunday-schools and taught the art of reading, needed some further mental aid than that yielded by the stilted sentences or prosy narratives of the books read in school, or even than the Testament if as yet only dimly understood in its meaning and imperfectly mastered in its phraseology. Hence arose the "Sunday-school Magazine," and the "Sunday-school Reward Book," the germs of our present vast, and on the whole, admirable, popular literature for the young.

The great philanthropic movements which sprang out of the religious revival of the eighteenth century had an origin, for the most part apparently insignificant and accidental. Sunday-schools formed no exception to the rule; they were but the happy thought of a mind habituated to benevolent designs. But their ramifications are world-wide; they are a constant adjunct in missionary operations abroad, and have taken sure root in the chief countries of Central Europe. Here in Great Britain, and, in a remarkable degree in the United States, the Sunday-school has grown, as already indicated, into a manifold agency. The teaching of Holy Scripture is supplemented by simple but effective means for the mental culture of the pupils, and for the inculcation of habits of thrift and temperance. Provision is made for their recreation, in unobjectionable methods, and their range of information is enlarged by pure and wholesome literature. A salutary influence is also brought to bear upon the families of the scholars, and others in the vicinity of the school; while the sympathies of the young people are awakened in evangelistic and missionary work.

We have given a bare recital of facts, illustrative of the development of the Sunday-school system during the first century of its existence. Intelligent workers, however, frankly admit that these valuable institutions are still characterised by many defects, alike in organisation, instruction, and discipline, resulting in waste of power, and limiting the measure of moral and spiritual success. Many causes might be assigned for these imperfections; the chief undoubtedly is, that hitherto, as already pointed out, the Church of Christ has not rendered to this work a due amount of personal aid. She has given pecuniary assistance and moral sympathy; but her culture and experience, for the most part, have been bestowed on other fields of labour, or allowed to lie unused altogether. The celebrations of the present year will doubtless excite a large amount of wholesome inquiry, attention, and interest. If, however, the Centenary is to be fruitful in moral and spiritual results, and the progress of the past is to be excelled, or even maintained, British Christians must be aroused to a deeper and more practical appreciation of the capabilities of this simple and Christ-like agency; and the Sunday-school of the future prove so far an advance upon its original type as to become not only an evangelical mission to the children of the irreligious, but also the recognised "Bible-school" for the Church's own youth.

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OUR PUPIL.

I.



MAKING FRIENDS.

WANTED to make some money; not a fortune, but just a few pounds now and then to help towards our weekly bills. Our income was so very small, now we had four children, that we had got rather behindhand the last two half-years, and when the pew rents, due six-monthly, were paid, a good deal of the small sum had to go towards arrears. So the prospect was serious, and, worst of all, I saw that the increasing cause for anxiety was telling on my dear husband's health. Never very strong, he had failed sadly during the spring just past, and while one said the place did not agree with him, and another that he was overworked, I knew very well that an extra hundred a year would prove his best cure. Not that he was mercenary, but he had an extreme horror of debt, and we were painfully conscious that we could not hope to benefit our tradesmen (who all attended our church) in spiritual things if we did not deal well by them in temporal things.

But how could I make money? The effort to save it seemed to take all my time. Six years before, when we married, thinking only in our youth and ignorance of the happiness of serving God together, if for a moment the idea flashed across me that we might have a hard struggle with poverty, I had thought vaguely that I, having had a very good education, should surely be able to do something to increase our means, but as the need for effort arose it seemed difficult to know what that something could be. Should I try to write a story? I had a sister who was a successful authoress, and we had had the same advantages in girlhood, but then she was gifted with far more imagination than I, and she had not four small children to feed, to clothe, to train, and to keep happy day by day.

I thought of one plan for a story after another, as I darned the stockings by day, or walked up and down with the baby at night, but never could feel I had hit upon anything original or interesting enough to merit an editor's notice. I had always set my face against my husband doing anything in addition to his parish work, for that seemed to me quite enough for mind and body. But now what was to be done? Of course I prayed and we prayed together about it. Time after time help had come in different unexpected ways in answer to our prayers, but I felt that while we prayed we were bound to look around for any opportunity to earn the money we wanted, inasmuch as we were still in our youth, and it was the will of God that man should eat bread in the sweat of his brow. On the first Sunday in that month, I attended the morning service, with our eldest two children, Horace and Edward. They were rather young for so long a service on a hot summer's day, but I was obliged to take them both or else to stay at home, as the little nursemaid had her hands quite full with the other two. I remember, to this day, how tired poor little Edward became, and how he fell off his hassock twice, and dropped his hymn-book once, making the churchwarden's wife in the next pew jump each time at the sudden noise. I freely confess I would

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much rather have stayed at home with the children, but I had lately been absent from church many Sundays from illness, and I lived under a distressing sense of its being my duty, as vicar's wife, to set a good example.

I took the children into the house after the service, and finding the two youngest were asleep and the nursemaid therefore free, I went back into the church for the Communion. It had been my habit for years, though believing also that He was at all times equally ready to hear, to bring forward at that special service any desire that lay very near my heart, and on this morning I prayed that God would open a way before us to live free from debt, and make us willing to walk in it whatever it might be. I took the care to Him, and resolved to leave it with Him, knowing that He cared for us, and that all the silver and gold are His.

I remember enjoying great peace of mind all that day, and when I lay down to rest at night I felt no need to pray for anything but that we both might have grace in all circumstances to seek first the kingdom of God, so sure was I that all other things would be added to us.

II.

The next morning I was scorching my face and hands at the kitchen fire over the baby's food, when my husband called me to his study. As soon as the saucepan could be removed from the fire, I went to him. He handed me a letter in a strange handwriting. The address at the top was that of a private estate in one of the midland counties. As I write this, it lies before me yellow and faded, and is as follows:

"Reverend and dear Sir,

"I am aware that the subject on which I am about to write to you is strange, seeing we are unacquainted with each other, and the proposal I am about to make may be one you will feel unable to accede to: if so, I trust you will excuse the liberty I am taking. I want to know if it would be possible for you to take into your house for a time, a lad of seventeen, giving him the advantage of your teaching two or three times a week, and encouraging him to study diligently between your lessons. We are anxious to find a young clergyman who would do this for our eldest son. From delicate health he is backward in his studies, and we are sure his only chance of being admitted into one of the Universities in three years' time, lies in his having thorough private tuition meanwhile.

"I should not have ventured to apply thus to you, but that I am encouraged to do so by my friend Mr. Dixon, the clergyman of our church.

"My idea is to offer one hundred and fifty pounds a year to any gentleman with whom we place our boy; should this not meet your views, I shall be happy to pay any sum you suggest.

"Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"Henry Neil."

I confess my first feeling was blank dismay. Was this the answer to my prayer? How could we do it? How could I hope to be able to make a young man comfortable and happy, especially one coming from a wealthy, luxurious home? Our house was a good-sized one, but it had only one story above the ground floor, so that the nurseries were close to the bedrooms, and it was impossible to shut out the noise of the children from any part. Moreover, the baby was very fretful at night, and her cradle had to be just by the wall dividing my room from the spare room. Then the meals! How could a young man put up with our plain cooking and early dinner? Horace and Edward, too, had just begun to have breakfast and dinner with us; must I send them back to the nursery and nearly break their little hearts?

These thoughts passed through my mind as I looked up at my husband, and the expression of my face caused him to say:

"Well, darling, would it be such a very great trial?"

"Oh yes," I exclaimed, "I don't see how we could do it. It would interfere with everything and take away all our peace and privacy. Don't you think so?"

"It would not be what I should choose," he answered slowly and sadly, "and I fear I have already forgotten my classics and mathematics so much that I am hardly equal to the charge. That depends on how backward the young fellow is; if he knows very little I could manage it, I think, for I should have time to rub up my learning and keep ahead of him. I think I could give him time without neglecting other things, for I feel a change of work might be good for me, and I should go back to my own studies fresher for it."

"But perhaps he isn't at all a nice lad, and anyhow he is sure to think the children a great bore."



THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

"I don't fancy Mr. Dixon would have recommended us to them if he thought the boy likely to be a trouble to us. He has known us for so long and has always been so kind a friend, that I think he must have done this more for our sake than for Mr. Neil's. I think Mr. Neil is the patron of his living. I know Dixon considers him an earnest

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Christian man, and speaks of him with real affection. Of course, darling," he continued, as I sat silent and overwhelmed, "I am not forgetting that a great part of the burden must fall upon you, if we take anyone into our house, and I will decline at once if you feel it is more than you can do. But, my poor little wife, you have a heavy burden upon you already, which this would in some ways lighten. I often feel I was very selfish to ask you to share my life of poverty and struggle."

I thought of the fearless joy with which I had consented to do this. Was I sorry? No, a hundred times no. If I was glad to be with him at first, I was far more glad now, for love had grown and deepened every year. Then I looked at his old, old coat, at his books piled anywhere because he could not buy a second-hand bookcase, and I felt this thing must not be put aside because it was not to my taste. So I told him I would not change with anyone in this wide world, and was quite willing to take in even an extra young man, so long as husband and children were spared to me.

III.

When, however, I got upstairs and alone I had a fierce battle with myself, before I could think of our new boarder as cheerfully as I had tried to speak of him. One difficulty after another rose in my mind. If the lad was to study, he must have some room given up to him, he must have the dining-room; he must have my special side-table there, where I always sat to write to my dear parents, to make my children's clothes, the room where I liked so much to be whenever I could, because it was close to the study, and my husband would often look in to see if I was there when he wanted a few minutes' relaxation. Then where should I sit? I could not have my work about in the drawing-room, which must be kept tidy for visitors, so that there was no place for me but my bedroom. As a matter of fact this did not signify at all, for I hardly ever had time to sit down anywhere, but I was looking just then on the dark side.

Then a still greater difficulty arose: what would Sarah say? Sarah was our general servant, very capable, very conscientious and always kind to the children. I feared she would not care to stay in her already busy place, if her work were increased, and I dreaded a change of servant, remembering the specimens of laziness and inefficiency who had preceded her in our kitchen.

I have had many far greater troubles to face, many infinitely harder trials to accept in the course of my life, but I do not think I ever felt any act of submission to the will of God cost me so immense an effort as it did to kneel down by my bed that morning, and say "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." It seemed to take my husband from me, it seemed to spoil my home to me, it seemed likely to bring me unnumbered little anxieties, while I had already as much as head and heart could bear.

The second post that day brought a letter from Mr. Dixon, to say he hoped he had not done wrong in mentioning my husband to Mr. Neil, as perhaps willing to undertake the tuition of his son. He spoke of the parents in the highest terms, and of the son as a most amiable, unassuming lad, not decided in his religious views, but interested in what was good, pure-minded and conscientious.

We had the highest opinion of Mr. Dixon's judgment. Before taking his present charge he had been vicar of the church in London attended by my husband's family, and John had been first teacher, then superintendent of his large Sunday-school. Mr. Dixon had continued to take a most kindly interest in him, and never visited town without running down to see us, and to preach to our small but gradually-increasing congregation.

On that Monday evening John wrote, thanking Mr. Neil for his letter, and proposing that his son should come for two months to try if he could be happy in our quiet little home, and if he himself were capable of giving him the instruction he needed. We received by return of post a letter of grateful thanks for our willingness to undertake the charge. Mr. Neil asked if we could receive the boy in a week's time, and enclosed a cheque for twenty-five pounds, begging us to excuse the liberty he was taking, as he felt it must involve us in some expense, thus to add an inmate so suddenly to our household. Of course we were glad of the money, and very grateful for the kind thoughtfulness of the sender. The prospect of having it some time or other was a great relief to our minds, but the small sum in hand enabled us to keep things paid as we went along, which is the only happy way—at all events for poor people.

As the matter was so far settled, I had at once the dreaded interview with Sarah. I promised a rise in wages, in consideration of increased work, and was greatly relieved to find that she considered the prospect rather interesting than otherwise, and was quite willing to do her best to help me.

IV.

On a Wednesday afternoon towards the end of July the cab containing our future pupil and his luggage drove up to our door. The latter was somewhat peculiar: a very small portmanteau for clothes, two very large boxes of books, a number of oddly-shaped parcels, which proved to be receptacles for all sorts of small live stock, and two cages with a couple of birds in each. As I saw the mass of property piled up in our little hall, I thought the young man surely counted on staying more than two months. He was a tall, slight youth, whose frame gave promise of considerable muscular power when full grown. His hair was dark and curly, and his face decidedly handsome. There was an interesting dreamy expression in the large dark eyes, which did not, however, betoken vigour of purpose or power of concentration. As I looked at the boy and his belongings, I thought he was never meant for an earnest student, and certainly would not make John famous as a tutor.

I exhausted all my ingenuity in keeping the children out of the way and happy that day. After tea John took Mr. Neil out to show him church and mission-room, garden and field. While they were thus engaged I managed by almost superhuman effort to get the whole four to bed and to sleep. While busy upstairs afterwards I was rather disturbed in my mind by a mysterious knocking going

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on in the dining-room beneath. I descended to find my husband and Mr. Neil busily engaged suspending a bird-cage in each window.

"Oh, Mrs. Denison," exclaimed the young man; "I hope you won't mind my birds hanging here. You see they always like to sing all together, and they will be so happy in these two nice windows."

Now birds in cages were my horror; and I had already tried to instil into the children's minds that it was cruel and wicked to shut up creatures whom God had made to enjoy freely His air and sunshine. However, I was not going to break my heart over the first little trial, and I certainly felt wonderfully reconciled to giving up the dining-room.

Mr. Neil looked tired, and I proposed that he should go to rest immediately after supper. As he wished us good-night, he asked rather shyly:

"Hadn't you some little children? I thought Mr. Dixon said so."

"Yes," I answered; "we have indeed, as I am afraid you will find to your cost before morning."

"I am very glad of that," he answered; "I am so fond of small children, and they generally take to me."

"I hope our youngest child will not disturb you," I said; "he is sometimes very fretful at night."

He laughed at the suggestion.

"Nothing ever disturbs me at night. I wish I didn't sleep so soundly. I was staying once in a farm-house where no one else could sleep after daybreak, because of the dreadful noises in the yard, but turkeys and ducks and geese and pigs never woke me."

This was good news. On the whole I went to bed more cheerful and hopeful than I thought possible that morning.

V.

The next day Mr. Neil came down to breakfast, looking decidedly better for his night's rest. He said he had slept splendidly, and was sure the air of the place would suit him exactly. I had brought down our two boys on trial. They were models of propriety all through our family prayers and breakfast, awestruck and silent before the tall, strange gentleman. After breakfast he went into the study with John for a morning's work. I sent the nursemaid with the boys and our one little girl Ethel into the garden, while I watched over the baby and attended to various matters in the house. I had intended to get the children off the premises for a walk before the gentlemen left the study, but the time slipped away, and I was startled by hearing through the open window the boisterous laugh of a manly voice mingling with the sound of, as I thought, loud screams. My maternal blood almost boiled over! That wretched young man was already tormenting my poor children! I would let him know from the very first that such conduct would not be tolerated here. I rushed into a room commanding a good view of the garden, that I might see what horrible form the persecution was taking.

When I reached the window I experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. Mr. Neil was careering along the garden path, pursued by the two boys; seated aloft on his shoulder, her golden hair streaming behind her, was my lovely little Ethel, and all three were shrieking with joyous delight in their new playmate.

Just then John came upstairs, and we watched the happy party together.

"I wish," he said, "you could have seen the meeting between him and the little maid on his shoulder. She stood looking at him doubtfully for half a minute, and then trotted up and held up her face to be kissed. He seemed quite delighted, and took her in his arms directly. If I am not mistaken, he will be her very humble servant from this time forth."

And so he was. Invariably kind to all the children, to little Ethel he was tenderly devoted. By his special request, she was brought down to breakfast and dinner a year earlier than her brothers had been, and her high chair was placed close to him. We celebrated her third birthday a few weeks after he came to us. It fell on a Sunday, and she begged to be taken to church. I refused unhesitatingly, because the two boys were as much as I could keep in order, but Mr. Neil, who sat in the end seat close to the vestry door, asked if I would allow him to take charge of her, as he could so easily slip out with her through the vestry if she became tired.

I could not refuse his earnest request. She was very good all through the service. At the beginning of the sermon he took her into his arms, and she presently fell asleep. I was sorry to see him step quietly out of church with her, as I thought the sermon was calculated to be useful to him.

On leaving church I went for a turn in the garden with the little boys. We found Mr. Neil there, Ethel still asleep in his arms. He explained that he thought the fresh air would be so much better for her than the hot church, that he had listened to the sermon standing outside under an open window.

VI.

At the end of his first two months, the possibility of Mr. Neil leaving us was not even mentioned. He was so perfectly happy, so thoroughly at home with us all, that it would have been absurd to suggest that he might like to change his quarters. He was naturally light-hearted and easily pleased, and so truly a gentleman that we never had the least reason to suppose he noticed any difference between our humble ways and those to which he had been accustomed. In the matter of study he was not satisfactory. It did not come easily to him, and John had serious doubts as to whether he would ever scrape through college. But he was wonderfully gifted with powers of observation, and a very intelligent, interesting companion. He would spend hours in the garden with the three children at his heels, and bring in all sorts of curious and beautiful insects which no other person in the house would ever have seen. I was delighted to have the little ones taught thus early to see the wonders of nature, but it often grieved me that their kind companion would never himself speak to them of nature's God. Mr. Neil fell into all our ways most courteously, but I think he would have done the same had he been thrown among people who did quite differently. He always went to church with me on Sunday mornings. In the evening when

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I stayed at home to let the nursemaid go he was not so regular. He was always down for family prayers in the morning, and very much enjoyed singing hymns, being gifted with a very sweet voice. But he never expressed any opinion on religious subjects.

My husband did not attempt to force any serious conversation upon him, but we prayed constantly together that he might receive spiritual blessing while under our roof.

One Sunday morning, about six months after his coming to us, we had a sermon on the words "Be still, and know that I am God." Its tone of holy peacefulness came to my spirit like a soft breeze on a sultry day, for I was somewhat weary with life's many cares and much toil. I enjoyed it too much to think of how it might affect anyone else. But I noticed as we left church, that Willie looked unusually thoughtful, and did not reply with his usual heartiness to the many questions the children were in the habit of pouring out as soon as their little tongues were let loose.

He went to his room immediately after dinner, and only appeared again at tea-time. In the course of the meal he said:

"I think, if you'll try me, I should like to go in for a class of small boys another Sunday afternoon."

"I should be very glad," John replied quietly; "Our boys are one of my difficulties. I've been teaching three classes together this afternoon, and it rather knocks me up for the evening."

"Yes," he answered, "I've noticed how tired you were on Sundays, but I felt neither boys nor Bible were my line. I was at school with a very good man, but he was always going in for controversy, and I'm such a lazy dog, I hate a lot of argument, so it turned me against the whole thing."

"There is much error about though," answered John, "and such men are very useful in the church; I have often wished I had more of the spirit of Martin Luther. Men like me would never bring about a reformation. But, thank God, there is work for all, and we must each bear fruit after our kind."

"Well, as I heard you this morning, I seemed to get a new view of religion; at least," he added solemnly, "I seemed to get a sight of God."

For a few moments we were silent in our glad thankfulness, then John said: "My dear fellow, with parents like yours, you surely never thought religion was only a thing to be argued about?"

"That's just where it is," he answered sorrowfully; "I've been thinking it all over this afternoon; I've had no excuse for not being religious all my life. I suppose you've always been good?"

John smiled sadly. "The less we say about that the better. I always accepted Christ as my Saviour, and felt that God was about my path, if that is what you mean. I am sometimes troubled that I cannot look back upon any particular time of conversion to God. If I could, I might have more expectation of seeing it in others."

"Well," the dear boy answered impetuously, "whether you expect it or not, you see it in me. I've been feeling ever since I came here, that I wanted to be right with God, but your sermon this morning finished me up."

It may seem that a change so easily spoken of was not likely to be very deep or lasting, but I did not fear this. Willie Neil's distinguishing characteristic was his simple truthfulness. Unusually devoid of that form of self which makes us anxious about what others think of us, he always spoke as he felt and acted in accordance with his convictions.

From that time the change in his life-principle was apparent in everything about him, in nothing more so than in his way of studying. He no longer read every story-book he could find at just the wrong hours, or rushed into the garden at the beginning of the morning for a breath of air, to spend two hours inhaling it. He studied diligently, as unto the Lord, and he made such steady progress that, though he could never hope to be a brilliant scholar, it became almost certain that he would pass through college creditably. More than all, it was evident that he had centred his hope in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I am Jesus of Nazareth."

Matt. ii. 23. Luke xviii. 37. John xviii. 5; xix. 19. Acts xxii 8.

"JESUS of Nazareth!" Oh, wondrous Name!
A Name of mingled dignity and love;
Name of unfathomable sympathy,
Of condescension infinitely kind,
Of help and comfort inexhaustible,
Entwined with ev'ry care and ev'ry need
And all the varied motions of our life;
Reaching the inmost chambers of the heart,
Sweetening its joys and soothing every pang,
And raising it on eagles' wings to heaven.

Jesus of Nazareth! A child wast Thou,
An infant in a mother's tender arms,
A flower of beauty op'ning day by day,
Filling with fragrance all the humble home
Where night by night soft slumber sealed Thine eyes
And morning's brightness woke Thy voice to praise.
A child wast Thou, with childhood's simple joys;
Plucking the shining blossoms of the field,
Watching the bright-winged insects in the sun,
Wand'ring amid the groves, and giving ear
To the sweet music of the happy birds.
Climbing the hill-top as the evening breeze
Swept by with its cool freshness: yea, a child
Fulfilling first the daily task, and then
Tasting the sweetness of the unfettered hour.
A child with mind that opened day by day,
And passed from infancy to thoughtful youth,
And, subject to Thy mother, and to him
Chosen of heav'n to guard Thy childhood's days,
Thou ever didst work out the perfect will
Of Thine own Father, Whose eternal love
Gave Thee, His best beloved, to mankind.

Jesus of Nazareth! In lowly toil
Day after day Thy quiet years went by;
The roar of the great busy world around
Scarce reached that peaceful hollow in the hills
Where stood Thy boyhood's home, unknown, unnamed
In history's page. The great ones of the earth
Saw not Thy dwelling-place; Thou wast not reared
'Mid lofty trophies of man's pride and power,
Nor where imperial splendours met the eye.
In the rude workshop of the carpenter
Thy place was found; and there the morning sun,

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By Thine almighty hand—oh, wondrous thought!—
Created, shone upon Thy lab'ring hour.
Who now shall say his daily task is one
Too low, too common, when Thyself hast toiled
At lowly work, to answer lowly needs?
Who now shall fret because his sphere may seem
Confined and humble, when Thy prime was passed
Handling the saw and plane at Nazareth?
There's room for all to lead a noble life,
And do their Father's business! Lay it, Lord,
Upon our hearts, and root it in our lives!

Jesus of Nazareth! Thy peaceful home
Resigned, Thy quiet life forsaken—Thou
Didst tread the city's streets, where men athirst
For gain went hurrying by, and revellers
Passed on to scenes of mirth, and soldiers strode
With martial air; and on the shining beach
Where fishers spread their nets, beside the waves
Of Galilee's fair lake, Thy feet were found;
And Thou didst journey o'er the dusty roads,
From town to town, and through the smiling fields
White unto harvest, bringing the glad news:
"The kingdom of your God is nigh to you."
With joy the poor and lowly thronged around
To gaze upon that Face so full of love;
The needy and the sinful gathered near
To hear the words that told of hope and peace;
And rich and poor acknowledged with one voice,
"He teacheth with authority!" They brought
The blind, the lame, the feeble and the sick;
Thou never sentedst one unhealed away!
Thy cleansing touch gave the poor outcast back
To home, and friends, and all the sweets of life;
The powers of darkness at Thy presence quailed,
Thy sovereign word bade the oppressed go free.
Almighty Saviour! Thou art still the same!
Jesus of Nazareth! Thou dost receive
The sinful, ignorant, and vile, and they
Who come to Thee find life for evermore!

Jesus of Nazareth! With swords and staves
They came to seek Thee, and Thou didst not call
For angel-legions to disperse Thy foes,
But Thou wert rudely bound, and led away
To those who sought Thy life, and Thou didst stand
Meekly and patiently, while wicked men
Insulted, mocked, tormented, and condemned;
Then, bearing Thine own cross, the sign of shame,
And suffering, and death, Thou didst go forth
Without the city—Thine own royal seat
As heir of David's throne—to Calvary!

"Jesus of Nazareth!" The name was writ
In cruel mockery upon Thy cross
Above that sacred Head, bowed down with grief,
And anguish, and exhaustion; Thou didst bear
All this for guilty man; that Name declares
Thy wondrous love, surpassing all our thought.

Jesus of Nazareth! Thy sufferings past
For ever, Thy redeeming work complete,
Seated in glory on Thy Father's throne,
Thy Name, that speaks of lowliness, and love,
And pain, and death, is mighty yet to save!
That Name can still the tempests of the mind,
Can heal the sin-sick soul, and cheer the sad,
And wake the slumberer, and raise the dead,
And fill with rapture ev'ry loyal heart!

Saviour, we bless Thee for Thy precious Name!
This is the Name at which all knees shall bow,
And ev'ry tongue confess that Thou art Lord;
This is the Name in which we will go forth
And set on high our banners. This shall be
Our watchword in the daily strife, our hope
And pledge of victory. This blessed Name
Our centre of sweet union, and our theme
Through life of truest, purest, deepest joy;
And this our passport to eternal bliss!

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

THE NEW LIFE.

V.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

IF it be true that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," how much more one touch of grace? If the thrill in our hearts when we hear some tale of devotion and self-sacrifice testifies to a common humanity, does not the filial emotion that moves all Christian hearts at the Father's name, the deep-felt gratitude for the Saviour's love, tell of a spiritual union closer and deeper even than the ties of the universal human brotherhood?

As every branch and leaf of the tree is a vital part of the whole, as every limb and nerve of the body go to form the living organism, so all Christian men and women make up the body of Christ, the Church of which He is the living Head.

To establish this communion was the eternal purpose for which the Father sent the Son. Read Eph. i. 1–10, and see the final result of all the rich provisions of blessing there enumerated. What is their aim? This: "that in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth." As we follow the accumulated thoughts, it appears as though the mind of the apostle were vainly struggling to express the fulness with which it was charged, and when the crowning stone is laid upon the magnificent structure, we are almost startled to read the concluding words: "In whom also *we* have obtained an inheritance." Blessed be God, the lowliest, the weakest, the simplest disciple may take up the words. "In that grand unity I bear a part. Me, even me, He hath thus blessed. For the blessing is not according to worthiness, but according to the riches of His grace. And me, even me, He needed to complete that unity."

"This evil, froward soul
Needeth a love like Thine;
A love like Thine, O loving Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.

Thy fulness needs my want,
Thy wealth my poverty;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
Thy joy my misery."

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an

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holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." Many are the buildings that are going on around us; men are building up fortunes, names, positions, knowledge; empires and societies are consolidating themselves; but in the midst is this invisible structure being raised; the building of God Himself that will outlast the wrecks of nations and kingdoms, and stand then complete in its perfect proportions when all others have passed away. Slowly this Divine temple rises through the ages. This great thought of God, conceived in the bygone eternity, is now being carried to its glorious consummation; He Himself the worker. All discipline of life is preparation for the taking by each one of his own place in it, is the chiselling that shapes the living stones of which it is composed.

Not to earth only does the communion belong. Men have called death the "King of Terrors;" surely he is rather the "Angel of Life." Keble mistook when he said:

> "Death *only* binds us fast
> To the bright shore of love."

Yet firmer than all others are the links Death forges; the last of the chain that life has riveted. The holy dead gathered into the land of the living are still part of this communion. "Ye *are* come unto—an innumerable company of angels." Not "ye *shall* come." "I separate thee from the church militant," said the messenger of Rome to Savonarola, as previous to his execution, he stripped him of his priestly garments. "But not from the church triumphant; that you cannot do," answered the conquering martyr, as the glow of rapturous expectation suddenly lit up his face. What human anathema cannot do in cutting off even from the church militant, death does while it unites more deeply to the spirit-community.

What are the characteristics of this communion? They are reciprocal sympathy and affection, manifested in the threefold form of service, praise, and prayer. The union with the one Lord is evidently the source of this mutual helpfulness. It is because Christ has ascended far above all heavens that He might fill all things, that unto every one of us is separate grace given. If He gave not to us, what should we have to impart? "Lives of good people make me feel so poor and useless," wrote a friend to me; "never can I be what they were." But what is it inspired the life of the holiest man or woman who has existed, but that very grace of God to which we have access?

> "Angelic spirits, countless souls,
> Of Thee have drunk their fill,
> And to eternity shall drink,
> Thy joy and glory still."

Our sense of emptiness should but drive us to seek fellowship with that fulness. How might the cloud complain, "Alas for my inability to refresh the earth! Life there is withering through lack of the showers. But I, small in volume, what can I do? Should I part with the moisture I hold, I perish." Nay, let it seek communion with the sea. The river might lament, "How willingly would I gladden the lands. But I am limited in resources, my channel is all but empty." Let it enter into fellowship with the fountain. We smile at the idea of aught in nature giving without first receiving, but do we not often act as foolishly? We seek the communion of the saints, when we are not in communion with the Father and the Son. What limit can there be to our Lord's giving, since He has said, "All things that I have heard of My Father I have made known to you"? We have not yet reached the end of the "all things," nor shall we ever do so. Deep secrets of His love has He yet to unfold to us; new visions of His glory daily to open to our eyes. For He calls us His friends. And of no friend do we learn all there is to know in a few brief interviews, no, nor in a lifetime. Increasing needs are met by fresh unveilings of Him in whom are hidden all treasures of love and knowledge. And that communion opens for us boundless possibilities of joy in our intercourse with each other. Few men have realized as St. Paul did this joy—because few are large and tender of heart as he. Ceaseless are his prayers and thanksgivings for his fellow Christians. In his epistles what gaps would be made, did we erase from them all connected with this Christian communion.

What is the great enemy to the realisation of such joy with all? As love is the one bond of union, is not indifference, or, worse still, hard and bitter feeling, the effectual loosener of the tie? People, as we imagine, wrong, and injure, and misunderstand us. What can we do? We can, at least, seek and pray to love still. By His grace, conquering self, we may thus help the fulfilment of our Lord's great prayer, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

C. E. L.

Sabbath Thoughts.

PEACE.

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful."—*Col.* iii. 15.

THIS is an absolute command from God, and no command is given which God is not willing to give us grace to obey; therefore let us not despair of peace as if it were unattainable, when we are commanded to let it rule in our hearts. It is the "peace of God" that we are to cherish, a peace independent of outward things, dependent on God, and found in hearts pardoned and reconciled through Jesus Christ. This peace is not only to visit but to rule in those hearts, dwelling there as a master, bringing into subjection every wild and rebel thought. Observe the close relationship of this command to the next, "Be ye thankful." Thankfulness arising from a deep sense of our own unworthiness and of God's great mercy to us, drops upon the troubled heart like oil on the waters, lays low the proud waves of rebellion, and changes the stormy surface into a calm mirror which reflects the light of heaven's own peace. Let those who think it impossible to be peaceful, try first to be thankful; the very effort will have a soothing effect, and if made in lowly obedience and submission to God's will, it cannot fail to bring peace to the heart.

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Pages for the Young.

THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER III.—MARIE'S SCHEME.



MARIE AND HER SON.

"SURELY that was the sound of a horse's tread coming up the path from the valley," cried old Marie, as in the brightness of the early dawn of a ruddy autumn morning she hurried hither and thither in her cottage, the stone floor clattering beneath her wooden shoes, while, according to her own favourite, quaint saying, she made everything in the little house shine until it was fit to be the looking-glass of Queen Jeanne herself; "surely that is a horse's tread! God grant it may not be one of the troopers from the band besieging the poor count, who has heard of my having sent that warning to the Queen; well, if it is His will that I should suffer for the faith, He will give me strength to do it."

Marie was, apparently, speaking to a young man, very huge of body and of limb, and with eyes so intelligent that they seemed always to be silently talking of the heart and mind within, who was chopping up wood in an out-house, the door between which and the neat kitchen was wide open; but the giant went on with his mighty strokes without heeding the old woman's words. The fact was, Marie's fifth and only remaining son was deaf and dumb; the other four, as she loved to say with bright tears shining in her serene old eyes, had gone from various battle-fields for the faith straight up to stand before the throne above, there to lay down their swords and hear the blessed words, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" But as it was quite impossible for Marie to do for long together without the use of her tongue, she was accustomed to talk just as if he heard her. Pierre, with his infirmity, did more good than most people without it; he was the best of sons to his mother, his stalwart arm was always ready to work in the field or garden of a poor neighbour, and many a widow and orphan owed to him prosperity. He found great joy in the good, sweet Bible words that his eyes could read, though his lips could not form them; and his heart was most firmly anchored on the Rock of Ages. Like his mother, he was a most steadfast partizan of the Huguenots, and had it not been for old Marie's sake he would willingly have died the same death, for the faith, as his soldier-brothers; he was endowed with a very quick wit, which showed itself chiefly in the many ingenious ways he invented for communicating with his fellow-men. Old Marie would often say, "Though it has been the Lord's will to shut up two doors to my Pierre, He has opened for Himself a gate through which to go out and serve Him."

But to return to Marie's cottage on that bright autumn morning. The old woman soon became certain that a horse's feet were, in truth, approaching the little house, and in some uneasiness, not knowing what to expect, she hastened to the door to look down the steep, rough path, along which none but a bold rider, and one that had full confidence in his horse, would have ventured. Marie's surprise increased, though her fears were quieted, when she saw that the coming visitor was a female. "Who can she be?" she thought. "I suppose she must be some one who is travelling across the mountains, and has got separated from her party, and has lost herself; but it is a strange, early hour for people to be up here; besides, our cottage lies so much off the common passes." When, however, the horsewoman came close, so that she could see her face, Marie cried out, with wonder and recognition in her voice, "My countess, my daughter! You here, alone, at this hour, what does it mean?"

"I will tell you everything, dear Marie, very soon," answered Constance, springing lightly from her horse, and giving the old woman a warm kiss; "but first call Pierre to take poor Bayard; the good little horse needs care and refreshment."

With her face all sparkling at the joy of this unexpected visit, and with her shrewd old brain all at work to guess the cause of it, Marie hastened to her son, and made a sign to him that he was wanted. He obeyed at once, without knowing whom he was going to receive; but when he saw the countess, his face first expressed the most extreme astonishment, and then literally overflowed with radiant delight in every feature. Pierre was perfectly devoted to his foster-sister, his feeling for her was a mixture of strong affection and reverence; he would have fought for her like a lion had she needed it, without heeding his own life any more than a puff of wind; he held her to be as high as the distant snow-peaks, and yet as much to be loved as the blessed sunshine.

When his greetings with Constance were over, Pierre, being quickly made to understand by his mother's signs what he was wanted to do, led Bayard to the shed which was the winter home of Marie's cow, and gave him the best care and food the place could provide for him. Meanwhile Constance, having followed Marie into the house, and refreshed herself with such modest fare as the cottage could afford, sat down on a low seat at her old nurse's feet, and looking lovingly and trustfully up into the dear old face, told her whole trouble and the cause of her coming. She heard with some surprise that Marie had been the sender of the secret warning to the Queen, and Pierre the bearer of it.

There was an anxious trouble in Marie's look as Constance unfolded to her her daring scheme, but, gradually, as she listened to the young wife's words, the shadow passed away out of her eyes, to give place to the dawn of a deep serenity of brightness.

When Constance had finished speaking, she said, "My child, you are right. When God put such a thought as this into the mind of a weak woman, He meant it for no idle fancy." Then, after stroking Constance's hair softly back from her brow, she added, "Yes, I remember as if it were yesterday, the first day you lay in my arms. The corn was just growing green in the fields as I came up to the Castle, and I wore my dress of new camlet to appear before my lady baroness. What a little puny babe you were! But I recollect that when you were baptized, and the water touched you, you opened your tiny arms and stretched them out, as if to catch hold of something, and smiled as you did it. Short-sighted woman that I was, I deemed it a sign of your early death. But the good Pastor Brancard,

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who baptized you, a most saintly man, said 'No; far from that. God grant the child may live to take firm hold of the faith that is in Jesus, and to do some fair and great thing for God's cause. Rejoice in your daughter, baroness!" And your lady mother kept those cheerful words always in her heart, and when we held you up to her lips for a last kiss just before she died, we heard her murmuring her hope softly as if it comforted her. My child, it seems that God is going to make the good pastor's words true in you to-day."

Constance smiled a little at her old nurse's story of the past, and found comfort in her words, but the anxious restlessness of sorrow was upon her, and she said, imploringly, "But, Mother Marie, can you suggest any way in which I may reach my Gaston? I feel that I must be doing something; I did not come here to sit still."

Marie sat in thought for a few minutes without answering her. The two form a pretty picture, thought Pierre, there in the cottage door-way, both bathed in morning sunlight, the old woman, with the earnest depth of tenderness in her eyes, with the shrewd sense working and twinkling in the lines about her mouth, bending over the younger, whose head with its full mass of dark curls rested against Marie's scarlet petticoat. Constance was very weary with her night's ride, but grief and anxiety kept her awake. At length the nurse spoke:

"Some twelve years ago or so my husband, now dead, was serving as a soldier in that same fortress where the count is now besieged. It was the order of the commander of the garrison that none of his men should ever see anything of their womankind. But he must be a clever man who can keep a woman from what she loves. We wives, and daughters, and sweethearts found out that there was an underground passage to the fortress, and there we used to meet our dear ones, and hear of their well-being."

"And am I to go by that way to my Gaston?" cried the young wife, springing up, her face all alight.

"Gently, my jewel, gently," said Marie, putting her back softly into her seat, "there are some things to be thought of first. Last year the fortress was in the hands, for a while, of the great robber chief, Nanton, who kept all the country round in such continuous terror, that the subterranean way got then to be unused and avoided."

"But now that the robbers are gone, it must be quite safe," urged Constance in trembling eagerness.

"The people of the neighbourhood say," answered the old woman, dropping her voice to a low hushed tone, "that it is haunted by the spirit of a wicked priest, whom the brigands put to death there. I doubt if such things can be."

Marie, with all her strong faith, was not entirely free from the superstitions of her time and of her class. It was not likely that she would be when we remember how, at that period, belief in the supernatural was sown broadcast through society. Even Madame de Blancheville, though one of the most enlightened women of her day and country, listened to her words with a certain vague feeling of awe. Love, however, is stronger than fear, and the young wife said firmly, laying her hand on the little Bible at her heart, "For my husband's sake, and the faith's sake, I would venture the path."

"Those are brave, good words, my child. But there is yet another thing against your making your way through that underground passage. The entrance to it is close to a spot where one of the sentinels of the besiegers is always posted."

"That is a grave difficulty," cried Constance. "Oh, nurse, how shall I reach my Gaston?" and she clasped the old woman's arm with both her hands.

"Pierre, who will go with you," said Marie, musingly, "is bold and strong. I think there would be a good chance that he might fell the sentinel to the ground before he could even cry out; but he would not be able to follow you into the dark passage, because he must stay outside to replace the sods of earth that hide the trap-door, lest the next sentinel who comes to relieve guard should discover it."

"That would make no difference; I would go alone."

Her cheeks were very pale, but her eyes were very bright, and her voice was calm. They talked over this vague idea of Marie's until it was shaped into a definite plan, and until the old woman said solemnly, "My child, since you have courage to dare so much for God and your husband, I will not keep you back; His hand must be in this."

After that, her mind being quieted a little by something being resolved on, Constance lay down on Marie's bed to take a short rest; but, in her first slumber, she started, and began to cry, and when the old woman asked her what was the matter, she answered, "I was dreaming my child was kissing me."

But Marie said, "Lay him in prayer in the arms of Him who took up the little children," and the thought soothed her to sleep.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIV.

1. My son, love not too well this priceless boon,
   For on the heels of sloth treads hunger soon.
2. In this is profit: if the Lord but bless,
   Then shalt thou eat its fruit in happiness.
3. Foundation whereon Wisdom's walls are laid,
   Whereby her builded house is steadfast made.
4. As this with furnace heat is proved and tried,
   So must man's heart be chased and purified.
5. Bread of deceit may to a man be sweet,
   But afterward he grindeth this for meat.
6. Here be thy model found; her ways are wise;
   Consider them and from dull sloth arise.
7. These meet together in life's daily round,
   One Lord made both, may all in Him be found.
8. Be not desirous of such food to eat,
   Too tempting they oft prove deceitful meat.

As smoke and vinegar to teeth and eyes,
So is the man here named, him all despise.

F. M. E.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CONTRAST.

NO. IV.—p. 336.

1. Isa. liii. 3.
2. Heb. xii. 2.
3. Rom. v. 3–5. 2 Cor. xii. 9, 10. Jas. i. 2. 1 Pet. i. 6; iv. 13.
4. Phil. iii. 1; iv. 4. 1 Thess. v. 16.
5. Rom. xv. 13. Gal. v. 22.
6. Neh. viii. 10.
7. Job xx. 5. Eccles. vii. 6.
8. Psa. xvi. 11. Isa. xxxv. 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Page 400.

1. Exodus xv. 11.
2. 2 Cor. ix. 7.
3. Hab. ii. 14.
4. 1 Tim. vi. 7; Job i. 21; Luke xii. 20, 21.
5. 1 Chron. iv. 10.
6. Prov. xxx. 1, 7, 9.
7. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XI.—p. 448.—JONAH.

1. J-oppa . . . . . Jonah i. 3.
2. O-cean . . . . . Jonah ii. 5.
3. N-ineveh . . . . . Jonah iii. 2.
4. A-mittai . . . . . Jonah i. 1.
5. H-eart . . . . . Jonah iv. 1–11.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



UNWELCOME NEWS.

OLD MRS. BARRON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES."

CHAPTER I.—EVIL TIDINGS.

IT was a mild, moist afternoon in the end of October, and old Mrs. Barron was sitting, where she often sat at that hour of the day, on the open gallery of her house, which looked out on the great river St. Lawrence and the northern hills beyond. The hills were hidden to-day; and the river itself looked grey and dim through the smoky haze which hung low over all things. Even the nearer fields—the finest part of the farm, which lay between the house and the river—were not seen clearly. Fine fields they were. Wide stretches of newly-ploughed land, ready for the seed of another spring, alternated with grass fields, grey and bare now, except in some sheltered spots where the summer green lingered.

There were great trees, elms and ashes, on the banks of the river, and along the roadside, which passed close by the house; and there were trees here and there, through the wide fields, but not many, for the sunshine of the short Canadian summer must not be kept from the growing things on the earth. Cheerful sounds came from the pastures on the right of the house, where the river made a bend away from the hill, which rose abruptly there. Many cows, and young creatures of their kind, were making the most of the herbage which the early frosts had spared; young horses raced up and down the broken slope, and merry lambs and sheep kept together on the hill tops.

It was as fair a scene as one could wish to see, and the French farmers returning from the town of St. V——, in their little market-carts, did not wonder that "Old Madame *Barro'*," as they called her, liked to sit there on the gallery, and look out upon it. For every acre of the land was her own, and it had been brought to its present high state of cultivation, not exactly by the labour of her own hands, but under her own eye and chiefly by the exercise of her own will and wisdom; and her neighbours had great respect for her capability as a farmer, and greater respect still for the success that attended all to which she put her hands.

They all saluted her as they passed, and now and then one stopped to ask or to answer a question in a friendly way, and it never came into the mind of any of them to doubt that, except for one thing—she was a heretic—she was the woman in all the neighbourhood the most to be envied.

Others were on the road that afternoon besides the 'habitans,' as the French farmers and their wives were called—James Cox, the unsuccessful man of the neighbourhood amongst the lot, and what he said to himself as he passed was this:

"Ay! There she sits, thinking within herself, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built—by the might of my power?' It is well to be her,'" added James disconsolately.

But James was mistaken about this, as he had been mistaken about other things in the course of his life. If the old lady had put her feelings consciously into the language of Scripture as he had supposed he was doing for her, she would have been saying at the moment, "What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun? Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!"

For she sat there looking over her wide fields, a troubled, unsatisfied woman. And that not for the first time. There had come to her before this day a fear—scarcely a fear—but a question, whether she might not have been giving to the work of her life, which all her neighbours praised, too much time and too many thoughts. And to-day she asked herself whether it was going to pay her at last.

To-day she was weary in body and anxious in mind, and she could not put away the thought with a ready confession of ill-desert, or a prayer for guidance and help as she had sometimes done in the days that were past. To-day she said, "I am growing an old woman, and must soon be done with it all, whoever may come after me;" and if the feeling that oppressed her to-day had been put into words, those of the Preacher would again have told it best.

"And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labour wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have shown myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity."

"It is growing chilly," said the old woman at last, with a shiver. "I would need to go into the house."

But there were more people passing over the long stretch of road visible from the gallery, and she sat still for a while. The first who came up was a young man with a fair, boyish face, who touched his horse with his whip as he drew near, and neither turned his head, nor gave the greeting for which she waited, but passed on like a stranger.

"It never happened before," said she, wondering. "Surely it couldn't have been Matthew? Yes, it was. He must have seen Nannie, and she must have angered him. I doubt it was hardly wise in me to let her go there."

She had not time to follow her thoughts to the end. Another vehicle was coming up the slight rise toward the house.

"It is Peter," said she aloud, rising and going forward a step. "What brings him here now? and his wife is with him! It is ill news she has to tell, or she would hardly take the trouble;" and with a faintness of heart, such as she had not felt many times in her life, the old woman sat down again.

"Well, Peter?" said she, as the waggon drew up to the door.

"Well, mother?" said Peter.

She did not offer him her hand when he jumped down, as she would have done if he had been alone. His wife did not move.

"Are you not coming in? Will you not have the horse taken round to the stable?" said Mrs. Barron.

"No," said Mrs. Peter, "leave the horse here. We will come in a minute, but we will not stay—not for long."

She alighted, and came slowly up the steps and sat down, while her husband turned the horse and tied him to a post. She was a short, shapeless woman, with a fat face, and a grey, unhealthy skin, suggestive of close stove-heated rooms, and constant occupation within doors. It was not a pleasant face to look at now, though its youthful prettiness had in past years come between the mother and her son. They did not see one another often, these two. They had not met for months, and the old lady regarded her daughter-in-law with a kind of wonder.

"Poor Peter!" thought she, "his wife looks nearly as old as his mother."

Other people had said that often, but after this night no one ever said it again.

When her son came up the steps, Mrs. Barron led the way into the house. She did not take them into the usual family-room, where the table was laid for supper, and where people were passing in and out, but into her own, which Mrs. Peter had not often entered. It was a large room, with two windows, one looking west and the other north towards the river. There was a bed in one corner, and a carpet on the floor, and several good and handsome pieces of furniture in the room, all of which Mrs. Peter noted at a glance. There was a fire on the hearth, on which Mrs. Barron put some fresh pieces of wood before she sat down in her own chair by the window.

"Well?" said she, looking at her son.

Though no word had been spoken, she knew that he had not come for a mere friendly visit, but to say something that must be said, and which he did

not know how to utter. He looked helplessly toward his wife, whose lips were closely shut, and whose eyes would not meet his, and then he looked at his mother.

"Well?" repeated she, putting a great restraint upon herself, for she began to be afraid of what she might have to hear.

"It is—Nannie," said her son hesitating.

"Well? She is not sick, is she? She is with you?"

"She is not sick. Oh no. She is well enough. But she is not with us—since morning."

"Where is she then? She is not come home."

"No. She went with—with some of the young people to St. C——."

His mother made a sudden startled movement and grew pale.

"Well?" she repeated.

"Mother, you have always been strong to bear as well as to do. And it may turn out better—than at the first look one might expect."

"Stupid!" cried his wife. "You will not let me speak. You will not have a word said to hurt your mother. Oh! Don't you hurt her—you? Tell her quick—right off."

Mrs. Barron had not turned her face away from her son while her daughter-in-law was speaking.

"Well, Peter?" said she again.

"Mother—God help you. Nannie is married and gone. But she'll be home again in a day or two. There is no fear of that."

His mother's face had been white before, but it grew grey now, and she let herself lean back in her chair, as though all her strength was spent. Her son turned and strode to the window, and stood with his back to both the women. Her eyes followed him.

"Stupid!" repeated Mrs. Peter angrily. "He tell me I must not speak a word. Oh no! I must not hurt his mother. Do you not hurt her more? It is Paul Beauchamp that Nannette has married. Have you not seen it coming?"

The old woman's eyes slowly turned till they rested on her daughter-in-law's face.

"And you knew it?" said she hoarsely.

"Well—yes, and no. As all the world knew it, I did. He did swear the first time he saw her, that he would have her. I know that. But I was not sure till I saw them come out of the church door this morning."

"Out of the church door!" repeated the mother faintly.

For a moment the younger woman thought that the poor old lady was dying, and she thought so herself. But the colour gradually came back to her face, and she raised herself up in her chair, but she did not speak. She uttered not one of all the words of sorrow and anger that rose to her lips. She had been "strong to bear" all her life, as her son had said. No blow like this had ever fallen upon her, she thought; but she gathered up her powers to bear it in silence, till she should be alone.

"Mother," said her son, coming forward again, and sitting down beside her, "you must know that I never thought this thing possible. I would have prevented it—I had the means—if I had only known."

"Well, you might have known—you both. All the world knew it—but not that it was to be so soon," said his wife. "What would you? That poor Nannette! She will do what anyone will make her do. If your Mat Conway had much tried or much cared, it would have been all right, as you wished, long time ago. It can no more be helped now."

There had been one occasion more than twenty years ago, when the little contemptuous gestures with which she ended her speech had driven the old woman to anger, and to the bitter expression of it. But she sat silent now, saying to herself:

"She is glad at my sorrow." She turned her eyes to her son again.

"Mother, it may turn out better than we fear——"

"Yes, as other marriages have—one surely," said his wife.

"He is not a bad fellow," went on Peter. "He has not had much of a chance. If you will help them—it will turn out better than folks think."

"Oh no! Not a bad fellow at all," said his wife. "He has had no chance. He cannot read; he cannot write; he's got no money; and he is what you call Roman Catholic. That's bad, eh, madame? Is it not? He has got some Indian blood; that is bad too. He can't stay long in one place. He likes to go everywheres; hunt, fish, all that. But when you give him the farm, he will stay at home and work maybe. He says so. Oh, he is not a bad fellow at all—him!"

Again she made the contemptuous gesture, in which her face and hands and her whole body seemed to have part. Mrs. Barron saw it, though she had not looked towards her as she spoke, and still sat with despairing eyes fastened on her son's face. But she was past noticing all that now. She lay back in her chair again, and her hands hung helplessly down beside her.

"Peter," said she at last, "there is something that I want to say to you, but I cannot just mind what it was. Come back to-morrow."

"Yes, mother, I will come. No, we will not stay to supper," he said, as the sound of a bell reached them. "It is getting late; and Antoine is not at home, nor his sisters. We must go."

"If you like, *I* will go, and then, may be, you will be able to remember," said Mrs. Peter, rising. "I know it will not please you for me to hear. I will go; but *you*—you must stay," she said to her husband. "We never know what will be to-morrow."

Her face wore a strange look of anger and cunning and eagerness, and there was an evident effort to hide all, and to look as usual. The old lady turned and looked at her as she gathered her shawl about her.

"I cannot just mind, and I am very weary," said she; then she rose, and crossed the floor to the door. "Justine!" she called, speaking firmly enough now, "you are to bring in a cup of tea to Mrs. Peter, since they cannot stay to supper. She will have time to drink it while the horse is brought round."

Then she went out to see to the matter herself, as she had seen to most matters in her household all her life.

"You must stay, you," said Mrs. Peter in an eager whisper. "She will surely say something now. Her will is made, and if she should die, and not change! Think of it! And she looks to have a stroke of what you call it, to-night. She suffers? Oh, yes,

she suffers, though she thinks she will not let me see. Yes, you should surely stay, and me too—only she will not have me. Will you see Paul Beauchamp take your father's land?"

"It will never come to that," said her husband. "At any rate I will not trouble her to-night."

"Fool! The land is for Nannette, that I know; unless she will write otherwise before she die."

She paused suddenly as Mrs. Barron came into the room again.

"I say to my husband you should not be left alone with your trouble—you look sick too."

The servant set down a tray on a little table, and nodded in a friendly way to Mrs. Peter, who took the cup of tea and raised it to her lips. "Shall your son stay?" added she in a little.

"Why should he stay? Justine is here, as you see, and the man Joe will be in the house. Why should he stay? As for being alone, that is nonsense."

"All right——you feel better. Always you are so strong!"

"Where are Antony and his sisters? Are they gone to St. C—— too? Ay, I thought as much. They knew beforehand? And so did you," added she, as Mrs. Peter reddened and looked down. "May God forgive you and them!"

But in her heart she was saying that surely it was not possible that their sin against her should ever be forgiven.

Then they went away, and she was left alone. She did not break down at once. Her trouble was too great to be understood at one hearing. She hardly believed in it yet.

She sat down at the supper-table with her man and her maid as was her custom when she was alone in the house with them, and took her tea. Afterwards she went into the milk-room, and round the house as usual, to see that all was right, and when both maid and man had gone to their beds, she went into her own room, and put wood on the fire, and sat down alone.

Utterly alone! A solitary woman she called herself—though she had a family of seven sons and daughters, all of whom had grown up to maturity under her eye. They were all gone from her, however. The last had gone to-day.

"To ruin!" she said aloud. "To utter ruin and wretchedness! God help her—and me!"

But she had not as yet the power to measure her own misery or that of her child. She could not take it in. Other thoughts came and went in her mind. She could not put them away, and she could not hold them. Things long forgotten, words and deeds of her little children and of their father, passed before her like a changing picture, beyond which, after a while, she got glimpses of the new trouble and of all it would bring with it. But she saw nothing clearly, and a strange dulness and heaviness crept over her, of which she grew afraid at last.

"I had best go to my bed," said she, rising.

She went about the room making her usual preparations. She moved the half-burned brands apart on the hearth, and spread down the bedclothes. She took off her widow's cap and put it carefully in a drawer. She pushed back the grey hair from her face, and gathering a heavy shawl about her, knelt down beside her bed, as had been her custom all her life.

But she had not a word to say—not one. God had been hard upon her in her old age. Very hard. She had nothing to ask Him for. Nothing which He had to give, nothing which He could do for her, could avail in this trouble which all these months He had seen coming on her, and had not hindered. "He hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light. Fear and a snare is come upon us, desolation and destruction. Thou hast made us as the off-scouring and refuse in the midst of the people." These were the only words that came to her, as she leaned her tired head on the pillow, and then her mind wandered away till she grew afraid of the dulness and heaviness that oppressed her. As she rose she uttered a prayer, though she hardly knew it as such: "Let me sleep this night, that I may be able to meet the morning."

And strangely enough, as it seemed to her afterwards, her head had hardly touched the pillow before she was asleep.

She had been a strong woman all her life, and she was a strong woman still, though old age was coming fast upon her. A strong woman, who had done more for the making and keeping of a home than generally falls to the woman's share, when the man is worthy of respect, and not a weakling.

John Barron had been no weakling, but a good man, and a strong man in his way. His wife had been the head to foresee, and to plan, and to take advantage of success. He had been the hands to accomplish her will in all things; and even in those difficult circumstances, being a humble, patient, God-fearing man, who loved the truth and hated a lie in all its forms, he commanded the respect of his neighbours, and was held in honour by his wiser and stronger wife to the last day of his life.

Was she wiser and stronger? She had not consciously claimed this even in his lifetime. Since her widowhood, she had resented with anger and scorn the utterance of such a word, by any one, and the entrance of such a thought into her own mind. It was her own wisdom she doubted now, not his. They had striven to bring up their children well, and her way had been taken in most things, but she doubted her own wisdom now.

She was left alone in the house which she had helped to build. She was alone, not through the gradual and inevitable scattering which must come to the most united families as the years go on, but by the carrying out of plans, of which she had never lost sight during all her married life. They had been wise plans and wisely carried out, people said.

They had not fallen into the mistake of some of their neighbours, who had divided their land among their sons, till each farm was but a strip, from which a bare living could be made. In some of the homes near them, sons lived with their fathers and grandfathers, and though they seemed to manage very well, such a state of things would never have done for Mrs. Barron. So her sons helped their father on the farm until they were of age, and then each took the portion that fell to him, and went out into the world to do for himself.

This was the right way, and it had answered, it was said, for the sons had all done well, so well that none of them cared to come back to the home farm now that their mother was alone, and needed their

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help, except, perhaps, Peter, who had a large family, and who had not done so well as the rest. But him, his mother would never ask to come back. For long ago, he had nearly broken her heart. Though she had loved him best of all her sons, he had spoiled many years of her life. For while a mere boy he had married a woman older than himself, one whom his mother had never liked, a French woman and a Roman Catholic.

It had hurt both father and mother sorely. They were strict Presbyterians, and had done their best to bring up their children in what seemed to them the right way, in the midst of many disadvantages. For they were close on the edge of the "French country," and the nearest kirk was too far off to permit anything like a regular attendance for the children of the family. The only schools near them were the convent, and the Friars' schools, of which they thought little, and so with the help of a teacher in the winter time they taught their children at home. In all things they had kept themselves to themselves, as much as was possible among neighbours who were really kind-hearted and friendly and sociably disposed.

But the lads, as they grew up, could not but fall often into the company of the gay, light-hearted young people around them, and the quiet and sober way in which they had always lived at home made the intercourse all the more delightful to them when they were permitted to enjoy it. And sometimes they enjoyed it when no permission had been given or asked, and the end of it all, as far as Peter was concerned, was this marriage.

It need not have made so much unhappiness, but his wife, as was natural, resented the grief and anger of the father and mother; and as she was of a stronger nature than her young husband, and had her own family to uphold her, there had been little intercourse between them for a long time. They had been, to all appearance, friendly enough for a good many years now, but the two women did not love one another, and hardly concealed their dislike when they did meet.

No, Peter could never be asked to bring his wife to his mother's house with any hope of making either the one or the other comfortable in it. And his mother told herself often that, whatever her straits might be, she would never ask him.

Her daughters were all married, and not one of them had settled near her. The eldest had had "a disappointment" in her youth; and then, after living ten years at home, refusing more than one good offer in the meantime, she had, while on a visit to one of her sisters, strangely and foolishly, as her mother thought, engaged herself to marry a Methodist minister, a widower with children. And though her mother tried to prevail on her to give it up, she married him and went with him to his distant field of labour in Western Canada.

If this marriage had not taken place when it did, it might not have taken place at all, for Mr. Barron died during the same year, and the daughter would have found it hard to leave her mother in the time of trouble. There was only her youngest child with her, the child of her old age — ten years younger than the brother who had come before her. It was of the marriage of this girl that Madame Peter and her husband had come to tell the mother that night, and if instead they had told that they had seen her drowned in the waters of the river they would have brought less heavy tidings.

Paul Beauchamp had come to the farm early in the summer of last year, to offer himself as a field hand during the haying season, when many hands were needed. He was a stranger to Mr. Barron, and almost a stranger in the neighbourhood. He was a tall, handsome lad, slender and agile, with a dark face, and the dark deep-set eyes characteristic of the Indian race, whose blood it was said flowed in his veins.

But he was more French than Indian in character and manners. He was bright and clever in his way. He sang and danced, and kept his temper, and made himself a favourite among the other men, and in the house, and, rather to the surprise of those who knew most about him, worked steadily on through haying and harvesting without a day lost.

He went away then, but returned to the neighbourhood, where he had friends, several times during the winter, and in the spring engaged himself to work, not for Mrs. Barron, but for a farmer in the vicinity. He came to Mrs. Barron's sometimes, but not so often as to attract particular attention from the old lady. But he came often enough to succeed in wiling her daughter from her home, as had been his design from the first.

Poor little Nannie! She was a sweet and pretty creature, the idol of her mother's heart. But even her mother acknowledged that her Nannie was simple, and too easily led, and that she needed to be guarded and cared for, more than other girls did. And she had been so guarded and cared for all her life. It was for Nannie's sake that the mother had so grieved over the eldest daughter's marriage. It should have been Isabella's duty and pleasure, she thought, always to watch over her sister. Nannie would always have been safe with her.

Nannie was by no means deficient in sense, though she was "soft," as they said of her, and easily led. She was very pretty and gentle, and had many admirers, all of whom her mother had kept equally at a distance, till Matthew Conway came. He was a silent, grave young man, who had had a hard battle to fight thus far—not for himself, but for his mother and his young step-brothers and sisters. The battle was not over yet, but the younger brothers were growing up to help, and Mrs. Barron thought she saw her way clear to bringing Matthew home to the Barron place, and in time making him master there. And Nannie liked the young man, or her mother thought she did. She was always glad when he came, and seemed pleased with all his efforts to please her, and the mother thought that he would surely win her at last.

If only the mother had hastened matters a little, Nannie might have lived and died Matthew's happy wife, for the lad loved the quaint little creature dearly, and she would have been safe with him. But there was no haste, Mrs. Barron thought. They were both young, and they were living their best days, as she put it, and they were not formally engaged when Paul Beauchamp came, and seeing Nannie's pretty face and the fine farm, which all the folk said would one day be hers, made a vow that he would win both for his own.

And Nannie he had won, but the winning of the farm was another affair.

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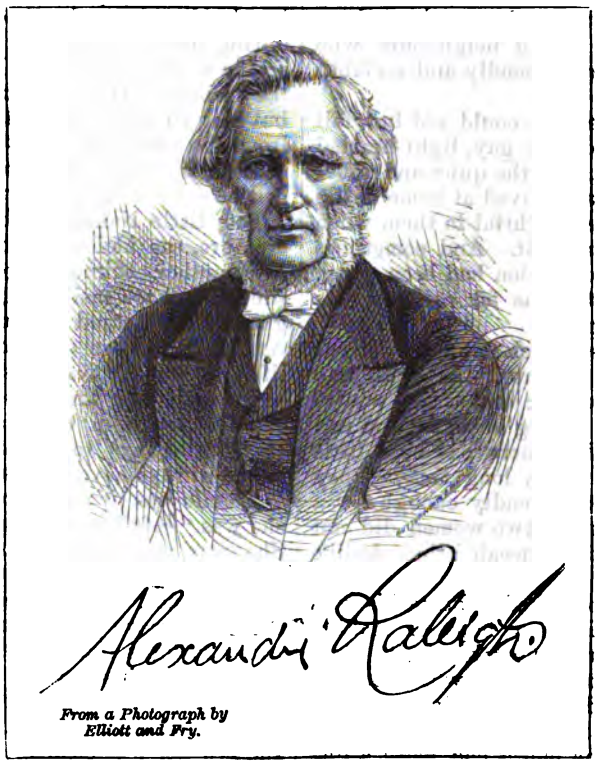
THE LATE DR. RALEIGH.

"QUIET Resting Places." These words are inscribed on one of the several cottages that form the "Home for Little Boys" at Farningham, Kent. How came they to be placed there? The words have a touching connection with the subject of the present sketch. Some twenty years ago, Dr. Raleigh preached a sermon from them just before leaving his congregation for his annual holiday, making the circumstance suggestive of higher thought. Little did he conceive that by so doing he was making the text all his own, so that his name would come to be associated with the passage (Isa. xxxii. 18). But so it was, that the sermon having been much talked about, he was induced to publish it, with some others, and placing it first, to make the text of it the title of the volume, as the modern manner is. The fame of the preacher, and the exceeding beauty of the discourses, soon made Dr. Raleigh's "Quiet Resting Places" a well-known book. His congregation at Canonbury were evidently proud of it, and of him. And so it came to pass that when, soon afterwards, they raised a sum of money for the erection of one of the cottages in the Home for Little Boys, they determined to call the suite of little rooms "Quiet Resting Places," a name at once expressive of what it was hoped the little homeless boys, too long tossed roughly about the world, would find there, and of the people's admiration of their pastor and his discourses.



From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

And indeed the words are characteristic of Dr. Raleigh and of his ministry. Like his Divine Master, he did "not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street." Eminent he was, taking his place in the front rank of preachers, but he took it so modestly, so unconsciously, that it was obviously no affectation when he said, as he once did in an assembly of ministers and others of his own denomination, that he never thought of himself as a popular minister, or desired so to be regarded. He wished to exercise a "quiet" ministry, and his ambition was to make his sermons "quiet resting places" for busy, toil-worn men, and the services of the Sabbath to be as a "Little Sanctuary"—another of his texts, which he chose as the title of a second volume of sermons—for the shelter of souls in a stormy world. And so he appeared in the pulpit, calm and self-possessed, wearing a modest dignity, which, like a robe, became him well, for it was the dignity of a high-minded, spiritual man, ministering at the altar of God.

Hence his marked devoutness and his power of drawing others into the sphere of his devotions—"keeping so fast a hold of heaven by faith, and of earth by sympathy." Hence, too, the practical and experimental character which underlaid the exceeding beauty of form which his genius in the use of words gave to his sermons; and which, with native modesty, he liked to call "meditations." He has been singled out as an eminent example of preachers who speak with "the accent of conviction." It was evident that he "believed, and therefore spake." He had also the rare faculty of seeing hidden beauty in the sacred text, and he could flash light upon it so that it became revealed to other eyes. And the qualities he evinced as a preacher soon made themselves felt. He did become "popular" in spite of himself. Not that he drew after him the unthinking crowd, but thoughtful, earnest, appreciative men gathered in numbers around his pulpit, both in Glasgow and afterwards in London. The following extract from a letter of one of his hearers, which has been made public, will show the estimate in which he was held by men of intelligence:

"Of Dr. Raleigh it may be said truly, that he lived for his people, and I fear it must be added, he has died for them. As a preacher, we all knew and admired him; but perhaps we did not all know how much it cost him to keep up to that high and severe standard which he rigorously prescribed for himself. It has been said that he was a 'finished' preacher, and if the word is understood in its breadth—of the material and structure of the discourse, as well as of its external form—it will fairly express the truth. But oh, how much does this imply! Of Raleigh's sermons might be said what Johnson said of Dryden's poetry, 'Though all is easy, nothing is feeble;

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though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh.' If the principle of all art is secretive, then he was an artist. He knew, none better, how much which has its necessary place in the processes of thought is unsuitable for use in public, and he gave us only of the text. No half-born thoughts, after the manner of the so-called 'suggestive' preacher, but fully developed conceptions, which he was not satisfied with merely presenting, but for which he procured a settlement in thought and life, by showing their relations with what already existed and was recognized there. . . . Nothing struck me more than the importance which the prayers obtained when he was the minister—nothing, that is, except the impression which this feature of his services produced upon hearers. I have heard this mentioned scores of times by his own people and by strangers. . . . Rarely have fulness of Christian experience, practical acquaintance with life, a vivid apprehension of Divine things, and the warm feelings which these inspire, been combined with so much sobriety and strength of expression as in the prayers of our dear and lamented friend and teacher."

Nor was it only in churches of his own order, or of Nonconformists in general, that Dr. Raleigh won "golden opinions"; he was one who, while holding firmly by his own ecclesiastical belongings, commanded the respect and esteem of the Established Church of the land. This was evidenced at his funeral, when the vicar of Kensington, the Hon. and Rev. Carr Glyn assisted in the burial service. On the following Sunday morning, also, the vicar made respectful allusion to the departed minister, and uttered words of Christian sympathy on behalf of his sorrowing congregation. And truly, it is not only the particular congregation to which he ministered, but the Christian Church at large that has sustained a great loss by his death.

Dr. Raleigh was one of the popular ministers whom his brethren delighted to honour, and that because his character was so true, so transparent; and he had withal such an even-balanced mind; and was so broad in sentiment, albeit so thoroughly evangelical; and so fair in controversy, looking at a thing all round; and so brave in utterance where the bold word seemed called for. All this his brethren could appreciate: hence they trusted him and loved him. Any one of them would have looked to him in difficulty as a friend, relying upon his just judgment. As to his pulpit power it was acknowledged by them ungrudgingly, even by his equals. Quoting a particular text on one occasion, and pointing out its significance and beauty, Mr. Binney said, "What a sermon Dr. Raleigh could make of it!" Many ministers felt the same when confronting some texts. And so it was that he came to be looked upon as almost *facile princeps* in the pulpit. That was his throne. On the platform he was seldom at home, for his gifts of extempore address were not great, and save when he had made ample preparation and was fired by his theme he was slow and hesitating in his utterance. His work came to an almost abrupt termination. Scarcely had it become known that he was ill when the sad news flew abroad that his strength had succumbed to disease, and he was gone. It now remains to us only to gather up the memories of his life.

Alexander Raleigh was born on the 3rd of January 1817, in or near the little Scotch town of Castle Douglas, which lies not far from the border, and almost within sight of the Solway Frith—a region rich in memories of the faithful Covenanters, faithful even unto death. Of his birthplace, however, he knew but little, for early in life he removed to Liverpool, where he was apprenticed. Here, as he grew up, he became connected with the church under the pastorate of the Rev. John Kelly. Mr. Kelly was a strong theologian and a keen logician, and he did not see a great deal in the youth who had manifested but little leaning towards the mental proclivities of his pastor. Yet he argued for him a future of considerable promise, grounded not so much on great or shining abilities as on deep piety, great industry, and invincible determination. It is evident that Mr. Kelly did not see all the faculty that lay dormant in his young protégé. Yet Dr. Raleigh himself afterwards endorsed his pastor's judgment of him as in strict accordance with his own—that is, so far as concerned his being endowed with no shining abilities. This in him would be no affectation, and he would refer to it only to point the moral, that a man with no great or shining abilities may make, in this age of the world, a very good use of the abilities he has, if he only will. But that young Mr. Raleigh, ere long, began to show signs of much more than average pulpit talent, will be disputed by none. He had undoubtedly a genius for preaching, and the brilliant qualities he displayed in after days must have been "in him" in his youth, only they wanted developing. "Some plants," said Dr. Johnson, "flower late." In the case of Mr. Raleigh, the opportunity for culture and development did not come early. He was much older than most aspirants to the ministry when he went to the Independent Academy at Blackburn, and it would seem that there, as afterwards at Lancashire Independent College, into which the Blackburn Academy was transformed during his studentship, he was always looked up to as a senior and a man of fine spirit and of marked ability. Leaving his college, he became minister at Greenock, where, however, he did not remain long, a certain lack of nervous energy rendering a change necessary. He successively ministered at Rotherham, Glasgow—as successor to Dr. Wardlaw—and finally in London. He came to the metropolis to become the first minister of the chapel at Canonbury, called Hare Court Chapel on account of the trust property of the old chapel in Hare Court, Aldersgate Street, being transferred to the new foundation. Here he gathered around him a large and influential congregation. By the efforts of his people another chapel was subsequently erected at Stamford Hill, and he then ministered once every Sunday in each of these places. About five years ago he was induced by circumstances to remove to the church at Kensington, recently vacated by Dr. Stoughton, where he laboured till the end of labour came. In 1864 the University of Glasgow marked its sense of the high position he had attained as a religious teacher by conferring on him the degree of D.D. Dr. Raleigh married a sister of Lord Gifford, one of the Judges of Appeal in the High Court of Edinburgh, whom, with five daughters and a son, he leaves behind him to mourn his loss.

During his London ministry in particular, Dr. Raleigh was frequently called to prominent service in the church, especially in his own denomination. Of late years there were few Congregational

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churches built of which he was not one of the preachers at the opening. In 1868 he was called to the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the highest honour his denomination had to confer on him. He was chosen to preach the annual sermon of the London Missionary Society, and other kindred institutions. He was one of the deputation commissioned to the United States after the war, with the view of producing that better feeling between the two countries which happily now exists, towards which he rendered useful service. But the great work of his life was preaching. It was for this he read extensively the higher literature of the day; it was for this he never ceased to inform his mind on philosophical and scientific subjects; it was for this he cultivated so severe a literary finish; above all, it was for this he was so devout and earnest a student of the Holy Scriptures. His published works consist of sermons which he had preached, those volumes already mentioned; another on "The Story of Jonah;" and "The Book of Esther: its Practical Lessons and Dramatic Scenes," which came out but a few days before his death. These works abundantly testify to his wonderful preaching power; yet he could never reach his own ideal. To one of his ministerial brethren he said, a few weeks before his death, "What a glorious thing it is to be permitted to preach. I have just found out how to do it, and if I had my life over again I think I could preach!" In his last illness he said, "I value my work more than my life. I do not care to live for the sake of living; but I do care to live for the sake of preaching."

But the end drew nigh. For some time past the worn look that had come over the face of Dr. Raleigh had not escaped notice; but few knew the mischief that was at work within, and of which the worn look was but the outward expression. It was as though old age had prematurely come upon him. "He is little over sixty," observed to the writer one who was often with him in his last days; "and he looks eighty." To his physician, Dr. Risdon Bennett, he said as the end drew on: "I have not been able to have any religious thoughts. I cannot think of anything; but the only thing that God requires is trust—trust; and *that* I can do." Afterwards he said: "I cannot think, and I cannot speak, but I know that I am His." And these seem to have been his last words. Unconsciousness came over him from which he never rallied, and on the 18th of April he gently passed away.

On Saturday, the 24th of April, the mortal remains of Dr. Raleigh were laid side by side with those of Dr. Thomas Binney, in Abney Park cemetery; the spot which he had himself desired. It is a sacred corner, upon which, in former days, as the writer remembers, abutted an angle of old Abney House, in which, for so many years, Dr. Watts resided as a friend of Sir Thomas and Lady Abney. Now the place of graves has over it the air of calm repose, and this corner in particular reminds one of what Dr. Raleigh said in his famous sermon (after speaking of other "quiet resting-places," such as the evening, the Sabbath, the chamber of sickness, the visit to the country, all of which are most touchingly set forth): "The grave is a quiet resting-place. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there: and the servant is free from his master. There 'the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.' This is man's 'long home.' 'Man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. Oh that Thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that Thou wouldest keep me secret' (as in a quiet resting-place) 'until Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me.' Sweet and restful will the grave seem to us if God, in calling us to it, appoints a set time, and gives us His covenant promise of remembrance." Again, of such a graveyard he says: "Nature seems to concentrate her pathos and her stillness in such a spot. Quiet is the dust below; quiet the scarcely-moving grass of the graves; quiet the shadows of the tombstones; quiet the overarching sky: and he who sits there on the mouldering stone, looking at the graves of his kindred, is thinking, 'It is a quiet resting-place; I shall not be sorry when the toils of this life are over, and wearied I come in hither to lay me down among the rest. I shall be glad rather when the sowing and the reaping are done, and I am brought here like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.' 'A picture like this is the result of imagination,' you are ready to say. No doubt, in part it is; but imagination in such a case is ruled by the Christian faith. It is not our mere human fancy that invests the burial-place of the Christian dead with such a sacred charm, that wraps it thus as in the peace and silence of God. It is Christ who thus hallows the grave. He has been a sleeper there; he has taken the harshness, the disquietude, the terror away. From that rock-tomb on Calvary, 'where the Lord lay,' a light has been shed into every Christian's grave, and thence has flowed that sweet tranquillity which seems now to hover about all the places where his people lie at rest. It is, therefore, not an exercise of our fancy, but a rational and great triumph of our faith when we can divest death of its natural terrors, and the grave of its old repulsiveness, surrounding it with richer and happier associations. It is not now the gloomy portal to a dark, unknown world; it is not now in the devil's keeping; it is the property of Christ, one of the homes of his people, a quiet resting-place where, after the fever and toil of these mortal days, they may lie in stillness for a little while, until he prepares another home, another quiet resting-place, the last, the best of all—in heaven."

On the tomb of a physician in one of our London churchyards, is this inscription: "Dr. John Gardner's last and best bed-room." It would not be surprising—it would be most fitting—if there should be inscribed on the tomb of which we are writing, in Abney Park cemetery, "Dr. Alexander Raleigh's QUIET RESTING-PLACE."

J. B. F.



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Twilight.



CALM hour, when night is fain to bend
Her pensive steps this way,
What tender beauty dost thou lend
To grace the dying day!

Not thine the morning's royal boon
Of golden glory bright;
Not thine the radiance of noon,
Nor sunset's mellow light.

But, ere the blushing west is pale,
O'er eastern hills afar
Doth slowly fall thy dusky veil,
Pinned with a single star.

The handmaid meek of darkness thou;
While sages love thee best,
Thy tranquil charm let all avow,
Sweet harbinger of rest!

Rude lines a touch of softness win,
Grateful to weary eyes;
Where reigned the turmoil and the din,
More holy thoughts arise.

We fold the hands that show the strain
Of daily toil gone through;
Now, silent hour, on heart and brain
Leave thou thy impress too.

So we but learn, like thee, to soothe
The jarring words of strife;
Or point to heaven, or gently smooth
Some rugged path in life.

Not lost on us this peaceful scene,
Where light and shadow blend;
Nor vainly, twilight, hast thou been
Our counsellor and friend.

S. E. G.

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PEACE IN THE HEART.

BY THE REV. G. DESPARD, M.A., TRINITY CHURCH, KILBURN.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace."—*John* xvi. 33.

ONE of the many things to be gathered from these words of Jesus is the greatness of His own love—the tenderness of His interest in all that concerns the happiness and comfort of His people. "That in Me ye might have peace." He would have them glad, and happy, and peaceful; and so He went round and round, in His love, to notice whatever might hinder it—and to show, so tenderly and graciously, that there are no real grounds of trouble for His own in anything.

Now, what did He say unto them that "in Him they might have peace"? Of course, everything He said in that room was for that purpose; and it is delightful to go through the whole, sentence by sentence, and see how this honey is in every cell of the honeycomb. But I want now to take, chiefly, but not exclusively, the few verses just before the text. Seven times in those seven verses Jesus speaks of "the Father."

Now, the mere fact that all through this wonderful discourse He speaks of God as "the Father," is rich in "peace" for our poor hearts; for it shows, and was evidently meant to show, the altered aspect God bears towards us, His sinful creatures, in Jesus Christ, His own dear Son. We think of the majesty and greatness and power when we utter that word "God." We think of the Sovereign offended, and of the Judge severe—of Him before whose face heaven and earth may well "flee away;" and from whom we, like guilty Adam, must ever feel disposed to hide ourselves, "for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty." But "Father" is such a different word! This makes us hopeful, as the other word "God" makes us afraid. This reassures as much as the other affrights—having a "Father" is so different from being under a "God!"

And then, what if it is that very "God" who has become a "Father?" A child is not unhappy because it has a strong and wise and powerful father. Nay, the greater and more powerful the father, the greater is the peace of the child. Given all might and majesty and authority in the hand of your enemy, and you are ready to sink into the earth for fear. But given these same things in the hand of one who is your "Father," and then, what is there to be afraid of?

And you feel the comfort and tranquillity of spirit which this gives, in proportion as you yourself are weak and know that you are. If you are strong, and able to do for yourself, you would not want much in a "father." But if you are very weak, and tottering, and foolish, how grand to be restful under it all, because you have such a "Father"—able to do anything—one whose eye nothing escapes! Oh, Christians, God is your Father! How blessed the teaching that carries over all the resources of Almighty power and wisdom to place them in the hands of a "Father"; that shows us in the arm that bent the arch of heaven the arm of a Father and a Friend! We owe it all to Jesus; not merely to his words, but his work, without which no such words could ever have been spoken. It all came out, so clear, and bright, and unmistakable, a few days afterwards. The cross endured, the work was finished; and, on the Resurrection morning, claiming the fruit of the blood which He had shed for sinners, and of the atonement He had made for all their sins, Jesus said, "My Father and your Father, my God and your God." There is nothing like this as a ground for peace and quietness of heart!

If in God we have a "Father," then we have a Father about whose strength and wisdom, there can be no question. But may we be sure that we have our Father's *love?* That He has all that majesty and power, would bring no peace to us unless we can be sure that we have His heart. And what Jesus said is fitted to give us peace, because, if we believe what He said, we are quite sure that we have our Father's heart—His whole love. "The Father Himself loveth you," He said; and the way in which He said it makes it doubly comforting. For He had been speaking of His own intercession for them—implying that it would be forthcoming. Yet, He said, there is something better than this. "I say not that I will pray the Father for you." There may be comfort in this, but not *all* the comfort I want you to have. The love He has towards you is not love given because of any intercession—"of *Himself* the Father loveth you." We do not value, and we could not value, bought love. Indeed, love cannot be bought, for "if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly contemned." And, you see, we do not owe the Father's love to Christ, but we owe Christ to the Father's love. It is the Father's love coming out we see in Christ—that wonderful love of whose origin no one can give any account; all we know is that He loves because He *is* Love. Yet, at the same time, the gospel-point of this is not to be lost sight of. The Father's love rests on Christ, and on all who are in Christ. "He loveth you because ye have loved Me." Out of Christ, God cannot love the sinner, in the sense here meant, because He sees his sin. But in Christ He does not see the sin, for it is blotted out; He sees only Christ, whom, in His love, He gave for sinners, that, *in Him*, all His love might rest on sinners! In "showing us the Father plainly," in what He here said, He showed Him as "of Himself" loving us; therefore, "of Himself" providing Christ, in whom we can be righteously sheltered in His love. How truly and deeply we are objects of His love, the Father showed in giving His own Son to die for us—and so, the love we have in Him is the free and unbought and spontaneous love which loves because it is pleased to love. Oh, when we have His Christ, then do we indeed know that we have the Father's love. For we never should have had His Christ if we had not first had His love. How resting that is, how rich in

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"peace!" Sometimes a father keeps his own son out of his heart, though he may not keep him out of his house. Sometimes, too, a father will turn a child out of his heart after he has been in it. But never so can it be with our Heavenly Father! If nothing that happens is able to turn you out of Christ, then nothing that happens can ever turn you out of your Father's love. Now, if it helps to "peace" to know you have such a Father as God—so mighty—infinite in His resources,—still more should it do so when you are sure that you have that Father's heart. And you have it, if you love Jesus, Jesus himself assures you! In that assurance rest; for what more do you want to be certain of the shield of your Father's might, if you know that your hold upon His heart is secure?

Then, look at what Jesus says on the subject of *prayer*, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name He will give it you." Once I saw a little child lost in the streets of London. Ah, how it cried in the bitterness of its misery and terror! Many asked the child why it was crying, but there was no answer, except redoubled wailing. A kind-hearted woman came and took it in her arms, to try to coax it into saying what was the matter. But it shrank screaming from her with terror—it was the face of a stranger, and the face of a stranger could give it no "peace." Oh, if it had been the child's own mother, how different the effect would have been! Into her ear the tale of its childish miseries would soon have been poured, but it was disconsolate because it was away from its parents, without a mother's eye to look to, or a mother's ear into which to confide its sorrows. Is there a Father who never loses sight of his children? and whose ear is ever open to their prayer? Oh, yes, one Father, and that, the Father Jesus speaks of to us here; the Father who, wherever we wander, is "not far" from us, whose "ear" is never "deaf that it cannot hear," and who says, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Wherever you go, or whatever troubles you get into, there is His open ear beside you, "Where'er we seek Him He is found!" This is why He is declared to be "a very present help in trouble." For to "hear" is the same thing with Him as to "help," and the "help" is so near because your Father's ear is always open to you, so that "when you call He will hear."

Nay, more than that, "Whatsoever you shall ask the Father, in My name, He will give it you." Do you ever think of the misery of those prophets of Baal, praying so earnestly; and yet with all they did—even cutting themselves with knives in their frenzied desire for a response—"no voice nor any to answer"? Are you sure of *answered* prayer? There is no "peace" in prayer if you imagine that you are to go on praying, and yet that it is only a waste of breath—that you are never to be the better for it. But how different prayer is when you pray feeling sure of an answer—certain that what you say enters a Father's ears, and moves a Father's heart, and will, without doubt, draw forth a Father's response! Now, Jesus here teaches us the way to pray commandingly. "In My name," "whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name." The child's standing is made over to you in that Name, and therefore the child's plea must be that Name. This is the Name which sounds as sweet in the ear of God as it does in the ear of the sinner—the letter sealed with the blood is a letter sure to be opened and answered.

And see, too, the compass which prayer is here permitted, and an answer promised—"all things whatsoever ye shall ask" covers everything a child of God can possibly want—more sorrow for sin; more sense of forgiveness; more power over sin; more enjoyment of God; more growth in holiness. Or, as to temporal things, power for every plan; wisdom for every difficulty; strength for every day; food for every mouth; grace for every need; a blessing on every undertaking! It includes all that you may ask for others too; for father, or mother, or brother or sister; for the sick one, or the erring one, or for the tried and tempted one. Everything that can be rightly asked in Christ's name lies within the reach of permitted prayer, and therefore within the scope of the promised answer.

Do you really believe this? Because, if you do, what comfort and "peace" and happiness it will give you in prayer! Something strong enough to bend the Father's ear, to attract His eye, to touch His heart, to open his treasures, to command His approval, and to secure His blessing!

But, notice again, how elsewhere the Son says, "My Father is the husbandman" (xv. 1); a Father's *hands* are very tender hands. "Let me fall into" them, David said, sooner than into any other hands; for I know what He is—how tender and merciful. If all the discipline and trial before you are in the hands of your "Father," "be of good cheer." Oh, brethren, there must be chastisement. Yet what peace through it all when you know it to be a "Father's!"—when in enduring it you are certain that God is dealing with you as with a son; chastening because He loves, and always and only "for your profit, that you may be partaker of His holiness." "Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees." You may feel bruised and sore, at times, but what matter, if you know that you are in a "Father's" hands? A man will never injure the apple of his eye, and if, as a wise Father, God chastises his sons, still it will be tenderly, as if it were the apple of his own eye: "with every trial making a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it,"—"Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye"! What "peace" is this for us in this world of trial! To have a Father's love, and a Father's ear, is much; but it does so tranquillise when tranquillity is hardest,—"I am in my Father's hands," which may be rough at times, but never can be cruel!

And then, there is that other word, so precious, so very glorious (xiv. 2), assuring us of the Father's *home*. Why is He our "Father," and why does He love us, and why does He hear and answer us, and why does He keep us so jealously in His own hands—but because He means to have us at home with Him yet? You know how hard we try to make a home for ourselves down here, and yet how impossible it is to be entirely at peace in any home we make, for countless things may happen. Trouble may come, and sorrow, and sickness, and death. Oh, if we build our "peace" on the home we have here, how soon it may go! But there is a better home, in view of which we may build a better and more lasting "peace,"—a "peace" which even the breaking-up of the earthly home cannot destroy. That

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better home is the Father's home, and such a home as such a Father might be expected to provide—a cloudless, tearless, painless, sinless home! Children are never sorry to go home to the parents they love—and it is just that! Going to die? No, not that. Going to a strange land where you do not know what will become of you? No, not that! for that would mean bitterness, not "peace." But oh, it is going home, going to the "Father"—going to the great family gathering—each day knowing that you are but "a day's march nearer home." If you believe it, if you take it in, if you trust Christ's words for it all, then you will know what "peace" is!

What a Saviour He is, my readers! He did all, that we might have "peace"; for He shed His own blood for our sins,—there is the foundation of the whole. But He was not content with that! He was so full of it, so anxious that we should have a real, solid, all-sustaining "peace," that He "*said* these things," also, "that in Him we might have peace." These blessed things, which tell the trusting soul to see "in Him" the Father-God, with all a Father's heart, and ear, and hand, engaged with and about His children, and a Father's home and welcome ready for them at the last!

OUR PUPIL.

VII.



ABOUT three months after this happy change in Willie Neil, our Ethel began to fail. We thought at first the long-continued east wind of that spring was telling upon her always delicate constitution. She lost her appetite, complained of headache, and was languid and liable to fall when she attempted to walk. We were feeling anxious about her, when John was suddenly called away for a day and night to see a relative who was ill.

I was up rather late that night, and was just putting away my work materials preparatory to going upstairs when there rang through our quiet house a loud piercing scream. I rushed upstairs and found little Ethel still asleep, but as if suffering under some very distressing dream. I waked her gently, and then as she began to talk fast, while her eyes shone with unusual brilliancy and her cheeks were flushed, I felt sure something very serious was the matter, and that no time should be lost in procuring medical help.

How I wanted John! The nursemaid was a mere child, Sarah had had a very busy day, and I was most unwilling to send her the two miles to the doctor's house; I dared not leave the child, so I was obliged to appeal to Willie for help in the emergency. I went to his room and found all he had said about his sleeping powers only too true. My heart really ached for the boy as I called and called, and finally shook him, and it seemed almost impossible for him to rouse himself out of the delicious depths of his first sleep.

When at last I made him understand the cause of my intrusion, he roused up very thoroughly, and in a far shorter time than I expected was dressed and off to the doctor. I then found that our precious child was in the premonitory stage of that dreaded disease, water on the brain; the case was very serious, the doctor said, but not hopeless by any means at present.

Then came days and weeks of intense anxiety and unceasing care of our little invalid. Our kind, attentive doctor became more and more doubtful as to whether the constitution of the child could rally from such a fearful illness. Still she lingered, and we hoped and prayed and watched.

We kept the sick room as far as possible from casting gloom on the house. My poor husband tried manfully to cheer Willie on in his studies as well as to keep up all his parish work. Sarah kept everything going very regularly downstairs, and I hoped that the dear boy, who was so ready to go any distance at any hour to get medicine or delicacies for the little invalid, was really not having a very uncomfortable time. The first morning of her illness he carried off his beloved birds to be boarded with a very respectable woman whose acquaintance he had made in our village.

One evening, when the child had fallen into a peaceful sleep, after a day of much suffering, I went downstairs for a breath of fresh air. John was at the night school for the big lads of the parish, and I thought Willie had gone with him. The twilight was deepening into darkness, when as I passed the open door of the dining-room, I was startled by a sound as of a deep sob. I went in, and gradually discerned Willie's tall figure seated at the table, his face bowed on his hands.

"My dear Willie," I said, "have you had any bad news from home?"

"Oh no," he exclaimed; "but if Ethel dies I don't know what I shall do."

I was greatly touched by the boy's devotion. Kind and tender as he always was to the little one, I had no idea he cared so much for her. Hardly knowing what to say to him, I ventured to ask if he would like to see her.

"Oh, may I?" he said, eagerly starting up; "it would be such a comfort."

"Come with me, then," I answered. "I know you will be very quiet."

How quiet he could be I only then found out. He followed me into the room where the child lay still asleep. A little shaded lamp was giving a faint light. He gazed earnestly at her, and clasped his hands in strong emotion, I believe in fervent prayer. I put a chair for him beside her crib, and we watched her for some time in silence. Presently she opened her eyes; as they rested on him she uttered his name, and held out her tiny wasted hand to him. He took it most gently, and kissed it reverently, and she closed her eyes and went to sleep for another hour, holding his hand all the time, while he sat absolutely still.

I remember the thrill of joyful hope that went through me. How often during the past sad days had she waked from her short uneasy slumbers and not known even me!

When, an hour and a half later, John came in and crept upstairs to see how she was going on, he was somewhat surprised to find his little daughter in Willie's arms, while I was feeding her. After this she fell asleep again, still in his arms, and

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when I insisted at last on his going down to supper, I was obliged to promise that he should come in to see her before breakfast the next morning.

VIII.

From that time our dear child slowly improved. At each stage of her recovery Willie proved equally untiring and helpful. He spent all his recreation time with her, and I am sure he often found it very hard not to take hours from his study time. He would walk up and down with her in his arms by the hour together, first in the nursery, then, as her health improved, in the garden. When she was able to bear it, he had an unfailing supply of simple stories, and with marvellous patience would tell the same one over and over again at her request. Her smile of pleasure when he came near, and evident delight in his company seemed to him always an all-sufficient reward for his patience and thoughtfulness.

Towards the end of July John received a letter from Willie's father, asking if he would be willing to accompany his son on a foreign tour.

"My idea is," he wrote, "that it would be more profitable and refreshing to do a little travelling than to attempt to cover a large space in a short time. I should like my boy to spend three weeks at Coblentz or some other place on the Rhine, making excursions up and down the river; you may like also to stop a little at the different places of interest in Belgium on your way to and fro. Should the journey prove a pleasant one, we may hope that you will attempt Switzerland next year. I think your company will be so exceedingly profitable to our dear boy that I shall esteem it a great favour if you can leave your parish for six weeks, and shall be only too glad to pay for the duty being taken in your absence, as well, of course, as for all the expenses of the journey."

It seemed too good to be true. My dear husband had not had a proper holiday since we married, and last year had had none at all. He was very unwilling to leave me, and we tried in vain to persuade ourselves that we could afford a fortnight at the seaside for the children, especially of course for little Ethel.

Willie seemed very much pleased at the prospect before him, but puzzled and thoughtful when he heard we contemplated no family outing. I think, having always had plenty of means, he could not easily take in the fact that we were hampered by want of money.

A few days before they were to start, I received a letter addressed in a strange handwriting. It contained a sheet of paper, on which was written, "A thankoffering for a special mercy. To take Mrs. Denison and her children to the seaside." The envelope also contained three ten-pound notes. We thanked God first with all our hearts. Then we thanked a retired officer, who we knew was often in London, and was in the habit of sending such timely gifts anonymously. He never liked them to be acknowledged, so we could not settle the point, but his son had just returned from India, and we did not doubt this was the special mercy alluded to.

I have since had good reason to believe that the generous donor was no other than Willie himself, and that the special mercy was no other than little Ethel's recovery. I remember being struck just then with the boy's unusual indifference to appearances. He set off on his travels in so very shabby a suit, with so very old a carpet-bag, that John looked quite trim beside him. I little thought then how we were profiting by his self-denial.

We fixed on a very healthy place on the south coast, close to the port whence the gentlemen were to start. They took us down and chose our lodgings. Then they decided that the sea was too rough for them to go on that day, and spent the afternoon digging on the sands with the delighted children. They did the same the next day and the next, till I was obliged to insist on their leaving the country.

Little Ethel gained strength every day, and when after a most happy six weeks we returned to our home, I think the whole parish rejoiced with us over her altered appearance and comparatively robust health.

IX.

It is many, many years since that trip to the seaside. We are old people now. My husband's hair is very grey; mine is quite white. William Neil is a middle aged man (his good father and mother have passed away), and with him, as the beloved companion of his life, is our darling Ethel. His tender devotion never wavered; with a love patient like Jacob's, he waited for her, and we could not refuse her to his faithful affection at rather an early age.

Our youngest boy was taken from us at the age of nine years, and we often talk of the time when we shall go to him. Horace, the eldest, showed no aptitude for learning but a passion for out-door pursuits, so we placed him with a gentleman who taught young men farming, and he is now manager of Willie Neil's large estate. He lives in a pretty house on the property, and he and Willie work together as brothers in Christian love as well as in earthly relationship, for the good of the tenants. To Percy we were able to give a University education, and he is now his father's curate. He lives with us, and brought to us a year ago a sweet young wife, who is to us as a daughter.

But our home and work are not in the little parish near London. When Willie's three years were nearly expired, and we were looking out for another pupil, our hearts were stirred within us by the offer from Mr. Neil of his family living. Mr. Dixon had decided on taking a smaller parish, on account of his declining health. Mr. Neil wrote that he and his wife felt that since his son had received such great blessing under our roof, there was no one whom they desired as their minister so much as Mr. Denison, and they earnestly hoped he would see the way clear to come to them.

So we moved close to Willie's home, with little thought of the consequences of the step. But he says that it would have been just the same if we had not come, since he loved the little one with an unswerving affection, from the morning in July so many years ago, when she ran down the garden path and held up her face to be kissed.

As I look around me, and remember the sore repugnance with which I greeted the idea of opening our home to a pupil, I can only say to myself, "He leadeth the blind by a way that they know not," and to my dear young friends, struggling in the battle of life, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass."

E. T. L.

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Pages for the Young.

THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER IV.—STRONG IN FAITH.



CONSTANCE AND HER GUIDE.

IN what long, wild gusts the wind came sweeping down from the higher mountains; how like monstrous phantom shapes the white snow-peaks were when the moon, now and then struggling out from behind a mass of black clouds, looked down on them with a haggard face; what strange forms the woods and rocks took in the dim light; how full the whole shadowy air around was with the sound of many waters, of streams and torrents that leapt over precipices, or hurried along at her side, or chafed and murmured in gloomy ravines far below; how incessantly her horse's feet, whether they trod on some stony path, or crossed some bit of grass or heather with a damp spongy noise, seemed to be repeating over and over the words, "Turn to the left, and not to the right!"

Constance was now on her way towards the entrance into the subterranean passage, which she had so boldly resolved to follow that she might reach her husband. She and Marie had settled that she had better ride to the spot, which was at some distance from the old woman's cottage, as it would save her much fatigue, and she needed all her strength for the anxious enterprise that lay before her. They had also settled that she and Pierre, who walked at her side, should not start till nightfall, for then they would be less likely to meet with any stragglers from the besieging camp, except the single sentinel, with whom, of course, they could not avoid an encounter. Towards evening the weather had changed, with the suddenness peculiar to all mountain regions. The night had come with a great sighing of wind and a loud splashing of hasty raindrops, and the sky was dark and cloudy, for the moon was generally hidden. It was not a pleasant night for a mountain ride, but still Constance, and Marie, and Pierre had rather rejoiced in the stormy weather, for it favoured their scheme—it would make the Papist soldiery less likely to wander from their camp, and, moreover, it would help their designs against the sentinel.

The parting between Constance and Marie had been short, but solemn and affecting. The two had kissed and blessed each other, and the old woman had whispered, "God go with you, my daughter."

And Constance's last words had been, "If any evil thing befalls me, Marie, and I never come back, go very often to see my child, and teach him to love his mother's name."

Then Constance had mounted her horse, and the darkness had soon shrouded her and Pierre from Marie's sight, and the old woman had stood there alone at her cottage door, hoping and praying, as it was the wont of her brave old heart and spirit to do, and as she had done on many a past day, when she had watched near the battle-field where husband or son were fighting for God. She had made no small personal sacrifice in cheerfully letting her Pierre go on this errand of danger, for Pierre was the poor old woman's only support.

Constance need not have been in any trouble as far as her child was concerned, for at that very moment, when she left with Marie those last words about him, the boy was sleeping in no less a place than the royal nursery of the château at Pau. When Queen Jeanne had first found out what Madame de Blancheville had done—for directly she heard of her solitary and mysterious departure she guessed whither she was gone, and what was her purpose—she had, for a short time, been very angry with her for her rashness; then this feeling had gradually died away, to give place to admiration for the young countess's wifely devotion, and high Christian courage for the faith—for everything grand and beautiful was always quite sure to find an echo in the breast of Jeanne of Navarre. Her first impulse when her mind thus changed towards Constance, an impulse which she followed in a most truly womanly way, was to hasten to Madame de Blancheville's house, and take her child in her arms, and kiss him, and cry over him, and then to have him brought to the palace, and give orders that he should remain in the royal nursery with little Prince Henry, under her own eye, until some certain news arrived of his parents' fates. After that, the good queen could do no more for her friend than pray for her. It would have been quite useless to have sent in search of Madame de Blancheville, for it was impossible to tell by what way she was striving to reach her husband.

But to return to Constance as she rode along through the stormy night and the mountains, with her silent yet watchful companion at her side. Pierre had been fully made to understand by his mother what he had to do. Marie had established a most complete and comprehensive language of signs with him, and he had taken in her meaning, on this occasion, with the most rapid and wonderful intelligence. His delight and pride when he found that he was to be Constance's guide and protector knew no bounds, his face lit up as if a star had risen within him. He was very familiar with the whole country round about his mother's cottage, and he also knew exactly the situation of the trap-door leading into the subterranean passage; for Marie, when she used to be able to walk so far—her strength had failed somewhat lately—had shown it to him, and amused herself with making him understand what it was. She had little thought then of what great service this knowledge was one day to prove to Pierre and Constance.

Just before she left the cottage, Madame de Blancheville had received from Marie a full and minute description of the underground passage: she had told her how the hinges of the trap-door would most likely be grown rusty with age and disuse, and would need Pierre's strong arm to force them; how, at the other end, the way came out at a door behind the tapestry into a large room at the fortress—it had been the common dining-hall of the garrison in former days, she said, so that the soldiers had had easy access to it. What purpose this apartment served now, Marie, of course, did not know. Neither could she tell whether the present garrison knew of the existence of the subterranean way; it seemed most likely that they did not, or they would have made use of it to communicate with those without. Above all, Marie had charged Madame de Blancheville to be sure, when she came to a place where the passage branched into two, to take the left-hand way and not the right, since instead of bringing her into the fortress, it would lead her into a network of narrow watercourses, among which she would very likely lose herself. Constance was haunted with a nervous dread that, in her excitement, she should forget or mistake this direction of the old woman, and she went on incessantly repeating it over and over to herself, as though she wanted to print it upon her memory, until, as we have said, the very sound of her horse's hoofs took up the words.

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Higher still, ever higher, up among the mountains, until they seemed to shut them in between mighty walls that they should never pass again; higher still, ever higher, up among the mists, until they rolled around them like a sea; higher still, ever higher, up among the dashing, rushing waterfalls, until their sound was as a ceaseless, thundering music. Onward still, ever onward, with pictures of horror trying to grow up in her heart, but forced back and covered over by prayer, with her child's baby-laughter mingling, somehow, strangely in her fancy with the last words of her old soldier-father, with fragments of her happy girlhood mixing in a visionary way with the grave dangers of her present position, with her living husband's face as she knew it in long hours of love, and her dead mother's face as she knew it in her portrait, both looking at her out of the gloom around. Often holy texts rose up like ready friends to comfort her, and now and then, almost without knowing that she was doing it, she found herself singing some hymn or psalm, in which she had joined in sweet melody in the house of God.

Constance was riding along with her eyes fixed on her horse's mane, and her mind active in thought, and hope, and fear, when, suddenly, she felt Pierre press significantly the hand that held her bridle rein; she started and looked up. There, on a broad plateau a little way above them, she saw a fortified building, which she knew to be the fortress; around it she could distinguish in the moonlight, which just now was tolerably bright, the hostile camp, the tents of which gleamed whitely, while here and there a banner waved in the wind. A slight shiver passed through Constance as she gazed. There was the place in which her Gaston was shut up as in a living tomb, and she was so near him and yet so far from him. The hour, too, of her own hardest trial was now at hand, yet still her heart beat true to her husband and her God.

When they had advanced a little farther, Pierre made a sign to Madame de Blancheville that she should dismount. She knew at once what he meant, for they had settled that she should do so when they drew near the sentinel, whose steel cap they could now see glittering in the moonlight, in order that the horse's tread might not warn him of their approach. She therefore got off, and Pierre fastened Bayard securely to a tree. Constance's hand lingered sadly for a moment on her horse's neck—when should she mount him again? They then began to move cautiously upward, keeping in the shadow of the trees that covered thickly the ascent to the fortress; Pierre went first and Constance followed, her whole heart now one strong prayer.

And now the top of the hill was reached, and they paused for a few moments; there was no sound to be heard except the measured tread of the sentinel, which they could distinguish perfectly, they were so near him, though they were still entirely hidden from him by the trees, and the hoarse murmur of a stream that flowed far below. At length, when the sentinel's back was turned to them in his march up and down, Pierre laid his hand with an impressive touch, for an instant, on Constance's shoulder. She remained behind in shadow, while he darted out into the moonlight, and struck down the sentinel. There was a quiver in the woman's heart at the deed of violence; but she came timidly forward into the moonlight, which, fortunately for them, was shining clearly for a time. The clouds having partly rolled away, they soon found out the place where the entrance was into the underground passage. Marie had described it to Constance; it was at the foot of a dwarf oak on which the soldiers' wives, to know it better, had formerly cut three crosses.

Pierre set to work with a will to dig with a spade he had brought with him, while Constance listened anxiously for any sound from the neighbouring camp, but there was none. Very soon the trap-door appeared to view, and opened with a creaking sound beneath Pierre's touch; a flight of steps appeared below. There was no time to pause, for delay was danger. Until his dying day Pierre never forgot that parting look of triumphant faith and love in her eyes.

CHAPTER V.—THE FIGURE IN THE PASSAGE.

How gloomy it was, and how the torch she had brought with her, with means to kindle and rekindle it if it were necessary, flickered, and waved! It was like walking into a great sea of blackness. How damp and clammy the air felt, as it met her in a chill stream, that wrapped her round. Every now and then her light would fall with sudden distinctness on some projecting angle in the passage, making it look like a human figure, standing a little way on in front waiting for her; then how her heart would beat, so violently that nothing but prayer could help her forward.

Suppose old Marie's memory should have failed her in some important point in her description of the underground way; suppose she should go on and on till she came into some hideous vault where, long ago, the dead used to be buried; suppose a sudden fit of madness should come upon her—had not weak women's minds given way under a less trial than this?—suppose her light should go out and she should not be able, in her terror, to rekindle it; such were some of the black, fearful fancies that came crowding round Constance when she first trod the subterranean passage, filling her with a nameless terror that was the harder to bear and to contend with from its very vagueness, and at some moments her brain almost reeled from mere indistinct alarm. Her only way of steadying her mind was to grasp fast some good Bible text. The very act of remembering it, and repeating it over and over seemed to give her strength. The words, "the angel of the Lord tarrieth round about them that fear Him," had a wonderfully calming effect upon her; they were like a staff to lean on.

How long the dark, dreadful way was—would it never come to an end? But now every thought, and every fancy within her was frightened away by a sudden, great, real terror: surely there, at a little distance from her, she saw the outline of a form standing leaning against the wall! She tried for a few moments to persuade herself that it was a trick, such as her imagination had played her before. But no, it did not turn into a bit of projecting stone-work, or dissolve into shadow, as all the other appearances had done; far from that it grew more like a tall figure the closer she got to it. And what an ugly, fearful shape it was! She was near enough to it now to see it with tolerable distinctness; it was so gaunt, and its garments hung loosely about it; a long, white beard covered its breast; grey, matted locks were scattered over its shoulders; its face was deadly pale, and its fiery eyes seemed to glare angrily at her. She could bear no more. Her overwrought powers gave way; she shrieked and fainted.

How long she lay insensible Constance never knew. When consciousness at length began to return to her, it was, at first, but a dim sense of lying on cold, damp ground; then it was an indistinct idea that something terrible had happened to her; next it was a suddenly vivid picture of the last moment before she fainted; finally she understood that she was lying there in the dark (for her light had, of course, been extinguished by her fall), in that lonely underground way, with that strange, fearful figure very likely lurking somewhere in the gloom near her. At this last idea she was almost ready to faint again, but that the precious habit, which had become a part of her very nature, of always, in every moment of her life, realising God's presence with her, came to her help; yes, He was with her here, even as He was when she sat in the bright sunshine among troops of friends, and whatever that mysterious being she had seen might be, He was its lord.

In those days when the Reformed religion was still a great gift of new light given by God to the nations, there was an immense, exultant pride and joy, a pride and joy that were as a mighty cordial to the martyr at the stake, to the soldier dying in lingering pain on the field of battle, in the thought of doing and suffering something for Christ. Faith was then a burning,

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living power in the hearts and souls of the people who held the written Word of God in all its purity in their hands.

That cordial had made many a timid woman brave, and it was so with Constance de Blancheville now. Had she not come into this position of terror and danger of her own free will, for the sake of God's holy cause? That consciousness lifted her up with a wondrous strength. Then came another sweet supporting thought; she was there for her husband's sake too, and then, growing up out of prayer and her own native firmness of character, came the resolution that she would go on with the enterprise she had begun.

The torch she had carried was, no doubt, lying somewhere near her. She felt about on the ground and soon found it; then she re-lit it, having, as has before been said, brought with her the means for doing so, and rising to her feet glanced round very uneasily at first; but nowhere could she see anything of the dreaded figure. The whole place appeared to be full of nothing but darkness; she held up her light in trembling, hurried search, but its wavering rays only glistened on a damp place here and there on the wall. Then she grew bolder, and went on with a steady step, saying to herself, "My God, the God who kept my good old father safe on many a day of battle, who has led me on through every step of my life, shall still protect me."

She went on for some little distance without further disturbance, except that, now and then, a fancy that she saw a dark shadow lurking in the gloom gave her a momentary start; but it always proved to be only an illusion. At length she reached the place where the passage branched into two. There, her brain being confused, partly by her late unconsciousness, and partly by haste and fear, she mistook Marie's injunctions, and took the wrong turning. When she had gone a little way, however, it struck her, all at once, that she had done so, and she was just going to turn back when she perceived a glimmer of light in front of her. Could she, after all, have reached some part of the fortress? she wondered, with a sudden throb of joy at her heart. And filled with this happy idea she again advanced. She went on for several yards, then the passage widened out all at once and she stood in a small vaulted chamber.

Madame de Blancheville glanced around, and saw to her extreme astonishment that the place seemed to be a sort of provision-store; there were casks of wine, and sacks of flour, and other durable articles of food. But before she had time to dwell upon these objects, which were so strange in such a place, her attention was attracted by a slight noise near her, and starting round she saw standing close to her, with a light in its hand—the light, no doubt, the gleam of which she had seen before—the tall, white-bearded figure.

Constance's first impulse was to fly; but quickly a nobler and a bolder instinct came over her. Grasping the little Bible lying on her heart as a soldier grasps his weapon, she appealed to the figure for protection. It only stared at her with wild eyes, but the brave lady stood firm and repeated her questions, her clear voice ringing through the vaulted room like an angel's harp.

Then an answer came in a deep, hollow tone: "Woman, what are you come hither for? If your object is to betray me, your life is worth no more than the waning light you hold in your hand."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.

Oh sacred stream!
In mystic dream,
I see thee wind thy silver thread
Through flowery vale,
And smiling dale,
Type of that stream which mortals dread.

1. On thy blest strand
I see one stand,
Leader of Israel's wandering host;
Nor need he deem
Thy bounding stream
Will bar for them the farther coast.

2. Four hundred years
In pains and fears,
Had Jacob's sons *this burden* borne;
Yet when their cry
Had pierced the sky
They met God's love with years of scorn.

3. In desert vast
Their bones are cast,
They may not share their children's bliss;
And we, as they,
Have gone astray,
Yet in God's love remaineth *this*.

4. 'Tis ours to claim
In Christ's dear name,
Whose death hath made our passage clear
Isaiah's dream
Of blood-red stream
Fulfilled for us,—we need not fear.

5. But lo! the wave
That erst did lave
The pebbles on yon river's banks
Is parted wide,
And mid the tide
Rests *this*, while pass those favoured ranks.

6. O mystic stream!
In sacred dream,
I see One more than mortal stand;
This name of scorn
Still meekly borne,
Though God hath owned His Son upon thy strand.

F. M. E.

WORD PICTURES FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. IV.

A MIGHTY gathering of worshippers
With prophets and with priests; but not, alas,
Jehovah's name they praise; the cry is "Baal"
That rises impious from that human mass.

"Bring forth the vestments for Baal's worshippers!"
A ringing voice commands; and straight they bear
The garments. Then, with many a sacrifice
The heathen rites proceed, the fires burn clear.

But hark, the song is turn'd into a cry;
The countless throng are falling, man on man,
By many a bloody sword. Baal's arm is nought
To save his votaries from a deep-laid plan.

The massacre goes on. Ah! hideous sight!
And now, at length, the last fell thrust is given,
The last of Baal's worshippers is dead,
The last frail cord of life is rudely riven.

Then sounds the call—"Bring out the images,
The idols of the slain." Right on the flame
They cast them to be burned; the lurid light
Spreads wide, proclaiming great Jehovah's name.

For now the idol worship is no more,
And by His stern, sharp human instrument,
The Lord hath purged the heathen from the land,
And righteousness with His just judgment blent.

M. E. E.

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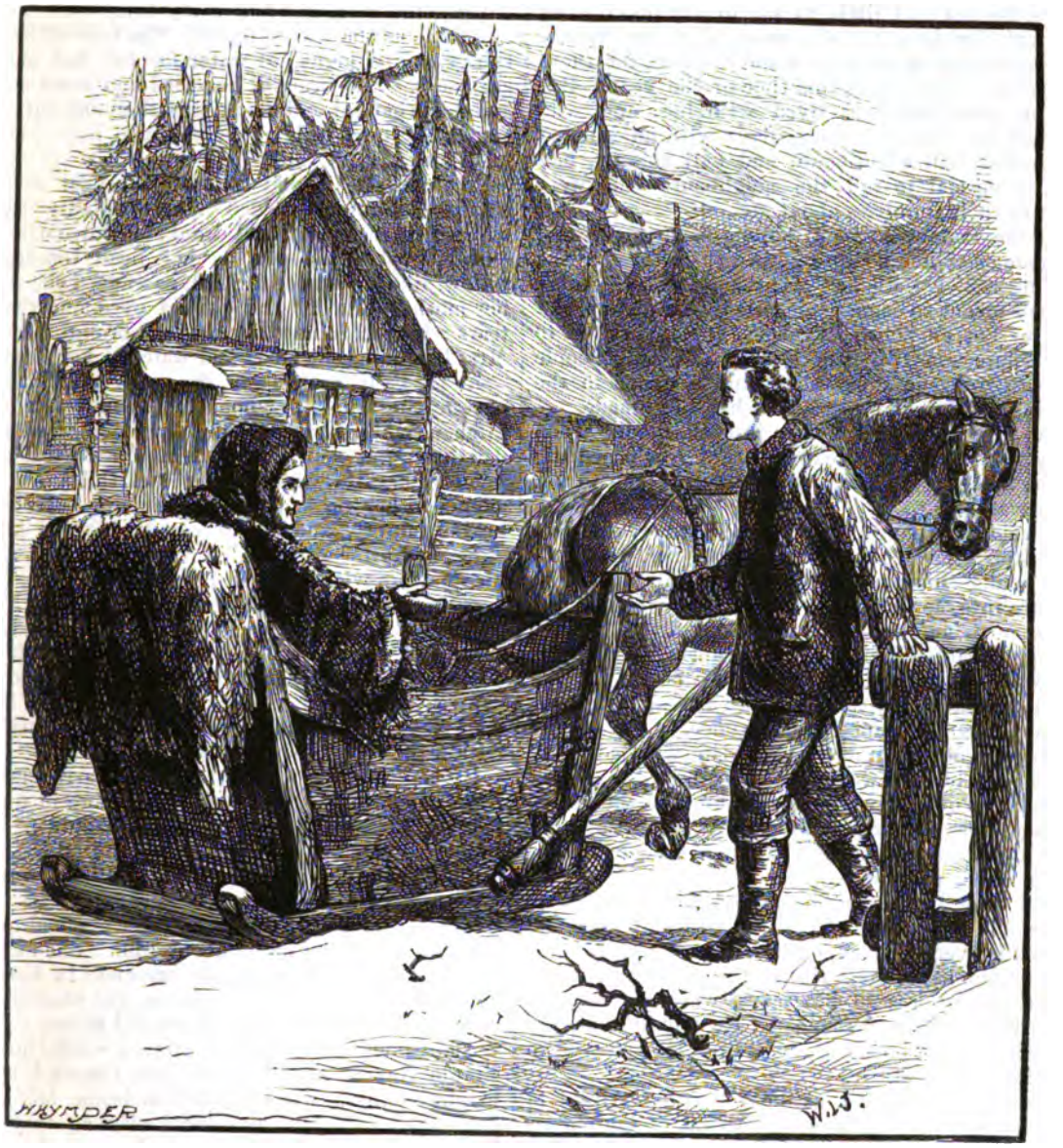
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



MRS. BARRON AND MATTHEW CONWAY.

OLD MRS. BARRON.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW PLACE.

IF Mrs. Barron had anything of importance that she wished to say to her son that night, she had forgotten it, or she had changed her mind about saying it, Peter told his wife when he returned from his visit to his mother next day. She talked about the winter's wood, and the new threshing-machine, and about the fat cattle that were to be sent to market; but she said not a word that she might not have said any day of the year in the presence of all the parish. About Nannie and her probable return home, she said only that the best must be made of the matter now.

"She did not name your name in connection with the matter, nor any other," said Peter, in answer to his wife's inquiries.

Relieved and thankful Peter had been at her

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silence, for whatever his mother might know or surmise, he could not, in his secret heart, acquit his wife of all guilt in the matter of poor Nannie's marriage. He said nothing, for words availed little between him and his wife in such a case as this. His standard of right was not hers with regard to some things, and the only way to meet her contemptuous shrug, or her indifferent "What would you?" when they disagreed, was by silence, and his silence sometimes hurt her when his words would have been unheeded.

Mrs. Barron had little to say to any one during the next few days, but she went about the house, keeping an eye on all within and without, for there was much to be done at this time of the year. But Justine, who had long lived with her, and who watched her through these days with an interest which was half affectionate and half curious, had nothing special to tell the neighbours who were eager in their inquiries about her.

At the end of a week Nannie came home, and the manner of her coming helped them through the meeting which both had occasion to dread. They had not meant to come home that night. They had gone to Peter's house as they had been invited to do. There was to be a gathering of young people there to welcome them home, and a dance in the evening, and great preparations had been made.

But they were hardly come into the house when a great wave of home-sickness swept over poor little Nannie. Being so near, she must go home to her mother at once.

In vain the young people laughed at her. In vain her sister-in-law coaxed and scolded her. In vain her young husband declared himself afraid to venture into her mother's presence until they had got some friend to speak for them first. To the young people and their mother she answered nothing. To Beauchamp she said he might do as he liked—it was not necessary for him to go unless he chose; but she was determined to go at once.

The day had been dismal, and she was both wet and weary, but she would not allow her damp shawl to be taken off, nor would she sit down in the house, so eager was she to get away. A soft little thing they had always called her, but there was no moving her from her purpose now.

And when her brother came in he took her part. He would not have allowed her to stay had she wished it ever so much, or he said so. As for her mother, she had a good right to be angry; but she would not be less so, but more, were she to stay away when she was so near. He would take her home himself at once; Beauchamp might stay or go as suited him best.

Beauchamp laughed as he listened. Afraid of Madame! Not he. He had the best of the matter as far as she was concerned, he thought, as indeed he had.

So Peter took his young sister and her husband home through a storm of November rain and sleet, and wet, and weary, and weeping, brought Nannie to her mother.

"It is an awful night," he said; "but nothing could persuade her to stay from you when once she was so near."

Then he turned and went home again through the rain, without another word. He knew that he must tell all that he might see or hear in his mother's house whether he wished to do so or not, and so he determined to see and hear as little as might be on this occasion. He knew that Nannie was sure to be gently and wisely dealt with, and that was all that any one need to know.

As for Mrs. Barron, if there was any movement of anger in the great leap which her heart gave at the sound of her daughter's voice, it was not against Nannie. She received her, and chided and comforted her very much as she might have done when as a little girl she had needlessly and foolishly gone out into the rain, and had come home drenched and miserable as she was to-night. She took off her wet things, and brought hot water for her feet, and dry garments. She brought her food and some hot tea, and made her eat and drink, and then she put her to rest in her own bed, which had also been Nannie's until now.

And with tears and smiles and eager words of entreaty Nannie yielded herself gladly to her mother's care, and ate and drank, lay down willingly, and fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, like an innocent child, as indeed she was in her mother's loving and partial eyes, and the first tears which this new sorrow had brought, came to Mrs. Barron as she stood and watched her sleep.

As for Paul Beauchamp, she never saw him! He was making himself at home and comfortable in the kitchen while she came and went in serving her daughter, but she never suffered her eyes to fall upon him. He watched her stealthily, but kept silence in her presence as became him. He took a hearty supper, and fell asleep beside the kitchen stove, and after a while Joe roused him, and shared his quarters with him for the night.

It was a good many days and nights before Nannie left her mother's room. She had taken a violent cold, and was so feverish that the second day the doctor was sent for, and though not so ill as to be in danger, she needed tender care, and she had it, and none but the gentlest words passed her mother's lips within the room where Nannie lay.

By the time she was better, Mrs. Barron acknowledged to herself, as she had done before in times of trouble, that what *must* be borne, should be borne silently. It cannot be said that any of the angry bitterness which on that first night had refused to let her eyes rest on Paul Beauchamp, had passed away, but no angry word had been suffered to pass her lips, either to him or about him. She had even endured, now and then, his presence in the room where Nannie lay, ill and restless, but pleased at his coming, as her mother could not fail to see.

She came to understand after a while, how her simple Nannie should have been charmed by the bright winning ways of the handsome lad, whose dark eyes softened so wonderfully as they were turned towards her. After all, Nannie's happiness was the chief thing to be thought of, and so the mother constrained herself to civility, and in her daughter's presence to something like kindness in her intercourse with the man who had done them both so ill a turn.

When Nannie grew better and was able to go about again, she was considered in all arrangements, even more than had been the case before she went away. When she was able to drive out, Joe's work was interfered with often so that she could have the horse that she liked best to drive at her pleasure.

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For the snow had come by this time and the sleighing was good, and the neighbours far and near—since Mrs. Barron had said nothing to any one of her indignation at the marriage—took pains to invite the young people, and many gay parties were given in their honour. At such times Mrs. Barron saw them go and come without any expression of displeasure, and Joe and Justine wondered much together over the quiet way in which all things seemed to be settling down again in the house.

But by-and-bye all this was changed. Nannie fell soon into her old quiet ways again. It was no pleasure to her to spend three or four evenings in the week in dancing, or driving, or card-playing, and Paul went to the merry-making that he liked without her. She did not resent this, nor did her mother, who was glad to be rid of his company, and thought Nannie best at home.

But when Beauchamp began by-and-bye to assume the airs of a master, as far as Joe was concerned, ordering the horse at inconvenient times, and interfering in other ways in her affairs, Mrs. Barron took occasion to say a few words which she had intended to say from the first, and she said them so plainly and so firmly, that the young man could not fail to take her meaning.

No stranger in the parish or beyond it could have less to do with her affairs than he had, she told him. Joe was not at his bidding, neither was horse, nor sleigh, nor anything about the place at his disposal for an hour without leave asked and given. If he chose to work for wages, he should receive just what he earned, but he should have nothing else, unless a time should come when she saw occasion to change her opinion of him.

It cost her some self-restraint to say this and no more, for her heart was full of anger against him. Even when he spoke some foolish words about his wife's share in her father's property, and his right to control it, she listened quietly, only saying, "You have been misinformed."

"It is you who say so. We shall see about that," said Beauchamp.

"Your wife has nothing but what I give her, nor is ever likely to have. Nay, you need not put yourself in a rage; I have no call to waste my words on you," and she rose to leave the room. For though she spoke calmly, and looked just as usual, her heart was beating hard and her breath came with difficulty. Oh! he had done her an ill turn, this foolish lad. Suddenly Beauchamp placed himself between her and the door.

"Nor will I waste words; I will take my wife and go. If she has got nothing, that will be best. Why should we stay in this dull house? I will go, and she too."

This was his "trump card," as he had called it to Madame Peter, which he had not meant to play so soon, but which he doubted not would be effectual in bringing "the old woman" to terms. Mrs. Barron knew well that this must come some time, and though her limbs trembled so much that she was glad to turn and sit down again, she answered quietly,

"Yes, she is your wife; she has chosen for herself. It is right that she should go with you, and when you provide a place to put her in, she shall go."

"She shall go to-day. I can find a place. We will go to Madame Peter's. She said we were to go there when you turned us out."

"I will not go there," said Nannie, who had come in unnoticed. "I don't like Madame Peter. I mean to stay here with my mother, and so must you, Paul."

"My dear," said her mother gravely, "it is right that you should go with your husband, when he has a home to offer you."

"But, mother, I will not go to Peter's house. They don't want us there."

"She has no room for you. They have a full house already."

"Never mind, I will find some place—some rooms in the village, and we shall go."

"But not to-day," said Nannie, in tears; "I will not go to-day."

"But I will go to-day—me. I will come for you after," but he hung his head and looked doubtful.

"And when you have found a suitable place, Nannie shall have what is needed to make it comfortable—tables, chairs, bedding, and all that. Yes, I think you be wiser to bide here. But a wife is bound to go with her husband, and make the best of him."

But it never came to that, as Mrs. Barron was very sure it would not. Madame Peter would have liked well enough to receive them for a day or two to vex the old lady, but Peter could be master in his own house on occasion, and he would have none of them.

As for taking rooms, all the people to whom he applied made a joke of the matter. Paul Beauchamp with a house to keep up at his own expense! That was too much. Better stay with Madame Barro'. Oh! yes, she will give some sharp words. But what will you? And besides she will never let her Nannette go away.

Paul had it from her own lips that a wife must go with her husband. But when they asked him where he was to get work, and how they were to live in the meantime, he had nothing to answer.

He did not go to Mrs. Barron's that night, nor for several nights, and when he did go, he said not one word about going away again. He stayed on quietly, and ate and slept, and now and then helped a little with the work of the farmyard, and came and went and had a good time, and as far as one could judge, bore the old lady no malice for the plain truths she had told him.

Joe and Justine said to one another that the old lady had got her triumph again. But she did not say so to herself. It was a poor triumph. She went about with a heavy heart and, shrank from looking into the future. For though she had said little about it—to whom indeed could she have spoken?—she had suffered sorely, and she still suffered. Though it could hardly be said that her health had failed, yet it was true, as Justine said to her friends, that the last three months had taken a good deal out of her. People had called her old Mrs. Barron for a good many years because of her son's wife, but only lately had she begun to think of herself as an old woman, and it filled her with anxiety to look forward to the work of the farm for another year.

She knew now how she had set her heart on having Matthew Conway for her right-hand man. She would have liked to make him so still, for she needed him, and she would have liked also to do the young

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man a good turn. But it could not be done in that way while Nannie and her husband stayed with her, and Nannie must never go away.

She was careful and troubled about many things, and the Christmas holidays which brought a little respite of cheerfulness to so many in the parish, brought none to her. They passed and left her as they had found her, more anxious and doubtful about the future than ever she had been in all her life before.

After that, Beauchamp went away for awhile. He went with a party of gentlemen from the city, who were bent on a hunting expedition far to the eastward. In what capacity they engaged him was doubtful. He said he was going as a guide, but he was glad to go on any terms, for he had grown tired of his easy life by this time, and longed for the woods again.

And no one but Nannie was sorry to see him go. She fretted and vexed herself for a while, but she grew contented without him, sooner than her mother supposed possible, and it might have been last winter, before Paul Beauchamp had come to trouble them, Mrs. Barron thought, so quietly and happily did they fall into their old ways again. A week of storm and drifted roads gave them a respite from visitors, whose constant coming had tried Mrs. Barron sorely of late, and the quiet time was good for them both.

Beauchamp did not show his face again before three months were over, and by that time Mrs. Barron had begun to see a way through her troubles, as far as the carrying on of the farming operations was concerned. Help came, as it often does, from an unexpected quarter. Help was offered first by her son Peter, whose eldest son was nineteen, and looking for something to which to turn his hand, since their farm was small and could be carried on without his help, as his brothers were coming on to do their share.

"Would not Antoine do for old madame, who is looking for somebody to take charge?" asked Madame Peter, and her husband was at last persuaded to speak to his mother about it.

He did not go very hopefully, but he went. For the chances were that unless the lad got something to do soon, he would go away to "The States," as so many young French Canadians had done of late, and though that would not have seemed a bad thing to his father, his mother and the curé were greatly set against it, and so, to please his wife, Peter spoke to his mother.

"And would you have much satisfaction in trusting him with your own place if you were not able to look after him yourself?" asked his mother gravely.

"But you are able to look after him, mother. And he is quite steady, and a kindly lad, though he is young and open to the temptations of youth. I think he would do well with you, mother."

But Mrs. Barron shook her head.

"I cannot do as I used to do. I have not the heart for it, nor the strength. And the boy is too young, and with Paul Beauchamp about the place, to be a continual temptation to idleness and folly, he would have no fair chance. No; I'll help him in some other way, but, for more reasons than can be spoken about, I cannot have him here just now."

"He'll be off to the States like the rest of them, it's likely."

"Well, he might do worse for himself than to go there. At any rate, it would suit neither him nor me, were I to ask him to come here just now; I must look farther."

Peter knew better than to argue the matter with his mother, and indeed he agreed with all she said.

He was not of his wife's opinion, that Antoine had a right to be there, or that he would keep his place there should his grandmother take him as her head man for the summer. He had no more right to look to the Barron place as his home in the future than any other of his mother's grandsons had the right which she might choose to give.

So with a few words more his visit came to an end, and he went away, looking bowed and careworn, his mother thought, "a far older man than his father was at his age."

It grieved her to disappoint him, though she knew he had not expected to succeed; and she longed with all her tender mother's heart to lighten the load of care that rested upon him.

"But it would never do to bring the lad here, unless his father could come too—and that is impossible."

She could not put aside vexing thoughts so readily as she used to do, "a sure token of hastening age and weakness," she thought; and the day thus sadly begun might have been sad throughout, only before it was over she got a glimpse of other people's cares, which helped her to forget her own, and gave her something else to think about.

It was James Cox who came this time, whose troubles she knew, and was sorry for, but her first words did not sound sympathetic.

"I doubt, James, there can be little said between you and me to-day."

He gave her no time to say more. "'Deed, Mistress Barron, I have had but a single glass. I came from home this morning with only a piece of bread for my breakfast, for my wife is sick again, and I got that faint and uncomfortable at my stomach, that I was forced to take a glass at Gosselin's, and then—but I'll go and come again, for if you don't help me, who will?"

"Bide still where you are," said Mrs. Barron.

She spoke a word to Justine, and then sat down to hear what she did not need to be told, and what need not all be repeated here. He had married and settled on land not all paid for, which would have been a small matter, if all other matters had gone well. But his wife had been town-bred, and was quite ignorant of many things which a farmer's wife ought to know. The little children came fast, and the mother had not the health, even if she had had the skill, to make the best of things, and they had fallen into debt, and now James knew not where to turn for help unless Mistress Barron would help him.

Mrs. Barron listened to his tale in silence. Or rather she seemed to listen, but all the time she was busy with a new thought that had come to her.

"I will do what I can to help you in one way or in another," said she, "but I must have time to think about it."

Then she rose and went out of the room, knowing that he would fall asleep, and that he would be

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better for it. He slept for an hour, though he did not know it, and then she gave him his dinner, which was also his breakfast, and then she sent him away.

"I must have time to think about it. No, you need not come back, I am going down your way in a day or two, and I'll go to your house. I want to see your wife as well as you."

And then she bade him good-day, and though James felt doubtful as to the wisdom of her last words, he went away feeling pretty sure that there was help at hand for him.

So when the right day came, Mrs. Barron, declining Nannie's offered company, because she might have to go to more places than one, and so keep her waiting, set out for the visit to the Coxes. She had been out very little during the winter, and the fresh air and the bright sunshine, and the swift gliding motion of the sleigh were pleasant to her, and instead of dwelling on her own anxieties and plans, she turned her thoughts to the dwellers in the quaint farmhouses set so closely on both sides of the road for a part of the way. Many a nod and smile, and shrill, "Bon jour, madame," came to her from window or open door, and more than once she stopped the sleigh, to exchange a word with some one who had courage to come out into the cold with only an apron thrown over her head.

When she opened the door and went into James Cox's house, she saw the prettiest sight she had seen for many a day. Mrs. Cox smiled when she heard her say it, but James shook his head. Five babies—the eldest not much over seven years—might be a pretty sight to see once in a while, but there was another view of the matter. He did not utter a word to that effect, but his wife resented his doubtful looks.

"Which of them would you spare?" said she.

"Not my wee Nancy, anyway," said he, lifting in his arms the little blue-eyed creature, who had been tugging at his coat since he came in. "Nor any other. Since we have them, we'll do the best we can for them, till their turn comes."

"It minds me of my happiest days, when all my bairns were young," said Mrs. Barron softly; and seeing her trembling lips and wet eyes, James said to himself that the mistress was getting soft-hearted, and that she would be sure to do something to help him in his strait.

He was not so sure in a little. Mrs. Barron's offered help was not of a kind that he had hoped for, and it was burdened with conditions which he did not like to listen to. James glanced at his wife often while the old lady was speaking, but his wife would not glance at him. She had her own thoughts about it all, but it was her husband's way to decide most matters without asking counsel, and she had learned to keep silence.

Mrs. Barron had asked James, who had worked on her farm for several years during her husband's lifetime, to have his own place, and come back to her again as her servant. Her "head man," she called it, but she knew, and so did he, that she herself would be head of all without, as well as within, as she had always been, whoever came or went.

"It would be a step down in the world," said James.

"Even if it were—which I don't allow—it might make the next step or two up all the easier. But you must just think about it and let me know. And it would need to be soon, for the winter is wearing over."

"Yes, the days are growing long again," said Mrs. Cox.

Her husband said nothing.

"I have been thinking if you could bring yourself to give up your own place for three years, we will say, young Conway might be glad to take it. They say he is thinking to go away, but if he could get your place to work he might save his mother a sore heart, poor woman. And himself too, for his brothers are but young, and hardly to be trusted to do by themselves yet. They take after their father, I doubt; and John Conway was not a man like his cousin. But if they had Matthew as master for a while, they might settle down into steady men at last. I think much of Matthew Conway," added she with a sigh.

James had been leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, twirling his old fur cap round in his hands, but he sat up now and looked at Mrs. Barron.

"He is a fine lad, Matthew. I don't wonder you want to do him a good turn."

"He'll be in no hurry to accept a good turn from me. But in this way I might help him, while I am helping myself and you."

And then they had much talk out of which there came a measure of satisfaction to them both. The wife, with rare good sense, as Mrs. Barron thought, listened without a word till her husband turned to her at last.

"Well, Barbara, what say you?"

"It would matter less my being little able to help you," said she quietly, but she grew first pale and then red under his eye.

"James must be hard on her sometimes," thought Mrs. Barron.

She was a pretty, delicate-looking woman, and looked quite unfit for hard work of any kind. Her baby had fallen asleep on her breast, her arm was clasped round another child, and a third was plaiting and unplaiting her long fair hair. James's rather hard face softened as he looked at her.

"You would have more time for the bairns," said he.

Then he went and put the kettle on, saying Mrs. Barron must have some tea before she went. Mrs. Barron did not care for tea, but she had something more to say to both of them, and she held out her arms for the child when Mrs. Cox rose. She sat gazing silently on the sleeping infant till James came in again, then as Barbara went here and there about her preparations, the old lady said softly:

"There is one other thing that I want to say to yourself. If you make up your mind to come to me, you must make up your mind also to join the temperance folk—for the three years, I mean."

If she had said that he must make up his mind to shave his head, or discard boots and shoes for that time, he could not have looked at her in more utter amazement.

"Do you think a man that has lived sober till he has come to my time of life is not fit to take care of himself?" asked he with angry eyes. "You have been listening to my enemies."

"Whisht, man! speak softly. No, if you have enemies they have not come to me. I am your friend, and I have this to say to you. If a man lives

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a sober life till middle age, and then begins to seek to forget his troubles, as you have been doing awhiles, he goes far faster down the black road than them that have been longer on it. And it is for your sake as well as my own that I bid you take thought."

And James, who was a man of sense, did take thought, to such purpose that it told on his whole life afterwards.

The old lady had something to say to Mrs. Cox also.

"You have had a sore seven years since you were married, my dear, with all your babies, and you not being used with farm work. But now you'll take heart and begin again. And you'll come to the stone house on the hill. I'll have no hand in separating man and wife, even though there may be but three miles between them. It will be better. It is a wonder to me that I have seen so little of you of late. But I rarely leave home now. I like your looks and your ways, and you and your bonny little bairns will do Nannie and me good," added she with a sigh.

As she passed the house of Mrs. Conway on her way home, Matthew stood at the door, and he came to the road to speak to her as she stopped.

"Is it true that you are thinking of going away, Matthew?" she asked, offering her hand.

"I have always meant to go when my mother could spare me."

"But that is not yet, nor for a while—nor your young brothers either. You have done much for them, but your work is not done yet. Don't grieve your mother, dear lad."

The young man looked away to the red clouds in the western sky, and said nothing.

"My dear lad, folk can with God's help do and bear impossible things. Look at me after these months, and I am old and frail, and you are young and have your life before you. Go over to-night and speak to James Cox, and think of your mother and brothers. And whatever help you need, come to me for it, and good-night. You are sad and sorry now, but that will pass. Good-night."

The young man stood looking after the sleigh as it moved swiftly over the road, wondering at her words. He was "sad and sorry." He had suffered, though, perhaps, not quite so severely as Nannie's mother was ready to suppose. He had already said to himself that he was young and had life before him. He longed to get away, but he did not say to himself that it was altogether because of Nannie's marriage. He wanted to see the world, and make his fortune perhaps, as other men had done; as for dear little Nannie—he would never forget her, wherever he went.

He went to see James Cox, and he got a surprise when he was offered a lease of his farm on terms which Mrs. Barron's advice had made favourable to him. And though he hesitated and doubted, with the boyish longing for new scenes and a fairer fortune, they came to terms at last.

Mrs. Barron had done many a good turn to her neighbours, and many a good day's work for herself. But the two men acknowledged, when the right time came, that she had never done a better turn than she had done to them that day, and she too owned that she had never done a better day's work for herself.

THE CHURCH IN ARMENIA.

AN interesting tract of the earth to all students of history, above all, of sacred history, the land of Armenia must ever be; a land whose centre is Mount Ararat, whose people have a national history reaching to remote antiquity, whose language is the stem from which many other languages have branched forth, and whose national Christian Church existed fifty years before the reign of Constantine, and in later centuries withstood the violence of Islam, and the artifices of Rome.

But small wonder is it that heresies and corruptions have by degrees arisen in the Armenian Church. As early as the sixth century she was unable to send representatives to the great Church councils, because none of her members understood Greek. In later ages she was offered the protection of Rome against the cruel oppression of the Porte, on condition of acknowledging papal supremacy and other Romish tenets. A small portion of the Armenian church was lured by the bribe. But there was one stronghold of Christian faith which she never ceded to her foes; although her services have long been performed in the old Armenian dialect, a language not better "understanded of the people" than would Latin be in an ordinary English congregation, the Scriptures in their own tongue have never been withheld by the priests from the laity; and about forty years ago it pleased God to arouse, through the earnest labours of American missionaries, a spirit of inquiry into the teachings of those Scriptures, followed by considerable enlightenment in a district of Armenia.

It was to suppress this movement that Martyn Migherditch, Archbishop of Aintab, and Catholikos of the convent of Sis, was sent by the head of his Church to hold controversy with these same missionaries, in the course of which controversy he was led to careful examination of God's Word. Great was the amazement of the Catholikos to find no trace there of authority for the doctrines and rites which some of his countrymen were being wont to discard.

Strange, indeed, are some of the superstitions which have tainted the once pure creed of the people of Armenia. They hold, among other errors, that our Lord abdicated his divinity before his death upon the cross; hence their belief in the efficacy of his atoning work is marred, and hence has grown their practice of offering six times a year animal sacrifices, with whose blood every communicant must be sprinkled. They believe in transubstantiation, not in the Romish sense, but a strange transformation of the dove—the Holy Ghost—into the oil wherewith their priests are consecrated.

Soon the Armenian archbishop's arguments ceased; soon his mind and heart were convinced and gained for the simple Gospel of Christ; and earnestly he prayed for light and guidance. He did not wish to resign his ministry, but to reform his teaching. About this time there fell into his hands a prayer-book of the Church of England, translated into his own tongue, and brought into his country by agents of the London Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews. "For a fortnight I studied

this, always in the night," said the archbishop, in the simple and touching account of his career, which we lately heard him give in a London drawing-room, "because in the day-time I did not dare; and I thought, 'This is what I want for my people;" and still I prayed that God would give us in Armenia a reformed church. Many a time I sat in my cathedral most unhappy, feeling that all was false." At length he renounced his high position and large emoluments in the church; persecutions beset him from some of his ecclesiastical superiors, which, even threatening his life, led him to seek help and counsel from Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, who, after careful inquiry, gave him the right hand of fellowship, and licensed him to minister to about five hundred persons in Aintab, who had united themselves to him. "Then a gentleman in England gave me 1,000*l.* to build a church," continued the speaker, "but this money was entrusted to dishonest hands and lost. We possess now the site for the church, and the walls, as yet only built to the height of four feet; and now I come here to ask you to help me to finish it. There are 300 of my people, Reformed Christians of Aintab, meeting for service in two separate and desolate rooms; there are no less than three bishops and forty-three congregations, headed by their priests, ready to join the cause as soon as the movement is recognised by the Turkish government, which has already granted a firman for the building of the church. The Armenians, in their own land, are very poor. I am your brother in the faith; and these churches are the sisters of your church. I ask you to give, not to me, but to God. I cannot give you any return; but may God bless you in your souls, in your families, and in all things."

He was a striking figure, that Eastern bishop, in his oriental mantle of black, the crimson ribbon and star-like decoration of his archiepiscopal order; with his dark-complexioned, thoughtful, and most intelligent countenance, the dignified simplicity of manner, which his very imperfect command of English in no wise disturbed. His appeal on behalf of his scattered flock was a strong one. "It was perfectly true," remarked Lord Shaftesbury, after expressing his entire sympathy with the work in question, "that Archbishop Migherditch asked us to help in establishing in Armenia that form of government which we found in the Church of England; and this might not be directly in harmony with the views of the American missionaries, because they were Congregationalists, and not Episcopalians; but he had long known them, collectively and individually, and could amply testify to the fact that their one aim and desire was the propagation of the truth. He was sure they would rejoice to hear that the Church of England was making good progress in Armenia."

May God richly prosper this earnest struggle of an ancient apostolic church to emerge, as a church, from the darkness into which centuries of isolation and oppression have sunk her; while still, through all, in defiance of that tyrant power to which we and other highly-favoured peoples once succumbed, she has held fast Christ as her Head and the Scriptures as her heritage. Surely the Church in Armenia may see in the present spiritual movement in her midst, a fulfilment of the gracious assurance to another Eastern church of old: "Because thou hast little strength, and hast kept My word, and hast not denied My name, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

A. J. T.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

XV.—ROAD-MENDING.

I SAW a very curious scene at Nazareth. My tents were pitched on a hill opposite the village, and close to the road which leads into the country, to Cana of Galilee and Tiberias. One morning when I got up I found a number of people busy on that road; it is a steep road, and winds up the sides of the hills. We should call it in England a "mountain road," and a very bad one too, for the roads in the East are not so good and well-kept as our roads are here. These people, some of them, were breaking the large stones lying in the track, or carrying them away; others were picking up stones and filling baskets with them, afterwards filling up the holes and ruts around. Other men had the curious tools they use there, something between a pickaxe and the hoe which English people use in the garden: these men were breaking down the steep bank at one side to make the road wider. All the people—"labouring" people—of the village were ordered out to do this work; and the chiefs, or men of greatest importance in the village, went up and down telling the others what to do; and they were doing this for a very great distance. The roads and streets of the village were also full of people busy in the same way. I asked one of the principal men what it all meant, and he said, "Have you not heard that the great Pacha of Acre is coming this way, and we must make a straight road for him?" Some hours after, the governor of Nazareth went out on horseback, with numbers of attendants and soldiers. They met this great pacha not far from my tents; and these men shook hands, and their people fired guns, and there was great rejoicing that this great pasha had come. He was not at all a nice-looking man, but he was very finely dressed, and so were his soldiers; and they had flags flying and drums beating, and made great rejoicing, and seemed very pleased the great pacha had come.

Now see how they used to do the very same sort of thing in that country long, long ago (read Isaiah lxii. 10), and also, just before our Lord Jesus came to teach and save people. There was a good man whose name was John the Baptist; he went about teaching and preaching and telling people that the Lord Jesus

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was coming soon, and he used the words of the older prophet Isaiah, and said he was a voice crying that they should prepare the way of the Lord, and make his paths "straight." If you read Luke iii. 5, he said every valley was to be filled, mountains and hills lowered, the crooked way made straight, and the rough ways made smooth, and all that He might come, and that it should be easy for every one to see Him. My dear children, cry to the Lord that He may prepare your heart, so that you may receive Him when He comes, and He will lead you, whatever your road may be in life. Sometimes the road of life is very rough and difficult and very dangerous, and we need our Lord to guide us so that we can walk uprightly.



NEAR NAZARETH.

The East is an unchangeable land, and that is a great charm to the Bible student. If we wish to know how the people lived of whom the Bible tells us, go there, and you will see the self-same things done now as they were four thousand years ago. Track-ways or roads are also unchanged. The road to Jericho is still a bad and dangerous road, as it was in the time of our Lord. In the desert you track your way, not by guide-posts, but by the bleached bones of the dead animals — the dead of ages. I was near Dothan, and from interest in the story of Joseph — the place where the lad was sold as a slave—was making a sketch, when my Arab called, "Take care, sir!" On looking up, there came the great Damascus caravan, bringing spices, tobacco, silks, etc., and with a goodly collection of camels, on their way to Egypt. It added a living reality to the story; and little trifles like this prove how true the Bible stories are.

XVI.—THE WATER-SELLER.

Now in the East—Holy Land or Egypt—the sun shines very, very much more than it does in England, and for many months it does not rain at all. It is very hot all this time. The people want water to drink very much. They do not drink beer or spirits as people do in England, and they prize water a great deal more than we do. Men go about the streets—they call them "bazaars" there—selling water. Like the man in the picture, they have a large earthen jar, cased in wicker-work, slung over the shoulders by straps. You see this jar has a long neck. Now, in their right hand they carry two small brass cups, which they knock together, making a clicking noise as they walk about. They have a sort of song or cry; the words are: "Water! Water! Oh, come and drink, ye thirsty ones!" And when people want water of them they tip the jar so that the neck or spout comes over the shoulder, and with great skill they fill their little cups with water, and give it to the person who wants it. People then give them a very small bit of copper money—not so much as a farthing in English money. They go up and down the streets all the hot part of the day, calling out as I have told you. They have

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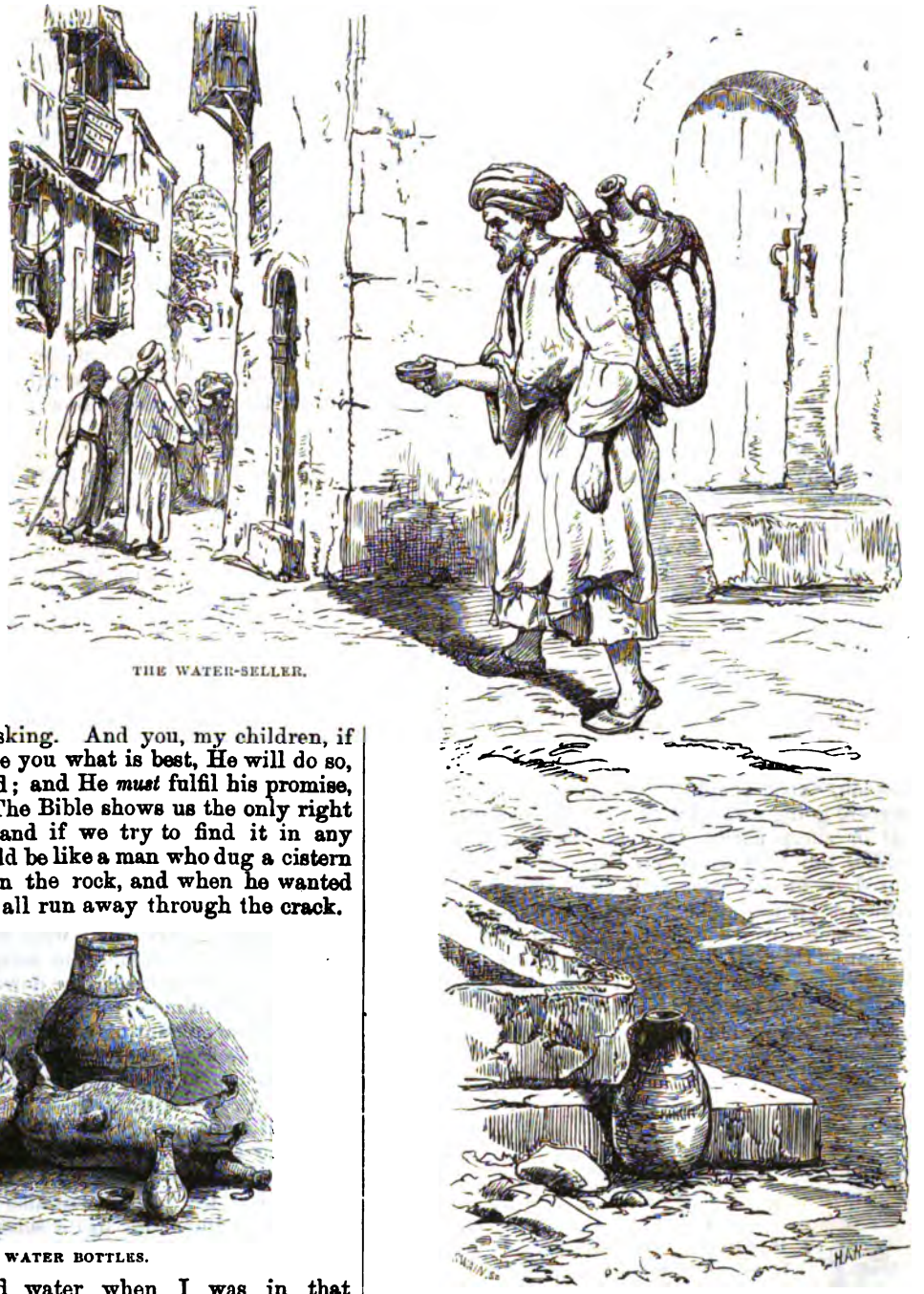
a way of calling out to you as you walk about those streets or bazaars. Shopkeepers would often call out to me, "Hi," or "Ho, gentleman!" or "Here, pilgrim, come and buy!" or sometimes say, "Here, every one that has money, come and buy"—this or that, whatever it was they wanted to sell.

My children, you will find in the Bible that this custom of the water-carrier is a very old one. Look at Isaiah lv. 1. God there, by his prophet, asks why people will be so silly as to seek for happiness without coming to Him? He promises to give them not only water—which is the most important thing in the East, and in the Bible is always used as a type of happiness — but He says "wine" and "milk," and *without money and without price.* Water, wine, or milk, like all God's best gifts, are to be got for asking. And you, my children, if you ask God to give you what is best, He will do so, for He has promised; and He *must* fulfil his promise, for He is truth. The Bible shows us the only right way to be happy, and if we try to find it in any other way, we should be like a man who dug a cistern and left a crack in the rock, and when he wanted water found it had all run away through the crack.



THE WATER-SELLER.

WATER BOTTLES.

I often wanted water when I was in that country, and in one part of the desert we travelled through we had skins filled with water and fastened up and put on a camel, and also a big barrel filled with water, and we had a padlock put on the barrel —the water was so precious. If we had not done that we could not have gone through that desert, or should have died for want of water. Once, when I was coming from the wilderness of Engedi, which is very hot (it is spoken of in the Bible; King David had been there, and he called it the Rocks of the Wild Goat)—well, I had two Bedouin, or native people, with me, and we had all walked a long way under a very hot sun, and we had drunk up all the water we had in the little skins we carried on our backs. We were so weary, so tired, and we did not know what to do. One of the men said he knew of a good well, and though it was a long way out of our road, we were so thirsty we went to it. When we got to the well we found some wicked people had thrown large rocks down the opening and choked the well, so that we could not get the water. We almost cried when we saw we could not get it. We could just see the water in the little

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spaces between the big rocks. We tied strings to a little tin pot I used to paint out of and then tried to drop it between the big stones; but it was all no use, and we sat down so weary and sad by the side of this well. We sat there a long time when my men saw a long way off another Bedouin, and they shouted to him with all their might, and he came to us. Thank God, he had his water-skin full of water. He was a kind man, and gave each of us some water to drink. We were all so grateful to him. I gave him a large piece of silver—worth five shillings in English money—and soon after we were able to begin our march again, and got to our tents late at night.

The Bible tells us that wicked people long, long ago did the same wicked thing by stopping wells up. For when Isaac lived he had great numbers of sheep and cattle; and the wicked people envied him, and they had stopped up with earth all the wells that Abraham had dug. You can read about this in Genesis xxvi. 14–22. The Lord Jesus, too, when He was on earth wanted water. There is that lovely story of Him in the gospel of St. John (chapter iv.). Once when He was going to Galilee, He got to Jacob's Well, and being very weary, He sat down by the well, and asked a woman who came to draw water to give Him some to drink. But she said, "How can I? You have nothing to draw it with, and the well is so deep." Then the good, kind Jesus showed her that she was a sinner, but that if she came to Him, He would not only give her water, but life everlasting. Let us, dear children, all pray that He will be to us "a well of water springing up to everlasting life."

The little picture I give will show you water-bottles and skin, as used in the Holy Land. The tiny little cup is like one of the brass cups the water-seller carried. The small jar near it is called "koolah," that people carry in their hands when they are going a short distance. The skin is either goat or sheep skin. The skin is sewn up in the middle, the legs sewn up too, and the water is poured in at the neck, and then tied by a bit of leather or string. The jar with two handles is one the women carry on their heads when they have filled it at the well. And the large one is what is used to store water in in the house. The small one, behind the two-handled jar, is also made of leather, and usually you hang it to your saddle when on horseback.

DEW.

IT is a matter for surprise, when one considers the small amount of curiosity manifested by the generality of people towards the many beautiful phenomena with which they are brought into familiar contact in their daily life. This lack of interest is no doubt due to a large extent to want of knowledge, and is replaced by an intelligent regard for nature when people are made aware of the beauties it is capable of unfolding. The devout mind finds a still purer pleasure in the contemplation of wonders which reveal at every turn the wisdom of the great Creator.

It is with the view of awakening this larger interest that this paper is written. In it we intend to give the reader a short, and we hope a clear and untechnical account, of the manner in which dew is formed and deposited.

The theory of the formation of dew which will be here explained, and which is now universally adopted by scientific men as the true one, was proposed by an English physician, Dr. Wells, in a paper published in the year 1815, and which contains an account of a series of observations and experiments, which, in their conception and execution, display the true scientific spirit in an exalted degree.

If we heat a quantity of water to boiling, and keep it at that point long enough, it will of course be all converted into steam; but although this takes place most rapidly at boiling heat, water is also slowly evaporated at common temperatures.

Water will soon disappear from vessels left in the open air during dry weather; it has also been proved that even ice is slowly evaporated at below the freezing temperature.

This being so, it will be seen at once, that the atmosphere being in contact, as it is, with large bodies of water, must always contain more or less watery vapour, the actual quantity at any time depending principally upon the temperature. If we take a closed vessel containing a little water at any temperature, the water will evaporate to a certain extent, and the air in the vessel will then have diffused through it a corresponding amount of vapour. If now we lower the temperature, however slightly, a portion of the vapour will be reconverted into water, so that the quantity in the air will be lessened.

The air is said to be saturated with watery vapour when it contains as much as is possible at the existing temperature. The reader will see that the amount necessary to do this at any temperature would be insufficient at a higher one, and that unsaturated air will become saturated on the temperature falling. If this takes place when the air is already fully laden with vapour, some of the water is deposited, and the temperature at which this takes place is called the dew-point. This point is important in meteorology, as, knowing it, we can calculate the amount of water vapour in the air at the time of observing it. There are several instruments in use for this purpose, which, however, we cannot now describe.

It will be observed that in order that dew may be deposited all that is necessary is that the temperature of the bedewed bodies should fall to the dew point. But the reader will also recollect that dew is not quite impartial in its selection of substances on which to form its beads; he will have observed on a dewy morning, that whilst grass, foliage, twigs of trees, spider's-lines, etc., are thickly studded with dew-drops, other substances, such as pieces of metal, stone, etc., apparently placed in an equally favourable position for the purpose, will be quite dry. What is the reason of this?

The explanation of these facts is very beautiful, and, when divested of scientific technicalities, very simple. We shall endeavour to put it in plain language.

I suppose that every one knows, at least to some

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extent, what is meant by the radiation of heat. A fire distributes its warmth throughout a large room, and a hot mass of metal will cause the mercury of a thermometer to rise at some distance off. This effect is quite independent of the air, and will take place equally well in the exhausted receiver of an air pump. We know that all hot bodies radiate in this manner, but, further, it is now universally admitted by scientific men that all bodies do so no matter what their temperature may be. When the temperatures of all the bodies in any place are equal, of course each will receive from its neighbour as much heat as it loses by radiation, and so will not become either cooler or warmer. If, however, a cooler or warmer body be introduced, it will emit more or less heat than the others, and so their temperature will rise while it falls, or *vice versâ*, until the balance is restored.

Although all bodies radiate they do not do so to an equal extent; for example, lampblack or anything covered with that substance (for it is on the state of the surface that this property depends), will lose heat by radiation much more rapidly than other bodies. Lampblack is a powerful absorber of heat as well as of light, and it is a fact well known in science that the best absorber is also the best radiator. Metals absorb and radiate heat less powerfully than any other kind of matter.

These considerations lead us naturally to the explanation of the facts above referred to. On a clear, cloudless night we have the earth, and all the matter on its surface, sending off heat into space, whilst no return is made save the almost infinitesimally small amount that may reach us from the stars. The result is that the temperature falls, and the clearer and stiller the night the more rapidly this fall takes place and the lower it goes. Under the beautifully clear skies of Bengal the cold produced in this manner is sufficient under some circumstances, even after the hottest day, to freeze water left out for that purpose in shallow pans. Radiation goes on of course equally in the daytime, but then the loss by means of it is much more than compensated for by the heat received from the sun.

The great effect produced by clouds and mists in checking this chilling of the earth is due to the fact, proved by Professor Tyndall, that watery vapour, like water itself, is a powerful absorber and therefore radiator of heat. Clouds and mists, therefore, absorb much of the heat coming from the earth, and radiate back an equivalent quantity, so that on cloudy nights the temperature falls very little. On a clear night all bodies do not cool equally; the best radiators lose most heat, and as it is only those substances whose temperature falls below the dew point that can have dew deposited upon them, the best radiators will condense most moisture, whilst bad ones may remain quite dry if the dew point is low at the time.

In the winter-time, when the surface of the earth is already cold, the moisture, instead of forming drops on the surface of bodies, is deposited in the form of feathery crystals, and thus forms hoar-frost. The circumstances under which it is formed are exactly the same as for dew. Hoar-frost may in fact be looked upon as frozen dew.

By means of this theory we can explain some facts long known and applied practically. It is well known how efficiently a thin covering of matting or other material acts in protecting delicate plants from frost; it does this simply by preventing radiation. For the same reason a covered cistern will not freeze so readily as an open one.

In concluding this brief sketch of a very beautiful natural process, we hope that it will have the effect of inducing some of our readers to pay more attention to these matters than heretofore. Remembering, moreover, that not only will they be a great source of pleasure in themselves, but that they will also strongly impress us with the power and wisdom of the great Author of Nature, and enable us to join with a fuller insight into their meaning, in the words of the psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

THE MARTYR'S WISH.

IN a solitary place among those flat green meadows where the eye may rest on the stately and beautiful spire of Antwerp Cathedral, two men stood together, conversing earnestly. It was evident they were strangers in the land, for they used as their medium of communication the language of Spenser, Sydney, Raleigh, Shakespeare—the English of the sixteenth century. Of one of them little can be told; were it not that the light which surrounds the illustrious figure of his companion illumines his own for a moment, Stephen Vaughan, the agent of Cromwell and Henry VIII., would have fallen into complete oblivion. But the other—a man of middle age, "of no great stature," slight and frail, and wrapped in a scholar's well-worn cloak—has left behind him an honourable fame, and an influence yet living and working amongst men far greater than his fame. Wherever the English Bible is read and loved, that is to say, wherever the English tongue is spoken, the soul of William Tyndale speaks (though unknown) to the soul of every reader. That noble English version, still so precious to our hearts, and entwined with all our dearest associations, is little more than a revision and modification of his. It bears emphatic witness how well he kept his promise: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of Scripture than (at present) a doctor of divinity."

An exile for conscience' sake, and in peril of his life, the translator was toiling over his great work in silence and diligence, at the time of this, his second interview with Stephen Vaughan. Vaughan served Cromwell loyally, and Cromwell was "the hammer of the monks," and the patron of the Reformation. He would willingly have seen Tyndale restored to his country, and free to labour with him, for what he thought—and rightly—his country's best interests; but behind them both stood the dark figure of the despotic Tudor, who hated the pretensions of the Pope, yet loved the dogmas of Rome, and who, according to the mood he was in, might either reward Tyndale as a useful servant, or send him to the stake as an obdurate heretic. In these difficult circumstances, it was Vaughan's task to angle for Tyndale cautiously; and, if possible, to

tempt him back to England, and make terms for him with the King. Vaughan personally admired the reformer, and pleaded both with him and for him with all his heart. Cromwell had been forced by the King to write hard things of the heretic in his instructions to his agent; but he had ventured to add, on his own responsibility, some mild and encouraging words, about the favour that awaited a man so learned and able, "should it be possible, by good and wholesome exhortation, to reconcile and convert him." These he allowed Vaughan to suppose were the King's; and Vaughan, nothing loath, showed them as such to Tyndale. In those days the word of a king was mighty, his anger was terrible, and his kindness fascinating beyond belief; for loyalty was a passion strongest often in the noblest hearts. The heroic spirit of Tyndale was strangely moved; his countenance changed, the tears stood in his eyes. "What gracious words are these!" he said, with deep feeling. It may be that for a brief moment the exile's longing swept over him, and he saw the cliffs and fields of England once again. But he put aside the tempting vision. His answer to Vaughan revealed a wish of his heart yet deeper—nay, the very deepest wish of all. Was the King offended with his writings? Then he would write no more—upon one condition. Did the King desire him to leave these parts? He was ready—upon one condition. Did the King invite him to England, and promise him safety? He would go thither without such promise; he would go to danger, to imprisonment, to torture, to death—upon one condition. "I assure you," he said to Vaughan, "if it would stand with the King's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among his people, be it the translation of what person soever shall please his Majesty, I shall immediately make faithful promise never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same, but immediately repair into his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal Majesty, offering my body to suffer what pain, yea, what death, his Grace will, so that this be obtained."

The sacrifice was accepted; the wish was granted—and more than granted. Five years afterwards, "the first volume of the Holy Scriptures ever printed on English ground came forth from the press of the King's own printer, and that volume was a folio Testament, Tyndale's own version, with his prologues too, and with the long-proscribed name of William Tyndale openly set forth on its title-page." But as for Tyndale, he wrote never more, nor did he abide two days after that in the land of his exile, or in any land beneath the sun. A few short weeks before the New Testament issued from the press, he died the martyr's death at Vilvorde, with the prayer on his lips, "Lord, open the eyes of the King of England!"

What though God told His faithful servant to lie down and sleep ere He showed him the answered prayer, the granted desire, that was so near to him? He gave him enough, even thus. In joy and peace, that nothing could disturb, in power that his adversaries could neither gainsay nor resist, in honour won even from his bitterest opponents—with the jailers and his daughter the latest seals of his ministry, with the people moved to sympathy, and even the very judges reluctant to condemn him—his service and his life closed together.

The Daily Round.*

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."—2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

GRACE is God's love working freely for and in us. Grace "came by Jesus Christ," when God the Son joined our nature to His. The Father who loveth the Son loved us, and sent the Son that through Him we might have the adoption of sons. The Holy Ghost, the bond of love between the Father and the Son, was the agent by Whom God the Son was made man. Christ in His glorified manhood is still the Mediator, through Whom we draw near to the Father, and grace comes. The Holy Ghost joins us to Christ, and keeps us one with Him, that we may live as those who know the love of God.

God the Son, through His man's nature, joins me to God, the first source of all good. Through Him the love of the Father reaches me. One with Him, I can do all things, and become what I am called to be. One with Him, I am a son of His Father; I can draw upon the heart of God, and look humbly for all the good God has for His children. By the work of the Holy Ghost I was born into Christ, and my oneness of life with Christ is upheld. I share the one spiritual life, which is the same in all Christ's members. The Holy Ghost gives holy desires, and will, and power to put forth the grace that comes from union with Christ, and which is the outgoing of the love of God. Oh, to long for, and make mine, and use in full, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ! Oh, to let the love of God, who first loved me, win my love, and do with me what it wills! Oh, to yield my whole self to the indwelling and the leading of the Spirit!

Almighty and all-loving Father, whose blessed Son, by the power of the Holy Ghost, was born to be my Mediator and Redeemer, grant me by the same Spirit so to receive the grace of Christ, that I may enjoy for ever the love of God.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 *John* iv. 19.

We could not love God, had not God loved us first. He is Love, and the source of all love. In Christ He joined us to Himself, making us "partakers of the Divine nature." He gives us, as His children, power to love, and so to please Him. We can grow in love of Him, as we learn to know Him better.

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* From "The Daily Round" (J. Whitaker), a devotional manual, containing for each day a text, meditations, prayer, and portion of a hymn. The arrangement is that of the ecclesiastical year. It is, in fact, a Church "Bogatzky," and is likely to become as great a favourite as that old-fashioned and sound book of devotion. "The Daily Round" is open to criticism on certain points, and on the same grounds as Keble's "Christian Year," and similar devotional books. But the work must have special fitness for its purpose when it receives the commendation of Christian men of diverse schools of thought and modes of feeling—the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Manchester, the Dean of Canterbury and the Dean of Norwich, Canon Liddon and Canon Tristram. Our extracts show that it is earnest, thoughtful, and practical.

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and yield to His love. We can enjoy His love more, as love to Him becomes the ruling influence of our lives among men. The power of loving God is the great fruit of God's work for us. It is the sign that God dwells in us, the witness of His love, the ground of our hope.

God made and redeemed me that I might know and love Him. His love did not forsake me even in my sin. He shows Himself to me in Christ. He gives me His spirit, enabling me to know Him as a Father, and love Him with a son's love, not for what He gives, but for what He is. Do I love Him? Does love show itself in my life, drawing me towards Him, making me learn His will and seek to please Him? If so, it is because God first loved me. This love proves that God dwells in me, and wills to remain till His work of love is done. Have I no love for God, or longing for it, only a selfish fear, selfish gratitude, selfish care for safety? This low state of soul need not be. I need not thus be as a slave, when I am a son. I need not thus make God's love vain for its true end. God first loved me, and asked my love. He has done, and does all still, to come near and win my heart, that He may be to me a God known and loved.

O God of love, who hast loved me, grant me to know Thy love, and to love Thee for what Thou art, and to grow worthy of Thy love through Jesus Christ.

"Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost."—1 *Cor.* vi. 19.

God has created and redeemed man for Himself. He has taken possession. The Holy Ghost has come to dwell in man's nature. He sets up His shrine there, that all the parts of man's being may be hallowed, and that every power may show forth God's praise. The "temple of God is holy." Sin must have no place where the Divine Presence is. Body, soul, and spirit must be a meet, pure temple of God. What if He be forgotten, insulted, grieved, wearied, at last quenched!

God is more than near and with me. By His Holy Spirit He is in me. He comes to be a new Presence and power of life, ruling what I am by nature, guiding and inspiring thought, feeling, will, action. What glory is mine! How glad and hopeful may I be! Yet with what reverent awe must I live in this closeness to the Holy God! How can I rise to a worthy cleanness of heart and purity of life? How can I feel enough the seriousness of all I do? Alas, for the evil and mean things that cling to me, and defile God's temple! Alas, for the foolish and foul idols that have their altars there! Well might I cry in fear, "Depart from me, for I am sinful." But God comes to make me other than He finds me. He scorns not to cleanse and hallow me for His service, unworthy though I be. He asks me but to yield to Him, and let Him loose my heart from sin, and train my will and powers to do Him holy service. He is patient, though so often and sorely grieved. He will build up my ruins, and make me worthy of God.

Almighty God, grant me always a thankful, solemn remembrance of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and make me earnest, that body, soul, and spirit may be purified and devoted to Thy glory, through Jesus Christ.

Pages for the Young.

THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER VI.—TRIUMPH.



A SURPRISE.

THE grey eyes of a stormy dawn were peeping into the fortress held by the Count de Blancheville and his little devoted band of followers. The common soldiers of the garrison, with the exception of those who were acting as sentinels, were taking a short sleep, worn out with weariness and want of sufficient food. But Gaston de Blancheville, with his few inferior officers, most of whom were grey-headed veterans who were old enough to be their young captain's father, and who had fought many a good fight for the faith in their day, were all assembled to hold a brief council of war in one of the larger rooms of the commander's private apartments.

The position of the little garrison was a very desperate one; they were surrounded by a besieging force who far outnumbered them; their provision of food was very nearly exhausted; they believed that the Queen and their friends at Pau knew nothing of their danger, and, therefore, were not at all likely to send them any help. With his situation standing out clearly before him, and looking at it with the calm, firm gaze of a Christian soldier, Gaston de Blancheville was speaking to his officers. "At sunset this evening," he was saying, "we will sally out, and either cut our way through the enemy, or die like God's true champions with the sword of his cause in our hands, and with his battle-cry upon our lips."

"The fortress will be a precious morsel for the papists to thank their saints for," said one of the old men gloomily. "They will have the bridle-pass near here into Spain as free to them to run across and hatch mischief with the Spanish king and his Jesuits as if it were a doorway from one room to another."

"Had we but been victualled for a siege," grumbled a second well-worn hero, "we would have held the place till Christmas, as easily as Queen Jeanne's maids of honour keep her jewels."

"We shall meet the foe one to five of them," said a third veteran sadly. He was sitting near the count, and fixed on him, as he spoke, eyes that had almost a father's love in them.

"What, are you counting up your enemies, Bourgon, old friend?" cried Gaston, turning towards the old man his hand-

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some, steadfast face. "I don't think that was your wont in days gone by when I sat on your knee, and you used to tell me that a soldier always went into battle as blithely as a girl goes to a ball."

"Nay, Count, it was not of this aged battered body of mine that I was thinking," said the old warrior in a low tone, "but of your fair young manhood, that might do so much more for both God and man, and of your sweet bird of a lady-wife and baby-rosebud."

"Whatever betides, Constance will bear it like a brave saint and a soldier's lady," answered Gaston, his lips quivering a little with controlled feeling as he spoke his wife's name, while a softened light came into his grave eyes. "If I fall, she will teach our son his father's story, and bid him go and do likewise."

"Aye, she is made of no flimsy stuff," cried Bourgon; "she is none of your dainty dames that are half lace, half sugar. How well I remember the day when news was brought to the baron that a daughter was born to him. I was sitting with him in his tent the night before we expected a brisk engagement to come with the dawn; he said then that she should be brought up fit to be a soldier's bride, and a Christian's helpmate."

"How the wind is stirring yonder tapestry!" said De Blancheville, glancing at a part of the wall of the room.

"It is a stormy morning," said one of the officers. "The mountain spirits have been making a night of it."

"And now, gentlemen, let us each man to his post," said the Count rising; "we will to-day——"

But here he broke off, the words cut short on his lips by sheer astonishment, for the tapestry, just where it had lately been so violently agitated, was gently raised, and a female figure came forth from beneath it.

He gazed, he cried out, bold man though he was. Was it a dear vision? Was it her spirit come to seek him? But soon he knew that, wonderful, incomprehensible though it was, it was no illusion—his wife was sobbing on his breast.

In mute amazement the old veterans stood around. In a great joy and wonder that knew no words, her husband held her to him; and she, she could only murmur now and then between her tears a few words of devout thankfulness.

Sooner, however, than Gaston or any of the men around could collect themselves sufficiently to speak, Constance began, in some measure, to regain her composure. She raised her head and cried, "Gaston, God has sent me here to save you and to keep the fortress in the hands of His servants." Then she glanced around, and seeing all the officers, exclaimed, "And so many old friends here to be saved." Next her eyes fell on Bourgon, and turning round, still in her husband's arms, which did not seem to be able to let her go, she stretched out both her little hands towards the white-haired warrior, exclaiming, "Dear old Bourgon, still as ever at my Gaston's side in the hour of danger!"

After that she hid her face once more on her husband's breast and wept a little again softly.

"But how did you come hither, my darling?" asked the Count, who had now recovered himself enough to speak.

A smile all sunshine was on her face as, this time, she raised it to his. "Oh, Gaston, I have such a deal to tell you," she said; "God has been so gracious to me."

Then, still clinging to her husband, and with the little band of old soldiers listening with wondering, sympathetic eyes, she told her story; part of what she had to say we know already, the rest we will glance at briefly.

The figure which had so alarmed Constance in the subterranean passage, was none other than Nanton, the robber chief, who had once been the dread of the whole country for miles round. When the rest of his band had been apprehended, he had, in spite of the rigorous watch that had been kept for him, escaped the arm of justice in some way which had always been a mystery: the truth was that he had been concealed in that underground hiding-place. The robbers, in the days when they had held the fortress, had used the vaulted room which Constance had found opening out of the subterranean way, but of the existence of which Marie had not been aware, as a storehouse for their booty and provisions, most of which were stolen goods. When the robber band had been dispersed, they had left large stores in this secret receptacle; on these Nanton had lived, and, as Constance had seen, a considerable portion of them was still remaining. Nanton's concealment in this underground dwelling had been rendered yet more secure by the fact that the robbers, in order to prevent the country people from coming near the hiding-place of their booty, had diligently spread abroad the report that it was haunted.

Nanton had, at first, looked upon Madame de Blancheville's intrusion into his underground domains with wonder, fear, and anger, but her brave yet gentle bearing, and her explanation that she had come there with no evil designs against him had, after a while, disarmed his suspicions. Nanton had been born a gentleman, though he had fallen into and followed a course of crime; he had in his early years lived a gentleman's life, and enjoyed a good education. He saw at once that Constance was a well-bred lady, and in former and better days he had loved a bright, pure girl to whom he fancied he found in her some likeness. He was getting very weary of the death in life which his existence in this gloom hiding-place was, and was beginning to feel that almost any change would be preferable to it. All these things combined made him yield to the spell of Constance de Blancheville's gracious, Christian womanhood, that spell which is often so potent with the rudest and wildest men; he drew from her a sacred promise that she would not use for his harm the revelation he was going to make, and then disclosed to her his identity.

Though she was, at first, naturally startled by the discovery, Constance's quick, comprehensive mind soon thought she saw in Nanton's disclosure a means of deliverance for the Count and his garrison, and of help for herself. She asked Nanton whether, if she promised him a full pardon from the Queen, he would give up to the Count de Blancheville and his soldiers all the provisions left in the vaulted chamber, and would conduct her in safety to the entrance from the subterranean passage into the fortress.

The old robber's eyes flashed with joy at the proposal, and he answered eagerly, "Yes."

Then with writing materials, with which Nanton was able to supply her, Madame de Blancheville wrote a hasty letter to the Queen, telling her the strange story, and begging her, for the sake of the services he had done the Count and herself, to grant Nanton a full pardon. This she gave to the old robber, bidding him, as soon as he should leave her, carry it to Pau, and deliver it to Queen Jeanne; he must take the precaution of disguising himself for the errand, and then, as the hue and cry against him had now very much ceased, he would most likely escape without being recognised.

Thus it came to pass that Constance trod the rest of that dark underground way guided and protected by the very same person who had caused her before so much terror, and as they went along, moved by her active Christian spirit that bade her do good unto all men, she spoke to the old robber chief of the power of the blood of Jesus to cleanse from sin, and of the Almighty love that can raise and save even the most fallen to cry out to it. By God's grace the words sank deep down into Nanton's heart—he was getting an old man, and he had once known godly teaching. When they reached the place where the passage ended, Nanton's strong hand quickly undid the rusty fastening of the door behind the tapestry that led into the fortress, then the two strange companions parted with words on the former robber's lips that had not been there for years, "God bless thee, lady," he said as he turned away.

Such was the end of the story Constance de Blancheville told her husband, and the old veterans stood round with intent, earnest eyes, and before she had ceased, every weather-beaten, wrinkled cheek was wet. Then old Bourgon bowed his grey

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head reverently and said, "We praise Thee, Father, for this Thy mercy and Thy love shown forth in this Thy child."

Little more remains to be told. The garrison of the fortress, victualled by the food found in the subterranean chamber, held out easily until a body of troops sent by the Queen dispersed the besieging force and released them, and the Count, with his young wife at his side, and his brave soldiers behind him, marched out in triumph. As for Nanton, the Queen, though at first a good deal astonished at his errand, granted him a free pardon in her joy at the good tidings he brought of Madame de Blancheville and her husband, and in consideration of the service he had done them; he entered the Huguenot army, and died a brave death in battle fighting for the faith, and with the Saviour's name on his lips: from the day of his pardon till then he had lived a changed life.

"My child," said old Marie, when next Constance visited her and Pierre, who was a proud and happy man for the share he had had in the Count's deliverance—"My child, His promise has been faithful to you as to all who love Him; He has not left or forsaken thee in the hour of trial, and the deep water-floods have not overwhelmed thee."

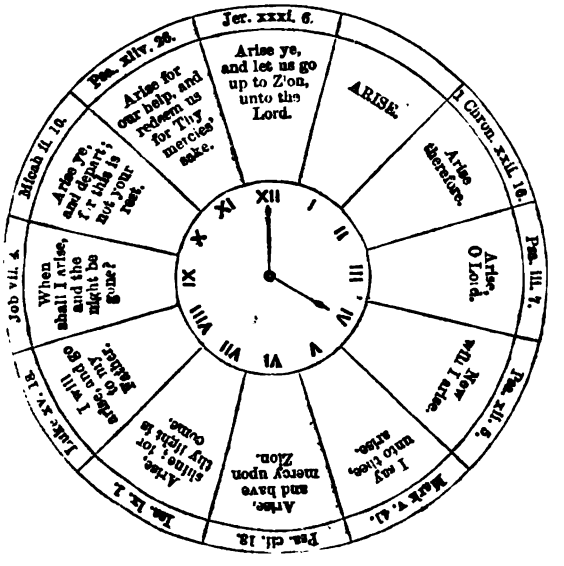
ALICE KING.

SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT KINGS AND GOVERNORS.

1. What Roman emperor was in the fifteenth year of his reign when Jesus Christ was born?
2. Who was Governor of Judea at that time?
3. Who was Tetrarch of Galilee?
4. Who was the governor that condemned our Saviour to death?
5. What governor trembled at the words of Paul?
6. Who was the governor that came after him?
7. What king came to salute this governor?
8. What governor said that Paul was beside himself through learning?
9. What king said that Paul almost persuaded him to be a Christian?
10. What king killed James and imprisoned Peter?
11. What deputy-governor of Cyprus believed through the teaching of Paul?
12. What chief man of Melita received Paul and his companions courteously?

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 480.



Monthly Religious Record.

IT was in July 1780, that the first Sunday-school of which we have authentic information was established in the city of Gloucester by Robert Raikes. Hence the centenary commemoration which has taken place in London, and which occupied from Sunday, June 27th to Sunday, July 4th, of the present year. A mere enumeration of the all-various engagements connected with the celebration would occupy more space than can be here given to it; but we may mention some of the more important of these. Preceded by services in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, with sermons by Bishop Claughton and Dean Stanley, and by a reception of foreign delegates by the Sunday-school Union, the meeting held on Monday, June the 28th, at Guildhall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, had the advantage of being at once a thoroughly catholic and united as well as a complete representative gathering. This united inaugural meeting was worthy of its name. It was attended by many denominations of Christians, and among its speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Hatherley, Sir Charles Reed, and the Rev. Dr. Vincent, of New York. During other days of the week the Sunday-school Union and the Church of England Sunday-school Institute had each, owing to unavoidable circumstances, its separate engagements, though there was not, on the part of either, the slightest idea of rivalry. On one day the Sunday-school Union held a central conference, morning and afternoon, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, at which the subject of "the position and prospects of Sunday-schools on the continent of Europe," was considered by some most competent workers, foreign as well as British. On another day more than thirty thousand children enjoyed a holiday, with their teachers, at the Crystal Palace. And there was also, in connection with the Sunday-school Union, the unveiling of the statue of Robert Raikes, on the Thames Embankment. On the evening of the day on which the Guildhall meeting took place, the Church of England Sunday-school Institute held a special service at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which the Archbishop of York was the preacher. Next day it convened, at Exeter Hall, a large meeting, over which the Bishop of St. Alban's presided. Finally, there was a large garden party at Lambeth Palace, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury had invited some score thousands of children, with their teachers, to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. We must not omit to add, that the provinces had also their celebrations—not the least noticeable of which was that at Gloucester, the city of "Robert Raikes, the printer."

CHILDREN'S flower services are growing in favour throughout the metropolis. On a recent Sunday all attending the usual children's service at Berkeley Chapel, May Fair, were asked to bring an offering of either flowers or fruit. The incumbent, standing at the chancel rails, received the baskets of fruits and bouquets from each group of children before they went to their seats, the chancel was soon filled, and the whole church bright and fragrant with the little ones' offerings. The Princess of Wales, the King of the Hellenes, the Princes Albert Victor and George, the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present. The young Princes and Princesses presented both fruit and flower offerings. The flowers and fruit were afterwards distributed among the various children's hospitals.

THE consecration of the Rev. Charles John Ryle, D.D., to the new Bishopric of Liverpool, in York Minster, is described as having presented a scene of extraordinary magnificence. The venerable edifice was thronged with clergy and laity, and an old and experienced ecclesiastical official remarked that he had never before seen such an array of surplices. The sermon was preached by Canon Garbett, from Acts xi. 28, in which he drew a contrast between ancient Antioch and modern Liverpool. The Archbishop of York was assisted in the laying-on of hands by the Bishops of Durham, Chester, and Manchester.

LORD PENZANCE has given judgment in the Court of Arches in the latest suit of "Martin *v.* Mackonochie," brought to deprive the defendant of the living of St. Alban's, on account of

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his alleged "incorrigibleness and obstinate disobedience" of the orders of the court. His lordship declined to grant the deprivation asked, saying it was not fitting that the court should ignore its own solemn decree of three years' suspension, in the previous suit, which had been abandoned by Mr. Martin, the promoter, in order to commence this last one. Mr. Martin has explained, in a published letter to the Bishop of London, that Mr. Maokonochie having disregarded the sentence of suspension pronounced by the Dean of Arches, the only mode of proceeding further against him would have been by imprisonment. To this mode of enforcing the law for an ecclesiastical offence the promoter declines to become a party. Having withdrawn from the former suit, therefore, he now declines to prosecute an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of the second.

As it took place later than usual, we were unable to include in our summary of anniversary proceedings last month, the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It was reported at the recent anniversary that the number of missionaries employed was 593, of whom 152 were stationed in Asia, 124 in Africa, 65 in Australasia and the Pacific, 250 in America and the West Indies, and two in Europe. There were also about 1,395 catechists and lay teachers, mostly natives, in heathen countries, and about 259 students in colleges abroad, who were training for the work of the ministry in their native lands. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided, deprecated despondency with regard to the funds, and remarked that whereas in 1701 the income of the society was only 1,537*l*., they were now deploring that it was not more than 131,674*l*., adding that he hoped that with improved trade and a good harvest the income of 1880, or at all events of 1881, would not be behind that of any previous year. The Church of England had now seventy bishops planted in the colonies. Addresses were afterwards delivered by the Bishop of Rangoon and Bishop Kestell-Cornish.

The annual meeting of the Scripture Readers' Society for Ireland, was held recently in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The report, which was presented by Captain J. Kearney White, stated that new districts had been entered upon by the society's agency, and that there were signs of an increased desire to hear the word of God.

The anniversary meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, was held lately in Exeter Hall, which was crowded to excess. The chair was taken by Earl Cairns. Dr. Barnardo read a brief abstract of the report, which stated that during the year a home had been opened in Jersey for little children, a home for destitute youths of eighteen years and upwards, and a young workmen's institute to provide for big lads who have obtained employment in London. The village home for girls at Ilford now consists of thirty separate cottages, with 450 in residence; 98 boys were employed as City messengers, and they, with the woodchoppers and the Union Jack Shoeblack Brigade, had earned 6,716*l*. The total receipts of the year had been 35,683*l*.

At the last annual festival of the Stockwell Orphanage, held in the grounds, the foundation-stones of four houses for the new Girls' Orphanage were laid by Mr. Spurgeon and others. The block of buildings will accommodate 250 girls, and the cost, it was stated, would be 11,100*l*., of which 9,000*l*. had been already raised, and further considerable contributions, it was stated, had been received or promised. 12,000*l*. a year would be required for the maintenance of the orphans.

A course of four lectures on "Positive Christianity" has been delivered at Hanover Square Rooms, by M. Hyacinthe Loyson (Father Hyacinthe). The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the first lecture, the topic of which was "The Creation," commenced the proceedings with prayer, and introduced the eloquent lecturer to his audience. M. Loyson, who spoke in French, explained that his presence among them that day was due to the Archbishop's having on Easter Sunday heard him preach on the Resurrection, when he expressed an earnest wish that he would deliver in London a short course of lectures on the cardinal points of Christianity, as opposed to the spirit of negation, which finds in our days so many able and eloquent exponents. The other topics of the series were "The Fall," "Redemption," and "The Resurrection." A meeting in support of M. Loyson's efforts to establish a Reformed Gallican Church, as described by himself, has been held at Lambeth Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury taking the chair on the occasion.

It was reported at the annual session of the General Assembly of the National Church of Scotland, of which the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Dundee, was elected Moderator, that the late Mr. Buist, St. Andrew's, had left to the Church by his will a sum of nearly 30,000*l*., to be divided equally among the Home Mission Endowment, Indian Mission, and Colonial schemes. The sum total of the collections, contributions, and legacies in connection with the Church during the year, had been 330,252*l*. The difficulties that had arisen in connection with the Church's misson at Blantyre, East Africa, was the occasion of a special report, which recommended a suspension of judgment till more information had been received. In accordance with a recommendation of the committee, it was resolved to send out a special commissioner, with full power to investigate and report on the position of the mission, and to regulate the whole of its affairs. The Rev. Dr. Rankin (Muthill) accepted this important function, and shortly afterwards took his departure for Africa. The Rev. T. Main, of Edinburgh, was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. The case of Professor Robertson Smith excited considerable interest. It may be remembered that in May, 1877, Professor Smith was suspended from his professorial, but not from his ministerial functions, until his case should have been adjudicated on. The final issue of the successive proceedings then commenced issued as follows. A division was taken between Sir Henry Moncrieff's motion, the object of which was to deprive Professor Smith of his chair by a summary process, but to leave his position of a minister of the Church intact, and a motion by Dr. Beith—to admonish the Professor, but leave him in possession of his chair. The numbers were 299 for Dr. Beith's motion, and 292 for Sir Henry Moncrieff's. The Finance Committee's report showed that the total income of the Church for the year had been 591,478*l*., being 40,000*l*. in excess of the amount received the previous year. The Foreign Missions Committee reported that the whole of the givings of the Church to Foreign Missions amounted to the largest figure ever reached—56,000*l*. The report of the Sustentation Fund Committee stated that the total contributions during the year amounted to 171,719*l*.

The Wesleyan Executive Committee have met in special session to consider the disposal of the Thanksgiving Fund. To meet all the requirements of Methodism, the Executive Committee recommended that the Fund should be raised to 315,000*l*., the sum of 280,000*l*. being already promised. It is hoped that by this means not only the Missionary Society, but every Connexional department, will be relieved from debt and difficulty.

The Vaudois Church continues its missionary activity in Italy. We learn that on one Sunday recently, there were received, in presence of its congregation at Turin, no fewer than thirty-two catechumens, converts from Roman Catholicism.

We regret to record the death of the Rev. John Curwen, so widely known in connection with the Tonic Sol-fa movement. He was born in 1816, and for many years fulfilled the duties of a Congregational pastor. Mr. Curwen undertook to find out the simplest method of teaching music, and to endeavour to bring it into common use. Nearly forty years before, the Tonic Sol-fa system had been invented by Miss Glover, one of the daughters of a clergyman at Norwich. Having studied, adopted, and modified the system, Mr. Curwen devoted himself to the task of propagating it. Two years ago no fewer than 156,785 certificates of various classes had been awarded to its pupils. It is extensively used by missionaries, and has thus been introduced into various foreign lands. The success of this beneficent movement has been mainly due to the self-denial, energy, and perseverance of the good man who has just passed away and now rests from his labours.

A Manchester correspondent, a native of Cromer, wishes to state that wrecking was not known in the "two villages," referred to in our recent memoir of "Anna Gurney," p. 87, during the lifetime of that lady, nor for many years before, though the inhabitants at one time were much addicted to smuggling. "Though Anna Gurney did go in her chair to the top of the cliff in stormy weather, there were no wreckers to shrink from her scrutiny, and her only object was to personally help to save and to succour the crew of any unfortunate vessel that might happen to flounder upon the rock-bound coast." The "Gurney-Light" is some miles from the villages Miss Gurney frequented, being stationed near to "Hasboro" Sands for the purpose of warning off vessels, and it is 20 or 30 miles from any harbour.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



"SHE MET HIM AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE WITH HIS BOOTY."

OLD MRS. BARRON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES."

CHAPTER III.

OLD Mrs. Barron's plans answered well for all concerned, in spite of many prophecies to the contrary, which had been uttered by the neighbours as soon as these plans had become known.

James Cox was one of those men who work best under direction. He had lived on the Barron place before, and he and the mistress knew each other's weak points as well as the strong ones, and so understood when forbearance was necessary in their dealings with each other. The season was a favourable one. Never on the place had there been better returns for the labour bestowed. The markets were fair; and the country-people generally had good reason to be content with the prosperity which the year had brought.

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If Mrs. Barron could only have taken the good of it! But even her prosperity was a small matter to her that year.

Beauchamp's name had never been uttered by her to anyone out of her own house, and seldom to anyone in it, since the night when he brought Nannie home. Her silence was not a sign of contentment with things as they were, even in the opinion of those who knew least about it. But those who saw her oftenest never suspected the strength of the anger and pain and shame that embittered her life in those days. The thought of him when he was away was wormwood to her, and the sight of him coming and going darkened the very sunshine to her all that year.

She needed no one to tell her that the indulgence of her anger was wrong, and that her constant brooding over the pain and shame which had fallen on her was folly. Beauchamp was her daughter's husband, and therefore her son. Nothing could change that now, and it was worse than folly not to try at least to make the best of him.

But how to begin? There was, in the opinion of the stern, strong woman, nothing in the vain, slight nature of the man to work upon. Nannie, in her pretty, simple way, had at first tried to teach him to read and write, and to interest him in the things that had interest for her, but she had not succeeded; not because he was stupid, or had not the power to learn, but because he could not see the use of taking so much trouble for what was "no good." He could see nothing to regret or to be ashamed of in his ignorance, which, indeed, was hardly surprising, seeing that so many about him were in the same position.

The motives with which she had in their young days spurred on her own boys to exertion, could not be brought to bear on him. He seemed to have no ambition beyond the gratification of his own wishes in the narrow life which had hitherto been enough for him. If he had any clear notion of the difference between right and wrong, he did not make it apparent in his life. Even his religion was less *his* affair than theirs, who had his conscience in their keeping.

He was by no means a fool. His mind was quick and bright in regard to all that made the enjoyment of his life, but it was an utter blank with regard to all that interested such people as the family into which his marriage had brought him. Mrs. Barron might well ask herself where and how she was to begin with him.

If he had been industriously disposed, as most of his countrymen are, the work of the farm would have been a common ground of interest to them. But he had not the power of keeping himself long at one thing. No one knew in the morning where he would end the day. He did not know himself, but went here or there at the bidding of the first comer.

He was good-tempered when he was allowed to do as he pleased. He did not, after the very first, resent Mrs. Barron's evident determination to give him no voice in the management of the farm. Indeed, if she had given him the farm itself, he would not have known what to do with it. It would have pleased him, because it would have increased his importance in the eyes of the neighbours, but he was better satisfied to have a little money in his pocket, and his time at his own disposal to go where he liked, and to be able to boast among people who did not know his true position in Mrs. Barron's house, of his power and influence there.

As time went on, and his second year in it commenced, there was reason to fear that he made his boasting good to some of those who listened, giving them proof that something at least was in his power. For James Cox began to have his own thoughts about the disappearance of hay from the barns, and of grain from the granary, which could not be so easily missed. By-and-bye various farming implements could not be found when wanted. Whips, bits of harness, horse-shoes, and empty grain bags were sought for in vain.

James Cox was loth to trouble the mistress with any such ill news, and strove by extra care and watchfulness both by night and day to guard that which she had committed to his care. When at last he did speak, she heard him in silence. She could have told him more than he told her, for she had not been less watchful than he, and she had better opportunities for watching. But Beauchamp's name was not spoken between them.

"You must get new locks to your doors, and keep your eyes open," said she.

So James got his new locks and laid his plans so well, that sooner or later, he thought, he must catch the thief in the act. But it was Mrs. Barron who did that. In the course of her usual inspection of the cellar, where many things were stored, she one day came upon an odd-looking package wrapped up in an old sack. It contained a strange medley of things—pork from the newly-salted winter's supply, maple sugar, wool, and articles of clothing of various sorts. Her first indignant impulse was to have the whole carried to the kitchen where Beauchamp was idling at his ease, and to charge him with an attempt to rob her. But she thought better of it, and determined to wait till evening when he should be preparing to set out to one of his usual haunts. Then she met him as he was about to leave the house with his booty.

"Stand still," she said, quietly, as he uttered an evil word, and tried to pass her roughly. "Joe is within hearing. I will call him if you attempt to move before I have said what I have to say. No, you need not lay down your bundle; I know what is in it, and I have a guess where it is going. But let it be the last time, or both the thief and the receiver of stolen goods will get their due. It would not be pleasant for you to spend six months within stone walls. I keep my word, as you know. Now go."

And he went without a word, carrying his spoil with him.

After this he went away for a time, but he came back again, and stayed while the bitter cold of winter lasted. It was a time of great unhappiness to Mrs. Barron, for either he fell into worse company than he had hitherto frequented, or he put less restraint upon himself, for he came home often in a state of intoxication, terrifying poor little Nannie—who would fain have shielded him from her mother's anger and contempt—beyond her power of concealment.

Then Mrs. Barron took the matter into her own hands. He came and went as he pleased still, but Nannie was henceforth kept safe in her mother's

room, into which he was not permitted to enter. So they lived through the winter. Beauchamp blustered and threatened, and made himself disagreeable sometimes. "And madame heeded him no more than she heeded the wind," Justine told her friends. But Justine was mistaken.

Madame heeded it and suffered bitterly, though she said little because of her daughter, and bent her whole mind to the task of keeping trouble from her. Not that Beauchamp was intentionally unkind to his wife, but the surest way to hurt the mother was through her child, and he did not refrain when he had that end in view.

And poor Nannie grew ill and fretful and vexed herself with regrets for what could not be helped now. But to her regrets for her foolish marriage, and her occasional bursts of indignation at the indifference or unkindness of her husband, her mother would not listen. He was her husband, she told her. She had taken him of her own free will, and there was nothing for her to do but make the best of him. This would be easier for her to do when she should be well and strong again, she assured her, but in her heart her mother believed that there were only unhappy days before her.

The days, as they passed, were sad enough, but they would have been sadder to Nannie if she had not had the company of Mrs. Cox and her children at the little stone house to cheer her. The change of home had been altogether good for Mrs. Cox. She had grown well and strong, and being a young woman of sense and judgment, she availed herself of the opportunity which comparative leisure, and the kindness of Mrs. Barron, gave her to learn many things, of which her town life, and her ill health, since her marriage, had left her in ignorance. The world looked a good deal brighter to her than it had done a year ago.

Nannie had, from the first, taken pleasure in the children, who were bright, lovable creatures, and her mother encouraged her to go often to the stone house during that unhappy winter.

And so the time passed till March came, and one of the first days of that still wintry month Nannie's little baby was born, and long afterwards when Mrs. Barron was left alone, she used to comfort herself with the thought that after it came there was no more trouble for Nannie. For her wonder and delight in the little life that was a part of her own life, and still dependent on her, put all thought of trouble away from her for a while. And then came greater joy still which went with her to the end and beyond.

But except the pleasure she took in Nannie's delight, the coming of the child brought none to its grandmother, and even her pleasure in Nannie's was pleasure embittered to her by the thought of how much the young mother's capacity for suffering was increased through her child. For the father took a kind of astonished delight in the child as his own, and probably Mrs. Barron was hard on him in her thoughts, when she believed that he only saw in the little creature the means of a stronger hold on his wife, and therefore on her mother and all that she possessed.

And possibly she was wrong too in attributing to him only spiteful or revengeful feelings in the first exercise he made of his rights as a father. One morning, the second of its little life, the child was not to be found, and to Mrs. Barron's terrified questions Justine could only suggest, that possibly Beauchamp had taken it to the great church at St. V—— to be christened, and that he had done so secretly lest madame should interfere to prevent him.

Mrs. Barron heard in silence, but she grew sick at heart with the thought of how it was all to end. It was a wild March morning. It was bitterly cold, and the wind carried hither and thither the new-fallen snow, laying it in great impassable drifts along the roads. It was a terrible day for anyone to face. She knew that other fathers in the parish did not heed cold or tempest when they carried their children of a day old that their souls might be made safe, as they superstitiously believed, by the waters of baptism, and rarely harm had come of it. But it came into her mind that it might be well for the child, and—after the first pain should be over—for the mother, if the little life might end ere it had well begun.

But Beauchamp came back triumphant, and the little creature, divested of its many wraps, was found warm and safe with its fine name in the curé's handwriting pinned to her frock. "Pauline Marie Antoinette!" Beauchamp repeated the name with pride and told how Madame Peter had gone with him to the church, and stood godmother for the child. In the anger and pain of the moment, possibly Mrs. Barron did injustice to them both. For the father believed that he was doing his first duty by his child in thus making her soul safe, and Madame Peter fondly believed the same; though possibly both thought with satisfaction of old madame's indignation at the haste.

Poor old madame! she carried the child back to its mother with a sore and angry heart. But she said nothing to her. She would not think of this trouble in her presence, lest her face should betray her, and Nannie be saddened, and her recovery hindered. She now had the courage to admire the fine name that had been given to the child, when the mother expressed surprise and anger that she had been allowed no voice in the naming of her little daughter.

"We can just call her Mary; there is no better name than that," said Mrs. Barron. "It was my mother's name, and we can fancy that she was called after her great grandmother," and Nannie was content.

And thus it was always in all things. All trouble must be kept from Nannie till she should be strong and well again, and her mother bore her burden of care and doubt alone, as indeed she had hitherto done.

But Nannie did not get well very fast. April was nearly over before she was able to leave her mother's room, and the little Coxes had brought her daffodils and wake-robins and cowslips from the wood, before she had been out of doors. When one morning they took their way together to the little stone house for their first visit to the baby who had come there also, her mother saw more clearly than ever she had done before, how frail her Nannie was.

"But she has the summer before her, and she will have time to get strong and well before he comes back again," thought she.

For Beauchamp, for the sake of the novelty of

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the thing, had been persuaded to go in a fishing vessel to the Gulf, and the time of his return was uncertain, and they had at least three months to themselves, the mother thought. But the three months did not bring much strength to Nannie. She was devoted to her baby and very happy with it, but the care of it—that kind of care which brings fatigue, was never left to her by night or by day. There was another servant in the house this summer, and Mrs. Barron was content "to let things go," as no one had ever seen her before; Nannie was the centre round which all her cares and interests seemed to revolve that summer.

Nannie was very happy in her baby, but she grew quiet and grave, and sometimes a little sad as the days went on. Her mother watched her with eyes that smiled when they met hers, but there was a cold fear at her heart even when her smile was brightest, and sometimes she fancied that her fear was reflected in the wistful eyes that followed her as she came and went. But she would not take notice. She had not the courage to look her own fears in the face.

"Mother," said Nannie one day, after they had sat without speaking for a long time, "Do you love my baby very much?"

Mrs. Barron started.

"Well, dear, I canna say that I love her quite as I used to love her mother. But that is for you to do, you know. When folk grow old, they say less about their love, and it is baby's mother that I think most about, I acknowledge."

Nannie smiled, and stroked the dark little face on the pillow. Mrs. Barron rose and moved about the room, lingering at the window, with her face turned away. But while she seemed to be watching the first great loads of hay moving slowly over the field between her and the river, she was taking herself to task for the pain she was making Nannie feel; for she knew that she did not love the baby very dearly.

Anything more unlike the round rosy babies of her happiest days could not well have been, and Nannie had been the fairest and sweetest of them all. How could she love the little creature who looked at her so solemnly out of her father's great black eyes? She had been giving all her thoughts to the mother, but now, for Nannie's sake, she must make more of the child—"who would be far better in Heaven"—she added to herself, with a sigh. A cry came from the cradle, and Mrs. Barron turned quickly.

"No, Nannie, you are not to take her yet. I will give her to you in a little," said she, lifting the child in her arms. When she had done for it all that was needed, she did not lay it down at once, as her manner was, but sat looking down upon it for a little while. The baby had thriven, though the mother was still so delicate. She had grown, and her cheeks were rounded, and her hands were no longer the little claws they had looked like at first. And she was not so very dark, Mrs. Barron acknowledged to herself. Aloud she said,

"I think Mrs. Cox is right. She has a look of you—though I never saw it before;" and the grandmother stooped down, and almost for the first time touched the little forehead with her lips. There was a strange look on Nannie's face when her mother looked up, but she said nothing for a while, and when she spoke she startled her mother by saying:

"Mother, do you think Isa would come home this summer if we were to ask her?"

Isa was Mrs. Westwood, whom they had never seen since her marriage five years ago.

"I have asked her often," said her mother gravely. "And she must know that she would aye be welcome home."

"I would so like Isa to see my baby."

Mrs. Barron smiled.

"And she would like to see her, you may be sure. But she has her own house now; and her duty is due to other folk; and she is far away."

"But, mother, there is the railway, and she might bring her boys with her; and you could send the money to pay their way. Oh, mother! I do so want to see Isa once more!" said Nannie with a rush of tears.

"My dear, we'll ask her anyway, and she will be sure to come. There, take baby, and see that you do not let a tear fall on her face; that would be ill for her as well as for you," said Mrs. Barron, with gentle chiding, but if she had lingered, her own tears must have fallen also. They fell—the slow, unwilling tears of age—on the letter that was written to her daughter that very night.

She did not use many words, but they brought Mrs. Westwood there within the week, prepared for even a sadder welcome than awaited her. Indeed, her welcome was by no means sad. On Nannie's part it was altogether joyful—and seeing the light in her eyes, and the lovely colour in her cheeks, Mrs. Westwood said to herself that her mother must be growing fanciful in her old age. By-and-bye, she saw that the colour came and went too rapidly for health, and that the sweet blue eyes looked larger than they used to be, and that they grew wistful and anxious now and then. She had little strength, that was easily seen, still, looking at her, Isa could hardly make herself believe that it was growing less and less every day.

"And you are going to stay a long time with us, Isa?" said Nannie, when they were left alone together.

"Well, as to a long time, that depends. A day, or even an afternoon, used to be a long time to you, when you were waiting for something on which you had set your heart. I can stay a few weeks, at any rate."

Startled by her mother's letter, she had made her plans hastily but wisely. Her boys, nice lads of seven and ten, she had brought with her. Her husband's sister was at home, and would remain for a month or two, and while she stayed there, unless something unforeseen were to happen, Mrs. Westwood could stay with Nannie, and two months seemed a long time to Nannie even yet.

Mrs. Barron and her eldest daughter found each other changed, sadly changed, they both thought at first, but Mrs. Barron was not so sure about the "sadly," after a time. Isa's hair had shown some silver threads before she went away, now it showed more of silver than of brown. But the look of gravity and patience, which had made her face different from other people's faces in the old days, had changed to a look of peace which made it beautiful. It was a strong face and trustworthy. It had aye been that, her mother thought, but now there was a difference.

"She should never have left me," she thought,

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but even of that, she was not so sure after a while. It was a comfort to have her home again, at any rate. The very sight of her face was a rest to her tired and anxious mother. The knowledge that she was in the house was strength and help to her, and it was all that and more to Nannie.

Mrs. Westwood's boys were no trouble in the house. They had lived all their lives in villages or small towns, and had never had the freedom of a great farm before. There was the garden, and there were the great barns, fragrant with new hay. There were hens and chickens, and ducks and geese and turkeys, and young horses in the pastures. Then there was the wood full of wonderful things, and if there had been nothing else, there was the river.

They had lived one year on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at a place where there were wharves and much timber, and steamboats coming and going every day. That had been wonderful to them, but it was nothing in comparison to what they might enjoy now, with bathing, and fishing, and rowing the boat, when any one could be spared to go with them. One day Matthew Conway brought his mother to see Mrs. Westwood, and her boys went home with them and were often at their house after that. They made themselves friendly with nearer neighbours also, and learned to chatter in French in a way that astonished them all.

Mrs. Barron used to wonder at her daughter's easy mind with regard to them when they were out of her sight. She seemed to give them perfect liberty, within certain limits, to do as they pleased, so that they were always at home at the time appointed, and even if that time passed and they did not appear, she never made herself and others miserable by anxiety about them. If she noticed the delay at all, it was only to say that there was doubtless some good reason for it, and as a general thing, so it proved.

She loved them, and she trusted them, and a mother's perfect trust is the first and best means to ensure trustworthiness in the child.

"I cannot always have my eyes on them, and my hands about them, and if they are to be good lads, and to grow up good men, they must begin early to do right of their own will, and I can trust them," said their mother.

And they were to be trusted. They did foolish things often, and wrong things sometimes, but they hid nothing from their mother, and she dealt lovingly and wisely with them. But she did not suffer them to take up all her time and her thoughts. These were for Nannie, and for her dear little sister she made happy days.

Nannie never asked her sister if she loved her baby. She did not need. Mrs. Westwood, for a few short months, had had in her arms a baby daughter of her own, whom she loved and longed for still, and her heart went out towards this little helpless creature from the first, with almost a mother's love.

"I like to see my baby in your arms, Isa," said Nannie, one day. "If I should die, I would like them to give my baby to you."

"But you are not going to die, I trust. I hope you will live many happy years with your little daughter yet."

"I hope so. But if I should not live long I would like you to have my child."

More than once something like this had passed between the sisters, but Mrs. Westwood made no promise with regard to the child. She knew that the child would be her grandmother's best comfort should Nannie be called away.

THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

VIII.—TEXTS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

THE Pulpit being the vehicle of the Book, it is very natural that all discourses from the pulpit should be founded on texts constituting the topics of the Book; this seems a summary and an exceedingly natural opinion. Christians who believe the Bible to present the code of laws for the regulation of doctrine and of life, and who further believe that the pulpit is the voice through which persuasion seeks to enforce the Divine code, need not trouble themselves much with the adverse opinions of those who think the use of texts undesirable or even objectionable. Voltaire, for instance, in his "Age of Louis the Fourteenth," in a passage which has been often cited, says, "It were to be wished that Bourdaloue, in banishing from the pulpit the bad taste which disgraced it, had also banished the custom of preaching from a text; indeed, to speak long on a quotation of a line or two—to exhaust oneself in subjecting a whole discourse to the control of this line seems a trifling labour, little worthy of the dignity of the ministry; the text becomes a sort of motto, or rather enigma, which the discourse developes." We need not suppose that Voltaire knew much of the matter upon which he ventured to express an opinion.

No doubt texts have been used, for the most part, merely as mottoes, but still, even in that case, descriptive of the topic of a discourse; and sometimes they have had so mysterious a ring that the mode of their treatment has, at first, seemed enigmatical. But these are exceptions from the general law in the choice of texts, and the great principle has always been homage to the Book. Thus, chapters are selected from it as lessons in the service, and texts are taken from it because every minister is supposed to believe that this Book is singular and solitary among all books and all literature—a supernatural voice—that it alone of all books has such an accent as entitles the Christian teacher to call it the Word of God. This sets aside, then, at once, the foolish talk and more foolish usage of those who select texts from Shakespeare, or Goethe; from the

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Koran, or the Vedas; from Homer, or Plato. From all these sources, and countless others, great texts might be taken, and good sermons preached. Shakespeare is full of texts; but, however great such writers may be, the Christian minister does not confound their authority with the absolute authoritativeness of the Bible. As to Voltaire's nonsense about a short text being made the subject of a long discourse, it would be just as reasonable to ridicule the idea of a small seed being the first substance of a large tree. All the great words of the Bible are seminal. It cannot be too constantly remembered that all the anecdotes, narratives, stories, and histories of the Bible are great doctrines; and, beside this, all teachers preach lengthy discourses on short texts—the chemist, the geologist, the astronomer, the metaphysician. The elucidation of a summary aphorism may be even necessarily extended over an hour—perhaps through many discourses; so that, from every point of view, human and Divine reasons alike warrant and authenticate the minister of the Word in always prefacing his discourse by words from the Book.

We have just said how, early in the History of the Church, we find the sermons of the fathers prefaced by a text. Charles Kingsley, in his great piece of historical painting, "Hypatia," gives a graphic picture of the preaching of St. Augustine which no one at all acquainted with either his exposition of the Psalms, of the Gospel according to St. John, or, indeed, of any of his writings, will think at all exaggerated. He was preaching to a mixed multitude; he, the master of ancient rhetoric, the courtly and learned student, had before him not merely an assembly of monks, but of rough soldiers—Thracians, Gauls, Belgians, and others. Certainly one attentive listener wondered what the great Bishop of Hippo could have to say to these; and then, when he took his text from a Psalm he had just read—one of the battle Psalms concerning Moab and Amalek, one of the old battle-cries of Palestine—he wondered what he would have to say about that. And then he seemed to start lamely enough, in spite of the exquisite grace of his voice, the beauty of his language, and the epigrammatic terseness of his sentences. His treatment of his text at first seemed like fanciful allegorising of the Psalm, and yet somehow there began to look out a great comprehensiveness of purpose, so that the apparently foolish allegorising presently became very obviously personal, and although the Edomites had been made to put on their name to signify one sort of sin, the Ammonites another, and the Amalekites another, the hearer, and all the hearers, began to wince, and very soon to confess that whether Augustine knew truths for all men or not, he knew sins for all men—for himself as well as his hearers. And it soon became clear that there was in the mind of the father a real, vital, organic connection with what seemed to be an arbitrary allegory, while all the outward people of the Psalm represented really the powers and people of the soul, and his hearers were taught that they were weak against Moors and earthly enemies because they were weak against enemies more deadly than Moors, and that they could not fight for God outwardly while they were fighting against Him inwardly. He would not go forth with their hosts: how could He, when He was not amongst their hosts? He, a Spirit, must dwell in their spirits, and the shout of a king would be among them, and one of them should chase a thousand. We have always regarded this passage in "Hypatia" as a fine reproduction of the style of St. Augustine in dealing with texts, and it is very interesting to notice it, for this great master of western theology has more or less unconsciously ruled the method of the pulpit from his time, and it is only in ours that it has known decay or decline.

It is true that texts have very often been taken very much as mottoes—perhaps very justifiable and very rememberable mottoes—to a train of thought. Perhaps this has been especially the case with funeral sermons. John Howe has been regarded as truly seraphic in the reverence of his nature; but there was something exceedingly apt in his text, in 1690, for the funeral sermon of Esther, the wife of Dr. Henry Sampson, a physician, both members of his church. The lady died on a Sunday, after a lingering illness of eighteen years, and his text was from Luke xiii. 16: "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, to be loosed from this bond on the sabbath day?" It was a marvellously apt and beautiful text. And when the great naturalist and sacred scientist, the Rev. Professor Hitchcock—a man remarkable for his acquaintance with geology, chemistry, botany, and zoology—died, the Rev. Dr. Tyler took for his text, in preaching his funeral sermon, 1 Kings iv. 33: "And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

Beyond the reasons we have assigned above, there is this in taking texts from the Bible, that its words furnish a key-note for all occasions, and present an opportunity for exposition and persuasion, and without straining the sense. Thomas Toller of Kettering was remarkable for a happy dealing with texts in, at once, a wise and simple accommodation to circumstances. For instance, at Kettering occurred a great annual festivity; for several days it kept the neighbourhood in a state of exciting relaxation from the duties of life. He usually preached a sermon of an admonitory character to the young, guarding against the dangers, and showing how yet the occasion might be made honourable to the Author of all blessings. On one occasion he took for his text, "What think ye? that He will not come to the feast?" and he divided his subject in this way:—

I. *He may be here.* There is nothing in such a feast in itself inconsistent with Christ's practice.

II. *Suppose He should be here*, how different this feast from all former feasts. (1) If Christ should come, no good man need be ashamed to be seen here. (2) If Christ should come, what a damp it will be to many people's pleasure. (3) If Christ should come, would not some be ashamed to behave as there is too much reason to believe they will? (4) If Christ should come, a welcome guest, how gratefully and happily will everybody go away.

III. *Suppose Christ should not come to the feast*, then it will not be worth coming to. (1) If He is not there, then you know who will be—the devil will. (2) If He is not there, no good man has any business there. (3) If He is not there it will be because He

is not invited. (4) If He is not there, then you had better also have remained at home.

IV. *He will, He will be there!*

Old Matthew Wilks was every way an oddity in the pulpit, and was fond of taking texts of one word; he was, in spite of his eccentricities, an eminently useful man, and a very good preacher. We remember a fair illustration of his style in a text of this sort from John: "Afterwards." He began by deprecating the idea that he had taken the text for the purpose of showing the superior abilities of the preacher, remarking that "Vanity is hateful in any place, but most in the pulpit; hateful in any person, but most in the minister; hateful in any age, but most in the age of grey hairs." Then followed a set of very natural divisions. "I. Men are indisposed to give up sin until they have felt the power of judgment, as the Lord said, 'I will yet bring one more plague upon Pharaoh, and *afterwards* he will let you go.' II. The power of remorse, as in Esau, '*Afterwards*, when he would have inherited the blessing, there was found no place for repentance.' III. As furnishing the point of view for earthly trouble: 'No afflictions are joyous, but grievous, but *afterwards* they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' IV. Suggesting the anticipations of heaven—'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and *afterward* receive me to glory.' V. Suggesting warning for impenitence—'*After* death the judgment!'" etc. A very brief outline of what seems to have been a very impressive sermon, and the very practical turn of which saves it from the appearance of being founded on a mere eccentricity.

As singular an appropriation of a text as we ever remember to have met with was made by an obscure minister in a little seaboard village on the south coast, upon the occasion of its remoteness and isolation being invaded by a railway and its attendant train. Our old friend improved the occasion by discoursing from Nahum ii. 4: "Chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." Among our reminiscences of appropriate texts is one instance, when the writer was a boy. Trinity Monday, in Deptford, was the great day of the Trinity House there—that celebrated old house in Church Street, anciently known as Sayes Court, the house of John Evelyn, the great friend of Charles I. and of Jeremy Taylor. From this house it was the custom, on this day, of the Masters in Trinity, of whom the Duke of Wellington was the head, to walk to the old parish church, to listen to a sermon. Our memory goes back to this particular Monday, when the masters emerged from Sayes Court, headed by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill, in plain naval uniform. It is a pleasure to us to remember that we trotted along close by the side of the Iron Duke to the old church of St. Nicholas, where the preacher was the then highly celebrated Henry Melville, in the full fame of his sonorous and trumpet-toned eloquence; nor are we likely to forget how, as his rich tones rolled out his text, "And let him who is greatest among you be as one that serveth," the eyes of the whole congregation seemed involuntarily to turn to the corner of the old square pew, where the victor of a hundred battlefields sat still, quiet, and apparently quite unconscious that the glancing of all that crowd of eyes implied the sense that, humanly, he was the greatest there. We must say, in honour of the distinguished preacher, that there was no further reference to the Duke; on the contrary, it was a splendid piece of homage to the dignity of lowly service. Melville was no man for turning the pulpit, like Bossuet, into a vehicle of compliment. And we remember another occasion of the choice of an apt and happy text by the same great preacher, in the chapel of the Tower of London, preaching in the presence of the wreck, ravage, and ruin of the great fire there. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be?" And the text was similar on the Sunday evening following the burning of the Royal Exchange (Rev. xviii. 15–17): "The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off . . . weeping and wailing, and saying, Alas, alas! that great city . . . for in one hour great riches is to come to naught; and every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning."

Such illustrations as these do not offend good taste, and sometimes a text may be so impressive as to be really, in itself, a sermon; it at once points and fixes the meditation of the hearer; and it has been very truly said by Dr. Leonard Withington, "I suppose a preacher may write a sermon on every text in the Book of Proverbs, and not forget the theme of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, only it should be the determination of the preacher not to cramp a noble maxim in a narrow mind." It is the coarse and narrow mind which either, on the one hand, selects a text simply because it, perhaps, has a grotesqueness, or, having selected it, narrows it to a range of little and inconsequential observations. Morris, in his "Recollections of Robert Hall," tells us that when Hall was at Leicester, a member of his church died in one of the almshouses at the extraordinary age of one hundred and seven years. No text could be more appropriate than that of the great preacher, (the words in Acts xxi. 16), "An old disciple"—but it is singular to believe that this sermon, of which we have no outline or record, was, perhaps, one of Hall's mightiest masterpieces, if not his mightiest. A gentleman wrote to Mr. Morris, "it was a funeral oration. The subject of it was an obscure old woman. The splendour of his imagination burst forth, and he poured out such a torrent of eloquence on the head of indigent worth as delighted all who could hear and understand him; the chapel was full, but not crowded, but I thank you for sending me thirty miles out of my way, on foot, to hear the sermon."

Probably if we could only snatch this unwritten sermon from oblivion, its transcendant exuberance of splendour—for we can easily imagine the way along which the soul of the great prophet would travel—the glory of piety in poverty, shining through the varied scenes of a century, would be far more captivating and blinding than those coruscations which the "Eagle of Meaux" shed from his plumes over the hatchmented coffins of great warriors, princes, and court ladies with reputations not remarkable for their purity. This is very different from the folly and frippery of a preacher of whom we have heard, and whose sermons we possess, who sought to crowd his empty pews by announcing, on successive Sunday evenings, such texts as

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"Nine and twenty knives," "A time to dance," "Alas, master, for it was borrowed!" and so on, and so on. Professor Edwards Park tells a story, new to us, how, on a Sunday morning, during the last American war with Great Britain, a minister eminent for his genius and learning was just getting ready for his pulpit service, when he was informed that three ships of the British navy were drawing near to the port where he resided, imperilling one of the American men-of-war; he instantly suspended the morning service, hastened to the nearest fortification, and offered his services to the commander. He was ordered to stand by one of the guns. He remained at his post until the three ships of the British line had sailed away, and then returned to his church in time for the evening service, and took his text from Psalm civ. 26, "There go the ships!" It was a pardonable kind of triumph, and, no doubt, our American brothers may feel pleasure in reciting it, although it turns a lofty stanza of poetry into a ludicrous sentence.

Some ministers seem to deal with texts only in the method announced once by old Rowland Hill, in happy irony, when he said, "First, we shall go through the text; second, we shall go round about the text; and third, we shall go away from the text altogether." They take the third division at once, "and go away from the text altogether," as we read of a clergyman, who, taking the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," devoted the entire sermon to an epitome of Sir Charles Bell's treatise on the anatomical and physiological properties of the human hand; another wrenched a text right away from its context, taking Judges iv. 20, when Sisera said to Jael, "Stand in the door of the tent, and it shall be, when any man doth come and enquire of thee, and say, Is there any man here? that thou shalt say, No!" The last four words were his text—"Thou shalt say, No," for a sermon on the importance of decision of character.

We should require much space, even if it were seemly for us to attempt to recite a tithe of the anecdotes of what may be called the reprehensible use of texts. There are stories of the selection of texts which only show an entire absence of every sentiment of reverence and proper regard for the sanctity of the Divine Word. They remind us of the reproof given to that prelate, who, when asked by some person, "Who preached to-day?" replied, "I preached *myself*." "Did you indeed?" said his interrogator; "that is what Paul did not do; he preached Christ crucified!" When we hear of the ingenious handling of grotesque texts, we usually feel that the preacher has thought more of his ingenuity than of his mission. Hamilton Paul must have been such a man. He took for a text for his farewell sermon at Ayr, "All wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him;" and for a funeral sermon for one of his parishioners of an exceedingly doubtful character, named Moses Marshall, "As for this Moses, we wot not what has become of *him*."

The successor of Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel, James Sherman, was not indisposed to the curious adaptation of a text to an occasion. There was one notable instance when the trustees of his chapel, in 1840, were opposed to his desire for the erection of new school-rooms, and there was nothing for it but to appeal to his crowded congregation, and he took his text from Nehemiah, "The God of heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build." But the point and power of this very successful sermon was in the ingenious way in which the preacher dealt with a very natural exposition—a felicitous reference to the princes, merchants, goldsmiths, and strangers who are specified as contributing to the building. First, the high priest and his brethren; second, Nehemiah himself; third, tradespeople, the merchants, the goldsmiths, the apothecaries; fourth, people who lived at a distance from Jerusalem, some poor, the men of Jericho, the men of Gibeon—"it is not said that their work was splendid or extensive, but they helped;" fifth, the ladies were engaged in the work, Shallum and his daughters, etc.; sixth, young men are mentioned with honour; seventh, two men formed a partnership, and accomplished together what one man could not do alone; eighth, one man appears to have been not a householder in Jerusalem, but only a lodger, but he desired to show his good will, so he built over against his chamber, and completed his work. The lesson of all was, "if every one will do his, or her, part, all that we require will be easily and efficiently done." This most natural and admirable way of dealing with a text answered its purpose—carried all before it. The money was given, schools built, and Mr. Sherman, largely indebted to Matthew Henry, was troubled no more on this subject by his trustees.

But we will not close without referring to the frequently ominous, the unconsciously prophetic and pathetic power which has governed men in the selection of texts, seeming to carry a personal marking to the mind of the preacher. Thus, a short time before Dr. Dodd, in his day an exceedingly celebrated preacher, committed the forgery which conducted him to the scaffold, he took a text which seemed like the oracular intimation of his fate: "Thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life." The stories of such ominous texts are innumerable. Surely some gentle angel, some messenger of the Divine Spirit, guided the beautiful mind of the beloved David Thomas of Bristol to select for his last text, for the sermon which he never preached, but which he had prepared for the following Sunday, that in Acts xiii. 36, "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." And we are reminded of a yet more touching incident. A young Presbyterian minister from Jamaica, the Rev. Mr. Winton, had visited England, and was carrying back with him his young bride. The Sunday before he sailed in the ill-fated "Amazon," he preached from the text (Psa. lxvi. 12) "We went through fire and through water: but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." All our readers will remember the burning of the "Amazon," and some who were saved from the burning wreck have testified that when last they saw the young minister he was kneeling on the deck with his arms round his young wife, and so "through fire and through water" God brought them into His "wealthy place."

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MRS. COURTENAY EDMONDS.

EDMUND EVANS

AUTUMN.

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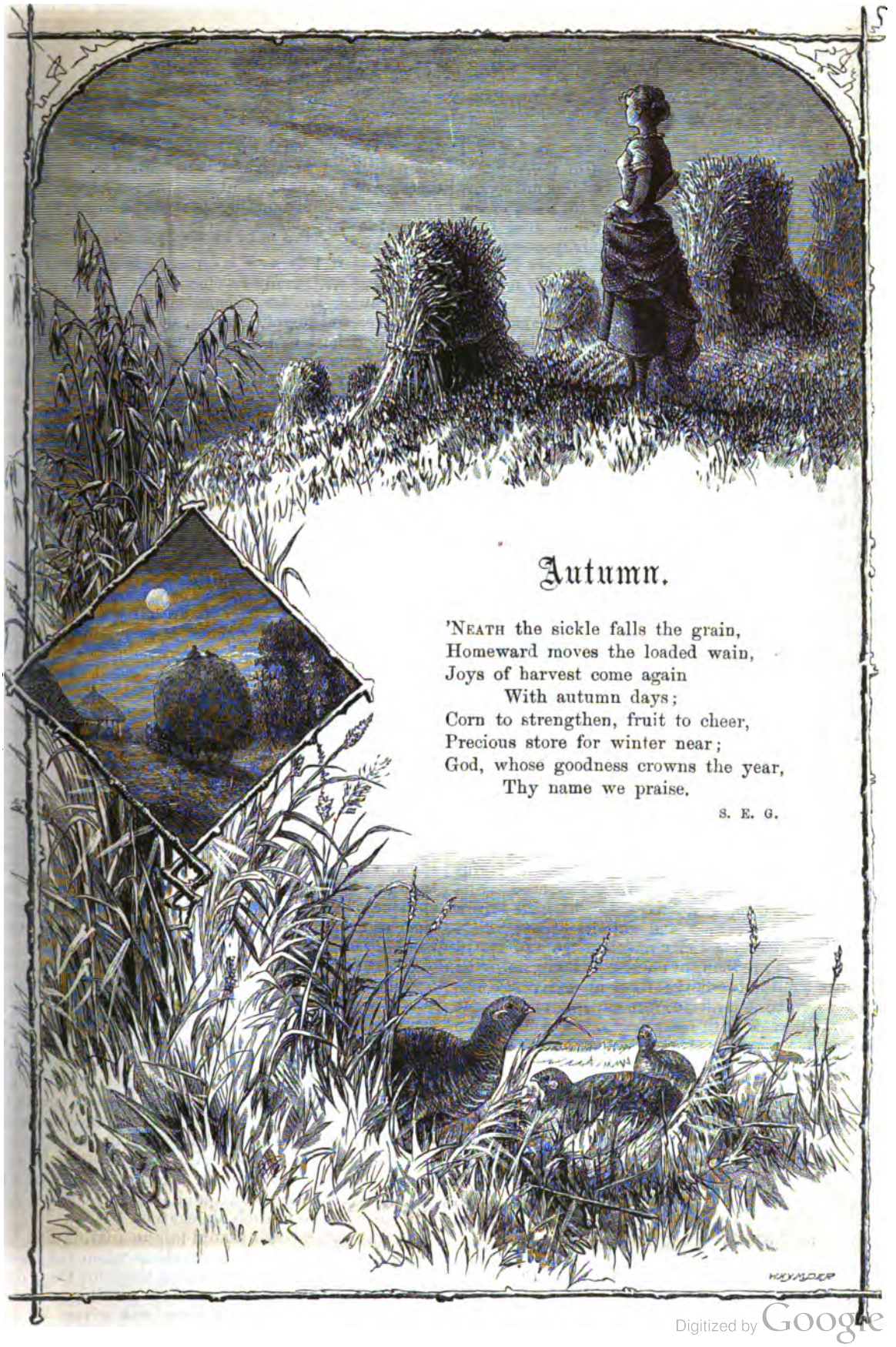

Autumn.

'Neath the sickle falls the grain,
Homeward moves the loaded wain,
Joys of harvest come again
With autumn days;
Corn to strengthen, fruit to cheer,
Precious store for winter near;
God, whose goodness crowns the year,
Thy name we praise.

S. E. G.

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CATHERINE TAIT.

I.

THE record before us*—drawn up under the auspices and partly by the pen of the primate himself, the husband of the subject of this memoir—is one of peculiar and very touching interest. It is the sketch of the life of a mother and son, both highly gifted, consecrating all their powers and advantages to the service of their heavenly Master, and finally taken to their rest within a few months of each other.

The arrangement of the biography makes it a little difficult to take it as a continuous history, as the same ground is gone over again more than once by different narrators; but the details are such as cannot fail to interest.

Catherine Spooner was the youngest daughter of Archdeacon Spooner, an English clergyman of good family and connections. Her uncle by marriage was the honoured and venerated William Wilberforce, and on her mother's side she was related to the Irish family of the O'Briens.

She was born on the 9th of December, 1819, at the beautiful and retired parsonage of Elmdon, in Warwickshire, of which her father was incumbent. Her whole early life was spent in this quiet country retirement; she never even saw the sea till within a year or two of her marriage.

But the life she and her sister led, though secluded, was anything but stagnant or dull. The inmates of the parsonage took the liveliest interest in all that went on in the political, religious, and intellectual world. In Ireland the young people, who knew much about the country through their large circle of Irish connections, took an eager and romantic interest. Their minds were highly cultivated, and the domestic life was bright and happy. Parish visiting, interesting and improving reading, and long walks with their beloved father, formed the daily routine of life. Under these healthful influences Catherine grew up to womanhood. She is described as being a sweet, bright girl, lovely in person, the sunshine and delight of her whole household, full of elasticity and buoyancy of spirit. Yet there was no thoughtlessness or levity mingled with her youthful gaiety; from an early age she seems to have manifested an earnest and simple piety which grew with her growth. A cousin who lived much with her speaks of her slipping quietly out of the room, when a young girl, when the family were assembled in the evening, to spend an hour in instructing some of the younger servants who had no interval of leisure earlier. Every morning she went to her mother's room to read the Bible with her before she rose; and another friend describes her "gathering her younger brothers and myself for reading the Bible and prayer" on Sunday afternoons. "Those prayers, so simple and so real, are fresh in my memory," continues the writer, "to this day."

At the age of twenty this deep sense of religion seems to have been intensified and quickened by a remarkable personal experience of her own which she mentioned to a friend who relates it. On some occasion of keen enjoyment from the earthly pleasures and blessings surrounding her, she seemed to hear the words—

"But make for the higher!"

She felt as if this were a direct message from God, and it met with ready response in her heart.

But under similar circumstances, the first direction given to the young mind, when first stirred, is very often lent by some influence from outside the regular home circle, and that influence generally, or at least very frequently, gives the colouring to the subsequent life. The influence in this case we must consider to have been one much to be regretted in some points. One of Catherine's sisters—the one next above her in age—had married the Rev. Edward Fortescue, a young clergyman of high character and intense enthusiasm, who was thoroughly imbued with the then newly-developed Oxford school of High Church theology, first set forth in the famous "Tracts for the Times."

His devout, somewhat romantic, ascetic character was just the one to charm an eager and impressionable girl's imagination, and he gained a powerful influence over his young sisters-in-law, and especially Catherine. Her parents were firm and consistent Evangelical Protestants, and had brought her up as such; but the views now brought before her had the attraction of novelty. She believed that they showed her the true teaching of the church to which she was attached, and with all the romance and impulsiveness of youth she threw herself into the movement, which to her appeared the ideal of all that was venerable and beautiful.

She was not the first, nor will be the last, of those who have been led by their fervid imaginations to do battle for an ideal to whose true character they are wholly blind. She little guessed to what spiritual slavery, to what earthly worship and soulless ceremonial, that apparently attractive and exalted path leads.

The mistake was fostered by the real sincerity and devotedness of Mr. Fortescue, who at this time was labouring, with extraordinary energy and self-sacrifice, to reclaim a miserably neglected hamlet some few miles from his home. Catherine was his frequent companion and assistant in his work there. On occasions when returning at night was difficult or impossible, he obtained the loan of some rooms in an unoccupied farmhouse for himself and his wife or sisters. The young girl rejoiced in the discomforts of the cold attic, with potato sacks in one corner, which was often her accommodation for the night on these occasions, and longed to make her life entirely one of such abnegation.

It was natural she should fail to distinguish between cheerfully meeting privations when they came in the path of duty, and seeking them for their own sake as if they were in themselves privileges.

But a less healthy influence was given by her brother-in-law's manner of passing Good Friday,

* Memoir of Catherine and Craufurd Tait. Macmillan & Co: London.

which he instructed his sisters to spend in solitary fasting and prayer in their own rooms, the silence only broken by his pronouncing at intervals in solemn tones at their open doors, the seven last words of the Saviour on the Cross. Such excitement could not but work hurtfully on the nerves of sensitive girls, and has nothing in common with the apostle's calm and sober determination to "know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Happily Catherine was never carried away beyond a certain point. Her convictions had widely diverged from those of her brother-in-law long before his opinions had led him to their legitimate and natural conclusion—secession to the Church of Rome. From these extreme views she was mercifully and wholly delivered; and though the High Church bias remained more or less powerfully through life, there were counteracting influences at work, which after those early days had doubtless a considerable effect on her character and opinions.



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She had been brought up, as before mentioned, in sound, simple, evangelical views, and the power of this early teaching was probably much greater than either she or her friends would be likely to suspect, in modifying her High Church principles, and uniting them with a firm grasp on those deeper realities which are too often practically lost sight of by those who dwell much on the external part of religion. That early training had also comprised close and intimate acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. From earliest childhood she had been familiar with the Bible; knew much of it by heart, especially the Psalms, and was seldom at a loss to find any passage. Still more did her own deep spirituality of mind and intense and constant prayerfulness guard her from personal hurt. Prayer was the mainspring of her life, as her husband bears witness; the services of the Church were dear to her as the expression of her own feelings; and though strongly attached to the use of books of devotion, they never took the place of personal and unpremeditated prayer, both alone and with others when called for.

All these were doubtless safeguards, little as she herself may have ever suspected the danger, against the natural consequences of what is called "high sacramentarian teaching." The fruits of such teaching cannot fairly be tested by those who carry with them, even unconsciously, such powerful antidotes.

Another counteracting influence which could be more easily perceived by all, was her marriage, in 1843, to Dr. Tait, then recently elected to the head mastership of Rugby school, left vacant by Dr. Arnold's death.

It was curious that at the time of the election in 1842, when she had heard that one of the four protesting tutors who had helped to bring the series of Oxford tracts to a close was a candidate, she had earnestly hoped, as she afterwards declared, that he would *not* succeed.

"It was a strange turn of fate," writes her husband, "which made her open her heart next year to the very candidate whose success she had deprecated, and become the happy partner of his life, the sharer of all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work he was called to promote, united to him in the truest fellowship of soul."

Her "Oxford bias" may in after life have led her to support, in some cases, institutions whose monastic element others would consider overbalanced the material good they effected; but she was large-hearted through all to an eminent degree; ready to appreciate the good in those who differed from her, and her husband's own record of her is that she never conversed with a spiritually-minded Christian of any denomination without her heart warming to him. She even joined occasionally in Scotland in the services of the parish church, where none of her own communion were attainable; and once, in a time of deep sorrow, found comfort from one she attended.

In the summer of 1843 her marriage took her straight from the quiet home life at the parsonage to the exciting, busy life of Rugby, with its atmosphere full of controversy and speculation, and its varying and conflicting interests and opinions. Such an atmosphere was one to bewilder a stranger coming from such different surroundings, and an enthusiastic young woman might easily have been led into making mistakes which would have in some way compromised her husband's work. But all such dangers melted away before the continual habit of prayer she brought with her. Hard and anxious work hers and her husband's was, but she threw

herself into it with the keenest zest. She took pains—as her beloved and honoured predecessor had ever done—to become acquainted with the boys; had the younger ones to tea, and laid herself out to amuse them. She constantly visited the sick ones in the infirmary, read and prayed with them, and brought instructive and amusing books to beguile the lonely hours of the convalescents. And "a whole multitude of evidences," writes her biographer, "tell how she was worshipped by the boys, the chivalrous, romantic admiration of her youth and beauty being joined to their grateful sense of her kindliness."

One boy, who lost his mother while at Rugby, writes that he never forgot the tender sympathy showed him by "the doctor's beautiful young wife." "How she sent for me and soothed my grief, telling me to look up to the home above, to which my mother had been taken, and follow her there."

She was constantly active, also, among the poor, and established a small girls' school, in which she taught almost daily.

They were seldom without friends in the house, and she was in the habit of drawing her young guests to help her in her charitable labours in visiting the almhouses, helping in collections for clothing clubs, and the like. All the spare moments of the day were gathered up and used for work or interesting and profitable reading. "We have just five, or ten minutes, or a quarter," she would say to a friend who used to come to her room after the early weekday service before breakfast; "let us read," and the book and work were ready at once.

"But she was never more happy," writes her husband, "than when helping me to get up my history lessons, or galloping by my side in the green lanes or over the meadows." In the vacations, till her family cares began, which was not for the first two years, she accompanied him in tours in Germany and Italy, and enjoyed every object of interest with the same eager zest.

But all was "sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

"I remember," writes her niece, "being very much struck when I was a little girl, when just before you and she were starting to go off somewhere—I forget where—she asked you to kneel down and pray for a blessing on your journey."

From an early period she not only relieved her husband of the complicated accounts of his large household and the schoolhouse, but assisted in the still more intricate and difficult ones of the general school funds; and when, in 1848, Dr. Tait was laid up with dangerous illness, and his life hung on a thread, she was able to help his two brothers, who came to settle the school accounts in his place, to disentangle the intricacies in the work which were unintelligible to them without her aid. She continued to manage the financial affairs in the same way through life. She it was who guarded him during that illness, with sedulous care, from exciting news from without (for it was just the time of the terrible political agitation all over Europe which followed the exile of Louis Philippe, and the declaration of the French Republic), and who, all through, was not only his tender and efficient nurse, but his comforter, ever ready to pray with him and soothe him with helpful words of Scripture and hymns. Both in this illness and in the equally alarming one he had twenty years later, her soul, as she declared, was constantly stayed on those words in Isaiah l. 10: "Who is he that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

Soon after his recovery, Dr. Tait was appointed Dean of Carlisle. After the strain of Rugby work, this appointment was one of comparative rest. But both husband and wife brought with them the habits of work, and active benevolence they had begun at Rugby; and Mrs. Tait was, as before, indefatigable in charitable labours, and broke through the old prescribed ideas of cathedral etiquette by making her home the centre to which the poor looked for sympathy and help.

There was not at that time any very well regulated system of district subdivision in the four overgrown parishes which included the whole town, so it was difficult not to be overwhelmed with the multiplicity of claims; but she was systematic in her work, and contented to do a little well, rather than spread her exertions over a sphere too wide to be of any use. Meantime there was no lack of hospitality at the Deanery: and the change from the more genial life at Rugby was compensated by an enlarged circle of society in the neighbourhood. She enjoyed the blessing of remarkable bodily strength; and unlike too many possessed of that great privilege, she knew how to use it well.

When she left Rugby, she was already the mother of three fair children, and four more were born during the seven years of their residence in Carlisle. They were the greatest joy of her life. Every day at the first spare time she could command, she would sally forth with the little party in their open car to enjoy the fresh air; and in the long summer days, her delight was to wander with them beyond the smoke of the city, seeking wild flowers in the woods, or loitering by the river side. As the elder ones grew to an age to understand, she spent happy hours in reading with them, and training them to an interest in all the good works in which she was engaged. A happier little circle could scarcely have been found: but there was coming a heavy and overwhelming cloud of affliction.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—*Matt.* xii. 31, 32.



NO one can read these solemn words without feeling deeply concerned to know what is the precise nature of that sin which is spoken of with such terrible condemnation, and without anxiety to know the certainty of his own exemption from all participation in it. Many have been sorely distressed in thinking over this passage of Holy Scripture. They have been tempted to fear lest they have sinned past

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recovery, and placed themselves beyond the reach of the mercy and forgiveness of God. And this fear has led not a few to sink into despair, and prevented the laying hold of the hope set before them in the Gospel.

Now it will help us to arrive at the true meaning of the text to notice the circumstances under which it was spoken. We read in verse 22, that "There was brought unto Christ one possessed with a devil, blind, and dumb: and He healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw. And all the people were amazed, and said, Is not this the son of David? But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." Our Lord refuted this calumny by showing the plain absurdity of such a charge, and by an appeal to the case of such among themselves as were permitted to exercise a similar power. "Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand: and if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand? And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? Therefore they shall be your judges." By this appeal He declares that these miracles were performed by Divine power, and thus proves his own Divine mission and character. "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." He then warns all such opposers that they were enemies of the Most High God. "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad." And then is added by way of inference, or as a lesson of instruction suitable to the occasion: "Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

Now, some have inferred that the blasphemy of the Pharisees in ascribing the Lord's miracles to Satanic agency was the particular sin which He denounced. But there is no good ground for supposing this. The enmity of the Pharisees was not directed against the Holy Ghost, but against our Lord Himself. He never hints that these opposers had sinned beyond the reach of pardon. On the contrary his words are words of warning to them not to persist in their opposition to his ministry. They had blasphemed the Son of man, which, though a terrible sin, did not place the sinner beyond the reach of forgiveness. But if they continued, as they were in danger of doing, to blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, there could be no forgiveness extended to them.

Observe, that the salvation of the Gospel is by means of faith. "He that believeth on My word," saith the Lord, "and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," saith St. Paul, "and thou shalt be saved."

Observe, further, that faith is credit given to testimony. If disbelief arises from a real want of evidence, there is no guilt in disbelief. But if it arises from want of examination of the evidence, or from wanton or wilful neglect or depreciation of that evidence, it is worthy of condemnation. In the case of our Lord's claim to be the Messiah, as foretold in the Scriptures, there was abundant evidence. The prophets had declared this truth, and our Lord often rested his claim upon the words of ancient prophecy. "Search the Scriptures," saith He; "for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me." And again, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me, for he wrote of Me."

Then there was the evidence of miracles, to which our Lord often appealed in proof of his Messiahship. "I have greater witness than that of John: for the works which the Father hath given Me to finish, the same works do bear witness of Me, that the Father hath sent Me." And Nicodemus said: "Master, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles, except God be with him."

The Pharisees, in their prejudice and dislike, were trying to weaken the power of this evidence, thereby seeking to justify their own rejection of Jesus, and to prevent the people from receiving Him as the Saviour of the world. Hence the solemn warning which was given in the words of the text. It is as if He said, "Ye Pharisees, ye are wilfully shutting your eyes against the light, and rejecting the testimony of the Most High. Still, God is not willing that ye should perish in your blindness and rebellion. He is still ready to forgive and receive you. It is the compassionate purpose of God to strive still longer with you. When all the things written in the prophets concerning the Son of man have been accomplished, God will send down the Holy Ghost, even the Spirit of truth. He shall testify of Me. Beware how you deal with this last witness. If you disregard His testimony, if you despise and reject his evidence, then God will no more strive with you. If you refuse His testimony to Jesus, you must perish in your guilty blindness and rebellion."

This, then, is the true nature of the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is the rejection of the Spirit's testimony concerning Christ.

And why is this sin unpardonable? Simply because all salvation is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Life cometh through faith in God's testimony concerning the Lord Jesus. "This is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." He that believeth takes this record, or witness, to himself. Believing God's testimony he lays hold of Christ as his Saviour, and believes that "He who knew no sin was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Without faith in this testimony concerning Christ there cannot be salvation.

What, then, is the necessary consequence of rejecting this testimony? What must be the fate of those who do not believe that Jesus came into the world to save sinners; that He shed not his blood to make atonement for sin; that He rose not again for the justification of those who believe on Him? Why, it is evident that such an one must perish, because he rejects the Saviour, the only Saviour. Had there been any other way of pardon or salvation, it might have

been different, but there is no other way of salvation, no other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved. He that rejects Christ cuts himself off from pardon and life; not because it is in itself a most heinous sin, but because it refuses the offered mercy, and tramples under foot the blood of ransom and atonement.

The declaration of the impossibility of forgiveness "neither in this world, neither in the world to come," gives no countenance to the notion that sin can be pardoned in the future life if unforgiven now. The meaning is plainly that neither under the law nor under the gospel; neither under the dispensation of types and figures and prophecies, nor under the clearer light of the gospel dispensation, can the rejection of the Spirit's testimony to the Saviour escape condemnation.

In accordance with this, it is written in the Epistle to the Hebrews (x. 26, 27), "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth (that is, if the gospel is deliberately rejected), there remaineth no more (or no other) sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and *hath done despite* unto the Spirit of grace?"

In conclusion, if any reader is still uneasy as to the warning in this solemn word of Christ, let him be assured that no one who is really troubled in spirit, or who is fearful as to the consequences of his guilt, can possibly have committed the unpardonable sin. If there be any who are weary and heavy laden, sad and sorrowful for sin, believing the gospel to be true, yet fearing that they have transgressed past hope and past recovery, let them come unto Him who is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him. He will in no wise cast them out. It is those only who reject the gospel, and despise Christ's salvation, that are in danger of committing the sin beyond forgiveness. They have no alarm, no misgiving, no troubles of spirit; they are given over to impenitency and hardness of heart. But Jesus will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. His word of invitation is still sounding, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It is unbelief that alone hinders the grace of God. It is unbelief that keeps back the hand of the sinner from receiving pardon. It is the most fatal of all sins, yea, the only sin which in its very nature and by necessity is destructive to the soul. For let a man have sinned never so heinously, yet if he repent he shall find mercy. Let his sins be as scarlet, yet if he comes to Christ they shall be made white as snow.

But if unbelief keep back the soul from Christ, there is no forgiveness. Let our prayer be, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." Not the open blasphemer, or avowed infidel, only shall perish, but whoever neglects the great salvation, whoever does not make personal application of the blood of atonement, must come under the same condemnation. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Pages for the Young.

GOOD FUN, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.*



N high spirits were Frank, Harry, and William as they made towards the Crossway Oak. They had fairly earned an extra half-day's holiday. The afternoon was fine, and the autumn tints on the trees looked so beautiful. On one side of them the road was fringed with a thick wood, which covered the rising ground for some miles in that direction. Oh! that was the wood for nuts and blackberries! On the other side the ground gradually descended until it met with a broad level, known by the name of "The Salts," which extended to the sea-shore, at more than two miles distance. In general these Salts were dry, and covered with herbage, except that a creek of the sea intersected them; but at high water, and especially in spring tides, the whole surface was covered with water, swelling and roaring as though the ocean had broken from its bounds, and threatened a second deluge. A grand sight were the Salts at these times—so, at least, the school-boys thought it; and it was just at such a time that Frank, Harry, and William started for the Crossway Oak. With this fine prospect, then, on one side, and the inviting nut wood on the other, we need not be surprised that the two miles of road occupied two hours of good time, and that the distant church clock struck four just as they reached the Crossway Oak. But what care boys for time? There were yet two hours good for reaching school again (home they would not call it), and the distance might be got over in half an hour. So they climbed the tree; they ran races round it; they cut switches off it; and just as they had nicely peeled their switches they heard a trotting on the road, and then a loud bray, and looking, they espied poor blind Dick's two donkeys, at full speed, making towards the Crossway Oak. They, too, seemed to have obtained a holiday, and to be making the most of it.

"Let us have a ride," shouted Frank; and in a few minutes the donkeys were caught and mounted. Merrily did the boys gallop their unwilling steeds round and round the Crossway Oak, and to and fro on the road, flourishing their wands and kicking their heels, laughing and joking the while, until they grew tired of the sport.

"And now for a good bit of fun," said William, as he dismounted. "Let us drive the donkeys into the wood, and leave old Dick to find them."

Poor Dick was the husband of Mrs. Watson at the cake shop; both man and wife were old, and not less lame was the one than the other was blind. It was as much as the poor cripple could do to hobble from her arm-chair to her window, and serve her young customers with what they wanted. Not that Dick Watson was altogether blind; he could, as he used to say, tell black from white, and could find his way, without much difficulty, for miles round the country—he and his donkeys.

While lame Mary was making her delicacies and minding her shop, he was generally travelling the country with his two donkeys and his cart, carrying on a more extensive trade in fruit, when fruit was in season, and in sand, when he had no

* From "The Young Cumbrian, and Other Stories," by G. E. Sargent, Religious Tract Society.

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fruit to sell. He was a kind-hearted man, there could not be a doubt; for he loved even his donkeys, and his donkeys seemed to love him too, so far, at least, as donkeys can love.

It was a sinful thing to take pleasure in the thought of giving labour and perplexity to a poor half-blind old man; but neither Harry nor Frank gave themselves time to consider whether William's proposal was a good and honourable one. It would be rare fun, they thought and said; and as they thought, so they did. They chased the poor animals up the road which led through the wood; and, glad at all events to gain their freedom, the donkeys were soon out of sight and sound. "Capital fun!" shouted the boys again, as they returned to the Crossway Oak, and proceeded to Dame Watson's cake shop, to crown their holiday with her good things.

They had not gone far before they met poor Blind Dick himself. He was trudging on at a rapid pace—rapid, at least, for him; and a shade of care might have been seen on his good-humoured countenance, if the boys had looked closely into it. But they were so full of the "good fun," that they could think of nothing else. "Here comes Dick after his donkeys," whispered Frank; "oh, what fun!" It was, indeed, as they supposed: for he no sooner heard their voices than he put the question to them, "You have not seen my donkeys, have you?"

Alas, that we should have to record it: but it is too true that, instead of honestly telling the truth, or even so much of it as that the animals had taken the road into the wood, the boys plunged themselves deeper into sin by telling a most wicked lie—and all for *fun*. Oh, how many lies are told for fun! and how true, and yet how fearful is that Scripture, "Fools make a mock at sin!" Had either Harry, William, or Frank been branded by their schoolfellows with the odious name of liar, how would they have resented it, and denied the charge? But now, to carry out a senseless joke, they could even glory in their shame.

"Oh yes," said they, "we saw your donkeys, Dick. They were running away like mad things down the road to the Salts."

Loud and long was the laugh which burst from them when Dick was out of hearing, and that was not long first; for at mention of the Salts he wrung his hands in despair. "Poor silly things!" he said; "they got out of my paddock, where they were well off; and if they get on to the Salts now the tide is running in they'll be drowned, they will;" and off he ran, faster than ever.

In the meantime the boys did not think it wise to continue their walk to the cake shop. Blind Dick had not recognised them, but lame Mary would know them well enough, and if the trick were found out, it might be the worse for them in more ways than one. So they returned, full of glee at the capital joke they had played. They were prudent enough, however, to say nothing about the matter to their schoolfellows, who could but wonder what mighty secret the three boys had got hold of to make them so merry for many days after their walk to the Crossway Oak.

The day came when blind Dick should have paid his weekly visit to the school with his cart-load of apples; and many were the sly schemes which Frank, William, and Harry had contrived for drawing from him the history of his adventures on the Salts. But, to their disappointment, Dick did not arrive. This was strange; for his best fruit was just in season, and he was sure of a good market in the playground. The jokers, especially, were more than disappointed; they became secretly alarmed, though they tried to conceal from each other their fears. They could not but feel that there might be danger to a dim-sighted and feeble old man in venturing upon the Salts when the tide was running out, and the creeks and ditches yet full of water; and they began to wish that their trick had remained unplayed.

Another week passed, and the young culprits buoyed themselves up with the hope that on the succeeding Saturday blind Dick and his donkeys would make their appearance. They no longer, however, found courage to get together and have a sly laugh at their old trick; they rather shunned each other: and when, at length, another Saturday came, and no poor blind Dick, they all became seriously alarmed, and could keep counsel in their own hearts no longer. True, when they plucked up courage to mention the old man's name, Frank tried to laugh at William's fears, and Harry to find a good reason for blind Dick's absence; but it would not do: it was plain that each would have given his whole quarter's pocket-money to have heard one shout of Dick's cheerful voice—"Now, boys, here's your nice golden pippins!"

Saturday afternoon was a school holiday thirty years ago, just as it is now; and on this particular afternoon the boys had been promised a good walk; so when the time came, it remained to be discussed which road they should take.

"To the Crossway Oak!" shouted several of the boys; "and then," added another, "we can see what is become of blind Dick." It was neither Frank, Harry, nor William who said this. Anxious as they were to know why the old man had kept away for two weeks, they dared not express their anxieties: could they have managed it, they would much rather have remained in the playground, or taken a walk another way. Conscience made cowards of them. However, they knew it would be useless for them to object to the favourite walk, so, with heavy hearts, they prepared to accompany their schoolfellows. As is often the case with those whose consciences are ill at ease, these unhappy boys endeavoured to conceal their uneasiness under a mask of unusual gaiety. They ran into the nut wood, shouting with all their might, and laughing loud when there was nothing to laugh about. They proposed a game at hunt-the-hare, and carried on so violently that the usher who was with them was obliged to interfere, and recommend a little more moderation in their sport. Alas! "the laughter of fools," as the Bible tells us, is like "the crackling of thorns under a pot"—a sudden blaze, a great noise, and then all is over. So it was with the glee of William, Harry, and Frank. While all the rest of their playfellows were as happy as a holiday, a pleasant walk, a fine day, and light hearts could make them, the three self-accused culprits were wretched with all their attempts at mirth.

The Crossway Oak was gained at last; and then, of course, the boys—all but Frank, William, and Harry—could not be satisfied until they had paid a visit to Dame Watson and her cake shop.

"I shall stay here while you go," said Harry; "for I am too tired to go any farther."

"And so am I," said Frank.

William was rather more courageous; or, it may be, he was afraid of being suspected, supposing any harm had happened to poor Dick: so he went on with the rest. We must accompany them, too, and leave, for a while, Frank and Harry under the Crossway Oak.

All William's vivacity was gone when he left his two companions in folly behind him. He lagged behind the other boys, and pretended to be searching for blackberries in the hedge; and when they arrived at Dame Watson's cottage he hesitated for more than a minute before he could follow them into the little shop. At last he made a desperate effort, and stepped over the threshold in time enough to hear what realised his fears, and smote him to the heart with remorse.

"Ah, deary me!" the poor, lame old woman was saying; "I am afraid I have not much that will suit you to-day. My stock is very small now."

"How is that, dame?" asked one of her young customers.

"My poor old man——" she said, and then burst into loud sobs which, for a time, stopped her utterance. But, becoming presently more composed, she gave the listening and, we are glad to say, commiserating schoolboys the following story of her misfortunes.

She said her husband had turned his donkeys out into their little field to graze; but the "naughty things!" were not

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satisfied with that, but must needs break through the hedge, and gallop quite away. How long they had been gone she could not tell; but gone they were late in the afternoon. So poor Dick took his stick in hand, and went to look after them. "He was gone a long time, long time," continued the poor, crippled woman, "and when he did come back, after dark, it was without the donkeys; and, dear sirs, you should have seen what a way he was in! He had been all over the Salts, and there had been a high tide that day. He was wet through to the skin; for his poor eyesight, you know, is but little use to him, and he had got into the wet ditches before he saw them. Oh! it was a mercy he was not drowned; for the Salts, you know, are very dangerous at times. And so tired he was, poor old man, and in such a taking about the tiresome donkeys, I thought he would go mad."

When William heard all this, no wonder that the small remains of his hardihood forsook him, and that he felt a sickly faintness creeping over him.

But Mrs. Watson's tale of misfortune was not yet ended. She went on to say that her husband was very unwell all that night with pains in his limbs, and vexation about his strayed donkeys; and that the next morning, to make matters worse, they heard that the animals had been found in a plantation of young trees, where they had done a great deal of mischief, and that the owner of the trees would not give up the donkeys until the damage was paid for. "How they could get in that plantation, which is more than three miles away," said the poor woman, "is more than we can tell; for my husband met some young gentlemen, who told him that they saw his donkeys going down to the Salts, which is quite another road." But there they were, and poor blind Dick was obliged to go to see after his donkeys, and pay for the mischief they had done. Alas! it took all the money they had hoarded up to pay for half a year's rent. "And what with one thing and another," continued the old woman, "our money is all gone; and what is worse, my poor old man has been so ill ever since with pains in his head and limbs, and with trouble, that he has not been able to go out to sell anything, and we must sell the poor donkeys—and then what will become of us?" So saying, she burst into loud lamentations.

Boys are not naturally hard-hearted. Thoughtless they too often may be; but when distress is plainly seen before them, there are few who would not try to relieve it. A subscription was set on foot outside of the cottage door, and a noble pile of half-pence, and some silver, too, was soon seen on the poor woman's counter. Before they left, Mr. Weston, the usher, had also asked to see poor blind Dick, and was shown into his bed-room. He found him, indeed, very unwell, and needing better medical skill than the poor lame wife possessed: that, at least, was Mr. Weston's opinion.

But William—what did he think of his "good fun" and "capital trick" now? We shall see. We may as well say, however, that when his companions were returning to Crossway Oak, he slipped back to the cottage unperceived, and that, though he was known to have had several shillings in his purse only a day or two before, he had not a sixpence of it left when he reached school that afternoon.

Frank and Harry too, when they saw their schoolfellows coming towards them, and read in their looks that something was amiss with poor blind Dick, we are sure that they felt as they never wished to feel again. Their "good fun" had long before passed away; and now shame and dread pressed hard upon them.

Long and deep were the consultations which William, Harry, and Frank held with each other as they walked slowly homewards, and apart from their companions. There was one terrible consideration which distressed them beyond measure. It was bad enough, they felt, to have brought ruin upon poor blind Dick, or any one; but suppose he should die! They could see that there was only one proper course for them to pursue to atone for the evil they had done; and, happily, their fears prompted them to do what their consciences dictated: as soon as they reached the school they sought their good, kind master, and made a full and open confession of their folly and sin.

We hold it a very good maxim not to speak of punishments out of school hours; and we therefore shall not proclaim what penance was enjoined on the three self-convicted and repenting boys. But it may readily be supposed that means were speedily taken to remedy the evils they had already brought on poor blind Dick, and to counteract that which was dreaded. On learning from Mr. Weston that the old man was really ill, the considerate schoolmaster instantly sent a doctor to him; and it was no small relief to William and his fellow-transgressors to hear that no immediate danger was to be apprehended.

Poor blind Dick had a long illness, notwithstanding all the attention that was paid him: but, at length, to the inexpressible joy and gratitude of Frank, Harry, and William, the very day before they returned home for the holidays, they were able to shake hands with him in their playground, and ask his forgiveness for the danger and trouble they had given him. Even the two donkeys came in for a share of their caresses. The next half-year a new cart was subscribed for and presented to blind Dick; and for many years after that generation of schoolboys was scattered abroad in the world, the old man's cheerful voice was heard in the playground—"Come, boys, here's your nice golden pippins!" A lesson, however, had been taught, which was not soon forgotten by those boys—never to seek "good fun" without first thinking of its possible consequences.

BIBLE PICTURE.

Once on a time a prophet came
In Judah's land—I ask his name?
I know him by the coat he wore,
Which erst the hairy camels bore;
He oft by Jordan's waters went,
And preached to all "Repent, repent!"
Told of a kingdom, showed the way,
Baptizing hundreds in a day!
From all the regions round about,
The people of the land came out,
While he their inward thoughts laid bare,
And bade them of their sins beware.
He spoke in language bold and true,
Oft with a spice of humour too,
And 'twas his work the way to clear,
For One much greater to appear.
A monarch listened to his word,
Yet took offence at what he heard,
And soon his preaching and his life
Cut short to please his haughty wife:
His reverend head, one festive day,
Was by her daughter danced away!

W. L.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT TREES AND PLANTS.

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1. A sycamore-tree . . . . . Luke xix. 4.
2. A fig-tree . . . . . John i. 48.
3. The lilies of the field . . . . . Matt. vi. 28.
4. A fig-tree . . . . . Matt. xxi. 19.
5. A vine . . . . . John xv. 1.
6. A grain of mustard seed . . . . Matt. xiii. 31.
7. A fig-tree . . . . . Luke xiii. 6.
8. Palm . . . . . John xii. 13.
9. Grass . . . . . Matt. vi. 30.
10. Tares . . . . . Matt. xiii. 25.

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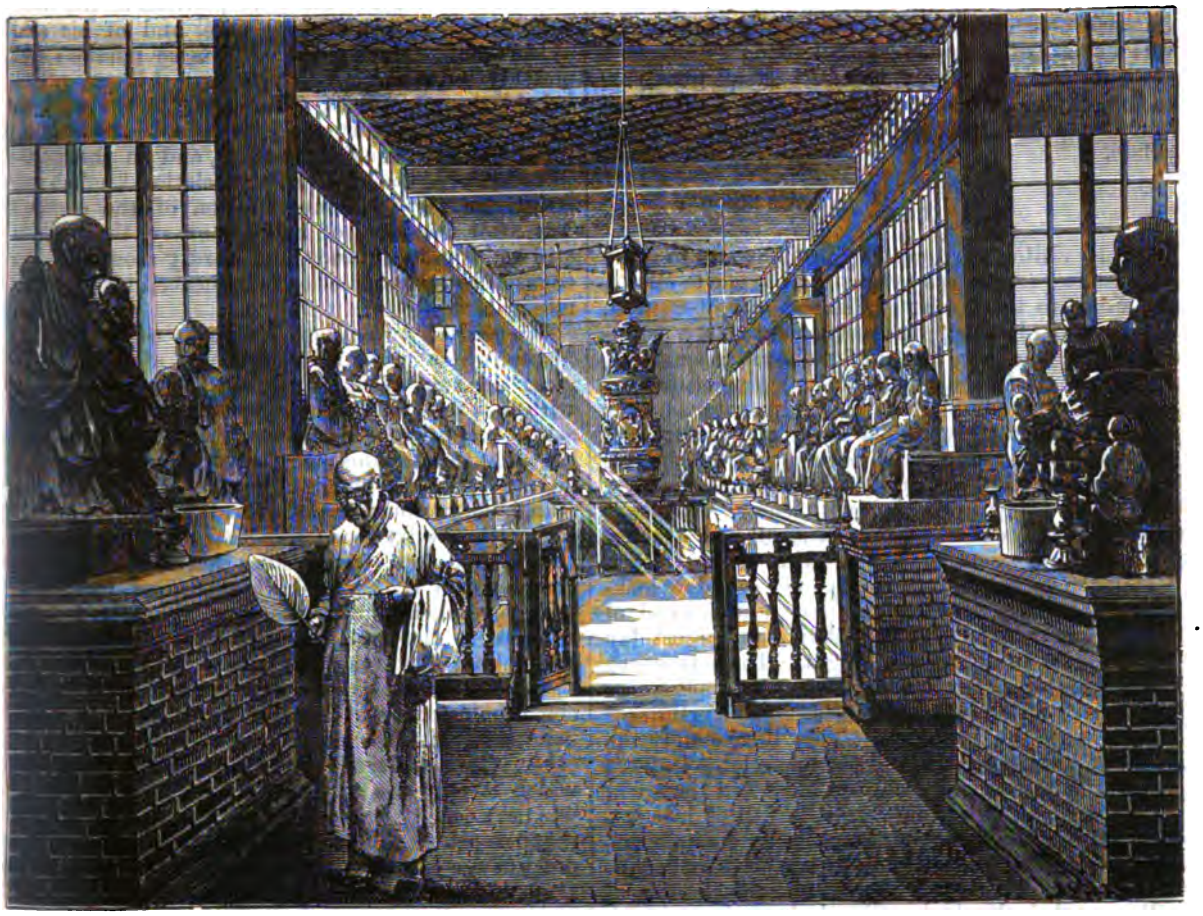
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED WORTHIES, CANTON.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XX.—HONG-KONG.

ON Monday we steamed through the cluster of islands among which the island of Hong-kong, now belonging to England, lies, and presently we came in view of the town lying on the side of the mountain and facing the north. The situation is badly chosen; the mountain behind shuts off the breeze, and the place is baking beneath the meridian sun. In summer it is almost unbearable by Europeans, and all who can, sojourn on the hills. Victoria Peak rises 1,625 feet from the sea, and commands an exquisite prospect of mountains, islands, and land-locked seas on every hand. The island of Hong-kong is full of hills; there is not a square acre of level ground left by nature in it. Sedan-chairs borne by coolies are the order of the day, and you have around you a European town surrounded by a large population of Chinese servants. When our luggage from the steamer was placed on shore, a crowd of Chinamen kept in by police eyed it rapaciously; and at a given signal pounced upon it like a flock of vultures, and carried it off to the hotel. Every native is on the look-out for employment, and the pay for work is very small. Here it was that Dr. Legge spent many useful years, and the European church in which he preached has still a local habitation and a name. His successor, Dr. Eitel, a German by birth, is a very able man, of great influence and much esteemed; but he has retired from service under the mission, and has accepted an important office under the Governor, Mr. Pope Hennessy. We spent a most agreeable evening with Bishop Burdon, who occupies quite an isolated position with a very wide but only nominal

diocese. With Mrs. Burdon, a woman of devout missionary spirit, he is prosecuting a good work. About two miles away lies "the Happy Valley," running up among the hills, where there are six beautiful cemeteries, the English Protestant, Mohammedan, Jewish, Zoroastrian, Portuguese, and Roman Catholic, the first being the largest and most beautifully laid out with palms, bananas and flowers. In the Zoroastrian ground may be seen the small "Towers of Silence," in which the bodies are exposed to be devoured by birds of prey. It is a singular coincidence that the burying-places of the various nationalities should all lie side by side in a place called "the Happy Valley." If all were partakers of the resurrection hope that Christ has brought to man, the name would be not inappropriate.

XXI.—MACAO.

Every visitor to Hong-kong endeavours to make at least two excursions by steamer, the one to Macao, the other to the far-famed Chinese city of Canton. Macao is an old Portuguese settlement upon a peninsula belonging to an island of the same name, lying about thirty miles south-west of Hong-kong. Steamers run daily in four hours, and the passage is very pleasant, and mainly amidst rocky and picturesque islands. Approaching the settlement from the sea, the view is delightful, and the bare mountains have a look of being sprinkled with snow. We were landed at a wooden pier, in a small and shallow harbour, and came in sedan-chairs to the Macao Hotel, commanding, from a large bow-window looking east, a fine sea-view. It was now the end of November, and the climate felt like an August day at Sandown in the Isle of Wight. The settlement dates from the year 1563, and was for many years the centre of Eastern commerce. The Portuguese do not own the peninsula. They have simply the right of residence there, and there is a large Chinese population governed by Chinese law. But the town, in its present quiet and decay, is full of interest. Starting upon our day's sight-seeing in chairs borne by Chinese coolies, we first visited the cathedral, where were about fifty women with black veils of silk over their heads, kneeling before a large image of the Virgin, surrounded with the motto, *Causa nostrae laetitiae*. Passing through the new public garden and the barrack, we visited the hospital, commanding a fine airy situation, but close and uncleanly within. The poor wan fever patients (Portuguese) looked as if they would be better outside with the pure air and sunshine for doctors. The lighthouse, which we next visited, is the oldest on the coast of China, and commands a view of the whole sea-girt town. An old monster arch, erected upon the isthmus of sand which joins Macao to the main island, forms the barrier of Chinese territory, and is jealously guarded by Chinese soldiers. We were next conveyed to the two most interesting spots in the settlement, Camoens' Grotto and Garden, and the graves of the Morrisons. The garden covers about four acres, and is a charming spot for shady walks and bowers, old trees, and large rocky hillocks crowned with seats and summer-houses, and commanding lovely sea-views. Here the poet Camoens, "the Homer of Portugal," author of the "Lusiad," spent the years of his exile (*circ*, 1570) when neglected by an ungrateful country; and here appropriately has been erected a monument to his memory, with three inscriptions, consisting of stanzas from his own poem, lines by Bowring, a French poet, and Latin verses by Mr. Davis, an American. Close by Camoens' Garden, indeed under the shadow of its old walls, is a small English cemetery, grown over with grass and weeds, where we found the tombs of Dr. Robert Morrison—first Protestant missionary to China, 1807–1834, author of the Chinese Dictionary, and translator into Chinese of portions of the Holy Scriptures—of his devoted wife, and of his son. What would this pioneer of Chinese missions feel and say were he now to rise from his grave and behold the marvellous advance which the work he began half a century ago has made, in the opening up of China to missionary effort, and in the multiplication of agencies of various societies, English and American, for the evangelisation of the empire? Yet, after the lapse of half a century, the work is still only in its infancy, and hardly more than the edge of the vast population is influenced by Christian missions.

We visited two other buildings of interest in Macao, which presented strange and striking analogies: the ruin of St. Paul's, once a Romish church, with a noble façade, ornamented with statues of saints, and dragons and lions, not unlike those still adorning the Buddhist temple, which stands about a mile away, and which, unlike the church, is not a ruin, but a thoroughfare of worshippers, and abounding with tawdry images. Near the Bar fort at the entrance to the western harbour, there has been erected a new and very curious joss-house, with several Buddhist altars up the hill, bearing witness to the vitality of Chinese Buddhism as triumphing over the Portuguese Romanism. In these headquarters of the Papacy for three centuries one beholds only the decay of Romanism on the one hand, confronted by the vitality of Buddhism on the other. Our day's sight-seeing in this little peninsula, which is only two miles long by half a mile wide, was crowned by the view of a gorgeous sunset from the parapet of the old church on Penha hill. We did not see a more interesting or more lovely spot along the coast of China than Macao.

XXII.—CANTON.

The second and most important excursion from Hong-kong is to the far-famed city of Canton, ninety miles up the river. American-built steamers run daily, and accomplish the journey in eight hours. There is only one small and uncomfortable inn for Europeans in Canton, and they are fortunate who have introductions to friends residing there. It was a lovely morning when we left our moorings, amid a crowd of sampans and junks, swarming with their river population, about the wharfs, and backwards and forwards across the roads. Chinese families might be seen getting their breakfast in their floating homes, and women rowing, with children on their backs. "A woman in China," said the mate, summing up the gist of the matter in a word, "is a beast of burden." Passing Lantao Island, with its mountain 3,000 feet high, through the north Lantao channel, and past Castle Peak (2,000 feet), we come to Tiger Island, a high riven rock, the face of which

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is striped with grey moss, like a tiger's stripes. Beyond are the Bogue forts, where the Chinese made a valiant stand against the English invaders. Before us rises the Second Bar pagoda, a beautiful structure, in ruin, and with shrubs growing out of its galleries. These pagodas are supposed to vary in age from 300 to 3,000 years, and are monuments in memory of past heroes. Whampoe, now a deserted village, but once a stirring town, with fine bananas and old ruined docks, is next passed, followed by First and Second Pagoda and Danes Island, and a fort opposite, which fifty English took from 1,300 Chinese defenders. At length Canton, with its vast river-population, comes into view. The one object conspicuous from afar as you look towards the great Chinese city is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, towering above all in solitary state, usurping the dignity of a presiding genius over the flat-roofed city. It stands on a fine open space in the heart of Canton. When the treaty of 1858 was made, after the conquest of the city by French and English troops, the French gained the insertion of a proviso, that all sites formerly possessed by Roman Catholic missions should be restored. No sooner was this agreed to, than there were forthcoming from the Vatican deeds of trust and conveyances of land to a very large extent in Chinese cities. There was in the heart of Canton a plot of eighteen acres, on which the Government House, now reduced by the siege to a heap of ruins, had stood from time immemorial. A deed of trust was produced purporting to prove that this had been a Roman Catholic site. The Chinese authorities were astounded, and protested. But the French commander said, "If you have no power to give it, I have power to take it," and forthwith he drew a cordon of soldiers round it. Thus the Romish Church gained possession, and this is the spot on which their new cathedral towers high. "Every Chinaman," said my informant Dr. Happer, Presbyterian missionary there for thirty years, "as he looks upon the monument of robbery, grinds his teeth with hatred and revenge."

Threading her way through thousands of boats all alive with people, the steamer "White Cloud" reached her moorings after an eight hours' sail; and we were met and welcomed by Dr. Chalmers of the London Mission, who has laboured here for five-and-twenty years, and whose works upon the Chinese language and religion, especially his Lexicon, have won him a high rank among Chinese scholars. We walked with him through the streets to the Concession, a low-lying plot of land outside the city, with a bund along the river, and separated from the city by a canal. It is called the Shameen. Here are the residences and warehouses of the foreign merchants, the consuls, and many of the missionaries.

"See Canton well, and you have seen China," said an experienced missionary, who had travelled much in the country; and, under the guidance of valued friends, this we thoroughly did. On the first evening, after a promenade along the neatly-laid out grass of the Shameen by the river's bank, the band playing sweet music, we dined with the English consul, Dr. Hanse, who is a botanist, and has a large collection of specimens. With a permit and guide provided by him, Dr. Chalmers next day conducted us to the Hall of Judicial Procedure in the heart of the city. We were conveyed in chairs through the narrow streets, projecting sign-boards hanging over our heads, and projecting eaves almost meeting high above us, and shutting out the sun; a sewer covered with heavy flags beneath our feet, and shops on either side. It is just possible for two chairs to pass with a close shave, but usually one has to stand aside to make way for the other passers. Having visited a glass manufactory, a flour-mill worked by oxen, and a dog and cat restaurant, where "white cat soup" was offered us, we reached the Hall, and found the deputies engaged upon a trial. Two mandarins were sitting in a large earth-floored room drinking tea and smoking. Before them were three Chinese gentlemen, well dressed in silk, giving witness on their knees, the mandarins interrogating them in rough, harsh voice. On the right was the accuser or complainant on all-fours, eagerly listening, and putting in a word now and then to correct or supplement the evidence. And away on the left was the accused—poor wretch—not condemned, but accused only—undergoing torture. He was on his knees, and pinioned against a board which looked like a form set on end. Thongs were tied to his great toes, drawing up his feet behind. His pigtail was taken through a hole behind his head and fastened to the thongs coming from his feet. His arms were pulled horizontally back and fastened by the thumbs to the projecting leg of the form. The heaving chest and distorted features, with head and arms drawn back, indicated great pain, but not a groan escaped him. Dr. Chalmers said that as far as he could make out the evidence went in his favour; and after about half an hour the wretched sufferer was loosened from his bonds. We could see that he suffered keenly, by the contortions of the features, and he sank in a heap on the floor, unable to move, and was carried away to his cell. The design of the torture is to extort a confession; but the treatment of a prisoner depends upon his wealth or the wealth of his friends. The administration of so-called "justice" is a money-making business. The best way of taking revenge or doing injury is to get up an accusation against your adversary. If the accuser has money, he can secure for his victim much torture and long imprisonment, unless the accused is rich or has rich friends to bid on the other side and to buy him off. In a word, there is no such thing as justice in China, and most quiet citizens will endure anything rather than resort to law. Thus the mandarins tyrannise and grow wealthy. Can nothing be done to subdue this tyranny? is the question that burdens the distressed spectator.

The Christian Sunday dawns over the bustling city, and the missionaries of various churches thread their way amid open shops and noisy streets to their several centres of work. This is our hope for China. The progress is slow but sure. I attended the English service at the Shameen in the morning, and heard the Rev. F. Smith preach; and at two o'clock I accompanied Dr. Chalmers to his chapel in the heart of the city, and preached to a congregation of Chinamen, the doctor interpreting sentence by sentence what I said, evidently with marvellous command of the language. The view of the congregation from the pulpit was strange. A boarded partition divided the chapel lengthways; on one side were about a hundred Chinamen, looking thoughtful and devout; on the other side were eleven women. One hardly ever sees a woman in the streets or temples of Canton.

On the Sunday evening there was an interesting

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and crowded service in the house of Mr. Henry, one of the missionaries. It was a communion service for missionaries and their families, usually held at the home of each missionary in turn once a month. As I preached from John xvi. 33, and administered the communion in the heart of that heathen city, I felt how good and how pleasant it was to see the labourers belonging to the various churches thus uniting together, from house to house, for the breaking of bread and for prayers.

Canton is a walled city, and you can walk round a distance of eight miles upon the walls. But the best points of view are the pawnshops. There are a hundred of these in the city, and they tower over the roofs of the houses. They are strongly built, and from their flat roofs a fine prospect may be obtained, endless dark-coloured roofs interspersed with trees, pagodas here and there, and the White Cloud Mountain in the distance. These pawnshops are more properly places of deposit where valuables may be stored; and the wealthier classes make use of them when leaving the city for a time. The finest and most extensive view of Canton is obtained from the five-storied pagoda on the north of the city, which stands high, rising from the walls, and is a quaint and picturesque structure. Here, in 1857, English soldiers were encamped, and near is a small plot of ground walled in, where are the graves of those who fell. Behind you, outside the walls, rises the White Cloud Mountain, covered over with Chinese graves, and before you the city lies spread out, and you see what you would never suspect in walking through the streets, wide open spaces of green and thickly planted trees. Beyond is the river, with its forests of masts and teeming boat-population.

We gave a day to visit the native charities of Canton, which lie for the most part outside the walls on the east. A sampan with its inhabitants (mother and three children) conveyed us down the river, threading its way marvellously through the crowded craft—floating shops, and theatres, and gardens—and by "the leper city," the quarter where the lepers live, into a narrow, dirty canal, still crowded and noisy with sampans, on the banks of which we landed; and making our way along a narrow thoroughfare, we reached the Chinese Foundling Hospital. It consists of a quadrangle of low buildings, one story high, with narrow lanes of houses branching from it, each little dwelling occupied by four or five nurses, and twice as many babies. The place presented an aspect by no means clean or healthy. The faces of the little Chinese women looked bright, but the babies wan and the surroundings squalid. They were all female children. Carts go round at night through the streets, and many foundlings are picked up. But they are all girls. Woman in China (as in the East generally) is lightly esteemed. She is thought nothing of till she is married; and when married, little of till she becomes a mother; and when a mother, little of till she gives birth to a son. These foundling girls are fed and clothed, and sold at from a shilling upwards, according to age, chiefly to the boatmen on the junks going abroad, who carry on a sort of trade in them between China and the Chinese settlements in different parts of the world. There is abundant work here for some philanthropist. Money is not lacking for the hospital, we were informed, but reform is sadly needed.

Next we visited the Old Man's Home, about half a mile away, where about a thousand old men receive a pittance daily and eke out a narrow subsistence by begging, and of them about two hundred find a sleeping-place—not a bed, but a corner and a mat. A temple stands in the centre of the square, and rows of small low houses surround it. Not far from this is the Blind Asylum for Men and Women, consisting of small houses of the same kind, squalid and dirty. Little or nothing seems to be done for the poor inmates, who are dependent for their living upon begging. They go in gangs through the streets in the day and divide the spoil at night. Next we visited the Home of Aged Females, where we found the poor old women very importunate. This place was in rather better condition. There are, we were told, sources of revenue and contributions for all these institutions, chiefly from the salt tax, but the funds hardly reach their destination, and there is much neglect and habitual cruelty. If the missionaries could afford the time, they might find here a large and an important sphere for Christian philanthropy. Why should not the merchants of the Shameen undertake it? Alas! in the Shameen there are many hindrances to the progress of Christianity. A missionary told me that in the early morning Chinese girls by the score may be seen coming out of the Shameen; and a Chinaman once said to him, "Is it Shameen Christianity you would convert us to? If so, we will have none of it." But there is a well-ordered Chinese hospital which is a credit to Canton. It contains a large hall with consulting tables down either side, and a large English dining-table with stately chairs, where the medical council hold their sittings. This hospital has really sprung out of that of Dr. Kerr, which in turn had its origin in the long and zealous work of Mr. Deacon.

Another day was occupied in visiting the temples. The temple of the God of the North Pole is a dingy building with hideous images, a contrast to the temples of Japan. The temple of Hells or Horrors is a sort of "Madame Tussaud's," where horrors like Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" are displayed, and the transformations, punishments and tortures of the Buddhist hell are embodied in figures. The temples of Confucius have no image; where the image usually stands, his tablet is set up and worshipped. Only in one temple in China is there an image of Confucius. The Temple of Five Hundred Worthies (represented in the cut) contains a huge room with this number of wooden, gilt, life-size images of Chinese heroes in various attitudes. It is called Kuâng Houtse, "Resplendent of Filial Duty"; a hundred priests live within its precincts. Here are three large statues of Buddha side by side, also a pagoda and a statue of Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy. The Temple of the Five Genii is sumptuous and gaudy, and here are five sacred stones, said to have been five *rascas*, the guardians of the city. In the Temple of Longevity the central shrine contains a very corpulent figure, the symbol of longevity. In Honan, across the river, stands a large temple approached by an avenue of banyan trees. Here, again, are three large Buddhas, with a pagoda to the goddess of mercy. Here, too, four sacred pigs are carefully fed, and buried when they die. They are presented by devotees, and are supposed to be the abodes of human spirits, who in the next life will bless those who are kind to them.

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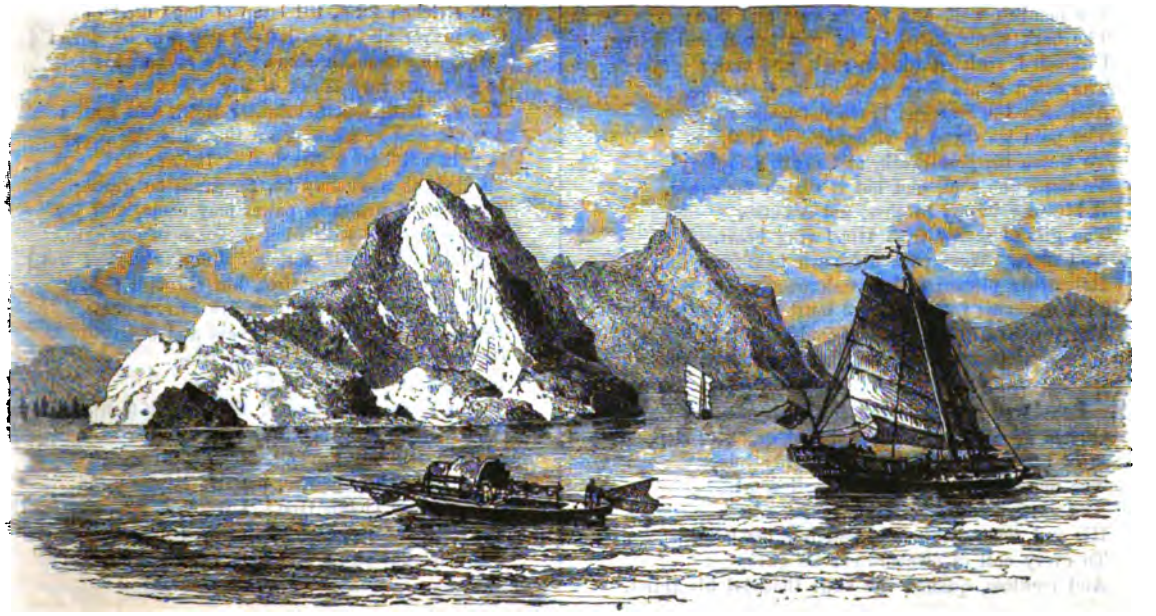
Here also are sacred ducks and geese. Sheep, too, are kept here, but the sheep had disappeared, and candles were burning outside as a homage to the spirits of the sheep. Here, too, is a place of cremation, a small brick tower in a large garden. Most of these temples were empty. Only here and there was a devotee on his knees before a shrine. The old superstitions are evidently losing ground. The Examination Hall covers some acres of ground, and consists of several ranks or streets of small rooms or cells about four feet square inside, each containing two benches, one for table the other for chair, which at night can be joined so as to make a bed. During the days and nights of examination the examiners and the examined must remain here, sleeping as they can; and progressive degrees not unlike our B.A. and M.A. are conferred; the candidate who can bring in most Chinese characters and who writes most grandiloquently being adjudged best. Some thousands of students can be examined here at once.

It is to be lamented that the various Christian missionaries in China are not yet agreed as to the Chinese word to be employed for "God." Three different terms are at present adopted by three different churches. The early Protestant missionaries chose the term *Ti* or *Shang-ti*, and this is adopted by the London Mission, and by the British and Foreign Bible Society. But the American Presbyterians and American Board have employed *Shan*, "spirit" or "essence," and stoutly maintain this as the right word; while the Episcopalians and Romanists prefer *Tien-chu*, "Lord of Heaven," and employ it as most suitable. Controversy on this cardinal point is still being waged, and with no little bitterness; and the effect upon the Chinese must seriously retard the progress of Christianity. The verdict of such competent Chinese scholars as Morrison, Medhurst, Dr. Legge, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Eitel, and others of equal eminence, in favour of Shang-ti should before now have settled this question. "The question, 'Who is God in China?'" says Mr. Johnson, an American writer, "seems to have been at last quite clearly settled in favour of Shang-te." Dr. Chalmers gave us some amusing translations from the American Presbyterian hymn-book, as a Chinese would understand it. For example, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," is thus rendered:—"The holy influence of the heavenly Pigeon has arrived." And the well-known doxology runs thus:—

"Praise Chu-shan, the source of all happiness;
Praise Chu-shan, which on earth is the myriad life;
Praise Chu-shan, that constitutes the host above;
Praise the Holy Father, the Holy Son, the Holy Intelligence."

Strange notions regarding God and Christianity must be conveyed to the minds of the Chinese by such renderings as these; and it is impossible to tell how much mischief is done by teachers and translators who possess only a slight and superficial knowledge of the language. Men are sent to the field before they have seriously begun the study, and they are called to active work and posts of responsibility before they can half speak the vernacular or even read the written Chinese. These are serious difficulties with which home directors have to contend. A missionary is removed or laid aside through sickness, and there is no one to fill his place save some half-instructed pupil. Better and wiser would it be to suspend the work altogether for a time, than to commit it to agents who may with the best intentions bring it hopelessly into ridicule. In spite of such drawbacks, however, the prospect for Christianity in China is highly encouraging. Political and social changes now taking place tend to its advance. It is a tolerated religion; thoughtful men are accepting it; the common people hear it gladly. And among the hopeful signs for Chinese missions must be named the establishment of a professorship of Chinese at Oxford; the veteran Dr. Legge being first occupant of the chair.



HONG-KONG.

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The Mystery of Pain.

THE clime is fair; but Night doth follow Day
With rapid march. The golden sun hath sunk
Beneath the troubled waves of "The Great Sea."
The Queen of Night is in her chamber yet,
But lamps of heaven are lighted, one by one.
The wearied songsters, with their folded wings,
Are hushed in grateful rest. The hungry beast
From his wild lair with stealthy step and eye
Comes forth. Behold, on craggy steep erect,
The prophet watchman, listening for the sound
Of danger nigh, ready, with trumpet tongue,
To utter his alarm and rouse his charge!
As soft as gentle sigh of breathing breeze,
Across the still, and broad, and deepening shade,
The whisper comes: "Watchman, what of the night?"
Response quick follows: "Morning comes, and Night.
Enquire." *

So Pain is Sentinel to man.
No work the mighty Father orphan leaves.
He saith: "The sparrow, as he fluttering falls,
My pitying eye doth heed. Each separate hair
On infant brow and on the hoary head
I count." † Each beating pulse, each throbbing nerve,
Each straining muscle, and each moving joint
He marks and guards. No foe, unseen, comes near.
Wouldst thou have pain unknown? Impossible?
The brood would then, unwarned, be certain prey
For sudden swoop of vulture keen and fierce;
The gate of fold would then be open wide
For fiendish wolf, and ravage sure and dire;
The bark would then, by tempest tossed and driven,
Unheeded, rush on hidden rock, and sink;
The camp would then without its sentry be,
And soon the warriors brave defenceless die.
The pain we dread is vicegerent of God,
To watch his handiwork, and cry "Enquire;"
To rouse the soul, and bid it search for cause.
It blessing is, my brother, not a curse,
The gift of mercy from His loving heart.
And more. Were pain unknown to human life,
Its earthly pleasures then unknown would be.
This sensuous frame of ours must cease to feel
The thrill of bliss, if pangs could never be.
Where pangs are keen, the joys enraptured are.

Behold on yonder couch the form out-stretched
Of one once strong, and gay, and quick of step,
With eager eye, and cheek of ruddy hue,
The manly, merry leader in each sport
And song. Alas! he lived for joy alone.
His god was earthly joy, and law his hate.
To every call of pleasure ear he gave,
And reckless, quaffed the bowl that fed his thirst.
Transgression's ways are "hard," * though decked with flowers.
The watchman cried "Beware," but cried in vain;
Then cried yet louder. Stunned by thunder voice
Prostrate he lies, and now the warning heeds.
'Tis messenger from heaven that roughly speaks,
And bids him learn how dire must be the woe
Of sin in realms of final consequence.
Is pain a mystery? "No," the smile of peace
On that pale face replies. "Astray † I went
Before affliction came, but now God's word
With all my heart, in all my life, I'll keep."
Whom God doth chasten him He dearly loves. ‡
But is not mystery here? In chamber dim
Has lain for six-and-thirty years this wan
And wasted sufferer. Happy village belle
Was she. Of raven locks, and rosy cheek,
Her eye with beaming light like ray divine
In eyes of Raffaelle's Holy Child, her smile
Like morning dawn, and laugh as ring of bells.
As pure and good she was as beautiful;
And soon to be the wife of worthy man.
One summer eve, climbing in neighbouring glen,
With baby brother round her neck, she fell.
And since that eve, never again the maid
Hath trod God's earth, nor ever plucked a flower,
Nor filled accustomed seat in home or church.
The Summer passed, and Winter came, and Spring,
And still in pain and wearying weakness lay
The stricken form, till lamp of hope died out.
One prayer alone was left—"Thy will be done!" §
Into the chamber come. The raven hair
Is grey, the rosy cheek of lily white.
The eye hath e'en a brighter light, and smiles
Are oft, and speak a peace that fills the room.
Is pain not here a Sentinel? It cries
To God, as need may be, for grace on grace;
That out of weakness power may come, and joy
Divine increase with each decrease of strength.
"My Lord Himself, through suffering perfect was, ‖
And how can I be perfect, but through pain?
I knew Him, Saviour mine, ere sorrow came,
But never knew the tenderness and strength
Of loving sympathy I had in Him.
Infirmity there must be felt, if we
Would know Him touched with fellow-feeling true
And helpful. ¶ Him I know as Brother now,
Though still my Saviour, Master, Sovereign Lord."
Thus speaks the gentle, patient, happy saint,
And then, "Thank God! I count it heavenly joy **
That lot like this is mine. Bitter may be
The cup, but sweet and holy health it brings."

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* Isa. xxi. 11, 12. † Matt. x. 29, 30.

* Prov. xiii. 15. † Psa. cxix. 67. ‡ Heb. xii. 6.
§ Matt. xxvi. 42. ‖ Heb. ii. 10.
¶ Heb. iv. 15. ** Jas. i. 2, 3.

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The flowers and rills of Paradise are found
Around that couch, and these 'tis pain hath brought.
With reverent step that chamber dark we tread
To learn what God can do, and Man may be.

Is pain a mystery? See! That monarch oak
Of age august, a ruthless foe hath struck.
The leaves in summer sunshine curl and fall;
The acorns ere they ripen, drop and die;
The juicy bark now sapless is, and black,
And woodman's axe must fell, ere rot destroy.
So pain the suffering soul prepares to part
With earthly life, and makes it long for heaven.
How hard to leave the dear, familiar scenes,
To bid farewell to faces known and loved,
And end the occupations long pursued;
To cease to be, and lie within the grave!
If pains be sharp, and ease impossible,
And skill and love silent and helpless stand,
Then cries the wearied soul for wings of dove,
To fly from life itself, and be at rest.*
And when the conflict's o'er, e'en dearest friends,
Amid their tears, thank God the prayer is heard.
The Sentinel from Death his dart hath wrenched.

But higher mission still hath pain for man.
Behold yon mother bending o'er the cot
Of only child, her darling son. What true
And tender, pitiful, unwearying love
Was hers! and yet she knew not what that love
Could be and do, till fever seized his frame,
And cast the tiny darling on his bed.
The livelong night she faithful vigil keeps,
And through each day no other hand must bathe
That burning brow, and still that piercing cry.
For him no weariness she knows, for him
Alone she thinks and weeps, she moves and breathes.
Can mother's love be stronger yet than this,
A purer element, more patient still?
The scorching fever now is quenched. The smile,
Though faint, returns, and loving whispers come
In sweet response to mother's fond embrace.
Be brave! O beating heart! Thy child is blind!
A *life* of pitying patience thine must be.
The alabaster box, if broken not,†
No perfume o'er the head and house can spread.
The healing oil of balmy plant to gain,
We rudely break and bruise and crush the stem.
The sky must angry look if healthful gale
And fertilizing shower to earth be given.
Were there no slaves, no Wilberforce had been;
In dungeons dank no prisoners bound, the world
No Howard would have known. The ghastly wounds
Of raging battle Nightingale called forth.
In Heaven the bonds creating brotherhood
Begin and end in Him—the Infinite
And blessed God and man—enthroned on light,
Sublime in right, and love, and purity,
Adoring love of Whom doth all unite;
Complacent love the universal law.
The law that rules the binding love of earth
In sympathy is found, and this again
From suffering springs. Though strong the ties of blood,
And warm the soul's admirings of the good
And noble life, yet mightiest bond of all
In sweets of charity doth lie, and these
From fellow-suffering flow. No mystery
There is in pain, for Pain as Sentinel
To man makes helpful brothers of us all.

Where sin is not, no need of pain can be.
But where sin is—and here is mystery dark,
On which in silent awe we gaze—with throng
Around of demon passions, and with train
Behind of penal curses fierce and dire:
There Pain—from which we trembling shrink and flee—
Is faithful guard; and mission hath from God
To purify, refine, ennoble, save.

J. T. B.

* Psa. lv. 6.

† Matt. xxvi. 7.

"IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED."

AT four o'clock on a winter morning, eighteen years ago, a man might have been seen taking his stand outside the principal post-office in Bethnal Green, and distributing papers to the letter-carriers as they hurried in and out of the building. Some took them with curiosity, some rejected them, one exclaimed to his companions, "The fellow must have escaped from Colney Hatch," and one or two accosted the stranger.

"What in the world brings you here at this hour?" asked one.

"I came," replied the man, "because I read in the Bible, 'In the morning sow thy seed:' and I want, if I may, to do you good."

It was the first humble effort of the first missionary employed by the London City Mission to work among our postmen. Something of the further history of that most important branch of the society's work may be found in a former number of this journal.*

A few days later, Mr. P——, the missionary above mentioned, was stopped in the street by a letter-carrier, with the question:

"Was it you, sir, who was giving tracts outside the Bethnal Green post-office the other morning at four o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, God Himself sent you to me."

"Indeed! I knew He sent me to some one, but I didn't know it was to you."

"Will you come in and see my wife, sir? Our place is close by."

So the missionary accompanied the man to his home; and there he learned both from him and his wife what a blessing had come to them through the tract handed to the former at the post-office door. They had both once been teachers in a Sunday-school, and earnestly religious; but the husband had been tempted into drinking and other evil ways, and both had been sinking into utter ruin, when the tract so unexpectedly received had come home to the poor letter-carrier's heart as a direct message from his God.

And from that day all has been changed with them. For many years the man lived a consistent Christian life: and long filled a responsible position in a central post-office, where he did good work for God among his fellows.

A. J. T.

* See "A Knock at Every Door." "Sunday at Home," Dec. 1879.

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OLD MRS. BARRON.

CHAPTER IV.—HAPPY NANNIE.



BUT one day, as they were returning from the little stone house together, they turned into the wood and up the hill, to get a glimpse of the river and the island from the point at the other side of the pasture; because Isa in her young days had loved the spot. Poor Nannie's weary feet lagged before they reached the hill top, and when Isa turned to speak to her, she was shocked to see her leaning pale and breathless against a tree. She recovered almost immediately, and when she got up a little higher, and felt on her face the fresh breeze that on most days finds its way from the gulf, all along the river's bank, the colour came back to cheek and lip, and though she was glad to sit down on the plaid that her sister spread for her, she looked just as usual, and Isa said nothing to show that she had been alarmed.

"Put baby down on the plaid beside me, and go round by yourself to the point, and we'll rest here till you come back again," said Nannie.

For Isa's heart yearned over her young sister, and she had something to consider before she could say to her the words which she longed to speak.

For her mother had laid her commands upon her. It would destroy the only chance for her darling, should she be alarmed by the thought that possibly death was near, and almost her first words to Isa had been a warning not to suggest such a thought to her.

And at first Isa had not thought that death might be near. It had seemed to her that her mother's anxiety was exaggerating Nannie's danger. She had believed that her sister would soon be well again; but now she began to doubt also. And now should she speak to her to-day all that was in her heart, or should she first speak to her mother?

Isa had sat in that spot with a heavy heart many a time in years gone by. She had seen through tears as she saw them now, the river and the green island, and the hills beyond. It had been a refuge to her at a time when for her there was no healing in the balmy air, nor sweetness in the summer days, nor in the green world around her, and afterwards it had become a "Bethel" to her, a very "house of God," the gate of Heaven. And, thinking about it all, there came back to her face the look which always made her mother wonder—a peaceful rather than a joyful look—the look which they wear of whom God himself hath said: "They shall never be moved."

"And now I am glad for all that sorrowful time. And it is the same hand of love and wisdom that is laid on my mother now in her old age. Why should I be afraid for her, though her heart is to be broken? The healing and the peace will come to her, too,

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afterwards. I will say a word to her to-night—and then I will speak to my Nannie."

For a moment her bowed head rested on her hands, and then she rose and went round the point to the spot where she had left her sister; she found that the boys had joined her, and the eldest was sitting with the baby in his arms. The little creature smiled and cooed, and laid her tiny soft hands on his cheeks and his hair, and the boy's face shone with pride and delight in the child's pretty caresses.

"Would you like me to give baby to your mother, and then she could be your little sister? You would be good to her always, wouldn't you?" Nannie was saying when her sister drew near.

"But then you never could do it," said the lad, "unless you could come home with us too; could you not come?"

Nannie did not answer. The smile went out of her eyes, and the far-away look, which her sister had seen in them often of late, came into them again. She stood a minute, not speaking till the boys saw her.

"Are you rested, dear? Now we must go home, I think," and she held out her arms for the child.

"Oh! mother, let me carry her! I will walk so carefully. Aunt Nannie, may I not carry baby home? Do trust me with her."

Nannie nodded, and put her hand on her sister's arm with a smile, and the boy went on before them, "as proud as a king," his brother said.

Mrs. Barron sat at the window as they came in sight. She liked to see the sisters together—Nannie's weakness leaning on Isa's strength. The colour which the air and the gentle exercise had brought to Nannie's face had made her look almost well again.

"If we could only keep Isa with us she might be well yet," was her thought. Aloud she said, "I hope you have not overtired yourself, Nannie. You had best lie down."

"Yes, I will lie down, mother. I am not overtired; Isa has been very careful."

But she looked very pale and spent as she lay on the couch, and by and by, when she fell asleep, the bright spots of colour which all dreaded to see came back to her cheeks. The mother's heart failed her again, but she said nothing to Isa that night.

But not very long after that, they were sitting together on the gallery: the house was quiet for the night. The little boys and the servants had gone to bed, and Nannie and her baby were sleeping peacefully in the mother's room. Outside, the usual summer-night sounds fell on the ear; the murmur of the river, the soft sough of the wind among the trees, the movement now and then of some creature in the pasture on the hill—pleasant sounds all, and restful, and each thought the other was taking the good of the quiet time after the heat and weariness of the day. Isa was thinking of the pain and loss that were drawing nearer to her mother every day, and longing, oh, so earnestly, for just the right word with which to comfort her. But it was Mrs. Barron who broke the silence which both had kept since that first day with regard to Nannie's danger.

"Unreasonable creatures we are, and incapable of learning, even from the experience of a lifetime, it seems. It is well that the guidance of our affairs is taken out of our hands."

She paused, but her daughter said nothing, and she went on in a moment, "I ought to be glad and thankful, my reason tells me that. But my heart is like to break at the thought of laying my Nannie in the grave."

If Isa had yielded to her first impulse, she would have risen and clasped and comforted her mother with tender and loving words; but knowing her well, she sat still, saying softly,

"It is beyond the grave that we must look, mother."

"Beyond it? Yes, if we could see beyond it. And surely my Nannie is safe—my sweet simple Nannie. What harm has she done all her life? Except in one thing, and she has been sorely punished for that already—poor gentle lammie!"

"Mother, there is better hope for her than her innocent life could be, as I do not need to tell you," said Isa, drawing nearer. "Why should you be afraid for Nannie?"

"Afraid? Am I afraid?" and Isa, who had laid her hand upon her shoulder, felt the strong shudder that passed over her frame. "But how are we to ken? It is only those who repent, and have faith—those who 'accept the terms,' as folks say—that are saved. And what does Nannie ken about the like of all that? I could only teach her as well as I could to be a good bairn, and trust in God, who sent His Son to die."

"Yes, the God who loves her better even than her mother?" said Isa softly.

"I said to myself many a time during the last year, that it would be well for my Nannie and the baby that was coming to be laid down beside your father before I should be laid there myself. But now that I see it coming nearer, my heart is like to break."



ISA AND NANNIE.

"But, mother, even at the longest, it cannot be very long till you meet again, all doubt and trouble over, and all safe in heaven."

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"Ay, if I were sure to win there."

"There are few things that we can be quite sure of in this world, but that is one of them. We have God's own word and promise, that never yet was broken, to the soul that trusted Him. None can pluck them out of His hand."

Isa spoke very quietly and humbly, not sure how far she might venture with her mother, who had never been easy to approach where her deeper feelings were concerned.

"And I have trusted in Him—in a way—all my life. It is late in the day to doubt Him now. But my strength seems turning to weakness."

She rose and went to Nannie's room for a minute or two, and when she came out again, Isa knew by the sound of her voice that there was to be no more said as to her own personal hopes and fears for that night.

But by and by she began to speak of Beauchamp, whom Mrs. Westwood had not yet seen, and whose name had rarely been spoken in her hearing by her mother's lips. She had not thought this silence on her mother's part wise, but as she listened to her now that her lips were opened, she understood better what the pain of speaking must be. Nothing was kept back now. All she knew, and all she suspected as to the means taken to influence poor Nannie to consent to a secret marriage, with Mrs. Peter's share in it, was told with exceeding bitterness.

It would have been wise to make the best of it afterwards, she acknowledged, if there had been any best to be made. But the man's very nature—his ignorance, his habits, his life-long associations, put all that out of the question, in the mother's opinion. There was nothing to be done, but to bear as quietly as it might be borne, what could no longer be helped.

In the sight of the narrow world which had watched her closely, she had accepted the position in which Nannie's foolish marriage had placed her patiently, and with a certain dignified forbearance which gave no opening for expressions of sympathy on the part of her friends, and towards them all she had been utterly silent. For the first time she allowed herself to utter to her daughter all that was in her heart, but it was rather her sorrow than her anger that found a voice now.

Even when she went on to speak of Beauchamp's growing indifference to his wife, his evil habits, and his dishonesty, she spoke quietly enough. There was nothing else to be expected from the like of him, and now that Nannie was like to be away from it all, it mattered little.

"Though how I am to live my life without her, is more than I can see now, and oh! it might have been so different."

"You will have the child?" said Isa gently.

"His child! I see small prospect of comfort in that. No, Isa; I am too old, I doubt, to undertake the bringing up of a child now, even if he would let me. I would not have the courage to battle with him, or the skill to circumvent him. It would have to be the one or the other always, though I daresay it might suit him to have the trouble of her taken off his hands."

"But all that would be arranged to your mind, if you were to adopt her as your own."

"It might, I daresay, if that were the best way; but I canna look beyond my Nannie's grave to either care or comfort. My purposes seem to be all broken off. But I canna be for long, as you say, Isa."

There was much more than this said between them that night. Mrs. Westwood said little. She knew that in listening to all that her mother had to tell of that which she had borne in silence so long, she was giving her the best comfort that she could receive just now, and so she only put in a word now and then.

Mrs. Barron went on to speak of what her hopes for Nannie had been, and of the help which such a man as Matthew Conway would have given her, and of how gladly one would have left all things in his hands for Nannie's sake. But that was all past now. She was to be left without the strength or the will to take pleasure in what had been the work of her whole life, because there was no one left to share her pleasure or to heed her care.

"I could hardly have been left more lonely though all my bairns had been laid down beside their father. They are all going their own way, and are content without. They have all made places to themselves, and none of them care to come home now for their mother's sake, in her lonely old age. Yes, I have heard from one and all of them lately about this. None of them seem to wish to come home for good, though I offered to give up the place to the one that should come; and after all it should be Peter that should come here as master," she added with a sigh.

"Yes, it should be Peter," said Mrs. Westwood gravely.

"But all the same it never can be Peter. Never! When I am gone it may come to him, and she can share it with him, if she is not away herself by that time. It may be a while yet, for I have been a strong woman all my life, but they must wait. It could hardly be expected that I should leave in my old age the home I helped to make in my youth. And as for sharing it with you women! that could never be."

Isa had thought her mother changed in many ways, but she had not changed in this. The angry scorn in word and manner brought back very vividly to her recollection the time when her eldest brother had brought home his wife, hoping for at least a kindly welcome. "You have made your bed, and you must lie upon it," was the kindest word his mother had had for him that day. Her heart had softened towards her son since then, and all the more that his marriage had not been a very happy one. But it had not softened towards his wife, as Isa saw with sorrow; and if she had replied to all this, it might have been in words which her mother would not have taken kindly. So she sat in silence, praying for both her mother and the brother, who had been the dearest of all to her in the days when they were young together. In a little, she said softly.

"He has grown so like my father."

"Has he not?" said her mother with a sob. "Oh! Isa, my dear, I am sore troubled. What is this farm to me at this late day, and me to be left alone? And it might be so much to him and his. I daresay you think I am all wrong. I may be, but I canna help it now. I canna change the same folk. But my heart is sore for Peter in his troubles, and he is growing an old man now."

"Mother," said Isa gravely, "have patience awhile. The way will open before you, as time

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wears on; and as for changing, the Lord brings things round wonderfully whiles, and what seems impossible to us to-day, he makes easy to us to-morrow. And it is Nannie you have to think about now, and her little baby. And, mother, will you let me speak to Nannie now of what may be before her?"

There was a silence of several minutes, and then Mrs. Barron said brokenly.

"I whiles think she kens. Oh! Isa, if I could bear the pains of death for her! She was aye such a tender, timid little thing, I fear she will shrink and be afraid. As to her being safe——"

"Mother," said Isa, laying her hand on the bowed grey head, "just think how kind the Lord is! Do you think that He will leave that tender creature even to the loving care of you and me? He will go with her every step of the way. He is with her now almost without her knowing it. Dear mother, why should you fear for her?"

"Ye ken what to say better than I; you are a better woman, and have a better right. But, oh! be gentle with her, and bid her hope. Oh, my Nannie!"

And then, though they sat a good while after that, there was no other word spoken till they went into the house.

But it was Nannie herself who first spoke of that which had been in the thoughts of all so long. The sisters had one afternoon moved for coolness into the parlour, where the sun did not come, and all the house was still. Isa thought her sister had fallen asleep on the sofa where she had laid herself down, but she was not asleep. In a little she raised herself up and, turning towards her sister, she said, with an echo of anxiety in her voice,

"Isa, there is something in my mother's eyes when she looks at me that did not use to be there. Is it that she thinks I am going to die? Do you think so, Isa?"

Isa came and sat down on a low stool by her sister's side.

"It grieves mother that your strength comes back so slowly," said Isa, fondly stroking the thin hand that had been laid on her shoulder.

"But it *is* coming back, though it is slowly," said Nannie, eagerly. "Only the days are so warm; and I do get so tired. Baby is getting very heavy now."

"Yes, baby is getting heavy now." But it was long since Nannie had been suffered to feel baby's weight.

"Isa, do you think I shall be strong again when winter comes?"

"My darling, I should like to carry you away to some place where winter never comes as it comes to us in Canada. I think with another summer before us you might soon be well again."

Nannie looked at her sister with questioning eyes, but in a little she laid herself down again without a word. There was nothing said for a long time, so long that Isa again fancied that her sister must have fallen asleep. But she raised herself up again, and said, "Isa, dear, do you think it can be so very hard to die? even little children die sometimes."

Isa, startled, did not answer her for a moment, and Nannie went on.

"It is not death that I fear—it is the going away—alone—and where?" said Nannie, with piteous eyes.

"My darling! we *well* know where—and no one need go alone; are you afraid, dear?"

"If I were sure of going where my father is, I would not be afraid, and Isa, you would take my baby."

"My dearie! He who took my father there will take you too, only put your trust in Him."

"But Isa, my father was a good man, and loved God and served Him all his days, as we are bidden in the Bible, and I did not know the way. I always was a foolish little thing, and could not understand. And if ever I am to get safe to Heaven—God must just take me there Himself."

"Yes—because He loves you."

"But Isa, I am not good. How can He love me? I have done wrong things often, more than you know. And I deceived my mother and went away."

"And was she very angry when you came home again?" said Isa gently.

"Angry? She was sorry and sad, but oh! she was so good—so good and kind. And afterwards when things went wrong and vexed her, it was just the same. I was sick, and impatient, and bad often, and she was gentle with me, and thought of me first always. You have seen it yourself since you came home."

"Yes, because she loves you so."

"I have been a great deal of trouble to her, and sometimes I think it would be better if I were to die—only I am not sure—and I am afraid."

"And were you afraid when you thought of coming home to mother, that time?"

"But I had nowhere else to go. I thought, if only she would take me home! And when I came, it was just as if she had been waiting for me all the time. Oh! but she was good to me that night."

"Nannie," said her sister, "that is just the way with God. He loves you, and is waiting for you, and He will never bring up your sins against you, but will forgive them all for Jesus' sake. You can know by mother how He will receive you, only He loves you—oh, a thousand times better than even mother can."

Nannie bent forward, looking in her sister's face, and Isa saw the light of heavenly hope dawning in her sweet eyes.

"Yes—I know by mother—for Jesus' sake!" and then she laid herself down again.

Steps that had of late grown heavy and slow, drew near the door, and Mrs. Barron looked in upon them. Her eyes fell on Nannie's radiant face.

"Mother," cried Nannie, stretching out her arms. And when her mother sat down beside her and put her arms about her, she murmured,

"Even kinder than my mother, Isa says—for Jesus' sake," and then she laid her head upon her mother's breast and fell asleep, and Isa went softly out and left them there together.

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THE NEW LIFE.

VI.—THE WORKER'S SONGS, OR THE WAYFARING PSALMS.

(Psalms cxx.—cxxxiv.)

A GOODLY land in possession, a joyous host of friends and brethren around, a glorious sanctuary in prospect, such were the circumstances under which thrice a year the tribes of Israel thronged the roads to Jerusalem. Enemies, strong and molesting, without; iniquities unvanquished, faith feeble, within; this was the other side of the picture. Can we wonder that the songs of the travellers reflected both aspects of their life, or that in their strange blending of calm and disturbance, of trust and trouble, we find echoes of our own histories?

Let us look at some of the experiences that find utterance in these hymns wherewith we beguile the dusty waysides of our life.

"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me" (Psa. cxx.). There is the keynote which runs through the varied notes of joy and sorrow, fear and confidence, defeat and triumph—blending all into one spiritual harmony. Supplication, in its utterances of humility, patient expectancy, persistency.

Psalm cxxi., cxxiv. to cxxvi., cxxix.: Trust. A trust built upon the surest foundations, in the character, the word, and the works of Jehovah. His works in creation assist the confidence, "My help cometh from the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." But most especially is it nurtured by the recollection of His deeds on behalf of His people, "the strongest in the universe guarding the weakest." How unreasonable is fear! He who preserves the frail snowdrop amidst the roughness of the winter storms, He who guarded the small family of Jacob amidst the hosts of Egypt, will He not watch over those for whom His Son pleaded: "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me"?

Psalms cxxii., cxxv., cxxvii., cxxviii., cxxxii., and cxxxiii., declare the blessedness resulting from such confidence, fulness of delight in present prosperity and communion.

This earth was no mere "vale of tears" to the pilgrims as they took their way through the land the Lord their God had given them, to His royal city. The sense of the joy of living must have been very keen in them during the journeys of those spring, and summer, and autumn days. Dangers were around, but the arm of Omnipotence was sure protection; weariness might hinder their steps at nightfall, but new vigour came with the morning. "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates . . . a land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." He who created the dew on Hermon, that gladdened the mountains of Zion, was as the dew unto Israel; the Lord, whose is the strength of the hills, was the rock of their salvation. The words that celebrate this national, family and individual blessedness of the chosen people, read like the actual realisation of the promises of Deut. xxviii. 1-2.

To us, too, this world is no barren wilderness; or if it be a wilderness, there are times when the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. Touched with Divine beauty, it becomes a very Paradise Regained. They were seraphim—fresh from the glory of the heavenly world—who cried, "The whole earth is full of His glory." It needs, it may be, angels' eyes to discern that, yet even to us is not earth oft-times

> "crammed with heaven?
> And every common bush a-fire with God"?

The more of gladness we find in creation's work of love, and in the Divinely-ordered plans and possibilities of our human lives, the more perfectly are we fulfilling His will, who is working to bring all things into the liberty of the glory of His children. "The Second Man is the Lord from heaven." Every natural gift and faculty having its root in Him, the Archetypal Man, all that in Adam was lost, is in Him restored. Very significantly in these songs is gratitude for spiritual deliverance and natural prosperity mingled with thanksgiving for family blessings. They at least knew nothing of a severance between the sacred and the profane, the life of business and the life of worship. It was the appointment of Him who setteth the solitary in families, that the season of religious festival should be associated with the deepest human joy. The Father, of whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, has embodied in all relationships some manifestation of His Eternal Nature. When that relationship falls short of its intended perfection, so far is His purpose in it unrealised. Yet keeps He the best till last. After the meeting here, the parting. Not so at His feast. These happy gatherings in the Jerusalem city of old were but foreshadowings of the grand "festive assembly," in which all the redeemed shall at length unite. Meanwhile,

> "Every breath of gladness
> Is a prophet-wind that tells
> Of a summer without sadness,
> And a love without farewells;

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Of a heart that hath no aching,
Of an eye that is not dim,
And a faith that without failing
Shall be complete in Him."

Psalm cxxix. Opposition, hatred, injury. Are these elements that can have any celebration in the worker's songs? They were untrue to life, had they not such notes. But the gloom is never unrelieved. The blackness of the background serves but to bring out the brightness of the picture painted upon it, as the dull clouds of evening reflect the sunset-hues. A life most insecure, yet most secure; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; having nothing, yet possessing all things—such is the life of him who is working towards the Divine object of existence.

Psalm cxxxi. embodies the long result of the whole discipline, revealing a quietness so intense that it seems but longing, deepened to a white heat.

How simple, yet how pathetic, its tones! "I have quieted myself." Not without effort had such state been reached; the peace had been wrought out in spite of opposing forces. Into this kingdom only the little child can enter. To humbleness alone can the mystery of life be unfolded. "The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord."

Psalm cxxxiv. strikes the last chord of the wayfarer's harp. The voice of meekness is praise. "All things are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's," such is the high note to which we can raise our voices as we respond to the final invitation of the ancient singer's lays.

C. E. L.

SUNDAYS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Lord's day! There is something soothing and restful in the very word Sunday. I have repeated it over and over to myself this morning in Germany with a feeling of keen longing. Foreigners and some English people now-a-days are fond of crying down our Sunday, and groan over "the dulness" of our beautiful English Sabbaths. For my part, leaving utterly out of view for the moment the religious side of the question, I can retaliate on them.

One way or another the last few years I have been abroad a good deal, and in Italy, France, Holland, and Germany, I have felt quite painfully the dreary monotony of foreign Sundays. To-day my dislike to them has reached a perfect pitch of bitterness. Owing to an accident, I have not been able to go to church the last two or three weeks, and so I have had the full benefit of a Sunday at home in a foreign land. Let me give my experiences for the benefit of such as think that our English Sunday may be improved by conforming it to the pattern of the continent.

As I lie here, I hear the piano in a room close by being played on most vigorously. The same runs, the same shakes, the same crashing chords, are being repeated over and over again that I have had to listen to every day during the past week. I can also hear the piano across the road being practised on in the same way that I have heard it practised on every day during the past week.

In the long stone passage outside my door I can hear the servant scouring away, as hard at drudging work as she was yesterday. I can hear the housewife with her jingling keys opening store-cupboards, and giving out stores in the same dreary round of the same duties that have occupied her all the week; and when I am carried into the *salon* this afternoon, no doubt I shall find her, as I did last Sunday, with her kind, tired face bent over her work-basket, putting strings, and buttons, and tuckers, to little garments, just as she has put them any other day of the week. Sweet, unselfish, tender-hearted German lady, what a boon a true English Sunday would be to her! Talk of dulness indeed! What can be more intensely dull than this horrible sameness of an utterly unbroken routine from month to month, from year to year, which some English people profess to envy? There is an anecdote which we all know, and have known since our infancy, although Dr. Busch now tacks Bismarck's name to it, and places the scene in the wrong country, of a foreigner who left Scotland in disgust because he was reproved for whistling there on the Sabbath. We all laugh at the idea, as we rightly laugh at all exaggerations, but really as I listen to that interminable practising close by, I begin to think that the supposititious Scotch folks were most thoroughly in the right; also, that they were at least as merciful to their indignant visitor as to themselves. Only think if the poor man had been whistling all the six previous days, what a blessing it would be to have a little change; and as for his neighbours, well—certainly no one could justly complain if they wanted the variety of silence one day in seven.

A dear little, large-eyed German girl has just run into my room to ask me how I am. I was pleased enough to see the merry little maiden, but it added quite appreciably to my weariness to see that dreary bit of grey knitted stocking in her hands which I have seen every day during the past week. In England, a little girl of her nature, and with a mother like hers, only English instead of German, would have come running in to see me with some bright gay book in her hand, full of pictures illustrating joyous hymns, or the beautiful Bible parables and histories, a book kept for higbdays and holidays, above all, for the holiday of holidays, the Sunday. This little German girl knows nothing of such a pleasant break or change. All the seven days are on a dead level for her. She does not go to school, certainly, but she and her companions learn their everyday-lessons for the next day on Sunday, so the dull, unbroken round is kept up one way or the other. Last Sunday the poor little maiden spent great part of the evening whimpering over some sums which she found very difficult, and I thought very dreary occupation for the hours I am accustomed to consider pleasant hours of rest.

In England amusement for people on the Sunday is of course the aspect of the matter that is made the grand feature of the question. It is utterly forgotten that the moment everyday-amusements have thoroughly asserted their right to continuance on the Sunday, the smallest amount of common sense teaches everyday work is sure to follow in their wake. Respect for the Sabbath once knocked on the head and destroyed, what master will hesitate to keep his man at work seven days of the week instead of six? What mistress will think she is

dealing unfairly if she expects the same cleaning and cooking on the first day as on the second or the seventh? At any rate, this is how it acts in foreign lands, why should we expect it to act differently at home? And then for the amusements themselves, what are they to be? The same museums, the same theatres, the same circuses, the same shows of all kinds that the crowd went to on Saturday, on all the various yearly festivals, on all the bank holidays. This may be all very well for foreigners, who, as a rule, seem to like to be fitted into a groove and kept there, but for free-born, independent-spirited Englishmen—well, I confess I prefer to believe that they have minds capable of finding their own recreation and refreshment for one day in seven. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. It was a gift from God to man, a true Father's gift, one of the kindest and most thoughtful. And His children have got tired of it, as stupid, shortsighted children often do tire of their fairest gifts and best privileges.

For my part, I can but say that the more I see of foreign Sundays the more earnestly I pray that we English people may keep our glorious speciality, our holy, happy Sabbath day.

Bavaria. G. S.

ON FAULT-FINDING.

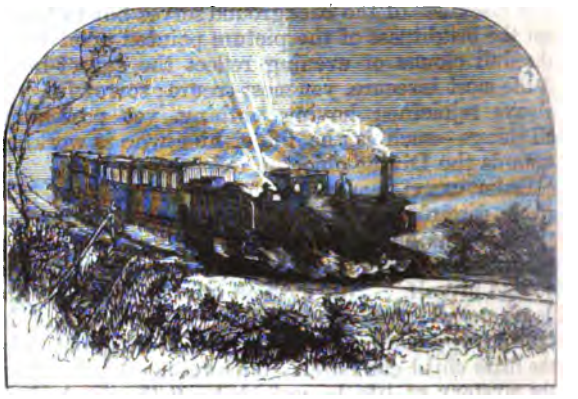
WERE the saying as true as it is trite, that practice makes perfect, how thoroughly fault-finding would be understood by most of us! But it is a difficult and delicate art, having its excellence rooted in self-control, and requiring every help which tact and wisdom can bestow. It must be done, constantly done, this fault-finding with others; how, then, can it be done well; how can it be done in the best possible manner?

Surely it is worth a little thought, a little care, a little study. Experience here is a useless teacher to many; they rush into the duty, partly with a feeling of pleasure, and partly with a cowardly eagerness, which will they think carry them successfully through the difficulties. They forget that the object of fault-finding is to make matters better; that our fault-finding should be towards grown-up persons as our punishments are to children, explanations of our wishes, given gravely, gently, affectionately. Fault-finding which gathers aid from abuse, which lends itself to excitement, can only stir up feelings of opposition and animosity. Rather should we on every occasion of fault-finding, the smallest as well as the greatest, rise into the calm and blessed region of the peace-maker. For is not the offender already at a great disadvantage? disappointed at his failure, conscious, though pride may prevent his admitting it, that he occupies the inferior position that his self-respect is questioned? Restore the sense of dignity so essential to all improvement, and you place him where he will at least listen to your remonstrance and respect you for your superiority. Apply with your corrective a bracing helpful tonic; it will make the fault-finding more effectual, and, like mercy, will bless equally the giver and the receiver.

O. H. C.

Pages for the Young.

ABOUT THE RAILWAY.



YOU may have heard that, at the Reformation time, one of our best preachers was brave Hugh Latimer, and one of his best sermons he called "The Sermon of the Plough." But while it seemed to be all about the plough, it was really all about the Gospel. Well, and so I am going to talk about the Railway; but you will soon see it is a peculiar kind of Railway, and what kind I will leave you to find out as we go along.

This Railway starts from Birthtown and ends at Deathtown, and between these two many things happen or are met with, things that we must notice and attend to, and see what we ought to do about them.

Now then, let us start. We start from Birthtown, and the train, as usual, moves at first very slowly out of the station.

Some are born rich and some are born poor. The poor think they would be just happy if they had been born rich and well off. Yet, after all, there is no money so sweet as what we earn for ourselves, and no people are so happy as they are who make their own way by honesty and industry.

Some are born clever and some are born stupid. The clever can do great things as if by magic. Yet it is wonderful how well the stupid fellows can do if they stick to their task. Those boys and girls whose names are in the newspapers, getting prizes and honours at the intermediate examinations, do you think they gained all those twenty-pound prizes by mere cleverness? Not a bit of it. They worked pretty hard and denied themselves. The tortoise, you know, came up with the hare at last, because the slow tortoise kept on at it, while the fast hare stopped to take a sleep occasionally. When Lord Leitrim was shot in Donegal, the police found the piece of copybook that had been rammed into the gun, and the copy line was this, "Industry is the mother of good luck." If all people acted on that there would not be so many poor and discontented. The greatest thing, but one, is to be born in a *Christian country*.

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in this pleasant place,
A happy Christian child."

But remember what the good Lord says; it would be better for us to be born in heathen Africa or China, than to be born in this Christian land and yet not be a Christian in heart.

But what is the other thing which is still better than being born in a Christian country? It is being born in a *Christian home*, and having a Christian father and mother. I knew a lad at college who was kept safe through this means. He got amongst wild fellows a good deal, and more than once, when

his companions wanted him to do wrong, he thought, "The dear old folks at home are thinking of me just now, and praying for me; they sent me here to get my education; if I went astray it would break their hearts;—no, boys, I can't do it, and I won't." And so you could see that anchor of the soul, even without a outer one, holding him, just like a boat in a rough sea.

As we move along the Railway the first things we notice are the waymarks. What are the waymarks on the Railway we are speaking of? They are *Birthdays*. Children love to keep their birthdays, and birthday presents are nice to give and very nice to get. How old are you? Twelve. Then you have passed twelve waymarks on the road. Now, if you you were sure of travelling the whole way from one town to another far away, twelve miles would not signify much. But the journey may be cut short by various accidents. And so if we were certain to live for a hundred years or so, twelve years might not signify so very much. But we are not certain of living so long. In the graveyard there are many little *short graves* where the children lie, and many a light and merry young heart has stopped beating sooner than any one expected. Then, if you are twelve, you are old enough to be a Christian; old enough to choose Jesus Christ for your captain, and enlist under His flag, and follow His glorious march through the world.

As the train moves on we come to several stations, that is, *stopping-places* on the road. The train stops, and the engine, perhaps, takes in a fresh supply to keep it running. Every night is a stopping-place on our Railway. The body is just like the engine, it needs to pause, and rest, and take in fresh supplies of food and sleep to keep it going.

Mark that,—to keep it going. Our eating and sleeping are only to carry us on, to enable us to draw our load and do our work. Eating and drinking too much, eating and drinking for the sake of eating and drinking, is a nasty vice. It is called "gluttony," and "intemperance," and it is a great sin against the body and against God. Let us eat and drink only that which satisfies and strengthens and does us good, and then away next morning on our duty-path, with the steam up and a joyous whistle.

This stopping every night, how very pleasant it is! The horses are loosed from the plough, and

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,"

and the supper-table is spread with contentment and peace. Or father comes home from business, and one little one climbs into his arms, and a bigger one clings to his knees; and after tea and talk they have some music or innocent games; and then they all ask God's blessing, and then lie down and sleep, in spite of thunder. Let us not only keep the rails bright with running, but let us be thankful for the stopping-places, and take the good of them.

And think what a peaceful and beautiful station the Sabbath is. Sabbath just means rest. It is a sad pity to see other railways working on that hallowed day. But the Railway we are speaking of rests on the Day of Rest; all the machinery gets leave to cool, and in the solemn, sweet silence and quiet we can worship God and think of the blessed Saviour's love.

Another thing you all have noticed about the Railway is the points.

The Points, you know, are *turning-points*, where a man, by moving a bar of iron, can change the course of the train, and send it running into another direction. He can turn it wrong, into some siding where it will crash in among waggons and do great harm, or he can turn it right, so that the people arrive safely. And if you visit such a place as Crewe, in England, where there are, maybe, twenty points, with their twenty handles all in one man's care, you will say, "What a sober, steady man he ought to be, so as to keep all these trains, with their living cargoes, running safe and sure!"

There are other Points, or turning-places, which need to be minded quite as carefully.

The Points change the direction very little at first, just and inch or two; but soon the difference is a yard or two, till by and by the train swerves off, off,—away, away,—till in an hour it is in another county altogether. And so, if a child begins telling little lies, the Points are turned, and he may soon be that awful thing—a full-grown liar. Or if the apprentice begin taking pennies that are not his own, he will presently take pounds, and may end in a gaol. Or the lad may begin with tasting a very little drink, just to be merry with his companions; but when you see that, be sure the Points are turned, and when the train is in full career on the wrong track, what pointsman could bring it back again? Therefore, take care of the points.

Teachers have a good deal to do with the Points. Parents have a good deal more to do with them. Here I will tell you a true story—a story of a real boy—which is far better than a made-up story.

A lad was waiting in a street in London one evening for his friends to join him. It was Sunday evening, and they were all going to one of the public places of amusement. As he was standing and waiting for the others, a lady noticed him, and crossed over to speak to him. She asked him where he was going, or what he was about. He did not like to tell, but in the end he did tell; he was going with his friends to have some pleasure. She said, "Would you like to come with me? I am going where we sing hymns and hear about the love of Jesus our Saviour. This is Sunday evening, you know." She persuaded him, and he went. His heart was opened to the love of Christ, and he began to feel he must be a Christian. The upshot was, he sought instruction in the Gospel and found true happiness. When grown a man, he went out a missionary under the London Missionary Society. He lived and laboured an honoured missionary, and died a blessed martyr for Christ. His name was John Williams, one of the first and best servants of the Mission. Did not that Christian lady turn the Points nicely that evening in the busy streets of London?

The train cannot be kept running right and safe without Signals—those long, awkward-looking wooden arms that move up and down to let the driver know how to proceed.

When the distance-signal falls, that means "All right," and the train comes in. If the signal means "Something is wrong," then the driver must not come any further; he would likely be severely punished if he did. Sometimes the danger-signal is a red flag. There are warning-signals held up to us also. But they are of no use unless they are obeyed.

When the famous Horatio Nelson was serving in the British fleet in the time of war, the admiral who was commanding ran up to his mast-head the signal, "Retreat," or something like that. Now Nelson had one eye blind; and on that day he wished to take his own way, and fight on, feeling sure of victory. What did he do? He put the telescope to his blind eye, and said he could not see the admiral's signal. Of course not; he didn't want to see it; he wished to disobey it. Oh, there are many people who, when warned or forbidden, always put the glass to the blind eye; they do not like to be forbidden; they like to please themselves and take their own way.

A train will go to ruin if it disobeys the signals, and there have been nice boys and girls even in our Sunday-schools who have gone to ruin because they would not mind the good and true warnings and counsels they received. Obey the signals.

There is another thing which we sometimes come to in a Railway journey, and that is a Tunnel.

It was found, perhaps, in building the line that they could not climb over the hill, nor conveniently go round the hill, and so they cut a way right through. When the train approaches, the tunnel opens its great black jaws, a yawning gloom; and soon, with a wild shriek and a roar, it plunges into the bowels of the land and goes groaning onwards in the dark. How dark it is! how cold the air is! how terrible the place is altogether! The little girl clings to her mother, the boy makes a nervous clutch at his father, and the lively talk all ceases till they get safely through.

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Such a tunnel is sickness, sorrow, punishment, or any trouble —any trouble of mind or body. And even children have their troubles; they fall sick, or some one they love dies, or they are far from home and down-hearted, and then they feel what it is to pass through a dark, chill tunnel. Then we just cling the closer to Him who pities us as a father pities his children, and who loves us more tenderly than a mother loves her suckling; we cling to Him till we get safely through.

There is a tunnel between Glasgow and Edinburgh where I noticed this. It is a long tunnel, and every here and there *openings* have been made upwards to the air and light; and so, as you move along, you get a pleasant glimpse every now and then of the blue sky and the open heaven. So also, in the tunnel of affliction, God has made pleasant openings here and there—kind comforts, sweet promises; we get little peeps into heaven, we see the light of love on God's face, and therefore, although the tunnel is not a joyous place, but a grievous, still we get through, and then how glorious shines the sun on the other side.

I have heard from a friend a strange story of a tunnel, which I will try to tell you as it was told me. A well-known engineer was walking one day through a tunnel—a narrow one—and as he was going along, supposing himself safe, he thought his ear caught the far-off rumble of a train *in the tunnel*. After stopping and listening a moment, he became sure it was so, and that he was caught, and could not possibly get out in time. What was he to do? Should he draw himself up close to the side wall, making himself as small as possible, that the train might not touch him. Or should he lie down flat between the rails and let the train pass over him. Being an engineer, and knowing well the shape of things, he decided to lie down between the rails as his best chance. He had to make up his mind quickly, for in a minute or so the whole train came up to where he lay, and went thundering over him, and—did him no harm whatever. But he afterwards told his friends, that in that brief moment of time, while the train was passing over, he saw his whole past life spread out like a map, like an illuminated transparency, with every particular circumstance standing out plain. And may not this be something like the Books of Judgment, the revealings of the great day, when we shall see our whole past life, with every circumstance, standing out vividly and clear in the light of eternity? For the Books shall be opened, and we shall be judged by the things written therein. Then our joy will be, not that we have made money or gathered fame, or triumphed over others in the struggle for success, but that we have been kind and gentle, peaceful and patient, loyal to Christ, and loving to one another.

But the Railway brings us at last to the Terminus, the city or place where it comes to an end, and *the journey is finished*. And so the Railway which started from Birthtown comes to its terminus in Deathtown, and there it ends. Let it run ever so long, the train will come to the terminus at last. Even the Great Pacific Railway, that stretches for three thousand miles across the continent of America, comes to its end on the Pacific coast. And the longest life journey that was ever made on this planet —you know who it is I mean—stopped at last. For we read, Methuselah lived nine hundred and ninety-nine years—*and he died*. Even he died. Yes, the friction of the brakes, the hard pressure and rubbing of things against us, checks the wheels, and at length stops them altogether; the fire is quenched, the engine ceases to throb and move; and the passengers go to their own places.

Now it is the glory of the Gospel, one glory of it at least, that it helps a Christian to come to a good end, and to meet death without fear. It delivers us from the bondage of being afraid to die. And how does it work this good for us? Well, the Christian knows where he is going; he is going home. St. Paul said he knew where he was going, and that he would wish to go because it was far better. And Jesus Christ gives us His word that He has prepared a place for us and will take us home.

I once travelled in a train with a number of boys who were coming home for the holidays; and when the train drew into the terminus they were quite happy. They had enjoyed the drive, but now they were content, and more than content, to come to the end, for they looked out of the window and saw a *friend* waiting for them, and a *carriage* to take them home. So we read, "It came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." Jesus says, "I will come and receive you to myself, that where I am there may ye be also." The dying Christian, then, is going home, home to the Father's house, and our best Friend has provided and prepared that happy place for all true Christians.

But there is one other thing I wish to say about this Railway —and that is where it differs from all other railways—there are no return trains. When once the journey is made and ended you cannot come back. From that terminus no traveller returns. Many a man has said, "Oh, if I were a boy at school again, I would learn my lessons far better than I did, so that I might be more learned and accomplished, and make a greater man!" Another cries, "Oh, if I were an apprentice again, beginning business, I would be diligent and careful to please; I would choose good company, and shun bad habits!" And many another says, "Oh, that I were a little child once more, innocent and happy, that I might be a child of God, and serve the Lord all my days!"

But you know it cannot be. We get no second chance. We have started from Birthtown and we are going to Deathtown, and now is the time—now is the only time—to be a good scholar, a good apprentice, a good disciple of Christ, a good anything.

Therefore, dear boys and girls, let us begin at once. The right thing is this:

Live trusting in Christ.
Labour working for Christ.
Grow to be like Christ.
Die to be with Christ when the journey is ended.

HENRY OSBORNE, M.A.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.

1. To what did prophets twain compare that race
   Who hewed proud Petra for their dwelling-place?
2. What king bids kings from drinking wine abstain,
   And teaches wives a crown of praise to gain?
3. Sire of four valiant sons, to Esau's heights
   Who led their tribe, and smote th' Amalekites.
4. Who from the law judged Gentile Christians free,
   Yet in Paul's case advised conformity?
5. What brother over seventy brethren slain,
   Usurping climbed to brief and blood-stained reign?
6. That king who Israel's throne ill-got, ill-kept,
   Till God's slow wrath all into bondage swept.

These finals and initials find, and read
Two prophets, mighty both in word and deed.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIV.—p. 528.—SLUGGARD.—PROV. X. 26.

1. S–leep	Prov. xx. 13.
2. L–abour	Prov. xiv. 23; Psa. cxxviii. 2.
3. U–nderstanding.	Prov. xxiv. 3.
4. G–old	Prov. xvii. 3.
5. G–ravel	Prov. xx. 17.
6. A–nt	Prov. vi. 6.
7. R–ich and poor.	Prov. xxii. 2.
8. D–ainties	Prov. xxiii. 3.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



BEAUCHAMP RELATES HIS ADVENTURES TO ISA'S BOYS.

OLD MRS. BARRON.

CHAPTER V.—GRANDMOTHER'S POLLY.

AFTER this, there were a few more quiet days in which Nannie grew no worse, but rather better, they thought, and then Beauchamp came home.

Mrs. Barron received him as she had always done, with no word of welcome. He came and went; he sat at the table and put his hand to some easy turn of work at his own pleasure, or under the direction of James Cox, as the case might be; but as far as it was possible to do so, Mrs. Barron ignored him still.

Mrs. Westwood thought her mother hard on him, and wondered at the persistency of her dislike. But she knew her too well to remonstrate with her because of this, or even to notice it at all.

As for Beauchamp, he had evidently "got used

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to it," for, except by a shrug or an evil smile now and then, he gave no token of having any feeling about it. He was not just the kind of man that Mrs. Westwood had expected to see, after all that her mother had said about him.

Subdued by the sight of Nannie's weakness, sorry for her, and sorry also for himself, he was quieter than ever he had been in that house before. He was very gentle with Nannie and the child, and his handsome face and pleasant French ways won on Mrs. Westwood and the boys. The boys were, after a while, inclined to make a hero of him. He had wonderful tales to tell them about his adventures and his success as a hunter, and they were never weary of listening or of following him about. The delights of the wood and of the rivers increased tenfold in his company. He seemed to know all their secrets. Squirrels and wood-chucks and weasels, and even the bears and the deer of distant forests seemed to be his personal friends, and they learned much as to the haunts and habits of all these creatures from him.

Mrs. Barron was by no means pleased with their intimacy.

"He knows evil enough to ruin them both for ever," said she.

"But he will not show it to them. He has not hitherto. Mat would tell me. I can trust Mat."

And Mrs. Westwood was right. If now and then Beauchamp felt tempted to reveal to the simple lads some secret of wickedness, or to play upon their credulity or their fears, the thought of their mother's friendliness, and her trust in him where the boys were concerned, restrained him. Her kindness, in contrast with the angry coldness of old madame's treatment, was very pleasant to him, and he was always at his best in her presence. If the boys heard much boasting, and some falsehood as to his own exploits and adventures, they heard little which to their ignorance and simplicity sounded like evil.

And so the days went on, untroubled days on the whole, except for thought of parting. For the end of Mrs. Westwood's visit was drawing near. Nannie scarcely went beyond the garden now in her daily walk, but she did not fall into the invalid habits as her mother was afraid she might do. She moved about through the house and "made believe" to take care of her baby as she had always done.

"It is only 'make believe,' I know," she said to her sister one day. "But I like to do it, and when I am gone, you will come and take baby home with you."

Several times she had listened to words like this in silence, but to-day Nannie would be answered.

"And who would comfort mother if I should take baby away?" said Isa, gravely.

"Would mother care? Does mother love baby very much, do you think, Isa?" asked Nannie, wistfully.

"What! mother who has loved so many babies of her own! And this her own Nannie's own little baby! To think of your asking me the like of that!"

Mrs. Westwood well knew all her mother's thoughts about the child, though few words had passed between them; but Nannie must not be troubled by hearing of her mother's doubts and fears. That which had embittered every pleasant thing to Mrs. Barron during the last two years, touched this also.

"Nannette wishes Mrs. Westwood to take the child, and I wish it also," said Beauchamp to her suddenly one day.

If a pang went through her heart at the words, she did not show it in her face, as she answered,

"That must be as you and she may agree," and then she rose and went away.

But Mrs. Westwood had other plans for the future of the child. This little creature, growing every day more full of baby sweetness, must take her mother's place in the heart that would be left so desolate. That is what she said to Nannie. To Beauchamp she gave another view of the matter.

To him she said that she would gladly take the child, because she loved it, but it would not be so well for the child. Her husband was a poor man, with little chance and less desire for riches. He and his family were sent here and there at the will of the conference of their church, and they staid never more than two or three years in one place. Just now they were not very far away, next year they might be at the farthest limits of Canada or even beyond it. He might not see his child for years if she were to go with her. She would be well cared for in her grandmother's house, and it was there that her home ought to be.

Beauchamp thought of what would be good for his child, but he thought also of what would be good for himself. It was true that old madame did not love him, but at the same time he had to confess that her house was a good place to stay in, and she paid him well for whatever work he chose to do while he staid in it. He would have no excuse for coming there, and he knew that he would not be permitted to linger there as he now did when his wife and child were there no longer, and he told Mrs. Westwood that he would consider the matter.

He might not have been so easy to deal with if Mrs. Barron had shown herself determined to get the child. To him she would not utter a word on the matter, to her daughter she said,

"I am not going to give my heart as a football for yon man to play with. I would be loth to see the child go out of this house, but if she is to stay in it—afterwards—she must be as my own, as far as the law can make her mine. I do not trust the man, neither his word nor his oath would bind him where I am concerned, and if he is to have any power over her I will have none."

"I think you are hard on him, mother. He must have some fatherly feeling, and he must see that it will be better for the child to be with you."

"I may be hard on him. He does not know the difference between good and evil, and I daresay it is hard in me to expect anything else. The child is his. If he will give her up to me, I will do well with her, and allow him—a consideration. I should never feel sure of keeping her otherwise, and sorry as I should be to part with her now, it would be worse the longer she were with me. She must be mine to bring up in my own ways, and she must bear my name."

It required the exercise of much tact and patience on the part of Mrs. Westwood to bring about that which she so much desired, both for her mother's sake and for the sake of her sister's child. The little thing had become very dear to her during the weeks she had been in her mother's house, and gladly would she have taken her for her own. She could not see it to be right to take her away from

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her grandmother, but she said to Nannie, and also to her mother, how gladly she would receive her as her own should it ever seem wise for her mother to give her up to her.

"She is not mine yet, but if I get her for mine, I'll look to you to care for her when I am gone," said her mother, and so it was understood by all.

And she was hers at last, for all things were settled to her mind with regard to the child as they never could have been without her daughter's help. There were people in the parish who were ready to suggest to Beauchamp that a child baptized by the priest in the church should not be given up to those who would bring her up a heretic, and Madame Peter was one of these. But Beauchamp had lost faith in Madame Peter's wisdom and friendship of late. He began to think that her many kind words and her few kind deeds had been rather to vex old madame than to benefit him. Still, when she advised him to go and see the curé about the matter, he said he would go; but he deferred the visit until after the papers were made out, and his mark attached to them, which made little Pauline Marie the adopted child of her grandmother Barron.

Oddly enough, he made no stipulation as to what the child was to be taught or where, but he held out firmly that it was not to be written in the papers that her name was to be changed; and though the very name of Beauchamp was odious to her, Mrs. Barron was too glad to get the child to insist on the change.

Now Mrs. Westwood's thoughts turned towards her home. She would like to have remained a little longer with her mother and sister, but a letter which came to her about this time made it necessary for her to hasten her departure by a few days.

"It will be a sad house when you leave it," said her mother. "It will be almost worse to me than your first going away."

Isa did not answer. They were sitting outside on the gallery, and through the open window came the voices of the boys singing hymns to Nannie.

In the kirk where the Barrons worshipped, and even in the Sunday-school, they had always sung the old version of the Psalms to grand old tunes which have never yet been surpassed for power or sweetness. But it had to be acknowledged that, as a general thing, they were not sung very well. Poor little Nannie had taken little more pleasure in the singing than in the sermons, which had been, for the most part, a weariness to her all her life. But she never wearied of the singing of Mat and his brother.

The lads had not so many hymns to choose among as have the children in some places, but they had their choice—or rather their mother's choice—among Charles Wesley's wonderful songs of praise; they had

"Jesus, lover of my soul!"

and

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,"

and

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,"

and many a sweet song besides, from the lips of less triumphant singers. They had clear full voices, and Nannie and even her baby listened with delight. And so did Beauchamp, and he did more. He caught up the tunes after one hearing, and broke in now and then with a voice that delighted them as theirs had delighted him. They tried with great perseverance to teach him the words of some of the hymns, but if his version of them had been written down, they would have sounded strange enough to them.

Beauchamp was not there to-night to spoil it all to Mrs. Barron. It was Sunday evening, the gayest evening in the week to him and to the friends to whom he had given his company. The little lads sang:

"All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
'Neath the shadow of thy wing."

"She'll miss their singing too," said she with a sigh, and at the moment a new thought came to Mrs. Westwood so clearly and strongly, that she had some difficulty in keeping herself from uttering it at once. "But night brings counsel," she said to herself, and she was silent. Night brought also time for earnest prayer for guidance and wisdom for all whom the thought might touch, should it ever grow to action. It hardly looked so hopeful a thought with the morning light upon it, but such as it was she determined to give it to her mother at once.

"Mother, what would you think of our Cilla's coming to you for a while?"

"What; the schoolmistress!" said Mrs. Barron in surprise.

"She is not a schoolmistress yet, though she has been preparing herself, and is eager to be at work at once. But I want her to be more than a mere schoolmistress. No, mother, you must not misunderstand me; a schoolmistress is a very good thing to be. But Cilla has lived all her life in school among school books, and she is in danger of forgetting that school work and success in it, and the getting of high marks and prizes are but things by the way. And now if she should undertake at once the work of teaching, as she wishes to do, she would just content herself with it, and having had no experience outside of the like of that, she would grow narrow in time and so miss both the highest usefulness and the best happiness. She is young, and she has good sense and clear eyes, and a while in a house like yours, mother, would do her more good than twice the time spent in a school."

"And is it for her sake that you would like her to come? Would she be content here, think you?"

"She has a blithe nature, and would content herself anywhere. Well, yes, it was for your sake, and Nannie's, that I first considered it. It was when Isa and Frank were singing last night that the thought first came into my mind. She is a singer like the rest, and a good and pleasant child. She would do you both good—you and Nannie—and help you with the little one. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more I believe that it would be a wise thing for all concerned, should Priscilla come here for a few months—for as long as you liked to have her."

Cilla was not the sister of the little lads, but the sister of their father, who had been both father and brother to her all her life. Mat and Frank were both fond and proud of their pretty aunt, and Nannie had heard much about her since they came, and the hope of her coming helped to reconcile her to the thought that Isa must go away.

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But though she knew that the parting must come, and strove to meet it cheerfully, her eyes followed her sister as she went out and came in, till her mother could hardly bear the sight of the wistful sorrow in them.

"I am not fretting, mother dear," said Nannie one day when she met her glance; "I will always have you, whoever comes or goes."

"Yes, dear, ye'll aye have me."

"And baby."

"Yes, and baby, and better help than either baby or I can give you, you'll have as you need it. But, oh, if Isa could but have stayed with us to the end!" added she in her heart.

Isa could not stay, and the days passed all too swiftly which brought the time of parting. It was Mrs. Westwood who was like to break down when the time for speaking the last words came.

"You have been so good to me, Isa," said Nannie, in her soft faint voice.

Her sister held her close to her heart.

"Oh, my Nannie! my Nannie!" was all that she could say. It was Nannie who comforted her.

"We'll see one another again, and maybe sooner than you think, dear." And then she whispered a word or two of which the rest heard only "once more." Her mother was there, and the little lads, waiting to say good-bye. Mrs. Cox was at the door, and Beauchamp was not far away Mrs. Westwood forgot them all as she knelt down, with Nannie's arms still about her neck, and she grew calm and strong as she prayed.

Just a word or two. The others knelt also with bowed heads, but Mrs. Barron kept her eyes fixed on Nannie's face. She need not have been afraid, and she was not when she saw the smile with which her last words were spoken. But she would not let them linger over them. Indeed, there was no time. Matthew Conway was waiting to drive them ten miles to the nearest station, and soon they were gone, and there was silence in the home.

Mrs. Barron kept away from Nannie for a while, afraid for herself as well as for her. But when in a little, she went softly into the room, Nannie lay smiling in her sleep, with her little baby at her side. She smiled when she woke too, though she cried a little when she spoke of Isa and the boys who had all been so good to her. But the tears were dried and the smiles remained, and her mother took courage.

So a few quiet days passed, and then Priscilla Westwood came sooner than she was expected, for an opportunity to travel with a friend had hastened her journey by a day or two. The telegram which had been despatched to ask Mrs. Barron to send some one to meet her at St. V—— Station had by some mistake been delayed, and one afternoon Miss Westwood walked in upon them and took them by surprise. Mrs. Barron was sorry and a little vexed that it should have so happened.

"But indeed you need not be, for it could not have happened better than it did even if you had sent," said Priscilla. "Yes, I was a little troubled at the first moment. But then I saw a great waggon with sacks of wheat, and a pair of handsome greys standing there, and I knew at once that the young man standing beside them could only be Mat's friend, Matthew Conway, and I asked him if he would take me to Mrs. Barron's farm. And after the horses had rested a little while we came away."

"And a hard ride you must have had in that great empty waggon, which has no springs. You must be very tired."

"Oh! I am not easily tired. I liked the big waggon very well, and I don't think Mr. Conway minded coming round this way with me."

"I daresay not," said James Cox to himself, as he glanced in from the kitchen door. He looked at the stately, self-possessed young woman with admiration and a little wonder.

"She will never be content to bide here," he said to his wife. "A fine, spirited, handsome lass like that to settle down of her own will, with folk that are nothing to her—in a house where there is sickness, and death drawing near! Why should she? She is one of a thousand if she bides beyond the month."

Some such thought was in the mind of Mrs. Barron also, making her doubt the wisdom that had sent this stranger to her house, "where I fear she will never content herself," said the old lady sadly.

And if Priscilla had been thinking first of all of her own pleasure it is probable she would have said the same. It was not pleasure that her sister Mrs. Westwood had promised her when she had asked her to come, at least it was not pleasure such as young people look forward to with desire. She was coming to a sorrowful home, she had said, where perhaps she might be able to give help and comfort to Nannie, and to Nannie's mother, and in so doing she would be sure to get something better than mere pleasure for herself.

And Priscilla, who was a little worn and weary with school work, and beginning to doubt about the satisfaction that was to be obtained from high marks and prizes, was glad of any change, and willing to come even to this sorrowful house, though she was not so sure as her sister was of the help and comfort she could bring to it. But she came meaning to do her best for those who needed her help, and she had not been long in the house before Mrs. Barron was no longer doubtful but only glad of her coming.

As to her being content—if she shed any home-sick tears, it must have been at night in her own room where there were no eyes to see. During the day she was too busy with all sorts of work to have time for discontent or even for home-sickness.

Mrs. Barron saw with pleasure, in which a little pain mingled, how from the very first poor Nannie clung to her new friend and rested on her. They suited each other. The strong healthful girl gladly lent her strength to the frail and fading Nannie, and as readily and deftly rendered service as if she had been used to such work all her life.

She delighted in the baby also, who was just beginning to coo, and murmur, and to take notice, and stretch out her little hands to touch the things about her. Little Polly was a constant wonder to the young girl, who had had little to do with babies hitherto, and she took pleasure in doing for her all that the poor young mother would so gladly have done.

In the sick room and out of it, her cheerful ways and words brightened them all. When she had been a month in the house, Mrs. Barron wrote to her daughter Isa, thanking her for the blessing she had sent to them in their trouble, and Isa, knowing her mother's cautious manner of speech, knew that it was well with Priscilla.

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THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

IN the autumn of 1871 a Christian minister, whose largest sphere was a literary * one, was temporarily conducting Divine service among a small number of adults in the heart of one of the great cities in Britain, having access for the purpose to a chapel for an hour and a quarter on the afternoon of the sacred day. Possessing a high appreciation of the young, and deep sympathy with them in their joys and their sorrows, he felt divinely called to labour for their benefit, and asked some of his friends in the locality if they would lend him a room in which he might commence a small Sunday-school. Several would gladly have done it, but they had lodgers, who, they feared, would object to the arrangement. At length one who occupied a small house as a weekly tenant offered to remove to a tenement a little larger, and let a superfluous apartment for two shillings a week. His proposal was thankfully accepted, and a sovereign advanced to him to buy wood from which benches might be made. So economic was he of this money that he carried the planks about three-quarters of a mile upon his shoulders (which he hurt) to save the price of a hand-cart. Then the intimation was privately made to half-a-dozen of the children whose parents attended the service, that, if God so willed it, a school would be commenced on Sunday, the 15th of October.

When, on that day, the intending teacher entered the room, his eye was gladdened by seeing a short row of small children sitting, grave as judges, on one of the new forms, which they had comfortably placed in front of the fire. The number on the roll, and in actual attendance at the first meeting, amounted to eight. A short time afterwards they rose to about twenty, filling the room, which was only ten feet long by eight broad. More scholars presenting themselves, the kitchen was kindly lent for school purposes, and the original room being surrendered to the smaller pupils, now placed under a lady teacher, the seniors were requested to establish themselves in the kitchen, which they did among pots, pans, and other utensils, inevitably interfering with household duties. To that kitchen came another teacher, of high gifts as a musical instructor, through whose unwearied exertions the singing rapidly improved.

Three months later the school was transferred to two larger apartments on the second floor of a house where it was possible again to bring all the pupils together. The windows opened upon a railway-station, and when the children sang, the passengers waiting for trains looked up to see whence the sweet sounds descended. The little performer who had the finest voice on those occasions sang afterwards in public.

After a time the landlord required the rooms occupied by the school, but offered another second-floor apartment in the vicinity, larger than any of its predecessors, which was accepted and immediately filled. Of the two tenants, the one on the ground-floor—a barber—loved children, and was pleased to have them in the house; while the occupant of the first-floor had just the opposite feeling, and so pronounced did his hostility ultimately become, that he went to the superior landlord—who was a relative of his—and prevailed upon him to eject the school into the street at a week's warning. From remarks which he made, it was evident that he desired not merely its expulsion from the house, but its total destruction. But the work of God is not so easily put out of existence.

The week's warning was to expire on Thursday, and when Wednesday evening, which had been fixed as the time of removal arrived, no other room had as yet been procured, though earnest search for one had been made. The pupils, whose fidelity was beyond all praise, engaged to stow away the school apparatus in their houses, till happier times should come. One girl carried a stool to her father's: two others (sisters) bore to their homes, along a solitary road, the one a cane-chair and the other a lamp; whilst a third house had to be subjected to the infliction of having to find accommodation for the long benches. But not a murmur was heard, and two very youthful pupils whose freedom of movement was seriously curtailed by having the forms in their small house, enjoyed the inconvenience, as the presence of the benches enabled them "to play at school."

A proposal to wash the place before leaving was summarily voted down, blunt intimation being made from one quarter that sweeping was quite enough. So after a long broom had been used to clear away the dust from the floor, and partially efface some smoke marks on the ceiling, the party made the best of their way down into the street, and except the scattered furniture, little evidence remained that the school had ever existed. The prompt evacuation of the rooms that Wednesday, after nightfall, is known to those concerned by the Scottish designation of "the moonlight flitting."

"Where shall we go next Sunday?" the scholars anxiously inquired, on being told that the room where they loved to assemble was lost. "Really, children, I do not know," was the reply, "but we shall have some place for you before the time comes for meeting again, trust us for that. When we get it,

* We are indebted for this paper to a friend, formerly a foreign missionary, and now engaged in important literary labours. His modest narrative, supplied at our request, scarcely does justice to the success of the work, which must be judged less by the numbers collected in the school than by the nature of the influence exerted there. We were present one year at the annual prize-giving, and never witnessed better behaviour. A compact had been made that the children should "let off steam" during the tea-hour, and be absolutely silent during the meeting; and it was most faithfully kept. Scarcely a word was spoken during the three hours, while the intelligent interest and affectionate bearing of the children were equally remarkable.—ED. *S. H.*

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we shall tell the barber where it is, and if you go to him, he will direct you where we are." Great difficulty was experienced in making good the promise to the children. A Roman Catholic offered a room where Father somebody (name forgotten) had once taught young people, but the accommodation was insufficient and unsuitable; besides which, the reappearance of the "Father," or, failing him, of some other Father, was naturally feared. At length on Saturday evening a place was obtained, and the scattered furniture brought together. The locality was not one such as would have been chosen, except under stress of circumstances. "There is no doubt," said one, "that this time you have got to the very lowest part of the ——," naming the district of the city in which the labour was being carried on. To avoid the danger of fresh ejections, the whole house, a small one with two floors, had been hired, the intention being to let out the one floor, and teach in the other.

Next day, Sunday, the 2nd of February, 1873, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and a furious east wind blew some of the children off their feet, and when they were lifted up, blew them down again. Nevertheless, the pupils loyally sallied forth, waded their way to the barber's, and learning where the new rooms were, did their best to reach them, though they were not far short of half a mile away. The superintendent made a wide circuit, hoping to gather together a group of perplexed wanderers, and give them a convoy to the place of rendezvous. On reaching the expected haven of rest, he found to his horror that the key had not been obtained, and that, moreover, the children who had arrived before him, were standing injudiciously to windward of the door, with no shelter at all from the storm. The boys had partly kept themselves warm by throwing snowballs, the girls stood shivering till temporary shelter was found for them in a neighbouring sweet-shop. At length the key arrived. Then a fire was lit in the upper part of the house, after which the refugees were sent for, and work again commenced.

A week went by, the snow had passed away, but hard frost had supervened, and as the upper part of the house had by this time been sublet and was occupied, the school had to take up its abode in the place finally chosen for it—the two lower rooms. These had formerly been used as a pawnbroker's place of business or den, but the counter had now been taken out of the front shop, whilst the fireplace looked painfully desolate, for there was no grate.

Considering the figure at which the thermometer stood, readers will be prepared to hear that the scholars made no lengthened tarrying in the front shop, but hastened through to the rear room or place of pledges. What mattered it to their unsophisticated minds that the walls were stained with smoke, and that the papering here and there hung down in shreds? Joy of joys! advantages counteracting every drawback, there were there both a grate and a fire. Soon, however, the semi-tropical retreat was crowded to suffocation, and as more scholars continued to arrive, it became absolutely necessary to attempt a settlement in the arctic regions. It appeared to the superintendent that if some brickbats could be found in the courtyard behind the house, and a few bits of old iron could be picked up, it would be a strictly sabbatic work of necessity and mercy to try and build them into an extempore grate. The musical teacher, possessed with the same idea, started upon an exploratory tour through the rear part of the premises, and discovering in a washhouse the aim and end of his expedition, a grate, seized it by the bars with his stalwart arm, and wrenching it from its moorings, proceeded with it through the crowded back-room, where its appearance upon the scene was welcomed with laughter and applause. Not many minutes later a fire, burning up well, rendered the front room habitable, and a large migration to it took place from the overpopulated original settlement behind.

It was a weird locality in which the school had now cast anchor. It was off the main thoroughfare, in a short street surrounded with houses, like a landlocked lake among mountains. Three channels of exit, two of them narrow, connected it with the outer world. It was stated that two houses of evil reputation were in the immediate vicinity, and there was a good deal of anxiety about bringing tender children into a place which many adults would be afraid to enter; as a matter of prudence, therefore, a request was made to the policeman on the beat that, as he passed down the main street, he would occasionally turn the corner and see how the newly-arrived party were faring. But the chief trust was not in the policeman but in God. One Sunday evening, while a service for adults was in progress, a stone came flying through the closed window, level with the heads of the worshippers. One or more of them would have been struck and probably injured, had not a blind intercepted the missile and the attendant splinters of glass. It was ascertained that the stone had been flung from a distance by a young city arab, whose intention appeared to have been to do no more than make a loud rattling noise upon the door, as a suitable accompaniment to Divine worship, and it was only because he had missed his aim that he had shattered the window-pane.

By-and-by the school became wonderfully at home in its new place of sojourning. Offensive spectacles were now rarely beheld; no more panes of glass were broken from the outside; the policeman's visits became wholly unnecessary and were discontinued; no teacher or worshipper was ever molested. Had any unprincipled persons attacked the school, men of uncouth exterior, whom those who did not know them would have designated as "roughs," would probably have risen in its defence, and the preponderance of physical force would have been found upon its side. At length relations of so friendly a character were established with the younger men and boys lounging or playing in the street, that they accepted an invitation to worship in the room. The back shop was assigned to them, which they entered and left with uniform clatter, and sometimes with a stray shout, but still they appreciated the kindness which they received.

It is now necessary to go back to certain occurrences which happened at an earlier period. When the school began, no animating promise had been made to any one concerned; but shortly afterwards, a gentleman of munificent benevolence, proprietor of an extensive manufactory in the vicinity, offered to build a church for the small company of worshippers if a certain specified number petitioned for it, and intimated their intention of attending there if they continued to live in the neighbourhood

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till it should be erected. More than the stipulated number having petitioned, he admitted that the conditions had been fulfilled, and absolutely promised to build the church. "Where would you like to have it?" he inquired. There was pointed out to him what the Scripture would have called a "parcel of land," which to the intending worshippers seemed the most convenient spot. "Well," he said, "I will try to get this land for you." Then came a question about the church: "And how large shall I make it?" was the astounding inquiry. The answer was, "It would be very indelicate in me to offer any suggestion on such a point; as large, sir, or as small as you like." Some days later the gentleman wrote to say that, in his opinion, the piece of ground pointed out was too small, and he must increase it by acquiring the adjacent plots. After land difficulties causing long delay had been cleared away, he signed a contract with a builder to pay 1,925*l.* for the future edifice; but other expenses being superadded, the sum rose above 2,000*l.* It was opened on Friday, the 5th of December, 1873.

To start it well, a temporary endowment was most generously added. Then the original minister being unable, from literary duties and other causes, to become a candidate for the pastorate, another was called and took charge of the congregation, an arrangement being made that the first should retain the children who had stood to the school in its difficulties so loyally and well. Some time afterwards the pastor feeling the want of a lecture-hall, applied on the subject to the benevolent gentleman who had already done so much, and the latter, not weary in well-doing, erected at an expense of about 1,400*l.* a fine building internally fitted as for a Sunday-school, with infant, middle or ordinary, and senior departments, the largest room being available during the week for lectures, prayer-meetings and other church purposes. Having done all, he stated at a public meeting of the congregation that the building of the church and another which he had erected had, he thought, given him more genuine pleasure than anything which he had ever done in his life. With the scope for development afforded by the increased space, the school at the end of 1879 had three hundred and ninety-seven on the roll, with an average attendance during the whole year of two hundred and ninety-five. At the recurring anniversary, the church, seated for four hundred, is crowded with scholars. Some scholars who remember the early trials of the school are now teachers; the musical instructor is vice-superintendent. A children's church meets every Sabbath forenoon.

It is remarkable that when amid present comfort the period of the wanderings comes to be mentioned by any old scholar, the addition is pretty sure to be made, "But for all that we were very happy when we were in rooms." In fact, at the period referred to, the children, no less than the teachers, to a certain extent, were able to appreciate, if not even to share, the expressed feelings of Madame Guion.

"By Thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content,
Let sorrow still attend.

It cost me no regret that she
Who followed Christ, should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease;
'Tis all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true love employ,
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose."

The object of the foregoing narrative, which is to the minutest particular a true one, will have been effected if it encourage any toil-worn and perplexed Sabbath-school teacher to go forward in the work to which he feels that his Divine Master has called him; nothing fearing, and nothing doubting; in the humble trust that He whom he serves will, sooner or later, clear the worst obstacles from his path, and fill him with thankfulness and joy.

An Ancient Prayer.

"Save us, Lord, waking; guard us sleeping; that we may watch with Christ, and through Christ may rest in peace."
THESAURUS PRECUM.

AMID the host of foemen,
Through deserts vast and drear,
When tempests dark are lowering,
Lord, be Thou ever near.

When wearied with long labour,
Our souls would slumbering lie,
And though the foe be near us,
Would dream unheedingly:

Lord, keep us ever watching,
To save be ever nigh;
When peril us approaches,
Lord, hear our fainting cry.

When day's hard toil is over,
And night draws close her veil,
Lord, guard our helpless slumber
From all who would assail.

Though closed our eyelids weary,
Our souls would watch with Thee;
And in sweet heavenly visions
Thy glory may we see.

Thus with Thee keeping vigil,
Renew our spirits' strength,
That we may wake in vigour
When morning dawns at length.

Strengthened with might, God-given,
To run in duty's race,
Until, earth's trial over,
In heaven we see Thy face.

There, after toil and warfare,
Through Christ we rest in peace;
And taste the joys eternal,
Whose bliss shall never cease.

Lord, save us while we're waking,
And guard our sleep from harm;
With Thee while vigil keeping
We rest, held by Thine arm.

F. PERRONET BISSON.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF ITALIAN TRAVEL.

BY STENTON EARDLEY, B.A., VICAR OF STREATHAM COMMON.

VII.—THE MOUNTAIN-VILLAGE PRIEST.

SPEZIA is the naval arsenal—the Woolwich of Italy. It is a thriving and spirited place, and in 1879 I was astonished at the signs of progress, educational and religious, as well as material, since my visit in 1873. You may hear six or eight sermons in Italian any Sunday, and as many during the week—I mean Evangelical Protestant sermons. I do not here enter upon any description of the wonderful work that the gospel is accomplishing there, though it is as noticeable as anything of the kind in Italy, and that is saying a great deal indeed, for there can be no manner of doubt that the whole mind of the people is on the move everywhere. And though the first overt step is to what is called "infidelity," that means chiefly rejection of the popery which caricatures Christianity, and is followed, as I know in hundreds of instances, by a demand for some truth for the conscience and some rest for the heart. I don't enter upon that subject here, but I wish to state what has occurred in that vicinity within three summers.

There is a Sunday-evening gathering of the very poorest people, held by several Italian and English Christians. In this the grace of the gospel is announced in the very simplest language, and illustrated much as an infant-school teacher does for her children. The chief thing insisted upon is the love of God, the pity and atoning sacrifice of Jesus, the power of the Holy Spirit, the light of the Word, and the open way to peace and rest, for any poor soul anywhere who will come to Jesus for it. I have seen weary-looking faces at those meetings, gazing steadfastly on the speaker while wet with tears, and those tears started mine.

A priest was observed to attend on several occasions on the Sunday evening when his own duties were ended, and at length he brought a New Testament, and as the speaker proceeded, diligently sought out every passage named.

One of the conductors of the meeting accosted him at the close of one of them. He was the parish priest of a neighbouring village, and said he was deeply thankful for what he had there heard of gospel truth, and that he was teaching his people the same.

The sequel needs no prophet. After a brief space he was summoned by his bishop, before whom he distinctly and respectfully refused to recant. He was teaching nothing, he said, but what was clearly taught in the "Santo Evangelo," and he dared not to do other. Family influence formed the next ordeal through which he had to pass, and it was fearful. His relations resided near, and, possessing a small family inheritance of vineyards, held a fair social position of rustic respectability. Father and mother, brothers and sisters surrounded him, alternately beseeching and menacing; at length the mother went down upon her knees, imploring him to spare her who gave him birth and his family the disgrace of apostasy; and when all was unavailing to move him from loyalty to his conscience, with angry and contemptuous maledictions he was expelled from his father's house for ever as a pariah. Excommunicated now by the Popish bishop and deprived, his paternal home closed to him, he had yet too much independence to appeal to the Protestants for succour, and for months he earned a scanty mouthful of daily bread by working in a stone-quarry in the hills; about as severe an occupation for a man of his antecedents as one could well imagine. He is now a student for the ministry, and the heroic steadfastness and iron strength evinced in his sacrifices for conscience' sake augur well for his future career. Italy has need of such. The Lord is giving the word, and the company of the preachers is waxing great day by day.

VIII.—THE CHURCH CHAMPION AND ONE OF HIS HEARERS.

I spent a Sunday morning in the Tuscan cathedral city which gave to the world Diodati, whose Italian version of the New Testament is the purest and truest.

It is not my wont to spend Italian Sunday mornings in Romish churches in places where Protestant worship is established; but I did not know that a small Valdese church was gathered together on that very morning in that city, so I repaired to the cathedral, yet with no frivolous curiosity, to learn what sound the pulpit gave forth. It was a rare occasion; the preacher a distinguished Cappucino monk, and his theme this: "The Church of Rome has never been the friend of obscurantism, retrogression, or despotism, but ever the friend of liberty, education and progress." I could scarcely believe my own eyes and ears. The lecture, you could not call it a sermon, went upon this line—the names of Roman Catholics noted in the annals of science, or humanity, or education, literature, politics or even adventure, were successively fixed upon, each hero's exploits were displayed, and for each peroration the question was triumphantly asked, Was this obscurantism, retrogression, repression?

Standing by my elbow was a respectable-looking citizen, whose eye met mine with a curious consciousness of like feelings at more than one passage of astounding assertion. I could not forbear whisper-

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ing to him at one of the many brief pauses, when we involuntarily looked a common astonishment, the single word "Galileo"; at another such moment he gave me back "Savonarola."

The harangue ended, I and my new acquaintance, quitting the church together, fell into conversation. I expressed my amazement that a public teacher of religion could so presume upon the forbearance or ignorance of an Italian city audience as to assume a position to which all history gives the lie.

"Signore," he replied, "it is nothing uncommon, I assure you. The one business of the priests now is to defend their church, and no weapon comes amiss to their hands."

"Are you then, sir, a Roman Catholic, may I venture to ask?"

"So far as believing in the doctrines taught now-a-days I am not—indeed I rarely attend worship, unless, as this morning, there is something racy."

"But," I rejoined, "I can hardly understand your position unless you are an infidel."

"An infidel I am, as to the doctrines of the papacy, but not as to the gospel."

"Have you not, then, pardon, the courage of your opinions, and do you not ally yourself with the Protestants?"

"Ah, signore, that is just what the priests would like, that the men of intelligence and independence should withdraw, and cease to ridicule their pretensions within the church. I disbelieve papal doctrine, as do millions of Italians, but we remain nominally Catholics and mean to do so, assisting pecuniarily as little as possible, but not withdrawing. Signore, we mean to have a reformation from *within* the church. You did it in England, and why should not we? To give up tamely all these magnificent churches consecrated by our national history, and the admiration of all the nations upon earth; to yield without a struggle the grand position of the priests as the traditional teachers of the people, that would be unworthy. No, signore, we mean to starve them into Reformation; it cannot be done in a moment, nor perhaps in a generation, but it will be done, and we shall yet have a national Italian Church, with the emoluments and the churches, and the prestige of traditionary position with the pure gospel of Christ."

And so we parted. That man was a representative man. I have met and conversed with scores and hundreds of such. I recollect one who had been for many days my pupil in English, as I his in Italian, and my "next" at dinner. On a Sunday morning as he said he could not attend the Roman Catholic service, and knowing that he had English enough to catch something of what was said, I invited him to accompany us to the English church service. He declined, but it was with undisguised pain, and I shall not forget the almost passionate fervour with which he combated the external inference from his conduct that he and such as he were sceptics.

"I possess the New Testament," he said, "and read it habitually. I am a convinced believer in Christianity. It is one of the sorest trials that we Italians who reject the Syllabus have to bear, that the priests brand us as infidels, and I think you, the English, believe us to be such. I and thousands of us are sceptic as to the papal doctrines; we are not sceptic as to Christianity; surely the distinction is palpable, and if we withdraw and ally ourselves with sectaries, how is our national reformation to be wrought?"

It is no logical position this for an earnest man of clear convictions, but I have long been convinced that it is one which in Italy calls for more discrimination, sympathy and patience, than we English are apt to give it.

IX.—MATRIMONIO CIVILE.

"Why, Francesco," I said, "weren't you married by the priest?"

"Oh no, signore, not I."

"But you are a Roman Catholic, how was that?"

Francesco was head-garçon at the chief hotel of a favourite place of sojourn in Southern Italy. He was a fellow of considerable intelligence, which he fed by reading, and on "sirocco" days I had had many a pleasant chat with him, for he was a smatterer in botany, and delighted to unfold with me the newly-found glories of my botany-box, receiving with exuberant joy any roots I gave him, planting and watering them with a nice pride in a little corner of the garden allotted to him by the landlord.

"How was it, Francesco, that you were not married by the priest?"

"Well, signore, I'll tell you the story. I and Restituta had settled matters and made up our minds to marry, so I went to the priest and asked him to marry us. 'Well,' he said, 'Francesco, you must first come as a good Catholic to your duty; I don't remember ever seeing you at church these long years.'

("Signore," he said, "the padre was right. I read the 'Santo Evangelo' regularly, and I got out of that a religion of my own, and I don't believe in the religion of the priests.")

"'Now, Francesco,' he said, 'come quietly to your duty, and all will be well.'

"'But I don't intend to come to confession, riverito.'

"'Why? Can you be so ignorant as not to know that you have sins to confess?'

"'I am aware, riverito, that I have sins, and I confess them to Him whom I have committed them against.'

"'But,' he exclaimed, 'you are going right against the church, and that will issue badly. You must have either the church's malediction or benediction, and they both work.'

"'Well, then, you won't marry me unless I come to confession?'

"'I can only say that it is your duty, your bounden duty, to come to the functions, and to begin with confession.'

"With this I left him, sore in my mind. Shortly after, however, meeting him again, he broke out upon me: 'Francesco, are you coming to your duty?'

"I said hastily, 'Riverito, I shall never confess to a priest again while I live—never!' upon which he turned away, angry, without a word.

"I was sorer still in my mind then. One day as I was on the quay at Naples I overheard a man say to his companion, 'Oh, yes; we were married by "matrimonio civile" without a priest, and it's all legal and right.'

"The words caught my ear, so, touching the man on the shoulder, I said, 'Pardon, my friend, did I

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hear you say one could be legally married without the priest?'

"'Oh, yes! Don't you know the law is altered since Victor Emmanuel came? You've just got to go to the registrar (there are plenty of offices) and take your girl with you, and a credible witness for her, and another for yourself, and your business is done in five minutes all right and square, and you know you can have the priest afterward if you like; but you are legally married without him.'

"This was news to me, signore, so I told Restituta, and, without a word, we got our witnesses, and were legally married by the registrar, and went to our homes, thinking we would say nothing about it for the present, to prevent a row. However, in a few days I met the priest in the lane.

"'Well, Francesco, I hope you have come to a better mind, and mean to come properly to your duty. You can't be married, I must tell you, without it, and, good Catholic as your father was before you, what a pity it would be to have any scandal.'

"'Riverito, I have said the last word on that subject, and I suppose we must do as well as we can some other way.'

"He looked straight at me for a moment, then having glanced up and down the road, he took me by the arm and said in my ear confidentially, 'Francesco, don't be a fool; if you really *will not* come to your duty, the marriage can be done for fifteen lire.'

"'But I *am* married by "matrimonio civile!"'"

"His face changed instantly; he stepped back from me as from a serpent to the side of the road. I turned away; but there he stood, cursing me as long as I could hear. Since then, as he knows, I have saved a little money, and always am ready to give something to the poor: he often sends the needy to me, but that is all the connection between us."

X.—THE NEW LIGHT.

I spent some deeply interesting days several years ago in Naples. Having heard that there was Protestant worship in the Toledo, I repaired thither on a Sunday evening with a friend. We were just in time to thrust ourselves into the crowd and get seats before the service began. It was held in a large upper room, containing, I should think, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty persons, and was the ordinary Sunday evening service. The prayers, lessons, and psalmody ended, there ascended the pulpit a man apparently about thirty years of age, with rich brown beard, face of splendid contour, six feet high, with a mighty, noble voice and distinctest articulation. He was a converted ex-Cappucino monk, and, as I soon learnt, full of evangelical fervour, which poured itself forth in strains of most penetrating eloquence. Let me tarry one moment to make a remark about the preaching of the Italian evangelici. It is a fact in my now considerable experience, upon which I have often pondered and wondered, that I never yet heard an Italian Protestant preacher who did not thoroughly expound his text, and go to the heart of his subject. I have heard as terse statement, as close logic, as keen analysis, as lucid exposition, to say nothing of earnest appeal and that vivacity which gives buoyancy to all they say—I have heard those in as high a degree from the lips of Italian evangelici as from the most gifted preachers of any land.

On that occasion, Signore Moreno's text was, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." As the mouthpiece of Italian Protestants, one learnt from him that the affliction and persecution they endured had not cowed or dejected them one iota. They joyfully "chose" them. Authority against them, numbers against them, popular pride and ignorance against them, the strong influence of a gorgeous spectacular religion upon a spectacle-loving people against them, the prestige of traditionary usage and family association against them, and slander and contempt and a thousand other forces against them, they still gloried in their choice. There was a living force, a warm, vital breath of God in the man's word which moved one's soul and carried it straight into one's heart. I never saw worship more real, attention more breathless, praise more fervent, in any assembly whatsoever. "There is hope for Italy," I said to my friend as we left. And now, having visited Naples again, after a lapse of not seven years, I find the Protestant converts more than quadrupled, and the attendants on Protestant worship tenfold.

On the day following, being in the Bible Society's depot, and describing to the manager my interest in what I had heard on the previous evening, I observed a middle-aged working-man, who was in the shop when I entered, and who remained during our conversation. As his attitude and mien evinced his interest in what we had been saying, I turned to him, and said, "I hope, my friend, you are not ignorant of the truths of which we have been speaking?"

I was little prepared for what followed.

"Signore," he said, with exceeding animation, "I lived blind, blind, blind as a stone for fifty years! It was the words of that same Signore Moreno whom you heard preach, that God sent to open my eyes and make me see my Saviour."

I do not know that I ever heard a more graphic description of a man's turning from darkness to light than he then gave. It was the picture of a death and life escape from bondage to freedom; and he poured forth with vivid eagerness all those grand truths enshrined in Hebrews ix., x., xi. There was the very light of liberty in the man's eyes. After he had gone, I asked the manager if his life bore out his profession.

"Oh yes, sir," he said, "he is perfectly well known; he is one of the most sincere Christians as he is one of our most indefatigable evangelists. He earns his bread by daily work, but 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and in season and out of season, with persons of any quality or rank whatever, he gives testimony to the peace of God in his heart, and to that Christ who has opened his eyes and made him free."

XI.—IN A SCHOOL.

I spent a day in the Valdese school of Naples, and I would not willingly let the memory of it die. Entering as a stranger, I apologised to the teachers, and, stating that I was an English

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Protestant who wished well to their work and helped it, I asked if I might inspect a little their work, methods, apparatus, etc., and I must say I was no little amazed at the perfect organisation and the remarkable intelligence and efficiency of their teaching, nor was I less interested in the ingenuity and adaptation of their apparatus. After making acquaintance with every class save the youngest, I did not yet like to proceed to a step which I meditated, until I had learnt from the head teacher how many of the about one hundred and fifty children were of Protestant parentage.

His reply was: "There are not, I think, more than six professed Protestant homes from which these children come."

"Then, perhaps, I may talk to the whole school, except the lowest class, for the last half hour before closing, partly in the way of examination and partly in the way of address?"

"We shall all be most happy, sir."

I will detail but two incidents of what followed.

I said, "Boys and girls, I have been this morning into a church, and I found two tablets on the wall, with writing out upon them—one headed 'The Commandments of God,' and the other 'The Commandments of the Church.' Now how many are those called the commandments of God?"

"Ten, signore."

"Where are they first found?"

"In the holy Bible."

"Where?"

Plenty of hands are held up; I single out one who answers, "In the twentieth chapter of Exodus."

"Please give to Pietro a Bible. Find the place. Now listen to me before you read. I found part of the ten omitted. Begin to read the first commandment, and when you come to what was omitted, stop."

Pietro read the first commandment, and pausing, looked up at me.

"Hands up," I cried, "of those who think Pietro has stopped at the right place."

A forest of hands goes up.

"Now, will you tell me why the pope's church singles out that special second commandment and omits it?"

A host of hands go up.

"You tell me, Giuseppe."

I give the exact words of that lad's reply—a lad of thirteen, the son of a nominal Roman Catholic of Naples.

"Signore Inglese, the second commandment is against images, and it would never do to put up God's commandment against adoring images when the priests and the people are doing it every day all round the church."

Before my departure I signified my intention of giving a small book to each of those whose work I had inspected, and whom I had questioned and addressed. I wished to give to each such a book as he could *keep* and read when I should be in England, as a souvenir of what had been to me a very pleasant day. I said, "There is one book which is before all others, which is that?"

"The 'Santo Evangelo,' signore."

"But I have been out into the city during your dinner-hour, and selected some other little books, which cost just the same as the 'Santo Evangelo,' and some of you would like them, perhaps, for they contain stories and nice reading, and I want you to have a book that you will like and be able to keep. Now I must see: hands up who would like the 'Santo Evangelo'!"

Every hand was raised instantly.

"Oh," I said to the master, "they don't understand my bad Italian!"

"Indeed they do, sir."

"Let me try again: now, hands up who would like another book to cost as much as the 'Santo Evangelo,' with stories and pictures!"

Not a hand moved.

I was not satisfied; so I said, "I want to give you a book which you can keep. Now, Antonio, if the priest came to your house and saw the 'Santo Evangelo' he would take it away."

"Signore, my father will never allow a priest to come into our house again."

Another, questioned in like manner, replied:

"Signore, my father and mother attend the worship of the Evangelici."

Another and another gave like replies, and the issue was that I gave, with name inscribed, a New Testament to each.

I still wanted this matter cleared, and asked the schoolmaster, after school, how he accounted for the fact that these boys and girls who read the New Testament in school daily, and could not desire it from mere curiosity, should choose it rather than a book which would generally be more attractive to a child—were they afraid of displeasing me?

"Oh, no; the children of Naples are of a bold nature, and wouldn't think of that. It's all perfectly genuine; we are only just come out of bondage. It is the new liberty, signore. The parents of these children have heard the word of God banned, and the reading of it and the having it cursed, and they are athirst to possess it. You may depend upon it, those New Testaments will all be read aloud from end to end, and religiously preserved."

How I thanked God that good souls in England had made me their almoner in such enterprises! and though theirs was the grain, I was glad that mine was the sower's hand that day.

HINTS TO HOSPITAL VISITORS.

DISCRETION and sympathy are the essential requisites for a hospital visitor. The Christian visitor will aim higher than merely to comfort or to please; he will most carefully arm himself with the wisdom which is from above. Good hospital visiting is by no means easy, and yet how few of the enthusiastic and charitable persons who attempt it take even ordinary pains to improve themselves in the task. The tact which grows by long experience, the ready sympathy which must be expressed so differently to each sufferer, the cheerful manner which must never jar upon sorrow, or insult misery, are only acquired by long and patient training. The inexperienced visitor is so anxious to do and to say what he thinks kind, that the often-recurring occasions when to do and to say nothing is the truest kindness are not recognised by him, and a drowsy patient is roused, or a feeble patient disturbed, physical excitement and mental distress are

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caused, because common sense has been defied and enthusiasm substituted for wisdom. A great many rules must be self-taught because they must depend on the special circumstances of the visitors and the wards to be visited, but in every case certain rules should be strictly adhered to. Though of course no visitor is allowed to go into a ward without a pass, in which the wards and the hours for visiting them are specially defined, it is only right always to ask the nurse in charge whether any patient had better be passed by, as after any particular treatment, such as leeching or administration of morphia, it is far better to leave the patient unnoticed.

A text or a verse from some familiar hymn is often all that the sufferer can hear, and in many cases all that is required; but where the patient is tolerably free from pain, a great deal more can be done.

And let me here advise all visitors, however short a time they mean to give to each patient, to sit down by their bedside, not on any account to speak to them standing up and leaning over their bed. This worries and fusses an invalid, and at once does away with the soothing effect which is so much to be sought after. Brighten the wards by your presence and leave some seeds to grow after your visit, varied seeds for every soil. Human nature is a vast kaleidoscope, one pattern will differ from another, and all, even the most ignorant and degraded, have their own individuality.

Do not, if you are an habitual visitor, think it necessary to speak about religion on every occasion. Make the patients look forward to your visit, and gain a personal influence in your wards by remembering their names and home circumstances, and by showing them as much as possible that you enjoy visiting them.

You will thus be able to speak with far greater power about the one thing needful when the opportunities arise.

Remember also to be very courteous to all the nurses, and do not pass even the scrubbing-girl without some word of greeting.

All these things are essential, and yet are constantly overlooked. Visitors will often say, "I feel so shy and awkward," forgetting that shyness can be overcome and awkwardness conquered by a strong will, but until they are conquered the good you wish to do will be greatly hindered.

It is a wise plan in visiting the free wards of any hospital, where, as a rule, the patients are very poor, to note down in your pocket-book something about their home circumstances; the accounts can easily be verified by applying to the Charity Organisation Society, whose investigations, so far as the experience of the writer are concerned, are carried out with equal kindness and accuracy. If possible, follow up the helpless cases in their own home, where, after leaving the hospital, they are generally in great want of some small comforts. The gift of a wicker-chair, a couple of cushions, flannel, old linen, or whatever is most needed, is very valuable in supplementing the good gained within the hospital walls. The wants of most inmates of our hospitals are so very real and so very great that they are not met by the casual gifts of flowers and tracts only, and though it is natural to wish to please a great many sufferers by kind words vaguely distributed, far more real good would be done by narrowing the circle and thoroughly working two or three cases. O. H. C.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

MORTIFYING THE DEEDS OF THE BODY.

"If ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—*Romans* viii. 13.

WE have here a promise, "Ye shall live," and the condition on which the promise is given, "If ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body."

The original word (θανατοῦτε), here rendered "mortify," signifies "to kill," "to put to death." It would then read, "If ye through the Spirit do kill the deeds of the body, ye shall live," which shows that the life of sin and the life of grace are incompatible.

The objects, then, of this mortification are the deeds of the body. By "the body," we here understand that of which the apostle speaks, where he says, "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die." The terms "flesh" and "body" are in this sense equivalent. They signify the same thing—that is, the same corrupt nature. Indeed, the proper seat of sin is the soul; and "the deeds of the body" are sinful only as they are influenced by a sinful soul. Yet the Scriptures frequently call this spiritual corruption by the terms, "the flesh," "the body," "the members." "I see," said the apostle, "another law in my members warring against the law of my mind;" and he tells us this to show the degrading nature of sin, that it, as it were, destroys the very soul in man, and further, to show what is the special tendency of it, to indulge the body, to make provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

By "the deeds of the body" then, we must understand, not only the inward risings and the outward workings of sin, but also the source, the evil heart, from which these sins issue.

"If ye through the Spirit," says the apostle, "do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Now if we take life, here promised, to signify present life, the life of grace, then we see that it is impossible for a soul to have its graces in lively exercise, whose lusts are not mortified; that it is necessary that the deeds of the body should be put to death, if you desire that your graces should live.

Again, if we take the life here promised for eternal life, then we observe that the future life of glory is only secure to us upon the condition of a present death unto sin. "If ye do mortify the deeds of the body"—these are the terms—"ye shall live." Not that life proceeds from mortification as the effect from the cause, but as the end follows upon the right use of the means. Only the pure in heart shall see God. Those who attain to glory must be made meet for it through sanctification of the Spirit.

Here we would observe that even believers themselves who are influenced by the Spirit need con-

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tinually to exercise this mortification. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Colossians, speaks to those who were "risen with Christ," whose "life was hid with Christ in God," who were "dead with Christ," who should "appear with Christ in glory," and yet presses upon them this duty. Must not this appear strange if you call to mind what are "the deeds of the body," what are the sins to be mortified? They are not simply vain thoughts, or coldness of heart, the negligences or ignorances with which the most favoured of God's servants are chargeable. They are "fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, covetousness, anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, lying." It is, indeed, strange that Christians distinguished as were the Colossians should be called upon to mortify such foul sins as those mentioned in that black catalogue. Yet in the mind of the apostle it was necessary even for them, inasmuch as that the most exalted Christians upon earth have within them the seeds of corruption, inclining them to those sins, gross as they are, and Satan will not fail to stir up to action that corrupt nature, unless they keep a constant watch upon their own hearts by habitual mortification.

Nor is this necessary to great sins only, but to all sins, small and great. And we should bear in mind that no sin is too great for man to commit were God for a moment to withhold His preventing grace, and that no sin is small in the sight of God.

Let us, then, remember how needful it is to keep up this habit of constant mortification.

In the first place, unmortified sin not only interferes with the object and use of the grace of God, but, in a degree, it destroys its power over us. It is impossible that grace and nature should be strong and vigorous in the same soul. If nature prospers, grace must decay.

There are two things that contribute to a growth in grace, namely, holy thoughts and holy duties. Just as a man for his natural growth requires food and exercise, so it is with grace: holy thoughts are, as it were, the food, and holy duties the exercise. But sin not mortified prevents us from gathering strength from either of these. When once an unmortified lust has seized upon the thoughts and pressed them into the service of a corrupted imagination, grace must decay. It does much also to hinder us in our spiritual duties, as it deadens the heart or distracts it. How can we go to God with any freedom of spirit? How can we, with any boldness, call Him Father, while there lies at the bottom some unmortified lust? How can I pray for pardon for my sins whilst this or the other bosom sin is cherished? This cloaking of sin is a fearful impediment to the Christian. It draws away the heart from God; it entangles the affections; it distracts the thoughts; it deranges the whole spiritual frame.

When inward motions are suffered to solicit, to tempt, to importune the soul, this or the other lust may speedily gain the ascendency. If, therefore, you would be secure from this danger, the first risings must be suppressed. You must mortify sin in the womb; strangle it in the birth; for if once brought forth you know not to what growth it may attain. In such case God may take His Holy Spirit from you; He may leave you to your own devices; and once abandoned by God, the man is ready to work all uncleanness with greediness.

There are two things required to keep up an intercourse between God and the soul: on God's part there is the communication of the Spirit, through whose life-giving influence communion is maintained; on man's part there is required of him that he cultivate a spiritual frame in the return of a holy obedience. But sin not mortified breaks off all intercourse in both these respects. It provokes God to take the Holy Spirit from us, and thus cuts off all intercourse on His part; and on man's part, it disturbs the spiritual frame in which the soul must be kept if we would maintain it. The sin that separated between God and you should at length be mortified, the hindrance removed, otherwise it may prove a fearful perdition.

Now, although there be no duty which can plead more for itself than that we are now considering, yet there is scarce any that is so neglected. And there is a reason for this neglect: it is a difficult duty. St. Paul speaks of it as "resisting unto blood," as a "striving against sin"; our Saviour likens it to the plucking out of a right eye, the cutting off of a right hand. But nowadays we are loth to carry things so far; there is too much compromise with the world, and external observances are put in the place of mortifying worldly lusts and affections through the Spirit.

But besides the difficulty, the fact of its being, as it were, an unending work, does much to keep men from entering upon it! If sin could be laid dead at a blow, men would strike for once; but when they find that the work of mortification must be prosecuted all their life long, day by day, hour by hour; that they must be still on the watch without even breathing-time allowed them, they give up the struggle, or they prosecute it remissly, all owing to a spirit of slothfulness that unfits them for encountering difficulties, and so they forfeit heaven.

Heaven and happiness are not to be attained but by earnest, continuous effort; sitting still and idly wishing for it will not do. "The Kingdom of heaven," said the Saviour, "suffereth violence"; and the violent take it by force." The true Christian will with a firm resolve bear down whatever opposes his entrance into the Kingdom; while the fearful and the unbelieving, who see the difficulty but do not strive to overcome it, will for ever be shut out.

But there may be among my readers some who know little of spiritual things, and care little for them. To such as these I must leave a word of remonstrance and of warning.

Am I addressing a worldly man, busy with the cares of the world, whose treasure is upon earth, and who is laying up nothing against the great day? Or am I addressing a man of pleasure and of sin—one to whom the promise of the text has no motive, because he has his portion in this life? Let such remember that they have to render an account hereafter of all the deeds done in the body, and according to that judgment they have an eternity to spend somewhere! In these and all other pursuits the end must not be forgotten. The dying bed of the profligate, the wrench that awaits the covetous and worldly man, the cheerless prospect that presents itself to the sceptic, must all be placed side by side with what each has gained or lost! Eternal life or eternal death is the alternative. "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye, through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

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Pages for the Young.

FLORENCE AND HER ORPHAN FRIEND.

I.



"FLORENCE, can you remember the text of Sunday morning?"

"Yes, mother, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.'" And the little girl added, "I do not understand it all, but yet I like it very much."

"Why?"

"I like the word *trust*. It is said of Mary Grey," naming one of her favourite companions, "'You can always trust Mary; for if she makes a promise, she is sure to keep her word;' and it's true, mother. When I had to take that dark, bitter medicine, you said, 'It will not be pleasant, certainly, but it will make you so much stronger afterwards, that you will not regret it. You can trust me, I hope'—and I could trust my dear mother. But I can't understand the first part of the text."

"The best way of explaining it to you, dear, is to tell you that God will take care of and love those who trust in Him. Will you try and trust Him, Florence?"

Florence thought for a moment, and then said, "I might try, but it seems difficult."

"But you can make it not so difficult. Endeavour to say from your heart, with your other prayers, these words, 'Lord, help me, a helpless child, to have trust in Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake.'"

"I will," said Florence. "Mother, will you write out that little prayer for me, that I may always remember it?"

"If you wish it, darling." And her mother did so, and Florence remembered that simple prayer on many occasions in the time to come.

Florence Lester was the only surviving child of a widowed mother. Glancing around that spacious room, opening at one end into a beautiful conservatory where delicate bright azaleas and pure graceful camellias made all seem luxuriant as midsummer, it appeared that in earthly prospects she was greatly blessed. Indeed, she was favoured not only by the surroundings of wealth, but by the possession of a treasure which riches could not give, the judicious care and training of an excellent mother. It was Mrs. Lester's plan to talk over the Sunday morning's text and, by encouraging Florence to give to some extent her own ideas, to awaken additional interest, and then explain, in the way she thought best fitted to her daughter's understanding, something of the meaning of the blessed words.

Soon after the conversation last related, the Lesters left the country for their residence at the west end of London. Florence went out one day with her governess, and it happened that in coming homewards they lost their way. Miss White had taken the wrong turning. She herself was only a country girl of twenty, and knew but little of London. She made inquiries, but was misled. Presently, to her consternation, she found herself surrounded by poor and narrow streets, where the inhabitants bore every appearance of squalid poverty. Florence was secretly frightened, but she was a good, brave girl at heart, and tried not to let her fears terrify her governess; but soon worse sounds greeted their alarmed ears, for there was a street quarrel. Florence repressed a scream, and clasping her hands slowly, repeated her mother's prayer, "Lord help me, a helpless child, to have trust in Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake."

It was not intended for Miss White's ears, but she had caught the word *trust*, without understanding the prayer. "What are you talking about, my dear? You said something about trust. I should be very sorry to trust any one about here. What shall I do? I can't see a policeman or a respectable person, and I don't know which way to go?"

"Listen, please, Miss White," said Florence. It was the sound of singing that had caught her ear, a clear and decidedly musical voice with a depth of pathetic sadness in it, and the first verse of a familiar and beautiful hymn fell upon the listening ears of governess and pupil. The singer was a pale-faced girl of short stature with a great hump upon her back, and by her side was a rough-looking boy some fifteen years of age, who came up to them and held out a ragged cap for pence.

"Is that your sister?" said Miss White.

"Yes, lady, that's my sister Betsey, that I'm well fond of."

"Oh, do tell us the way to —— Square, kind boy," said Florence. "If you are kind to your sister I am sure I can trust you."

"I'd tell ye in a minute if I knew, miss," was the prompt reply. "Betsey and I goes to lots of squares. It's an ugly place, this, for gentle folk to be in. Tell ye what," as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, "if I was to take ye to Oxford Street, or Regent's Circus, anywheres there, could ye find yer way then?"

"Oh, yes, that we could," said Florence promptly. Miss White hesitated; she did not like trusting this vagrant boy, but yet he was the least forbidding and repulsive creature they had seen in those squalid streets.

Florence in the short silence that followed turned to Betsey. "Little girl," she said, "how very prettily you sing. Where did you learn that hymn? I am so fond of it."

"I learnt it at the church, miss, where Bill takes me on Sundays," said Betsey, and then suddenly raising her sharp, sallow face she gazed into that of Florence, exclaiming, "Oh, miss, I should like to see you again, though I don't think it likely, but I shall never forget you, never."

"See me again!" said Florence kindly; "I am sure you shall. I want you to come to my home, and I want to hear you sing again."

A cheerful look came into the boy's face, as Florence finished speaking; he had perceived Miss White's hesitation to accept him as their guide.

"I wish I could see a policeman," Miss White again said uneasily to herself. But she was obliged to follow her rough guide. Through many a narrow street he passed on before them silently, holding his sister's hand, until at last they came to the broad open familiar path again, when the boy paused. "Do yer know the way from here, lady?" he asked, addressing Miss White.

"Yes, and thank you very much indeed, my good boy; here is a shilling for you."

"Good-bye, little girl," said Florence. "Can you read? because I want to give you my address; you said you wanted to see me again."

"Bill can read, miss, right beautiful, and write; he learnt when mother was alive. Bill learns me of evenings, but I'm no scholar to speak of; give it to Bill, miss, please." So Florence pencilled down the address and tore a leaf from her pocket-book.

"Good-bye, ladies," said Bill, touching his ragged cap.

When Florence and her governess reached home some uneasiness had arisen on account of their prolonged absence. "I am very glad it turned out well in the end, my darling," said Mrs. Lester, when she had listened with interest to the story of poor Bill and little Betsey; "but I cannot allow you to go out with Miss White again until she is better acquainted with the town; some harm might happen to you both if you lost your way often in the bye-streets of London."

"Mother," said Florence suddenly, "I was frightened once, but I remembered that prayer about trusting God just before we met poor Betsey and her brother Bill, it seemed as if they were there to help us."

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"Yes, Florence," said Mrs. Lester. "God can make the humblest and weakest of His creatures the instruments of His will; it might have been so. Continue to trust Him more and more in the strength of Christ, unto your life's end."

II.

A week had not passed away before Betsey and her brother had found their way to the square where Florence Lester lived. Like her daughter, Mrs. Lester was surprised and charmed with poor Betsey's sweet voice. The children's story was a sad one. Their mother, who had once been in respectable service, married a man of intemperate habits; and the whole family had fallen into distressing poverty. At last the father forsook them, and three years ago their mother had died, partly sinking under the sorrows of a disappointed life, partly from insufficient food, at a lodging in the wretched street where Florence first saw the brother and sister. Even in their mother's lifetime Betsey was often obliged to sing in the streets for a few pence. Occasionally kindly-disposed people were found, who, charmed with the singular beauty of her voice, and touched by compassion for her misfortune, would give to poor Betsey a silver coin instead of the copper for which she plaintively pleaded.

"How have you lived since your mother died?" asked Mrs. Lester.

"Did what I could, lady; held horses, went on errands, sold matches and other articles when I could buy 'em. Betsey helps a good bit; there's something in her singing wot makes folks give to her when they won't to others that takes to it; we rub along and pay our lodgings, for we don't want to be taken to the House if we can help it."

"And you go to church," said Florence.

"Yes, miss; mother told us always to do that, and Betsey is so very fond of it 'cause of the singing; that's where she learns these hymns."

Florence Lester's birthday came and went; she had a party of girls to help her to spend it happily. I have not space to tell you how she enjoyed that happy day with her companions, and especially with her favourite friend Mary Grey, but you can imagine it all.

"Mother," said Florence, on the following day, "are my presents really and truly my very own?"

"Certainly, Florence, why do you ask the question?"

"Because if they are really mine, I should like to give the white camellia to Betsey."

Mrs. Lester smiled. "Well, I don't think they are yours absolutely, Florence, and I do not think a present, unless it is given in money, ought ever to be so."

"What is absolutely? and why should it have nothing to do with presents?"

"One question at a time, please. You first asked the meaning of the word 'absolutely.' Do you remember seeing the Crown jewels?"

"Yes."

"Well, they belong to Queen Victoria, as the reigning sovereign of Great Britain. She wears them on state occasions, and some of them, as the Koh-i-noor diamond, when she pleases. But they are not hers to give to any one; they belong to the sovereigns of England in succession, so they do not belong to her Majesty absolutely. To possess anything entirely is to be able to give it to whom you please while you live or when you die. I do not think it right to give away presents, for they are tokens of affection, and should not be parted with. Besides, the camellia would die with Betsey. It is difficult to keep it in London air anywhere, but it would be impossible in that court."

"I see," said Florence. "I was very foolish not to have thought of that before; but poor Betsey is so fond of flowers. I will get her some others. But, mother, my sovereign is mine absolutely. I should like to spend some of it to buy a warm dress for her."

"If Betsey goes to the Home for crippled girls, she will wear a uniform, and the dress will be useless, unless, indeed, she had it for a time and it was afterwards given to some other poor girl."

Florence consented to this plan, and went that afternoon to purchase some nice, dark woollen stuff, and with her mother's assistance, helped to make up the dress. She also bought a pretty book, full of coloured pictures, of bright flowers and easy verses, and when the day came that Betsey and her brother were to visit the square, Florence plucked two lovely blossoms of the white camellia and put them in water for Betsey.

But the short winter afternoon sunshine faded into twilight, and the twilight into darkness, and the children never came. The camellias were all over before she saw them again. Mrs. Lester had been very gentle in her manner of proposing to Betsey her plan of placing her at the school where she had interest, but the young orphans had lived a vagrant life so long that liberty had become too dear to be lightly parted with. A still stronger reason was their fear of separation, even for a time. They did not say this to Mrs. Lester, but Bill was determined to leave the court where they lived, and get out of the way, rather than part with Betsey, with whom his life was bound up.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Find the places where the following incidents are recorded:—

1. A son steals a large amount of silver from his mother, but afterwards he repents and makes restitution. She blesses him, and employs a part in a manner which violated the second commandment.

2. An elder brother offers to become a slave, in order to procure the release of a younger one.

3. At points of time widely apart, two men acting as spies are sheltered from pursuers by a woman, who conceals them in such a manner as to avert suspicion.

4. There are three instances, on special occasions, of the sacrifice of draught animals of the ox-kind as burnt-offerings, the carts or other implements to which they were attached being used for the fuel.

5. What incident, perverted in an unauthorised and superstitious manner, may have suggested the veneration of the bones of good men departed, and a belief in their miraculous virtues.

6. A celebrated city was inhabited by some of the old Canaanites. A king, wishing to make it his capital, promises that the man who should take the citadel should become chief captain of his forces. A relative assaults it successfully.

7. Two instances of an appeal to Jehovah, apparently by casting lots, for the detection of a supposed offender.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XII.—p. 493.—I KNOW THEIR SORROWS.—Exod. iii. 7.

1. I-ddo . . . . . 2 Chron. ix. 29; xii. 15; xiii. 22.
2. K-eilah . . . . . 1 Sam. xxiii. 1—14.
3. N-aboth . . . . . 1 Kings xxi. 1—24.
4. O-ak . . . . . Josh. xxiv. 26.
5. W-isdom . . . . . James i. 5.
6. T-ares . . . . . Matt. xiii. 30.
7. H-ope . . . . . Heb. vi. 19.
8. E-ye . . . . . Deut. xxxii. 10; Psa. xvii. 8.
9. I-ncense . . . . . Rev. v. 8; margin viii. 3.
10. R-ain . . . . . Deut. xxxii. 2.
11. S-inai . . . . . Exod. xix. 16—25; xx. 1—21.
12. O-ak . . . . . Ezek. vi. 13.
13. R-efuge-cities . . Num. xxxv. 9—15.
14. R-ose of Sharon . Song of Sol. ii. 1.
15. O-bed-edom . . . 2 Sam. vi. 11.
16. W-heat . . . . . Matt. iii. 12; John xii. 24.
17. S-un . . . . . Mal. iv. 2.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



MATTHEW CONWAY AND PRISCILLA.

OLD MRS. BARRON

CHAPTER VI.—PRISCILLA.

AND so time went on, till the beauty of the October days gave place to the dreariness of November. By-and-by the snow came, and piled itself in drifts in the hollows, and along the wayside fences, as it seldom does so early in the winter, even in Canada. Then came Christmas.

It cannot be said that it was a time of rejoicing in Mrs. Barron's house, but it was a peaceful time, and it had its pleasures. If Nannie were worse than she had been when her sister went away, she hardly seemed so in her patient sweetness. Even now there were times when her mother thought that if they had not so soon lost heart about her, and had carried her away to a milder climate for the winter, her life might have been prolonged.

But after Christmas this thought came seldom.

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It was but too evident that Nannie was passing away. Her precious Nannie! She was fitter for heaven than for earth, the mother told herself often; she ought to be glad that all trouble would soon be over for her, but her heart cried out against the loss and loneliness that was before her.

It was at such times that she rejoiced most in Priscilla's presence in the house. At first she had been conscious of something which was not all pleasure, in the readiness and skill which Priscilla showed in doing what was to be done for Nannie and her child, and in Nannie's pleased acceptance of her service. But this did not last long. Whether Priscilla saw this or not, with a tact and gentleness rare in one so young, and so unused to the sight of trouble, she kept herself from even seeming to come between the mother and daughter, and after a little they both felt only comfort in having her with them.

And so when the cares of house and farm kept her busy, the mother was at rest about Nannie. And when the sight of Beauchamp coming and going, and the thought of all that he had made her suffer through her child made her angry, she kept away from them till she grew calm again, certain that they were well and content without her.

When the quiet of the sick room, broken only by Nannie's faint sweet voice, or the murmur and movement of the child, was more then she could bear, she went away and "had it out with herself," alone. Poor soul! She *was* alone in those days, as far as she knew. She was not clearly conscious of God's presence with her, in the darkness which had fallen upon her, nor of the help which doubtless carried her through this time of trouble, though she did not know it. "Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through," was the thought of her heart many a time in her solitude. But she never came into Nannie's sight till she could bring a cheerful face and a steady voice with her. And she was never very long away from her, either by night or by day.

It would not have been well for Priscilla, strong and cheerful though she was, to stay too constantly in the sick room. She had promised her sister to walk at least two or three miles every day, when it was possible to do so, and neither the autumn mud nor the winter snow prevented her from keeping her promise.

She grew friendly with the neighbours, and availed herself of her school French in making herself agreeable to those of them who knew no English. She went to the little stone house often, and to other houses also, as she was asked.

Like her little nephews, she delighted in the life and stir of the great farm, and she won the good word of James Cox by the intelligent interest she took in all that was going on under his eye. She salted the sheep and learned to milk a cow; she fed the fowls, and "kept track" of all the laying hens, whose eggs would have been frozen as solid as stone had they been left half an hour in the nests.

She helped Justine in the great pleasant kitchen sometimes, and by the help of hints from the cookery book and from other sources, taught herself to make many a dainty dish to tempt Nannie's failing appetite. In this kind of work, which was now to her, she took delight, and all the more, that a failure now and then mattered little, as there was always plenty of new material for her experiments in Mrs. Barron's storeroom.

She enjoyed everything it seemed, but she enjoyed nothing so much as the knowledge that she was useful to the mother who was so sad and anxious, and to the daughter who in all her weakness was so full of heavenly peace. For Nannie loved her dearly, taking her service with a pleased readiness which was better than spoken thanks. Mrs. Barron saw, with no pang of motherly jealousy, but indeed joyfully after a time, that this young girl could do more to soothe and rest her child in the weariness that sometimes came upon her, than she could do, though her heart was like to break with love and sorrow for her sake. She moved her so firmly and gently, and soothed her so tenderly when pain or feverish restlessness was on her. She read to her—not continuously, but a few words now and then, or repeated a promise from the Book, or a verse from a hymn as they sat in the darkness. She sang to her softly hymns, or the old familiar Psalms, and the singing, the mother thought, was the best of all her comforting.

Nannie thought so too, till one day she took courage to ask her to kneel down beside her and pray, as Isa used to do. Priscilla did so shyly and with hesitation at first. But afterwards she wondered at herself that she had needed to be asked, so great was the comfort to them both.

They had visitors often, and sometimes Nannie saw them, and sometimes she did not. Those who saw her wondered at her patience.

"She is going to die, and she is not afraid," said some of the gay young people who had been her companions when she was in health; and notwithstanding the doubts of some of them as to the worth of a religion so different from their own, they could hardly look on Nannie's serene face, and believe that she had cause for fear.

"Somehow it will be all right with her surely," they said to one another.

Beauchamp, who had come to be very little in Nannie's life now, could not but wonder at her patience and her peace. He came and went about the house very much as he had always done, except that now he never stayed very long away. He used to steal softly into her room and sit a while, when her mother was not there. He played quietly with the child, and had a word or two to say to Nannie, who always answered him gently, with her faint sweet smile. But her utter quiet, and the far-away look in her eyes, awed and quieted him also. One day when they were quite alone, he took courage to say:

"You don't think you are going to die, Nannette, —as your mother says?"

"Not just yet, but in a little while," replied Nannie, gravely.

"And you are not afraid?"

"No, oh no! I don't think I shall be afraid when the time comes."

"And are you not sorry to go away?"

"Yes, from my baby. And my mother will grieve."

"And I too, Nannette."

"Well, perhaps for a little while," said Nannie, with a strange sad smile, and then she raised herself up. "Sometimes I am sorry, but I am not afraid—because——"

"Because of what?" said her husband eagerly, as she paused.

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"Because Jesus died for me, and will receive me."

"Our Jesus? The Jesu in the Church?"

"Jesus is in Heaven—at the right hand of the Father, but by his Spirit with me here. There is only one Jesus," said Nannie, laying herself down again. "Oh no, I am not afraid!"

That was all, for Mrs. Barron came in and Beauchamp went away.

Mrs. Peter came more than once during the winter, moved by a vague desire to see how "old madame" was bearing the trouble that had come upon her; but it was to Nannie that most of her attention was given. They had not much to say to one another: Madame Peter sat looking at the beautiful pale face with a sort of wonder. How lovely it was still, how peaceful, and how bright!

"She is not dying, or she does not know it," said she to herself. Aloud she said, "I should like to see the child."

"She has gone out with Cilla. It is not good for baby to be much with me," said Nannie, the first shadow of pain coming into her eyes.

It soon passed, however; she had much to say about her child, how sweet she was and how strong. She had taken two or three steps already, though she would not be a year old for a month and more.

"I am so glad I shall see her running about—before."

Nannie paused.

"You will be better when summer comes," said Madame Peter.

"Perhaps," said Nannie softly, but her face said something else.

"I should like to do something for you if I might," said Madame Peter, a vague remorse stirring at her heart as she recalled the past.

"Thank you; you are very kind; but I have mother and Cilla."

The next time she came, she saw, as did all the rest, that there would be no summer on earth for Nannie. The "shadow of death," was on the lovely face, but the new peace was there still and the brightness, and though her breathing was quick and laboured, the smile came readily to the sweet eyes as she said,

"No, not better; never better any more."

"And you are not afraid?" asked she, as Beauchamp had done. And she got the same glad answer.

"Oh, no! I am not afraid—because of Jesus."

The tears stood in Madame Peter's eyes. She would have been, oh, so glad to know, to feel sure, that the dying girl had no cause to be afraid. Nannie seemed to know her thought, and she repeated:

"For Jesus' sake. Your Jesus too. There is only one Saviour."

"Yes, there is only one Jesus—but the church——"

No. She could not at the moment utter what all her life she had firmly believed, that even with Jesus, the sinful soul needs some "go-between." Surely these sweet serene eyes had seen His face! Surely Jesus could speak directly to such a one as Nannie, as the end drew near!

On the other side of the bed sat "old madame." She had indeed grown old since the night they both so well remembered, when she had been told of Nannie's marriage. Her hair had grown white and the furrows had deepened on her face, but almost the first time for many years Madame Peter saw it without the shadow which her presence had always brought upon it. There was no room for angry thoughts in her sorrowful heart to-day. Her daughter-in-law sat looking at her in a sort of dream.

"I am tired now," said Nannie faintly; "kiss me, and—good-bye."

And so she went away. The next time she saw her, Nannie was lying on her white bed, with white flowers in her folded hands, and the same peaceful smile upon her face.

"God has taken her to himself," said Mrs. Peter in her heart.

If Mrs. Barron were afraid for Nannie, it was not because of what was to come after, but of "the pains of death" through which this timid, tender creature must pass alone. She told her often with loving words that even in the "valley of the shadow of death" the hand of love would hold her, but all the same she shrank from the thought of "the last agony" for her child. But even in this God was better to her than her fears, and spared her. For though they had waited long for him, the King's messenger came suddenly at last and painlessly.

She had bidden them all good-night as usual, and slumbered quietly for an hour or two. For no reason that she could have given, Priscilla lingered longer than usual in the room, and when she rose to go, the sweet eyes opened with a smile.

"Mother! mother! Father has come!" cried Nannie, stretching forth her hands.

And then the "change" which no one can mistake or forget came over the peaceful face, and Nannie's troubles were over.

"Thank God!" said her mother.

She knelt for a little while with her face hid on Nannie's pillow, then she rose and closed the sweet eyes, and, with Cilla's help, prepared her child's body for the grave.

"And now, my dear," said she, when all was done, "you'll go to your bed and rest, for there will be much to do to-morrow. And I'll bide still here as usual, till morning." And she kissed her, and thanked her, and shut the door upon her, and Priscilla had no choice but to go away and leave her with her dead.

Beauchamp had seldom gone away for the night of late, but it had happened strangely enough that he had that night gone to a neighbouring town and had not returned, nor did he make his appearance the next day. That his absence was cause of regret or pain to Mrs. Barron is not to be supposed. She would gladly have laid her daughter in the grave undisturbed by his presence.

"But he has his rights," said she, and so a neighbour was sent in search of him, and he came in time to see his wife's dead face and to follow her to the grave. Did he feel sorrow, or remorse, now that it had all come to an end? Whatever he felt, or whatever he may have said to other people, to Mrs. Barron he said nothing either good or bad, and she said nothing to him.

All the parish, and many from beyond the parish followed Nannie to the grave. Even her father had not a larger funeral, the neighbours said, never doubting that the mother might find a measure of comfort—even of satisfaction in this token of general

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respect. But Mrs. Barron was not in a state to take much satisfaction in anything except in the knowledge that whatever might befall, her Nannie was beyond the reach of sorrow for ever.

She began to feel now how the long months of watching and anxiety had worn upon her. She knew what was before her. She knew that she must take up her burden of care again. But in the meantime she could only sit still and wait for her courage to come back again.

It would come after a while, she told herself. She had borne hard strokes before in her life, and she knew well how, with time and the work that must be done, something comes which has to stand for the hope and satisfaction which can never be quite the same again after death has come into a household.

When her husband died she had thought that she could never again care for her work, or for success in it. And yet she had come to care, though not in the same way. But she had had Nannie then, and now Nannie was beyond the need of care and guidance.

She had the child, but just now the child was not a source of comfort to her, but quite otherwise. She could not put Nannie's child in Nannie's place, even if she could hope to live to see her grow up to womanhood, which was little likely. And besides, she said, she was past the time of life to bring up a child well or wisely. So little Polly was no comfort to her grandmother in those days.

The neighbours who waited Sabbath after Sabbath to welcome her back to the kirk where they had worshipped together so many a year, said to one another, as they went away, that doubtless the Lord was with her in the house, supporting her in her trouble. She was not very clear about this herself. Yet in a quiet, submissive spirit she was trying to rest in the Lord.

"I am ower old to learn new things now," she said to herself. "I can but trust Him, and let Him have his will of me. And maybe He'll show me his face in his own time. If not here—then yonder!"

And surely He was not very far away when it had come to this with her.

"Priscilla," said she one day, "you'll surely not be thinking of going away from us for a while?"

"No, grandmother; I'll stay while you need me. There is nothing to call me home for a while, and I like to stay."

"Well, then, that is settled. Though I am not sure but that the wisest thing I could do would be to send you and the child home together to Isa."

But Priscilla shook her head.

"Isa would not say so. She would like to have baby, but little Polly will be a comfort to you by-and-by."

"Well, it may be so. She'll be little trouble at any rate as long as you stay."

"Oh, I am glad to stay."

And so she was. The spring had come by this time, and almost for the first time since her childhood Cilla had the opportunity and leisure to enjoy it. Of course she had enjoyed every spring in a way. She had enjoyed the sunshine and the sweet air, and the tender green, and the flowers springing in the gardens of the town or village where she chanced to be. But here she could put her own hands to the help of the growing things in Mrs. Barron's garden, and she could get to the woods and the river's bank without a long walk, which had never happened in her experience before. To be sure the wood was not a forest. One could go through it from end to end without tiring oneself with the journey. But it was full of things beautiful and wonderful to Priscilla.

She could take her book out with her, and read or not read, as she pleased. And she did enjoy being able to read at her leisure, without needing to think of lessons, and classes, and being ready in time. When she acknowledged something like this one day, Mrs. Barron said,

"But I gathered from Isa that you were fond of books and lessons, and a fine scholar, who was to be a teacher some day. But you had not tried life on a farm then, and you like it better?"

"Oh, as to life on a farm, I am not so sure how I would like it, if I had to take the work and the responsibility. Of course I am to be a teacher. That is what I have been thinking about all my life. But all the same, I am glad of this pleasant rest and change. Though I daresay I might tire of the life after a while."

In the meantime there could be no doubt of her enjoyment. Mrs. Barron invited Mat and Frank to spend the summer at the farm, and though their aunt's leisure was limited by their presence, her enjoyment was not. Some time each day was given to lessons, and Priscilla was a strict disciplinarian. Then she delighted in the dairy, and made herself useful there, and at the same time made herself mistress of the method which had won for Mrs. Barron the reputation of being one of the best butter-makers in the country.

And then there was the baby to care for, and the lads' clothes to keep in order. Truly she had not much leisure. Still, there were few days of which she did not spend a part with her nephews and little Polly in the wood, or at the point at the river side. The boys were quite equal to the management of a boat now, and they paddled about on the river, and no one thought of being anxious about them when Priscilla and the baby were with them.

They had visitors too. Madame Peter's young people fell again into the way of coming to the house, as they used to do when Nannie was a young girl at home alone with her mother. The Conways came also. Matthew had called often during Mrs. Westwood's visit last summer, and now his sister Rose, a girl of fifteen, sometimes came with him. The younger brothers were friends of Mat and Frank. It was a busy season of the year, but a great deal may be enjoyed even in busy seasons by young people who have light hearts and who care for each other's company.

There had been no such life and movement about the place, Mrs. Barron thought, since the time when all her own young people had been at home together. She had been in the midst of it then—directing and restraining—now she felt rather like one looking on, too weary to take part in it all. Even household matters seemed to move along, during the first weeks of summer, without her help. She was resting, knowing that her time for work was coming, and, more than this, she knew that the decision as to how the last years of her life were to be spent, and who was to come after her, could not long be deferred.

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One evening, sitting in her favourite seat on the gallery, she saw something which made her for a time believe that her plans, as far as her own life was concerned, might be arranged more easily than she had for some time feared.

At the foot of the pasture hill, between it and the wide meadows which lay between it and the house, was a lane which led to the river. It was bordered on either side by willow bushes which had grown tall and close of late, so that she heard the voices of the young people returning home for some time before she saw them. They came in a troop, for they had given themselves a half-holiday to go to the lower islands. There were the Westwoods and the Conway lads and their sister Rose, and two or three of Peter's young people and several others. They came carrying oars, and shawls and luncheon-baskets, full of eager talk, which quieted a little as they drew near the house.

But to none of them was Mrs. Barron's attention given. Out from between the screening willows came after a little Matthew Conway and Priscilla. On Matthew's shoulder was perched little Polly, and his high head was bent down to Priscilla, who was looking up and talking eagerly. Mrs. Barron's first thought was an angry one.

"My Nannie is forgotten!"

It was a foolish thought, or rather the anger which had risen at the sight was foolish. Did not she herself love Priscilla and value her for her many good qualities, though she had not forgotten Nannie?

"And she will be a fitter wife to him than ever my Nannie would have been. God bless them! and oh, I am glad that my Nannie is safe away from seeing it all!"

And then, as she mused about it afterwards, the thought arose that possibly Matthew Conway might come to her still, though not as her son, as she had once hoped, yet to take the care and labour from her, bringing Priscilla with him.

She waited and watched, saying nothing, but the longer she waited, the more clearly she saw that neither in this was she to have her own way. For though the shy silent lad betrayed to her who watched him so closely that his heart was set on Priscilla, it was clear to her that Priscilla was still heart free.

Matthew was to her just a pleasant acquaintance who was becoming a friend because they met often, and because they were both young, and had had during the summer much enjoyment together.

They had met at the distant kirk, and at the Sabbath-school which had of late been established nearer home. They were both teachers in it, and did their best by their Bible lessons and their singing to make the little folk in their care both happy and wise. And doubtless they found in all this some enjoyment to themselves. Matthew, Mrs. Barron saw, took much.

But to Priscilla, Matthew was just a boy like the rest—bigger and graver and wiser than his brothers and the other lads who came with them, but just one of them. He was two-and-twenty—about three years older than she; but seeing them together, one who did not know it might well have supposed that the advantage as to years and experience were on Priscilla's side. Mrs. Barron used to watch them with an interest in which amusement and anxiety were mingled. She wondered less at the girl's friendly indifference as time went on. In everything but in years she was older than the lad. Priscilla was naturally of an observing turn, and had seen life under various aspects in her frequent change of residence, as one of her brother's family. Her school discipline had done something for her; she had read a good deal, and, what was better, her reading had been chosen for her wisely.

She was perhaps not so much wiser or more experienced than Matthew as she thought herself to be, still she was beyond him in many ways. His life had been a busy one. Much had been laid on him, and though the discipline of constant labour, and care, and thought for others had done for him what mere schools or reading, or even intercourse with wise and good men can of itself do for no one, yet because of his shyness and unreadiness in expressing himself, he did not always appear to advantage in Priscilla's company.

In listening to them, Mrs. Barron frequently noticed that what was valuable in their talk was oftener Matthew's than Priscilla's, but it was often Priscilla's appropriate and ready words which made the young man's thought clear even to himself.

"In a few years he will be head and shoulders higher than she, ambitious as she is. But it is not to be expected that she will see it, and if he speaks now before she goes, her answer will not please him," said Mrs. Barron sadly. "If I only could have kept her for another winter, she might have found out his value."

But this was not to be. The summons home came from Priscilla's brother. A good opportunity to commence her work as a teacher offered, and it was right that she should avail herself of it, since for this work she had been preparing all her life. The last year of rest had doubtless been good for her, but another year might hinder rather than help her to higher fitness for her work.

The summons home made Cilla both glad and sorry. She had had a good time at the farm—first because she knew she was a help and a comfort to Nannie and her mother, and afterwards, because the free, yet not idle life of the summer suited her. But she quite agreed that it was time now to begin the work in which she looked for both enjoyment and success. So though her tears fell as she kissed little Polly for the last time, and as she thanked Mrs. Barron for all her kindness to her, yet it was a light heart that she carried with her when she went away.

Mr. Cox took the boys and the boxes to the station, but Matthew drove Priscilla with his handsome greys, as he had brought her to the farm nearly a year before. He did not carry a light heart, any one could see.

"And I doubt it will be heavier when he comes home, if he speaks to-day," said Mrs. Barron.

But whether he spoke or kept silence no one knew but Priscilla herself. It was a good while before he came to see Mrs. Barron, and he looked grave enough when he came. But many a time as she looked on his face in the kirk and the school, and in his visits to her at home during that winter, the old lady said to herself,

"She had done him no harm, but much good—even if he should never see her face again. And who knows what the years may bring about?"

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CATHERINE TAIT.

II.

IN the early spring of 1856, the scarlet fever, which had been prevalent in Carlisle, entered the Deanery, and in three short weeks the five little girls were swept away one by one by that terrible scourge—the eldest hardly ten, the youngest an infant of a year old. None were left but the only son, who was to be taken twenty-two years later, and the new-born infant daughter.

One who was at Carlisle at the time, described the impression made on the whole congregation the Sunday after all was over, when the door of the once well-filled family pew was opened to admit the now sole occupant, the solitary little boy in deep mourning, with his sad young face, who came slowly in. There was scarcely a dry eye in the church.

The account of this sorrow, taken down by Mrs. Tait for her surviving children, and given in her own simple and graphic words, is indescribably touching; the bright picture at the beginning of the joyous group of lovely children, full of fresh enjoyment of life, but also manifesting an early simple piety and interest in heavenly things, perfectly natural and childlike, as it should be, but also intelligent and earnest, showing how well the mother's excellent training had succeeded; and then, the affecting record of one after another of those bright little ones taken, and the remarkable preparedness of mind and ripening faith shown in the two elder ones especially—and the quiet, brave, loving words by which the poor mother, hiding her own inward agony, helped the little sufferers to be ready to go when God called them.

"When the disease broke out," her sister-in-law writes, "she rose from her couch, giving her new-born infant, scarce a month old, into the hands of a young girl who was almost afraid to touch it (the regular nurse being busy among the sick) and gave herself up to the ceaseless anxiety and toil, of endeavouring to check the progress of the fever." Assured by the doctor that with proper precautions the infant ran no risk by it, she came and went between the babe she was nursing and her dying children, sustaining them with prayer and helpful words of Scripture. Not an unsubmissive word was heard to escape her lips.

When the last of the little flock was taken, she returned from the service at the grave of her darling, to arrange, before leaving Carlisle the affairs of the poor women whose subscriptions to the "mother's club" were in her keeping; she went through the accounts, placing the money for each to the proper name, so that there could be no mistake or loss, and then joined her husband and babe who were ready to start, and left the scene of their sorrows for a friend's house lent them in the quiet and beautiful scenery of the Lake country. From thence she wrote to a relative:

"God's will be done. We can and will praise Him. Often at night when I had hung over each little bed, I used to feel, 'This is too much for earth;' but as then I could bring my gladness to my Saviour's feet, so now I can lay my deep sorrow."

They never returned again to the deanery to live, and the same year, Dr. Tait was appointed to the Bishopric of London, and in the early part of 1857 they were installed in their new residence.

During the next three years the bereaved parents were cheered by the birth of two more daughters.

"When I remember," writes their mother, "as I do daily, those weeks of anguish, how strange it seems that our nursery should again be full of joy! Yet so it is."

She was now plunged into the midst of a life of more varied and overwhelming activities than ever she had yet known. "She never laid herself out in any way," her husband writes, "for what is called London society, but her position necessarily brought her into connection with many of its brightest ornaments. . . . She neither sought society nor avoided it; she enjoyed it when it came in her way quietly and calmly, and consistently with all the claims of important duty which were ever present to her mind."

At Fulham, she gathered together those who never met elsewhere, as on common ground. The afternoons under the old trees in the quiet garden were a resort of clergy, statesmen, literary men, and fellow-labourers in the works of charity in which she delighted. And in no year during the whole of her residence in London did she fail to receive the whole body of the London clergy as her guests.

And in her Christmas gatherings and garden parties she never forgot to extend hospitality to those who were the least likely to shine at them, but who would value the attention the most. A daily governess of her children was constantly asked, with her sisters and aged aunts, "thus brushing aside what often makes the life of a governess so lonely in a large household."

Though accustomed to abundant means in her first married homes, and in her later ones with large revenues at command, she exercised a vigilant control over their expenditure, never grudging what was spent on others, but most abstemious in all that concerned herself: "It seemed," her husband writes, "as if it would have made her positively unhappy that God should have bestowed on her so many common worldly blessings unless she had been able to share them with all who were brought within her influence."

In the midst of all these varied avocations, her attentions to the poor, the sick and the aged, were unintermitting. She continued to visit and teach as she had done at Carlisle and Rugby; and the desire she felt to draw together those who could work best in co-operation with others, was what led to the formation of the "Ladies' Diocesan Association." The scheme occurred to her one night, and she was so full of it that she awoke her husband to impart it to him.

The object was to enlist in definite useful work many who were desirous of being employed and found a difficulty in starting work; and also to provide for the working of many districts where there were no residents able to help. Many ladies of rank and influence became members, and devoted a portion of their time weekly to visiting the suffering and the

fallen; and a fund was collected at the West-End for distribution in the poorer quarters. Mrs. Tait visited each in turn, and assigned departments of usefulness to her young daughters, who visited each in company with an older friend.

One of that band of workers mentions how once, when in great sorrow and obliged to withdraw for a time, she went to Fulham to say farewell and ask counsel, and Mrs. Tait took her up to her own room and "poured out her soul in intercessory prayer for her"—a prayer which she afterwards felt had indeed brought blessings.

In 1866, when the cholera broke out at the East-End of London, Mrs. Tait, knowing that her presence would give courage to others, was continually to be seen in the large wards of the hospitals, quietly soothing the sufferers, and encouraging the ladies who were assisting the regular nurses.

This visitation led to the crowning work of her life, the establishment of an orphanage for some of the girls left destitute by the death of their parents from cholera.

A house was eventually built for the reception of these orphans, on a small private estate in the Isle of Thanet, which the bishop had purchased to secure a sea-side home for himself and his family during his occasional absences from the press of London work.

In the end of 1868 he was appointed to the Primacy, and his wife entered on a new and still wider sphere of duties. She strove to continue at Lambeth, among rich and poor, the same occupations she had given herself at Fulham and London House, though on an extended scale. The country house attached to the see at Addington was new and delightful to her, being the first fixed country residence she had known since the old days of the Warwickshire parsonage in her girlhood. But there was much work to be done at Lambeth. It was a much poorer neighbourhood than their former residences; and she and her children engaged in active visiting among the poor, and in the Lambeth Workhouse. A poor man who had been in the hospital there, said he could never think of Heb. xii. without recalling the voice of Mrs. Tait reading it by his bedside.

The first stone of the Orphanage was laid after the Archbishop's recovery from a long and dangerous illness in 1869. It was on the 21st of December, a snowy, gusty day; but the aged Sir Moses Montefiore, in spite of the inclement weather, came over to show his interest in the work: he could not, of course, join in the opening service, but from his carriage he listened to it, and expressed his delight on hearing the Psalms chanted as the worshippers assembled on the ground. He continued to subscribe to the institution, and to visit it frequently; and its foundress once met him there with the children gathered around him, to whom he had given each a new bright shilling from the Mint, and who were repeating to him a hymn of Dr. Watts', which he said he had learned in his childhood to say to his mother.

The business connected with the orphanage she managed entirely herself, with the clearness and accuracy she carried into all her affairs, public and private. When anything went wrong with any of her subordinates, she always dealt with them herself, and allowed none to interfere between her and them. She was mild but firm; a past offence was never brought forward again, but it was clearly understood it was never to be repeated.

But a second heavy cloud, the last sorrow of her life, was now approaching. Her only son Craufurd, the single survivor of the little band who had been swept away at Carlisle, was the sunshine of her latter years. He had been a boy full of promise, not from any peculiar precocity of talent or special aptitude for scholarship in early life, but from his modest, conscientious and yet firm and manly character, which made him both loved and respected among his companions at Eton and afterwards at Oxford. At college his mental powers developed rapidly; he took a first class, competed for a fellowship, and finally resolved on entering the sacred ministry. At his father's wish, he visited Egypt and the Holy Land with some friends before being ordained, and entered into all he saw with intelligent and ready interest. He was ordained in 1874, to a curacy in a quiet and pretty village; but his desire for active work in his calling induced him to accept the charge of a poor district in the neighbourhood of Hythe, where he laboured with great zeal, organizing mission services, doing all he could for the good of the people.

When his own inner religious life first began does not very clearly appear; it seems to have grown with his growth; its depth and reality was evidenced by his life. His mother often spoke of the fervour and deep feeling of his prayers with her in times of anxiety. He acted at one time as his father's chaplain, and his help was described by his father as "invaluable" both with the candidates for ordination and as pastor for the household of the palace.

For the sake of complete change after hard work, he made a visit of three months to America, which seems to have been one of much pleasure and deep interest to him.

On his return it was proposed he should take a very desirable living in his father's diocese; but he thought the place one of too much rest and ease for one in the prime of strength; he wished for hard work in London among the poor, and it ended in his exchanging with a hard-worked and wearied incumbent at Notting Hill, and engaging to take his place and leave the country living to him.

The appointment was made, but he never lived to avail himself of it. Symptoms of latent illness had appeared soon after his return, against which he bore up for a time resolutely; but at his mother's earnest desire he at last took medical advice; serious mischief was discovered, and he was ordered complete rest. Thinking this would only be for a short time, he was inducted into his new ministerial charge in February 1878. But he never appeared in his church again. Dangerous symptoms declared themselves, and three months of trying illness followed.

His cheerful patience never failed, and its source was shown by the answer he made to a friend who coming suddenly into his room found him on his knees. "It doesn't matter at all," he replied when the other apologized; "prayer is so much a part of one's life, that a little interruption of that sort makes no difference."

In May 1878 he went to his father's house in the Isle of Thanet, in hopes of benefit from the sea air; but, three days later, a sudden change took place, and his father, at his own desire expressed beforehand, announced to him that it was believed an hour or two must end his life. He was calm and peaceful, comforted his family, received the Lord's Supper with

them, and with the words, "It feels just like going to sleep," and then a request for the Commendatory Prayer, happily passed away.

The mother, who had been his nurse and companion throughout, bore up with her usual firmness; she attended the funeral, and was heard, when it was over, to say to herself, in a low but thrilling voice, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead." That belief was her support. She resumed her usual duties courageously, helped her husband in the arrangements for the great conference of English and American Bishops, which was to take place at Lambeth, and accompanied her family to Switzerland when it was over. But the death-stroke had been given. The wound was bravely hidden, but it was felt all the more keenly. "None but my God and myself," she said to one trusted friend, "knew what I have suffered."

She took an active part in the arrangements for her second daughter's marriage, which took place in the November of the same year, and then went with her husband and her two other daughters to Scotland. There, at one of the places she had visited and delighted in on her wedding tour (Garscube, the home of some near relatives), she suddenly sickened with her last illness. It only lasted a few days. She received the communion with her daughters from her husband, listened to favourite hymns sung by the former, and when her husband tried to repeat to her, "Jesus, lover of my soul," supplied the missing words of the familiar hymn when his voice failed; the same evening, Advent Sunday, 1878, she expired, six months after her son's death.

The feeling manifested by all who knew her seems to have been universal. Many touching tributes came from old pupils in distant lands, and from old and new friends at home and abroad. One of the most touching was a letter from Princess Alice, slightly alluding to her own recent loss. It was the last letter that honoured and beloved princess ever wrote, and a fitting close to her self-forgetting life; her own death followed very quickly that of her whose bereaved husband she was trying to console in the midst of her own grief.

The memory of Catherine Tait's active, unselfish life of labour for others will not speedily be forgotten, and the example may well be an encouragement to those who desire to consecrate all their powers and opportunities of usefulness to the service of their Maker and Redeemer.

SIERRA LEONE,

AND THE FOREIGN MISSION WORK OF THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S CHURCHES.



NATIVE VILLAGE HUTS.

THE opening up of Central Africa by the journeyings of Livingstone, Speke, Stanley and other recent travellers has given a fresh impulse to missionary effort on the Dark Continent. On the lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, missions have been planted, and endeavours have been made to promote civilisation and to supersede the traffic in slaves by the introduction of legitimate com-

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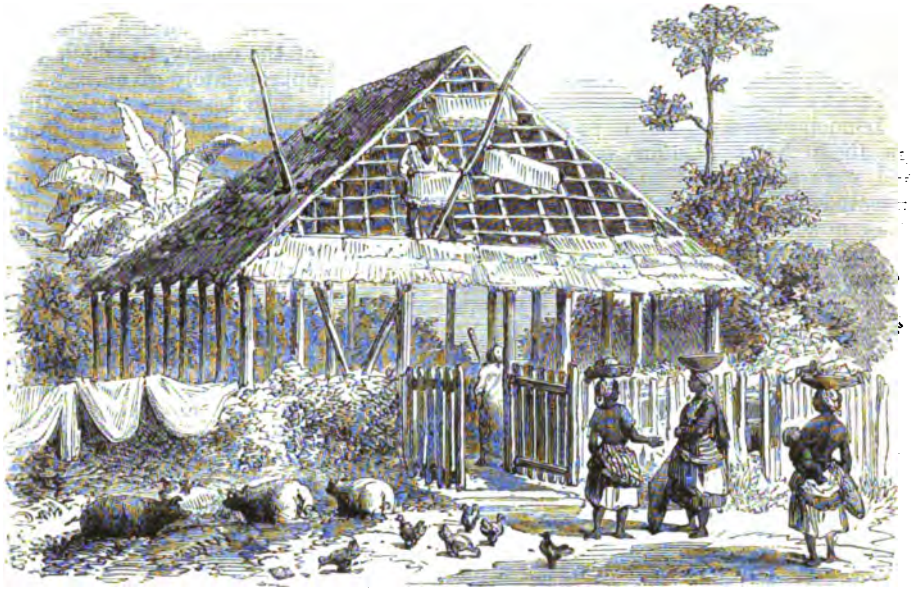
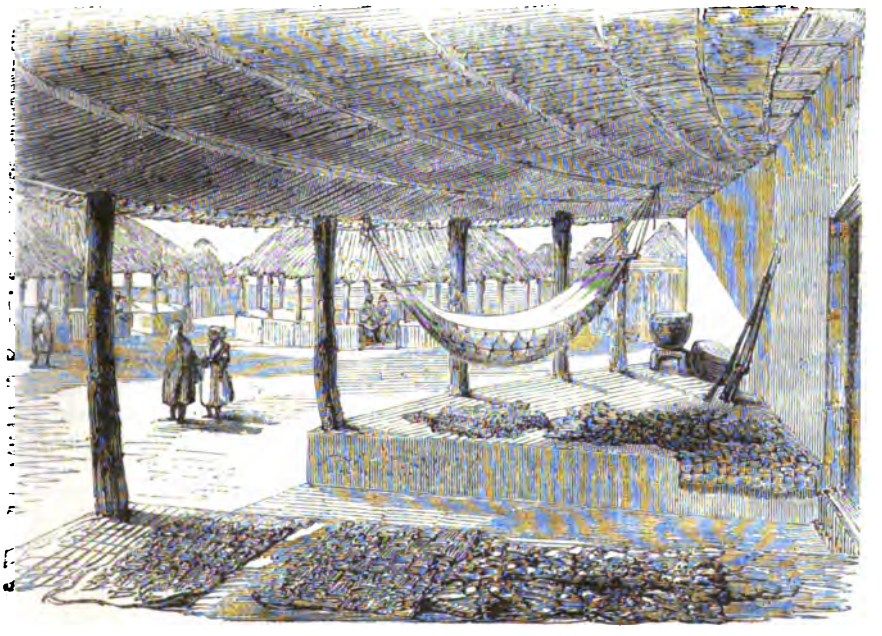
merce. These new enterprises, while claiming the aid and sympathy of the home churches, and of all interested in the elevation of the African race, serve at the same time to recall the early efforts of the friends of the negroes, when the slave-trade was still carried on by England, and slavery allowed by every Christian nation. To promote Christianity and civilisation on the African continent, what is now, with hopeful prospects, attempted at various points and on a larger scale, was the purpose of the Sierra Leone Company, the founders of the first settlement of free negroes on the West Coast. The notion of a free settlement was first suggested by Mr. Granville Sharpe, the friend of the slave. It was at the instance of this gentleman, it will be remembered, that the suit was commenced in 1772, which resulted in the memorable decision in favour of the negro Somerset, that slavery could not exist in Britain. The Sierra Leone scheme was taken up by Henry Thornton, Wilberforce, Clarkson, and other philanthropists, who, co-operating with Sharpe, formed a company to carry out the object and to acquire land by purchase from the native chiefs, for the purposes of the settlement.



BAMBOOING A HUT.

From a sketch of the regulations of the intended colony, published in 1786, the philanthropic purpose of the founders is made clear. It is there laid down that "as soon as a slave shall set his foot within the bounds of the new settlement, he shall be deemed a free man, and be entitled to the protection of the laws, and to the natural rights of humanity." From 1755 Sierra Leone had been in the hands of the English. It was the focus of the slave trade on the West Coast, and used by the slave-dealers as a port for the embarkation of their captives. Previous to the formation of the free colony, the district around was in a deplorable moral condition, from the intercourse of Europeans with the natives for the purpose of procuring slaves.



INTERIOR OF PIAZZA.

In the year 1787 the new settlement was organised. It was at first composed of about five hundred negroes, who had obtained their freedom by being brought to England, and were found living in London in a state of destitution. These, with sixty whites, were conveyed to Sierra Leone under the auspices of the Company, but at the expense of the Government, to serve as the foundation of an industrious native community, which it was designed should also prove an asylum for other liberated Africans, and as a means ultimately of extending civilisation into the interior.

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After encountering a serious reverse from the attack of a native chief, the colony received a large accession of strength in 1792. During the American War a considerable number of slaves had joined the King's army and taken part in the war. Having by this means attained freedom, they were, when the war was over, settled by the British Government in Nova Scotia. As the climate proved unsuitable, they rejoiced to hear of the Sierra Leone Settlement, and sent a delegation to the directors of the Company in London with a request to be sent to Sierra Leone. As these Nova Scotian negroes spoke English, and were accustomed to labour, they were readily accepted as a most desirable accession. The Company now strengthened itself by obtaining an act of incorporation, and by raising its subscribed capital to 235,280*l*.

The first vessel, the property of the Company, with goods and provisions, arrived at Sierra Leone in 1792; two more followed with a hundred white persons, composed of the Company's servants, artizans, soldiers, and others; and at last, in the same year, a fleet of sixteen vessels, commanded by Lieutenant Clarkson, appeared in the bay. These vessels bore the Nova Scotian emigrants, 1,131 in all, who, on planting their feet on the land of their fathers, as a first act offered praise and prayer to God.

This interesting circumstance is accounted for by the fact that among the negroes who formed the settlement in Nova Scotia were a number of genuine Christians who had been brought under the influence of the Gospel by the missionaries of Lady Huntingdon. Among these missionaries was one who requires special notice. When George Whitefield was preaching at Charleston, U.S., a young negro, with a frolicsome companion, mingled with the congregation for the purpose of annoying the preacher. Pointing with his finger apparently to the intruder, Whitefield announced his text: "Prepare to meet thy God." The impression produced on the young man—whose name was John Marrant—was so powerful that it issued in his conversion. He afterwards came over to England, and being introduced to Lady Huntingdon, was ordained by her chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Wills, at the Vineyard Chapel, Bath, in 1785. Marrant was sent by her ladyship to labour among the negroes at Nova Scotia, and there with his coadjutors he sowed the seed which brought forth fruit, not merely in Nova Scotia, but afterwards at Sierra Leone. John Marrant subsequently returned to England, and occasionally preached at Islington Chapel, London. He died in 1791, at the age of thirty-five, and was buried in the graveyard at Church Street. Among the numerous monuments which marked this place of burial before the ground was levelled down, might have been seen one to the memory of the converted negro and preacher, the Rev. John Marrant.

Marrant banded his converts in Nova Scotia into a Christian church, regulated according to the doctrine and discipline of Lady Huntingdon's Connection in England; and this organization the emigrants carried with them to the African coast.

The Nova Scotian negroes arrived on the 28th of March, 1792; and the 28th of March in each year is still kept up by the adherents of the Connection as the anniversary of the arrival of their Pilgrim Fathers at Sierra Leone.

Fresh vigour was infused into the settlement by the American negroes. A new site was selected for the town—the best that could be found in respect of the salubrity of the air, the goodness of the water, and the convenience of the landing-place. The ground was cleared by the willing labour of the new comers, and in a few weeks huts were erected and streets formed, and thus originated the capital of the colony, to which the name of Freetown was appropriately given.

The territory of the British settlement of Sierra Leone consists of a peninsula extending only thirty-four miles from north to south, and twenty-seven miles from east to west. The peninsula is rugged and mountainous, its centre being occupied by a group of conical heights densely wooded, and rising to an elevation of 2,000 or 3,000 feet. Freetown—now very different in appearance from the rude and fragmentary town of 1792—is built upon the south side of the Sierra Leone river, which divides the colony from the Bullom shore. In front of the town the river forms a bay, where there is good anchorage for vessels of all classes. The town is beautifully situated on an inclined plane at the foot of some hills, on which stand the fort and other public buildings. From the hills there is a fine prospect of the town rising in the form of an amphitheatre from the water's edge. It is regularly laid out in broad streets parallel with the river, and intersected with others at right angles. The buildings are commodious and substantially built of stone, which alike contribute to the beauty of the place, and to the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

Early in the year 1793, Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, as the agent of the Sierra Leone Company, sailed from England to join the settlement. Shortly after his arrival he became governor, and in this capacity he acted until 1799.

In 1794 Freetown was attacked and desolated by the French; but Mr. Macaulay, by a rare tact and perseverance, guided the infant colony through all its initial difficulties, and acted as the warm friend of the Africans under his charge. In 1808, we may here say, the settlement was transferred to the Crown, and Sierra Leone thenceforth became a British colony.

Until the Nova Scotian adherents of Lady Huntingdon's Connection could erect a chapel for themselves in their new home, they worshipped unitedly with their coloured brethren of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions. Among the native Christian leaders in these early days we may mention the names of Cato Perkins, William Ash, and John Ellis, still remembered with love and honour.

The report submitted to the meeting of the Sierra Leone Company, held on the 27th of March, 1794, which we have consulted, and which appears to have been drawn up by Mr. Macaulay at Sierra Leone, contains the following sentence: "There are five or six black preachers among the Nova Scotians, raised up from their own body, who are not without a considerable influence; and it is supposed that the discipline which they preserve in their little congregations has contributed materially to the maintenance of the general morals of the community."

Of the above-named leaders, John Ellis acted for many years as general superintendent of the Connection churches. Among the emigrants from Nova Scotia was a lad, fifteen years old, named Anthony Elliott. He remembered well the march from the

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seashore through the long grass and the brushwood. At a watch-night service on the last night of the year 1813 Anthony was led to decide for God, and to cast in his lot with his Christian brethren. After this change of heart, he was induced to exercise his gift, to tell sinners what the Lord had done for his soul, and to warn them to flee from the wrath to come. It was in the year 1816 that he began regularly to exhort, and on the death of John Ellis in 1839 he was chosen general superintendent. At this time the members of the Connection were 879. Anthony Elliott followed the avocations of pilot and fisherman as a means of livelihood, and on Sabbaths he broke to the Christian natives the bread of life. He had acquired several of the native dialects, and thus he was able to speak to the people visiting Freetown with produce the words of life in their own vernacular. He was also instrumental in extending missionary operations to stations in the interior. Much attached to the Connection, he used its liturgical form of worship, and which is indeed to this day still used in the allied African churches. Pious and earnest, Anthony Elliott was also of a shrewd and independent character. He died in 1854, at the age of eighty. In Zion Chapel, Freetown, a tablet has been erected to his memory.

We are concerned in this paper only with the native Christians at Sierra Leone, who hold by Lady Huntingdon's Connection, and with their efforts to extend the gospel. The history of this body is, as we have seen, intertwined with that of the colony itself. What lends to it a special interest is that, ministered to by its native teachers, it has maintained its individuality and spiritual life from 1792 till the present time. Before the visit of two coloured brethren to the Connection churches in England some fifty-four years since, these churches were not even aware of the existence of the kindred communion in Africa. This visit created interest and sympathy, and enlisted support on its behalf. Subsequently it was recognised as the Countess of Huntingdon's Sierra Leone Mission. The efforts of these negro Christians to foster spiritual life among themselves, and to extend it to others, were in fact but the continuation of the work begun by the agents of the Countess among the American-Africans before their removal to their native shore.

Since the first visit, other native ministers of the Connection have at intervals come to England. The following remarks by the late John Angell James of Birmingham, refer to the visit made by the Rev. Scipio Wright: "At Tunbridge Wells," says Mr. James, "a meeting was held to hear a statement by Mr. Wright, a black minister from Sierra Leone, who had come to lay before the friends of missions the condition and claims of a body of negro Christians in that colony, which is in the bonds of union with Lady Huntingdon's Connection. This meeting I attended, and was both surprised and delighted with what I heard from the interesting coloured stranger. I then learnt for the first time that such a Christian community existed, and was somewhat ashamed of my ignorance. I came away deeply impressed with its importance as a missionary and evangelising society for the negro tribes of the West Coast of Africa. My personal intercourse with Mr. Wright was not only satisfactory but gratifying. The society, though little known and altogether unobtrusive and modest in its pretensions, is eminently deserving the support of all who have at heart the cause of Christian missions, and especially of those who are anxious for the spiritual emancipation of injured Africa and its liberation from the horrors of the slave trade."

Save the help afforded by the occasional visits of English ministers, the mission work of the Connection churches at Sierra Leone has always been carried on by native agency. One of these ministers who for a time laboured in the colony, and who is beloved by all the poor negro brethren there, is the Reverend John Trotter, formerly of Wheelton, Lancashire, and now in Bermuda. This gentleman was for several years European superintendent of the mission.

"There is a spirit of holy union," says Mr. Trotter, "in all sections of the church in Sierra Leone. I have had the privilege of preaching in the Established Church in the colony, while the respected clergymen of that church occupied my pulpit. The late good Bishop Bowen was frequently seen in our places of worship advocating the cause of education and missions. Our Wesleyan brethren are also quite up to the mark in this matter."

Much of the Christian and missionary work of the Connection mission lies among the villages at various distances from Freetown. The mode of operation is first to plant a Sunday-school and church, and then a school for secular education. This is also the mode in which the larger operations of the Church Missionary Society and of the Wesleyan bodies are conducted. Each has its Training Institution in Freetown. The whole of the churches of every denomination in the colony are now filled by native pastors; and it is to the Training Institutions that the societies and churches at home must look as furnishing the means for the successful prosecution of mission work on the West Coast.

Of the teachers which have been trained in the Institution of the Connection at Freetown a considerable number are at work in the different villages; others, who have completed their term, are waiting for openings, and in the meantime are rendering service as preachers and teachers in the Sabbath schools. In the annual reports we find many interesting details of the good work carried on at various mission stations.

The orderly civilised and Christian negro communities existing on the West Coast in a place at one time desolated by the abominations of the slave trade, and especially the native missionary efforts now put forth among the surrounding tribes under the direction of the various European societies, are full of hope for the future, and are such as realise the aims of the Christian and philanthropic founders of the free settlement at Sierra Leone.

J. H.

A FATHER'S LAST WORDS.

THE following paper contains a Christian minister's last words to his wife and children. They were spoken about forty minutes before his voice was silent in death,* and spoken with such deliberation that one of the sons was able unobserved to note down every word.

* He died on the 30th of May, 1880.

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As will be seen from his last words, this good and venerated man, the Rev. Evan Thomas, Independent minister, was prepared for meeting death without alarm. But his preparation was not made on his death-bed, for he had told a friend that "if he had left the work of preparation undone until his last illness, it must have remained undone for ever, owing to the feeling of weakness which came over him."

The friend to whom he said this was the Rev. William Parry, D.C.L., rector of Johnston-with-Steynton, near Milford Haven, who had lived on the most brotherly terms with his Nonconformist neighbour. In sending the dying testimony to be published, Dr. Parry thinks that its perusal may strengthen the heart of the feeble-minded believer, and lead many to covet the same trust in Christ which kept the father's mind in perfect peace, even with a sorrowing wife and eleven children (some of them very young) standing around him in his dying hour.

We have pleasure in meeting Dr. Parry's wish, not only as a lesson of Christian living and dying, but as a gratifying instance of the communion of saints; the evangelical parish minister evidently feeling warm sympathy with his parishioner and fellow-labourer in the cause of the gospel. Matters of church difference seem small in presence of the unity of the followers of Christ.

"It may be the last opportunity I may ever have of talking to you as I now do, but God only knows that. If so, let these few words have weight. I am speaking under the most solemn circumstance. It is an awful thing to die and leave all we care for in this world, and enter upon all the new and untried realities of the next. Oh, I would have you all who are dear to me (and there is not one who is not) understand and feel that the highest, best, and happiest life is to serve with the most earnest, intense, and self-sacrificing interest Him who gave us our being, supports daily our life; who hath never forgotten us, though we are ever forgetting Him and his claims, and when we had forsaken Him and rendered ourselves deserving of his highest displeasure, sent his Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved! But how can we serve Him? Our goodness reacheth Him not. In no way, then, but by doing his will, and helping to work out his purposes of mercy on earth. His own Son declared it to be his meat and drink to do the will of his Father in heaven; and how did He do it? By giving his whole time on earth, in spite of all opposition on the part of those who knew Him not, to benefit the world, by imparting to it the true knowledge of truth, righteousness, and purity, and by bringing it back to the highest life, and then at last by sanctioning all He said and did by the sacrifice of his life on the cross. His life is our pattern, we can only serve God as He did, by seeking the highest interests of men, and working out the highest purposes of God's grace in relation to the world. Thus our service for God must embrace the doing of all we can for the benefit of the world. In doing this, of course there must be wisdom, a wisdom sought of God. Some have made themselves fools by some silly act, apparently very generous, by putting themselves in a position where they can render but little service. I am too weak to enter into everything, and you must try to find out my meaning as best you can; God, by his Spirit, will help you. The claims of the world upon you will become relatively strong, in proportion to a variety of circumstances. The claim of an Indian will not be the same as that of a Briton upon you, nor that of a stranger as those of your own household. You see, then, all that teaching bears very forcibly on the duties you owe one another, as mother, brothers, and sisters. Then my last counsel in the light of eternity is, 'Do all you can for one another.' In doing that, you are not to lose sight of what you owe to yourselves as individuals, according to the teachings of Providence and good commonsense. You are not to forget yourselves; by so doing you may put yourselves in a position to be not only unable to help one another, but to become dependent upon the world. Avoid this. There is little worldly good that I leave behind me: all I have earned and received has been expended in keeping up the position we hold. The God, who has cared for me, who set out in the world with little worldly store, will guide, provide, and care for you if you look to Him. The very little I leave behind for the interest of you all (some of you very young) I have thought wisest and best to leave entirely in the hands and under the control of your mother; she is worthy in every respect of your best love and highest regard. Then, on the borders of another world, I implore you to work together wisely, heartily, and lovingly, and God will prosper you in all probability. I leave twelve behind. One cord will be easily broken, but twelve united will require (unless there be some defect somewhere) a very strong force to break it. Then live as best you can by the help of God's grace; love and serve one another as best you can, and God's favour and blessing will follow you and rest upon you. Let these thoughts apply to the things of the body and the soul for this world and the next, and then, after a short separation, we may hope to meet in a higher happier world, where there will be no need of separation again any more for ever. You may meet in the course of your pilgrimage here many things to fret and provoke you—most of them (most likely) arising from over-hastiness and misunderstandings—fight against them as best you can. Keep together, and form one unbroken cord. Bear and forbear. Don't be too ready to think ill of one another, or allow a hasty word or deed to lead you astray. I don't know the world to which I am going, apparently very fast; I may be looking down upon you and have some knowledge of you; avoid, as best you can, giving pain to one whom I think you love and respect; but the Great God will be looking down on every thought, feeling, and act. Above all, strive to avoid grieving Him. My claims on your love and respect are absolutely nothing compared with his. Now, for want of strength, I cannot say more. May these few poor thoughts, under God's blessing, have their due weight with you. Would I had brought these things before you oftener, when there was more strength of body and clearness of mind! For whatever neglect there has been, I now only, earnestly, in the name and for the sake of Christ, ask for his forgiveness, and I hope to obtain it; and may that forgiveness be more fully shown in his causing his blessing to rest upon this, which may be my last and dying counsel.

"God bless you! ever cause his face to shine upon you, guide you, support you through life, and at last receive you into his glory. Amen."

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Pages for the Young.

FLORENCE AND HER ORPHAN FRIEND.

III.

SEVERAL months passed away, when a boy, poorly clad, accosted a gentleman in one of the crowded thoroughfares of London with earnest entreaty to buy a box of matches.

The gentleman took one, but said, "A great strong boy like you ought to have better employment."

"I've nothing better to do, sir," was the reply.

"Would you like to earn sixpence?"

"Very much. I've only got two pennyworth of matches left, so I shan't make that much."

"Then carry this for me to the station."

It was a small, but rather heavy, portmanteau. Was the boy so strong? Many times he stopped to rest himself on his way to the station, sometimes panting as he did so.

"Come, come! I shall be late for the train," said the gentleman, impatiently. "I am afraid, boy, you are good for nothing."

"It is very heavy, sir."

"Well, it is, rather; but for a great boy really nothing after all," and then he turned and looked into the boy's face.

"Have you no parents?" he suddenly asked.

"Father's gone away, and mother, she is dead," was the reply, in a sorrowful tone.

The stranger again looked earnestly into the boy's face, and gravely shook his head as he turned aside. What was it that prompted him to give the boy a shilling instead of sixpence, for he had lost the train he wanted, and had to wait some time for the next one?

The boy walked slowly away. Presently his attention was attracted by a crowd of people. Crowds are common in London, but many among this particular gathering had a sickly look. Women with puny infants in their arms, people with arms, or throat, or an eye bound up, all standing before a house with a red lamp in front of it.

"Wonder what it means?" said the boy to himself, joining the throng, when a fit of coughing, worse than any he remembered having before, prevented him from making the inquiry.

"That's a bad cough," said an old man.

"Yes, mister, it shakes me. What's going on here?"

"Why, this is a doctor's place; and he's a kind man who gives advice at this hour to them that can't afford to pay for it, every Friday, and gives 'em medicine and all for nothing. See him yourself, my lad; you look poorly."

Poor Bill, for it was he, as our readers have guessed, saw the doctor in his turn.

"I fear I cannot do very much for you," said the medical man; "you can take this bottle of medicine, and this will do you good perhaps, if you can get enough to eat"

So saying, the doctor pressed into his hand the second gift of a shilling he had received that day.

As the boy passed out of the house, a woman, turning to her companion, said thoughtlessly, "Looks consumptive."

He heard the words.

"Mother's complaint," he said; "wot she died of. I shouldn't like to die, for Betsey's sake, nor my own. I should be frightened."

No doubt the seeds of his mother's complaint, all unsuspected, had been growing up in poor Bill's constitution for a long time, but had been greatly hastened by the privations he had endured. He had suffered the more from the care he had always taken of his sister, often denying himself the food he might have had. He began thinking now of what he should buy for her with the two shillings he had so unexpectedly received that day. He had loved his mother tenderly, but while she lived he had not cared very much for Betsey, but after her dying request he had at first been kind to her, because it seemed to be the only thing that he could do for his mother's sake. But by-and-by, as Betsey was the only living thing left to him, Bill's whole love was centred on his sister. Poor boy! he little foresaw the new trials before him.

As he got near their poor home he met Betsey. They were crossing the street together, and had just begun to tell their adventures of the morning. A vehicle driven at a furious rate came near, and in an instant the faithful boy threw himself between his sister and the horses, and was picked up senseless and wounded. It is a wonder that such accidents do not happen oftener among the street arabs. The careless driver, it is true, was brought before a magistrate and fined, but that could not undo the injury to poor Bill, who lay with a broken arm at the hospital.

On a bright September morning some ladies with baskets of flowers were walking towards the hospital.

"Mother, is my favourite text among the flowers?" asks a pretty girl of some twelve years of age.

"Yes, Florence," the lady answers.

When they reach the courtyard these two linger to speak to a poor girl, while other ladies carrying flowers pass into the building.

"Why, Betsey!"

"Oh, Miss Florence; Bill is here!" with a bitter sob, and led them to the ward, for it was visiting-day. Bill was lying with a deadly pallor on his face.

"Do you remember me, my boy?" said Mrs. Lester. "We had lost you both. I am sorry to see you thus," said Mrs. Lester kindly.

He did not at first appear to do so, his eyes, dim with suffering, wandered to the lady's face, and then fell upon Florence.

"Oh, yes," he said suddenly; "Betsey would like to see Miss Florence. My poor Betsey! What will become of her? Don't let them take her to the workhouse, lady, oh don't; it would break her heart."

"She shall not go, I promise it," said Mrs. Lester, in a tone of earnest compassion.

"Thank ye, lady; you are very kind to a poor chap like me. Them flowers do look gay."

"And now how do you feel yourself, my poor fellow?" asked Mrs. Lester.

"Badly, lady, but I hope I shall soon get well. Do you think I shall, lady?"

Mrs. Lester hesitated. She thought that with him there was such small chance of recovery, that there was no real kindness in exciting false hopes.

"My poor boy," she said at last, "you will get well if it is God's will; all is in His hands."

We cannot repeat all that Mrs. Lester said to the poor boy, but a few of his words are worth telling. His chief trouble, in case he did not get better, was that he should leave Betsey and never see her more.

"But you will see her again," said Mrs. Lester, "only she will not be lame; there is no suffering in heaven."

Bill looked interested now. "Do you think, then, lady," he said in a tone of anxious inquiry, "that if I was there I should see mother?"

"I think it very likely we shall meet those we have known and loved on earth."

Bill was silent, but presently the light faded out of his face, and he said very sorrowfully, "I fear I may not be there myself; I am afraid to die."

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Mrs. Lester saw that faith was wanted with poor Bill which only God can give. "My poor boy," she said, "when I tell you I will take care of your sister, you believe me, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, lady, you are very kind; you *must* be to come and talk good things, and bring flowers for such as me."

"And has not Jesus, who died to save us, been kind to such as you?" said Mrs. Lester, tears filling her eyes with the warmth of her own feelings on the subject; and then she tried, in simple language, to explain something of the nature of faith and trust in God, and the boy listened attentively, until it was nearly time to leave.

"Mother," said Florence earnestly, "tell him my prayer."

"You do so, Florence."

So Florence, with great reverence of manner, repeated the few simple words, and afterwards wrote them out for him. Then Betsey, who had been admitted to see her brother, begged to have it.

"I always think of that when I am frightened," said Florence; "I thought of it that afternoon when I first saw you and Betsey, for the appearance of that court and the angry voices I heard frightened me, and I wanted to ask God to take care of me."

Mrs. Lester and Florence soon afterwards left the hospital, taking Betsey home with them. The servants were too much accustomed to what they called their mistress's irregular ways to be greatly surprised at the presence of the outcast girl. She was soon neatly dressed, attired in the dark dress that had been made up for her some time before.

Betsey was often allowed to visit her brother. Christmas came, and Bill still lived, and that was all that could be said. People do not often die of broken arms, however painful, but he was slowly dying before that had happened, and doubtless the great shock to the nervous system had hastened his death. Mrs. Lester often saw him; earnestly hoping that in his case the sting of death might be removed, and in her prayers night and morning the name of the destitute boy mingled with that of her dearly-loved child.

Again Mrs. Lester, Florence, and his sister went to visit poor Bill. "How are you to-day?" asked Mrs. Lester, though her heart sank as she made the inquiry, for she saw that there was a change for the worse since she had last seen him.

"Not very well, dear lady, but happier; it was that prayer. I said it often 'cause you and Miss Florence wished it; but one night I felt bad and got frightened, and then it seemed as though I wanted more trust, and that I was asking God to help me when I said the words, and somehow since then I don't feel as much frightened as before."

"And you are very sorry, are you not, for all the wrong things you have done in your life, all the sin, my dear boy?" asked Mrs. Lester.

"I thought of that, lady; I tried to think of all the sins I could, and then I just told all to God, and asked Him to forgive me for Jesus Christ's sake, because He died for sinners. Betsey, my poor Betsey, don't take on so, don't cry like that; we shall see each other again, and besides, perhaps I ain't going to die just yet, yer know, only I'd like to be ready, and not be frightened just at the very last."

But in vain he tried to comfort his sister; the poor girl was sobbing so violently that she was obliged to be removed from the room. Bill's languid eyes followed her as the door closed.

"She shall come again, she will be calmer presently," said Mrs. Lester, soothingly. "Good-bye for the present, Bill," said Mrs. Lester, "I will see if Betsy can come to you when I go down. If she is able, you will like to have her with you. You have made me very happy by what you said this morning," she added in tones of affection.

"Made yer happy! Can a poor chap like me do that for a lady like yerself?"

"Yes, indeed, you can. But you have talked long enough for the present, I am sure. I will come and see you again soon."

Happy! Poor, outcast Bill knew little of the joy and gladness he had been able to give to Mrs. Lester by those few words telling of trust and hope, for he had occupied her thoughts, and his name had mingled in her prayers so often that the barrier of class and distinction seemed half-forgotten in the yearning affection she felt towards him.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said, as she touched the forehead of the motherless boy, soon to be no longer orphaned.

It was their last earthly meeting. In the solemn closing hours of the closing night of the old year the loving soul passed gently away from earth's many sorrows and temptations to the Lord and Father of us all.

Shortly after the death of her brother, Betsey was placed at the school where Mrs. Lester was patroness. As she really possessed musical ability in no ordinary degree, she was permitted to receive instruction, although not the general rule of the school. It had also been decided for her to do so, because her spinal misfortune was likely to hinder her from pursuing many ordinary occupations of life. She long and deeply mourned for the dear friend who had been almost more than a brother, but she had learned to sorrow as those who have hope. She became a gentle, serious-mannered girl, painstaking in all she did, and amiable in disposition. Every month she had a letter from Mrs. Lester, with an enclosed note from Florence.

But the time came when, to her great disappointment, the correspondence ceased. At last she ventured to ask the reason of the lady superintendent.

"I cannot tell, my dear," was the answer. "I have been expecting to hear from Mrs. Lester about a little girl that is coming here. You and one of the others may as well take this note to Lester House, for I must hear from her."

The institution was situated within three miles of Mrs. Lester's country residence. Betsey was delighted with the idea of her walk, and soon set off with her companion. It was about a fortnight to Christmas, a fine, sunshiny morning with a slight frost, and just a day to keep the spirits bright. Alas! upon the girls' arrival a solemn stillness in the house, hushed footsteps, and serious faces, told all too plainly of the presence of sorrow, which was confirmed by the servant.

"Oh, children, who sent you here?"

"What is the matter?" asked Betsey.

"Miss Florence is ill."

The servant was suddenly called away, and Betsey and her companion were apparently forgotten, for nearly an hour passed, and no one came to them. They waited in the hall, but Betsey did not heed the flight of time; she did not feel cold or weariness, but only a crushed feeling of helpless agony caused by the bitter, unexpected news she had heard. Suddenly her name was uttered. Mrs. Lester was standing beside her.

The meeting under the painful circumstances was almost too much for both. It recalled to the afflicted mother the time when she had supported and cheered the last hours of the friendless boy, and now even her own strong faith was severely tested in this bitter trial; but, ever mindful of others, she had written the note about the little girl, which she put into Betsey's hand.

Symptoms of an hereditary delicacy had been previously seen in the constitution of Florence Lester. Lately a violent cough and a severe attack of bronchitis had confined her to her room. Eminent advice had been called in, and consumption in her case was also greatly feared.

"Are all I love to die?" said Betsey suddenly. "My brother, and now dear Miss Florence? Can nothing be done for her?"

"Everything is being done. You can pray for her, my child," said the lady. "God can restore her to health. With Him all things are possible."

That night a widowed mother watched by the bedside of her only surviving child with a heavy heart. The others had all died when very young. A string of coral beads and a few soft locks of hair were all that remained as memories of treasures of the past.

"Mother," said a feeble voice, "I have said my prayer."

"Which prayer, darling?"

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"The one for trust; because I must try and not be afraid if God means me to die, as Alice and Mary died."

"God give you strength and faith indeed, dear Florence. But try to sleep now, darling."

Trust and faith! It had been her life's lesson to Florence, and not only to her, but to all the many suffering ones to whom she had ministered. Faith, but also resignation, was sometimes needed in the Christian's pathway of holiness.

If Florence were going home, Mrs. Lester would be bereaved indeed, yet not alone, for the Christ in whom she trusted, who wept over the death of Lazarus and spared the widow's son, who entered into human sorrow and healed the sick at Gennesareth's shores, would still be near to pity with Divine compassion the sorrows of her desolate heart. He knew how sharp must be the anguish of that most bitter trial, if she were indeed called upon to bear it; but, thanks be to God, faith was still triumphant, through the certain hope of the resurrection and the life, and from her heart came forth at last the words, "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Suddenly her eyes, heavy with watching and weeping, glanced around the silent room, so still that the ticking of the watch on the stand beside her seemed almost painfully distinct. The flickering firelight cast fitful shadows on the opposite wall, over the mantelpiece, where hung a text, illuminated by herself, upon the subject she loved to think of—"Lord, increase our faith." The mute witness seemed to comfort her now, and once again she ventured to ask God, if it were possible, to spare that young life, remembering that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," and then, believing that Florence was in the hands of that dear Lord whom she had so long loved and trusted, she watched on through the weary night.

Seven years have passed away. At the old village church the choir are practising for Easter Sunday, and the organist and teacher is Betsey, or Elizabeth, as she is now more generally called. Her voice, so charming in the days gone by, is very sweet still, but not powerful enough for a public life, as it might once have been had she been checked from the constant use of it in childhood. She is now the young schoolmistress, organist, and teacher of the choir, in the village where Mrs. Lester's country residence is situated.

On this Saturday afternoon some young ladies are busy at the church, putting up flowers for Easter. Shall you wonder when you hear that Florence Lester is one of them? She has become tall and slender, and her delicate beauty is more apparent than ever. Almost to the surprise of every one, she recovered from that dangerous illness, and a sojourn to the south of France afterwards proved so beneficial, that consumption, for the present at least, was no longer feared. In her case the mother's sacrifice had been spared, and the prayer of faith had saved the sick.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVII.

1. An infant named from mourning, grief, and pain.
2. Ungodly minister in godly reign.
3. More awful battlefield than ever known.
4. First king of Israel's son, he filled no throne.
5. First messenger of king's and kingdom's fate.
6. Who in a prison sold his real estate?

In these initials read a prophet's name,
Who spake of Christ in days of sin and shame,
And in the finals one, 'mid heathen race,
Who served his God, and saw Messiah's grace.

BIBLE CLOCK.

Let our readers take the word LABOUR for their next exercise.

Monthly Religious Record.

IT may be remembered that some time ago the French Government, having experienced a difficulty in obtaining from the Legislature the enactment of certain provisions which they deemed requisite for preventing priestly influence from obtaining an ascendency in education, announced their intention of enforcing the existing laws of France against unauthorised religious associations. The Jesuit establishments were chiefly aimed at; and accordingly after the expiration of three months' notice, given in the decrees issued by the legal authorities, those establishments have been closed and their inmates expelled by the police. In Paris the proceedings commenced at four o'clock in the morning, and were witnessed by a number of spectators. Some of the Jesuits had locked themselves into their cells, and locksmiths had to be sent for to force the doors. There was a good deal of excitement among the crowd, and cheers for the Jesuits were met by the counter-demonstrations of their opponents. According to information received from the departments, it is stated that in all cases the Jesuits, on quitting their establishments, declared that they only yielded to force. A letter from Paris says: "The expelled are now busy in the law courts with the legal question of violation of domicile; and official members of the bar, whose wives are under the thumb of the holy fathers, resign their office rather than plead against them. But these are few. The Jesuits themselves lose nothing; their organization is such that all their pupils are expected to return in October to their colleges, with Jesuit teachers under other names. They boast of it. They have a ray or two more of glory added to their martyrs' crown, and gain rather than lose by their expulsion. The other monastic orders who have not obeyed the laws and legalized their establishments will have to be dealt with a little later."

THE Paray-le-Monial excursions have evidently lost their attraction to devout Roman Catholics. A Paris correspondent writes that, on the admission of the reactionary journals, the expiatory pilgrimage is a failure. "Priests, we read, were more plentiful in the first batch than the lay pilgrims, who were met at the railway by 300 ecclesiastics in canonical vestments, and escorted to church with the cross aloft and banners flying. The second batch was composed of ladies in deep mourning, and bearing tapers. Instead of singing Aves, they chanted penitential psalms." Many remained prostrate on the ground during the sermon, which was preached by a Jesuit, on "the necessity of humility, charity, and penance to repair the wound inflicted on the Sacred Heart by the execution of the decrees," referred to above.

THE educational struggle in Belgium, between the nation and the Jesuit party has ended in the rupture of diplomatic relations between the Pope and the Court of Brussels. In the letter to the Belgian representative at the Vatican, announcing this fact, the Belgian Premier said: "The maintenance of the Belgian Legation was possible, and even useful, so long as the Pope remained neutral in the conflict created in Belgium by the opposition of the clergy to the laws and institutions of the country, and so long as his Holiness used his influence to moderate the struggle. The Legation, however, became useless from the moment that the Pope encouraged resistance to the laws of the State. After declaring the measures taken by the Bishops with regard to the educational law to be excessive and inopportune, the Pope, by an unheard-of change of attitude, now approves the instructions given by the Bishops to the clergy. Under these circumstances the Government considers it to be its duty to recall the Legation." There is no country in the world which has been more loyal than Belgium to the Vatican; we cannot wonder that the Pope is said to be alarmed at the turn which ecclesiastical affairs have taken there.

AT the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence, the Protestants of the capital held a religious service in the Chapelle du Musée, Brussels. The attendance was very large. The *Te Deum* having been sung, and prayers for the king and country offered, Pastor Rochedieu, president of the Synod, gave an address. He was able to testify to the liberty enjoyed by Protestantism under the

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Belgian constitution, and he spoke of the profound devotedness of his church to the laws of the country.

THE Legislature of the Canton of Geneva recently resolved on the separation of Church and State. But the decision required confirmation by the vote of the people to make it final and effective. The vote was taken, and the result somewhat surprised all parties. Of 13,000 votes, only 4,000 were for the separation of the Church and State, which left 9,000 on the contrary. By a large and overwhelming majority the citizens of Geneva have determined to maintain its Established Church.

WE are glad to observe that upon the Continent, as well as in our own country, strenuous efforts are being made to suppress intemperance. A Ministerial Bill against drunkenness now under consideration by the Dutch States-General proposes to limit public-houses to one per 500 inhabitants in towns of 50,000 souls, one per 400 in towns of 20,000, one per 300 in towns of 10,000, and one per 250 in all smaller places. It proposes to forbid the supply of intoxicants to children under sixteen, to impose from one to eight days' imprisonment for supplying intoxicants to persons already drunk, and to award a day's imprisonment, with a fine of ten florins, for being drunk in the streets.

AN anecdote is related by a Roman paper which proves that not only those who openly confess Protestantism, but even the priests, are being liberated from the old slavery to the Church. A canon was dying, and had arranged to leave his property—about twelve thousand dollars—to his family. The priests insisted that he should leave it to the Church, and refused to give him absolution if he did not. He, however, persevered, saying that he received it from his family, and that it belonged to them. At last, tormented by their importunity, he exclaimed, "Leave me! I will die an honest man, and want to see no more of your clique!" The Archbishop refused to allow the corpse to be carried into the church, and was only persuaded to do so by the promise that a gift would be made to the church.

THE Waldensian Church of Rome laments the death of one of its principal members, Count Alessandro Friggeri, a convert about eight or ten years ago from Popery, and formerly a major in the Pontifical army. His Christian character was recognised by all who knew him. He was a member of the Waldensian Committee of Evangelisation, and often also discussed questions of faith with priests or other Roman Catholics. Last year he prepared a document, signed before a notary, which he read before the congregation. It expressed his Evangelical faith, and his desire, in case of sickness, to be attended by Signor Ribetti, or some other Protestant minister. Yet all that did not protect him from a trial to his faith on his death-bed not less terrible than that which embittered the last moments of another member of the same congregation last September. His relatives, proud and superstitious, refused admittance to Signor Ribetti, while they called the priest and the bishop. It needed all the energy of the dying soldier to convince them that this last effort to convert him was useless. Signor Ribetti, armed with a copy of the document, and threatening to publish it if he were not admitted, at last effected an entrance, and was able to comfort his last moments. This family is of the so-called higher class, and the brother is a Councillor of State. "Only those who live here," says the narrator of these facts, writing from Rome, "understand the blessing that an Evangelical hospital, or at least a fund for providing a home for the sick, would be in Rome. Many Christians, rich as well as poor, converted from Popery, live in dread of their last illness, and know not how to protect themselves and secure liberty of conscience when it is most needed. The Government will do nothing, saying that the family has a right to call whom it will to its sick and dying."

THE Tyrol, in Austria, has long had the reputation of being one of the greatest strongholds of Romanism, its inhabitants boasting of that unity of faith which is secured by the forcible suppression of all contrary views. This unity has now suffered some interruption in the Tyrol; for, as our readers are aware, the Protestants at Innspruck and Meran have formed themselves into regular congregations and have built churches. The three Roman Catholic bishops have now protested against this proceeding in a public document addressed to the Tyrolese Diet. They declare that the "most valuable pearl" of the country is lost, and that the brave Tyrolese people have been deeply hurt in their religious feelings by seeing their holy faith, for which their fathers so often fought and bled, suddenly lowered to the level of mere individual opinions. This remarkable document can have no practical effect, as the liberty of the Protestant communities is secured by the Austrian Constitution; but it certainly shows that the spirit of intolerance is the same in the Church of Rome as it always has been, and that its practical consequences are only prevented by the want of power to persecute.

THE Sunday-school Centenary has been celebrated on the Continent of Europe, as well as in America. The writer of a letter from Berlin remarks, with reference to the Sunday-schools of Germany: "Though we cannot look back on a period of one hundred years, and consequently the influence of Sunday-schools on the life of the nation is not felt as it is in England; though our Sunday-school meetings are not yet held in the Berlin Town Hall, under the presidency of the chief magistrate of the city—yet all this may, under God's blessing, take place in 1964, when we celebrate our centenary. For the short period of sixteen years the progress is very considerable, and many hearts in Germany are already attached to this work, and know how to value the memory of Robert Raikes, who, by God's help, made a beginning of this beneficial institution. We have now about 1,460 Sunday-schools and children's services in Germany, with 6,600 teachers and 130,000 children."

THE St. Petersburg official circles and press are discussing the project of a General Orthodox Council, to be held at Moscow, to which the Patriarch of Constantinople and other Oriental Bishops are to be summoned. The object professed is to bring about a closer union between the Church of Russia and the Eastern communities for the more effectually resisting the continued attempts of the Church of Rome at proselytising. The real aim, however, is alleged to be to extend the Czar's influence upon the Oriental Church. A St. Petersburg journal connected with official circles suggests that Dr. Döllinger and other ecclesiastical dignitaries who deny Papal Infallibility be also invited to the Council.

THE Wesleyan Methodist Conference met this year in the City Road Chapel, London, which has been fully restored since the fire, a few months since. The Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins was elected President, by a large majority, in succession to the Rev. B. Gregory. Mr. Jenkins has been a missionary, and is now one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. One of the first duties of the Conference was to fill up the vacancies in the "Legal Hundred," which, according to strict law, constitute the governing body. One of the appointments thus made was by the admission into the "Hundred" of the Rev. William H. Dallinger, whose high scientific attainments had not long before led to his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society.

THE midsummer gathering of Christian friends from all parts of the country was held this year, as usual, at Mildmay Park. There was a daily attendance of about 3,500 persons. Mr. Stevenson A. Blackwood, C.B., presided over the opening meeting in the Conference-hall, and addresses were delivered by ministers and friends on specified topics, that of the three days being respectively, "God glorified in the Holiness of his Church," "God glorified in the Unity of his Church," and "God glorified in the Service of his Church." The Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, Mr. J. E. Mathieson (who has succeeded Capt. Moreton as superintendent at Mildmay), the Rev. D. Wilson, Vicar of Islington, the Rev. W. H. Aitken, the Bishop of Meath, and others, took part in the proceedings. These included many minor meetings, as well as the principal assemblies, morning and evening.

WE record with regret the decease of the Rev. Canon Miller, D.D. The Rev. Dr. John Cale Miller was born at Margate in 1814, and graduated at Oxford in 1835, taking a first class in classical honours. His great work was at St. Martin's, Birmingham, where, during a twenty years' ministry, he obtained remarkable influence. In 1866 he was appointed to the vicarage of Greenwich, and, in 1871, to a canonry at Worcester. He was transferred in 1872 to a canonry at Rochester. Though essentially belonging to the working clergy, Dr. Miller was the author of a number of theological works. He was a very effective preacher. At gatherings of the Evangelical body he took a prominent part, but always on the side of moderation. We have also to record the death, in his seventy-fifth year, of the Rev. Samuel B. Bergne, for many years the zealous and esteemed secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



A SAD TIME.

OLD MRS. BARRON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S TROUBLES."

CHAPTER VII.—NEW THOUGHTS.

AND so they went away, and Mrs. Barron was left to the quiet of an empty house. The fair still days of the early fall came and passed, and the rain and the heavy roads kept visitors away. For days together, the only sounds she heard as she sat in her room, when the daily rounds in the house and the farmyard were over, were the clatter of Justine's pots and pans in the kitchen, and baby Polly's happy little voice, and the patter of her never-resting feet.

Little Polly crept into her grandmother's heart during these first lonely days. She had been Priscilla's care during the last year, both by night and day. Now her cot was brought into her grandmother's room, and the touch of the little hands, and

the clasp of the little arms, when she had found her way into her grandmother's bed in the early morning, brought tears which were not all tears of bitterness into the old lady's eyes, and softened her heart to Beauchamp's child.

Beauchamp had stayed away all summer. He came back about this time and stayed a week or two, and if he had chosen to stay all winter, Mrs. Barron would have said nothing to send him away. But he did not stay. He told James Cox that he "had no right there now," which was true, as it always had been. He had a little money in his hand after a successful summer of fishing, and so there were places open to him which were more to his taste than the quiet farm-house would have been, or he might have claimed "his right," as he called it still. As it was, he did not allow them to forget him; every now and then, during the winter, he made his appearance at the house, where he had nothing worse to complain of on the part of Mrs. Barron than the silence which she had always maintained towards him.

By the help of what she had to do in directing and assisting James Cox about farm matters, and also by the help of little Polly and her never-ceasing prattle, the old lady got through the short winter days very much as she had got through the days of other winters, as far as Justine, who watched her closely, could see. But it was when Justine's day was over, when there was no sound to be heard in the house but the sough of the wind without, and the crackle of the wood fire within, that the heart of the lonely old woman sank at the thought of the slow hours before her. It was useless for her to go to bed so early; if she did she lay restless and weary, with no power to turn her thoughts from dwelling on troubles suffered in the past, or feared in the future. Her best chance of a restful night was to sit up with her work, or a book, till she felt herself growing drowsy, then cover up her fire and lie down, and wait for the rest which the darkness might bring.

She had always been a reader in times of leisure, though now books did not often come her way. But she had a few of the books which will bear reading more than once, and with these and a monthly magazine, and a weekly paper or two, she never found herself at a loss.

She read her Bible much at such times. She had always "done her duty" in that respect, for the sake of example to her children partly, and partly also, following the example of her husband, who read little else, and who had found in it, as even in the old days she had dimly perceived, something more than she had ever found. Now she read it, was it from a sense of duty? Was it for the pleasure of it? It passed the time, and she took a certain pleasure in it, a sad one often, for the old days came back, and the dead lived and spoke in many a familiar word. There were psalms and chapters which always brought back special occasions of joy or sorrow, the receiving of tidings either glad or painful, the coming or going of sons and daughters long ago, and her husband's words and ways came back with them all. She could "mind weel" what "John" had said on their way home from the kirk, or at the evening worship, when she came on some familiar verse which had been the text of the day.

At such times her glasses were laid on the book, and her hands fell on her lap, and other texts, and other words and ways of his, returned to fill her thoughts. His words had not always seemed the very best for the occasion when they were spoken, but looking back upon them they showed now in another light. She had always seen her husband as a strong wise man, but she saw now more clearly that his strength and wisdom were of the kind which God has promised to those who wait on Him. And she saw also that they had become his through a long and loving seeking to know God's will, through the revelation which He has given in his word. Now and then there came back to her a vivid remembrance of the sudden brightening of his grave face, as some new light came to him while he read in silence, or when, at the kirk or elsewhere, some right and true word had been uttered.

Her own willing and reasonable assent to the words of the Book had been something quite different. And as she read and mused, her thoughts ever dwelling on the past, a great longing grew upon her that her eyes might be opened to see as he had seen. She prayed that God would reveal Himself to her as He had done to him; and she "waited," hoping, but scarcely believing, that His promise of perfect peace might be fulfilled in her.

As the winter wore on, the care which she had put away for a while came back upon her. James Cox had done well, both for her and for himself, during the three years which were now drawing to a close. Now he could return to his own place nearly free from the debt which had pressed upon him. His wife, too, was better able to do her part. She was stronger and wiser, and though she was sorry to think of leaving Mrs. Barron, who had been so good to her, and the little stone house, where she had been so happy, she agreed with her husband that they ought now to go to their own farm again.

And even if they had been willing to stay, Mrs. Barron knew that it would not be wise for her to keep them, or to put off for another year or two the changes which were inevitable. She was getting past the age when the right care of such a place was possible to her; and she could not bear the thought of letting it fall back from being the model farm of the parish, and, indeed, of the country-side, as it had always been in her husband's lifetime, and as she had always tried to keep it since his death.

Hers was rather a hard case, she thought sometimes. They had worked hard, she and her husband, to make a home, to bring up their children, and settle them in the world, and to win a right to rest and enjoy their old age. They had been successful in all this beyond the common lot, but her husband had not lived to enjoy well-earned repose, and as for her, the place in which she had taken such pride and pleasure had become only a care to her, and was likely to become more so, unless she could bring herself to do what she had all her life declared it would be impossible to do.

Not one of her sons or daughters, in answering the letters which, after Nannie's marriage, she had written to them concerning the place, had presumed to advise her with regard to future arrangements; but she did not need to be told what they thought. The place was her own absolutely, to do with as she pleased; and though no one had said it, she knew that all felt that it was Peter who should

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come after her. She felt this herself; and if it had only been the "coming after" that was to be considered it would have been easy enough. But she might live ten years yet, and what would her life be worth to her spent in the house with "yon" woman, as in her thoughts she always called her daughter-in-law?

No, she could not bring herself to share her home with her. Neither could she go away and live with any other of her children. She could never content herself away from the place which had been her home all her married life. Nor would it be right to go away. It would be a slight to her husband's memory. She could never go away.

What would he have wished her to do now? What would he have done had she been taken and he left? Would he have refused to bring home his son during his lifetime because of his wife? She knew in her heart, that if he had lived to decide, he would have decided differently from what she meant to do, and it hurt her to know it.

If they had had to make the decision together, he would have made allowance for her angry feelings, and would have said little, as was his way, but he would not have approved. Had she been taken and he left, he might have brought them all home at once, and he would have lived with them in peace. And might she not do so also?

"No! He was a man among a thousand. And it is all so different between women living together," she said to herself many a time.

But she could not put the thought away altogether. If she were to get the help which he had sought and found all his life, might not she do as he could have done? And might she not get that help for the asking?

Not once but many times she went over all this in her thoughts, during the long hours in the silent house, and her anxiety and doubt deepened her longing for the peace which abideth, and gave earnestness to her entreaties that the Lord would remember her.

The Lord had not forgotten her; His eye had been upon her all these years though she had hardly seen His face. He was "waiting to be gracious," but it was pain that came first at the touch of His hand —pain and shame. For He showed her that there was yet something which she needed more than peace.

She was sitting as usual, alone with her sore heart, her Bible lying on her knee. A year ago that night she had closed her Nannie's eyes, and she was thinking about her sorrowfully, but with no bitterness in her sorrow. None, while she thought of Nannie, and she told herself that to-night she would let no thought intrude of those who for a while had come between her and her child. And when she could not help it—when the handsome, hateful face of Beauchamp came back, and then the face and voice of Mr. Peter and the words she had spoken that night so long ago, waking the old angry pain—she rose up and went about the room and through the house to drive the thought of them away. Then she came back and sat down to her Bible again.

She read psalm after psalm, enjoying them "in a way," but with other thoughts coming and going in her mind till she came to these words:

"I cried unto Him with my mouth, and He was extolled with my tongue.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

She read them again and again. It was as if one asleep had been suddenly awakened. Was this for her? Was she regarding iniquity in her heart? Had it been so all these years? Had it only been with her "mouth" and her "tongue" she had been crying to God, while her heart was not in it.

And having come to her, the thought never left her. That night, and for many days and nights, she pondered the words, quite against her will at the first. Iniquity? Was it wrong to grieve, that in his youth her son had done so foolishly? Could she have been otherwise than angry at the woman who had helped to wile her Nannie from her? Could she give respect to one who was unworthy of it?

As for Beauchamp, he was but a poor creature, who had dealt her a heavy blow, but she could even forgive him now that Nannie was safe from him for ever.

Yes, and she could forgive Zephirine Lebeau as well. She had forgiven her. But as to loving her and living with her, that was something quite different. She was not lonely. And as to their living in one house—her son's wife would be as averse to such a thing as she could possibly be.

But then what said the Book? "Bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that despitefully use you." According to that her son's wife was the one out of all the world whom she should "bless," to whom she should "do good," for whom she should "pray."

She had prayed for her often. Had it only been with the "mouth" and with the "tongue," while she regarded iniquity in her heart? Certainly, her prayer had not been heard, as far as her relations with her daughter-in-law were concerned.

"And now I am too old to change."

Thus far had she got many a time, and no farther, and then once more came tidings of sore trouble. They came as a rumour at first, which she utterly refused to believe. A stranger passing by, had heard of some one being drowned in the river farther down, and later a neighbour came to ask if it were true that her son Peter had lost a child.

It was not true, she said. It could not possibly be true, or she would have heard. And yet her heart sank, for it might be true. She knew that her son was away from home that day, and what sympathy had she ever showed to his wife that she should send to her in her trouble?

When James Cox came in at night, he had heard the rumour, with some particulars which seemed to make it look like truth, and then she said she would go herself and hear if it were so. It would not be easy to get there in the darkness, but James hastened his preparations without a word. There had been a sudden thaw, not enough to break up the river; but it had covered the surface of the ice with water, and had made the edge, where the usual winter road was, brittle and unsafe. It could not be taken in the utter darkness of such a night, and so they kept to the land road, which had been little used of late, and was soft and deep because of the thaw. They could move on but slowly, and Mrs. Barron had time for many thoughts before she reached the house.

And then they needed to ask no questions. The moans and cries of the mother reached them, as they drew near. Mrs. Barron's limbs trembled so that

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the few steps between the sleigh and the door were taken with difficulty; and dazzled by the light as she came, she could only gasp as she sank on a chair,

"Who is it? Not Antony!"

No, it was not Antony. It was Antony who was unpinning her wet shawl, and who was kissing her, and thanking her for having come. It was Charlie, the youngest and dearest of her son's children, whose body lay beneath the white sheet, of which she caught a glimpse through the open door.

"God pity his poor mother!"

Mrs. Barron did not know that she spoke the words aloud. Truly the mother needed God's pity in this her first bereavement. Her moans rose to a cry as they listened.

"Grandmother, come; mamma is calling for you," said Marie, the eldest daughter, coming from an inner room. "Come to her. Oh, grandmother!"

"God forgive me, and help me!" prayed the old woman as she rose.

"Madame, where is my child?" shrieked the poor creature. "Is it that I shall never see him again? Ah! now you have your revenge. I have lost my child for ever!"

The anguish of this first bereavement was more than she could bear, for the poor soul believed, as indeed she had been taught to believe, that all heretics must surely perish forever. Weak in most things where his wife was concerned, Peter Barron had been firm in one point. His sons had been baptized and brought up as Protestants, while the two daughters went with their mother, as is the way in many of these mixed marriages. If his wife had thought of the matter at all beforehand, she had doubtless pleased herself with the idea that she could bring her husband to yield to her in regard to this as well as other matters. Even when she found that she could not do so, she satisfied herself with thinking that many things might happen to bring the boys over to her side, and that all would be well in the end. But now her cry was—

"Where is my child?"

Her daughters were weeping also, and the scene was most painful to Mrs. Barron.

"Girls," said she, "think of your mother and quiet yourselves."

Then taking the hands which the poor mother had stretched towards her, she held them firmly in her own.

"Zephirine, listen to me. Charlie is doubtless safe in heaven with Him who said, 'Let the children come to Me.' He is there with his grandfather and my Nannie, and the rest who have won home. For God's heaven is wider than our thoughts, and his love takes in many that you and me and the like of us might think would be kept out. Poor wee Charlie was His child before he was yours, and do you think that He loves him less than you do? And, my dear, God knows us better than we know ourselves, and has kinder thoughts of us than we whiles have of each other, and though we think differently about many things, we may be sure of this, that He will never let those that trust in Him slip out of his hands."

And so, still stroking the feverish hands, she went on speaking a word now and then, saying, doubtless, some things that she might not have said at another time, intent only on soothing the mother's anguish. And partly by the authority which the strongest mind will always exercise at a time like this, and partly by her unwonted gentleness, to which in her surprise her daughter-in-law the more readily yielded, she quieted them all at last.

By-and-bye the neighbours went home, and then the mother was persuaded to lie down, and Mrs. Barron still sat beside her, holding her hand. Those who sat to watch with the dead or to wait for the return of the master of the house, whom the bad state of the roads had kept thus late, were in the distant kitchen, and in the silence of the darkened room she had time for many thoughts having reference to the future as well as to the past, and some of them were sad and self-reproachful, such as had come often to her of late in connection with thoughts of her son and his family.

She pondered earnestly over all her relations with them. She came to no resolution as to any changes that might be in the future. She could not trust herself to do so in the excited state of her feelings, but she prayed earnestly that, if all this time she had been "regarding iniquity in her heart," her sin might be put away and she forgiven.

Nay, she went farther. She put no "if" in the matter as between her conscience and God. Her life had been one of lost opportunities, as far as her son and his family had been concerned, and now she saw clearly that it might have been otherwise had she so willed.

Long she sat praying and pondering, weary but not inclined to sleep. She still held the hand of her daughter-in-law, who now and then stirred and moaned in her sleep; and sitting thus her son found her. As he came in, his eye fell on the table draped with white in the room beyond, and his mother's lifted hand only just stilled the cry that rose to his lips. She rose and gently forced him forward into the room where the child lay, though he shivered and held back for the moment, not knowing what he might see.

"Whist, Peter. Your wife has just fallen asleep. She has had a sore night of it, and she must not be disturbed." And then she closed the door after them.

"Has no one told you?" asked she, as her son stood looking at the strange burden which the table bore.

"I have seen no one. I saw the light in this end of the house, and came in."

"Peter, my son," said his mother taking his hand, "a sore trouble has fallen upon you. God help you! It is wee Charlie."

"But it is impossible. He was well in the morning when I went away."

"Drowned!" said she in a whisper.

She could tell him no particulars. The child's mother had needed her when she came, and she had heard nothing as to how it happened.

"I have not even seen him."

When she folded back the covering, a cry she could not keep back came to her lips then, and the first tears she had shed that night came at the sight of the child's beautiful dead face. But the father stood dumb, utterly unable to believe in the sight which his eyes saw.

"Above all, we must not waken his mother, or I know not what may be the consequence to her," said his mother, gently drawing him from the room by another door. And then there were plenty of people to tell the sorrowful tale.

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Charlie had not even been missed from the house when some one brought him in quite dead. He had been sliding down the steep bank of the river on to the ice, as he and his brothers had done many a time every winter of their lives, but this time he was alone. He had been thrown from his little sled into the water at the broken edge of the ice. It was not deep, but he lay with his face in it, and whether he had hurt himself before, or been stunned by the fall, could not be told. He was quite dead when he was carried home.

To all this, as one and another told it, his father listened without a word. He seemed like one lost and helpless, and they feared more for him in his silence than for the mother, who could weep and speak about her grief.

Two heavy days came and went. Mrs. Barron did not leave the house till she followed the body of the child, when it was carried away to be laid down beside his grandfather near the little kirk, in what was unconsecrated ground to the mother, who was left wailing and hopeless at home. The way was long, and though the thaw had passed for the time, the road was rough and broken, and Mrs. Barron felt that it would have been wiser for her to have remained at the house or to have gone home to her own. A great longing to comfort her son, and to stand with him for a moment or two beside his father's grave, had taken possession of her. But she scarcely exchanged a word during their long slow journey thither.

When all was over, and one after another moved away through the gate again, the mother and son lingered for a minute or two together beside the graves, and Peter said:

"Mother, I thank you for being so good to us—to the boy's mother——"

It would not have been easy for him to say more, and she only answered:

"God bless you both."

She did not return to his house, but went home, weary and in need of quiet.

"I have something that I would like to say to you in a day or two," said she, when the time came that they must go their several ways.

"And I have something that I must say to you," said her son, a look of pain passing over his careworn face; "I would rather not trouble you, but I know no other way."

"I will help you if I can." And then they parted, sad, yet a little comforted.

Mrs. Barron had a quiet day or two in which to rest and consider her plans, and before her son came to her she had heard something which prepared her for what he had to say. A brother of his wife, whom people generally had supposed to be dead, had returned and was claiming, it was said, his share of the property which his father had left, and of which Peter and his wife had been in possession since his death.

This and something more Peter had to tell his mother.

Several persons had known that the brother was living, and they had also known that the last ten years had been passed in hard work in one of the great prisons in the United States. His father had known it when he left all to his daughter, but this the son did not believe and declared that he had a right to his share. He also said that he had found an advocate willing to plead his cause should his sister and her husband refuse "to hear reason" about the matter.

Peter also had taken advice, and had been assured that there was nothing to fear, even should the man decide to bring his cause before the court. But Peter knew that all that could be discovered about the man's evil life, and the punishment he had undergone, would be made the talk of the country-side. This might not be agreeable to the man himself, but what would it be to his own friends, to Mrs. Peter and the family? Already something had been said as to a compromise. The man did not wish to remain in the country where he was known, and should a certain sum be paid to him, he would go away never to return. After much consideration those who advised Peter had come to the conclusion that this was the best thing to be done, and so Peter had come to his mother, wishing to borrow a part of the needed sum, and offering her suitable security, as he would have done to another.

His mother listened patiently to all he had to say, and answered at once that she could lend him the money, and would do so, provided it could be made clear that no further claim could be made if no better way could be found.

"And Peter," said she, as he rose to go. "I had something to say to you, but now I would like another day or two to think about it. This is Friday. Come on Monday, and bring your wife with you, if she is well enough and not afraid of the state of the roads. Tell her that I especially want to see her, and the change will do her good."

Three days seemed a good while for Peter to wait, but it was none too long for Mrs. Barron, for she had much to think about in the meantime.

ARE WE THE TEN TRIBES?

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

THAT the inhabitants of Great Britain are Israelites is a modern theory which has been widely propagated. Its defenders have invented a large number of resemblances or "identifications," on which, in the absence of authentic history or national tradition, they rest their proof. The languages of our country, Saxon, English, Welsh, Celtic, have no affinity with the Hebrew; but that is made of no account. The history of the many tribes of which our nation is composed, whether Teutonic, or Saxon, or Caledonian, or Latin, or Scandinavian, is totally distinct from that of any of the ten tribes of Israel; but history is in this case quite set aside. The manners and customs of our nation, both religious and social, have not the slightest resemblance to those of Israel; but this is quite ignored. The physiognomy of our countrymen, whether they are English or Welsh, or Scotch or Celtic, or Norwegian, or Norman, is the very opposite of eastern, the Israelitish face being a marked contrast to the British; but that is reckoned of no consequence. The names of men, women and places in our land, are not Hebrew or Shemitic at all, but are traceable to another class of languages

altogether; yet this weighs nothing. The occupation of our island by certain tribes, whom we now call the aboriginal Caledonians or Britons (long before the ten tribes were carried captive into Assyria), and who, therefore, could not be Israelites, is passed by. The grand story of an Israelitish emigration from Assyria into Great Britain—whether by sea or land we are not told—a century or two before Cæsar landed, is got up for the occasion, without history or tradition or local monuments to confirm it; yet when was there ever an emigration in which the emigrants did not carry their language, their religion, their manners, their dress, and their national traditions with them? This the identifiers of Israel with England have not considered. The *two* tribes in their dispersion over wide Europe carried their worship, their language, their manners into every European city, and synagogues exist to this day which were set up centuries before Christ, and every European Jew can tell his pedigree, and lives apart from the Gentiles around; yet, if the Anglo-Israelite theory be true, the ten tribes poured in upon Great Britain, and settled themselves there, drove back the aborigines, but left their religion, their books, their priesthood, their language, their names behind them, like cast-off clothes, in order to prevent themselves from being identified, as if ashamed of their ancestry. It must have been with Israelites that Julius Cæsar fought—their queen Boadicea, not a Hebrew name, and their general Caractacus, not a Hebrew name either; these Israelites must have set up the Druid religion in the island, and to them we must owe Stonehenge and similar relics of antiquity.

There is no evidence in the Bible, or in history, or in tradition, for any such Israelitish emigration. Such a flood could not have passed over Europe, either north or south, without leaving some trace or being mentioned in history. If some two or three millions of Israelites did pour into this remote and barbarous island of ours, it must have been before the Romans came; and such a flood of easterns must have made it a populous island, which certainly it was not. These cultivated easterns—for the Israelites, even in their apostacy, were a highly educated and cultivated nation—flowed in upon an island of barbarians, yet produced no impression, taught them no arts, gave them no language, brought no civilisation to the barbarous Britons and Caledonians; whereas the Romans who followed, carried language, arts, manners, names with them, and left behind them (though theirs was but a brief military occupation) traces of their Latin footsteps, which remain to us after nineteen centuries. Traverse our island and you will find in every county names and traditions and ruins that tell you that Rome was once here; but no names or traditions to say that Israel was here.*

Are such things credible or possible?

Prophecy, moreover, intimates that Israel is to remain scattered, lost, under the curse, till the Redeemer come out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob. The whole twelve tribes are under the curse till the great day of national deliverance come for Judah and for Israel.

Let the eleventh chapter of the Romans be studied in connection with this.

The "identifications" gravely announced in some of the many pamphlets of Anglo-Israelitish literature are somewhat peculiar, and do not carry any extraordinary amount of weight with them to counterbalance the above arguments. Here are a few of them:

1. "Isles and islands" are spoken of by the prophets. These must be the British islands, and therefore their inhabitants are the ten tribes.

2. "Israel loveth to oppress," the prophet says; the identifier says, "England loveth to oppress;" therefore England is Israel.

3. "I believe," says one of these Anglo-Israelitish authors, "that Sunday-schools have been raised up purposely for the event of our identity!"

4. Israel is to occupy the ends of the earth. Britain does so; therefore Britain is Israel.

5. Israel is to "possess the gates of his enemies." We possess Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape, etc., therefore we are Israel; for these are "the gates" of our enemies.

6. The smoke and fire coming up from the cities and furnaces of our land are like the pillar-cloud of Israel.

7. The people in the south of Ireland trouble us, just as the Canaanites troubled Israel; therefore we are Israel, for the south of Ireland is peopled by the descendants of the Canaanites.

8. Jacob's stone is still in our possession. It is that on which Jacob slept; that which was the chief corner-stone of the temple, saved by Jeremiah, and taken by him to Ireland, and then placed in Westminster Abbey under the coronation chair. Therefore the English are Israelites.

9. "Jacob's glory is like the firstling of a bullock" (Deut. xxxiii. 17). The identifiers comment on this as follows: "The ox being often-times applied to Israel, may fairly be said to emblemize the world-famed power of John Bull."

No evidence, historical, ethnological, linguistic, or traditional, is produced; we get nothing but conjectures and fanciful allusions as the proofs of this singular theory.

Some of its defenders boast that since this theory was started, the incomes of our Jewish societies have fallen off by 15,000*l*. Whether this is true or not we cannot say; but the boast, whatever be its foundation, shows the spirit of the writers and the tendency of the new doctrine.

Noah's prophecy stands out clear and sharp, with its threefold ethnology. Shem, Ham and Japhet, are the roots of the nations; and God has kept them distinct; let us beware of confounding them. History tells us that our pedigree is to to be traced to Japhet. The modern discoveries in ethnology confirm this beyond a doubt: eastern monuments, whether of Assyria or Egypt, tell the same story.

The above theory rests on a misreading of prophetic truth; such a misreading robs it of all its Divine spirituality. Outward national prosperity and greatness, not righteousness nor truth, are made the characteristics of the Israel of prophecy. England, full of crime, infidelity, immorality, ungodliness, is said to be now enjoying the favour of God, which is destined for Israel in the latter day! The knowledge of the glory of the Lord is to be the privilege of these tribes; and by that knowledge they are to be exalted. But this theory gives us another standard

* In Cornwall there may be some traces of Phœnician commerce, but we know whence these Eastern strangers came, and the object of their coming, viz., to procure tin from the mines.

of a nation's greatness; a standard which no part of Scripture recognises, least of all the sure word of prophecy, the light in the dark place. This theory darkens the whole prophetic word, perverting events and inverting times and seasons. It denies Israel's present guilt, and lowers our ideas of Israel's coming glory. It puts a Gentile king or queen in the place of the nation's own Messiah, under whose sceptre alone it is to enjoy peace, blessedness, and holy greatness. It rejects the apostle's symbol of the olive-tree, in the eleventh of the Romans, not merely confounding Jew and Gentile, but confounding the Jewish and the Gentile dispensation, denying that the once good olive-tree has, for a season, become evil, and its branches cut off to make room for the grafts of the wild olive-tree. This is emphatically and pre-eminently the time of the wild olive-tree, whereas this theory not only confuses the wild olive with the good, but denies that it is the grafted branches of wild olive-tree that are now bearing fruit and receiving blessing. When the dispensation of the wild olive, or Gentile shall end, then, but not till then, shall the blessing and the glory return to the good olive, that is to "all Israel."

Let us take the word of God simply as we find it. Let us beware of fanciful identifications, which, even were they true, are not worth the stress laid upon them. Suppose I could prove, not by conjectures, but by registered genealogies that I belong to the tribe of Ephraim or Issachar, what does it profit me? Will it make me a holier man to know that I belong to those northern tribes against which the Lord when here pronounced his darkest woes, as primarily and pre-eminently his rejectors. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for thee." Never let it be forgotten that the tribes of the north had rejected Messiah before those of the south had crucified Him. Capernaum, the representative of the ten tribes, had been condemned for refusing the Lord of glory before Jerusalem was cast away.

To esteem external national prosperity as God's special mark of favour, is to carnalise all the prophets, and to degrade, not only the glory of the latter day, but present privilege in Christ; for what a poor thing these privileges and the glory must be, if this sinful nation of ours, that seems ripe for judgment and rejection, be the exhibition of these, the fulfilment of Jehovah's promises, to the beloved people.

IS THERE ANY NEED NOW FOR RAGGED-SCHOOLS?

BY HESBA STRETTON.

A QUESTION I have sometimes asked myself, and which I often hear asked by others. On every hand we see rising the large and convenient premises of the Board schools, built wisely with an eye to the future; with their spacious play-grounds without, and within their wonderful educational appliances. How wonderful these appliances are can only be fairly known by a visit to the store-rooms of the School Board. These new schools are really palaces of education, thrown open by the State to all comers. Every child is not only free to enter, but by law is compelled to enter, or is supposed to have actually entered one of them. Where, then, is the place for ragged-schools?

It is hardly possible to walk for half-an-hour, even in a West-end thoroughfare, to say nothing of the east and the north of London, without coming across a wretched child in rags, dirty rags, with uncombed and matted hair, whose bare feet are filthy with treading in gutters, and whose hands are grimy with turning over the refuse of the streets in search of food. The speech of this child, boy or girl, is as foul as its outward appearance; though it is no fault of its own that it knows little else but the oaths, the coarseness, the lies, and the indecency which the lowest language can utter. Can we take it and place it beside the little son or daughter of the decent workman, whose wife has sent her child to school clean and well clad, and often with as much care and pride in its training as mothers of a higher sphere? If we do this, though we may raise and civilize the corrupt street arab, what have we done for the innocent and uncorrupt little creature, his schoolfellow and playfellow, who has listened to his oaths, his lies, and his ribaldry? We have done good to the one probably; but how much harm have we done to the other?

Our Board schools are palaces open to all comers, but they are not absolutely free. Those who cross the threshold must bring pence in their hands. In a few cases parents cannot spare the pence; in more numerous cases they will not. But still the children must pay if they go. To keep them away by hiding them or by mis-stating their age, is easier than to practice self-denial enough to save the small fee. It is not so with ragged-schools, which are open to the very poor, as well as to the most abandoned, as Board schools are not, and, perhaps, ought not to be. The lowest, the most needy and most miserable, can creep in, and sit down on the benches of the ragged-school, with no fear of the scholars shrinking away from their touch, or the teacher's face clouding over at the sight of their wretchedness. All are penniless here; all out at elbows; all pinched more or less in the same fast clutch of poverty.

It is this misery in itself which qualifies them for the benches in the ragged-schools. Here can be done what it is almost impossible for a State school to do. Charity can feed and clothe and comfort these pinched and hungry little ones, though Law cannot. The ratepayers could not provide a dinner for the children attending the rate-paid schools, nor clothe the naked, nor find shoes for the barefoot. Yet how much can a child learn, who comes to school without breakfast, and who passes the dinner-hour, not in healthy play—the gnawing

of hunger prevents that—but in crouching, sick and famished, in a corner of the playground, watching its happier comrades at their games? Not in Board schools, but only in ragged-schools, begun by love, and carried on for love of the most miserable, can the law of Christ come into full force; and He being an hungered can be fed by those who recognize Him in one of the least of these His little ones.

The last report of the Ragged-school Union lies before me. There are 160 schools, 51 of which are day schools, with 6,232 names on their books, and an average attendance of 4,898. Here, then, are over six thousand children, the very dregs of our alleys and slums, carefully gathered in, and gradually won from the fearful barbarism of our lowest classes, and to a certain degree trained into decent members of society—*our* society be it understood, in London, the head and heart of England. Those six thousand boys and girls would have been a probable source of contamination to the scholars, not too high above them as to be beyond their influence, who fill the benches of the Board schools. Yet after a year or two of training in the ragged-school they may be safely drafted into them. But still more important than the day schools is the work done by the Sunday ragged-schools, with an average attendance of 33,563 young people taken out of the streets at that most mischievous and dangerous time, the idle hours of a day spent usually out of doors, lounging upon the pavements and doorsills of our crowded courts. In the eastern division there is a total average of 14,000 Sunday-scholars, a number equal to the population of a fair-sized town. And for this host of 33,563 scholars there is a legion of very nearly 3,000 voluntary teachers, giving their services freely to a work often very discouraging to the mind, and always highly exhausting to the body.

But quite apart from the work done in teaching, there are a number of invaluable agencies in connection with ragged-schools altogether beyond the province of Board schools, and impossible to be connected with them. There are Ragged Churches, where the poor man in vile raiment is not bade to "stand there," whilst the man with a gold ring and in goodly apparel is invited to "sit here in a good place." There are mothers' meetings and men's clubs; the women generally meeting in the afternoon for sewing and reading, and the men having a quiet room to go to when their day's work is over. Penny banks are kept, in which last year 23,763 persons deposited 11,570*l*. Clothing clubs are established, into which the poor themselves paid 1,557*l*. last year.

Then there are nurseries for babies, refuges for outcast children, and homes for girls. There are coal clubs and blanket clubs and shirt clubs; cricket clubs, drum and fife bands and brass bands; sick-loan societies and maternity societies; classes for singing, geometry, and free-hand drawing, and swimming—all capital things—yearly exhibitions and flower-shows. These and other agencies are always at work in connection with ragged-schools, to catch first the street arab, and through him his miserable and degraded parents. Could the Board schools do the same?

In one of the most perfect of the ragged-schools, which every one should visit, in George Yard, Whitechapel, conducted by Mr. George Holland, there is a special feature of interest in a class for teaching boys fret-work, carpentering, and turning. This is plainly a step in the right direction, and would immeasurably add to the importance of the work done by ragged-schools, if it could be begun in all of them. Some time in the future we shall have Labour Schools; and it will be as unlawful for boys above thirteen to lounge idly about the streets, as it is now for boys under thirteen to be playing in them during school-hours. The voluntary, charity-founded ragged-schools could point and lead the way in this, as they did in the education of the poor, if funds were only supplied. How many of the school-rooms might be turned to account as workshops for classes who would learn cobbling, tailoring, carpentering, and similar handicrafts, which would teach the lads how to use their hands, and fit them to make splendid emigrants. Putting a trade into a boy's fingers, how much better is that than teaching him the geography of Asia, or the history of the Saxon kings!

Until we have wiped from the fair face of our dear country the two foul blots of pauperism and drunkenness, I think we cannot dispense with ragged-schools. When every father is a steady workman, and every mother a clean and sober woman, then I can imagine the last ragged-school teacher locking, for the last time, the door of the empty school, and walking away with tears, perhaps, in his eyes, but with smiles on his lips, and profound joy in his heart. "Our work is finished. There is no longer any need for our Union," would be the most satisfactory report ever issued by the Ragged-school Union. But how far we are from that happy day!

Yet the funds of the Union are falling off. In many places, if the ragged-schools go, there will go with them the mothers' meetings, the shoe and blanket clubs, the sick-loan, and maternity societies, the flower-shows, and the ragged churches; all the agencies, in short, for looking after the children and their parents out of school. It is simply impossible to estimate the loss this would be in the constantly increasing difficulty of dealing with the wants and vices of the lowest classes. The children, if forced into the Board schools, might get a smattering of knowledge in more subjects of what is commonly called education; but they would lose the training that comes of contact with friendly and unpaid teachers, whose care for them stretches far beyond the school walls, and follows them into their miserable and degraded dwellings.

For the sake, then, of the wretched, ragged, and hungry child, who is the coveted pupil of the ragged-schools, and the unfit occupant of the Board-school benches, where he will do as much harm as he himself will get good; for the sake of the only President the Ragged-school Union has ever had, the Earl of Shaftesbury, than whom the children of the poor never had a truer friend, who has given to them unnumbered hours—unnumbered save by God—we appeal to old friends, and to new ones we hope, not to neglect the ragged-schools with the idea that the Board schools have superseded them, and set them aside for ever.

And for the sake of our Lord and Master, who identified Himself and His kingdom with the cause of children, who never spoke of "these little ones" but with infinite tenderness, we plead for help to take up the lowest from their cradle in the gutter, from their deep wretchedness and poverty, and to place them where Christ has given all children a right to be, at His feet and in His arms.

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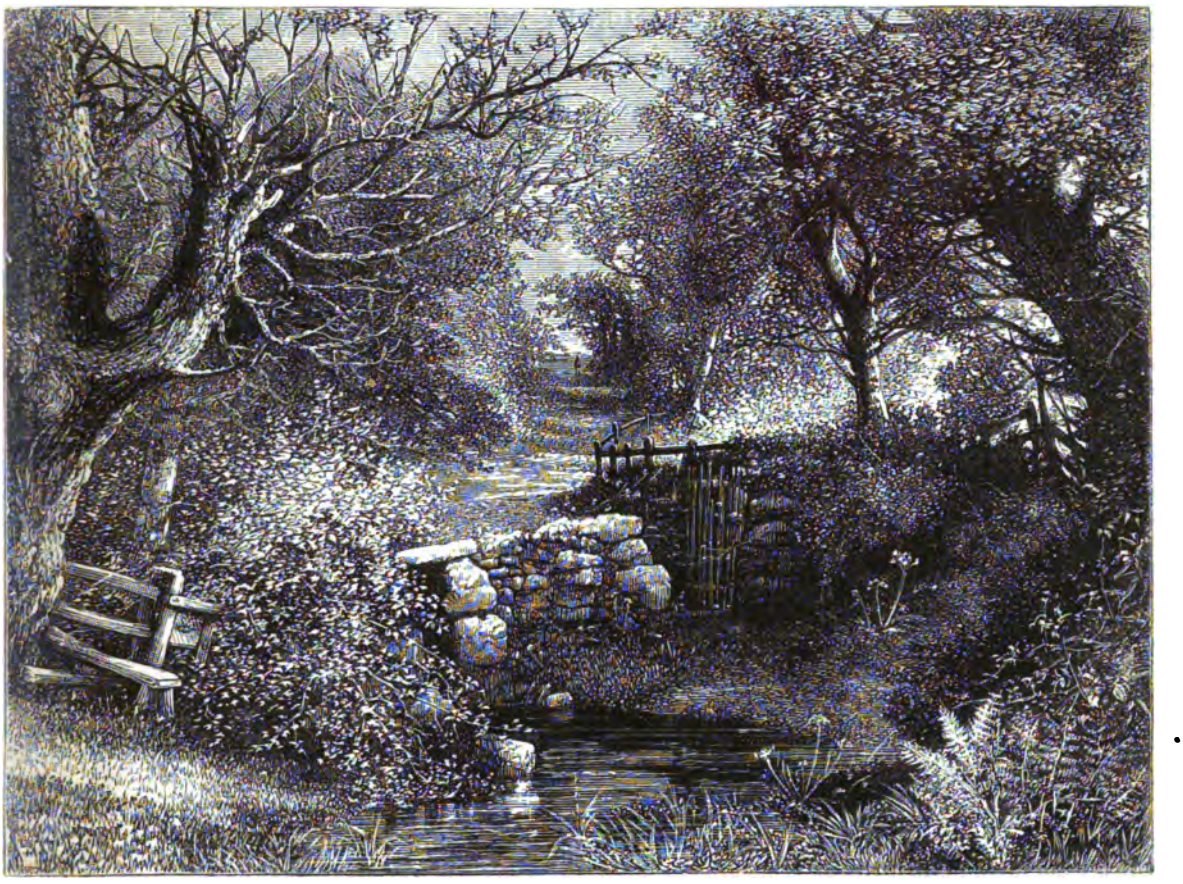
The Brook.



UNDER the trees the brooklet goes,
Winding about like a silver thread;
And the greenest grass is that which grows
On either side of its mossy bed.
Clustering wild flowers whisper, Stay!
Stay! nod the ferns and the rushes tall;
But the brook keeps bravely on its way,
And tarries not, though it blesses all.
Hasting along with a pleasant song,
Stony and rough though the path may be,
To the river wide, the river strong,
That will bear it out to the broad bright sea.

O little brook, I travel too,
Often of flowers by the road more fond,
But a deeper river bounds my view,
And a vaster ocean lies beyond.
And just as you do hourly drift
Nearer the current that joins the main,
So I, through the river dark and swift,
My fullest, happiest life must gain.
Be my pattern, O sparkling rill,
Scattering good as you onward run,
For the journey is but short until
The glorious homes that we seek are won.

S. E. G.

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INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XXIII.—THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

THE influence of Britain and of the English-speaking race has travelled westward through America, and eastward through India, thus, as if with two mighty arms, embracing the globe. Powerful steamships, chiefly those of the Pacific Mail Company, bear this influence westward across the Pacific to Japan and Hong-kong; and the fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company carry it eastward across the Indian Ocean and through the Straits Settlements into China. The arm which stretches westward from Britain bears liberty in its hand; the arm which travels east has carried in its hand dominion. From Britain freedom has travelled west, empire has travelled east; and in China both meet. This one feels in a strange and striking way in the journey round the world. One is borne on the tide of freedom onwards across the American continent and the Pacific, to the shores of Asia; and upon reaching Hong-kong one meets and confronts the tide of empire and dominion which has swept east across India to Pekin. Stepping from the deck of an American or Japanese steamer to the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental boat, the contrast is striking in the extreme. Here in Chinese waters, far away from home, one meets afresh the traditions, the prejudices, the reserves of rank and caste, the petty pride of office, the frivolous fetters of fashion, the unchristian exclusiveness of state establishments, which disfigure and disturb our social life at home. In the far east the tide is nearly spent, and is counteracted by the westward flowing tide of liberty. But as we advance towards India it gradually grows in strength, till there one finds it in full tyrannical sway.

The voyage from Hong-kong southwards to the Straits Settlements is about 1,500 miles, and occupies six days. Our steamer, the *Lombardy*, was not a large boat, 1,750 tons, and she was heavily laden; but we were a very pleasant company on board. Without pre-arrangement we met again our fellow-travellers in America and Japan, pursuing the same route. We amused ourselves by comparing notes of our experiences, and challenging each other for making the most of our time. The quiet of the voyage was refreshing after the fatigues of Canton, but the heat became more oppressive daily as we approached the equator. At this season the north-east monsoon usually blows strong, raising huge waves which follow and yawn over the ship as she steams along; but now it was only a favourable breeze just filling our sails. The flying-fish were countless on either side the ship, rising in shoals, skimming the waves for fifty yards, and then sinking beneath the surface again. They are little silvery creatures about six inches long, and, as the captain told us, delicious eating. At midnight the Southern Cross was full in view, a beautiful constellation, but not to be compared with Orion or Ursa Major, nor of so much practical use to mariners. On Sunday, a calm bright day, we had service on board, and, at the captain's request, I read prayers and preached from John xvi. 33. The beauty of the service and the theme of the discourse tallied with the calmness of sea and sky; but the thermometer stood at 86°, and the only air we had was from the punkahs, swung backwards and forwards in the cabin.

After passing the beautifully-wooded Aor island and other mountainous islands further off, land became visible on both sides, and before us was Singapore, the first and largest of the Straits Settlements, within two degrees of the equator. As we approached, the deep boom of guns, either for practice or saluting, startled our ears; and the foul smoke of cannon darkened the fair face of nature. Even in these calm waters the weapons of destruction, false emblems of Britain's true power, assert their iron sway, and in the midst of peace echo war. We steamed past the town westward to the Peninsular and Oriental wharf; and while the process of mooring, here so difficult and tedious, was proceeding, native boys, in small toy canoes, swarmed round, and entertained us by cleverly diving after small pieces of silver, ten- or twenty-cent pieces, thrown to them. They showed marvellous agility, springing from their canoes and scrambling for the money beneath the surface like fish for bait. The little fellows are amphibious, and evince all the vigour and sharpness of London street boys, calling out in English "All right, sir," and imitating "steamer" capitally, paddling with their hands their tiny canoes. A youth, stronger than the rest, for forty cents dived under our steamer, and rose to the surface on the other side. Thus from childhood they are trained to diving, and it is usual to employ Malay divers to examine at this port the bottoms of steamships. In the evening we walked ashore and strolled in the darkness through overhanging palms and bananas, while the fireflies twinkled in the mangrove bushes, flashing out their intermittent light. The natives wear as an ornament strung round their necks a locket or cage, in which they immure these little creatures alive and the light flashes like a diamond. On board at night, while at our moorings, we were troubled by those other insects for which the tropics are notorious, the tormenting mosquitoes.

Singapore is now a town of 100,000 inhabitants, situated on an island of the same name about the size of the Isle of Wight, and separated from the

mainland by a deep and narrow strait. The tropical forest runs down to the water's edge, dipping its leaves into the glassy sea. The town forms the centre and the turning-point along the highway for ships between India and China. Sir Stamford Raffles founded the settlement in 1818, and left behind him an educational institute, still bearing his name, in which 500 boys (only ten of whom are Europeans) receive instruction. The majority of the settlers are Chinese, whose enterprise is marvellous in clearing large tracts of woodland and cultivating fruits and vegetables, rice, pepper, and betel. Many of them are prosperous merchants; and one Chinaman in particular, the celebrated Whampoa, who has lately died, had raised himself to the highest rank. He was a butcher, baker, curio-seller, had a large chow-chow shop for his countrymen, built a beautiful mansion, laid out a botanic garden, was purveyor to Her Majesty's fleet, consul for China and for Russia, became a member of the legislative council, and in a word proved how a Chinaman, in intelligence, industry, tact, enterprise, and gentlemanly bearing, could equal any European. Besides the Chinese there is a large population of Tamils from South India, a fine-looking race, the women especially well-formed and of graceful carriage; and the Malays themselves are also a graceful people in look and form, converted to Mohammedanism in the thirteenth century. In fact, all nationalities are represented in Singapore, and the varied costumes are striking and picturesque. The swagger of a tall, slender Malay is amusing; his turbaned head thrown back, his gay sash, and his sarong, or petticoat, tight-fitting and coming down below the knees, present a *tout ensemble* of amazing dignity. In a hack-gharry or cab-like box, drawn by a stout little pony, we were driven through the town four miles out and up hill to Mount Pleasant, Sirangoon, where the Rev. Mr. Grant resides, a missionary well known and highly esteemed, once connected with the London Society, but now an independent Christian labourer. The view from the top of the house in which he lives is extensive and lovely, commanding the entire island; and around are all varieties of tropical plants, the Darien tree with large, creamy fruit, the coffee-plant resembling the vine, the sensitive plant, the breadfruit-tree, the pitcher-plant, tapioca, cocoanut palms, orchids innumerable, the luscious mangosteen, and pineapples as common as cabbages. Rain falls almost daily in this humid equable climate, and promotes luxuriant vegetation.

Mr. Grant took me to see the well-known and prosperous school for native girls in connection with the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. This institution was begun in 1843, by a devoted Christian lady, Miss Grant, who established a home for girls, peaceful and secure, and trained a staff of native teachers. Miss Cooke, who succeeded her, has carried on the work. Waifs and strays, and even infants brought as slaves on board the junks from China, have here been rescued and educated, and some have become teachers in mission schools, and the wives of catechists. The school is a picturesque building, standing in beautiful and thickly-wooded grounds, with all the comforts of an English home. It is free, the parents, where there are parents, being too poor to pay, and it accommodates about forty boarders. There are two ragged-schools, managed by young women brought up in the central school. Many girls have thus been rescued from a life of vice and slavery, and have settled down as happy Christian wives. Miss Cooke has also done much for the soldiers and sailors of Singapore, by means of Bible readings, evening classes and mothers' meetings. We next visited the Rev. Mr. Young, Chinese tutor in the Government College; and saw the two commodious chapels, English and Chinese, in which Mr. Grant gathers daily congregations. Active and useful work was evidently going on at the Bible depository; and the civilising and Christianising influence of these varied agencies, and of the Scotch and English residents at Singapore, must be powerful upon the native population.

After two days' stay we proceeded north along the Straits, and passed Malacca, 120 miles from Singapore, where the steamer did not call. Indeed, Malacca, the second of the Straits Settlements, seems to be in decay, though the native population is very large. The operations of the London Mission, which once were of considerable importance, have quite died out. The Anglo-Chinese college founded by Morrison has disappeared. The Mission premises (said Mr. Grant) are in ruin in the midst of heathens. Half a century ago the reports from this place occupied no mean portion of missionary intelligence; now not even the name occurs; chapel and school-rooms have gone to decay.

About forty hours' sail northwards, between Sumatra on the west and the Malay peninsula on the east, brought us to Penang, the third of the Straits Settlements, and the most famous for natural scenery. The island is a mass of hills rising in cones and wooded to the summit. From the harbour many villas may be seen nestling among the trees, and above them, a silvery thread, the celebrated waterfall, marking its way amid the woods down the mountain side. We drove to the Rev. W. Macdonald's, who took us first to a private school kept by a benevolent lady for teaching English to native children, and next to the government schools, where there is an average attendance of 550 boys, eighty per cent. of whom are Chinese. At the time of our visit they were at an examination conducted with all the appliances and system of an English Board School. In the town of Penang there is a Chinese Tauist temple, containing many ugly shrines and idols. Some devotees were at their devotions, and it was a strange sight, in the midst of European civilisation, and in what is practically an English town.

Rounding Acheen Head, the north-west point of the island of Sumatra, we came out west upon the Indian Ocean, and found it perfectly calm. Ever since we had left Hong-kong the captain prophesied rough weather; when it continued calm to Singapore, he said, "I expected it before; it will come before long." At length when approaching Ceylon, in reply to my enquiry, "Well, captain, what about your storm?" "Ah," he replied, "it is certainly strange; the fact is, I always expect a gale when we have gentlemen of your cloth on board, but somehow this time we have not had even the usual monsoon." By night the heavens were glorious; in the north Ursa Major, upside down, pointed downwards to the pole star, which was barely visible above the horizon; in the south, the Southern Cross, and overhead, Orion, the great index to the stars. No one should start on a long voyage across the tropics without a star

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map; the calm, cool nights afford a fine opportunity for the study of the constellations. We passed a large barque one morning with all sail set making eastward for the Straits, and we hoisted our pennant, but she did not reply. The captains of these sailing vessels are first-rate navigators, and very independent; seventy days after leaving port, and without once having sighted land, they will tell you, "At such an hour to-day we shall see Acheen Head," and so exactly it will be.

Another Sunday on board ship, and now on the Indian Ocean, not a ripple on the water save that caused by the wake of our trusty vessel. The muster took place as usual on deck at ten; all the men, dressed in their best are ranged in order round the quarterdeck, the first officer calling out the roll, and each in turn answering to his name. This is the only occasion during the voyage when officers and crew, engineers, and firemen, met face to face, dressed in their best, and with mutual greetings. If Sunday answered no other purpose, as a day of holiday attire, a day for meeting and greeting, a day for assembling all souls on board as one household in mid-ocean, it would be still a blessing for all who go down to the sea in ships. But it is more than this; to Lascars and Libyans who act as sailors and firemen, it is also a day of rest, and to the Christian officers and engineers it is withal a day of worship, and all who choose have opportunity given to join with the passengers in the prayers and praises of Christianity. Again I read the English service with its full tale of Scripture lessons, Gospel, Epistle, and Psalms for the day, and again we raised our voices in singing the appropriate hymn:

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave;
Who bids the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

XXIV.—CEYLON.

After a pleasant five days' sail across the Indian Ocean from Penang, a distance of 1,200 miles, our good ship anchored in the harbour of Point de Galle, situated on the south coast of Ceylon, surrounded by hills bright with verdure, a lovely prospect to the sea-trained eye, and we were soon surrounded by a number of singularly-constructed boats, double-canoes, thirty feet long, two feet deep, so narrow as to allow barely one person to sit within the hollowed trunk, and with a huge balance-log to steady the boat in the form of a piece of timber twenty feet long, yoked to out-riggers projecting horizontally from the boat itself. The tumult was deafening as we set foot ashore, and the coolies pounced upon our baggage like hungry vultures. And now we find ourselves in a well-appointed inn in the very country, whither it is supposed, and with reason, the ships of Solomon came from Ezion-geber, on the shore of the Red Sea, and returned "bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." Whatever opinion be adopted as to the Ophir of Scripture, the "almug trees and precious stones in abundance" said to be brought from thence, together with gold, ivory, apes and peacocks, are the most obvious productions of Ceylon. "It is very remarkable," says Sir E. Tennent, "that the terms by which these articles are designated in the Hebrew Scriptures are identical with the Tamil names by which some of them are called in Ceylon to the present day." On the afternoon of our arrival we took a drive, in company with some of our fellow-passengers, to a rest-house about five miles inland, which commands an extensive view, and where we partook of young cocoanuts plucked by children, who climb the tall trees with great agility. Indeed, the road inland was one long avenue of cocoanut palms, and the tropical vegetation was most luxuriant. We returned by the cinnamon groves, and visited a Buddhist temple, covered with large historical pictures, and in the shrine inside a huge wooden image of Buddha in the centre, with images of Siva and Vishnu on either side. The aspect of the country was rich and fragrant; the aspect of the people, their dwellings, and their mode of sitting on their haunches, gave the idea of abject barbarism, and reminded us of Heber's well-known lines:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
But only man is vile.
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

And next day, on our journey by coach to Colombo, we saw more that awakened pain and disgust. Though this conveyance carries her Majesty's mails, cruelty to animals, nay, torture, is habitually practised along the road. Two small lean and lanky ponies, with broken knees and sore collars and backs, are led limping out every ten or fifteen miles, harnessed to the heavy vehicle, and whipped along at cruel speed, two men, one on each side the driver, lashing them with heavy whips. When unyoked at the end of each stage they were led away, bleeding, panting and limping, to their stalls. So much for native contract under Government. The same cruelty to animals appears in their cutting up the turtle alive, piece by piece, as it is bought, while the creature writhes with agony in the sun. The road along which this daily torture I have described was enacted is very picturesque, overhung with palms and skirting the sea-shore. The Cingalese have a lazy effeminate look, the men, with scanty beards, wear their hair long like women, with tortoise-shell combs taking it off the forehead; and the women seem to be the real workers. On the coffee plantations the Cingalese refuse to work, and Tamils from South India are chiefly employed.

The sea breeze along the Galle Face drive in Colombo was most refreshing after the heat of our journey. We visited the Rev. J. Scott, president of the Wesleyan Mission, a mission very strong and prosperous; and we also drove out next day to the museum, which contains the nucleus of a good library and a fine Cingalese collection. The stone carvings, brought from the ruined cities in the north of Ceylon, are very curious; here may be seen a window of stone, marvellously carved, and a huge stone lion. There is a good collection of birds, and of butterflies. At Messrs. Leechman's coffee mills we saw the process through which the coffee from the plantations goes: 1st, the drying of the beans; 2nd, getting the skin off by passing

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them under rollers; 3rd, picking out the bad berries, done by women and children; 4th, distributing the different sizes by means of sieves; 5th, packing them in large barrels. Here, also, men were engaged in expressing and making cocoa-nut oil. The population of Colombo is about one hundred thousand. The Cotta Christian Institution, a boarding-school for native youths, is about two miles inland.

A line of railway, running through lovely scenery, leads eastward and inland from Colombo to Gampola and on to Kandy. The carriages are cool and comfortable. For thirteen miles before reaching the junction we passed through very fine scenery, combining alpine grandeur with tropical luxuriance, the Bible Rock (so called from its resemblance to a huge Bible upon a cushion) standing out conspicuously in the distance on the right. Leaving the train at Gampola, we got places on the coach which runs to Ramboddie, a village beautifully perched in the midst of hills and waterfalls, and halfway among the mountains towards Newara Ellia, the mountain resort and sanatorium of European residents when they need refreshment and bracing. The road winds up among the hills and woods, which are cleared in places for coffee and even tea plantations; and the sudden change from tropical luxuriance and dense forest to bared hills with ugly stumps left here and there is not altogether agreeable. But the road throughout presents many features of grandeur. A few hours brings you to the head of the pass (6,000 feet), and you rapidly descend into the valley of Newara Ellia, upwards of 5,000 feet above the sea, and make your way to one of the homely and comfortable lodging-houses and are not sorry to see a fire.

In this open and airy valley, high up among the mountains, the Buxton of Ceylon, we spent the Sunday before Christmas, enjoying the freshness and frost of early morning, the repose of a sunny midday, and the homeliness of Sunday services, in a neat little church where the Colonial Society's chaplain read the English prayers and lessons to about thirty worshippers, all English people.

The summit of Pedro-talla-galla, the highest mountain in Ceylon (8,300 feet), about a thousand feet higher than Adam's Peak, is only two hours distant on foot or horseback from Newara Ellia. There is a very good path almost all the way, and the climb is easy. I made the ascent twice, and had a clear view both times; the sea in the distance, Adam's Peak and Dimla to the west, Kandy to the north, and Badulla to the east. The rhododendrons were in full bloom in the jungle. I saw an elk four feet high, and like a red deer, quietly grazing half-way up; he gave a deep bark and scampered off. There are monkeys, elephants and even tigers on these mountains. An elephant had evidently been across our path the night before, breaking branches, tearing up shrubs, and leaving a well-marked track.

Next day we returned over the pass, by way of Ramboddie, and proceeded by railway to Kandy, the capital of Ceylon, delightfully situated amid thickly-wooded hills, and with a small but lovely lake. We drove round the lake and up Gregory's Drive, a road which commands glorious views, to Mr. Chevallier's, the missionary. Next I visited the temple of the Dalada, or Buddha's tooth, a hexagonal building of two stories, where there is an Oriental library containing several valuable Pali MSS., also the Buddhist scriptures written on wood and sumptuously bound. From the balcony, on which the kings of Kandy were wont in former times to appear before the people and to witness performances on the green below, I saw a glorious sunset. In the shrine upstairs is the bell-like casket in which the relic reposes. A number of men and women were presenting flowers, and the noise of drums, fifes and cymbals was deafening.

The tooth relic of Gautama Buddha here enshrined is said to have been captured and destroyed by the Portuguese missionaries in the sixteenth century. But the Buddhist priests affirm that the tooth captured was not really Buddha's, and that the genuine relic is still in their possession. However this may be, those who have seen the present relic affirm that it is not a human tooth at all, and is much too large (two inches long) ever to have belonged to man. There is probably about as much truth in this tooth relic as in the sacred footprint in Adam's Peak, which is five and a half feet long, and is said to be the place where Buddha left an impression of his foot. The Gnostics, who were wont to attach great importance to Adam as the primal man, called it the footstep of Adam, and this is the probable origin of the Mohammedan tradition that Adam passed many years of exile on this mountain.

Imagine, dear reader, Christmas Day in Kandy, the centre of Ceylon, with the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade, the glorious sun shining in a cloudless sky, and hills clad in rich luxuriant foliage around. In the cool of early morning we drove out to the Peradenia Botanic Garden, covering 150 acres, beautifully laid out and rich in all varieties of tropical plants, like a great Kew palm-house without glass. The bamboos and indiarubber trees here are particularly fine. The cocoa-nut palms, too, here are unsurpassed in grandeur. It is interesting to reckon up the uses of this tree. It is the staple native property of the island. The *leaves* are used for mats, baskets, brooms, roofing, fuel, manure. The *stem*, for fences, fishing-rods, yokes, buckets, domestic utensils. The *cabbage*, 'very headachy' as Xenophon says, for pickles and preserves. The *sap*, for toddy and arrack. The *nut*, when young for drink, when ripe as meat. The *oil*, for lighting, soap and candles. The *shell* of the nut, for drinking vessels. The *fibre*, for brushes, mats and mattresses. The *trunk* of the tree, for rafters, boats, and furniture. Thus it may be regarded as a type of the Bible, useful in every part, and for every circumstance of life. This Christmas Day at eleven A.M. the bells of St. Paul's summoned us to service, to the sweet Scriptures concerning the birth of Christ, and to a sermon upon "The Son of Man is come." The kind hospitality of the Rev. John Watts, the Presbyterian minister, enabled us in the afternoon to join in a Christmas family dinner, a children's party, homelike and merry. And again at seven, after a charming ramble through Lady Horton's Walk, and a gorgeous sunset view, we shared the hospitality of Mr. Dunn, head master of Trinity College (a school, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, for native boys, with an average attendance of a hundred). Strangers and far from home, we received that day a true Christmas welcome and home-like cheer. Kind Christian hearts are beating, earnest hands are working, all round the world.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

WITHOUT CHRIST—FAILURE.

"And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net."—*Luke* v. 5.



FAILURE is often man's best teacher. How few see this! They undertake something. They fail. They sit down in despair and give up the contest. "The battle is too mighty for me." This is their cry. In the incident here related, there is an instance of utter failure. But it was the prelude of the most astonishing success. The Galilean fishermen had toiled all the dark night in vain. At the Saviour's Word they let down the net and enclosed a great multitude of fishes.

Every miracle, as well as every parable, of our blessed Lord has its peculiar lessons. Every word and action is fraught with meaning. Pictures they are; images of the life that men are generally leading and of the lives they ought to lead.

How often men trust to their own strength and skill! How miserably they fail! But who ever really failed, who trusted to the Lord? This, among other lessons, is taught us in our text,—indeed, in the whole of the miraculous occurrence which the narrative brings before us.

Miraculous it is. It is no miracle that fishermen should take in their net a quantity of fish. This is an occurrence which is quite in accordance with experience and not contrary to it. But the miracle lies in this—that whereas the disciples had toiled all the night and had taken nothing—at the moment afterwards when Christ spake the word they enclosed so great a multitude of fishes that their net brake. St. Peter acknowledges at once the presence of supernatural power. He felt himself a sinful man in the presence of the holy God. He could not endure it. He was fain to cry out, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

Often we wonder, perhaps, why we seem to fail, even in the undertakings which we have set about for the honour and glory of God's holy name. Often we wonder how it is that others seem always successful. Can it be that God is with them and has forsaken us? It is not always so. For many and many a time God is simply trying His servants by suffering them *to seem* to fail. He is forsaking others when they seem to be most successful. Failure and success in the highest sense lie with His gracious will, not with us. Let Him do what seemeth Him good. He may suffer the Christian toiler to labour all the night and take nothing, only perhaps all in a moment to pour down upon him the abundance of His grace, showers of blessing, so that there is not room enough to receive it.

What joy for the husbandman after his year of toil and anxious watching to gather in his bountiful harvest! For this he has striven, for this he has freely expended toil, money, watchful care and precious grain. For this he has laboured in faith. And now he sees his waving fields golden with the bending grain. Shall the Christian be less ready to risk in faith his time, his goods, his personal labour, in the cause of Christ his king. Is there not in store for him, in spite of apparent failure, in spite of much tribulation, an internal reward?

But what if the husbandman toils all the year, gives his money and time, and then through excessive drought, or excessive rain, or through blight, war or other cause, loses all his harvest? Would not his heart shrink within him?

Such was the case of the disciples in their fishing on the Lake of Galilee.

They toiled through all the darkness and the long watches of the night, perhaps through cold or storm, but with no result. They had given up in despair. They had drawn their boats up on the shore and were washing their useless nets. The night is usually the best time for such fishing because the fish do not so readily see the meshes of the net. If they could not catch any in the night, they thought it would be useless attempting anything more in the day. They were tired, perhaps exhausted. They were discouraged, disheartened. They would wait till the next night or the night after, and then begin again with better hopes of success.

How little they knew what would happen, or *who* was near them—coming to them!

When they were in this state of despondency the dawn had broken upon them and the busy hum of human life again began. Who are those approaching? A number of people, all gathered round one person. Who is this? See! He approaches nearer and nearer. The multitude throng Him so closely that He cannot teach. He approaches Simon's fishing-boat. He bids him thrust out a little from the land that He may teach the people out of the ship. And then, when his discourse is over, He bids the fisher row out into the deep and cast his net once more. "Master," is his answer, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net."

O precious faith, that could thus venture to do what might have seemed useless, because Christ commanded it. Nothing is impossible with Him. The most improbable things to worldly eyes are always happening because He commands. It is true He no longer commands visibly in his own Person here upon earth. He is no longer openly teaching on the shore or in the temple. He is crucified, risen, ascended, glorified at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Thence He now commands. When He withholds, all blessing, all reward is withheld; when He blesses, there are showers of blessing, no room to receive them all.

And just as when the disciples had not their Saviour with them, their toil was fruitless; and when He came on board their ship, their nets almost brake: so is it with his people now. The presence of Christ makes their success.

In the affairs of this world it may be possible to attain a measure of success by the wise use of human faculties, but the most prosperous career is sometimes only a vain show, and reverses and disappointments are the means by which the soul may be brought to realise its highest good. In the spiritual life, Christ is all in all. Without Him there can be only failure. With Him in the vessel, we forget the wearisome toiling, and reap the abundant blessing.

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Pages for the Young.

HERBERT ANDREWS.

CHAPTER I.



"HY, Herbert, not gone to school, yet!" said my father, as he came in from a walk round the farm, and found me still at my breakfast.

"I'm just going, father," I answered. "I couldn't find my grammar, and I've been ever so long looking for it."

"Oh, that's what has made you so late, is it? Well, make haste, my boy; if you are quick, you will just manage to be in before the clock strikes nine."

For a minute or two I made as much haste as I could with my breakfast, and then I forgot all about the time, and began to play with Tibby, the cat that was purring round my chair.

"Come, Herbert," said my father, taking out his watch; "it only wants a quarter to nine; you must go now or you will be late."

I knew how much my father disliked my being behind time at school, and I made a great effort and swallowed my last mouthful and ran to fetch my cap and school books.

"Wherever can my cap be?" I grumbled to myself. "I know I hung it up here, last night. Fanny, have you seen my cap?" I continued, calling to my sister.

"Your cap, Herbert. No, I haven't seen it. Isn't it in its place?"

"No; do come and help me look for it, Fanny. Father will be so angry if I don't go directly!"

Fanny was as kind a sister as ever lived, and she came at once to help me; but the cap could not be found.

"Now, Herbert," called my father, "it only wants ten minutes; you must go at once."

"Yes, father, I'm going," I said, and gave another glance round for my missing cap. "What can I do?" I said to Fanny.

"Put on your best one; here it is. Now run off, there's a good boy."

"Good-bye, Fanny," I said, and ran away towards school as quickly as possible.

"Bing—bom—boom," chimed out the church clock just when I was half way. "Oh," said I, slackening my speed, "it wants a quarter to nine, yet." But I was mistaken, for instead of chiming three-quarters past eight it went on and struck nine. On I ran again, but just as I reached the playground the school door was shut, and I knew that I must wait, now, till prayers were over, and then I should get a bad mark for being late.

"I wish I hadn't mislaid my cap," I said to myself, "and then I shouldn't have been late." Then all of a sudden it popped into my head that I had left my cap in the barn the night before, I remembered it quite well, that I ran indoors without it when I was called in to supper. "I must try and be more careful," I continued to myself. "This will make two bad marks for being late, this week; father *will* be vexed."

At length the school door opened and I walked in.

"Herbert Andrews late again?" said Mr. Grant, the master, as I took my place. "What makes you late, this morning?" he continued with a twinkle in his eye, for he knew I would have some excuse ready; I always had.

"I mislaid my grammar, sir," I said; "and that kept me some time, and then——" but I couldn't finish what I was going to say, for Mr. Grant interrupted me.

"Ah, Herbert, you will rue your carelessness, some day; it is a besetting sin with you; you must strive against it, my boy."

As I sat down to my lessons I determined I would try and be more careful, for I was quite aware that I really was about as careless a boy as could be.

Presently twelve o'clock struck, and lessons for that day were over, for it was a half-holiday.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Herbert?" asked one of my schoolfellows, Arnold by name.

"I shall go for a walk to Captain's Wood, and see if I can find any nuts. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Arnold, "I will, and perhaps Frank and Harry will come too. We will call for you after dinner."

"Very well," I answered; "I will be ready for you."

When I had finished dinner, I began to prepare for my nutting; first of all I emptied the books out of my school bag, and then I went to the barn to find my nutting stick; it was one that I had cut in the woods and had a fine hook for pulling down the boughs. I thought I knew where to find it, hid away in the thatch of the barn; but it wasn't there. "What can have become of it?" I asked myself. "I thought I put it back after I used it last, but I suppose I didn't. I'll go and ask Fanny if she has seen it?"

"Fanny, have you seen my hooked stick; the one I use for nutting, I mean?"

"What, lost something else, Herbert?" Fanny said, and she gave me a sisterly smile. "No, I haven't seen it."

"Oh, dear, how tiresome. Arnold will be here directly, and I shall not be ready."

"Well, Herbert, dear," said Fanny, "whose fault is it that your stick is lost? Now, how many things have you mislaid to-day, already? Your grammar, and then your cap, and now your stick. You should be more careful."

Fanny was a good deal older than I was, and sometimes she lectured me a little, but she was always kind.

"Well, I must cut another, I suppose, but I shan't find such a good one again, I'm sure." So saying, I put my hand in my pocket for my knife, intending to cut a hooked stick before starting, but my knife was not there. Fanny saw what I was about, and noticed my startled look when I could not find my knife, and she burst out laughing.

"Why, Herbert," she said, "surely you have not lost your knife, now?"

"It isn't here," I said. "I must have left it in my desk at school. Yes, I remember putting it in there after I cut a pencil, this morning. What can I do, Fanny?"

"Oh, you careless boy," said my sister, laughing. But just at that moment we heard Arnold calling to me from across the yard, "Herbert, Herbert, are you ready?"

"I'm coming directly," I said. "Good-bye, Fanny," I continued. "I will bring you home plenty of nuts. I must borrow Arnold's knife," and I ran off to my schoolfellows. But I had not got across the yard before I heard my sister call to me.

"Here, Herbert, you've left your bag behind."

And so I really had. While searching for my stick, I had put down the bag, and, if Fanny had not noticed it, I should have gone without it, and then I should have had nothing to bring my nuts home in.

Arnold very kindly lent me his knife, and I soon cut another stick with a good hook at the end. It was a beautiful afternoon, and we enjoyed ourselves very much, as we walked towards the wood.

"What made you late this morning?" Arnold asked, presently.

"Well," I said, "I mislaid one of my books first, and then I couldn't find my cap, and so I wasted the time. But I am determined not to be late again. I will be more careful about my things in future."

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Arnold laughed, for he knew my careless habits, and had heard me promise amendment many a time before.

By the time we reached the wood I had cut the stick to my liking, having taken off all the little twigs and smoothed down the knots and carved my initials in the soft bark.

"Now for the nuts," said I, and we began carefully peering into the hazel boughs for the bunches of brown fruit, and searching the ground underneath the trees for the "huck-alonies," as we called the nuts that had ripened and fallen from their husks. It is fine fun, is nutting, and a merry time we had of it. But the pleasantest afternoon will come to an end, and before we were ready the sun became low in the sky, and warned us to make our way home.

"Good-night, Arnold; good-night, Frank and Harry," I said, when we came to my father's house, and the boys said "Good night" to me, and I went indoors.

"Well, Herbert," said my mother, "how have you got on?"

"Very well, thank you, mother," I was about to say, but there was a knock at the door, and when Fanny opened it in came Arnold.

"I just came back for my knife, Herbert," he said.

"Oh, yes!" I answered. "Didn't I return it?" I faltered in a moment, after feeling in all my pockets.

"No, Herbert, you didn't."

I saw my father watching me, and felt myself turn pale.

"Surely you have not lost it, Herbert?" he said.

But I had lost it. I must have put it down when searching for the fallen nuts. Oh! how ashamed I felt.

"Never mind, Arnold," said my father; "if Herbert can't find it to-morrow I will get you a new one." And so Arnold said "Good-night," and went away.

"Herbert, Herbert," said my father, "when will you overcome your careless habits? If you keep on like this you will never be trusted by any one. You will grow up of no use to yourself or any one else."

"I do try, father; really I do!" I said. But the words nearly stuck in my throat, for I felt conscious that my attempts had been very weak.

"You try in your own strength, I am afraid, Herbert; you must pray to God to help you to overcome this sin, for it is a sin. God has given you mind and memory, and you are dishonouring Him if you neglect to use them. You must remember that bad habits formed in boyhood may be very injurious to you in after life, and may lead you into worse ones that will wreck your prospects both for this life and for eternity. There is an old proverb," my father continued, "that says, 'As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him."* Now, my boy, if you read 'a careless person' instead of 'sluggard,' the proverb would be quite as correct. Unless you conquer these habits of carelessness and forgetfulness you will be a constant source of annoyance to all who have to do with you."

I promised my father to strive hard and prayerfully against my bad habits, but, as will be seen, it was long before I could quite break myself of them.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.

1. A Gentile ruler who heard the truth from one of its most eminent teachers.

2. One of the most conspicuous servants of God, distinguished by one grace especially, on account of which he obtained a surpassing blessing. All who possess the same divine gift are blessed with him, and he is styled their father.

3. A prophet who lived when defection from the true God had become general, and was attended with great corruption of morals. He exposed the absurdities of idolatry, and endeavoured to recall his nation from a hypocritical to a sincere allegiance to Jehovah.

4. An evangelist closely connected with one older and still more distinguished, by whom he is commended for a Christian virtue, which dwelt in him unfeignedly, as it had also done in his mother and grandmother.

5. A king who was threatened by a monarch whose vast army he was utterly unable to resist. Yet he quailed not, but put his trust in the arm of Jehovah; and in consequence experienced a singular and signal deliverance.

The initials name the grace, by the presence or absence of which the individuals were characterised.

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO. III.—THRONE.

I.—The throne of David. "To set up the throne of David" was the expression used by Abner (2 Sam. iii. 10) when he meant that David was to be king over Israel.

"I will establish the throne of his kingdom for ever" (2 Sam. vii. 13). Solomon sat on the throne of David (1 Chron. xxix. 23). But this was quite a different thing from the actual throne: for Solomon made himself "a great throne of ivory," described in 2 Chron. ix. 17, 18. God promised to David, "If thy children will keep my covenant . . . their children shall also sit upon thy throne for evermore" (Psa. cxxxii. 12). "There shall not fail thee a man in my sight to sit on the throne of Israel" (1 Kings viii. 25), "Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations" (Psalm lxxxix. 4).

This promise is fulfilled in Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the "King of the Jews." "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom" (Isa. ix. 7). "The Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David" (Luke i. 32).

II.—The throne of God.

"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever" (Psa. xlv. 6).

"The Lord's throne is in heaven" (Psa. xi. 4).

"God sitteth on the throne of his holiness" (Psa. xlvii. 8).

Isaiah, in a glorious vision, saw "the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up" (Isa. vi. 1).

Jeremiah says, "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary" (Jer. xvii. 12).

Our Lord says, "Swear not by . . . heaven; for it is God's throne" (Matt. v. 34).

This throne will be the throne of judgment. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory . . . then shall He sit upon the throne of his glory" (Matt. xxv. 31).

The beloved disciple saw in vision "in the midst of the throne, . . . a Lamb as it had been slain" (Rev. v. 6). He heard the whole company of heaven give glory to "Him that sat upon the throne, and unto the Lamb" (Rev. v. 11–13).

But the wicked called upon the mountains and rocks: "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb" (Rev. vi. 16).

"I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it" (Rev. xx. 11).

"He that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new" (Rev. xxi. 5).

"He shewed me a pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb" (Rev. xxii. 1).

III.—There is another throne to which we are all invited to draw near, through the merits of our great High Priest, Jesus the Son of God. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb. iv. 16).

> With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
> Let us make all our sorrows known,
> And ask the aid of heavenly power
> To help us in the evil hour.

* Prov. x. 26.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



LITTLE POLLY.

OLD MRS. BARRON.

CHAPTER VIII.—QUIET DAYS.

FROM the first Mrs. Barron had known that it would be right to put Peter in his father's place. But if he were master at the farm, his wife must be mistress, and such a thing could not be, she had often told herself, while she was alive to see it.

And now it was to be. At least, she had made up her mind that she would talk the matter over with them, and there was little doubt as to how they would receive the proposal which she had to make. It was this new trouble with the ill-doing brother, which had made her put off the talk for a day or two, because she thought she saw how something which she had much at heart might be brought about by means of it.

Matthew Conway had been a favourite of hers

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from his boyhood, and during the time when she was pleasing herself that he was to become the husband of her Nannie, she had come to love him as a son. She had done him one good turn, when she had induced James Cox to let him have a three years' lease of his farm, and now she wished to do him another by persuading him to let him have the farm altogether. That, together with the land which he had inherited from his father, would make a farm sufficiently large to satisfy his ambition as a farmer, and to keep him in the neighbourhood, a thing which for many reasons she earnestly desired. James Cox might be disposed to sell his farm, if he could purchase the one which her son would have to leave if he came home to the old place, and all would be made easy for them both, and it was to the consideration of all this in every possible aspect that the next three days were given. Neither to Matthew nor to Mrs. Cox could she speak, however, until she had settled matters with her son.

He came at the time appointed, and his wife came with him, looking sad and sallow in her black gown and bonnet, and, as usual, ready to assume an attitude of defence in her mother-in-law's presence. The kindly greeting which she received ought to have disarmed her, but Mrs. Barron saw with more pain than surprise that it was not so. She was on her guard and watchful, as though there were danger lest the softened mood which the old lady's sympathy in her trouble had encouraged, might be taken advantage of.

"Zephirine," said Mrs. Barron, "you are weary. Come to my room, and lie down and rest till dinner be ready. We'll come and sit down beside you," added she as she saw refusal in her eye. "What we have to say need not be heard by other folk, till we be sure how we agree ourselves. Come away in and lie down on the bed, or on the sofa, if you like it better."

"No, I never lie down in the day time. I will sit on this low chair. The open fire is pleasant. This is a nice room," said Mrs. Peter.

"Yes, it is a nice room," said the old lady with a sigh.

It did not take many words in which to make the proposal which she had been considering for some time. She put it simply enough. What would they think of giving up their own place, and coming with their children to the home farm to live?

The proposal did not take Peter altogether by surprise, but instead of speaking he looked at his wife, "as is his way" thought his mother. But she did not resent it as she once might have done. "It was the way of his father before him," she said to herself.

Mrs. Peter was taken by surprise, but she did not intend this to appear, nor the gladness of her heart at the prospect before them. She looked from her husband to his mother, but said nothing, as was wise, till she heard more.

All the plans that Mrs. Barron had considered need not be given in detail. They were wise and just plans, and on the whole so favourable to them and theirs, that Peter could only gratefully assent to all she said and accept them at once. And his wife would have done the same, if she had been sure that an assent so ready might not virtually bind them to something which might still be brought forward.

"And our own place?" said she.

"We could not carry on both places," said her husband decidedly.

"I would not like to part with the place," said she.

"There would be pain in it," said Mrs. Barron.

"It might be for Antoine."

"No," said her husband. "Not now. Antoine is not old enough nor steady enough to be left alone there. If we keep the place it must be rented, for years to come. Antoine must come with us."

"Yes, as he is to come after you. And there will be enough for all to do here," said Mrs. Barron.

Then Mrs. Peter was surprised indeed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Barron gravely; "the land will be Antoine's after his father is done with it. It is so written in my will, which I will not change without good reason. He will help his brothers, but the land is not to be divided, as is the way here."

"And Nannette's child?" said Mrs. Peter in amaze.

"What could she do with it for many a year to come? She will be provided for of course—in another way."

Then there was much more said. It was Mrs. Peter herself, who first mentioned her brother's name.

"If we leave our farm, he will want to live on it, but it must not be," she said angrily.

"No, he would do little good with it," said her husband. "But if the place were sold, the money which we think to give him would be ready."

"I think to give him no money."

"But he must have something, and then he will go away."

"Well, that is all as you two agree," said Mrs. Barron rising. "And you are to take time and consider well—though it must not be a very long time, since the spring is near, and the work should be begun."

Mrs. Barron made no mention of her wishes as to Matthew Conway. It would be time enough for that when they should be quite decided as to selling the place. Her last words were about the stone house, where she and little Polly were to make their home. Her son turned white as he listened.

"Of course you could not expect your mother to be willing to live in the house with me!" said Mrs. Peter, returning to her old manner. Mrs. Barron would have been less displeased with real anger than she felt with the satisfaction which she saw behind it. But she only said gently,

"My dear, I have so long been mistress in my own house, that I might whiles forget, and that would suit neither you nor me. No. Your thoughts are wrong. I might doubtless have the same trouble in the house of any of my own daughters. I am strong yet, and I may live a good while, and it must be in my own house with my Polly," added she softly, as the child came to her knee.

Her son turned and looked out of the window, but his wife sat with her eyes fixed on the old lady's face.

"It would not suit me not to have a home of my own in which to receive my children and their children now and then. And we shall be all the better friends, you and I, my dear, to have each a house of her own."

"Mother," said Peter, coming forward again, "are

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you sure that you see the end of this? I think it is rather for you to consider it all, and you may be sorry later for the change."

"I think I have considered it well. I may be sorry, in a way, just as I am sorry that I am growing an old woman. But the one thing, as well as the other, must be borne with; and I know it would have pleased your father that you should come home here before I went away to him."

"You are a good woman," said Mrs. Peter gravely.

Peter turned to the window again.

Of course they came to the home farm, and before that Mr. Cox made them an offer for their place, which was accepted. He could pay "money down," as they say in those parts, because he had sold his place to Matthew Conway who had so paid him. Mrs. Barron helped Matthew on terms which pleased herself, and which he was willing to accept, because of some words spoken by her, as a son might freely and gratefully take a gift from his mother. But all that was between themselves.

Before May was out all changes were made, and Mrs. Barron and her Polly were in the stone house, and Justine was there with them. Justine was too old to serve a new mistress, she told Mrs. Peter, who would have liked to keep her at the farm. She had no house of her own, and she went with Mrs. Barron to have, what seemed to her "easy times" after the heavier work of the farmhouse. She had the garden in her own hands and the care of the fowls and their one cow, as well as the housework, and had little leisure at her disposal; but she still had "easy times."

And did Mrs. Barron enjoy the changed life at the cottage under the hill? In a way she did. She enjoyed the leisure and the quiet, and she took comfort with her little granddaughter. As the days went on, her mind was set at rest as to the place and its future prosperity.

Her son Peter was curiously like his father in some respects. He relied less than his neighbours did on his own sense and judgment, and yielded to guidance more readily than such a man ought to have done, and unhappily the power to which he had yielded had not always been so wisely exercised as in his father's case. Now his mother saw that it would have suited him that she should be the head and he the hands in all things which concerned the affairs of the farm. But in this she was wiser than he. She gave him the benefit of her knowledge of the land and its capabilities, and dropped a word now and then as occasion offered, but she rarely advised him as to the carrying out of details, and that for various reasons.

It must be confessed that the two women liked each other best when they saw least of each other. It was not only that they did not have a sort of respect for each other, or that they did not exercise mutual forbearance in their intercourse. But they looked at everything, in this world and the next, from different points of view. That which was light to the one was darkness to the other. But they lived in peace, and it was of a better sort than that which had looked like peace to the neighbours in past years. It was indeed so, as far as Mrs. Barron was concerned. For being now at peace with herself, in that she was at peace with God, there was no room in her heart for the angry bitterness which had been so evil an element in all her thoughts and experiences for so long.

They did not meet often, but never a day passed in which the mother did not see her son; and partly through her happy influence, and partly because of the removal of some burdens that had weighed him down, Peter showed a more cheerful face than he had done for many a year.

In the frequent coming and going of her grandsons, Mrs. Barron found an interest which she had not much counted upon. She could hardly be said to have known them at all, before their coming to the farm. She had not tried to become acquainted with the younger ones among them, nor with the girls. Antony, as she always had called—not liking the French name which his mother had given him—she sought to know, and had tried to influence him for good, but with no great success. Naturally the lad had found more enjoyment in the company of the young people of the neighbourhood than in the dutiful visits which even his mother had insisted on his paying to his grandmother, and they had never got on very well together. In his heart the lad had resented her hardly veiled contempt of his mother and her opinions, and he had never appeared at his best in his grandmother's presence. But as they came to know each other better, all this passed away. Her kindness to their mother at the time of little Charlie's death had been a surprise to the grandchildren, and now her manner of receiving them was a greater surprise still.

Antony was her favourite. He was a bright, lovable young fellow, like what his father had been at his age; but he, and his brothers also, had got something from their French ancestry which his father had never possessed, and which went well with the more solid qualities of the Barrons. They were light-hearted, bright, and gay, taking pleasure in movement and company, ready always to respond to advances on the part of others.

They were bright boys, all four of them, They had not been very well taught, and had but few books, and knew little or nothing of the pleasure to be got from them. This she hoped to teach them, having Matthew Conway and his magazines and his agricultural journals to aid her in the work; and to Antony, at least, she opened a new source of delight.

A true friendship sprang up between the two young men, and Mrs. Barron could not have said which helped the other most. Matthew was far the more intelligent of the two, and the stronger man in every way, and his influence did much to settle and strengthen Antony, who in past years had caused his father some anxiety and doubt as to what sort of a man he was to be.

All this was a great comfort to Mrs. Barron; and then she had Polly, she was a merry little creature, who, notwithstanding her brown skin and her quaint ways, reminded her grandmother ten times a day of her own Nannie. Polly was as sweet and as loving as she, but she was far brighter and quicker than ever her mother had been, even in the eyes of her grandmother. She was a happy little thing, taking pleasure in birds and bees, and all living creatures, and in all that was growing in field and road. She lived out of doors in summer days, coming in now and then with her lapful of treasures to claim interest and sympathy in her

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delight. And summer and winter she played and prattled and took captive the heart of even the sage Justine, and made her grandmother's life happy through the quiet days.

"Are you not afraid that you may have a spoiled child on your hands after a while?" said Mrs. Peter in one of her infrequent visits at the cottage. She had been watching the movements of the child and listening to her questions and her grandmother's replies, with wonder at the old lady's patience, and also with a little contempt for her sense and judgment. It was Justine who answered her, with some sharpness. Justine was by no means sure that it might not be as she said, but all the same she resented her question, and the manner of it. But Mrs. Barron did not resent it. She did not answer for a moment, and when she spoke it was very gravely and gently.

"It is sad to think that meaning well we may still do harm instead of good to those we love best. I have seen it too often during my lifetime to be able to say it is impossible that I should spoil my Polly. But with God's help I will try not to do it."

"She is like her father—in looks," said Mrs. Peter.

To this no answer was made. The child was like her father, but she was like her mother too, and it was her Nannie's sweet looks that the grandmother sought and saw in the child. But she was Beauchamp's child, and she was like him in other ways besides in looks. She had not got her fearless, impulsive nature from her mother, nor her quick temper. And had she got more still from the father, who did not seem to know the difference between the truth and a lie? Ah, well! The child was in God's hands, where she could but leave her, and in a year or two, whether she herself lived or died, Polly should be placed under the care and guidance of her Aunt Isa.

In the meantime she grew more watchful over herself and the child. To love the truth, and to hate a lie, was her first and constant lesson. And as the months and years went on, more earnest still was she to impress on the child's heart the name and the love of Jesus: that He loved us and died for us, that He loves us still, that He is our help and our hope—our Saviour for ever. "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved." That was the aim of all her teaching.

Did the child understand it? As a child can, and at least she remembered it.

As for Beauchamp, he had always been a poor creature in her eyes, and now he was a poor creature in the eyes of every one. He was humble enough in her presence now, and his humility was as little pleasing to her as in the old times his pride had been. But he cared for Polly, and little as she had reason to hope for any good to her through him, she yet could not refuse to acknowledge his right to his child's affection.

And Polly loved him dearly, was glad when he came and pained when he went away. She was like him in many ways; there was no denying that. She delighted in wandering about with him through long summer days. They passed whole days together in the woods, or in the boat, rowing about among the islands farther down the river, and wonderful and beautiful to her were the treasures she brought home for her grandmother to see. Many were the secrets of bird and beast and plant which Polly heard from her father on those days, and great was her delight in all he had to tell.

Afterwards, when he had gone away, when in the short days and long evenings of winter, they were shut up together by the snow and the bitter cold, Polly had strange things to tell her grandmother and Justine, which her father had told her, or which they had seen together during their summer rambles.

The old lady used to wonder as she listened. Had the child heard all these things, or seen them with her own eyes? Or were they only fancies that came to her as she talked? She was not always sure, and in her love of truth and her hatred of anything that looked like falsehood, she found herself at a loss how to deal with the child and the histories which she gave. So she could only watch the more carefully, and insist the more firmly on the exact truth.

Beauchamp came often and stayed long—not at the stone cottage, but at the farmhouse, where he was tolerated rather than welcomed, and when he came he took possession of the child for the time. Even Justine, who had less patience with him than anyone else, acknowledged that it was wiser to propitiate him than to anger him, for it was felt by them all that he was quite capable of giving them trouble where she was concerned.

But when at last he carried her away to some of his haunts, first for one night, and then for several, it was time to warn him that this was not to be permitted. This happened when the third summer of Mrs. Barron's residence at the cottage was drawing to a close. Peter expostulated with him as to the folly and wickedness of vexing the child's grandmother and injuring the child. But Antony threatened him with punishment that he would not soon forget if it ever happened again.

So, sullen and angry, he went away, and they saw him no more till spring was drawing near, and then he came in a sorrowful plight indeed. He had been sick, very sick, he said, and his looks proved the truth of his words. For the first time in his wandering and unsettled life, some sudden exposure, first to wet and then to bitter cold, had brought on a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs, through which he had only just struggled. It had left him weak as a child, and the circumstances in which he found himself were not such as to help the recovery of his strength.

So by slow stages, as his weakness and a chance of other men's conveyances permitted, he came back to the Barron place to get well again! But he came at an unfortunate time. The second daughter of the house was soon to be married, and what with helpers and visitors the house was full, and there was no room for him.

He did not go to the neighbours where he had been advised to go, but crept in among the hay in the great barn, and lay down for the night, and came in the morning to the stone house so exhausted and helpless, that even Justine was moved with compassion, and did what she could to make him comfortable. He never left the stone house again.

"If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink." The time was long past when Mrs. Barron would have hesitated as to her duty to

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the poor broken man. Whether he were worthy or not he must be cared for, and so a room was prepared for him, and nothing was spared which might help his weakness or give him the comforts which his state made needful.

But he did not recover. Consumption, that foe which, before middle age comes, lies in wait for so many of those in whom the blood of the white man and the red man mingles, had fastened upon him beyond the power of nursing or medicine to help. All that she could have done for her friend, Mrs. Barron did for him who had done her so much evil, and surely, the last months of his life must have been a new and strange experience to him. He never said much to her, but he watched her intently when they were together, and seemed to weigh every word that she uttered. But Mrs. Barron was never sure to the last that he trusted her, or that he believed that what she did for him was not done for some other reason than just to help him in his sad condition.

It was little Polly who comforted him. He never doubted her motives or her love. The child led him hither and thither, and did with him what she pleased. She was his best nurse. She never tired of him. She sang to him her little songs and the numberless hymns which she had learned from Matthew Conway and her cousins at the Sunday-school. She brought him in when it was time for daily reading with her grandmother, and sat with her hand fast in his, while she spelled out her daily portion from the Book, eagerly repeating in her own childish words the lessons which her grandmother had taught her.

Thus he listened to the story of the Prodigal, and of the penitent thief, and to many another portion as suitable to his case. And he listened eagerly. He had always listened to such tales as Polly could tell him, and when her grandmother added a simple word or two, he listened still, but he never replied.

He talked at other times with Polly who, for a child of six years, had much to say about many things. He had his favourite hymns too, and asked for "Just as I am" and "Over there" and many another besides, trying with his faint hoarse voice to join as he used to do. And when bed-time came, and he knelt down in Justine's kitchen, as had always been his way, whoever might be there, Polly knelt beside him, murmuring her "Gentle Jesus" and her "God bless grandmother and papa Beau, and all the rest," till he would forget his "Aves" and his "Pater nosters" and repeat the words after her, as she had been taught to repeat them in her baby days.

"And you know it is the very same Jesus who is in church," said he deprecatingly to Justine, as though he had been doing something with which fault might be found.

"I hope you will never do anything worse than to pray with your little girl," said Justine gently. Even Justine was not inclined to be hard on the poor fellow now.

Before midsummer it became evident to all that he would never be well again. He would not take the medicine which the doctor prescribed, but gathered herbs and roots and made himself drinks and plasters which suited him better, and which helped his cough. But whether he thought himself dying or not, no one knew, till one day he said to Mrs. Barron:

"If I might—I would like to go to the place where Nannette is gone. Would you mind if I got there?"

Scarcely catching the meaning of his words at first, she looked at him in silence, waiting for more.

"Nannette was not afraid," he said in a little while. "She is all right, I expect. I would rather go where she is than with Madame Peter and the rest."

"There is but one heaven, and one way to it," said Mrs. Barron gravely.

Then in words more simple than she would have needed to use in telling it to wee Polly, she told him the story of God's love for sinners—how He sent his Son to die to save them, and how He was willing and waiting to receive and forgive all who came to Him, and to take them to His own presence at last. But though she spoke to him then and afterwards, it was hardly with the hope that any ray of heavenly light could dispel the darkness of a mind so ignorant. And yet who could tell? He listened always willingly, but he had nothing to say in reply, and it was Polly who was his best teacher.

He knew that he would never be strong and well again, but he did not think that death was coming so soon. He never took to his bed, and he never gave up his wandering with Polly in the wood; and one September day, when here and there touches of crimson were showing on the soft maples whose colour changes first, Mrs. Barron, going over the hill to tell them it was time to come home, found him lying with his face on the new-fallen leaves, and Polly lay asleep beside him with her small hand clasped in his.

He was sleeping too, but it was the sleep that knows no waking.

They buried him, not by Nannie's side, but in a corner of the populous graveyard beside the great church in the village. All was done decently, as was right, and many spoke kindly of him, remembering the good rather than the evil in his nature and in his life. But except his little daughter, who knew no evil of him, and who loved him and wept for him a little while, no one grieved for his loss, or wished him back again.

A Highland Pass.

(GLEN CRIPESDALE.)

NOT to enjoy the mountain's crest alone,
I climb this rugged pass, nor only gain
The mighty circle of the azure main,
But every upward step to make my own:
To list the burn fetch music from the stone,
To pluck a flower and mark each coloured vein,
To sit upon a rock and note each stain;
Or view the clustered heather, newly blown.
Up life's steep path as thoughtfully I wend,
I hail the passing joys which cheer the way,
And blossom round my feet as I ascend:
Resting awhile I breathe a grateful lay,
And catch, before I reach my journey's end,
Full many a gleam of everlasting day.

RICHARD WILTON.

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A CHRISTIAN OASIS IN JAVA.

BY WILLIAM C. MAUGHAN, AUTHOR OF "ALPS OF ARABIA," ETC.

BETWEEN Batavia and Buitenzorg, in the noble tropical island of Java, there is a small Christian community at Depok, a smiling scene of peaceful missionary enterprise amidst the surrounding heathen country. Batavia, the capital of Java, is situated near the shore, and is surrounded by thick groves of palms, plantains, and other luxuriant trees and shrubs; while inland, the ground slopes upwards in gentle undulations towards the fine mountains, clad with vegetation to their very summits. The town is irregular in shape, covering an extensive area, and is partly made up of the broad avenues with handsome villas on either side, where the European inhabitants reside, and of the native town, where the Malay and Chinese population have their abodes. Canals and streams of running water flow down the principal streets, on whose banks may be seen constantly numbers of the picturesquely-attired natives engaged in various avocations. The houses of the Dutch residents are generally surrounded by beautifully-kept gardens, full of many tropical plants and trees of dazzling green foliage, such as the citron, pomegranate, croton, lettuce-tree, oleander and others. In front a broad verandah extends, with steps conducting up to the carpeted or matted floor, where the family assemble of an evening to receive visitors, and the brilliantly lit up rooms within have a cheerful and pretty effect. There are two large parks and other promenades, where the inhabitants drive and walk towards evening, when the intense heat of the day is over, and the short-lived glories of a tropical sunset illumine the heavens with their galaxy of dazzling hues. Many handsomely-equipped carriages roll past you, driven by native coachmen in gay costumes, the richly-dressed ladies inside fashionably attired in Parisian costumes, while seated behind are two other native servants, with loose flowing robes and long fans of feathers or horse-hair in their hands. Gaily-dressed groups of children and their attendants promenade the grass, and many of both ladies and gentlemen wear nothing on their heads, on account of the heat. Military bands lend their enlivening strains to the scene, and most of the accessories of such gatherings at Paris, Vienna, or Berlin are to be found in this far-distant island of the Malay archipelago.

Too often the gayest fêtes are held on the Sabbath, for unfortunately in Java, and other of the Dutch dependencies, there is exhibited that indifference to the true character of the sacred day so universally witnessed on the continent of Europe. It was therefore all the more refreshing to turn from the capital, with its air of restless gaiety and bustle of purely secular enjoyment, to the peaceful community of native Christians, who find at Depok a quiet haven for worship and retirement. On the way to it you pass through a cultivated country, the scenery variegated with plantations and groups of palm, lettuce, tamarind, and other trees, with rich varieties of ferns and creepers on the banks, and heliotrope and roses spreading over the hedges. Occasionally the woods are opened up, and intervening fields of rice afford occupation to the industrious cultivators, while beyond, in many parts, are seen considerable tracts of rich pasture-land, where browse the large oxen of a bluish-black colour, with great black horns curved backwards. Villages surrounded with groves of trees are passed, and single houses at intervals, frail-looking structures of bamboo. The posts of the doors and at the sides of the house are bamboo trunks of a larger size, the walls, doors, etc., are constructed of long strips of this useful tree, while the steep roof, shaped like an arrow head, is formed of dried palm leaves.

Throughout Java and most of the Dutch archipelago the religion, such as it is, of the natives is a weak imitation of Islamism. It is to be regretted that the Dutch authorities do little towards the spread of the blessed Christian gospel, if in fact they do not absolutely discourage missionary enterprise. The religion of both Malays and Javanese is a profession or imitation of Islamism, mingled with singular superstitions of their own. But, following the example of their rulers, the greatest indifference may be observed, and a casual observer would see little trace of any faith at all. Those more zealous than their followers, especially the *hadjis*, who have been to Mecca, and the priests, are fanatical, and seek to excite the natives against the government; the latter also extort as much money as they can from their votaries. In all probability the aborigines of the island were of a different race from the Malays, and from remains of temples and inscriptions on them, which have been discovered in the interior of the island, it would appear that at one time a race of Hindoos must have colonised Java.

The lands of Depok were left in his will by their proprietor, Mr. Cornelis de Chastelein, in 1714, to his slaves and house servants on condition that in two years they should become Christians. Mr. de Chastelein was a Member of Council of the Dutch government in Java, and a philanthropical gentleman, who in giving his slaves their liberty and his estate, wished to provide them with work to do, and also to establish a Christian colony, and prevent them relapsing to their former Mohammedan practices. His slaves were mostly Balinese and Macassar men. The estates were first under the care of a clergyman from Batavia, who used to go to Depok occasionally to baptize, confirm the children, and administer the sacrament—while instruction was given by a native teacher in writing, reading, and arithmetic—and on Sundays to give Bible readings and exhortation to Christian duty. In 1847 there were two hundred and forty descendants of the original recipients of Mr. de Chastelein's lands, and the entire community numbered about three hundred, of whom sixty were children attending the school. Now the community consists of some five hundred persons, and a large commodious new seminary has been built for instructing native missionaries, chiefly got up by private subscription. The adoption of the Christian name appears to have been followed by a movement of more spiritual nature.

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Considerable difficulty prevails as to getting information about this Christian settlement, and it is understood there are no regular titles to the land which the actual possessors can exhibit further than their names being registered in certain books as descendants of the slaves to whom the land was originally bequeathed. They have a prescriptive right to the lands, and this has been admitted in the courts of law before which the question had been brought up. There is no Dutch official who has the right to examine into the question of revenue and expenditure of the lands, in fact, the society is a regular commune. A committee of the proprietors arrange the business matters of the community, examine the accounts at regular meetings which they hold, and give orders for repairs of buildings, cultivation of the land, and public instruction. Young men belonging to Depok go to Batavia as clerks in government offices or with private mercantile firms, and the women also find employment in several capacities.

The settlement is situated on the picturesque banks of the Tjiliwong river, and is about a square mile in extent, partly wood and partly cultivated land. At the time of my visit in 1875, the Rev. Mr. Benkhof, Dutch missionary, was the superintendent of the community, under direction of the committee of proprietors. He had been twelve years in that position, and was greatly respected and beloved by all. His pretty house stood in a garden near the river, and a little way from the neat church where God was worshipped, in their own earnest and touchingly simple way, by this band of native Christians. Service began at half-past nine in the morning, and it was an interesting sight to see the men and women, all neatly dressed, with Bibles in their hands, walking quietly along the shaded roads to church. The women wore the native costume of *cubaya*, a thin white or blue robe enveloping the body, and *sarong*, a dark or figured garment fastened loosely at the waist, and descending to the feet. Their black glossy hair was brushed right back from the forehead, and fastened in a knot behind, and almost all of them were barefooted. Some had neat little gay-coloured umbrellas for protection from the sun, others fans, and little ornaments of female finery could be seen on some of the more youthful church-goers. The men wore rather sombre and unbecoming garments of black alpaca, but all were scrupulously neat and clean.

The pleasant sound of the church bell was heard all through the green palm groves and sheltered paths, many of which were thickly overspread with the sensitive plant, which grows freely at Depok. The church is a plain whitewashed building, the benches of polished wood, the pulpit and reading desk below, all of appropriate construction, and the floor of red diamond-shaped bricks. The men sat on the right side of the pulpit, and the women on the left, and the minister, who wore a plain black Geneva gown, commenced the service when all were assembled.

First there was a hymn, which was sung in a slow, solemn, almost wailing manner, the whole congregation joining earnestly in the praise of that great Creator whom they had learnt to reverence. Then came a short prayer, then another hymn and the sermon, which lasted about half an hour, and was listened to with deep attention, as the preacher set before his flock God's ways of dealing with His people. Collections for the poor and for church purposes were then made in two separate bags, some verses of a hymn being sung at the same time; another short prayer succeeded, then a hymn again, and the benediction concluded the service. All throughout the most rapt attention was exhibited, and the wailing strains of the softly-sung hymns recalled to memory the familiar melodies of former Sabbath mornings in a far distant land.

Accompanied by the benevolent pastor of this peaceful community, we walked through part of the district over which he is placed, and marked the air of neatness pervading the dwellings of the people, and the comfortable sense of propriety which seemed to characterise them. Pretty flowering shrubs decked their gardens, while coffee-plants showed careful cultivation, and gay-coloured butterflies floated by on the soft breeze, perfumed with the scent of aromatic blossoms. We visited the agricultural school which has been established at Depok, mainly through the aid of subscriptions, but aided by the members of the community. It is a large building, divided into a central portion for the public rooms of the school and the superintendent's house, with two side wings for dormitories, one for boys, and the other for girls. The superintendent was a German, who had been about eighteen months in that position, and gave practical instruction to his pupils how to plant and rear coffee, tea, rice, and other staple products of the country, as well as general information in horticulture. There are about seventy acres of ground attached to the institution, and specimens of many of the indigenous trees of Java, as well as those of other countries, afford a grateful shade from the powerful rays of the sun.

There were about thirty children attending the agricultural school, most of whom paid no fees, but were sent by subscribers and others. The hours of instruction are from six in the morning till ten, and then from three to five, these last being more specially devoted to lessons in tilling the ground and planting; but for those of the children who require fuller general education than can be got here, the district government school is available. In addition to this excellent establishment, there has been established by the community of Depok a good brick and tile manufactory. They have an extensive and convenient bed of fine clay close at hand, and buffaloes tread the earth into the required consistency in a large circular pit. The building covers a large space of ground, and one of the kilns is commodious enough to hold 24,000 bricks at one time. All sorts of tiles, bricks, pipes, and manufactures of clay were to be seen in the streets, and a considerable profit is derived from the work. Close by are some extensive pasture-grounds for the buffaloes belonging to the community. These useful animals are of great size, and are characterised by remarkable sagacity. At night, in districts where tigers are found, they lie in a circle, with their heads and formidable horns outside, presenting a strong front to their assailant if he should venture upon a spring. They are said to be able to get the better of a tiger in a fair fight, as they shake him off and then trample on him.

From this an almost unbroken extent of forest extends all the way to Buitenzorg, opened up at

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intervals by pasture-lands, or by an occasional coffee estate. Some of the trees are of great size, especially the gum and fig and the waringen trees. It is strange to see how pendent branches of the gum tree have grown down even from the topmost boughs, until they reach the ground, and form a separate grove after taking root. They stretch round the parent stem in regular serried array, while in other cases, when these pendent shoots have not quite reached the ground, they swing about in the breeze with singular effect. Tree ferns and strange parasitical plants abound in the woods, while many varieties of beautiful creepers and mosses strew a carpet of verdure over the ground, or form lovely drapery around the great trunks of the forest trees.

We left the settlement with regret, but the wonderful effects of cloud and sky overhead showed that the waning glories of a Javanese sunset would soon fade away, and the quiet Christian community of Depok would soon be at rest, preparing for the labours of the morrow. It is unfortunate for the good name of the Dutch government that missionary enterprise is discouraged in Java, and much indifference prevails as to religion and its obligations. More is certainly being done for purely secular education, and, in a good many districts in the island, there is a government school where the natives receive instruction in reading and writing. The little that is done to evangelise the natives, is by some two or three missionary societies in Holland, who have some agents, mostly Germans, engaged in the good work in Java. The clergy in Batavia at the time of my visit were said to be easy-going men, who attached as much importance to social events, apparently, as to the welfare of their flocks; civil marriages were the rule, and the highest officials in the land were but seldom seen in a place of worship. Therefore it was all the more refreshing to find that in the midst of so much relaxation of Christian morals, a small band of God-fearing natives bore testimony to the blessed fruits of the gospel in a heathen land.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

OFFERINGS WITHOUT COST.

BY THE REV. G. DESPARD, M.A., OF TRINITY CHURCH, KILBURN.

"Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."—2 *Sam.* xxiv. 24.

[Read the chapter.]



THIS chapter contains an account of a great sin, a great punishment, and a gracious pardon. It serves to remind us, therefore, of things in which we have all a deep and personal interest.

How solemnly does such a chapter teach us that sin, no matter where it is found, is sure to bring down judgments. It did not exempt Israel from judgment, that she was God's nation, nor David that he was a servant of God. On the contrary, the nearer to God the greater the guilt of sin, and the more marked the chastisements of God. "Slay utterly old and young," God said to the Destroyer, pointing to a backsliding people, "but begin at my sanctuary." Sin is passed over in none by a holy God, least of all, sin in His own children. He "visits *their* offences with the rod, and *their* sin with scourges," not in anger indeed, but in mercy, to the intent that they may return unto Him.

It was a very awful punishment which fell upon Israel at this time; to some it almost appears too heavy for the sin. Not that it was David's sin in numbering the people, merely, that brought down the judgment. There was a heavy reckoning against Israel for long-continued and repeated sin; the sin of David was only the occasion of punishment justly due.

Still, how heavy was the judgment! The disproportion between sin and its punishment, under any circumstances, exists only in our eyes, and it exists only in our eyes merely because we fail to understand "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." But in God's eyes, who estimates aright the guilt of sin, the disproportion, if there is any, exists on the side of leniency in the judgments with which it is punished. Most earnestly should we pray, when we read such a chapter, that all tendency to cavil at God's ways may be subdued in us, and that we may lay to heart, with new power and force, that great lesson which it is so hard to teach our frivolous nature, but on the learning of which so much depends—what an evil and bitter thing is sin in any shape or form!

Yet the chapter, too, illustrates both the nature and value of repentance. It shows how, when we repent of the sin, God is ever ready to "repent him of the evil" sent in punishment for it. If men go on still in their sin, God goes on still in the judgment—there is no averting the judgment but by departing from the sin after it has been confessed to Him in all humility and contrition of heart. It is always the case that God sets *us* to smite our sins, when He is going to hold His hand from smiting us for our sins. His indignation with us for our sins passes away when He has kindled in us a gracious "indignation" and "zeal" against our sins. To the impenitent and rebellious how can His face be turned? But to the penitent how kind He is, "slow to anger, and of great mercy, and repenting Him of the evil."

Always remember this, there is no moving away of the judgments except as we are moved away from our sin. The mercy which is the sum of all mercies has come when we find that with all our hearts we are turning from our sins to the living God.

And yet the chapter would not be as complete as it is, if there was nothing more taught by its contents. Our need of Christ is also taught, and very strikingly taught. For, after all, it was not the repentance that stayed the judgments, but the altar and its smoking sacrifice. The destroyer never stopped till he came to the place where the *altar* was to be—it was *that* which "stayed the plague."

What a beautiful emblem we thus have of Christ, and of the power of His blood to shelter sinners from all the plagues which their sins have deserved! In the rolling prairies of the West, the fire is arrested when it reaches the spot where all the herbage has been burnt in advance, for fire has left nothing for fire to feed on. So, when the law of God meets with Christ as the sinner's plea: the

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curse has consumed Him in our stead, and has no power to hurt those who are in Him. *He* stays the plague who for us endured the plague, and we in Him find peace and security. David's altar was reared on the very spot where, years before, the Lord provided a ram in substitution for Isaac; and where the Temple of Solomon was subsequently built, keeping up, in its daily offering, the hope of the promise of "the sacrifice of dearer name and greater worth." We are safe from the plague when we have Christ in front of us.

But there are a few things about King David personally in the chapter which are full of instruction.



"LET MY LORD THE KING TAKE AND OFFER UP WHAT SEEMETH GOOD UNTO HIM."

Thus, what we read of him here reminds us what perilous places high places are.

All the worst things came out in David after his adversities, and while the sun of his prosperity was high. Let no man ever covet the high places who understands anything of his own heart! You have the best side of David during the time when he was harassed and hunted; you have the worst side of him when he was settled on a throne. Adversity very rarely spoils a real Christian; generally speaking, it serves to bring him out to greatest advantage. But who can count the number of those who have been spoiled by prosperity, who have lost, in the sultry glare of the high places, the brightness and bloom of the first love, and shown out there the baser part in sensuality and pride? It was vain-glory that led David to insist on numbering his forces, in spite of the protest of Joab, a much less spiritual man than he. Like Hezekiah in after times, his heart was "lifted up;" he was minded to rely more on his armies than on his God. This time it was not a fleshly crime; but, as if to show that prosperity without special care is apt to breed sin of every kind, it was a spiritual sin; the pride and arrogancy which is an immediate affront to the majesty of God, and with which, therefore, in His own servants He is more angry than even with fleshly sin. "Lord, what is man?" we may well exclaim, when we see how soon the atmosphere of prosperity could develop evils, which, in his humbler days, David did not know and would not have believed to be in his heart.

In the closing part of the chapter, David reappears in the character that, for a time, had been obscured by sin, as the willing servant of God; from which we learn that a man may be a true

servant of God who is nevertheless anything but a perfect one. Looking at this and other grave blots on his conduct, we should be disposed to erase David from the list of God's servants altogether. Not so with that merciful God who sees things in a truer light than we do, and to whom a servant, if sincere, is a servant still, although he be an erring one. Was there ever a servant of God yet who did not feel that he had need not only of "grace" and "peace," but also of "mercy," from God the Father? Faltering and imperfect at the best, and not seldom sinful and polluted, all our services have need of cleansing in the blood of Christ. Mercy at the first is the sinner's urgent need; and not less is mercy at the last the urgent need of the saint awaiting his departure. Unless we were moving in seas of mercy I do not know how we could move at all; but, according to our need, so it is; into seas of mercy we enter, when we enter into Christ, and through seas of mercy we pass on, with all our falterings and failings, to be dealt with finally in mercy richer than words can express!

This was David's last appearance in active life—henceforth he was laid by to await, in the feebleness of old age, the summons to a higher scene. And in his last appearance we are glad that he reappeared in the highest of all the characters he bore on earth, the loyal servant whose heart beat true to God at bottom, and who would do his Master's will, whatever the cost might be. And great as we may think him when he stood one day receiving the crown at the hands of a people who agreed to lay their homage at his feet, David never sustained a higher character, or appeared in a nobler light, than when, as one who had "received" all, he stood forth ready to "offer" all to Him from whom it had been received. The same thing which ennobles the lowliest station, adorns and graces the highest. A king can do himself no higher honour than by showing himself ready to honour God; and David was right in estimating so highly the dignity of being allowed to offer God even the humblest service as to refuse to allow another to relieve him of it. Crowns like his are not within our reach, but that which he esteemed more highly than his crown is. For this "honour" is one which "all God's saints" have. If, like David, they are saved sinners, they are—like David also—something more, "kings and priests unto God," who, as His familiars, are called and qualified to offer service to the Lord. How David was qualified the chapter clearly shows. Not because he was a king, exalted by earthly rank and honour, but because he was, although a sinner, a pardoned sinner. For not until he received the pardon did he receive the commission to offer unto the Lord. "The Lord put away his sin," therefore the door was opened for the sinner to appear in the character of an accepted offerer. How that teaches us the one secret of all true and acceptable service to God! And how it shows us the value of that glorious pardon which we receive in Christ, that it not only blots out our guilt, but raises and qualifies us for the service which angels look upon as the highest honour they possess. To take sinners out of the miry pit is a great thing, but to make them, when so taken, sharers in the service of God with angels, is something greater far. No man understands the wonderful power and sweetness of the gospel, until he understands this, and shows that he does so by practically taking up the service of God as the highest honour and greatest privilege of his life. We only know how to sing half the song which befits the redeemed, when we sing "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." That half of the song is very sweet and glorious, but the next half is surpassingly grand and glorious, "Unto Him that hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, be glory and dominion for ever."

Does it not seem as if God intended to teach David the reality and completeness of the pardon given him, by directing him to proceed at once with an act of service? "Do you think I would allow you the honour of offering Me any service, if I had not pardoned you? Go and make full proof of the reality and blessedness of the pardon in the permitted offerings and services of a glad heart." You see how closely the two things go together—the joy of pardon and the joy of service! You cannot serve without the joy of pardon, but if you have the joy of pardon, there will be no joy greater than the joy of service!

Every one of us should measure the reality of his own pardon, by the degree in which he finds serving God the greatest joy and happiness of his life, and regards it as that thing in his life which he is least of all disposed to part with in favour of another.

This last point requires to be noticed, for the pardoned and accepted David was met, on his way to do the service, by a man who volunteered to save him all cost in doing it. That man was Araunah or Ornan, the owner of the piece of land required for the altar David had to build for the Lord. He was a man who "had a princely spirit though but a subject's purse," as an old writer quaintly remarks, and to hurry on a matter on which human lives were depending, he made the very frank and generous offer of the oxen, and all that was wanted to enable David to carry out the service which God had committed to him.

Now this was a new temptation, for it gave David the opportunity, if he was so minded, of serving God while yet sparing of his own. And it is a temptation which every Christian is sure to meet with, whether he deals with it as King David did or not. It may indeed be said that cheap obedience and cheap service are always possible for those who are minded that way. If a workman's constant thought is how little he can do in the day without being discharged for idleness, he may have a great deal of heart for himself, but he can have none for his master. And if a brother comes by who is willing to take the heavy end of the cross, some are quite content with the light end of it.

One thing we are all bound to remember; real obedience can never be without some cost. To serve the Lord truly in any way, or under any circumstances, must cost thought and effort, watchfulness and care. If we think the first thing which comes to hand will do to serve God with, we make a great mistake, and only insult Him with our service. A man must have a poor idea of the majesty of God who thinks that He can honour Him by service done in the cheapest possible way, or half-heartedly, in a slovenly or careless spirit, or by proxy. It has been well said that a fish was never allowed to be placed on God's altar, because it could not be placed there

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alive; and God will have something more than cheap service on His altar, because cheap service is never living!

Be assured the temptation which met David, to offer God a cheap service, is one which we are all constantly meeting. It meets the minister when he is tempted to spare himself the pains of thought and study, and to feed the flock with any chance ears that come to hand, though there is little but chaff in them. It meets the Sunday-school teacher, who is tempted to think that anything is good enough for children, and that teaching a lesson without being at the cost of preparing it is the perfection of Sunday-school service. It meets the people who come to church, and who, if there is a collection for God's service, are tempted to consider what is the smallest coin that can be decently given and never missed, and not to give when giving means even a grain of self-denial. It is not, of course, the temptation that is so bad, for we have all to meet it in countless ways in anything that has to do with God and His service. But is the spirit kept above the temptation? *That* is what, as the professed servants of God, we are bound to ask. Obedience, when obedience is easy, proves nothing. Service, when service is pleasant, proves nothing. Offering, when offering involves no cost, proves nothing. Any one might be content to do business on the understanding that all the pleasant part of it is to be his, and all the hard or costly and disagreeable part, which taxes the brains and strains the heart, is to be some one else's. Let us settle it in our own minds, that the service of God can never be for any man a cheap or inexpensive pastime. God will have none of our cheap obedience and cheap service. He knows, even though no one else may know, when we are trying to put Him off with it. And what must He think of the man whose heart-talk is, "If there is any cost, no—if the expense is little or nothing, yes!" A good rule for us, as servants of God, is this: to weigh any service we do for God by the amount of brains and sweat and personal cost we have put into it. And the reason why this rule is good, is because any service without these in it is a service without love in it; while, what makes any of our poor services dear to God is the measure in which He knows the love of His children to be in them.

And that, after all, brings us to the root of the whole matter. An inexpensive obedience is perfectly possible without love being in it; but the very fact that obedience is forthcoming when it is expensive, shows a man's heart to be in it. What multiplied reasons had David at that moment for loving God? Mark how he said, "How can I offer unto the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing?" "The Lord *my* God!" There was the constraining motive! If there had been the spirit of stinting in the way God dealt with him, there might have been the spirit of stinting in his manner of serving God. If it was another man's god he was serving, he might have been content to serve him at another man's expense. But the honour of the thing lay in the cost of it, when it was for his own God he was doing it; and David might as well have been asked to give up God as his God, as to give up that which always sweetens service to a loving heart—the cost of it!

May we not think of all this whenever we feel tempted to shrink from anything by which we can serve God, on account of the trouble or difficulty it involves? Jesus wants servants, but in order that He may have them, He wants loving and warm hearts. Is He not worthy of them? Did He spare Himself any cost in serving us? Was it His idea to serve *us* at the least possible cost to Himself? Nay, He showed us what service with love in it is! A Master who endured the Cross for us may well expect to have servants ready to endure the cross for Him. Oh, that He may be put into the cold hearts! For then, and only then, can heartless service be exchanged for the service of the heart; no service coveted that has not some cost; and that service most prized, and least of all surrendered, which, because it costs us something, shows that we love Him much!

THE COLPORTEUR IN PIEDMONT.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ITALY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I.

SOME ten miles from Novara, in a southern direction, there lies at the base of a beautiful hill, which is crowned by two castles, a fair and fruitful district. The population numbers some two thousand industrious cultivators of the soil, genial in spirit, and with ideas liberal and independent, no doubt somewhat owing to their circumstances, as each head of a household possesses a snug cottage or small farm-house of his own.

Here is Fara Novarese, where in 1820 Bartolomeo Borgia was born. When still a child, his father was removed by sudden death; and the poor widow not being able alone to provide means for a numerous family, placed her son Bartolomeo in a shoemaker's shop. After some time he became a skilful worker. At the age of twenty-two Bartolomeo opened a boot-shop on his own account, and soon after married Carlotta Pertusati. Carlotta was almost entirely uneducated, being barely able to read and write. But she was eminently gifted with a most gentle and loving heart, of light spirits and full of energy, courageous and ready to face all difficulties. Borgia was also at this time quite illiterate, but by nature endowed with a spirit of enterprise and energy. To his shoemaking he added the study of music, and his house, especially in the winter evenings, was frequently filled with social gatherings of his friends. At the age of twenty-nine he became afflicted with a chest complaint, which tormented him by day and night. The doctor advised him to give up his trade, but this was not so easily done; and, moreover, his family was now much increased. Borgia, however, was not easily dis-

couraged. Leaving to his apprentices the heavier work, he applied himself to labour of a lighter kind. He now commenced to make violins and other musical instruments, but still kept up his old craft of shoemaking. But what success can a musical-instrument maker expect to have in a small country town?

Now commenced a change of fortune, when in 1848-49 the war broke out, and after the catastrophe of Novara, many Austrian troops encamped in the plain of Fara. The church, the castles on the hill, and various houses of the gentry, became barracks. Borgia during this period made some little money by sales to the troops, and towards the end of 1849 opened an inn in one of the best positions in the town; but his speculation, as with many others in similar undertakings, proved his ruin. He had soon very numerous customers and registries of much food and wine consumed, his books were full, but his bottles and till were empty. The climax of his misfortunes was reached when, in 1851–1852, the vine disease broke out and reduced to a dry powder a large proportion of the grapes.

Whilst things had been going on moderately well, Borgia had thought much on benefiting his children by giving them what education he could procure. Damiano he had destined to become a musician, and he hoped that some day he would be organist of the church, and master of the school. Inspired by this thought, and seeing that with only an old *spinetta* to practise on, his boy could never become a good organist, he determined to manufacture a piano for him, and in this was so successful that some pianists from Novara gave the instrument great praise. But he was obliged to close his shop, and try the manufacture of lasts, and finally to sell off everything of value, even the piano. It was at this period that he first essayed the work of a book-hawker.

Borgia, as we have seen, had many acquaintances and friends, and indeed some of the gentry occasionally condescended to converse with him. His trade had placed him in a position to satisfy the curiosity of all, as he could give them the news from Novara, Casale, Turin, Genoa, and other places, all of which he visited in selling his goods. Amongst the curious was a priest, Don Eusebio Stoppiani, who entered into frequent conversations with the humble workman on a great variety of topics and especially on church matters, politics, and on the new sect called Protestants, who were appearing in the principal cities of Piedmont since the Albertina Constitution of 1848.

There lived at this time an eminent barrister, Carlo Cavallini, a judge in the Court of Appeal at Casale, who during his vacation often visited Fara, his native place, and where he had considerable property. This gentleman was on friendly terms with Borgia, and, being a lover of music, used often to practise with him and exchange pieces. He also discoursed much on the late Pope's conduct, and would then pass on to talk of the constitution, liberty of conscience, and of the new Protestant sect. Even at this time the barrister held the Protestants in much greater favour than he did the priest, telling Borgia that the Protestants were in his opinion a better class of people than the Romanists, and that he had attended their services in Turin, and also read the writings of De Sanctis, which forced him to come to the conclusion that they were real Christians, because they based their religion upon the pure gospel of Jesus Christ.

"And at the same time," replied Borgia, "the priests speak very much against the Protestants; the other day Don Eusebio applied all manner of offensive epithets to them."

"Believe me, dear Bartolomeo, the priests speak evil of Protestants, because, if Protestantism became the religion of the people, they would lose everything—masses, benedictions, confessions, purgatory—and be obliged to work for their support. No; it is not the interest of religion and immortal souls that causes them to malign the Protestants; it is a material interest, and that one of money."

It was one day early in 1853 that Don Eusebio said to Borgia, for the first time, "Bartolomeo, you are like an encyclopædia; you have done a little at many things—made shoes and musical instruments; you have been a performer of music and tried innkeeping—now, do you wish to try something else?"

"What would you have me try? And, besides, I have come to the conclusion that the more I attempt the worse for the welfare of my family."

"That may be; but still, with your talents and spirit of enterprise, there is yet another thing you can do, and which I am sure will result in benefit to yourself and family."

"Tell me now what is it I can do, and if it is suited to me; there can be no harm in my trying."

"You should become a Protestant."

"A Protestant! You are joking."

The priest laughed, and for that time the conversation ended.

Some time after, the priest returned, saying, "Well, Borgia, have you thought over what I suggested?"

"What?"

"That you would do well to become a Protestant."

"Well, now, finally, what are these Protestants?"

"They are persons who deny the Roman Catholic religion."

"What religion, then, have they?"

"That of Luther, Calvin, and the other heretics, all sold to the devil for a little money."

"It is very difficult for me to believe that such people exist, who, for a little money, sell their souls to the Evil One. But how can they see this Evil One to come to terms with him?"

"Dear Borgia, the fact is as I say, and you who are a man of enterprise should prove that what I say is precisely so."

"Well, it shall be as you say; but I am not yet come to that point to renounce the religion of my fathers, much less to make a compact with the devil. Understand then, Don Eusebio, it will be better to speak no more on this subject, and to leave in peace the Protestants and their doctrines."

Thus again the conversation ended. Borgia was much disturbed in his thoughts after this conversation: "The Protestants! I become Protestant! and it is a priest who suggests it!" For a long time he was uneasy in mind, when again the priest called, and again repeated that he would do well to become a Protestant.

"Have you not already understood, Don Eusebio, that I don't wish to hear anything more on this matter?"

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"Why not? You do not then wish to better your position, and make a fortune?"

"A fortune! How could I be fortunate after having sold my soul?"

"Yes, but you will get five lire a day; and perhaps they may give your wife three besides, if she joins also, and your children will get something in addition; altogether you would have some twelve francs a day, and that will be surely enough for you to live comfortably on."

"I do not believe this."

"Then try it, and you will then believe."

"Well then, Don Eusebio, I promise to go and see for myself. In fifteen days I start on my usual journey, and I shall not return until I have found out where these Protestants meet; I will stay and have a talk with them, and bring back one of their books. Now I think this will stop your banter."

"Now I hope when you return you will show the book you bring."

"Certainly; you are the first person I shall show it to."

"And you must give me the book as a present."

"If I get it gratis, I shall give it to you; if I pay for it I shall sell it to you."

About the end of the month Borgia started with his goods and reached Casale, and having finished his business, inquired about the Protestants, and where they held their meetings. He was informed that they held their meetings at the house of Signor Rochietti, a barrister. He waited for some time in a state of indecision, and at last summoned courage to go towards the house. Once he went right up to the door, but a sudden panic seemed to deprive him of the power to ring the bell. After half an hour he returned in a more resolute frame of mind than the first, but this time too he felt as if it would break his arm to raise it and ring. He made a great many attempts of this kind without being able to carry out his resolution, but at last he rang. At this point it is better to allow Borgia himself to speak:

"The door was opened by a lady, who showed me into the meeting-room, and left me. I looked about and saw the table covered with books. 'These,' said I, 'must be the Protestant books.' As I made this reflection, a gentleman entered; he asked politely why I had called. Encouraged by his kind manner I briefly told my story, to which Rochietti—for it was he—listened with lively interest, and then, in compliance with my wishes, he gave me an explanation of his religion. He spoke of God and of Christ the only Saviour, the gospel the only rule of faith and conduct for Christians sincerely converted to the Redeemer. After this explanation I felt much relieved. I now knew that the five francs a day which Protestants were said to pay those who joined them was untrue. I had been told about a compact to be made with the devil, and I now found that this man spoke of none but God and His only begotten Son Jesus.

"It was past two o'clock. I wished to leave for a short time and return, in order to take some books away with me, and so I was invited to return at eight o'clock, and thus attend their service. This was just what I had wished, so shaking hands I left.

"The time appeared very tedious until eight o'clock struck, and I entered the meeting-room, which was now filled with workmen, some gentlemen, and a few ladies, and then Rochietti presented me to all, who shook hands and kindly welcomed me. Then a hymn was sung, next followed a beautiful prayer, then reading of a chapter and an address, then singing and prayer, in which my name was mentioned, and intercession was made on behalf of my neighbourhood. I was then asked what impression the meeting had produced on me; and I replied that I should ever recollect it; because I now understood that the truth was in the Gospel, and this with the assistance of God I would disseminate in my own country. The next day, Signor Rochietti gave me a parcel of books, amongst them the Confession of Luigi De Sanctis, and a New Testament."

II.—SUCCESS AND PERSECUTION.

Borgia, before leaving, had told some of his acquaintances that during his journey he would call in to see the meeting of the Evangelicals, and also bring back some books containing their doctrine. This he had told them privately, begging them not to speak of it, but the secret was not kept, and from mouth to mouth it was soon spread through all the country. All wished for the return of Borgia, and especially, I believe, the priest, who often called on his wife to inquire about him. At last Borgia reached home once more, and the first to call at his house was the priest, to ask about the books.

"Take care now, Don Eusebio; it is untrue that the Protestants pay in order to make proselytes, and much less do they give their books for nothing; therefore you also must buy them if you require them."

"All right, I shall pay," replied the priest, and he carried away some little books, and also the Confession of De Sanctis, returning soon after for more.

Next evening many friends came to Borgia's house, and conversed at length on various subjects, but especially about the doings of the Evangelicals at their meetings. Afterwards they read over some of the little books, and some pages of the Testament; all were in a state of amazement.

After some days there was strange whispering through the country. Some said, "Oh, Borgia has become a Protestant." Others said, "No, he only bought some books in order to know their opinions." Others, too, replied, "Oh, it is not a question of Protestants, but of real Christianity. It is time to give up the priests. Borgia has brought home good books, and a truly good book is the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In a few days Borgia had sold off all his tracts, and making a second journey to Casale he returned with a much larger supply, including a considerable number of Testaments and one Bible, which he retained for his own use. The house of the humble workman was now converted into a place where the word of God was read and meditated on, and with the best results. Serious questions occasionally arose, and such as required skill and learning to answer; Borgia was very illiterate, and on this account, when any very special matter required explanation, he wrote to Signor Rochietti. Thus a lively correspondence was kept up between Fara and Casale. After some months the numbers who came to Borgia's house, and who were interested in studying the gospel, became so great that his small room could not contain them. It was therefore decided to ask Signor Rochietti if he could

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provide them with a room. A colporteur brought the reply, advising them to wait and to continue reading the Word in their houses. Thus often you would see, on Sundays especially, small groups in the vineyards gathered round readers of the Scriptures, eagerly discussing how it was that for so long a time the priests had been deceiving them.

The priests now began to arouse themselves, seeing that the gospel was inundating the whole district. They forthwith denounced and excommunicated Borgia and his family, threatening and calumniating them, but all, however, without effect. Next they succeeded in alienating the gentry who had befriended him. In fact, this was the commencement of a real persecution against the gospel. Those, however, who had espoused the cause of Christianity did not give way to fear, but accepted it as a declared war, and they determined to render a firm and decided testimony, not only in private, but in the streets and public piazzas. The feeling soon became so strong against the Evangelicals that they were insulted and assaulted, and their children beaten.

In Lent, 1854, some fanatical missionaries arrived who aroused the superstitious minds of the multitude still more against the Evangelicals; and through the confessional especially an intense and bitter hate was further inflamed. The affrighted women returned home to their husbands and demanded the books which they had got at Borgia's house, in order that they might burn and destroy them, then they threatened separation if they did not comply. Many resisted these insane attacks, and endured insults and opprobrium almost insupportable; others of weaker faith submitted to the books being taken away, and they were at once carried to the father-confessor or curate to be given to the flames.

The priests, finding that Borgia continued extensively to disseminate his books, now tried to oppose the work by making false promises to him. The Bishop of Novara united with them in this attempt. They sent to him an entreaty that he would give up his evangelical mission, and added that they on their part would see that it should be to his advantage; but no promises of money or temporal advantage could shake his firm conviction. One of these messages was brought by Borgia's own brother. Finally, the bishop wrote Borgia a letter on the subject; but the messenger, instead of delivering it, kept it for ten days, showing it meantime to all his acquaintances. When this letter was delivered Borgia already knew all its contents, which were only a repetition of previous offers of money and advancement.

The bishop in vain waited for a reply, and then determined on making a personal visit to Borgia. The bishop having arrived, went to the house of the priest, and sent a messenger for Borgia, twice summoning him to appear before him. Borgia replied, "No; if he wants me, he can come and see me here." The bishop then sent Borgia's brother, who prayed him in the name of the Madonna and all the saints to attend. "Take care! there is also the syndic." But Borgia gave the same answer. The brother again returned, saying that the syndic this time ordered him to appear before him. Borgia now replied: "If the syndic sends me a written order I shall appear before him." Soon the brother returned with the written command.

Borgia put his Latin Bible in his pocket, and carried Diodati's under his arm. Arrived at the priest's house he entered, and found a large number of clericals assembled. One of these made him a sign to take up his place at the end of the room, where the bishop and syndic were in deep conference. No sooner had our humbly-dressed workman appeared, than the bishop exclaimed, "Oh, is this the man?"

"It is," replied Borgia.

"Why have you not replied to my letter, sir?"

"Had you sent the letter by post I should have done so; but as you thought fit to entrust it to a person who first read it to all the country and then handed it to me ten days after, I think, under these circumstances, you yourself would have waited ten months before replying."

"I thought there was no post-office here."

"Now, Monsignor, we all know that there are post-offices in all the towns, even in those much smaller than Fara."

The bishop, finding that Borgia showed no fear, asked him to come with him to a private room. Some discussion ensued, in the course of which Borgia produced his Bible, Diodati's translation.

The bishop took the Bible, and having opened it, looked at the title-page, and said, "Oh, this is false. This is Diodati's version, full of errors, and condemned by the Church."

"Well, take this other," drawing the Latin Bible from his pocket. "You know Latin; please show me the errors you complain of in Diodati. Show me one, and I will throw Diodati in the fire."

The discussion lasted an hour or more, when the bishop, seeing it was useless, said, "Listen now, Borgia. You will do well to renounce this mission. You don't understand religious things, so give them up, and I shall make you happy. You and your family shall have all you desire. You shall live in prosperity and comfort."

Borgia replied: "Do you think, then, I am a new Judas Iscariot?"

"I did not mean to say so much. If you believe in these opinions, hold them; but don't make a propaganda."

"Very well," replied Borgia; "let me have your proposition in writing, and I shall give you a reply."

Borgia wished to have the proposition for the papers, so that the public might know that the bribery imputed to the Protestants was just their own practice.

The bishop saw through the stratagem, and also saw that nothing was to be done with the man. He angrily left the room, passing the priests in waiting in the ante-camera. So great was his excitement that he noticed none of his brethren, but passing on towards the door, stumbled on the steps, and found himself in the piazza outside. His followers accompanied him in silence to his inn, where he at once ordered his carriage, and drove off to Novara.

From this came a fresh revival of the work and an increased demand for gospels and religious tracts. Borgia wrote to Rochietti, telling him what had occurred, and praying him to supply more books.

The bishop now launched forth his anathemas against Borgia and his friends, and his letter of excommunication was read by the parish priest of Fara, and also in all the neighbouring chapels.

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Pages for the Young.

HERBERT ANDREWS.

CHAPTER II.

"I WISH you would lend me that new book, Hammond; I want to finish reading one particular tale."

I said this to one of my schoolfellows. Not at the same school, however, where I had known Arnold and his brothers; no, I had left that a year ago, and was now at a boarding-school, far away from my father's house and from the old nut woods I loved so well.

"Oh yes, Herbert, you can have it. You will find it in my desk."

"Thank you," I said, and off I ran to fetch the book.

It was a half holiday, and as I had no work to do, and liberty to go where I liked, I was soon strolling across the meadows with the book in my pocket. Arriving at a seat by the river bank, where I could sit in the shade of the tall elms that skirted the water, and enjoy the fresh air and quiet whilst I read, I soon became deeply interested in the book. Presently some of my schoolfellows came past.

"Hullo, Andrews," said one of them, "what are you doing here all by yourself?"

"Reading," I replied.

"Oh, never mind about reading now; come for a jolly walk with us. We are going up to the mill. It will be beautiful there to-day!"

"Yes," I said, "it will be very pleasant; but I want to read now, so I shan't come, thank you."

"Well, do as you like, but I wouldn't sit reading on such a lovely day as this." Saying this, he and the others went on.

An hour passed by, and I had read not only one story, but had tried two or three other tales, and had put down the book and begun to think of home, and my father and mother, and dear sister Fanny, and how glad I should be when the holidays came, when I hoped to see them all again; and I thought of the words of loving advice that had been given me when I left home, and how I had promised my parents never to neglect my Bible nor to forget God, and I could not help feeling that I had not kept my promises as I ought. For a long time after the loss of Arnold's knife, I had tried hard to overcome my habits of carelessness, and had partially succeeded, but lately I had been falling into my old ways again, and had more than once called down my master's anger by my forgetfulness and want of care. The reason why I had not succeeded lately in overcoming my bad habits was that I had been trusting in my own strength, and growing indifferent to good things, and I felt conscience-stricken as I rose from the seat and began to walk slowly up the hill in the direction of the windmill.

It was a beautiful afternoon; the sun was shining brightly, which made it pleasant to walk in the shade of the beech-woods that skirted the road, and the moss that covered the ground seemed all the softer when the road was dry and dusty.

I had nearly reached the mill, which was a favourite spot for us to walk to, not only because of the beautiful and extended view that was to be seen from the hill on which it stood, but because close by, in a little shed, a vendor of apples, and nuts, and other things in which schoolboys delight, carried on his trade.

Before I reached this shed, however, I could not help standing for a moment and looking with a longing eye at some cherry-trees that, laden with ripe fruit, stood near the road-side. The fruit did look very delicious, and I should have enjoyed a few of the ripe bunches, and for a moment I felt tempted to try and reach a few; but I knew that would be wrong, so I walked quickly on to be out of the way of temptation.

Well, I had not quite reached the apple-stall when I suddenly remembered the book I had been reading. Oh! how eagerly I clapped my hand to my jacket pocket to feel if it was there. But alas! no, I had left it on the seat nearly two miles away.

"How could I be so careless!" I said to myself. "I do hope no one will have taken it," and the thought that some one might be passing at any moment and take it away, made me feel miserable. There did not seem a minute to lose, so I ran off down the hill as hard as I could, and by the time I had reached the bottom I was going with such speed that I had a narrow escape of running into a cart that was turning the corner.

"Hullo, young gentleman, you seem in a hurry," said the driver.

I did not wait to answer, but continued to run in the direction of the seat.

"That's one of the boys from the school, he has been after no good, I expect, or he wouldn't be running away for nothing, like that." This is what the driver of the horse and cart said to himself.

Arrived at the seat I looked anxiously for the book, but it was not to be seen. I looked on the seat, and under it, and all round it, and in my vexation I felt in all my pockets, not even forgetting my waistcoat pockets, as if I fancied that the book, by some wonderful enchantment, could have made itself small, and crept into the corner of one of them.

"What will Hammond say? He is so fond of that book," I thought to myself. "Well, I must find him out and tell him about it. Father always said if I had a disagreeable task to perform it was best to do it at once," so I went in search of Hammond.

"I am very sorry, very sorry indeed," said Hammond, when I told him of the loss. "I shouldn't mind so much, only the book was a present to me, and I value it for the sake of the giver."

"You can't tell how sorry I am, Hammond, and all through my thoughtlessness," I said. "It is very kind of you not to be angry about it. I feel quite relieved now, but until I told you it was quite a burden to me."

"Well," said Hammond with a smile, "I am glad to have been able to rid you of one burden; I wish I could relieve you of another that you generally carry about with you."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Can't you guess?"

"No, indeed, I cannot."

"Don't you remember what Mr. Bowman said to you the other day about thoughtless habits?"

"Oh, yes, about carelessness, you mean; but that doesn't seem a burden to me, it comes natural," I answered.

"But it is a burden to you, and such a heavy one that it is doing you a lot of mischief. It is keeping you back in the school, and it will lose you Mr. Bowman's confidence, if you don't take care."

I do not know how I looked, but I do know that I felt very much ashamed of myself while Hammond was speaking, and I remembered what my father had told me long ago about this same burden.

"You know if you had been careful you might have won the writing prize last term," Hammond continued, "and you might be as forward as any one in your form, and——"

"Yes, yes, I know," I said, "and now it is my carelessness that has caused me to lose your book. I will be more careful in future, but that won't find your book."

Hammond was a good deal older than I was, and he carried

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great influence in the school, not only because he was a kind-hearted and generous boy, and at the same time manly and straightforward—these are good characteristics in any one; but Hammond had more than these, he had that which is able to ennoble and elevate any character, the love of God in his heart, and it was his consistent Christian life that made us all respect and look up to him, and it was my respect for him that made me feel more ashamed when he kindly rebuked me than I should have been if another had angrily told me of my fault. I felt then, even if I did not put it in these words, that "Open rebuke is better than secret love," and that "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

After a little more talk, Hammond went on with what he had been about before, and I went again to the seat. I knew the book was not there, but I could not help going just to have one more look. While I was there the boys who had passed me on their way to the mill came by again.

"Why, Andrews," said one of them, "what made you turn back in such a hurry? We caught sight of you near the apple-stall, and thought you were coming up to us, and then the next we saw of you you were running down the hill like a hare."

"Yes, I had left a book here and came back to get it, but some one had taken it away. I am very sorry; it was one that Hammond had lent me."

"Oh," said one of the boys named Richmond, "that's just like you, Andrews. If I lent you anything I should never expect to see it again."

"Perhaps some of the boys have found it and will return it to Hammond. I suppose it has his name in it."

This suggestion sent a little gleam of hope into my heart, and I went round to all of my schoolfellows that I could find to make inquiries, but no one had seen the book, so I was obliged to give it up for lost.

The worst of it was that several of the boys laughed at me when I told them about losing the book, and said that it served me right for not being more careful.

That evening I sat down and seriously thought about my careless conduct. I made up my mind to purchase a new book for Hammond, and to be more careful in future, but I little thought what an amount of trouble was hanging over me then, nor that the loss of Hammond's book would be the cause of bringing anxiety and sorrow to myself and others. But so it was.

It would be a good thing if we could always bear in mind "how great a matter a little fire kindleth," and remember how much pain and trouble may be caused by the neglect of any duty, however small it may appear, or the indulgence in any sin, however insignificant we may think it.

> "Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
> Make the mighty ocean, and the beauteous land."

So our life is made up of many small actions, very small some of them may seem, but each one of them has some influence on our character, and it depends upon the way in which we act in little things, whether our finished life will be a noble structure, or only a poor, miserable, patched, and broken building, fit only to be pulled down and destroyed. Think of this, dear young reader, and try to overcome everything that may tend to injure your usefulness in life, and strive to do everything that will render you a good and useful man or woman, and do not forget, as I so often did, to ask God to help you, for it is only as He helps you that you will be able to live aright.

A BIBLE PICTURE.

1. A MAN of reverend face,
And ancient race,
Goes forth to journey to an unknown place.

2. His bidding to obey,
His son that day,
And servants, follow on the destined way.

3. 'Twas at the word of God,
With staff and rod,
That path mysterious to the hills he trod.

4. Some offering to prepare
In worship there,
Wood, fire, and priestly instruments they bare.

5. Twice has the day been done;
The third begun
Ends their sad journey with the midday sun.

6. Now yonder hill-tops shine,
And lo! the sign
That marks the summit for the rites divine.

7. The servants stay behind;
With wondering mind,
The son to his fond sire himself resigned.

8. Said he, "Behold, my sire,
The wood, the fire,
But where's the offering which the rites require?"

9. The father's faith was tried,
But he replied:
"The lamb, my son, God will Himself provide!"

10. There, in that mountain wild,
The wood is piled,
And there the father binds his only child!

11. Behold the patriarch stand,
With lifted hand,
To slay the sacrifice at God's command!

12. His son the father gives,
And God receives,
To Him alone henceforth he dies or lives.

13. Ere yet arose the smoke,
God looked and spoke,
Approved the patriarch's faith, but stayed the stroke.

14. Released as from the dead,
A ram instead
Is from the thicket to the altar led.

15. Now from that sacred hill,
God's sovereign will
Confirms His precept by His promise still.

16. Henceforth, whate'er betide
When saints are tried,
That mount declares JEHOVAH WILL PROVIDE!

W. L.

*** *Find the texts which verify this Picture.*

ANSWER TO WORD PICTURES FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. II.—p. 448.—2 Kings xix. 35.

NO. III.—p. 464.—2 Kings vii. 3—15.

NO. IV.—p. 544.—2 Kings x. 19—28.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

Page 608.

1. Judges xvii. 1-4.
2. Gen. xliv. 33, 34.
3. Joshua ii. 1-6; 2 Sam. xv. 32-37; xvii. 15-21.
4. 1 Sam. vi. 14; 2 Sam. xxiv. 22-25; 1 Kings xix. 19-21.
5. 2 Kings xiii. 20, 21.
6. 1 Chron. xi. 4-7; 2 Sam. v. 6-8.
7. Joshua vii. 14-18; 1 Sam. xiv. 38-42.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

OLD MRS. BARRON.

CHAPTER IX.—ANOTHER CHANGE.

THEN followed a quiet winter in the stone cottage, and all its days passed quickly and happily away. Little Polly was taught and disciplined, as used to be the way with children when her grandmother was a child, which was a better way than some people now-a-days seem to think.

Every day she had some little task of homework to do, which must be done in the very best way. She had also "her stent" of sewing or knitting; light and easy it was made, but it had to be done well and cheerfully and within a set time. She had her lessons too. She had learned to read in a wonderfully short time, chiefly from her grandmother's Bible. She liked the reading and the tasks and stories that usually followed, and repeated them to Justine and her cousins in a tone and manner

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so exactly like her grandmother's, that it was not always easy for them to listen with due gravity.

She was a quaint little creature, "a perfect baby still," Mrs. Peter said, as she watched her delight over some pretty trifle, or over a new bud on one of the plants with which, through the long winter, Justine kept the house beautiful. "A little old woman" her uncle called her as he listened to her Bible-reading, or her odd versions of her grandmother's counsels and opinions. She was a happy little creature, all could see, and if her grandmother was in danger of setting her heart too fondly upon her, as she had done on her mother before her, she yet strove in all her dealings with her, and in all her plans for her, to seek what was best and wisest for the child.

And so the winter passed and another spring came. The house was made fresh and beautiful, and the garden was made in Justine's best manner, and they were looking forward to the coming of Mrs. Westwood, who had come to live for a year or two within a reasonable distance, when something very sad happened; Mrs. Barron had a fall which for the time made her helpless, which threatened, the doctor feared, to make her helpless all her life long. Nothing had happened to her which she might not easily have got over had she been twenty or even ten years younger, he said. But as it was, the chances were that she must resign herself to a life spent between her bed and her chair for the future.

He was quite wrong in this opinion, as time proved, but at present no one knew that, and it must be confessed that the old lady looked forward with a sinking heart. Helpless and dependent! It was the trial which to one of her active habits was the very hardest to anticipate, and she said to herself that she knew not how she was to bear it. But she learned to bear it well and peacefully before the trial came to an end.

Mrs. Westwood came in the summer, and stayed a few weeks, but her sons came only for a day or two. Nat was almost a man now, and had his work to do and his own place to make in the world, and his brother was needed at home where Priscilla was keeping home for her brother during her vacation in Mrs. Westwood's absence. So the mother and daughter and little Polly had a quiet time together.

The two women had changed somewhat since their last meeting, but in the mother the change was greater. Isa's hair was whiter, and the lines in her face deeper than they used to be, but the look of peace which had made her beautiful to her mother's eyes in those days, was there still. She had grown a little weary in the way, perhaps, and now and then there seemed to come the shadow of some half-conscious dread into her grave eyes, and that was all the change her mother saw in her.

But as the quiet days went on, Isa gradually became aware that the something which she could not name—which had still been between them, even when their love and their sorrow for poor Nannie had drawn their hearts closest—was there no longer. Notwithstanding the pain, which was hard to bear, and the dread of the helpless days before her, which was harder still, the secret of peace was with her mother as it had not been in the old times.

She was silent as to her own thoughts and feelings, as had always been her way, so silent that Isa, familiar of late years with the class of Christians who find it easy and natural to utter their experiences for the hearing of others, could not but wonder and grieve over it as well. But this habitual silence made any little word that came all the more significant and precious, and they became more frequent as the parting drew near.

From Justine, from Mrs. Conway, even from Mrs. Peter, Isa heard some things that helped her to the knowledge of the way in which God had been dealing with his servant, and how, as the result, the peaceable fruits of righteousness had been seen in her life.

"She was very good to me when I lost my child," said Mrs. Peter. "She loved the boy and she loved his father, and she was sorry for me—and she was kind—oh, so kind!"

Her kindness at that time her daughter-in-law could understand, though it had surprised her. But that she should have been so kind to Beauchamp, who had so hurt and angered her through her child, that the very thought of him must have been like wormwood to her, was what passed Mrs. Peter's comprehension, and she expected Mrs. Westwood to be as astonished as she was herself. But she only smiled as she listened.

"Yes," said she softly. "That is the way, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.' That is our Lord's command to his servants. That is what He did himself, showing us the way."

Mrs. Peter stared at her in amazement.

"Do you mean that is your religion? Well, one would not know it, by the way that people live—except, perhaps, your mother and you, and one or two more. It is 'hate your enemies' with most of them, and even your mother once was not as she is now. It would be a different world if all lived like that."

"Would it not! But we are poor creatures, weak and ignorant and selfish, and not always ready to ask for help where it is promised. It is only by God's grace that we can fulfil his will in this as in other things."

Mrs. Peter was silent. It was better not to talk much about religion with her husband's relations, her priest had told her, and she heeded his words. But she could not shut her ears or her eyes to what was passing before her, and as the days went on it made her wonder.

But notwithstanding her outward quiet, Mrs. Barron was passing through a severe struggle during the last days of her daughter's stay with her, for the way looked dark before her. If it had pleased God to spare her this trial of helplessness and dependence, was her inward cry; but even at the worst time she tried, and after a little was enabled, to say with a measure of cheerfulness, "Thy will be done."

Her daughter, guessing something of her trouble, could only keep silence till she chose to speak, and after a little while she did so, in this way:

"And so Priscilla has had good success as a teacher, and likes her work?"

"Yes, I think I may say that she has had both success and enjoyment in it. She seems content to go on as one of Mrs. Charlton's teachers, instead of beginning a school on her own account as was her first thought."

"That would be great responsibility for so young a woman. And it would need money I doubt."

"Yes. But Priscilla is older than her years, and

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the little that her mother left her has been accumulating for such an undertaking. But she seems in no haste, and on the whole she is content. She knows how to do her work, and is valued by her employers. Still I cannot but covet another sort of life for one like her, though she is not thinking of a change."

"Still, a change might be good for her as she has been at her work so long. What would you think of her coming for the winter to take care of Polly and me? It would be a rest from teaching, and she should not lose by it."

Mrs. Westwood saw nothing for a moment.

"Mother, before I say anything, let me ask one question. Are you thinking at all about Mr. Conway in wishing her to come?"

Mrs. Barron smiled like one detected in doing a foolish thing.

"Well, he has come into my mind, I acknowledge. I once thought that if they had seen more of one another, it might have ended in their caring for one another. But it is for Polly and myself that I am chiefly anxious about it. It may be selfish of me."

"No, mother. I have thought of it for you. It would comfort me to have you in Cilla's care. But, mother, I believe, though she never told me, that Matthew spoke to Cilla before she left you, and that she refused him."

Mrs. Barron looked surprised and so sorrowful that her daughter knew she had this matter much at heart, but she only said,

"That might make it not so pleasant for her to come."

If that had been all, that might have been got over. But it had sometimes come into Mrs. Westwood's mind, from tokens too slight to name, that perhaps Priscilla had been a little hasty in her refusal, and that she had become conscious of the mistake she had made. She could not betray the girl's involuntary admission, even to her mother; and she doubted much whether Priscilla would be induced to return now lest she should betray herself. Besides, she had renewed her engagement to teach until Easter at least, and she feared it would be impossible to break it. She wrote, however, at once; but it was too late. The day of Priscilla's departure was already set, she wrote, and she only hoped that Isa could be home by that time, for Mr. Westwood had taken cold, and was not at all well.

After that Mrs. Barron knew that she must not detain her daughter much longer, and that whatever was to be said and done, must be said and done at once.

"I have been slow making up my mind to it; but I see no other way. I doubt I'll need to go to Peter's house after all."

"It is your own house, mother; and it might be the wisest move for the winter."

"So you have been thinking about it too? Well, worse things might happen to me than to have to go there. But——"

"Only for the winter, mother. I could not feel that it would be right for you and the child to have only Justine all the long winter. But when summer comes——"

"Well, we need not look so far forward as the summer." And after a little, she added, "It might make some things easier. Though Mrs. Conway objects to Antony taking her Rose to his father's house, she might not object to his taking her to a house of his own, and they might live in this one, if I could content myself at Peter's for a constancy. But they are young, and there will be time to consider all that. Present duty is what we have to think of, and it is ill planning for other folk."

They were both thinking of Mrs. Peter, and past feelings and troubles; but her name was not mentioned between them at this time.

"There will be one hard matter," said Mrs. Barron, her voice trembling for the first time; "if I go there you will need to take my Polly home with you."

"Oh, mother! Could you part with her?"

"For her good I must do it. I could never look after her there; and she has come to an age when she needs careful guidance. I wish Priscilla could have come to us."

"In the summer she may come," said Isa.

Her heart was sore for her mother. She knew it must cost her much to part from the child; but it was the wisest way to say little about it, only she made it clear to her mother that she would gladly have little Polly in her house.

"And we'll say nothing about the summer till we shall see what the winter may bring," said Mrs. Barron cheerfully.

It was the old lady who first spoke of taking up her abode in her son's house for the winter, and it was to her daughter-in-law that she spoke.

"What would you think of taking us for the winter? It would be lonely for me and Justine at the cottage by ourselves now that I can no longer move about. She might come with me, and our coming would add little to the work of the house with her there. You might put us up the stairs, and we would be out of the way."

"And what does my husband say?" asked Mrs. Peter, for she could not quite cease to be jealous of the mother's influence over her son.

"You and he must take time, and consider the matter. I have said nothing to him, nor he to me. It is you who will have the trouble of us, and it is you who must decide whether we come or not."

Of course she must come. There was no other way open to Mrs. Peter than to say so; and, to tell the truth, she wished for no other way. It was no such trial to look forward to "old madame's" being in the house as it once would have been. They both had changed of late; and though mutual forbearance had been needed, its exercise had given them an opportunity to know each other's good points better than they had hitherto done, and, on the whole, Mrs. Peter was glad of the change.

If the thought that the old lady's eyes would not be available beyond her own room for a time helped to make her content to receive her, it was not surprising, for the household ways of the two women were very different, and it would not have been agreeable to have been subjected in her own house even to silent criticism.

And the cost of the two households had been greater than the cost of one would be; and the difference in the expense would be in Mrs. Peter's favour. Yes, on the whole, she was glad of the change, and made her preparations for it with a zeal and cheerfulness which pleased and surprised her husband; but the surprise he was careful to keep to himself.

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So the change was made, and her mother was settled in Peter's house, before Mrs. Westwood went away. She was not sent upstairs. The room that had been hers since ever the house was built, the pleasantest room in the house, was hers still; and if her heart fell at the thought that she might be held a prisoner in it, possibly for years to come, her face and her voice betrayed no disquiet to those who, with sympathy and with some anxiety, were looking on. Even the parting with Polly did not move her outwardly, as Mrs. Westwood feared it might.

"It is for the child's good, and she will come and see me in the spring, if we are both spared," were the saddest words she uttered in her daughter's hearing.

And Polly, child-like, forgot the sorrow of parting with her grandmother in the delight of going away with her aunt, and went with smiles and no thought of tears.

"As was natural and right," said her grandmother, though there were tears on her own face as she spoke.

And so the winter began, and Mrs. Barron set herself to the bearing of her lot with something more than patience. Indeed, it was not of patient suffering that her visitors first thought when they came in and found her sitting in her sunny room. There was cheerfulness in her heart and on her face; and something even better than cheerfulness—peace.

The days were sometimes long, and the nights were always long, and often painful, but she acknowledged, notwithstanding pain and weariness, that she had much to be thankful for. Mrs. Peter was kind, and Peter was more than kind, and the thought that by patient endurance of suffering she might help in the way in which he had hitherto walked with halting steps, made sorrow easy to bear.

Her grandsons came to look upon her room as the pleasantest place in the house. Whoever came or went, grandmother with her knitting or her seam, or her big Bible open before her, was always there to give them kindly welcome. She gave them less of counsel or of reproof than she had been wont to give her own sons when she was a younger woman, and probably they would not have received it as her sons had done. The few words which she gave them now and then had to do with motives rather than actions, and pointed rather to the source of all goodness, than to any standard of goodness to which they would do well to strive to attain. And they did heed these words, and they bore fruit in after years, as even she lived to see.

But, more than either her son or her grandsons, her daughter-in-law occupied her thoughts after a time. It was not always easy to be at peace with her, or rather, it would have been easy to fall into discord and discomfort. For living in the same house, and less independent of each other than ever had been the case before, their entire dissimilarity of motives, opinions, and views of life and duty, could not but be made apparent to both. The very determination to be friendly and forbearing made all this the more evident, and there were times when it would have been difficult for Mrs. Barron to decide whether speech or silence were more perilous between them.

But she did possess her soul in patience through it all, and "poor soul" was the hardest word she ever uttered in her daughter-in-law's hearing after she came to live in her house. And she uttered no harder word of her to others. There was one thing which she could always do when she was at her wit's end to know the best way, "Pray for them who despitefully use you." There was no doubt or hesitation possible there. Not that in her thoughts she dealt hardly with her or pitied herself much. She was just "poor soul" in her thoughts as in her speech; even in her weakness she was strong enough and peaceful enough to have patience with her.

And more than all words of counsel or reproof or encouragement, did this forbearance with their mother which, as far as they could see, cost her no effort, tell for good on her grandsons. Remembering her scarcely-veiled contempt for their mother and her ways and opinions in the old days, the difference which they now saw recommended itself to their sense of what was right and Christianlike, and did much to establish them in the faith which she professed.

They needed at this time to have much patience with their mother on their own account. She was fretful and irritable to a degree which could only be accounted for by failing health, and just as the days were beginning to grow longer again, she was obliged to yield to the illness which had for some time been upon her, and take to her bed.

It was a sad thing for her and for them all, but one good thing came out of it. The strong desire which she felt to be of use to the invalid encouraged Mrs. Barron to make exertions, which after a while proved to her that she had more strength and more power in her injured limb than either she or the doctor had supposed. With the patience and determination which had characterised her in all the work of her life, she set herself to make the most of her limited powers of motion. Crutches were procured for her—Mr. Conway surprised her with them just as she was wishing for their help—and they were made use of faithfully, though, at first, at the cost of fatigue and pain, and the result was quite beyond her hopes.

But it was months before all this came to pass. When she first began to go to the bedside of the invalid, she was drawn there in her armchair by Justine or her grandsons. Many an hour she sat beside her, soothing, as no one else could do, the restless misery which every moan and every movement betrayed. The firm clasp of the old woman's hand soothed her and brought the sleep which nothing else brought. Her days were spent in Mrs. Peter's room, and sometimes part of the night.

The little table with the knitting, and the large Bible had its place there, and often when the sick woman seemed to be sleeping, she was watching, with half-closed eyes, the strong, peaceful face of the old lady, as she sat reading her daily portion beside her. It had always been a strong face, but it had not always been peaceful, and in the old days Mrs. Peter had never seen it at its best; as day by day she watched it, her wonder grew.

"She had everything in those days to make her happy; her husband, her children, plenty of money too. She was well and strong, and every one thought much of her. Now she has one room, and her lameness, and not even little Polly. What is it I wonder? Can it be her religion—that which she reads in that book—which consoles her? I wonder what it is?"

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She might well wonder. One work-worn finger followed the lines, and her lips moved as she read, though no sound was heard, and the old face bending over the page looked like the face of a child.

"What is it?" said she. "Read it to me."

But when it was read it did not seem very much to her. Why should old madame sit and smile at that, as though the words had been spoken to her, instead of a woman who had been dead for hundreds of years? It was the story of her who washed the feet of the Lord with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head.

"'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her, for she loved much,'" read old madame, looking up, as she ended, with a smile.

"Yes, I have heard of that before. There is a picture of it in the church."

"Yes, surely you have heard of it before. It is the same in your book as in mine."

Mrs. Peter's book was an old copy of the Douay Bible, which had been her father's and his father's before him. It had been kept safely because it had been long in the possession of the family, rather than because of its own value. Indeed, few of those who had had access to it all those years, had known how to read it. Mrs. Peter could read, but she had been willing to take her knowledge of that, as of other things, at second-hand.

Of late, seeing old madame reading with such constant enjoyment, she had thought more about it. She had never been absolutely forbidden to read it, perhaps because she had never shown any inclination to do so. Now, what if she were to find the comfort in it that old madame found in her book? She needed it badly enough, she told herself, as she lay weary and anxious on her bed. And she would like to hear more about the woman who had been forgiven.

"Is there more of it?"

"No, there is no more of it. It is the same in your book, I think."

"Is that so, grandmother?" said Philip the youngest, now that Charlie was gone. "Then I don't see why all the rest should be so different if the books are the same; I will have a look at them I think."

To this his grandmother said nothing, and his mother made no objection when he clambered up to the high shelf where her grandfather's Bible lay. He sat down to read, and as he read his grandmother followed the words in the book which was open before her. Whatever differences there might be in the two, they came to none that day, and the boy read on till his grandmother bade him cease lest his mother should be weary.

But after that day the boy read often to his mother from the book which had lain in the house so long, a hidden treasure. Sometimes Mrs. Barron was present, but oftenest she was not, and when she was there she listened for the most part in silence. If she let fall a word now and then, it was to the boy rather than to his mother that she spoke.

For though she longed to say some word of comfort to her, she feared to speak, lest she should do harm rather than good, by awakening the old dislike and fear of the truth, which for the time seemed to slumber.

"And, after all, it is the Lord himself, who must speak to her. One word from his lips, one glimpse of his face, will do more for her than all the arguments which the ablest could bring against the errors of her creed, even if she were still able to follow them; and poor soul, I doubt she is past all that now."

Yet her words did help "the poor soul," though they were few, and her life helped her more. Before the end came, there was good hope that she got a glimpse of the Lord's face with no blinding veil between—that she did hear the voice of Him who speaks directly to every waiting, trusting soul, and that she sat at his feet joyful as one to whom much had been forgiven.

Another summer had come and gone before all this came to pass, and the snow that lay deep on the earth when Philip first took down the book had not passed away, before another trial, short but sharp, had fallen on Mrs. Barron.

THE COLPORTEUR IN PIEDMONT.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ITALY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

III.—FURTHER TRIALS AND NEW SUCCESSES.

IN the year 1854 cholera broke out with fearful violence at Fara, and throughout Italy. The priests knew well how to profit by the misfortune, declaring it to be the scourge with which heaven was punishing all Italy on account of their toleration of Protestants. There were some who did not believe this, as the cholera had previously attacked Fara when there were no heretics; but many, alas, were ready to take up this black and perfidious insinuation, and thus the flame of religious fanaticism was greatly increased.

At this time Borgia lived in the house of one who was a fierce enemy of the Evangelicals, and whose son, besides, was a priest. As might be expected, when the term of letting expired, he at once gave notice to Borgia to leave the house. The Lord, however, helped Borgia here and raised up a friend for him, who let him rooms in his house, although by so doing he brought upon himself much malevolence. During the winter of 1854–55 those who believed met every evening in Borgia's new abode.

With Lent, the next year, the persecutions again were aggravated, the main object of the clericals being to drive Borgia from the country, believing this would put an end to the work. A message was sent him by the priests requesting he would leave. This was met by a decided refusal. Next, any one who would buy from him, sell to him, or speak with him, was threatened with excommunication. Great was the suffering of the whole family. Carlotta Borgia was hunted off the fields when she went to gather herbs. She sometimes passed whole days in tears, yet her faith did not utterly fail, and often she took refuge in prayer, believing that the Lord would provide.

Seeing Borgia still firm and still bent on distributing tracts, the priests, with the mayor, devised

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other means still. Borgia and Carlotta were called before the council, and desired to sign a paper which they were told had come from the prefect of Novara. Borgia asked permission to read it first, but the secretary told him he was simply to sign it.

"Then tell me the nature of it," he replied.

"It is to the effect that you must renounce this Protestant propaganda, or else leave the country."

But Borgia and his wife stood firm.

Next a petition urging their expulsion was started and sent through the country for signature.

A friend of Borgia took a hasty copy in chalk of this document, with the names subscribed. Amongst other names was that of Carlo Contini: yes, the very Contini who afterwards became co-labourer with Borgia at Milan. The petition was destined, however, to shipwreck soon after its appearance; because, with the exception of some fanatical men and women, the people began to tire of seeing the continuous and vexatious persecution of Borgia and his family.

Borgia continued steadily at work, in spite of all opposition. Twice during the summer he visited Casale for a fresh supply of tracts and New Testaments. Not being much occupied, on account of the great difficulty of getting any work, he obtained after some delay a licence to sell books as a hawker; but this employment resulted rather in loss than in gain. After awhile Signor Rochietti came himself to pay them a visit. A service was held, and Borgia's house was crowded to suffocation. This first regular conference resulted in a revival, and increased the number of sincere friends.

In 1856 the missionaries arrived, but their visit had little effect with those who were then well instructed in the gospel. Those sent this time were extremely ignorant, and amongst other stupidities was the following, which became a proverb in Fara: "Some say our Madonna is made of wood. Well, if this is so, she is equally efficacious for us." The people remarked, "Yes, we well know it; whether wooden or not she will always have the efficacy of filling the pockets of the priests." The priests were much disappointed and enraged that, notwithstanding all their efforts, their flock were scattering.

During the preaching of the missionaries, some boys were amusing themselves, as is very common in towns, under the outside portico of the church. The parish priest, in a furious rage, came out to order them off. Now it accidentally happened that Giovanni, the second son of Borgia, was passing at the time. The priest at once recognised him. As the others fled, Giovanni innocently remained, as he had nothing to do with those who had been making a noise. The priest came upon him from behind, and covering him up in his gown, stopped his mouth and then beat him with his fist and kicked him violently, afterwards hurling him against the corner of the pedestal of a column. Poor little Giovanni, all bruised and disfigured, was with difficulty able to crawl home, and his premature death some time afterwards was ascribed to internal injuries then received.

Later on other missionaries came, whose special object was to renew the opposition to the Evangelicals, and prepare the faithful for the solemn reception of the bishop, who was coming to give the apostolic benediction.

Borgia continued his colportage, and got a more extended licence for the sale of books.

In the month of May a great fête was held at Carpignano-Sesia; Borgia determined to go, accompanied by his son. Arriving, he procured a table to place his books on. His appearance with evangelical books caused a great sensation, and crowds gathered round them, asking many questions, to which Borgia replied. The priests could not long stand this, and thereupon they went in a body to see him. After some discussion they withdrew to a distance, taking a careful note of those who bought, Borgia meanwhile calling out, "Who will buy Bibles, Testaments, 'Confession of De Sanctis'?" Numbers bought, and many examined the books. Again the priests approached, and one harangued the crowd, "Parishioners! these are false books. Burn and destroy them. The man who sells them is an heretic, and excommunicated."

A scene of great disorder now occurred. Some threw back the books on the table. Borgia asked permission of a hatter, who had an adjoining stand, to allow him to put his son to stand on his counter. This being allowed, the boy stood up and read the 23rd chapter of Matthew. All listened attentively, without making the slightest disturbance. But when he had concluded, the carabineers, seeing that preparations were being made for a regular row, requested Borgia to leave.

A colporteur arrived from Genoa in November of this year with a good provision of Bibles and Testaments, and all were sold in one day. He wrote to Novara for a box containing 150 New Testaments and fifty Bibles, and in two days all these were also sold. He next wrote to the depôt at Genoa for two more cases of Bibles and Testaments, and in a short time disposed of all in the district around.

In this month Fara was visited by an ex-priest, and great curiosity was evinced to hear him. The meetings were largely attended. Subsequently a regular Evangelist was sent to Fara, who remained there for several months, during which many souls were saved, and the work much blessed. Shortly after his arrival, and during one of the meetings, a large stone was thrown into the room; then a few days after a pistol was fired through the window by a carabineer. Not long afterwards, when Borgia and his family had retired to rest, a gun loaded with ball was fired into his chamber, but fortunately no one was killed or hurt, and the bullets lodged in the wall above the fireplace.

One evening some fourteen persons, fully armed, waited to attack the brethren who were accompanying the Evangelists; but the latter having received warning in time, were thus able in the dark to conduct them in safety by a bye-path. Another evening the brethren accompanied the Evangelist to his hotel amid a perfect shower of stones. A little later one received a summons for not saluting a church, although the church had been at that time turned into a store-house; but in this case the priest had to pay the costs.

Signor Mazzarella, Count Guicciardini, and Barberis were most anxious to visit Borgia, and see personally the work at Fara, although well aware that such a visit would be very perilous. On Tuesday, the 8th of April, 1857, these gentlemen arrived at Fara, and went directly to Borgia's house. The news of their arrival spread immediately.

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Borgia, after salutation, recounted all the events that had recently occurred. Suddenly a great tumult was heard: Borgia, going to the door, found a mob, principally women, led on by the grave-digger's wife and the priest's servant, and all with their hands and aprons filled with stones, crying, "Death to the Protestants!"

The mob rapidly increased, several men joining, and an attack was made by throwing a heavy stone at the door. The gentlemen wished to leave, but Borgia begged them to wait until he got some carabineers to accompany them.

Mazzarella, turning courageously to the mob, addressed them in words of Christian love. There was one present who was deeply moved by these words, and immediately withdrew to his house: this was the date of his conversion, and he is now a zealous worker in the cause of the Saviour at Milan. The visitors made their way as far as the bridge, and were about one-third of the distance to the hotel, when the crowd became more excited and dangerous than before. Matters reached such a pass that flight was impossible, and as they had received many blows and wounds, Borgia prayed them to retire to a café close at hand. The coffee-house keeper gave them shelter, and on the mob attempting to press in, he drew a revolver from his desk and threatened to shoot the first who persisted. In the café they found the vice-syndic and several of the councillors, who offered to accompany them on their way. Finally they arrived at the hotel, and found that crossing the town in its excited state had occupied them just two hours. Having waited for an escort of carabineers, they started for Novara. Borgia having gone with them to the door in order to bid them farewell, wished to return again into the hotel with his two children, but the door was slammed in their faces. A countryman now seized one of Borgia's children, and attempted to throw it into a canal which flows past this place with the rapidity of a torrent. The father, with his utmost strength, succeeded in saving him. Again stones were thrown, but fortunately at this point a carabineer who was guarding the barracks near the hotel, made his appearance. Borgia at once seized him strongly by the arm, saying, "Now, my friend, if I am to be the victim of the popular rage I shall fall; but, if so, I keep by you as a responsible witness."

Borgia held fast, and the carabineer excused himself by saying it was quite impossible for him alone to protect him. Just then the carabineer received a violent blow on the back from a large stone. It is strange that this was the very man who had fired the pistol-shot into the room where the brethren were assembled. The blow now seemed to have startled him, for he forthwith thought how best he could get himself and them out of danger. Crossing the court-yard of the hotel, they clambered over a ditch, into a vineyard which led them to the barracks. The mob, many of whom were now armed with reaping-hooks, thinking Borgia was hidden in the vineyard, searched it for a length of time. Poor Carlotta had been left behind in the house, which, as might have been expected, was visited again by the mob, who smashed all the windows, and various articles inside. The door was fortunately well secured. At ten o'clock at night two carabineers arrived at the barracks, and, having heard what had taken place, charged their pistols, and started for Borgia's house. On their arrival they found several brethren who had assembled for the protection of Carlotta, and these now left on hearing that the excitement was subsiding. The carabineers having first patrolled the streets, then returned to barracks and conducted Borgia home in safety. He arrived after eleven o'clock, and then the family united in thanks to God for having preserved their lives. Borgia left during the night for Novara, in order to take counsel and advice as to what course he should follow. His friends agreed to pass over all that had happened as far as they were concerned. The authorities of Novara, however, would not agree to this, and therefore sent a delegate to Fara, in order to examine witnesses. Eight days were thus occupied, but with little result, though in the end a few of the offenders were punished.

IV.

When the first death occurred amongst the Evangelicals, the brethren wished to inter their comrade after their own manner, but found themselves greatly embarrassed as regards their dealings with the authorities, and also as to the best mode of conducting the funeral in a decorous and fitting manner. The clericals decided that no such interment should take place in the cemetery. After two days the authorities interfered, and had the body buried outside the graveyard gate. The sexton's wife showered stones down on the coffin, accompanied by maledictions; and for a long time after visitors to the cemetery threw stones at the grave in passing, and cursed the remains. The authorities of Novara, hearing of these scandals, gave orders that the body should be exhumed, and placed in a new cemetery in process of formation, but as yet unconsecrated. The mayor refused to have this done, stating that the whole country would rebel against it. The intendant of Novara replied, "At Fara there are carabineers, and others shall be sent from here. If this is not enough we have also a regiment of soldiers at hand; these are ready to teach rebels their duty." When the day of transport was fixed, Borgia wrote to a friend to come and conduct religious service at the grave. Again the mob broke out. Things appeared so very serious that the authorities personally counselled him to return to Novara, and allow the remains to be transported by the military. The Evangelist obeyed, and, accompanied by Borgia, went back to Novara, taking a circuitous route.

Two women who had distinguished themselves by their violence on these different occasions were some time afterwards condemned to terms of imprisonment. In one instance a lighter sentence, involving costs, would have obliged the woman to part with a house belonging to her. "Know, therefore," said the magistrate, who highly commended the spirit of the evangelists, "that the Evangelicals have requested me to pardon you, but I record this slight sentence to uphold the dignity of the law; and now be assured that the Evangelicals have a perfect right to all respect, just the same as any other citizens."

This decision produced the best impression, but it was difficult to convince the inhabitants of Fara that the Evangelicals were to be respected as well as the Catholics. After some time, however, they began

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to treat the Evangelicals with a little familiarity, and, little by little, the brethren enjoyed some peace. Then more and more they felt the necessity of having a regular Evangelist amongst them. At the end of that summer there were some thirty communicants, with women, who persevered in praying and breaking of bread with joy and simplicity of heart. At length the triumph of the gospel was an established fact.

In order to give greater development to the work, a place for public evangelisation was much required, and this was obtained; but as the agreement was only for three years, the building again passed from their hands through the influence of the priests with the landlord. The new cemetery was now completed, and only awaited solemn consecration. The Bishop of Novara was asked to officiate. He replied he could not possibly give his benediction when there was in it the remains of a heretic. The authorities then met in assembly, special and extraordinary, and decided to build at public expense a cemetery for the Evangelicals. This was carried out, and remains as a testimony to the truth of our narrative. Into it were transported, by night, the bones of the Evangelist; this was the third interment.

Many interesting incidents occurred in connection with the evangelisation. A brother named Prolo fell ill, and his parents would permit no Evangelicals to go near him. Under his pillow they placed a crucifix. The sick man searching for a bottle of water under his pillow, drew out the crucifix; his indignation was great, and getting out of bed, he tottered to the door, and with his little remaining strength, threw the crucifix out into the court-yard on a heap of rubbish. A few days after he expired.

In a village called Carpignano, near to Fara, a man named Prina was converted to the Saviour. He was simple, zealous, and sincere, and for the cause of the gospel suffered much. Every evening he went to Fara to attend the meetings. One evening he was waited for a short way out of the town by assassins. When he had arrived at the spot, they waylaid and attacked him, dragging him into a field and forcing him on his knees, and called on him to pray, as his last moment had come. He entreated his life for his little children and wife. But no. One ruffian made a violent stab at his head, throwing him back on the ground. Most providentially the instrument only cut through the upper portion of his hat. The assassins, thinking the man killed, ran off very quickly. Prina did not move for some time, but after a little while got up and returned to Borgia's house, where some of the brethren were still assembled, and who advised that he should come no more in the evenings.

The colporteur Ornaghi on one occasion stated in the public piazza that the rosary was a useless invention. On account of this a process was instituted, not against Ornaghi, but against Prina. Ornaghi presented himself before the tribunal of Novara, protesting that he and not Prina had made the statement, but he was told that not being a witness he could not speak. Prina was therefore imprisoned for three months.

From a town called Ghemme, also near Fara, every Sunday five or six persons attended the meetings. A small meeting was opened in Ghemme on their account. Unfortunately the position of the room was quite close to the parish church. The day it was opened, as soon as the place was lit up and a few verses read, an immense crowd assembled, and prevented any one from entering. Stones and filth were thrown in, and the brethren with great difficulty made their escape back to Fara. After some days the Evangelist returned to Ghemme, and succeeded in making friends. He lodged above the meeting-room, and there met any who came to study the Bible. Late one evening he went tranquilly to bed, when some miscreants placed a ladder close outside his badly-secured window in order to enter his room. Hearing noise and whispers, he got up and listened attentively. He heard these words: "Listen, Dencio! You enter by the window, which is easy; we will watch here. Kill him with two or three blows, then get down quickly and be off." The Evangelist, knowing the serious peril he was in, got up, rushed down to the courtyard and out at the gate, right past the men below. Confused for the moment at seeing him suddenly appear half-dressed, they, however, quickly followed after. The Evangelist hurried into the courtyard of an hotel which was still open; but his enemies continued their course, thinking he had taken the main road to Fara. He perceived their error, put on his boots, turned back, and, taking another road, escaped. The work at Ghemme was given up, but there are still some readers of the Bible there.

From 1866 until 1870, Borgia continued his labours with a large measure of success. The night-school was quite a novelty for Fara. For a considerable time the deaths amongst the brethren were very numerous, insomuch that the number whom the Lord added to the church did not fill up the blanks left by those removed. Yet the work continued to flourish and progress. Beside thirty communicants, there were many catechumens, and a great number of secret inquirers. The night-school attendance averaged from seventy to eighty, and the day-school from twelve to twenty, and this was no small matter in a population of some two thousand souls.

The place has also furnished its contingent of gospel labourers in the two Free Italian Church Evangelists, engaged in the work of the ministry at Milan. Of those who already have said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," were two young men who died during military service, and four who expired in the Novara hospital, and nineteen buried in the Evangelical cemetery of Fara. To these we may add three who were buried by their parents in the Romish cemetery, owing to the influence of the priests.

Fara has now been some years without any meeting-place or any Evangelist; but the elect and faithful few stand firm, and will do so till they too shall be called away to the better life. The old man, Borgia, still a colporteur, labours on with the same spirit, zeal, and enthusiasm as when, in days gone by, he began his difficult and arduous work, visiting all the villages and towns throughout Novara, and always increasing his sales of books.

The present moral disposition of the people is very similar to that in all other parts of Italy—much incredulity and indifference mixed up with a large amount of superstition; but at the same time they are now always liberal and respectful. Should any one be disposed to hold religious services, no one will disturb or annoy him; he will be silently and attentively listened to, and afterwards comments will be made, both favourable and otherwise.

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London

WONDERS OF THE WATERS.

"The sea, and all that therein is."—*Psalm* cxlvi. 6.

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WONDERS OF THE WATERS.



THE earth is full of the wonderful works of God, who in wisdom has made them all. So is the great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. Until within the last few years it was only they who went down to the sea in ships, or dwellers on the shores, who could know much about the wonders of the waters. They could read about them in the narratives of voyagers, or in the books of professed naturalists, but not many had opportunity of seeing and studying for themselves the living things with which the waters of the ocean teemed.

In the aquarium, or "marine zoological garden," this knowledge in many departments has been brought home to multitudes. Not only the various kinds of fishes, more or less familiar, but the mammalian rovers of the sea have been exhibited, and many of the creeping things innumerable of which the Psalmist speaks. They may be to many spectators mere objects of curiosity and wonder, but to intelligent and devout minds, the teeming waters afford endless opportunities of observing those works of God, which are sought out of all those who take pleasure therein.

Our coloured frontispiece this month presents some of the strange and interesting forms of life that can be studied in an aquarium. We are indebted for it to Mr. Carl Bock, the explorer of the interior of Borneo, who is an accomplished artist and naturalist as well as an adventurous traveller in many lands. He has given only a selection of a few out of the many objects seen in such collections, and has aimed more at truthful representation than at artistic effect. But both his "Sketch from an Aquarium," as he calls it, and the brief descriptive notes will be received with pleasure, as an interesting contribution to the study of the wonders of creation.

The octopus is one of the most attractive sights in an aquarium, attractive so far as popular curiosity is concerned, but repulsive in appearance and habits to most beholders. Of the tribe of invertebrates, or boneless animals, to which the octopus belongs, there are various species, some of them of huge size, about which strange stories are told. That they can seize and destroy a man by dragging him under water with their tentacles or arms is well known. A recent and authenticated instance occurred in Australia—at least there is every appearance of its being authentic. Mr. Smale, the Government diver, was attacked by a large octopus, or devil-fish, while at work on the bed of the Moyne river, at Belfast, in the colony of Victoria. He gave this account of the affair: "Having thrust my arm into a hole, I found that it was held by something, and the action of the water was stirring up the loose clay, and therefore I could not see distinctly for a few minutes; but when it did clear away I saw to my horror the arm of a large octopus entwined around mine like a boa constrictor, and just then he fixed some of his suckers on the back of my hand, and the pain was intense. I felt as if my hand was being pulled to pieces, and the more I tried to

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take it away the greater the pain became. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed along the interior of my dress and inflated it; and if my feet had got uppermost I should have soon become insensible, held in such a position; and also, if I had given the signal to be pulled up, the brute would have held on, and the chances would have been that I should have had a broken arm. I had a hammer by me, but could not reach down to use it on the brute. There was a small iron bar about five feet from me, and with my foot I dragged this along until I could reach it with my left hand. And now the fight commenced, and the more I struck him the tighter he squeezed, until my arm got quite benumbed. After a while I found the grip begin to relax a little, but he held on until I had almost cut him to pieces, and then he relaxed his hold from the rock, and I pulled him up. I was completely exhausted, having been in that position for over twenty minutes. I brought the animal up, or rather a part of it. We laid him out, and he measured over eight feet across, and I felt perfectly convinced that this fellow could have held down five or six men."

The common octopus (*O. vulgaris*) usually seen in aquaria, is not so formidable a creature, though voracious and fierce, especially the female when in charge of its young. No other inhabitant of the tank dare approach the corner where it ensconces itself behind a rampart of rough oyster-shells, which it builds for the protection of the ova. The habits of the octopus are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Nearly allied to it is the eledone.

"It is this species" (*Eledone cirrhosa*), says Carl Bock, "I have drawn, in the act of grasping a crustacean (*Galathea squamifera*). The eledone is smaller than the octopus, but of far more brilliant colour; the main difference is, however, that the eledone only has one single row of suckers on each tentacle, whereas the octopus has two.

The body of the octopus is oval, or sac-shaped, quite destitute of legs; still, he is better off for arms than a monkey, possessing no less than eight powerful elastic or brachial appendages of unequal length, beautifully arranged like a crown round the mouth. The arms serve for locomotion, and are also the

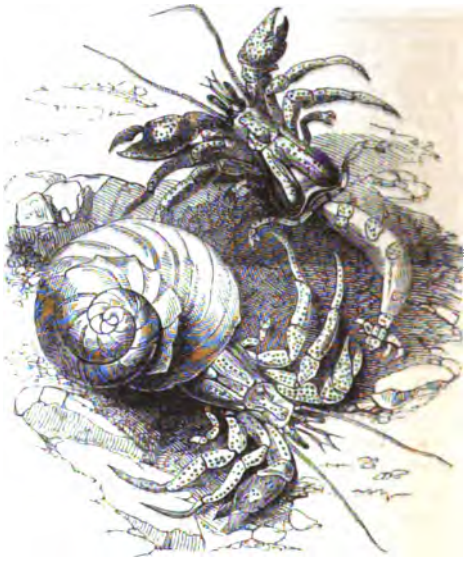


THE OCTOPUS.

instruments for catching its prey and feeding. They are a powerful machine—for if we look on the under surface we shall find a number (120 pair to each arm) of cup-shaped suckers. These suckers act like a boy's leather sucker or miniature air-pump. The arms are united at the base by a membrane. In the centre and at the bottom of these tentacles is the mouth, consisting of two horny jaws—resembling the beak of a parrot. They can easily crush the shell of the crustaceans with them. The eyes, which are wonderfully developed, are large and projecting, and the animal is able to enlarge and contract them at will; when the octopus sleeps, the eyes are contracted and partly covered by the eyelids. The iris is of a beautiful golden colour. A fleshy funnel at the opening of the sac, is for respiration.

A near relative of the octopus, the *Sepia officinalis*, makes frequent use of the contents of his ink-pouch. The ink is probably used for the purpose of suddenly concealing himself when threatened by an enemy.

The change of colour in the octopus is a remarkable property, which it has in common with the chameleon. This is effected through numerous colour-cells, underlying the white surface of the skin, which are again in connection with the nervous system. It is worth recording, that while the octopus and eledone exhibit brighter colour when exposed to light, the chameleon becomes dark in sunshine.



SOLDIER CRAB.

The mollusc seen crawling on the ground, below the octopus or eledone, is an American whelk-shell (*Pyrula*). Above this, immediately under the octopus, is a familiar British shell, but the mollusc has gone, and the occupant is the well known soldier-crab (*Pagurus Bernhardus*) which always, from matter of necessity, must occupy some dead shell, which he moves about with. And why can he not move about with the same freedom as other crustaceans? Because the tail portion is soft and devoid of any shell for protection. He has mostly as companion an anemone, which has fastened itself on the top of the shell, the *Sagartia parasitica*, as seen in the drawing.

On the ground to the right of the picture is a soft-shelled green American crab—the *Lupea pelagica*.

The beautiful bright-coloured fish is the boar-fish (*Capros aper*), rather rare on the English coast, especially on the east. The name is no doubt derived from the peculiar mouth, which when

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elongated, takes the form of a hog's snout. The following appeared in the "Zoologist." "On the 6th March 1842, a fish six inches and a half in length and three inches in width, of most brilliant colours, was picked up by a fisherman. It was alive when found; the colours were bright orange and lake. The fish was taken by the person who picked it up to Mr. Griffins, the principal fishmonger of Brighton; he took it to the Pavilion, where it was presented to her Majesty. It was immediately recognised by his Royal Highness Prince Albert (the prince being a good naturalist) as the boar or hog-fish of the ancients, a species very scarce on the British coasts."

In the Brighton Aquarium there has been this summer a whole shoal of this lovely fish, and the tank has attracted many visitors. The strange membranous settings of the eyes, and the delicate fins, in perpetually tremulous motion, are notable features. Occasionally there is activity of movement by an individual, but usually they are all as passive almost as in the picture, the eyes and fringe-like fins alone showing signs of life.

The variety of movement among fishes is as remarkable as their diversity of structure and appearance. Some are in perpetual motion, either impulsively darting about, or steering steadily like the herring, or floating dreamily like the boar-fish.

The graceful and chivalrous-looking fish resting on the stem, is the sea-horse (*Hippocampus brevirostris*). It has occasionally been found in the Channel Islands, but its real home is the Mediterranean. It is very delicate to rear, and mostly dies when the cold weather sets in.

Lastly the fish in the background, swimming towards the spectator is the lump-fish (*Cyclopterus lumpus*). It is of a very clumsy form. The ventral fins are arranged in a peculiar manner, so that they are enabled to adhere with great force to any substance—they are united by a membrane that forms a kind of oval and concave disc. The lump-fish is common in British waters, especially during the spring, when it approaches the shore in order to deposit its spawn.

We must not go further into detailed description in these pages, but enough has been said to show the variety of objects within the observation of the lovers of nature. And the spirit in which these wonders of the water are to be contemplated cannot be better expressed than in the words of old John Ray, author of "The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of Creation."

"The inferior creatures," he says, "are perfect, in their order and degree, wanting no quality or perfection that is necessary or due to their nature and condition, their place, and manner of living.

"God made these several orders and degrees, and in each degree so many varieties of creatures, for the manifestation and displaying of his infinite power and wisdom.

"I do not think that He made all these creatures to no other end but to be serviceable to man, but also to partake themselves of his overflowing goodness, and to enjoy their own beings."



THE ANEMONE.

THE USE AND MEANING OF THE WORD "AMEN."

THIS emphatic word, which occurs so frequently in Holy Writ, is of Hebrew origin, but it has passed into the Greek, and other languages, unchanged in form, sound, and meaning. The most striking example of its use in ancient times is found in Deuteronomy xxvii., when all Israel was gathered to a narrow valley lying between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim. When the Divine malediction against certain sins was uttered in a loud voice by the Levites, all the people were to say "Amen," which would express their approval of what was said, and their desire that the curse denounced should take effect.

When used at the beginning of a sentence it is intended to excite the attention of the listener, as well as to express the interest of the speaker in what he is about to say. It is then translated by the word "Verily," of which the conversation of our Lord with Nicodemus supplies a familiar example: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The word occurs also in the Psalms, at the end of the gospels, and at the close of nearly every epistle.

In some places it has the sense of certainty. Thus our Lord is described in the Apocalypse as "The Amen, the Faithful and True Witness." The Divine promises so freely scattered over the pages of Scripture are said to be yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Both forms of expression signify that Christ is true, and may be therefore implicitly trusted, and that all the promises are sure, since they receive their grand confirmation in Him, as God's greater gift to our fallen world. For "He that spared not his own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

The Old Testament saints and the primitive Christians used this word in public worship. They uttered it while another was leading their devotions, especially when the petitions offered had a peculiar suitability to their personal condition. In subse-

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quent times this wholesome practice no doubt degenerated into a mere formality. The sense of the word was forgotten, and the spirit which at first prompted its use had died out. But would it not be well if this practice were revived? The services of the sanctuary are often greatly enlivened when devout worshippers give expression to their sympathy in the exercise of prayer. It is they who should utter it, and not the person praying, or at least, not him alone. The practice may have been abused, and may, with people of a very fervent temperament, sometimes run into extravagance. But that is no reason why worshippers should be dumb and silent while earnest prayer is addressed to the Almighty.

When its use is kept within the limits of good sense and decorum—when it is the expression of feelings too ardent and glowing to be wholly repressed—when it is prompted by an exalted state of holy joy—it not only serves to fix the mind on the exercise itself, but tends to kindle the flame of devotion in others. The utterance of a sympathetic "Amen" with the prayers then ascending to the mercy-seat, will awaken in others the spirit of earnest and devout worship.*

What, then, does its utterance imply when another person is offering prayer?

I. A reconsideration of what has been prayed for. To recall the topics which have formed the staple of any petition, not marked by undue length, or confused by the number of topics which have been crowded into it, is not so difficult as may at first appear. The mind can review an extended train of thought at a glance. Just as when we look on some lovely scene in nature, and have allowed the eye to repose on its more striking features, we can, even at some distant period, recall a general image of the whole; so it is in our power, without any great mental effort, to bring again before the mind the subjects of any prayer, and almost in a moment. Having done this, if we are in sympathy with the prayer itself, our hearty "Amen" most appropriately expresses our reconsideration of its subjects, and our approval of them.

The model prayer which our Lord gave to his disciples supplies a striking example. Though brief, it is comprehensive. The topics are numerous and important. But any mind, by a simple effort, can easily recall them. We feel that we can from the heart add our "Amen" to each petition, as well as to the prayer which embodies them all.

To reconsider the subjects of prayer cannot fail to produce a good effect on our own minds. Wandering thoughts will be repressed. A habit of fastening the attention on what we are engaged in will be formed. Prayer will be no mere form, but an exercise awakening the deepest interest. To this end the devout and sincere use of our "Amen" will be most helpful.

II. It also implies that we have understood the subjects of the prayer. We are exhorted to pray with an understanding heart comprehending not only the meaning of the words, but the thoughts and feelings they are designed to express. Some persons suppose that prayer is nothing but the utterance of devout feeling. Hence their prayers are often loose and confused. But prayer should also be a thoughtful exercise, having some adaptation to the circumstances of those present, as far as they are known, some advertence to times and seasons, and to passing, striking events. If the heart be inflamed with a holy fervour, it will send up light and heat to the mind, and prayer will flow forth in a continuous stream of ardent and intelligent supplication.

Neither reading, conversation, sermons, nor prayer will do us any good if we do not reflect. As the utterance of our "Amen" tends to foster that habit, it will not only be the expression of intense emotion, but of a clear mental perception of those exalted vital truths which are so often embodied in devout, intelligent, prayer.

III. It denotes our concurrence in the prayer itself. As we cannot say "Amen" to a prayer we do not understand, neither can we to one in which we do not heartily unite. Between him who offers prayer and those who listen, there must be sympathy of feeling and sentiment. And this is always so, more or less, in true prayer. As devout believing prayer is the expression of the desires of a sanctified heart, only those who are sanctified can unite in it; a swearer cannot say "Amen" to a prayer which desires that the name of Almighty God may be revered by all men; nor can a man who denies the doctrine of Divine Providence, to one which asks for daily bread. How can he who rushes into temptation say "Amen" to a prayer which asks to be delivered from evil? Only those, therefore, who heartily concur in the supplications offered at the mercy-seat can say "Amen," for they believe that "God is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

IV. It implies a deep sense of our need of the blessings we seek, and of their imperishable worth. If we pray for food or raiment, we know that we cannot exist without them. Our daily occupations, our family concerns, and the supplies necessary for their comfort and support, require vigorous bodily health, without which no duty can be satisfactorily performed. When this and other temporal blessings are asked for, we can truly add our hearty "Amen."

If possible, spiritual mercies are more necessary still, and on account of their higher value, our prayer for them should be all the more importunate. They come to us *immediately*, from the hand of God. The former may be but scantily supplied; yet the soul may be rich and happy. But without the latter, spiritual life will die; with them, we may be joyful even in tribulation.

V. It implies an earnest desire to obtain the blessings for which we ask. It is very easy to use suitable forms of speech; they are provided in rich abundance for those who do not possess the gift of audible prayer. But the best of them are valueless if there be no ardent longing for the blessing itself. By its influence every pure desire will be fired, and devout passion imparted to every word. It is not our unworthiness which is the main obstacle to our success; it is the absence of importunity and faith. Though the Almighty dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto, yet hath He respect to the lowly and the contrite. Over the throne of the Divine Mercy is written, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

* These remarks of course do not apply to public services regulated by authority, but to mission, revival, and other special services, whether in churches or other places of worship.

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intercession He is carrying on in heaven.

How cheering the thought that by-and-bye, in the better land, prayer will be exchanged for praise! What a state of perfect blessedness that must be, May our hope of heaven rest on the substitutionary work of Christ, and then, in the ascription of praise which they will utter, "Worthy the Lamb," we shall add our loud "Amen."

F. TRESTRAIL.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

XVII.—THE LEPERS.



THESE men are poor lepers. You see they are seated by the road-side; they are begging, holding out their hands; one at the end is beating his breast, wailing for help. They have little tin cans near them; those are for people to drop money in. The very dogs snarl at them; they are alone, no one goes near them. This is a true picture of some lepers I saw in the Holy Land; it was at a village called Ramleh. That is a very pretty place; it is on the plain of Sharon. There is the beautiful plain, and behind that, far away, are the mountains of Israel. These poor men are so afflicted they cannot enjoy any of the beauty. The view in that neighbourhood was so lovely I had my tents placed that I might paint a large picture; but these poor people came near, sat down, and kept crying out all day long: "Oh, sir! good gentleman! take pity upon us poor lepers! Give us money, good gentleman." I gave them a lot of silver money, and they went away. But the next day they did the same, and though I gave them some money again, they would not go away, but kept calling out just as before. Now, these people are not allowed to live anywhere they like; there are certain villages appointed by law where they may live, but in no others, and when any poor person is taken with this leprosy, he is driven out of his own village, and made to live in one or other of the places appointed by law. People drive them out with stones; they must leave their home and all they possess, and live only with people diseased like themselves: "it is a terrible death in life." These poor people begging all day, as I have said, made me at last so nervous that I could not go on with my work, so I had the tents packed up and put on mules, and with my men got on horses and galloped away. Another time, walking with two friends in Jerusalem near the place where the poor lepers live, they came out of their little houses, wailing, crying for money, and holding up their hands for us to see, for this terrible disease destroys the hands and feet and otherwise disfigures the poor sufferers. The sight was so horrible that we threw some silver money on the ground and then ran away.

You will find this terrible disease often spoken of in the Bible, and when our Lord Jesus was on earth, He was always kind to these poor lepers. We read that He would go up to them, touch them, and heal them! Touch them even—why, people drive them out of their villages with stones and

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curses. Yet his love was so great, his compassion so unfailing, that He never turned a deaf ear to their cry. He is the same now. The poorest, the most vile, if they cry to Him, He will in his great mercy help them. What love is his!

XVIII.—THE LOST SHEEP.

One day when I was in Galilee I had left my camp, and was going across the plain of Genesareth to make a sketch of the ruins of a place called "El Medjil" (Magdala), the place where Mary Magdalene lived, one of the women who loved our Lord so much when He was on earth. Well, going across this plain—I only had one of my Arabs with me—I overtook a man walking. He had a gun with him on his shoulder. I found I knew this man, having seen him and talked with him at the other end of the Sea of Galilee. So I said to him, "Saleme," which is a salutation like "How do you do?" in English. He replied, and then I said, "Well, where are you going to?" He said, "Two of my sheep ran away last night, and have gone off into those hills," pointing to some hills across the plain; "and I am going to look for them. I think they have gone to Safed." Safed is a city built right on the top of the highest hill thereabouts. It is believed to be the same place our Lord spoke of when He said, "a city set on a hill cannot be hid," for when you are in Galilee you can always see this city, it is so high up. After we had gone a little way together, I said, "What have you done with your flock of sheep?" He said, "Oh, I have left them all down at Tiberias." So you see he had left all his flock, and gone after the naughty ones that had strayed. I have no doubt he would find his sheep, and he would bring them back again; but I was going to stop at El Medjil. So we said "Good-bye." One stormy evening, just before dark, three men went past. The first one was a shepherd. He had been after a naughty sheep that had run away; but he had found it, and had put it on his shoulder, because it was so tired, and he had two friends with him. I do not know if they had been helping him or not: but they were all going home together, and no doubt glad that he had found his strayed sheep.

See, the same sort of thing was done when our Lord Jesus was on earth; for in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, our Lord says any man would do the same as this shepherd did; that he would leave "ninety-and-nine," and go after the "one" that was lost. He would be so anxious not to lose this sheep, who running away would only get into some danger, perhaps be devoured by wild beasts, that he would leave those that were safe, and go after the wandering one; and when he had found it, would bring it home on his shoulders, carrying it himself—not making the poor, silly, tired sheep walk back, but would "carry" it. Jesus says that in heaven, God and the good angels of God rejoice when they see any wicked, naughty boy or girl come back to love and serve God, and if they will only turn back ever so little, God Himself will meet them, and love them, and forgive them, and be kind to them just as the shepherd was to his sheep.



MY ESCORT.

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HERBERT ANDREWS.

CHAPTER III.



THE next morning, while we were busy over our lessons, Mr. Bowman entered the schoolroom, accompanied by a gentleman whom some of us knew as a resident in the neighbourhood.

For a moment we wondered what Mr. Nelson could want at the school, but we had not long to speculate on this, for Mr. Bowman went straight to his desk, and having called for silence, said:

"Boys, Mr. Nelson has come here to-day to make a complaint that yesterday his cherry orchard was entered, and several boughs stripped of the finest cherries. Certain circumstances have come to light that point to one of you being the offender. I am grieved that any of you should be capable of committing such an offence, and should be glad if I could prove that such was not the case, but I am afraid this cannot be done. If any of you were in Mr. Nelson's orchard yesterday it would at once be better for you to stand forward and acknowledge it."

Mr. Bowman paused and looked round; the visitor also looked inquiringly from one to another of us. He did not seem very angry about the cherries, but eyed us in a kindly and encouraging manner.

"Mr. Nelson's servant met one of you coming from the direction of the orchard in a great hurry," our master continued. "Which of you met a man driving a horse and cart at the bottom of Beechwood hill yesterday?"

"I did, sir," I said, starting up from my seat.

"You, Andrews, was it?" said Mr. Bowman. "And what had you been doing on the hill; and why were you running so fast?"

I told Mr. Bowman at once that I had been going to meet Richmond and some others who had gone to the mill for a walk, but that I turned back before I met them. I did not say anything about Hammond's book, for fear of being reprimanded for carelessness.

"But you have not accounted for being in such a great hurry. Come, Andrews, speak the truth; it will be better for you to do so now than to wait until it is found out."

There was no help for it, so I told Mr. Bowman that I had by accident left a book on the seat by the river and was hurrying back to find it.

"Andrews," said Mr. Bowman, after looking fixedly at me for a moment, "I did not expect this of you. I always thought you were an honest and truthful boy, but I am afraid I have been mistaken in you."

"Indeed, sir, it is true; Hammond will tell you that I lost his book, and——"

"That you lost the book I do not doubt, but that you left it where you say you did I cannot believe."

"I thought I left it on the seat, sir," I exclaimed, and I was beginning to tremble and feel nervous under my tutor's stern glance.

"You thought you did? Yes, perhaps so: but it was not found there!"

"Is it found, sir?" I asked eagerly, for I knew how glad Hammond would be to have it again.

Here the gentleman took the unfortunate volume from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Bowman, the seat by the river, but under one of my cherry-trees; how it came there perhaps you can explain?"

"Indeed, indeed, I don't know, sir," I said. "I am sure I was not in your orchard. I saw the cherries, sir, but I did not take any."

"Andrews," said my tutor, "you had better speak the truth; you will do no good by obstinately denying your crime."

"But it is true, sir; really it is. If you will ask Richmond or Jackson, or any of the others that went up to the mill they will tell you, sir, that what I say is true."

Mr. Bowman called Richmond and asked him what he knew about it.

"As we went by the river, sir, we saw Andrews reading, and then we noticed him coming towards the mill, and thought he was going to join us. But he did not; and when we saw him again, he was running down the hill. He told us afterwards that he had left a book on the seat, and ran back to get it."

This was all Richmond knew about it, and he could say no more.

"Well, Andrews," said Mr. Bowman, after he had listened to what Richmond had to say; "this may all be true—and no doubt it is—but that does not account for the book being found in the orchard; and, you see, Richmond only has your word as to where you left it. There was plenty of time, too, between your being seen going towards the mill and your running down the hill, for you to have been into the orchard."

"You say you saw my cherries, my lad; were you not tempted to take some?" Mr. Nelson said this kindly and almost persuasively, I thought.

"I should have liked some, sir, but I did not touch them."

"Then how came your book under the tree?"

"I don't know, sir; indeed, I don't," I almost stammered out, for I was beginning to see that things looked very black against me.

"Go to your room, Andrews," said Mr. Bowman angrily. "Take your lessons with you; I will see you again presently."

Sadly and slowly I did as I was ordered. On reaching my bedroom, my first feelings were of anger and indignation at what I considered Mr. Bowman's injustice, but when I became a little calmer, I reflected that appearances really were against me, and I could not wonder that I was suspected. Suspected—and of theft and falsehood! Oh, how I coloured when I thought of this! Presently I sat down on my bed and tried to learn my lessons; but I could not do it. Tears, hot, burning tears of shame dimmed my sight, and dropped upon the pages as I tried to read.

Presently my dinner was sent up, and I was told by the servant who brought it that Mr. Bowman had written to my father about me, for he had been to the post-office with the letter. Of course he had no right to tell me this, but I suppose he thought there was no harm in it. It had the effect, however, of making me feel still more miserable, for I knew that Mr. Bowman would not have done so unless he was quite convinced of my guilt. I knew also how such an accusation against me would make my parents and sister very unhappy; and even if I could by any means prove my innocence of the theft of the cherries, my father would be sorry to find that I had not lost my old careless habits. One thing I determined to do, and that was to write to my father at once. This I did, explaining everything as accurately as I could, and assuring him of my innocence.

In the afternoon Mr. Bowman came to see me. He told me he was quite sure that I had been in Mr. Nelson's orchard, because the book I had lost was found there, but that he should withhold inflicting any punishment upon me until he had heard from my father. I might, for the present, he said, go back to my usual place in the school, but he had warned

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the other boys that I was in disgrace, and advised their having but little to do with me,

It was with a flushed face and timid look that I took my place among my schoolfellows that afternoon. I fancied that they all looked curiously at me, and I felt sure that every one of them thought I was a thief. Oh, it was a wretched afternoon; but after the school was over I was glad to find that many of the boys thought me innocent.

"Things certainly look against you, Herbert," said Hammond, when we were by ourselves; "but you must not despair. Something may occur yet that will prove your innocence, and, at any rate, you know that most of us believe what you say."

"Thank you, Hammond," I said; "there is a good deal of comfort in that."

"But there is more, is there not, Herbert, in feeling that God knows you are not guilty? Have you asked Him to help you in your trouble, Herbert?" he continued.

"No, I have not," I was obliged to answer, for it had not once entered into my head that God would hear me in such a matter.

"Then why not? Surely you know that He can make it all plain, if it is his will; and if not, if He does allow you to remain under an unjust suspicion, it will comfort you to tell Him all your trouble."

After a few days, I had a letter from my parents—a kind and loving letter it was, full of sympathy and hopes that if I were innocent my innocence might be proved. "If I were innocent." I read this over and over again before I could bring myself to think that even my parents were doubtful as to whether I were a thief or not. "And all this has come of my carelessness," I said to myself. "If I had only been more careful in little things I might have been spared this trouble."

There was another letter for me—it was from my sister Fanny—so full of love, and confidence in my innocence, that it touched me deeply. She would not believe a word about my taking the cherries, she said, nor yet about my telling an untruth, and she hoped that whoever had been so wicked would be found out and punished, instead of her innocent brother.

I supposed that Mr. Bowman had heard from my father, too, but he said nothing to me about it, and for the next day or two I felt more miserable than before. Perhaps he thought that I was being punished for the sin of which he believed me guilty, by finding myself shunned by many of my schoolfellows, and by the stings of a guilty conscience; and had I really been guilty, I think he could not have punished me more severely than by leaving me to myself as he did. But, as it was, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was wrongly judged so far as the theft of the cherries was concerned, but I could not help blaming myself for my carelessness. These days of suspense, though hard to bear, were not without their good to me, for my trouble drove me to the throne of grace, where I found relief and comfort, and, I am thankful to say, that through a long life I have never failed to find guidance and direction in perplexity, or comfort in trouble when I have gone to God for help. Nor is this more than may be expected by every one who believes in the Word of God, and really trusts in Him. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me," is a promise made to all who acknowledge God; and another is, "He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him." And God was graciously pleased to deliver me from my trouble, and to re-establish my character in the school; but He did not do so until He had given me time to reflect upon my own weakness, and had brought me to put my trust in Him.

It was nearly a week after the arrival of my father's letter that one day when we were at our lessons Mr. Nelson again found his way to the schoolroom. The sight of him as he walked quickly from the door to Mr. Bowman's desk made me feel sick and faint. It brought back with a rush all the feelings of disgrace and fear that had been haunting me since I saw him last. But this was not to last long, for again Mr. Bowman stood up and called for silence, and told us in a few words that Mr. Nelson had come to say that the person who had stolen his cherries had been caught doing the same thing again, and that he had confessed to having put my book—which he had found on the seat—under the cherry trees, to throw suspicion upon the owner of the book and thus to divert it from himself.

I do not know how I managed to keep from calling out my delight when I heard this, but I do know that when I was called up to shake hands with Mr. Nelson and to be congratulated by my master, I felt faint and giddy, and should have fallen to the ground had not the strong arm of Mr. Nelson supported me; nor did I feel better till I was relieved by a flood of tears; tears of joy and excitement this time ran down my cheeks.

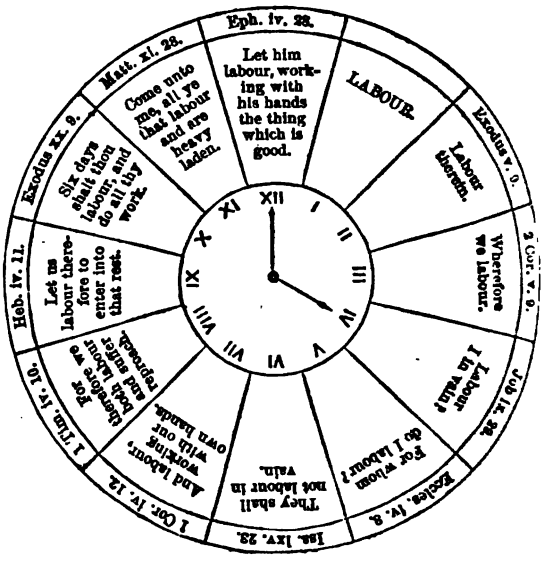
My tale is nearly told: I had the congratulations of my master and schoolfellows, and all the time I was at school, aye! and as long as he lived, Mr. Nelson was to me a kind and affectionate friend. I need hardly say that I wrote home that day and told the joyful news to my parents and sister, and, I may here add, that they never again had to accuse me of carelessness. The lesson thus taught me was never forgotten, and, by the help of God, I profited by it.

It is unnecessary to say any more about the real culprit. He was a worthless character, and a bad man, and was punished as he deserved for his wickedness.

That night when going to bed, Hammond shook hands with me, and whispered, "Was I not right when I said it would all be made straight? Trust in God, and do the right."

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts for the Bible Clock of last month, p. 623.



Let our readers take the word THANK for their next exercise.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.—p. 592.—ELIJAH—ELISHA.

1. E-agl-*e* . . . . . Jer. xlix. 16. Obad. i. 4.
2. L-emue-*l* . . . . . Prov. xxxi.
3. I-sh-*i* . . . . . 1 Chron. iv. 42, 43.
4. J-ame-*s* . . . . . Acts xv. 13, 19: xxi. 18, 23, 24.
5. A-bimelec-*h* . . . . . Judges ix. 56.
6. H-oshe-*a* . . . . . 2 Kings xv. 30; xvii.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



BIBLE STORIES.

"Adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant."

"Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you, to preserve life."—*Gen.* xlv. 5.

No. 1382.—OCTOBER 23, 1880.

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THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

IX.—CERTAIN AND UNCERTAIN SOUNDS.

AMONG the singular and suggestive anecdotes of the pulpit is one which we have always regarded as very remarkable. The great and good William Wilberforce on one occasion prevailed on William Pitt, when Prime Minister of England, to accompany him to hear that great preacher and eminently spiritually-minded man, Richard Cecil, upon whose ministry Mr. Wilberforce at that time attended. The preacher delivered a very impressive and luminous discourse on some of the leading points of Christian faith and Christian duty. The discourse struck Mr. Wilberforce as being unusually imbued with a spirit of fervent piety and evangelical truth. When the service was over, and they quitted the chapel, Wilberforce asked Mr. Pitt what he thought of the sermon. The answer of the illustrious statesman was that he "did not understand one word of all that he had heard; and that he could not have been more ignorant of the preacher's meaning if, instead of addressing his audience in English, he had spoken all the time in an unknown language." It seems almost incredible, for Cecil was not only a great but a singularly lucid preacher; forcible in language, clear in arrangement, and a master of chaste but effective illustration. Yet we have the anecdote on Mr. Wilberforce's own testimony, and it almost compels the wonder whether Pitt had ever been to church before, and whether he could understand the language of the Apostles' Creed, or thought theology, as formulated in the standards of the church, a purely hierophantic language. Was he pre-occupied, or shall we simply accept the strange story as an illustration of what is certainly a fact, that the power of the perception is not merely in the clearness of the preacher's statements, but not less in a certain preparedness and state of receptivity in the hearer's mind?

It is certainly the case that, usually, the failure to arrest attention is supposed to be mainly attributable to the preacher, and, of course, there are different audiences. It is not to be supposed that every preacher, however admirable and excellent, is fitted for, or can make himself intelligible to, any and every congregation; although it is possible to feel the force of an argument the course of which we cannot see, and to bow before the impression of eloquence, which is little more than a strain of captivating music, but of which the words are unintelligible. Burke was one of the greatest orators in the English Parliament of any age, and his speeches are still regarded as fountains of political wisdom. It has been said that he had more of the material of oratory than any other statesman, yet his immortal speeches were delivered to almost empty benches in the House of Commons. The great man fell into a habit of dissertation; he became loquacious, abstract, and prosy; he lost thus in directness, concentration, and *fire*, and so he earned for himself the satire of Goldsmith in the "Retaliation":

> "Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
> We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
> Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

And this, it may be thought, and believed, is the case with many an admirable minister and his discourses. There are subjects handled in the pulpit, and orations delivered, as much out of place there as if the preacher read Newton's "Principia," or Laplace's "Méchanique Celeste," or Sir William Hamilton's "Philosophy of the Unconditioned;" they are admirable; they may be even wonderful, but they are out of place.

John Leifchild, for many years minister of Craven Chapel in London, laid down four canons, or laws, for the pulpit; they are quaint, wise hints, well worthy of being remembered by all who aim at success in the task of public speaking:

> "Begin low,
> Proceed slow;
> Take fire,
> Rise higher!
> Be self-possessed
> When most impressed."

That "beginning low" has much to do with the distinctness of the impression conveyed. We often hear the remark made, "He fired over the people's heads," and this will usually be the case where the preacher aims to do "some great thing." Successful sermons, like successful songs, must aim at some great, general, human emotion; must seek to satisfy some exquisite hunger or thirst of the human soul. It is quite true that "oratory resides partly in the audience;" its power resides there, just as seed resides in the earth: as the soil is essential to the conquest of the seed, so the soul of the hearer is essential to the conquest of the orator. It is ever true that the orator is the man who is "wise to win souls;" but how shall the man win them, who has not studied them—studied them, not in the pages of mental science, but through an experimental knowledge of the ways and wants of the soul, his pathway of observation lightened by the teaching of the Divine word?

There is much in the advice of the poet Burns to

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a young friend, which a minister may very safely apply for his own guidance—

> "Conceal yourself as weel's you can,
> Frae critical dissection;
> But keek (peep) thro' every other man
> With sharpened slee inspection."

This, then, will be the discriminative preaching; perhaps it was to this the apostle referred when he spoke of "rightly dividing the word of truth." Surely this has very much to do with conveying a "certain sound," or impression to the hearer's mind. We read in mythology of the arrows of Acestes, which were said to take fire from the friction with the air as they passed through it, and to this the poet Longfellow refers when he says,

> "Like Acestes' shaft of old
> The swift thought kindles as it flies."

True oratory has this power. Lord Brougham, in his introductory essay to the speeches of Lord Plunkett, refers to one by that great orator, declared by Sir James Mackintosh to place him before all the orators of his age. The orator was himself overpowered by the sentiments he uttered, and at last, as he referred to the recent death of Henry Grattan, he exclaimed: "Walking before the sacred images of these illustrious dead, as in a public and solemn procession, shall we not dismiss all party feeling, all angry passions and unworthy prejudices? I will not talk of triumph: I will not mix in this act of public justice anything that can awaken personal animosity." Lord Brougham says, "The effect of this noble passage on all parties in the House baffles all description."

Such impressions must, of course, greatly depend upon the moment, and the state of the audience to whom such words are addressed; perhaps this impression to which Lord Brougham refers, when the whole House was moved as one man beneath the pathetic spell of Plunkett's eloquence, was never renewed until the memorable speech of John Bright on the Crimean war. We have conversed with friends who were in the House on that night, and who have described to us the awful and yet overwhelmingly tender effect of those great words, in which the speaker invoked the Ministry to stay the war, himself with softened eyes, and calm thrilling voice. He looked round the House and inquired whose family it was there which had not suffered through that tremendous contest. "I do not suppose," he said, "that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea, but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victim from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal." Delivered with Mr. Bright's dignified manner, and slow and tremulous voice, we have been told that the unwonted sight was seen of almost the entire House in tears. And yet, beautiful, fitting, and simple as the words are, they do not seem in themselves to contain, any more than Plunkett's, what would lead to such a mighty captivity. So that it is to be remembered that the occasion very usually makes the eloquence. As we have said above, the orator is not only in himself, but in his audience.

Even good preaching must not, if usefulness and impression on the audience be intended, be too much in one strain. The differing characters and varying moods of men must be regarded. Take even the grandest oratorio: would thousands be interested, night after night, with the declamation of a long succession of recitatives? The wise musician knows better than that, and he breaks his great piece into many parts, varying airs and tones. If a preacher aim at "the certain sound," he must perform this very greatly by discriminative preaching—by keeping everybody awake and interested. Surely it is no mean ambition for a man to determine that the people, and *all* the people, shall listen to him; that, in different parts of the congregation, and among its many different moral states and mental capacities, its members shall feel that the man in the pulpit is speaking to them. We venture to think that the art of the pulpit should be neither the art of the essayist, nor the logician, nor the poet, nor the philosopher, but an art very much its own, and a combination of all these—an art in which manifold knowledge should be laid under contribution to meet in one discourse manifold character; and perhaps, then the reader, or the preacher, might think of Cicero's famous note of despair, "And who, then, can be an orator?" And such despair is much more hopeful, and from it much more may be expected, than from that which, we fear, is the more general sense, that everybody may be an orator—that anybody may preach. An audience is not a being; but we fancy that this is the very general theory about an audience. Yet every hearer has a peculiarity, and the fact should be recognised. If we may draw an illustration from the drama, its breadth of life is a great source of its peculiar power. As has been said, "Everything is there; eloquence is there, and wit and humour are there, and strokes of pathos and feeling are there, and picture and music are there"; and these are all human.

Probably, it may be found that those pulpit orators who have, for the greatest time, and with the greatest success, swayed their sceptre over the greatest numbers, have been men who have not been shut up to one faculty, but have employed their audience, for there is the difficulty, to employ an audience—that is the point to which we have been speaking all along. The preacher taking the audience into his confidence, he employs the audience, as the pianist or organist employs the keys—as a harpist employs the strings; it is not all in the organist—he cannot do without the organ; even the harpist, he cannot do without the strings, part is his and part is theirs; the wise player knows the touch—there is a wisdom in him, perhaps, deeper than his knowledge. We are speaking now of preaching on its human side, chiefly in its intellectual and emotional relations. But this "rightly dividing the Word of Truth" will never be effected by preaching which thinks of itself—

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fine preaching—what the apostle calls the using of "words of man's wisdom;" no familiarity, no personal communion with the ways of the human heart, and the familiar and household walks of life; by preaching over people — a kind of firing in the air. This kind of preaching was very much the fashion once, and we have the account of a sermon preached before the university of Oxford at St. Mary's, in which the orator discoursed thus. "Arriving," said he, "at the Mount of St. Mary's in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought to you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation." "Which way of preaching," says Anthony Wood, the reporter of the homily, "was then mostly in fashion and commended by the generality of scholars." Rowland Hill used to speak of a preacher who on six days of the week was invisible, and on the seventh was incomprehensible, and it would not perhaps be difficult to find such illustrations of obscurity.

We remember, many years since, listening—and we were lost in wonder while we listened—to a sermon preached by one who would be called a famous preacher; it was a missionary sermon. The congregation was a crowded one, and in a certain sense it was select; the sermon was full of that of which we have spoken in a previous paper as "pulpit finery." The object of the preacher was to show the triumphs of Christianity, and he a little shocked us in the earlier part of his discourse, by speaking in anticipation of the time when "religion would pillow her head upon the bosom of philosophy!" We could not help mentally exclaiming even there, "Ah, Mr. Preacher, would you but follow in your rhetoric the wise advice—was it not of Aristotle?—and paint your images before you employ them, that you may test their fitness." But this was nothing compared to what followed; we indeed stared aghast when, in order to illustrate the triumphs of the missionary, the preacher exclaimed: "Mark yon gory savage! Often have those lips slaked their thirst in human blood! There is a tear in yonder eye, catch it! Not all the orbs which wheel their way through the vast profundities of the far-off spaces in their infinite rounds, can weigh in the mind of Omnipotence with yon precious and pellucid orb!" The criticisms were various upon this wonderful imagery. But the revered old pastor of the church in which the oration was pronounced—himself one of the greatest preachers of his age—was—shall we dare to say it?—even in a rage in the vestry, as he said to us: "What could the man mean by going up into my pulpit, sir, and talking such outrageous nonsense?" The point of the reminiscence, however, is that here was a mere piece of bathos—an image without a point or a discrimination—a piece of thoughtless word-mongering, scarcely even falling beneath the denomination of *fine*. We cannot help contrasting this imaginary tear of the imaginary savage with another reminiscence, in which we saw a whole congregation melted to real tears beneath a sudden touch; it was when, in his own church at Chester, we were listening to that fountain of spontaneous affection, the late Richard Knill. It was a funeral service conducted in memory of the Duke of Wellington; the preacher had pursued his way through a path of very natural thought suggested by the death of so highly eminent and illustrious a man—when, all at once, he exclaimed something to the following effect: "Ah! it is a great national loss, and that was a very great sight, seen last week, when all London poured out; and the representatives of the crowns of all Europe followed the great warrior to his tomb—but," and at this point the tears gushed out, and the preacher stood for a moment or two, mastering himself, for he could not speak—"but you know that did not come home to me, and touch me, as when I saw the body of my dear son carried out of my house the other day!" It was only a sudden stroke of speech, but there was probably not a dry eye in the whole of that large congregation. This was *pathos*—not so much eloquence, as "the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

How true is that word of Thomas Carlyle, that "insincere speech is the prime material of insincere action." Indeed, there are some words of this great and earnest man which are a kind of pertinent commentary on the many things in this paper. He says, "That a man stand in a pulpit and speak of spiritual things to men, it is beautiful; even in its great obscurations and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This speaking man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point; yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries, boarded and lodged on the industry of modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has?—a man even professing, and, never so languidly, making still some endeavour to save the souls of men. I wish he could find the point again, this speaking one, and stick to it with deadly energy, for there is need of him yet! Could he but find the point again; take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover what the *real* Satan and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil* now is! Original sin and such like are bad enough, I doubt not; but distilled gin, dark ignorance, stupidity, what are they? *Will* he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight, or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct Satans, and never see the real one till he *feel* him at his own throat and ours? I wish the speaking one could find his point again!" So wrote Thomas Carlyle thirty-five years since, in words which surely, to those who are able to read them, have their meaning now. Does he not mean to say that all speech to a special work, or to have any special interest for men, must have its accent? an accent which, if it be the speaker's own, makes itself intelligible in that it wins its way to the knowledge and apprehension of the hearer. The accent is the soul; almost, we might dare to say, where there is no accent there is no soul, no individuality; just as it has been so often said, the style is the man, the accent is his own mode of expression, his own level of speech. Everyone who feels for himself has that which differs from another. How different are real words, real prayers, and yet the accent is true. Some tongues are as if tipped with shafts of fire, and from some the "doctrine distils as the dew;" some words swell as with wild, vehement passion, and some flow like Dorian music. How varied are the accents of the Psalms! How different the hymn of Hannah and the hymn

Isaiah and that of Jeremiah; the accent of Paul and the accent of John! But they are all real; every real nature has its own accent and the art of the "certain sound;" the art—the whole art—of discriminative preaching may be described and defined as the art of accent. A serious man, aware that he has to preach, with a really earnest purpose before him, looking out upon, it may be, many hundreds—more than a thousand persons, perhaps before him—and desirous of "rightly dividing the Word of God," giving to every one his portion of spiritual "meat in due season"—upon him comes something like that question which the disciples put to our Lord when He said, "Give ye them to eat," and they replied, "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?" Happy is the man who has so entered into the Divine secret that he is able to be the true minister of the great Bread-giver.

"Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take.
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake."

THE CHURCH-GOING BELL.

FEW sounds are more familiar to the Englishman than the sound of the church-going bell. The bell that I have now to tell of is one that hangs solitary and lonely in the turret of the church of a poor little parish of a large seaport town in the south of England.

In this said town and parish, some six-and-twenty years ago, there lived an infidel, by trade a barber, who, after spending his Sunday mornings in his shop carrying on his trade, used often during the remainder of the holy day to take his fiddle and go to some public-house where he could perform, or, in the summer, join some steam-packet or an excursion party. On the eventful Sunday when my narrative begins he had no engagement, and therefore set out for a walk on the beautiful promenade of the town, close by the sea-side. Most providentially for him, he was alone, waiting for some of his companions to join him, and while he was thus sauntering along the various church-bells struck up their call to prayer. The solitary bell to which I have referred caught his ear, and seemed to say to him, "Come! Come! Come!" With an oath he bade it "hold its clang;" yet, regardless of his anger, on, on it went; and as now some drops of rain seemed to threaten a wet evening, and as his companions had not joined him, he entered the church, and took his place in as retired a spot as he could find.

The text was taken from Psalm ii. 1–5, and 11, 12; and the discourse showed the sin and folly of raging against God; of trying to break God's bands and cords; and the fearful punishment of the obdurate and impenitent sinner.

These points having been dwelt upon, an appeal was made to all present who haply were fighting and striving against God, if such were not true. The application was from the last two verses of the in proof of which he sent his only-begotten Son to die for sinners, on his holy hill of Zion. The call in the eleventh verse to come to God, and accept the reconciliation provided for us in Christ, was pressed home. An invitation was given to come and taste and see that the Lord is gracious, and that He will make his people happy for time and for eternity.

The congregation broke up, and the listener, now with other thoughts in his mind, returned to the walk by the sea-shore, where he had first heard the bell call to him, "Come! Come! Come!"

And the more he thought the more unhappy he was, for his own life seemed that night to have been brought to light in a way he had never before seen it. He realised that the wrath of God was upon him. The rain descended, but he did not heed it. Trouble and anxiety about his soul had taken hold of him, and his cry was, "What shall I do to be saved?"

The barber went home to supper, and afterwards to bed, but sleep fled from him. His wife in vain tried to find out the cause of his disquietude. During the week his customers noticed his haggard looks and weariness, but to all their inquiries he answered, "Never mind, I shall soon be all right again." But each day the fire within only burnt the fiercer.

Sunday again came round, and many were the invitations he had to come and drive dull care away. "No," he said, "I will stay at home," and he lay in bed that afternoon, but as six o'clock drew near, he quietly rose, dressed, and went out, and, lest he should be watched, took several bye ways, till he found himself once more in church, sitting in the same seat that he had sat in a week before.

The text was from Hosea xiv. 4–9. The Lord's goodness to sinners was of course the burden of the theme, the freeness of salvation, the turning of God's anger from the sinner to the Christ. The blessings following (in verses 5, 6 and 7) were each touched upon, and the effect described when, by the revelation of God's goodness, the backslider casts away his idols and lives only to God who will graciously own and bless him. The last verse gave the subject for application, that we may all have wisdom to understand, and grace to choose the better part that shall not be taken from us. The sermon closed with one solemn word as to the danger of continuing in sin.

Again the unhappy man returned home; again he had no supper and no sleep. His wife now getting angry and irritated, as she could get no rest, said, "Well, I think you must be gone out of your mind, and so lots of us think; to-morrow I shall send for the doctor?"

"No, no, Anne; I am not out of my mind—but what will become of my soul?"

Hearing this the woman jumped up, exclaiming, "What's a soul like? Where did you get it? Show it to me," for she, alas, was an infidel like himself. She had now found out the secret of his trouble, and she determined to laugh him out of his Methodist ways. So as soon as it was day all the neighbours were told of it, and, as was to be expected, the devil found plenty of workers to try and pick up the good seed, tread it under foot, or

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sow thorns and tares with it. But all in vain, the holy watchers were there; the Divine work was begun, and none could stop or destroy it.

The barber now sought the minister who had been the unconscious means of his awakening. It seemed as if the wounded soul had been so deeply stricken that life would hardly survive; but the balm of the Gospel cured the wound, and God's remedy proved again, as it always will and must, sufficient. After a long and bitter struggle, for Satan brought all his sins to remembrance and so sought to plunge him into the depths of despair, he found peace; but not till after, like many others, he had tried in vain to make himself fit for God, instead of looking to Jesus through the Holy Spirit's power, and after each vain attempt had found himself no nearer to God and no better. At last, in child-like confidence and love, he looked to, and sought from Jesus, that repentance and faith which the Saviour is exalted to heaven to give to sinful man.

Now a new difficulty arose, not to oppose so much as to try the nature and character of his religion. He was a barber, and his wife kept a little general shop, and the principal part of their custom was done on the Lord's day. This inconsistency was now pointed out to him, and that as a Christian he could not serve God and Mammon. God's command is "Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath-day"—the whole, not part of it; he must not, like Ananias and Sapphira, pretend to give himself to God, and yet keep back part of the price in his hands. He pleaded at first that Sunday was his best day, that if he closed he should lose most of his best customers, for that where they went on the Sunday they would go in the week. "Well, sir," he said to me in conclusion, "give me a week to think over it, and then I will let you know for certain."

"Yes," was the reply, "and during the week I want you to join with me, every morning and evening at a fixed time, to pray to God to give you a right judgment. We will both of us, apart in our homes, plead that you may have grace to bear faithful witness for Him."

At the end of the week he called—and the smile with which he greeted me instantly dispelled any doubts which may have lingered in my mind. He put in my hand a printed paper.

"This shop closed on the Lord's Day."

Without speaking a word our impulse was to kneel down and thank God for the strength given him and to ask for more grace, according to his day. When we came to that portion of our Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," he quite broke down.

There was now another obstacle in his way. He has been accustomed to keep a lot of vile publications in his shop for the customers to read while waiting for his services. These, it was pointed out to him, must be done away with, as they were doing the devil's work. I offered to supply him with religious papers and tracts in their place.

"But some one will tear them up, I am sure!"

"No! I will have my name put on them and lend them to you."

Not one tract was ever destroyed, and, more than that, they were not only diligently read, but many of the men often asked him to let them take them home to read, or for their children to read to them, and on every Saturday night his shop was cleared out of tracts to be read at home on Sundays. Oh, how good, how wonderful God's love and power!—this poor lost sinner so wonderfully called and found by the Good Shepherd, and then so tenderly cared and provided for! All difficulties were removed one after another—the business, like the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil, being just enough for the day; and, better still, the wife's heart began to melt—at least, all her opposition to religion was overcome. She accompanied her husband to the house of prayer, and the children were sent to the Sunday-school.

Some four years had passed, when, being in want of a Sunday Scripture-reader, I asked our friend how he was getting on in his business.

"Not very bright," was his answer, "but we manage to make both ends meet, and that is far more than I deserve. The Lord will provide."

The appointment with a salary of 10*l.* a year was then offered to him, and great was his joy at the way the relief came. Twelve months more had nearly passed, which he faithfully occupied with his sacred duties, when, on coming as usual to render his weekly report, and to receive further directions, in a slow and embarrassed manner, he said, "Please, sir, at the end of the year, I want to give up the Sunday Scripture-readership!"

"What, you are not tired of the work I hope?"

"Oh no. I love it more and more, and I mean to go on with it—but cannot take any money for it. God has so blessed me, and my business is so increased that I am going to take a larger shop."

In vain I urged that the labourer was worthy of his hire; his only answer was, "My Saviour's commandment is, 'Freely ye have received, freely give;' and all I can say is, if I find my business not as successful as I expect and need, then I will take the pay again."

The business, however, did not fail—and the Sunday work for God went on for many years, and was owned and blessed of God among his neighbours. His wife became a converted woman, and his children were brought up in the ways of the Lord. For upwards of twenty years he walked with God, and then his Master took him home.

The closing scene was very characteristic. He never could forget the bell; it was not what musical ears would call a good-toned bell, but to him there was none like it. His last earthly Sabbath arrived, and as he lay in bed, it began calling for evening worship.

"Anne, dear, open the window; I want to hear the bell again? Yes," he said, "still the dear old call, 'Come! Come! Come!' Lord Jesus, make many more poor sinners hear and obey its call. I shall never hear its call again," he said as the bell stopped. "Now come and read to me some of the blessed calls of Jesus?"

His wife repeated the text, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world" (Matt. xxv. 34).

"Yes," he replied, "that is a call from heaven's bell, to worship in the heavenly temple. Thank God I have heard it. Read me the hymn:

> "I heard the voice of Jesus say,
> Come unto Me, and rest;
> Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
> Thy head upon My breast."

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"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star and Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done."

"True," he replied, "my travelling days are done. Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. Now let me lie down; I feel sleepy." The pillows were comfortably placed; a smile and "Thank you, dear," told of the perfect peace within; and soon the watchers heard him softly saying, "Come! Come! Come!" And before the worshippers had left the earthly temple, he had entered into rest.

F. B.

SLEEP.

A LETTER under the above heading appeared in the "Times" newspaper some months since, and it was followed by another from a second correspondent, who further confirmed the suggestion made in the first one, of a cure for sleeplessness.

The subject is one of very great importance to almost every person at some time or other, and as I have since tried the remedy myself over and over again, with almost unvarying success, I think it cannot but be well to make it further known as widely as one can.

For, as no one thing in our whole nature is more wonderful and mysterious than sleep, so neither is any other such a relief to those who may be lying under one or other of the "numerous ills our flesh is heir to," whether to the sick or the wearied in body or in mind.

How often does the worn-out sufferer toss on his uneasy pillow, and exclaim in thought, in the words of the great poet: "O gentle Sleep, how have I frighted thee!" or, again, in the still more striking words of sacred Scripture, which always speak to us in a way that no other words do, "When it is evening, Would God it were morning; and when it is morning, Would God it were evening."

It is, indeed, a good gift of God, and a most merciful one, and we know it to be so, and thank Him for it. "He giveth his beloved sleep." If it were not so, a Divine gift from Heaven, as it is, we might well be ready to say, with the faithful armour-bearer of the knight-errant of La Mancha, "Blessings on the man who first invented sleep."

The letters I have referred to were stated to have arisen out of a discussion that had been carried on as to the best means of procuring sleep when wanted, and the writers recommended the following plan: "To keep on drawing a long tranquil breath up and down, as we see persons do in a deep sleep, and at the same time to fix the thought on some one subject, an agreeable one as far as possible, such as a few words of Holy Scripture, two or three, or even one." A like thought is set before us in the well-

"If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with Heavenly thoughts supply."

Then, it is well to endeavour, if one may say so, to let the mind think about nothing at all. Both of these require an effort, and a continuous one, as will be found to be the case, and it is possible that this very exertion may have something to do with the gaining the desired result.

Of course it is not to be supposed that the plan should invariably succeed, as, for instance, in the case of very great pain or suffering, or when perhaps sufficient sleep may have already been had for what nature requires; but I can say I have repeatedly tried the experiment since I first saw it mentioned in the "Times," and have found it to answer most successfully.

It seems to act something in the way of a rocking-chair, with a sort of soothing effect, or as a cradle to a child which it so soon puts to sleep.

The more confidence that is acquired in it as a remedy, the more efficacious it will naturally be.

The "soft dews of kindly sleep" will be found, for the most part, to come down on the "wearied eyelids" without observation, and then, how often a "consummation most devoutly to be wished," to "steep the senses in forgetfulness."

F. O. MORRIS.

Water Lilies.

IN the quiet summer shadows, by the water hushed and deep,
We sat dreaming in the silence while the world was half asleep.

Not a zephyr stirred the rushes where the lake was still and cool,
And the lilies gleamed like moonlight in the darkness of the pool.

We were worn with life, and wearied by its secret strain and fret,
Sick to death of sad remembrance, striving vainly to forget.

And we sighed for wasted moments, for the good wine basely spilled,
For the sweet flowers left untended, and the bright hopes unfulfilled.

And we thought of youth's fair morning with its gladness calm and sweet,
When our hearts were fresh and stainless as the lilies at our feet.

Would to God that all the whiteness of our childhood had been kept!
Humbled, bowed to earth with sorrow, in the summer shade we wept.

Yet upon the darkened spirits flashed a ray of living light,
And a voice said through the silence, "They shall walk with me in white."

Ay, the Father's gifts are ready for the children of His love,
And the lily robes are waiting for His ransomed ones above.

In the glory of His presence we shall stand exceeding fair,
And our souls shall be as spotless as the garments that we wear.

Purer, fairer than the lilies shall His own be in His sight,
When the new earth smiles around them, and "they walk with Him in white!"

SARAH DOUDNEY.


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OLD MRS. BARRON.

CHAPTER X.—POLLY AND PRISCILLA.



THE SEARCH.

JUST as they were beginning to prepare for the long-promised visit from Mr. and Mrs. Westwood, who were this year stationed within reasonable visiting distance, there came a letter telling them of the severe, and it was to be feared dangerous, illness of Mr. Westwood.

As they had not been at first sure of the nature of the illness, it was said, Polly and Frank had been sent to stay a while at the house of a friend; but the second letter said they were to return home at once, as danger of infection was no longer apprehended. Mr. Westwood was, however, no better; and Priscilla had been sent for, as they were beginning to fear that her brother was going to die.

All this caused Mrs. Barron much sorrow for her daughter's sake, and for the sake of the lads who might be left fatherless, and anxious days and nights passed which she was not now able to get through without showing the strain upon her. She was, therefore, less able, both in mind and body, to meet unmoved her own peculiar trouble, which sprang out of theirs.

Of this trouble she need never have heard till it was well over, if it had not been for a mistake of Antony's. He came into his mother's room with a grave face which his grandmother did not see, but which made his mother cry out,

"What is it, Antoine? Is any one hurt? Where is thy father?"

"It is nothing, mamma. No one is hurt. My father is in the kitchen talking with Mrs. Conway."

But his mother saw that he kept his face turned away from his grandmother, and went out without a word to her, which was not his way.

"Something is wrong," said she fretfully. "And Justine is gone out; and no one will come near us for ever so long. Oh dear! What can it be?"

"My dear, if there had been anything wrong why should he not have told us?" said Mrs. Barron, soothingly.

"Why? Why? I cannot tell why. But what should make him look so white and scared if nothing is wrong?"

"Did he look white and scared? I did not notice. But don't fret, or your head will be bad again. We'll hear in time. Nay, lie still, and I will go and see."

And with much labour and some misgiving she prepared to take her first journey with no other help than her crutches. She moved slowly and warily down the long passage, and then she saw the grave faces of her son and Matthew Conway.

"Is anything wrong?" said she, and then she heard a cry, and saw the face of Priscilla Westwood, white and troubled, as she had never seen it before. "Is it your brother? Is it Isa?" asked Mrs. Barron with a sinking heart.

No. Isa was well, and her husband at least no worse.

"I will sit down," said the old lady, faintly. "Is it—my Polly?"

It was Polly. She was not ill; it was worse than that her grandmother thought for a moment. She was lost. For a night and a day no one had seen or heard of Polly; and up to the time of Priscilla's leaving her brother's house—where she

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had only stayed for a few minutes—only a single trace of the child had been found.

It seemed that she had set out with Frank and the young people of the house where they were staying to go up the mountain to the maple woods, where preparations for sugar-making were going on. But Polly never reached the woods. When they had passed round the end of the mountain at a height from which the level on the other side could be seen, she lingered looking down upon the nearest farmhouse which stood upon the slope.

"I have been here before, Frank—in summer," said she.

Frank laughed at her first, and then reproved her for saying what could not possibly be true. But Polly insisted that she had been there with "Papa Beau;" that they had picked up apples under a tree that hung over the fence by the wayside; that they had gone into the house, and a kind old lady had given her a drink of milk and two cakes with a hole in the middle.

"And then we went straight home through the woods and over the fields to grandmother. I could go now all by myself; and I will, too, some day," said Polly defiantly, angry at the laughter and the refusal to believe her story.

And then the young people had separated into two parties as they went higher up, and each party supposed that Polly was with the other, till they came together again, and then they pleased themselves thinking she must have gone back to the house. But they did not find her there, nor at Mrs. Westwood's, nor any trace of her till someone remembered the house where she had said the old lady had given her the milk and the cakes, and then Priscilla, who had travelled all night and reached her brother's house in the early morning, went there to inquire.

Polly's story about the cakes and the milk was quite true. The old lady of the house remembered distinctly the pretty brown child who had come to the door to ask for some apples that had fallen on the road. A servant of the house told of the little girl who had come to the door the day before to leave a message, to give to any one who asked about her, that she had gone to see her grandmother. The old lady had not seen her, but there was little doubt but it was Polly; and so Priscilla and Frank had set out at daybreak, and had spent the day upon the road, making inquiries at many homes as they passed.

But no trace of her had they found, and, fearing to alarm their grandmother, they had gone to Mr. Conway's to hear whether or not the child had come home. There Priscilla had left Frank and the tired horse to rest, and had come with Matthew, hoping to see the child.

But Polly had not come, as how indeed could such a child make such a journey alone? was the thought in the heart of each. But one said there were always people travelling on the road who would give her a lift, and another said that no one could fail to be kind and helpful to such a little thing, and Antony said hopefully, "She may be in at any moment, grandmother."

"If she took the right road," said Justine.

"And even if she did not she is safe enough. Only it may be a little longer before she gets home," said Mr. Conway.

Mrs. Barron listened, looking from one to another without a word.

"Grandmother, there is no likelihood of any harm coming to Polly. You must not fear," said Antony.

"There is no chance about it, I know well," said grandmother.

Priscilla had been kneeling by Mrs. Barron's side with her face hidden on her lap.

"Grandmother," said she looking up, "Polly is safe. You need not fear."

"Yes, dear, quite safe in God's hands wherever she may be, and though I should never see her again. Oh! my Polly."

She broke down at this, and the tears rushed to Priscilla's eyes, as she saw her working face, but it only lasted for a minute.

"My dear," said she, "you are very tired, you must have some tea, and go to your bed."

But Priscilla had taken tea at Mrs. Conway's, and she must, when their horse had rested for an hour or two, set out for home again.

"I have not seen my brother yet, and—" Priscilla paused, but added in a minute, "I think if it be possible I must go to-night."

"It is te possible," said Matthew promptly; "you can reach St.—— in time to take the midnight train if no time is lost. It will be easier and quicker than driving, and Frank can return by himself to-morrow."

Mr. Barron had left the room at the call of his wife, and it seemed natural and right enough for Mr. Conway to take this matter into his own hands.



FOUND.

In two minutes his horse and sleigh were at the door, and Priscilla asked no questions, but bade her old friend good-bye and went with him.

"It is better to wait an hour at the station than to be a single minute too late," said he.

It was a clear moonlight night, and the frost which had come at sunset had helped the roads, and they got over the ground with greater ease because of that.

"If you could fall asleep for a little it would be a good thing," said Matthew, and there was little else said.

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Priscilla had no thought of falling asleep, but in a little while her head fell over on Matthew's shoulder, and did not move again till they stopped at the station.

"I slept none last night—I was very tired," said she excusing herself.

"And though we are early there is not time enough to make it worth while for you to try to sleep here," said Matthew.

He left her in the waiting-room till he should see his horse cared for, and when he returned she was standing at the door. The heat and closeness of the room did not suit her, so they walked up and down together.

"Do you remember the last time we were here?" said Matthew; and if he had known Priscilla's thoughts he might have said more, but neither spoke till the signal was given that the train was at hand. Then Priscilla held out her hand.

"Now I must say good-bye. I cannot thank you."

"There is no need of thanks, or of good-bye, either. I am going with you." But he did not let go her hand. "Did you think I would leave you to reach A—— alone, with more than a mile between the station and your brother's house?"

"And I don't even know the way."

"We'll find it together," said Matthew, with a rather uncertain laugh.

Then he told her that it had been arranged before they left that he should go on with her and try to find some trace of Polly near home, as it seemed impossible that a child like her should have gone very far from home alone. Antony was to come with Frank by the river road, and surely Polly would be found in the course of the day. Then few more words were spoken till they reached A——, when Matthew went to inquire if a sleigh could be got to take them to Mr. Westwood's.

The sleepy porter whom he addressed opened his eyes wide enough before he answered.

"But the minister is sick, and they are in trouble about a child they have lost. And if it's anything very particular you had better go on to the other one, farther up the street," said he, with a nod and a glance at Priscilla, who stood at a little distance.

Matthew shook his head with a rueful smile.

"Oh, well, all in good time, I suppose," said the friendly porter.

"Yes, with God's help," said Matthew, in his heart.

They walked on together in the dawning light of the fair March morning, with many thoughts, but few words spoken. Priscilla faltered a little as they waited at the door.

"Oh, Matthew!" she said, holding out her hand.

He knew that she was thinking of her brother, and her fears for him.

"Priscilla, he is in God's hand," was all he could say, and then the door opened, and Mrs. Westwood's face white and weary, but glad smiled on them.

"He is sleeping. He has a chance now, the doctor hopes," she said. "And Polly? And my mother?"

And Matthew answered hopefully,

"We have not found her, but there is not a chance but in one way or other we shall hear of her to-day."

They did not hear, however, nor did Antony and Frank bring any word of her, though they had made inquiries at many places as they came on their way.

And so through another night and day, and still another and another, Mrs. Barron sat waiting. She waited quietly and hopefully. It was beyond belief that a child should be lost in the open day in a quiet country place. She must be safe in somebody's house, kept and cared for, till she could be sent home. News did not travel fast through the country, especially now that the winter roads were breaking up, and few people were coming or going. There was a chance that it might be days yet before they should hear; but as to the child's being brought safe home in time, that was not to be doubted. She said all this to herself, and others said it to her. She prayed for help that she might wait with patience till the child came, and help was doubtless given. For Mrs. Peter from her bed, and Justine, as she went out and in, watched her wondering.

But there were times when she could not but dwell painfully on the saddest possibilities of the case. If Polly had really been at that place with her father, as she said, they must have come home as Beauchamp's fashion was, "as the crow flies." And in that way, at this time of the year, there were streams on which the ice was breaking up, and wide fields half under water, and stretches of snow-encumbered wood. And if the child, courageous and foolish, had tried to come that way, where might she be now, and how could she ever get home?

There was but one refuge from such thoughts and fears, and she found it, and hoping and fearing by turns, she yet firmly believed that God cared for both the child and her, and however this trial might end, she sought more than all things to be able to say "Thy will be done."

Yet the suspense was trying, and told upon her. She got through the days by keeping steadily to the routine into which she had fallen since Mrs. Peter's illness. She came into her room, not quite so early as usual, but always in the course of the morning, and spoke a few kind words about how the invalid had passed the night, and how she was to-day, how she relished her breakfast, and what she would like for her dinner, and so on, in the way which is pleasing to one who has been long ill, and who is a little exacting.

Then she read to herself from the Book, and knitted a little—it was a stocking for Polly that was her work—and if her hands fell oftener on her lap than usual, and if her face grew troubled and anxious as she sat gazing over the fields growing bare, to the breaking ice of the river, her voice when she spoke was as gentle and cheerful as though no care sat heavy at her heart.

"You will be sorry that you ever sent her away if she should never come home again," said Mrs. Peter, curiously desirous to know just what were the thoughts passing through "old madame's" mind.

"I did it for the best. The child is in God's hands," answered she quietly, but a sudden paleness passed over her face.

"If she has kept to the main road, she will be all right. Some one will bring her after a while," said Mrs. Peter. She too was thinking of the breaking ice and the snowy woods, and the long wandering of the little weary feet. When she looked up, she saw that the old lady's eyes were closed, and that her head had drooped upon her breast. She was sorry for her, but she was curious too. She had more to say, and she wanted to hear more.

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her in the fields. Or she might come upon a sugar camp, only I don't think there is much sugar made between here and A—— now."

"She is in God's hands, and she is safe there," said Mrs. Barron. The colour had come back to her face, and she took up her knitting again.

"Yes—I suppose so. But you know it is possible that she may never come back. Even her body might not be found. The ice—and the freshets——"

Even Mrs. Peter could not say more than that, and the old lady repeated,

"She is in God's hands. I can trust Him with my child."

"Yes, as long as you feel pretty sure that she will be home by-and-bye. But if she never should come home, could you trust Him then? It would be pretty dark then, would it not?"

"Ay, it would be dark. But it is in the dark that we must trust Him. My dear, we may manage for a while without Him, when all is going well with us. But in the utter darkness, what can we do but trust?"

The rest of the day passed slowly, and she could not but grow faint-hearted at the prospect of another long silent night.

"Justine," said she at last, "I feel strangely spent and weary. You will need to help me to my bed again."

But it was not Justine's hand that opened the door, or Justine's footstep that crossed the floor. A glad tired voice said,

"I'm come home again, grandmother; are you glad?"

Mrs. Barron never uttered a word of welcome, but she clasped the child and held her close.

"Oh! my God I thank thee," she repeated many times, not knowing that she was saying the words aloud or that Mrs. Peter was listening and looking on with tears in her eyes.

After a time she discovered that the child was dropping asleep in her arms, and this could not be permitted till she was undressed and bathed.

"And then you may go to sleep in your grandmother's bed; and a very good thing too for all concerned," said Justine, as the child half resisted and half yielded to the gentle force that was needed to rouse her.

"And where have you been all this time? And who found you?" asked Mrs. Peter, laying her hands on her and detaining her till her question should be answered.

"No one found me. I have not been lost, aunt Peter."

"Well, several people have been looking for you all the same. It is well that you are come safe home at last."

"Oh yes. I am very glad; are not you glad, grandmother?"

"Oh! yes, I am very glad to see you."

Her grandmother would have been glad to do all for the child, but her hands trembled, and strings and buttons were beyond her power for the moment, so she could only sit still and look on joyfully, understanding now, by the blessedness of the relief, how terrible had been the time of waiting.

Had she murmured? she asked herself; had she been angry or distrustful? She could not well listening for the child's voice to break the stillness of the long night, with the sickening fear at her heart that she might never hear it again, even then she had held fast the Hand which is pledged to hold, and to guide, and to keep safe to the end. "And now, how shall I ever praise Him enough for his goodness?"

Refreshed by her bath and her tea, Polly would have had much to say about her adventures she had met with on her journey, if her grandmother would have permitted it. But she was sent to bed at once without even seeing Phil or her uncle. And then all were warned that not much was to be said to the child about what she had done. Above all, she was not to be listened to with admiration or astonishment as though she were deserving of praise for the courage or for the success that had attended her expedition.

"It might have ended very differently," said her grandmother with a shudder, "and by-and-bye I must try and make her see how wrong and foolish she has been. Now I am too thankful and too glad to be able to say what must be said."

GENTLEWOMEN'S SELF-HELP CHARITIES.

AMONG the many charities of our day there is one class which deserves to be better known and supported. The object of the "Gentlewomen's Self-help Institute" and similar agencies is to enable poor ladies to eke out their means of subsistence, and so save themselves from absolute destitution and the workhouse. Unhappily there are too many of this class on the very verge of pauperism. The widows and daughters and sisters of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and other professional men, as well as of naval and military officers, through the death of their natural protectors, or through other calamities, find themselves suddenly reduced from comfort, if not affluence, to poverty and want. If they have no relatives or friends able and willing to help them, there is no prospect but sinking to the lowest stages of pauperism. Their previous training and habits of life render them specially helpless, being unfit for hard labour, and sensitively shrinking from the disgrace of open mendicancy.

Every now and then some sad case comes to light, where the hard struggle has ended in death from illness or starvation. Public sympathy is aroused, and survivors are generously relieved. But for one case thus made public there are multitudes hidden and unknown. Instead of waiting to hear of extreme or tragic events, it occurred to some kind and thoughtful philanthropists to establish a society for helping poor ladies, not by mere almsgiving, but by providing means whereby they might turn their education or accomplishments to account, and thus be assisted without sacrificing the spirit of honourable independence. Charity is thus dispensed in the best way, by helping the poor to help themselves.

Such agencies benefit the poor ladies in ways which they could not arrange for themselves without such

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aid. In the first place an office is provided for the business connected with the agency. The working members bring to this place the articles for sale, consisting of needlework of every kind, plain or ornamental, children's clothes, doll's clothes, embroidery, lace, wool-work, etc., as well as paintings in oil or water-colours, wood-carving, and objects of various departments of art. Orders are received at the office for plain and fancy work, which is sure to be promptly executed at moderate charges. Translations in various languages, music copying, photograph colouring, and miscellaneous works suited for ladies are undertaken. If necessary, the materials are provided in advance, as many are so poor that they could not provide them. There is also a registry for governesses, companions, and similar situations, a department which might be usefully extended.

In order to become a working member it is necessary, on applying to the secretary, to be provided with two letters of recommendation (one from a clergyman or minister preferred) testifying to the circumstances of the case. A small registration fee is also required on entering names, and on obtaining a situation.

In the classified "Directory of London Charities" the names and addresses will be found of various institutions of a kindred kind: such as the Ladies' Work Society, in Sloane Street, and the Depôt for the Sale of Ladies' Work in Duke Street, Manchester Square. We believe that there are also local agencies, managed by committees of ladies, in different parts of London, one of which, in the North-west district, has an annual bazaar at the Eyre Arms, producing some hundreds of pounds by the sale of work. The expenses of the bazaar are met by the admission fees. The Hon. Sec. is Mrs. H. W. Ellis, 197, Maida Vale. There is also a benevolent Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, office, 22, Berners Street, of which Lord Shaftesbury is president; but this finds openings for, and gives assistance to nurses, saleswomen, apprentices, and others of different training from those benefited by the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute, which endeavours to restrict its benefits to the attested cases admitted to membership, on recommendation as needing and deserving help.

If any one, approving of this kind of agency, asks how help may be given, here are several ways. Donations or annual subscriptions are thankfully received and well employed. A subscription of a guinea entitles to have one working member's name on the books, and more for each guinea subscribed. Purchasers of work are invited, there being always many articles for sale at the office. Orders for work being executed are specially welcome. Applications for governesses or companions are invited, there being always many waiting for such situations. Gifts of materials, and also of clothes, new or cast off, will be gratefully received, some of the poor ladies needing clothing which they cannot purchase. If some of the ladies who carelessly give away their slightly worn dresses to their maids—too often by them sold for a trifle to dealers in old clothes—would send them to the Institution, they would be far better bestowed in charity.

We ought to mention that the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute * is open to all who are poor and needy. And to show the thoughtful kindness of its managers, not only is personal advice as to work readily given at the office, but several medical men offer to give professional advice free of charge to those who may be afflicted as well as poor.

In looking over the last report we observe that the payments received by members amounted to 863*l.* 2*s.*, of which nearly 500*l.* was for work done to order, and the remainder for articles sold at the office. This sum, it must be remembered, only represents what is paid at the Institute; besides which are the earnings from situations as governesses, and companions, in houses of business, and for work done in private houses. In 1876 the amount received for work was 1,684*l.*, nearly double what it was last year, the depression of the time having made itself felt. We notice very few clergymen among the subscribers, probably because they have so many calls on their charity; but this is a matter which might with special fitness be brought before the ladies of wealthy congregations, many of whom would gladly contribute to a public collection for their less fortunate sisters.

* In proof of the wide spirit of charity, we give a few of the names appearing as patronesses or managers: The Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Westminster, the Dowager Countess of Galloway, the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, Mrs. Dudley Baxter, Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Burdon Sanderson. Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., is the treasurer, and Miss M. G. Lupton, of 124, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, the secretary. The office is at 15 Baker Street, W.

Self-Surrender.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLTERSDORFS, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TEACH me, O Lord, in quiet trust
On Thee alone to rest;
Destroy this self-activity
Which governs in my breast,
If over all Thy Spirit reign
My labour cannot be in vain.

Oh, could I all the changing day,
Through each successive hour,
Retain upon my softened heart
The impress of Thy power,
On all I said Thy seal would rest,
And e'en my silence would be blest.

Anointed Saviour, on Thy child
Pour out Thy holy oil;
So shall Thy servant, strong in faith,
Perform the daily toil;
For if I dwell in Thee, the Vine,
The fruit I bear must all be Thine.

If from the work Thou once hast owned
Thou should'st withdraw Thy hand,
In vain would be my best attempts
To make the building stand.
The strength, the might is not our own;
Thine is the power and Thine alone.

Henceforth, to my unstable heart
No longer will I trust;
The airy towers of earthly hope
Are crumbling to the dust.
Amen, O Lord, so let them fall,
For thou remainest all in all!

M. E. B.

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A SERMON FOR THE YOUNG.

BY J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

JABEZ.

"And Jabez was more honourable than his brethren: and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, Because I bare him with sorrow. And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested."—1 *Chron.* iv. 9, 10.

THIS is a curious history of an Israelite. It occurs in the midst of chapters full of nothing but names. It is like a flower we come upon unexpectedly, growing amid barren rocks, or a little bit of golden cloud appearing in a dull, dreary sky.

These two verses contain all that we know about Jabez. He is never again spoken of in the Bible. That streak of golden light is only seen for a moment, and then vanishes.

There is a tradition among the Jews that he was famous for his wisdom, and that he was the founder of a school of learning. I think there can be less doubt that he was one of the warriors of his age. Thus we can think of him both as a sage and a hero.

The first glimpse our text gives of this warrior Jew is when he was yet a child in his cradle.

When a little infant is born into the world, the mother is generally very, very happy. But, unlike most parents, the mother of Jabez was not thus joyful at his birth. We cannot tell why she was sad. Some suppose it was because her husband had recently died, and left her a widow (as his father's name is not mentioned). Whatever the reason be, when the friends were gathered (as the custom was, at the time of giving the child its name), instead of choosing a joyful one, she said "Call him *Jabez*," a word which means "sorrowful." Why, you may ask, did she do so? I cannot exactly tell. Perhaps she would picture her little son growing up without a father's care and protection. The future would look very dreary to her; and she would think her dear boy as well as herself would have nothing but "sorrow" in their future lives; that without a stronger arm to lean upon he would only be a thought and anxiety to her. But how different did he turn out! His elder brothers were "honourable," but the text tells us, he became "more honourable" than they. If you ask me again, what that means, I would say he grew up to be, what we call "a better" man than any of them. Her fears and sadness were groundless. He became a comfort to her and the pride of the family,—an Israelite indeed, "strong in faith, giving glory to God." This surely teaches us that people, old and young, often make sorrows for themselves, when they ought not.

Now, in speaking to you about Jabez, I would say these four things, and ask you to remember them.

I. He was a *humble* man. It is beautiful to be humble.

II. He was a *great* man. It is well to be great.

III. He was a *kind* man. It is better to be kind.

IV. He was a *good* man. It is best of all to be good.

I. He was a *humble* man. Shall I tell you how I think he was humble? He did not say, "I am a great warrior; I am very brave; I am very powerful. No fear of me; with this strong arm of mine, and this strong sword of mine, and this glittering spear of mine, I am sure to beat down my enemies, and make myself a great name." No; all his trust is in God; he looks to Him alone. Count up how often the word "Thou" occurs in Jabez' prayer: "Oh that *Thou* wouldest bless me indeed." "Oh that *Thou* wouldest enlarge my coast," "that *Thine* hand might be with me, and that *Thou* wouldest keep me from evil." Ah, it is beautiful in any one, especially was it in a great warrior, to be thus humble. It reminds me of another soldier-king of Judah; who, notwithstanding all his might, was very meek in spirit, and depended solely on God for his success. "We have no might," said Jehoshaphat (though he had nearly a million of fighting men), "against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee" (2 Chron. xx. 12). We read indeed in another place that "his heart was lifted up;" but it was a beautiful lifting up that. The heart is generally lifted up with pride; but not so in the case of Jehoshaphat: "He had riches and honours in abundance, and his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord!" (2 Chron. xvii. 5, 6).

So, too, would it seem to be with Jabez. Let us seek to be humble. God is said to "resist the proud," as He did Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib, and Herod, and many others. Jesus, though He was the Mightiest of all beings, mightier and wiser and stronger than all kings and princes and warriors and wise men together, yet how humble! He condescended to be a little, lowly manger-born Child, and to toil for his daily bread in a workshop in Nazareth. He selected humble fishermen for his companions. He even washed their dust-stained feet, and "wiped them with the towel wherewith He was girded" (John xii. 5).

II. Jabez was a *great* man. I have said it is well to be great. It is well to be great as Jabez was, when he sought with his wisdom and power and bravery alike to serve Israel and the God of Israel. Many great men have done honour to their time and country in delivering the oppressed, relieving the suffering, striking off the iron fetter from the slave, writing noble books, perhaps discovering truths in science which have made the world wiser, and better, and happier. Jabez lived in a very stormy and warlike age; not in such happy, peaceful days, or in such a happy, peaceful country as ours is. It is thought that he became famous by driving out the wicked and cruel Canaanites from the land; the savage tribes that lived along the sea-coast of Palestine. In this he obeyed the will of God, who

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had told Joshua to do so long before. But Joshua had not fully obeyed God's commands, and the result was that these borderers continued for hundreds of years a great trouble to Israel. They are spoken of as "thorns in their eyes, and goads in their sides." Now Jabez seems to have made it his prayer that God would help him to do what his father and elder brothers had failed to do. He said, "Oh, that Thou wouldest enlarge my coast!" He desired to have the temples of Baal and Ashtaroth and Dagon laid in ashes, and the worship of the true God set up in their stead, and thus enable all the true to dwell safely under their vines and fig-trees. He fought in God's strength, and gained the victory, and, doubtless, in the eyes of his fellow Israelites he would be deemed a "great man."

I hope none of you will be foolish enough to think that greatness, in itself, will make you happy. No, you might be as powerful as Alexander, and wise as Solon, and rich as Crœsus, and yet not have true, real enjoyment. You may, perhaps, remember that to King Solomon God gave all the three coveted things I have mentioned. One man might say, "I have wisdom, but I have no money"; another man might say, "I have money, but no wisdom"; another might say, "I have both wisdom and money, but no power." God said, "I will make a trial, by giving the whole together to the son of David; and even more than the three. I will confer upon him wealth, beauty of person, vast empire, great wisdom, unbounded power. I will allow him to erect a grand palace, with terraced gardens. He shall have no end of servants, and horses, and chariots. I will furnish also his mind nobly, so that he will be able to enjoy music, and singing, and poetry, and to understand science, and books, and all learning." The Almighty thus poured whatever could be called great into one brimming cup. As if He had said, "Here, O much favoured man; take thy fill!" Or as if He had told him to take a ship and sail round the coasts of all the world, and gather into one goodly freight everything that the earth could give. He did so; and a splendid ship it was; its helm inlaid with gold; its cabins hung with Tyrian purple; its crew clad in spangled attire. So the ship weighed anchor, and set out on her wondrous cruise. She gathered, for her kingly owner, gems and corals from the Red Sea, perfumes from the Arabian coast, pearls from the Indian Ocean, rarest birds of lovely plumage for his gardens and aviaries, gold without stint from the mines of Ophir. When the gallant vessel returned to the old port of Joppa, and all its varied contents were carried on the backs of camels and horses to Jerusalem, you will say, "What a happy man this Solomon will be with such wondrous treasures! His royal residence will surely be like another Eden. No wonder he has so many 'singing men and singing women' in his palaces, for there can be nothing but joy and abundance there."

We know how different it was. Let us hear his own account of it. He wrote a whole book in the Bible for the purpose of teaching that these things in themselves cannot, and will not give true happiness; that if the man who has them does not enjoy God's favour, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." A Greater than Solomon says, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." If you read the book which I refer to—the Book of Ecclesiastes—which gives a description of this voyage, you will find "the conclusion of the whole matter" in its closing words: "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man" (Eccles. xii. 13). "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the *wise* man glory in his wisdom, neither let the *mighty* man glory in his might, let not the *rich* man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment and righteousness, for in these things I delight, saith the Lord God" (Jer. ix. 24, 25).

Now, do not go away and say, or imagine, that I told you you must not be wise, you must not be great, you must not be rich. All I again aver is, that these *in themselves* will never make you happy. They will only be like the rainbow, which, as you see it resting on the mountain side or spanning the valley, seems a bright, beautiful arc made of gems and gold, whereas in a few minutes it has melted from sight. It is when you have your eye upon God and upon heaven you can truly say, "The gold of that land is good" (Gen. ii. 12).

III. Jabez was a *kind* man. This I have said was better than to be great. He was kind I think, among other things, in that he loved his mother. We have seen there was something "sorrowful" about his birth (that being the meaning of his name); but he grew up to be a good boy, a special comfort to her, and a pattern to his older brothers. Then, I can well believe when he was in the camp with his men, he would be held in honour by them. If they were in danger, he would relieve them; if they were in battle, he would cheer them. If he was a support to his mother and kind to her, he would be kind to everybody. My dear young friends, love your parents. If they have been kind to you, try to be kind to them. Think of all they have done for you: how they have watched you in your cradles, and tended you in sickness, and soothed you in pain. You will best reward them by trying, like Jabez, to be honourable and truthful. Oh may these sad and terrible words never be said of any of you when you grow bigger, "That boy, or that girl, is bringing down their parents' grey hairs in sorrow to the grave!"

IV. This brings me to the last head of the sermon: Jabez was a *good* man. I have said *that* was the best of all. How, you ask, was he good? Well, it is enough to be told one thing about him. He prayed! Oh! is it not beautiful to see this old champion of Israel on his knees, before he girds his armour on? Perhaps he is close to his tent with his stalwart troops around him, as he kneels by the altar of rough stones, saying, as Moses said, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not hence." "Arise, O Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered!" Yes, like a bird with bright heavenly plumage, Jabez builds his nest in the topmost branches of the tree of God, and warbles some sweet notes, which have come down the ages to cheer and guide—aye, and to rebuke us, when we think of his lofty faith and piety as compared to our own. Let us hear him, just once more, singing his song, and praying his prayer. Here it is: "And Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest

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keep me from evil that it may not grieve me!" Tell me, am I not right in saying, that if it be well to be humble, and good, and great, it is better to be kind, and best to be pious?

I trust all whom I now address know what it is to fold their hands in prayer, morning and evening. God does not require long prayers. Jabez's was not a long prayer, but a very short one; a single verse contains the whole. But it was, I am sure you will say, a very earnest as well as a very beautiful prayer. He is so anxious, too, that God would give him just exactly what would be best; and no more. He does not presume to ask for any special blessing, saying, "I wish very much for this or that." He seems afraid lest he might desire what would not be good for him, and what he would be better without. So he only prays, "Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed." Just as if he said: "I might ask, O Lord, in my poor ignorance, for what are not blessings. But Thou knowest what is really best for me. Oh bless me with these, and then I shall be blest indeed; and even in what Thou takest away, I shall believe there is a blessing too!" And, when he further requests that God would be with him and keep him from evil, he adds— "that it may not grieve me." He knew that if he sinned against God, his conscience would be grieved, and he would become very unhappy. So the last words of his prayer, are: "Lord, keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me."

God never denies anything to those who thus pray to Him with sincere and earnest hearts; whether it be a warrior serving Him, like Jabez in the field, or a youth serving Him at school, or a little child serving Him in the nursery. Accordingly, the verse ends with the simple assurance, "And God granted him that which he requested." We are glad to have these few words added, for we should have been curious to know if the Almighty had answered the petition of this old-world saint and soldier; or whether Jabez had marched against his enemies, not really knowing whether the God of Israel was with him. But the prayer *was* heard. The Hearer of prayer had said to him, as He said to another Jewish hero, "Go, for the Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour." Jabez got the victory over the hosts of the Canaanites; Jehovah had shielded his head in the day of battle!

My young friends, you have not foes such as Jabez had. But you have worse. The Bible tells you of spiritual enemies all around you; and of Satan the great enemy. You can conquer them just in the same way as he conquered his. You can overcome by prayer. Hear the words of another great spiritual warrior, who, like Jabez, too, was eminently humble, and great, and kind, and good. He turns round to you in the midst of the conflict, and says, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand: . . . . praying always with all prayer" (Eph. vi. 13, 18).

May the words of Jabez sound in your ears; make them part of your petitions, as you bend to-night at your bedsides:—

"Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed. Oh that Thou wouldest keep me from all evil and all sin that would be sure to grieve me! I ask not to be made great. But make me humble and kind and good, for Jesus' sake!"

Pages



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grey-headed gentleman

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language. I sometime
muring to himself, but
gibberish to me. Perha
in French to him; he w

The gentleman looke
his hand.

"Will you go, Mabe
could manage a few wo

"Oh, father!" and s
not do it well enough."

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language? Now if on
could have done it so w
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"Afraid to attempt it
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But a bright idea ha

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"Yes, do, darling; t
you can say."

Her French text w
from a French Bible, t
before. It had been so
it was fixed firmly in h
that she could leave he
he had never heard it b

Many eyes were turn
the golden hair, as she
the sun, bursting in at
by her side. Timidly
corner, for had not nur
dent? and she shrank

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must be going through even now, for the eyes were closed, and the mouth drawn as if with pain.

She paused. What if he were dying? The face was very death-like, and he lay there very still. But no; the sound of footsteps, soft and quiet though they were, had caught his ear; the weary eyes opened and fixed their gaze upon the child as she stood beside the bed.

Slowly, very slowly, the gentle little voice repeated the words, "Car Dieu a tellement aimé le monde qu'il a donné son Fils unique, afin que quiconque croit en lui ne périsse point, mais qu'il ait la vie éternelle;" and then she turned away.

Strange that this little girl should have given that message to him, stranger still he had heard those very words before. But where? His memory was clouded, he could not remember. Once more those heavy eyelids closed, for even thought was wearisome.

Another sleepless night of tossings to and fro followed, and more days of suffering, but ever those words were sounding in his ears. Oh! where had he heard them before? Strange, he could not help thinking of them. And then came days when the pain was easier, days of calm and quiet, and the mind, before so clouded, was clear at last. Again, and yet again, that vision seemed to come before him. It was, he thought, a little angel face that had appeared for such a brief moment, and the soft voice kept sounding in his ears the words he could not forget. It was a message to him—a message from God.

At last it came clearly before him: he saw it all. The little church, the old pasteur, and he, a boy, sitting at his father's side listening to the very words that had now been told to him again. He had not heeded them much then, but now he remembered the solemn question put to the little congregation years ago. "If you were to die to-day, should you perish, or have everlasting life?" Of the everlasting life he did not feel sure, for he had been a sinner he knew full well, and what sinner could hope for everlasting life?

Some one had placed a French Bible by his bedside, and in this he read that God was love, that Christ his beloved Son came not to die for the righteous but for sinners, that He would freely bestow forgiveness on all who asked Him, that He had said "Come unto Me." And the sailor prayed. Did ever sinner plead with the Saviour for pardon in vain?

Frequently the sufferer turned his wistful gaze toward the door, long did he watch for the little figure that had stood beside his bed—but she never came again. It so happened that she was called away to another part of the country, to visit some relatives; but that one simple text had done its work: the message she had delivered remained like a seed, to spring up and bear after its kind. When, after some months, she returned home, it was a glad story her father had to tell of the change wrought by these blessed words. The sailor had recovered, and gone forth rejoicing in hope.

F. D. P.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIX.

Spell the name—but not by guessing—
Of a town whose men, 'tis said,'
Gained a well-known monarch's blessing,
By the burial of the dead.

1. Find the name, and take th' initial,
Of the patriarch and the tribe
Whose high call and rank official
By the sceptre we describe.'

2. Next, the psalmist, who the story
Of the wasted vineyard sang,
Where one Branch, made strong in glory,
From the general ruin sprang.

3. Then the man by name selected,
And inspired with heavenly skill,
Who God's curtained house erected,
Which his glorious name should fill.

4. Then, the Ezrahite who chanted
Of God's ancient mercies sure,
To his servant David granted,
And to David's seed secure.

5. Then, who passed the flood of waters,
In whose tents God chose to rest,
Whom all Eber's sons and daughters
Owned as patriarch and as priest?

6. Then, a king whose bright example
Showed to David constant love,
Furthering him who built the temple
To the God who dwells above.

7. Then, a man of war, defiant,
Filling Israel's host with dread;
But a stripling smote the giant,
And deprived him of his head.

8. Then, a son of Abram, father
Of a large and princely race,
Ne'er to be subdued, but rather
Dwelling in their brethren's place?

9. Then, the man whose habitation
Covered many a cruel deed;
Yet the priests of Israel's nation
Were selected from his seed?

10. Then, the youth with Israel reckoned
(Grandson of an Egyptian priest):
'Mid the tribes his brother's second,
His the greatest though the least?

11. Then, a chief from Ner descended,
Captain to the son of Saul;
One whose days in folly ended,
And King David mourned his fall?

12. Last, a youth in Babel nourished,
Sprung from Judah's royal line,
Who in wealth and wisdom flourished,
Fraught with grace and gifts divine?

Now, our finished labour ceasing,
And the city called to view,
Let us seek *our* David's blessing,
And *His* works of mercy do.

W. L.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT KINGS AND GOVERNORS.

Page 559.

1. Tiberius Cæsar . . . . . Luke iii. 1.
   [This question should read, "was baptised."]
2. Pontius Pilate . . . . . Luke iii. 1.
3. Herod . . . . . Luke iii. 1.
4. Pontius Pilate . . . . . Mark xv. 15, etc.
5. Felix . . . . . Acts xxiv. 25.
6. Porcius Festus . . . . . Acts xxiv. 27.
7. Agrippa . . . . . Acts xxv. 13.
8. Festus . . . . . Acts xxvi. 24.
9. Agrippa . . . . . Acts xxvi. 28.
10. Herod . . . . . Acts xii. 1-3.
11. Sergius Paulus . . . . . Acts xiii. 7-12.
12. Publius . . . . . Acts xxviii. 7.

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THE SU



OLD MRS. BARRON.

CHAPTER XI.

POLLY'S adventures had been of a v
place sort. Rough roads, long
rather tiresome tramp at the end, these
After she had left her message at the
the apple-trees grew, she was so fortun
passing at the moment, an old man

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told her that they had come full fifteen miles from A——. He could not give his "old woman" a very clear account of where he had picked up the child, but Polly said it was all right; she was going to see her grandmother, and if she could not go on to-night, to-morrow would do quite well.

And it would have been all right if the old man's house had been on the main road, for then some other passers-by would have taken her on farther, or Priscilla would have heard of her on that first day. But they were not on the main road, and Polly had to wait not one, but two days and nights before she got a chance to go on. And when the chance came, it took her by a strange road, and a little out of her way. So Polly took the management of the matter into her own hands, left another "message," and set out on foot, and reached home tired but glad.

A little talk between her and her grandmother brought out all this, and if Polly had been at all inclined to think that she had done a fine thing in setting out on such a journey alone, she changed her opinion when she heard how much anxiety and trouble she had caused. She was sorry and humble enough, and acknowledged that her punishment would be just should she be sent back at once to her aunt. But as to her having been lost—that Polly would never acknowledge.

But Polly never went back to her aunt's house—that is, she never went back to A——. For though Mr. Westwood recovered from his illness, the doctor told him that he must not think of preaching again, for a year at least; and when Mrs. Barron heard this, she invited them to come and spend the year in the stone cottage. This made the possibility of a long rest easy to them, and they were very glad to come.

All the neighbours made sure that Mrs. Barron would go there too, to live with her daughter, but she chose to stay where she was, for the sake of her son's wife, who had grown to trust her, and to depend upon her, and whom she had learned to love.

Yes, out of the long forbearance and patience which the old lady had exercised towards her, and out of the compassion which her suffering, and her discontent, and her ignorance of the only sure rest and refuge had stirred in her, had come *love*—which was a good and happy thing for Zephirine, but a far better and happier thing for herself.

The pleasure which it gave her to meet the eyes that grew glad when she drew near, was chastened by the remembrance of the year which had been lost—and worse than lost—through that which she now saw to have been anger and pride, though in the old days she had pleased herself by giving them another name. But now it was oh, how good and sweet to be utterly humbled under the Hand which smites and heals. How satisfied and safe she felt in the knowledge that even the mistakes and illdoing of the past could not keep them apart, since the love of Christ lived in the heart of each, and that to both the promise was being fulfilled, "At evening time it shall be light."

For though they seldom spoke to each other of those things, Mrs. Barron knew that the old hopes, and helps, and motives were passing out of the sick woman's thoughts, as day by day she saw more clearly her Saviour's face, and leaned more trustfully upon Him. She blamed herself sometimes for her silence, but it had never been her way to speak freely of these things to any one. And after all, she oftenest rested in the belief that there was nothing better to do for Zephirine than to leave her with the words of our Lord Himself and to the teachings of His Spirit.

But Isa was different from her mother in this, and many a soft whisper of hers was like honey to the taste of the dying woman.

For she was dying. She had grown so patient and gentle of late, she complained so little of pain and weariness, that her daughters and others who saw her but seldom, did not know how rapidly she was failing. But those who were in the house saw it. Justine, who was much with her by night and day, saw it, and was troubled.

She had not asked to see the priest for a long time. Was it well with her? Or was she forsaking the religion in which she had been brought up now that she was going to die? Was she in danger of losing her soul?

Justine had great respect for "old madame," and had not a word to say against her religion, as hers. She would have been the last to say that there was no hope for her in another world. "The good God would put that all right," said Justine to herself with more charity than her creed admitted. It was one thing to be brought up in that religion and know no better, but that Madame Peter should at the end risk her salvation by forsaking the only true church!

All this and more she poured out to the daughters one day when they came to see their mother.

"But Justine, Monsieur St. Just comes to see her. He is satisfied, is he not? Why should you say such things of her?"

"Oh, he comes, yes. And he looks at her, and takes snuff, and talks with old madame, and your mother has neither breath nor strength to say many words to him. But I shall keep a good watch. He shall be sent for at the end. She shall not die without the blessing of the church."

The daughters insisted that she was better.

"I will speak to papa, though I do not think she is in danger," said one of them, but she did not make it clear whether she was thinking of danger to the body or the soul.

Of course the father, when she spoke to him, said that the priest should be sent for the moment that her mother should ask for him. But she never sent for him, and she never saw him again.

One morning, after a night of suffering, in which she had been quite alone with her, Justine saw as day dawned, the look of death on her face. She slept, but her breath came slow and hard, and before Justine called either the husband or the children, she sent off Joe for the priest, with a charge that there must be no delay or he would come too late.

Whether there was delay or not he came too late to do what it was his duty to do. For when he reached the door, he saw old madame sitting holding the dead hand of her daughter-in-law in hers, and the look of joyful awe upon her face was like the look that rested on the peaceful face of the dead.

"Too late," said the priest. No one answered. The husband and sons were kneeling still beside the bed, but the priest knew that no words of his were for them, and he went softly out to meet the daughters at the door.

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Justine was there also.

"Monsieur le Curé," said she, "I have something for you," and she gave him a folded paper, which he opened and read.

"Do you know what is in this?" asked he, as he folded it up again.

"I know nothing but that I saw madame write it, and that I put my mark upon it, and promised to give it to you."

"Well, that is well. Let all things be done as usual, and say nothing," and then he went away.

"What is it? Is it only for Monsieur le Curé; or ought we also to know?"

"I know nothing. But I have something for you also—or, rather, for your father. And I think it is the very same."

It was but a line or two, written with much labour and pain by one who not six times during her married life had had occasion to take a pen in her hand. "My dear husband," it ran, only it was written in French, "I think I am going to die, and I wish to be laid down beside my little son and poor Nannette and the old man, and where you will also lie, and grandmother. I know it will make no difference when I am dead, but this is my wish. And so I say adieu, my dear husband."

And then there was her name and Justine's mark, and that was all.

So the silence which the priest had enjoined on Justine did not avail. The mother's wish was respected, and she was laid to rest beside her little son.

The priest made no opposition, as it was supposed he might have done. The Barrons were not people to be meddled with at a time like this; and it would not be wise to encourage discussion or thought about the matter. Better let it be supposed that she had not been quite herself when she made the request to her husband. Of his own note he said nothing; and only Justine guessed that he had not been taken by surprise.

So old Mrs. Barron was once more mistress of the farmhouse, but only for a time. In the autumn Antony was to bring home bonny Rose Conway to be mistress, it was hoped for many a year to come.

Priscilla was to give herself a full year's vacation, that she might have a long rest, and also that she might have her share of the enjoyment of her brother's year of enforced leisure. But, in the meantime, she was to be at the farmhouse, to be Mrs. Barron's right hand in carrying on the preparations for the home-coming of the bride.

Mrs. Barron looked forward to her coming with a little anxiety. For the years that had passed since Priscilla had cared so lovingly for Nannie and her child must have changed her somewhat; and she might not be so content with a country life, or so fit for it as she had been in those days.

Mrs. Westwood smiled, and then looked grave, when her mother one day said something like this to her:

"It is wisest not to make plans for other people," said she, but she too believed that it might be well should Priscilla take a second thought about Matthew Conway.

Priscilla had had her own thoughts about the matter also, and when she caught sight of the handsome Conway greys as the train rushed into the station, she confessed that she had expected it all the time.

Yes, the greys were there, but their master was not. It was her brother who took her hand as she stepped from the train, looking not very strong, but so much better than ever she had hoped to see him, that Priscilla was able to ignore the little pang of disappointment that smote her when he said:

"Mr. Conway found a chance home with one of the neighbours, so he left his team with us that you might have room enough for your belongings. Phil is here, and Polly."

"All right. It was very polite of him, and wonderful, too, that he should trust his horses to Phil's driving, or even to yours."

Her brother laughed.

"Oh, the greys have settled down into more sober spirits since the days when you knew them; and so has their master. He is a grave, staid man now, and is to be the great man of the neighbourhood, I fancy."

"Oh, is he? Well, that is all right, too. And here is my Polly," and Priscilla clasped and kissed the child, whom she had not seen since she was a baby.

They had a cheerful drive home; and at the gate, waiting to welcome them, were grandmother on her crutches, and all the rest of the family as well. Matthew Conway was there also, waiting for his "team." It was he who helped Priscilla to alight; and if he was pleased with the cool friendliness of her greeting, it was not so with Mrs. Barron.

But Priscilla could not help it. She could not forget her little shock of disappointment at the station. It had startled her into the knowledge that while she had been longing for her brother's society and the pleasant rest of life at the farm, Matthew Conway had been in her thoughts a good deal also—more, it seemed, than she had been in his, or he would have cared to stay to meet her. And indignant with herself she thought only of keeping her foolishness from the knowledge of others.

And Mrs. Barron had no fault to find with the warmth of her own greeting.

"Dear, dear grandmother," said Priscilla, kissing her with a sudden rush of tears. Her face was bright enough when, in a little while, she came down to tea; but Matthew was not there to see it.

This was not a good beginning for the "love story" to which Mrs. Barron had been looking forward with more interest than she knew. And as it began so it went on for a while, and none of those who looked on had power to change it.

Friendly? Oh, yes, Priscilla was friendly, but it was with a friendliness that made Matthew very grave and silent in her company. And then she was so busy. It seemed that her idea of rest was a change of labour, for she threw herself with such eagerness into the work of making the old farmhouse beautiful for the coming bride, that she had time for little pleasuring. By the help of her wise head and skilful hands, a great deal more was done than had entered into any one's plans, and she was well repaid she said, by the admiration of those who looked on.

Still the young people met at various times and places as they had done in the old days, and when the young Westwoods came, there were evening sails on the river, and trips to the islands from which their aunt could not be excused, even if she had wished to be. And Matthew, who was the

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friend of the lads still, as he had been in the old days, and as he had become the friend of their father of late, went now and then with them, and if all that was thought and felt and left unsaid during three months could be well told—and if this were the place to tell it—it would make a very pretty story indeed. And so these two young people played "hide and seek" with one another till Rose's wedding day.

Mrs. Barron went to the wedding. Once before only had she been out of the house since her return to it when Isa went away with Polly. Once, since her daughter-in-law's death, she had gone to sit down with her son and grandsons, and Isa and her husband, and Matthew and Rose and their mother, at the table of the Lord—a happy day it was for them all.

Now she went, with some misgiving as to the wisdom of it, to do honour to Rose and her mother. She and Isa and little Polly drove over together, and as they were drawing near the house, which had been much improved of late, she said with a little sigh,

"I see little progress that they are making—these two. It seems a pity. You might just give Priscilla a word, Isa."

But Mrs. Westwood shook her head. "Priscilla is old enough and wise enough to know her own heart. If a word is needed at this late day it had far better not be spoken."

"And yet it is a pity. They would suit one another as none else would suit either, or I am mistaken. Yes, I know it is not wise to make or meddle in such matters, as a rule—still——"

It was a quiet wedding and a very pretty one—as pretty as a wedding can ever be made out of church, some said who were there to see. Of course Matthew and Priscilla "stood up" with the bridegroom and bride, and the first plan had been, that they, with several other young people, should drive with them to the station when they went away on the indispensable wedding-trip. But, considering all things, it was thought better that they should go away quietly by themselves. And so they went, as handsome and as happy a pair as one need wish to see.

Priscilla stood long at the gate looking after them. Her brother and Mrs. Barron stood near, talking earnestly, as was their way when they came together. On such occasions Priscilla usually liked to listen to all they had to say, but just now she was thinking of other things. She was wondering what she should do with herself during the time that remained before they could all go home.

She might have helped Mrs. Conway and Justine, as Antony's sisters were doing, to bring order out of the confusion which reigned in kitchen and dining-room. But "somehow" she did not like to go about Matthew's house, and put her hand to the regulating of affairs, with so many eyes looking on. She might have sat in the parlour with Mrs. Barron and Isa and the rest, or she might have gone to the garden and orchard with the younger ones. But Mr. Conway was sometimes in the parlour and sometimes in the garden, and she could not forget—she did not wish to forget—the clasp of his hand and the glance of his eyes, when he came to lead her to her place beside the bride. She knew it was foolish, but "somehow" again, she was shy of the thought of being very near him since then.

"Priscilla," said her brother at this juncture, "if it were not for spoiling your fine gown, you might go home through the fields by the river's bank, as Mrs. Barron and I mean to do, and leave the old ladies and Polly to drive by themselves. The lads will find their way home, I suppose, without your help."

Priscilla laughed.

"Oh, as for my gown I have another here, and I will change this one at once. But should you not see grandmother and Isa safely on their way first? I will be ready by the time that is done."

Grandmother was ready to go at once, and when Priscilla came downstairs in time for walking, Matthew was placing the reins in Mrs. Westwood's hands. Before they had gone far, however, beyond the gate, they made a halt, and Priscilla saw Mrs. Barron beckon to Matthew, but she did not hear what she said. It was this:

"My dear lad, once you spoke too soon, and it went ill with you. But there is danger in waiting too long as well. Mind, I trust you to bring Priscilla safe home to-night."

He did not answer a word, but stood looking after them for a minute or two, with a pale face and lips shut close.

"Go on now, and I will bring Miss Westwood—when she is ready," said he to the two waiting at the gate.

They looked at him in surprise.

"Something has happened," said Mr. Westwood.

"Or something is going to happen," said Mrs. Barron with a smile, and then they went away.

Priscilla had been detained at the last moment over her adieux to so many people. There was no one waiting for her at the gate.

"Have they gone without me after all?"

"Yes, but you can easily overtake them before they reach the corner, if you wish to do so. You must come this way through the pasture, and I will show you the shortest way."

So he let down the bars for her to pass through, and they went on together. But they did not overtake the others at the corner. When they came to the place where the trampling of the cattle and sheep in the pasture had made a broad and muddy margin to the brook at the crossing place, Priscilla had to put out her hand to get help in getting over, and then Matthew clasped it firmly, and did not let it go, even when the dry soft turf was beneath their feet.

And when they had got over hill out of sight of the house, and had passed the grove of crimson maples, where Matthew's handsome cows were lying ruminating contentedly on the events of the day, the young man stood still, and without the preface of a word, or a smile, or a soft look said,

"Priscilla, will you be my wife?"

With a little thrill, as she felt the strong hands that held hers tremble and grow cold, Priscilla, with one swift brave look into his face, answered simply,

"Yes, Matthew, I will."

Well, they were happy, as happy—happier, perhaps—than they might have been had Priscilla's first answer been different. And they had a better right to look forward hopefully than if they had not loved and waited so long. For Priscilla confessed that when she had spoken her word of refusal

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she had not known how much she cared for her friend —and there were more confessions, it is to be supposed, but these were for themselves alone.

And was not Mrs. Barron happy, also, when an hour afterwards, the two, avoiding the front gallery, on which Mr. Westwood and Mrs. Barron were sitting, came into her pleasant room.

"Well, grandmother, I have brought Priscilla safe home," and the old lady knew by his glad look and by Priscilla's happy tears, that it was well with them both.

"I am glad, thank God. God bless you both all your lives!" said Mrs. Barron, and she kissed them both, and so did Polly, wondering a good deal at it all. Then Matthew kissed away Priscilla's tears, without a word of rebuke from any one, and Polly wondered still more.

And everybody else was glad, and most people had expected it all along, though these two had been so doubtful themselves.

Priscilla had always thought that spring was the best season for a wedding, but Matthew thought that in their case Christmas would be better still, and, whether she thought so or not, she yielded the point, and at Christmas the wedding was. It was in the farmhouse, of course, and it was a pretty wedding too.

But the only thing that need be told about what happened that day, is this. When the guests were all assembled, and the bride and bridegroom had taken their places, Mrs. Barron walked into the room leaning on her grandson's arm, without either crutch or cane, and, undeterred by any sense of her dignity as bridesmaid, Polly laughed and clapped her hands at the sight.

And when the bride and bridegroom had gone, and the guests had followed, and grandmother was resting in her room, Polly said,

"You are glad to-night, grandmother."

"Yes, dear. I am very glad."

"And, grandmother, does God always give you your desire when you ask Him?"

"Well, dear, I think I desire to have just what it is his will to send, so you see it comes to the same thing in the end."

And though Mrs. Barron lived a good many years after this, it was always the same to the last. She always got her desire, because she desired, more than all things, that God would do his will in her and hers.

She was not without her troubles, and sometimes they touched her by touching sorely those who were dear to her. And to one who is standing at the entrance of the dark valley, getting glimpses now and then of the light beyond, that is the trouble that hurts most. But no earthly trouble, either to herself or those she loved, had power long to disturb the serene contentment of her last days, which were her best.

When she passed away, the old men and women of the neighbourhood talked much to one another about the courage and enterprise, the skill and will which had conquered all difficulties in her early days, and which had made a place and a name for her family in the country-side. But those who knew her later and loved her best, said to one another reverently, that the last ten years had done more for the good of her household and all connected with it, than all the rest of her life had done.

For even wealth, won by honest labour, is not beyond the touch of moth and rust, and the land which she helped to reclaim from the forest, and on which for so many years she had loved to look, may in the course of time and changes pass from the possession of those who bear her name. But the influence of her life and her love on some who went before her to their rest, and on many who still are working and waiting here, shall never pass away or be forgotten, for "the memory of the just is blessed."

HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

V.—ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN.

IT is manifestly reasonable that a separate and distinctive place should be given in these papers to the friendship of St. Peter and St. John, irrespective of any other topic. In all cases a man's friendships are an essential part of his biography. Especially is this true when we are dealing with a man of strong and ardent nature. It is impossible that we can look carefully at the various incidents in which Peter and John were associated without procuring illustrations of the character of the former.

And this friendship with St. John offers to our notice an affecting and pathetic side of the character of St. Peter. The difference of their temperaments probably brought them closely together. All careful readers of the Gospels have observed that after the time of their calling from their nets, it is not the two brothers Peter and Andrew, or the two brothers John and James, whom, for the most part, we see together. When there are only two, it is John and Peter, whom we mark conspicuously side by side. This is true to nature. With many of us our own recollection of early days will attest this. Among boys at school, among students at college, it is not always the brothers who are the closest companions, though all their brotherly love may remain. Friendships take the place of earlier domestic ties, and form new bonds even closer and more lasting.

In connection with this thought, a speculation, which is at least innocent, suggests itself to the mind: who was St. Peter's companion when the Lord sent out his disciples "two and two"? Does not an instinct tell us that it was not St. Andrew, but almost certainly St. John? The Lord knew the hearts of all his disciples, and how they tended to group themselves around Him; and Peter and

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John were destined for high ministries in conjunction afterwards, as we know through reading the Acts of the Apostles (iii. 1; iv. 13; viii. 14).

When we allow the imagination to move freely over the whole range of this sacred friendship, we turn in the first instance to the thought of their youngest days. We have no reason to doubt that Peter and Andrew, with James and John, were boys together on the shore and on the waters of the Lake of Tiberias. And the boyhood of the Apostles was like the boyhood of other men. We know what this recollection of boyhood means. It means early sports together. Perhaps it means early quarrels too. It means the manifestation of natural feeling and temperament without restraint. It is easy to add the outward circumstances which fit the scene. We can imagine the shells on the shore, the flowers in the fields. We can fancy we see hardy boys, with bronzed faces and active limbs, among the nets and in the boats; and we can picture to ourselves both their alarm and their courage, in the prospect of sudden storms on the lake. But when we consider what these youths were destined to become, other thoughts suggest themselves inevitably. We feel almost sure that there must have been an early earnestness of character in Peter and John. Perhaps there were early confidences between them, as often is the case among boys apparently rugged and thoughtless, on deep and serious subjects. At all events, we feel constrained to believe that these two men lived a religious life in their early manhood. There is no trace in the Gospels or in the Acts of the Apostles of any special honour given to reclaimed profligates. The history of St. Paul, the history of Cornelius, teach us a very different lesson; and the same lesson seems to be impressed upon us, in the case of Peter and John, by their early association with John the Baptist.

Passing now from topics which belong rather to the region of reasonable speculation than to that of positively-ascertained facts, and turning to what is actually written, we first see Peter and John, in their manhood, side by side when a third is with them. It is the occasion when Simon first receives his name of "Peter," from the Lord. "One of the two which heard John the Baptist speak was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother: He first findeth his own brother Simon, and he brought him to Jesus" (John i. 40). We might have supposed that, in the remembrance of such an incident, the two brothers, Simon and Andrew, would ever afterwards have been inseparable companions. But it was not so. The intimate friend of Peter, from this date onwards, is one who, though with Andrew a disciple of John the Baptist, does not name himself. This is John the Evangelist. We observe that James the brother of John does not yet appear on the surface of the narrative.

We must not forget him, however, in that other group of three, who were with their Lord on three memorable occasions. The scene on the Mount of Transfiguration made an indelible impression on Peter's mind, as we know from a passage in his Second Epistle, which has already been referred to in the introductory paper. Such, too, must have been the case, in a still deeper personal sense, with the scene in the garden of Gethsemane; for that was intimately associated with the recollection of his denial of his Lord. So, too, with the raising of the daughter of Jairus. That miracle might have been added to those enumerated in another paper, as part of the Galilæan training. In each of these cases John was with Peter. The latter could never remember them afterwards without thinking of the former; and the remembrance would be all the more affecting in the closing parts of his life, because James died soon and by violence. We should put together in thought the passover at which the Lord was betrayed, and the passover at which St. James was martyred. "About that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church; and he killed James the brother of John" (mark the mention of the brother's name) "with the sword; and because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also; then were the days of unleavened bread" (Acts xii. 1–3).

But there is another passage, which might easily be overlooked, where these three, Peter, John, and James, are placed apart from the rest. This is in St. Mark's enumeration of the Apostles, which has a character of its own, and begins thus: "He ordained twelve; and Simon He surnamed Peter; and James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James; and He surnamed them Boanerges, which is, The sons of thunder" (Mark iii. 14–17). These three are singled out as a special group with special names. We are apt too to forget that this is the only place where the name "Boanerges" occurs. And this is in St. Mark's Gospel, which, according to both ancient and modern belief, was written under Peter's direction. Peter remembers and records the naming of James and John co-ordinately with his own naming. This tends emphatically to place these three in that position of distinguished separation in which we see them elsewhere.

But once more Andrew does appear in the Gospel history along with this select group of three; and this must not be overlooked. Once more the four fishermen are together in a fourfold group, and their Lord with them, as of old, in their boats and among their nets on the Galilæan lake (Mark xiii. 3). It was a remarkable occasion, and again we must observe that it is recounted, with these particulars, only by St. Mark. The Lord had predicted the utter destruction of the grand buildings and magnificent decoration of the Temple; "and as He was seated upon the mount of Olives over against the Temple, Peter and James, and John and Andrew asked Him privately, Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign, when all these things shall be fulfilled?" The other disciples were not there, or they did not ask Him "privately." These four used, as it were, the privilege of an old and intimate friendship. What we notice here is the position of Peter within the inner circle, and the fact that, whether that circle includes four or three, and whoever may constitute the group of three, whether it be James or Andrew who is the third, John is always there.

We must now restrict ourselves closely to the union of the two friends. There is one occasion of their being chosen to act together, which we are apt to overlook, but which would hardly have been so expressly recorded, unless we were intended to learn something from it. We are informed by one of the Evangelists (Luke xxii. 8) that the "two disciples" who were sent by our Lord to prepare that solemn last passover were "Peter and John." It was also said to them that when they were

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"entered into the city" they should be met by "a man bearing a pitcher of water." Him they were to follow: they were to speak to him in the name of "the Teacher" (for such is the correct translation); and it was promised that they would find a "large upper room furnished." There they were to make ready. Let us pause for a moment in thought on this remarkable errand. They were to act in simple obedience; and they did so. But further, in so acting, they were to find coincidences to give them confidence; and they found them. Was not this for Peter a very useful training for that which he was to be called to do afterwards? In the matter of Cornelius he was required simply to obey; but also it was appointed that he should find coincidences to give him confidence. And, further, how great a result followed from this preparation for the passover "in the large upper room"! There the Eucharist was founded. There, when the Lord said that one of them should betray Him, "Simon Peter beckoned" to the disciple whom Jesus loved, "that he should ask who it was of whom He spake" (John xiii. 24). It would be almost impossible that Peter could join in the Eucharist long afterwards, when he was an old man, without remembering these things, and without thinking of St. John. And yet there is one other thing to be named in connection with that errand to prepare the passover which may have been part of Peter's appointed training. It is at least natural for us now to associate it with what we read in his first Epistle. One part of the duty of Peter and John on that occasion was to select and purchase a lamb for the passover. If we connect this with what John the Baptist had said in those early interviews by the bank of the Jordan, and connect all this again with what St. Peter writes in the first chapter, "Ye know that ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter i. 18, 19), we begin to be conscious that we are on a train of meditation regarding these two apostles, which it is edifying and profitable to pursue.

The associated notices of Peter and John, in connection with the Passion and Resurrection of Christ, are so familiar to us in all devotional books, that we need not dwell upon the subject. Just two remarks, however, may be made on this part of Peter's biography. It has been observed that there is a peculiar tenderness in John's account of Peter's denial of his Master. The other Evangelists give the painful details of that terrible fall. St. John relates the story very simply and gently. The other remark is this, that in the account of the going to the open tomb on the day of the Resurrection the impetuosity of Peter, as opposed to the calm and reverent repose of John (John xx. 4–6), is true to the contrasted characters of the two men, as is likewise the scene of the meeting at the sea of Tiberias, when "the disciple whom Jesus loved" said, "It is the Lord," and when, on hearing this word, Peter rushed through the water to his Master (John xxi. 7).

"Lord, and what shall this man do?" Peter has been blamed, and perhaps justly, for indiscretion in asking this question on that occasion, when by the side of the lake he had heard the prophecy of his own martyrdom, and then, turning about, saw the disciple whom Jesus loved following. But may we not also lawfully see in the question the depth and tenderness of his friendship? He and John had been boys together, along with James and Andrew; and the boyhood of the Apostles was, as has been remarked above, like that of other men. It is affecting to follow in imagination the careers of these four men, and to think of their ultimate separation in the places and times of their deaths. It is possible that Andrew, according to the ancient belief, lies buried at Patras, near the opening of the Gulf of Lepanto. Probably there is no good reason to doubt that St. John died in extreme old age at Ephesus. Regarding St. Peter, though the evidence of his having resided in Rome breaks down, it seems reasonable to accept the tradition that he was martyred there. When we put together in thought the earliest and latest days of these four Galilean youths, we are reminded of those simple lines by Mrs. Hemans regarding "The Graves of a Household":

> "Those graves are parted far and wide,
> By stream, and mount, and sea."

We lose nothing for any sacred cause, if we find a touch of human romance even in the lives of Apostles.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XXV.—SOUTH INDIA.

THE island of Ceylon is linked on to India by a huge reef or ridge of islands, called Adam's Bridge, which effectually prevents the transit of ships between it and the mainland, save at Pamban Pass, only ten feet deep. Fable describes it as a causeway, made for Adam when he was expelled from Paradise and took refuge in Ceylon. It is really a recent ridge of conglomerate and sandstone. Steamers ply weekly from Colombo, 150 miles across to Tuticorin on the Indian coast; and crossing by one of these, amid a crowd of 500 coolies returning as deck passengers to their native soil, we found ourselves, after a calm, bright starlight night, anchored off the flat sandy coast of India, about six miles from shore. The steamer dared not approach on account of the shallows, and though the sea was calm, the billows chased each other over the sand-banks towards the land. A number of sail boats swarmed round us to take off the passengers; and passing Hare Island, in a four-oared boat we reached the land in an hour. Tuticorin is a town rising in importance, and was once celebrated for its pearl fishery. We were soon seated in the train which runs to Maniachi, and

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thence by a branch line to Tinnevelly in about three hours. The railway terminus here is halfway between the town of Tinnevelly and the celebrated settlement of Palimcotta. Bishop Sargent's house, close by the church, is just a mile from the station, and we were driven thither in a carriage drawn at a jog-trot by bullocks. The Bishop and Mrs. Sargent received us with prompt and cordial hospitality, and arranged for our sojourn. In the afternoon Mrs. Sargent's school of girls, upwards of fifty, their ages varying from six years old to twenty, and all neatly dressed, were gathered for inspection, and sang several hymns. These girls are taken in, housed and clothed and fed, and brought up entirely under Mrs. Sargent's care, and secure from the contaminations of heathen homes. They are not betrothed nor married before the age of seventeen, and Mrs. Sargent has wrought quite a reformation in the habits of the people in this respect. They are much sought after, for they make excellent wives; but their guardian is very careful that none but worthy suitors win them. Next the boys of the college, also upwards of fifty in number, intelligent-looking, and from eight to twenty-one years old, were mustered. We then walked over the mission compound, which is extensive and picturesque. The spire of the church is 110 feet high. The country is flat, but the paddy or rice land beautifully green, and the mountains of Travancore form a noble background, rising to the height of 8,000 feet.

The Sunday which we spent at Palimcotta was one of the most interesting, in a missionary view, of our journey. At 7.0 A.M. the bell began to ring for service, and at 7.30 a large congregation, numbering 700, including the boys and girls of the schools, and adults, the men on one side and the women on the other, were seated in the plain, airy, and commodious church. The Bishop preached an extempore sermon in Tamil, evidently with perfect command of the language, standing at the communion-table, Bible in hand, and now and then pausing to put a question to some one in the congregation. The natives looked intelligent and devout. They were neatly dressed, and for the most part in white. Breakfast followed morning service, and then Mrs. Sargent began her special work for the day. She has been labouring in the mission field for forty years, and is now upwards of seventy. But she has lost none of her zeal and industry. Every Sunday she has three classes. The first is a class of the under servants of the mission, who come in with their Bibles and sit in Hindoo fashion on the floor. She read and prayed with them, asked me to address them, and interpreted. The service lasted three quarters of an hour. Next came in her school of girls, so neat and comely, and there was singing (Sankey's hymns) and prayer, and an address interpreted to them. Having photographs of my family I showed them to the children, and they were interested to hear all about my girls and boys, and asked many questions. Then, for the third hour, Mrs. Sargent has a class of mothers. They came in, some with their babies in their arms, thirty in number; and there was suitable instruction given to them. Again I showed my photographs and told of my own children, Mrs. Sargent interpreting. The gentle manners, kindly voice, and fervent piety of this Christian lady, must attract and win and impress all who come within the range of her influence. These were not special gatherings; it is her custom every Sunday; and in the early mornings she is often out among the sick and poor. The Bishop too is evidently a man of zeal and power; his personal presence anything but weak, and of hearty and kindly bearing, free from episcopal halo. An intelligent young native read the prayers in the morning, and the Bishop's writer, a very superior-looking man, also a native and a Brahmin, read the lessons. Everything about the church and schools here is thoroughly Protestant, in fact, simplicity itself. One wonders, indeed, how it can be otherwise with Christian churches in the midst of heathendom, where Ritualism in elaborate and costly architecture, in priestly vestments, in solemn rites, in imposing ceremonial, exists full-blown, in a style far higher than the highest we see in England. If ritual is to regenerate and save, the Hindoos have had it for thousands of years. The Christian religion is not ritual over again; poor hope would there be for its power if it were.

In the afternoon of this interesting Sunday we visited the ladies of the Zenana Mission, and saw the devoted Mrs. Lewis, widow of a missionary, who has two young ladies engaged with her in the difficult work of home-visitation and Christian teaching among Hindoo women. The simple and childish curiosity which they continually meet with, among those of their sex who have never been taught, is an amusing yet serious hindrance in their work. It is so difficult to get, and to keep, even for a minute, the attention of those they instruct. Some frivolous question or remark about dress will suddenly interrupt the teacher, just at the moment she hopes that serious impression is being produced. Great tact and judgment are needed in this work, but it is bearing good fruit. In the evening we met Mr. and Mrs. Kenber at the printing-office, and attended an English service for the soldiers of the garrison. Mr. Schaffter, master of the Boys' College, preached. He has a hundred pupils, and brings them up to the F. A. (First Arts) examination at Madras. He is the son of a missionary who died at Tinnevelly.

The cleverness and intelligence of the natives, when well educated, is manifest from the following stories which Bishop Sargent told me. He had at table one day a young native who had passed the Indian Civil Service examination, and who had thoroughly mastered, not only the English language but English literature. To test his memory and his knowledge, each one at table quoted some familiar line from an English poet, and thereupon the young Tamil not only recited each quotation, but named the work it was from, gave the connection, and the author's name. "Your quotation was so and so," he said, "from such a play of Shakespeare, and this is the connection;" and so on to each one round the table. A native missionary was once asked when preaching, "How do you explain the differences among you? Here are Church missionaries, Propagation Society missionaries, Baptist missionaries, Presbyterian and London Society missionaries; how are we to tell which is right?" The native preacher replied: "There was once a dispute among the fingers of the hand, which should have the pre-eminence. The *thumb* said, 'I ought to have pre-eminence, for it is plain you can none of you do anything without me.' 'Ah,' said the *first* finger, 'what is

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SACRED POOL NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

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more important than pointing out the way? This is my office; I ought to have the pre-eminence.' 'I,' said the *second* finger, 'rest my claim on mathematical principles. When you hold the hand upright, which finger is the tallest? I am; therefore I ought to have the pre-eminence.' 'No,' said the *third* finger, 'for though it is something to point out the way, and mathematics, too, are strong, there is one thing stronger, and that is love. And when you put the symbol of love upon the hand it is the third finger that you choose; therefore the supremacy is mine.' 'Hear me too,' said the little finger: 'true indeed I am small and you are large, mathematics are strong, and love is stronger, but there is one thing higher than all, and that is worship; and when you approach the god, I am the finger that you choose to present nearest in your prayer, for you press your hands together, lift them up, and hold them thus. Therefore I should have the pre-eminence.' Now," continued the native pastor, "each finger has something to say for itself, each is important in its way; and so with the various Christian societies. But all derive their life and strength from a common source, and all working harmoniously under the guidance of a common Will, become mighty for the accomplishment of Christ's work in the world."

It was a matter of regret that our time and plan did not permit a visit to Bishop Caldwell at Edeyengoody, fifty miles south from Palimcotta. Dr. Caldwell was, when a young man, a member of my father's church, and by my father's advice he went to Scotland to study for the Christian ministry. Afterwards he went out as a missionary and joined the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He has done and is doing a noble work. But there was no railway to his station, and bullock-waggons are slow when one is on a journey round the world. So taking leave of Bishop Sargent and his devoted wife, we took the train northwards through a flat productive country to Madura, where we were hospitably received by Mr. Rendall, a missionary of the American Board, who has been labouring here for twenty years. Here we spent the last day of the year, and found the mission churches decorated, and preparations made for a watch-night service.

In this ancient city we for the first time came face to face with the monster and massive temples of Southern India, which, to use the words of Dr. Monier Williams, "as far surpass those of Northern India as Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's surpasses the ordinary London churches." The Dravidians of Southern India offered their labour to their gods. The altar and idol are immured in a dark cubical cell, in which a lamp is kept burning dimly night and day. Into this, the *Vimana* or *adytum*, access is forbidden. But around it and leading up to it from the four points of the compass are *Mantapas*, or huge stone porches, *Gopuras*, or gate-pyramids—towering 200 feet high, and elaborately carved with hundreds of figures in stone—also pillared halls, called *Choultries*, commonly from ten to twenty feet high, with a thousand stone pillars, elaborately carved, supporting a flat stone roof, pillared galleries, and sacred tanks surrounded with corridors. All these gathered round and leading to the *adytum* in the centre form together a monster wide-spreading temple, usually called the pagoda. The pagoda of Madura covers several acres. It has nine towers, or gopuras, one of which we ascended by a narrow staircase leading from storey to storey to the highest, which is a small chamber with pigeon-holes in its walls north and south; but the view hardly repaid the fatigue of the climb. The temple dates from the third century before Christ; it was destroyed in A.D. 1324, and restored in the seventeenth century. It is kept in good repair, and many masons were at work upon it when we were there. It is dedicated partly to Minakshi, "the fish-eyed goddess," and partly to Shiva. Passing through the gopuras and along corridors used as bazaars, we came to the dark flat-roofed choultrey, or hall of a thousand pillars, each pillar of stone, some of black granite, and more or less elaborately carved, representing male and female deities dancing. One of the figures is the devil, and boys are allowed to spit in his face. One pillar is subdivided into twenty-four smaller ones. A long corridor, with stone figures of Yali, a strange monster, the lion of the south, on either side, leads on to the sacred tank—about fifty yards square, and full of dark-green water—in which some Brahmins were bathing. The corridors round this tank are covered internally with fresco paintings, some astronomical, others of a gross character. There are three different statues of the sacred bull, sacred to Shiva, as you approach the shrine. Admission to the shrine is prohibited, and as you look up the aisle within, all is darkness and stillness, save in the distance the glimmer of the lamp before the idol. The favourite gods are plastered with oil and red ochre, and there is a general greasiness about the precincts by no means fragrant or cleanly. Outside the great pagoda, in the street, stands the idol-car. Grandeur and abomination, massiveness and filth, are in this temple strangely combined.

Another celebrated building in Madura is the palace of Tirumala, the greatest of the rulers of the province, built by him in 1623. It contains a quadrangle 250 by 150 feet, surrounded by an elaborate corridor, and one hundred and twenty-eight massive granite pillars. The stone carving is marvellous. Government is now restoring it and using it for legislative purposes. On the other side of the town there is a lovely drive leading to a large sacred tank with an island and temple in the centre. The road is arched over and shaded with banyan trees, and a very fine specimen of this tree is to be seen in the Collector's garden. The collector in India is, of course, the civil servant, who represents Government in the place.

In India, even at this season, if you want coolness you must rise early. It was New Year's morning, and the bright stars of the Southern Cross were still shining when we drove to the railway and took the early train for Trichinopoly. The sun rose in a clear sky at 6.30 A.M. and hills were visible sweeping up from the plain on either hand. The natives were already at work on the land, employed chiefly in lifting water from wells and tanks by means of a long bamboo lever, and pouring it into trenches cut through the rice-fields. Reaching Trichinopoly at 1 P.M., we found comfortable quarters at the hotel, and met the Rev. Mr. Dixon, Wesleyan Missionary, who accompanied us first to the church of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, once the chapel of C. F. Schwartz, the well-known missionary. I stood in the old pulpit from which he was wont to preach. His influence with the native population was irresistible. In treating with the English they

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as the tablet in his church there says, "by Christian, Mohammedan, and Hindoo alike." He left three thousand converts to Christianity behind him in Tanjore alone. From his church at Trichinopoly, a three-miles' drive brings you to the famous temples of Seringham, the largest in South India. The Great Pagoda in this island (for such it is, like the Isle of Thanet) is seven miles in circumference, and includes many bazaars and streets of Brahmins' houses, so that it is more like a town than a temple. You drive through a succession of lofty and elaborately carved gopuras, and come to the usual choultrey or pillared hall, whose flat stone roof is supported by one thousand pillars marvellously carved, men on rearing horses spearing tigers. Beyond is the inner religious shrine, dark and dismal. Near this, four sacred elephants are stabled, and a staircase leads up to the flat stone roof which covers all these acres. The highest Gopura was ascended by the Prince of Wales on his tour through India, and he left a gift of 500 rupees to the temple. We next visited Jambukeswar, which is in decay, and smaller in extent, but is a very compact specimen of Dravidian architecture.

The main feature of Trichinopoly is its noble rock, towering over the town 250 feet. We climbed stair after stair, and up the last dangerous flight of steps cut in the bare precipitous rock without banister or rail, to the Mandapam, or pavilion, on the summit, from which we had a clear and extensive view northwards over Seringham, east to Tanjore, south and west over the town, where the streets were all alive with a Mohammedan procession and the beating of drums. The new Lutheran Church is a conspicuous object; the Lutherans have had missions here for many years. The Romanists, too, have chapels, monasteries, and nunneries, a very large settlement. Almost all the Tamil servants are Romanists. To the west, beyond the Romanist buildings, lies the European cantonment, and away along the horizon rise the mountains towards Erode.

Tanjore is two hours by rail from Trichinopoly, and crowds of natives with the varying symbols of their caste painted on their foreheads, filled the stations, and the carriages. The railway is the great breaker-down of caste in India. There are four classes, but often men of the highest caste are the poorest, and you will see the Brahmin sitting side by side with the pariah. As you approach Tanjore, the Pagoda, with its lofty gopura, is a conspicuous object. On its summit is a round, highly-carved stone, said to weigh eighty tons. The courts are not covered over as at Madura, but are open to light and air; and within the precincts you find a large open square 600 feet by 200. Here is first the colossal bull, fifteen feet high, in a couching posture, resting upon a platform, which you ascend by twelve steps, and with a large canopy supported by granite pillars. This bull faces the magnificent temple, an oblong building of red sandstone, with the huge gopura rising nobly over the shrine. Farther on to the left is a little shrine of beautifully-carved stone; and cloisters surround the court, covered with coarse pictures of heroes. To the right in the court is the smaller temple of Soubramanya, an exquisite piece of decorative architecture, contains an open court with singular figures in stone, and a statue in white marble of the late Rajah. In the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel Church is a tablet to the memory of Schwartz the missionary.

The new railway between Tanjore and Madras was not as yet complete, and in the middle of the night the passengers were conveyed in bullock waggons across a very wide-spreading river (the Pennar), giving the traveller an idea of what journeys were in the country before the railways came. The full distance is about 200 miles, and it now is accomplished (all but these three miles) in eighteen hours. The country is flat but fertile.

Thoughts for the Afflicted.

Life Abundant.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—*John* x. 10.

LIFE abundant! Blissful thought!
Though the body that we cherish
Must decay, and droop, and perish,
Life abundant Christ hath brought.

Here, the light must wane and flicker;
Now the throbbing pulse beats quicker,
Now it almost dies away,
Slow and still, as parting day.

Once the nimble foot was speeding
Wheresoe'er desire was leading,
Through the forest deep-embowered,
Up the sun-clad heights that towered,
O'er rough places lightly bounding.
Each new turn triumphant rounding,
Marching, like a conqueror,
To the goal that shone before!

Once the hand was quick and ready,
And the fingers sure and steady,
And the arm was strong and able,
And the shoulders sure and stable,
Shrank not from the given load,
Played not false upon the road.

Once the voice was clear and free,
Took its part right cheerily
In the swelling tide of sound,
Ever circling round and round,
Spoke, and taught, and joined in song;
Wearied not, though days were long.

But the hand has lost its cunning,
And the foot hath stayed its running,
And the arm is strengthless now,
And the weary shoulders bow,
And the voice is hushed and low,
As the breathings come and go.

Life abundant! Blissful thought!
Never more the footsteps lagging,
Energies no longer flagging,
Strength no longer overwrought.


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Yes! Beyond the golden portal
We shall share the life immortal,
Never shall the body tire,
Never quench the spirit's fire;
We shall climb eternal heights,
Finding ever new delights,
While our eyes enraptured rove
O'er the glorious realms of love.

Life abundant! Oh, how sweet
To go forth with wingèd feet,
Tireless arm, and ready hand,
To perform our Lord's command,
Never falter on the way,
Never sigh for close of day,
Never leave a work undone,
Never leave a prize unwon!

Then the voice—oh, joy untold!
Wondrous powers it shall unfold,
Shall attain celestial tuning,
Shall be set to high communing,
And, its melody upraising,
Shall pour forth its joyful praising,
Telling out, to Jesus' glory,
All the wonders of its story.

Life abundant! Christ hath bought,
  At a price that passeth measure,
  This inestimable treasure,
Far exceeding all our thought!

Once the mind was full of vigour,
Gladly hailed instruction's rigour,
Shrank not, though the path were steep,
Quailed not, though the flood were deep,
Forward pressed, with eager yearning,
Toward the fruitful fields of learning.

Oh, how sweet each height attained!
Oh, how fair each prospect gained!
Oh, the wild delight of straying
Here and there, new scenes surveying!
On some peak of vantage standing,
Oh, how rich the soul's expanding!

Labour then, a pleasure seemed,
With a magic radiance gleamed;
Joy was in each work begun,
And the thoughts at set of sun
Onward hasted to the dawning
Of another golden morning.

But the brain is weary now,
Furrows lie upon the brow,
Welcome is the evening's closing,
Sweet the hour for calm reposing,
And the morning's waking brightness
Gives not back the spirit's lightness;
Learning's pathway shines afar,
A superb and distant star;
Gates of labour open fair,
But we may not enter there,
For the fire burns dim and low,
As the hours come and go.

Life abundant! Wondrous view!
  Life that ever upward tendeth,
  Life that blessedly transcendeth,
All we ever sought or knew.

Oh, what glories hover o'er us!
Oh, what wonders lie before us!
Who can picture the unsealing?
Who can paint the great revealing,
When, before th' eternal throne,
We shall know as we are known!
Then each latent, slumb'ring power,
Shall burst forth in perfect flower;
Earthly fetters left behind,
Nought shall cramp the immortal mind,
Pain nor weakness mar the light,
Sin nor sorrow dim the sight.

All the secret threads of love,
Circling us as on we move,
All the links of grace divine,
Round our daily path that twine,
All the guidance and the care,
Close about us everywhere,
All the yet unopened pages,
Of the past and coming ages,
All the marvels of His hand,
Who upholds the sea and land,
Making tumults, rage, and wrath,
Travel in His destined path,
And the proud designs of man,
Shaping to His wondrous plan,
These, the unveiled eye shall see,
In their perfect symmetry;
And the ear, no longer dull,
Hear the chorus, rich and full,
Rolling through the boundless skies
In unsullied harmonies;
And our souls shall join the strain,
Swell the ever glad refrain,
"Praise the God whom we adore!
Praise His name for evermore!"

Life abundant! Wondrous view!
  Blissful portion to inherit,
  Through our great Redeemer's merit,
Life for ever grand and new!

Weak our faith, and cold our love,
While in earthly bonds we move;
Faintly do our voices sing,
Feeble is our thanksgiving;
Our best sight, how dim and short!
And how low our highest thought!
Dull our longings, when most eager,
Fullest service, oh how meagre!

Life abundant! Blessed word!
  Fountain ever overflowing,
  Sunlit flame, for ever glowing,
Gift of our most gracious Lord!

Hast thou by the water's side
Lingered at the turn of tide,
Marked the ever onward motion,
Of the full and heaving ocean,
Watched one wave another chasing,
Forward still, in gladsome racing,
Crest on sparkling crest succeeding,
Not one silv'ry curl receding,
Listened, with delight untold,
To its music manifold,
Voice of many waters singing,
Wave-swept harp's melodious ringing?
Think! so fresh, so glad, so free,
Shall thy life abundant be!

Take the winter's fairest scene,
Forests clothed in silver sheen,
Branch and twig in splendour new,
Pencilled out against the blue,
While the keen and frosty air,
Stirs the life-blood ev'rywhere,

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Rousing up each slumb'ring sense,
To a being more intense—

Take the wonders of the spring,
Nature's great awakening!
On the dry and leafless bough,
Lo! the life is stirring now,
Swelling, pressing to the light,
Buds are bursting on our sight,
Fold on fold of living green,
Opening to deck the scene—

Take the glowing summer days,
Nature all attuned to praise;
From the meadows, thick with bloom,
Rises up the rich perfume,
While a million faery things,
Hover round on sportive wings,
And each thicket, bush, and tree,
Rings with joyous minstrelsy—

Take the autumn's golden splendour,
Richest tribute earth can render,
All the promise of the spring,
All the summer's flowering,
Ripened in abundant measure,
To a full and bounteous treasure,
While the groves their homage pay,
Robed in costliest array—

Think! so full, so grand, so fair,
(If the things of earth I dare
With the bliss of heaven compare),
Shall the life abundant be
Which thy Lord hath won for thee.

All the harp-strings of the soul,
Tuned unto a perfect whole,
Tuned to the Redeemer's praise,
Through the everlasting days,
All the tendrils of the mind,
Round one glorious aim entwined,
This its purpose, grand, and high,
God to know and glorify;
With glad ardour forward pressing,
Through the endless scroll of blessing,
Page on page enraptured turning
Ever seeking, ever learning,
Yet through all its circuit wide,
Ever filled and satisfied.
And, as in some crystal stream,
We behold the noontide beam,
Given back in milder splendour,
So the sinless heart shall render
Adoration pure and bright
To its sun and source of light;
Self no more shall come between,
As a mist to mar the scene;
When upon His face we gaze,
All our being shall be praise,
We His blessed name shall wear
On our foreheads, high and fair,
Marked for ever as His own,
Set apart for Him alone,
His, for a peculiar treasure,
His, to do His endless pleasure,
His, to work what He hath willed,
With His fulness to be filled,
And His glories to unfold,
To the ages yet untold,
Drawing from His bounteous store,
Evermore and evermore!

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.



"We were ab
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visit him. He
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He rushed off, p

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(The thought struck him as he saw the tools for road-making that the pickaxe would be useful for digging the grave.)

"After awhile came up a band of women in a straggling manner (the carriers now quite out of sight); those who could walk the fastest taking the lead, and those who could not keep up coming along as best they could; and after all were quite out of sight in the far distance we saw the poor widow coming howling, not a soul near her to accompany her, or to speak words of comfort to her. It was almost dark; she had a journey of three or four miles to go, and not a single dwelling the whole of the way. I felt very sad for her; but under the circumstances and the custom of the country, there was nothing to be done, except that I spoke a few cheering words to her as she passed. One thing we knew, no harm would befall her, and she would join all at the sea-side in the course of the evening.

* * * * * *

"As we were cutting through the bush we came upon a cave, which we found had been used as a sepulchre. There were several skeletons lying in a tolerably perfect state. One in particular was pointed out to me by one of our party as the body of his grandmother, who during her lifetime possessed supernatural powers, which remained with her bones, even to the present time. In the days of their heathenism a stone was kept laid in the palm of the skeleton's hand. When attacked by their enemies they ran to this cave, took the stone out of the skeleton's hand, and threw it into their midst. The effect, the man assured me, was magical. A panic at once seized them; they rushed headlong away, when they became an easy prey to their pursuers. I was assured by all that it was so; no enemy, however courageous, could resist it. They believe it firmly to the present day, notwithstanding they are all professing Christians. Such facts occurred, no doubt, because the enemy believed in the superstition. Their belief, and not the stone, caused the panic."

CHARLIE'S FOLLY.

"CHARLIE," said Mrs. Bourne to her son one day, "Charlie, I wish you would go into town, and get me a post-office order; the particulars are written on this piece of paper."

"Oh, but, mother," said Charlie, "there's a grand cricket-match this afternoon, and I do so want to see it."

Charlie's father, Mr. Bourne, was a farmer, living in a Berkshire village. There was a post-office there, but no money-order office, and post-office orders had to be sent for to the nearest town.

"But you must go, Charlie," said Mrs. Bourne. "The men are all at work in the hay-fields, and there is no one else to go."

"Now, really, mother, it is too bad. You always want me to do something just when I don't want to do it. Here I've been doing nothing all the morning till now, and you couldn't ask me before. It does seem hard, that it does."

"Never mind, Charlie. Don't be selfish now, but take the money and paper, and go at once. You won't be much more than an hour away, and you can see the best of the match when you return."

"But they begin to play in about half an hour," replied Charlie, "and they're going to put Stiggins in first, and he's the best bat in the village."

"Well, if you *won't* go, I must call your father, and ask him what is to be done."

This was by no means a course that Master Charlie approved of, for he had sundry recollections of a bit of birch, which had been given to him at other times when he had been disobedient. So putting the best grace on the matter he took the money and slip of paper from his mother's hand, saying, "Well, I call it a downright shame, that I do. You shan't treat me like that when I get older."

"Oh, fie, fie, Charlie," was all his mother said to this grumble.

Mrs. Bourne was one of those good-natured, gentle women, who never like to put other people to trouble, and often, "for peace and quietness" (as she put it), she would bear a good deal of murmuring from her son rather than make any disturbance.

At the present moment Charlie was running fast along the high road. But, unfortunately, like many others, he failed to continue as well as he started, for that cricket-match was still uppermost in his thoughts. He had the choice of two ways—one a short cut across the fields, the other a longer way by the road, at the side of which was the field where the cricket-match would be played. Charlie considered a moment which way he should take, and decided that it would be some satisfaction to have a look at the preliminaries of the game, and so he took the high way, "for," said he to himself, "I can easily make up the few minutes I shall lose."

When he reached the cricket-ground he was very much surprised to find that they were just setting out the "field," and that in a few minutes the game would begin. "I may as well stop and see the first over," said Charlie. But it seemed there was something wrong, for the players were standing in a group, holding a discussion on some important point. At last one of them turned round and seeing Charlie standing amongst the onlookers, said, "There's Charlie Bourne, you can get him to field for you till Williamson comes." To this the other assented, so they called Charlie forward and asked him if he would take the place of an absent "man" for a short time. The post-office order came into Charlie's mind, and he said he must go for it. They said there would be plenty of time afterwards, and it could not matter so long as he got back in time for post. So Charlie, determining to start off the moment the player for whom he was substituted should come on the field, remained to play. The game progressed without any particular incident, except that a catch fell to Charlie's share, and that he did it so successfully that the people shouted, "Well done, young 'un." At which, of course, he was very much elated. The "inning" side were now all disposed of, and Charlie was preparing for a start, when someone suggested that, as he had done the fielding, he ought to have an innings, and, the others being willing, it was agreed that Charlie should play in one innings, at least, with those for whom he had fielded. He asked some one what time it was, and finding he had yet plenty of time, he consented to remain—feeling himself to be very fortunate indeed to have a place in a regular match between two village teams. The innings of the side on which he played was much longer than he had anticipated, and naturally he was the last to be sent in. It was expected that a very few balls—perhaps the first—would be sufficient for him, but, to the surprise of the players, he not only played the first over but even made a run for two. Though the time occupied in batting by Charlie's side had been much longer than that taken up by their opponents, the runs they had obtained were still five to the bad, so that the game was now watched with intense interest. "Now, young 'un, play steady, and you'll win," said several voices. Charlie resolved he would play steady. From the first ball of the next over they ran a "bye," so now Charlie had to receive the next ball. He played it carefully back again to the bowler. From the next ball he "snicked" one, then they ran another "bye," then Charlie made two, at which there was much cheering, as that made "a tie." And now, if he could but make the winning hit! The bowler had already shown some signs of losing his temper, and the fact that a boy should be more than he could master, upset whatever balance of amiability he might have possessed. So the next ball was delivered with great violence, and it struck Charlie full in the face, cutting his lip open and

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knocking him senseless. In a moment he was surrounded by a group of sympathising fellows, and while one ran to a pool near for a little water, another undid his collar, and a third wiped the blood from his poor, disfigured mouth.

He was not long before he recovered consciousness, and the first thing he thought of was the post-office order. Clearly it was impossible for him to get to the town in that state, so he asked a boy whom he knew to go for him, promising him sixpence if he got back in time for post. He said, moreover, that he would wait on the cricket-ground for him. News of the accident, however, was not long in reaching Charlie's home, and his father was soon on the ground. Much against his will Charlie was compelled to accompany him home, though, before he went, he besought some men standing near to send the messenger on to his father's the moment he arrived from the office, and this they promised to do.

When Charlie reached home the first thing he did was to tell his mother that the order would soon arrive, and that he was very sorry he had disobeyed her, and she replied that it was much more serious for him than it was for her, though she, too, was sorry he had been a disobedient boy.

"But, indeed, mother," he said, "I did not mean to stay at the cricket-field—only there was a man away, and they asked me to play till he came, and I didn't like to refuse. Besides, how was I to know that I should be hurt?"

To all of which the mother replied, "The best way always, Charlie, is to do as you are told. If you had only obeyed me, this trouble would not have come upon you. There is an old saying, 'The path of duty is the path of safety.' And you will find as you grow older a new meaning to those words, 'To obey is better than sacrifice.' But I won't say anything more to you to-day, my boy. Your own conscience will be sufficient monitor, and the pain you do, and will have to, endure will be sufficient punishment."

And Charlie found the "punishment" by no means a light one, for when the doctor came it was found necessary to stitch up the severed lip, and though the patient bore it "like a man," it hurt him none the less. And the lesson that was impressed upon his mind by his mishap was one that in after years he found most conducive to his success in life. He gave expression to his thoughts on the subject in more phrases than one, but the particular form in which he most delighted to put it was, "Business first, and pleasure after."

I may add, as this is a true story, that the post-office order did come in time, so that Mr. Bourne was saved some annoyance in addition to the pain felt in his loving heart for the thoughtlessness of his son.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XX.

We read of a warrior, defiant and loud;
His words and behaviour were boastful and proud;
An army of men were afraid at his word,
As he daily came out with his spear and his sword.

One day he was met by a venturesome youth,
Who, though but a shepherd, was zealous for truth;
And the mighty one scornfully bade him come nigh,
But the lad made a wise and a witty reply,

Followed up by an argument striking and hard;
And the giant had never an answer prepared,
For all of a sudden it entered his head,
And his tongue was confounded as if he were dead.

And four other arguments equally sound,
The youth in his bag could have easily found,
Now tell *what it was*, so convincing and sooth,
That persuaded the giant to yield to the youth?

W. L.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Church Congress will probably be still in session when our present number is in the hands of many of our readers. Among the readers and speakers we notice are the Archbishop of York and the Rev. Prebendary Row, on "Existing Forms of Unbelief;" the Bishop of Liverpool and Earl Nelson on "Church and Dissent;" the Bishop of Durham, the Rev. Dr. Boultbee, and the Rev. Canon Farrar, on "The Internal Unity of the Church, the Influence of the three great Schools of Thought in the Church of England upon each other and upon the Church;" the Dean of York and Lord Brabazon, on "The Influence of the Church over Young Men and Women;" the Dean of Manchester, on "Marriage and Divorce;" the Rev. Canon Barry and the Rev. Berdmore Compton, on "The Religious Condition of the Nation;" the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of the Valley of Mexico, on "Reform in Foreign Churches;" the Bishop of Truro, Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., and Mr. Magniac, M.P., on "Cathedrals;" the Dean of Lichfield, Archdeacon Emery, and Mr. S. Leighton, M.P., on "The Internal Organisation of the Church;" Mr. Albert Pell, M.P., on "The Church of the Poor;" Mr. Wilbraham Egerton and Lord John Manners, M.P., on "Church Finance;" and Miss Ellice Hopkins, on "Penitentiary Work of the Church." Among the other subjects brought under discussion are "The Temperance Question," "Popular Recreations," "Foreign Missions," "Home Missions," and "The Moral Dangers of Factory and Workshop Life."

A NUMBER of provincial festivals have followed that which we noticed in a previous number as having been celebrated in London in connection with the Sunday-school centenary. In addressing a meeting of this kind held at Derby, Sir William Harcourt said that the system of Sunday-schools had been like a small spring, which swelled into a mighty river, overflowing and fertilising the country through which it flows. A very remarkable prediction had been made by Adam Smith, who said, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles." Sir William continued that the system interested every class of the community in that which was the highest interest of all, and it dispelled that which was one of the most mischievous things which had ever injured the social and political system of the world, that of making men believe that the teaching of religion should be the monopoly of a caste or a class—that it should be confined exclusively to a consecrated priesthood.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury, accompanied by his son, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P., recently inaugurated a Working Men's Institute, including reading and club rooms and coffee tavern, at Purton, near Swindon, a populous village inhabited by agricultural labourers and *employés* of the Great Western Railway works at Swindon. Lord Shaftesbury, who owns a considerable estate in the parish, and whose ancestors once lived there, said he was happy to see that such institutions were multiplying. The condition of the population, particularly in large towns, had become such in respect of habits of intemperance and the moral and other evils resulting therefrom, that unless something had been done to turn the tide, we as a country should have been brought to the very lowest condition to which a civilised country could be reduced. These institutions were not as yet equal in number to the necessities for them, but happily in almost every case they had proved successful. He urged upon the promoters to make the place as similar as possible in point of accommodation to public-houses, and to study the wants and wishes of the working classes of the locality, and also to allow the latter to have a share in the general management and working of the institution.

THE last annual report (the fourth) of Miss Weston's work in the Royal Navy, shows that during the past year the work has greatly developed in all its departments. The business department (réfreshment-bar, lodgings, etc.) of the Sailor's Rest at Devonport is entirely self-supporting. The report shows that 27,241 men have slept in the two homes during the year, and many thousands more have availed themselves of the privileges of the institution. The more direct missionary work, which comprises meetings in the hall for seamen and their friends, personal visitation on board ship, work among the families of the men, the enormous correspondence, the Flower Mission, temperance work (this being the head-quarters for naval branches), work among boys of the training-ships, and

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the sending out of the now famous "Blue Backs," or "Monthly Letters," is also carried on more vigorously than ever. The large sum needed for this department (fully 1,500*l.* a year) is derived purely from voluntary subscriptions and donations. We regret to learn that at present there is a large deficit. During the year branches of the work have been started at Portsmouth, Falmouth, Portland, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Nagasaki, etc. About 3,000*l.* are needed for building and fitting-up expenses. Cheques and post-office orders to be drawn in the name of Agnes E. Weston, and made payable at Devonport.

Some years ago the late Rev. C. de Boinville, then minister of a Presbyterian congregation at Kingston-on-Thames, and who had for a long time been pastor in the French Reformed Church, started, together with a few friends, the small society which became known as the French Protestant Relief Fund. M. de Boinville had been struck by the wretched financial position of many of God's faithful servants in France, those especially who reside in rural districts, and he resolved to make on their behalf an appeal to English Christians. The annual meeting of this association has recently taken place. Notwithstanding the commercial depression which has so seriously affected, in the course of 1879, our religious societies, the French Pastoral Relief Fund was able to assist several cases of real distress; and, as the committee is in regular correspondence with the presidents of all the consistories in France, every urgent claim is duly reported, and brought under their notice. Funds are much wanted for continuing and extending the work of this society.

Cologne Cathedral is finished. On the 14th of August the last stone of the cross ornamenting the top of the pinnacle of the second of the two great spires was finally fixed in its place. Begun on August 14, 1248, it has thus taken no less than 632 years to complete the gigantic structure. On account of the condition of matters between the Pope and the State, the event was not marked by a public solemnity. The present Archbishop of Cologne, being amongst the clerical recusants, has been deposed by the Ecclesiastical Court, and is in exile.

A Prussian clergyman of the Protestant Church, named Stöcker, has excited some criticism in his efforts to benefit the working class in Germany by the formation and conduct of what he calls the "Christian Working Men's Party." We read, on this subject, as follows, in a letter from a well-informed writer at Berlin: "The work of Mr. Stöcker in the Christian Working Men's Party has lately received a very remarkable recognition, which may amply indemnify it for all attacks, which even sometimes come from religious quarters. In one of the Berlin district synods the Superintendent mentioned in his report on the spiritual state of the diocese, that our great prison near Berlin has been less full of late, and that the decrease of criminal punishments is visible since the existence of the Christian Working Men's Party. This shows the blessing which accompanies the first real effort in our country to go after the masses and bring them under the influence of the Gospel."

The jubilee meeting of the Free Church Institution, founded by Dr. Duff on the 13th of July, 1830, was held, on the recurrence of the fiftieth anniversary, in the hall of the institution in Nimtollah Street, Calcutta. A very large and appreciative audience of native gentlemen, numbering some two thousand, assembled together to celebrate the occasion, and there was besides a good number of European ladies and gentlemen.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions recently gave a farewell meeting at Boston to the largest number of missionaries ever sent out by them at one time—fourteen in all—five of whom go to Central and one each to Eastern and Western Turkey; three to Central, two to East, and two to South Africa; and others to the Dakota and other Indian missions. The meeting was very largely attended, and very earnest in spirit.

The murder of the Rev. Justin W. Parsons, an American missionary, by Turks, is described in a letter from Constantinople. He was overtaken by the night on the shores of the Lake of Isnik. As the weather was excessively warm, he decided to pass the night there with his groom, an Armenian named Garabed. They tied their horses to the trees, and slept on the ground. Two young Turks from a neighbouring village, on seeing them asleep, approached them noiselessly and killed them with their daggers. Armenians seized the murderers, disarmed them, and conveyed them to the Chief of Police in Ismid. According to their own account of the affair, they determined simply to rob the travellers, but on mature reflection, and remembering that they were only Giaours (infidels) they resolved to kill them. The two men are now in prison, and have already made a full confession. During the half-century of American missionary enterprise in Turkey, this is said to be the third case of a missionary being murdered. Mr. Parsons had been labouring in Turkey for about thirty years.

News has been received from Zanzibar that Captain Carter and Mr. Cadenhead, of the Royal Belgian Exploration Expedition, have both been killed. Their death was at first attributed to the noted chief, Mirambo, but Mr. Hutchison, of the Church Missionary Society, has shown that this must be a mistake.

Details have come from the South Seas of hurricanes which have wrought great devastation in the islands of Maré and Lifu (Loyalty Islands), where two of the London Missionary Society's mission stations are located. The Rev. J. Jones, writing from Maré, says: "In this district there are scarcely any houses left standing: the sea rose to a fearful height, sweeping stone houses and stone walls completely away. My house was made a place of refuge by the poor homeless people. They brought their children in crowds to escape the wind, rain, and sea; some of the people were carried in quite exhausted. No fire could be kept alight, the houses being all washed away; consequently no food could be cooked, except in my kitchen." The Rev. S. Creagh writes from Lifu: "Terrible destruction has been done; very few of our chapels remain intact. Our beautiful chapel at Xepenhe is a mass of ruins: the gable wall, built of solid masonry by French practical workmen, was blown flat down. Cocoa-nut trees have fallen by thousands; the yam, cocoa-nut, and banana crops, which bade so fair, are all ruined."

We record with regret the death of the Rev. Edward Auriol, who was, until recently, for nearly forty years the Rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet Street, London. He passed away at the age of seventy-five. Among the Evangelical portion of the Church of England, he filled a position that was unique. "He became," writes one who knew him, "the acknowledged referee, to whose judgment all delicate questions were submitted, and without the sanction of his approval no measure had any prospect of large success among Evangelical men. He thus wielded an immense influence, and rendered the highest possible service to the Church." He is described as having been the very impersonation of sanctified common sense. Mr. Auriol was preferred by the Simeon Trustees to the Rectory of St. Dunstan's in 1841. In 1865 he was appointed to a prebendal stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. Owing to the weak condition of his health, he recently resigned his living. It is also our painful duty to chronicle the death of the Rev. Henry Wright, minister of St. John's Chapel, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, honorary secretary of the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Wright was drowned whilst bathing at Coniston, Cumberland, whither he had gone with his wife and eleven children (the youngest about two years old) for a holiday. Mr. Wright, who was about forty-seven years of age, was a son of the late Mr. Francis Wright, of Osmaston Manor, Derbyshire. He was nominated to the prebendal stall of Oxgate in St. Paul's Cathedral last year. In 1875 he succeeded the Rev. C. H. Waller at Downshire Hill, and his official connection with the Church Missionary Society had lasted about eight years. Mr. Wright gave up preferment, which he held at Nottingham, in order to devote his voluntary efforts to the cause of the Church Missionary Society, filling the same post of honorary secretary which was filled for many years by the late Rev. Henry Venn, of whom he was already showing himself a worthy successor. Mr. Wright was a munificent donor to all good works, and spent his large fortune in doing good.

We learn from India the death of the eminent missionary, the Rev. M. A. Sherring, of Benares. Mr. Sherring left India early in 1876 on a visit to England, owing to ill health, but returned apparently reinvigorated in November, 1878. The deceased was in his fifty-fifth year. He was the author of several volumes of high repute—"The Indian Church during the Rebellion," "The Sacred City of the Hindus," "The Tribe Castes of India as Represented in Benares," and "The History of Protestant Missions in India." Mr. Sherring, at the time of his death, filled the post of Principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Benares. Another distinguished missionary has also just fallen in the Indian field—the Rev. Dr. Wenger, of the Baptist Mission, Calcutta. His labours as a translator of the Scriptures into two or three Indian languages, as well as his high Christian character, won for him the marked confidence and respect of all his fellow-missionaries. His age was sixty-nine.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



GRANNY'S COMFORT.

HARPER'S YARD.

CHAPTER I.

HARPER'S YARD is in the parish of St. Cuthbert, which is the poorest district of York. It lies to the east of the cathedral, which is the pride of the citizens and the delight of the numerous tourists, who come from all parts of the world to gaze at the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in existence. A few of them find their way through the squalid street of Mossgate, to the church of St. Cuthbert, not to see the church, for that is a plain building of no beauty, its chief recommendation consisting of its roominess, but to see the Norman porch, above the grand arch of which the signs of the zodiac were carven eight hundred years ago, when Christianity was a great deal younger than it is now.

These visitors, however, make no difference to the

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denizens of Harper's Yard; few strangers ever penetrate there. It lies between the church and the Bar, a huge structure which was at no very distant period the only means of egress and ingress between the city and the road leading coastward. Sometimes a few burly farmers pass down the main street on their way to and from the cattle-market, just without the Bar, but their business does not carry them into Harper's Yard. It is only the clergyman, the district-visitor, and the doctor who find their way hither—generally the dispensary doctor, from whom comes no bill.

The entrance is through a narrow passage, between a small greengrocer's shop and a second-hand clothes-dealer's store, and looks merely like the road to their back premises, instead of being as it is, a way leading to the row of cottages called Harper's Yard.

The people living in Harper's Yard, when I knew it, were nearly all English, in fact they formed quite a little society, for the parish of St. Cuthbert was quite the Irish quarter of the town. Let me describe the place as it is in my memory. There are only seven or eight houses, small two-storied cottages they are, all of them cleanly, and each with a bird or a plant to brighten the window of the front room, which is parlour and kitchen both.

This sunny August afternoon the doors are all closed except one, and it is evident that their occupants are all at their work. The last house, however, is not deserted, the door stands wide open, and the sound of bitter weeping comes upon the still air.

"It's no use," says a voice passionately, "it's no use trying at all. The world's all well enough for the rich, but for us poor folks, it's a bitter fight, one struggles and one 'tews oneself fair into one's grave, and this is t'end on't," and then the passionate sobbing breaks forth anew.

"Don't take on so, granny," says a little, childish voice; "now don't, granny dear."

The occupants of the room are five in number, and it is evident from its orderly aspect and from their sable attire that four of them have just returned from a funeral. It is a little room poorly furnished, yet bearing signs of care and industry. The mahogany chest of drawers shines like a mirror, and the brass handles gleam like gold. The set of tea-trays standing on the top and resting against the wall are as good as new, though they have stood there more than twenty years. There is a pretty tea-caddy on one side, and a work-box on the other, and between them reposes Mrs. Molloy's Bible and her hymn-book. On the chimney-shelf are several candlesticks and china vases, all free from the smallest speck of dust, and the hearth-place is as bright as hands can make it.

Mrs. Molloy sits in the large arm-chair crying bitterly, looking very miserable. She is English, though her husband was of Irish extraction, as the name would denote. Near her are her two daughters: Mary, a pale, delicate-looking girl of five- or six-and-twenty, and Annie, four or five years older; and Joe Brown, Annie's husband. On the other side of the room, lying on a little couch, is a child, perhaps ten or eleven years old—the heroine of this little story—Maggie Molloy. She has not been to her grandfather's funeral; no, little Maggie lies on her sofa all day long until her aunt or grandmother carry her to bed in the little crib upstairs. She has need of all her patience, need of all the comfort the Holy Book can give her—for she is a helpless cripple.

"Now, don't take on so, granny," she says in a soft gentle voice, "only trust in God, and He will make it all come right in time."

"Aye, lassie," answers the old woman despairingly, "it will all come right if we wait long enough; it'll come straight when we get into the grave along o' gran'father."

"He was glad to go home," says Maggie softly; "he was so tired of all the trouble down here. Think o' it, granny, he's along o' mother up there, singing with the angels, and waiting to be the first to welcome us when we go too."

"I hope he is," cries Mrs. Molloy forlornly; "he'd need have his good things now; he didn't get a many of 'em in this world; it was naught but sorrow and trouble."

"'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth,'" says Maggie softly.

"Aye, it's well enough for thee," answers the old woman, with that sudden changing of the second person which is so frequent in the northern tongue, "you've naught to do but lie there and be good. You've no need to fret and worry yourself about what there's to be for dinner; you know granny has dinner when dinner time comes. But it's different wi' me. I can't sit down and read my Bible all the day. I must get up and set about my work. If I'd naught to do maybe I should find it easy to take things as they come."

A shadow crosses the child's face; a shadow which might be caused by a spasm of pain.

"I don't *like* lying here, grandmother," she says simply and with dignity; "don't you think I'd rather get up and go to service as Polly does? Sometimes when you are away and auntie has to go out, I want a drink and then I can't get it for myself; thirsty or not I must lie until someone comes in.

"Sometimes when the pain in my back is worst Polly comes home, and she tells me all about the sea-side, where she went in the summer with Mrs. Wade and the children; she tells me all about the great waves dashing on to the rocks and the high cliffs, and the gay people walking up and down the piers, and the fresh salt smell, like the sea-weed she brought me, and I almost fancy I am there, until the pain 'minds me that I'm in Harper's Yard all the while. You've seen the sea, granny," she says, with wistful pathos, "but there's no sea for me. Perhaps God will let me see it in the next world."

"No, there's no sea for such as you," cries Mrs. Molloy, changing her complaint. "If you was a lady you'd have all sorts of things tried for your back—sea-bathing and all sorts—but no, there you must lie and die for what any one cares, and the sooner the better I say."

"Oh, granny, granny," says the child piteously, "don't talk like that. There's others tried and troubled just as hard as us. Look at the man o' the parish; wasn't it hard for him to be left all alone? I know how kind Mrs. Carington was. Lots of times she's come and sat with me and told me stories, and all about the strange little children there were where she'd lived in foreign parts. I couldn't help grieving when I heard the fever had taken her

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relations, granny."

"Oh! the rich must ha' their sorrows as well as us poor folk," says Mrs. Molloy; "not but what I was sorry enough for him."

"And he didn't forget us," continues Maggie. "Don't you mind, granny, how he brought grandfather's wine the night after she died, and how he wouldn't come inside for fear he'd take the fever? 'I've lost my Hope, Maggie!' he said, when he saw me; her name was Hope."

"No, he didn't forget us," murmurs Mrs. Molloy in a softened voice; "but then there's not one in a thousand like him."

"Ah, but granny," and Maggie in her eagerness tries to raise herself on her elbow, "there's One who is better than Mr. Carington. The dear Lord who died for you and me, don't you think He was with you this afternoon, when you put grandfather to rest?"

"Maybe He was," says Mrs. Molloy, rocking herself to and fro.

"And, oh, granny, wouldn't He be sorry to hear you fighting against his will? He grieved for Martha and Mary's loss; won't He grieve for yours?"

"He gave them back their lost one," says the old woman regretfully and not a little rebelliously.

"But you wouldn't wish to bring poor grandfather back—oh, surely not—to all the pain and the weary nights, when he couldn't sleep and couldn't get easy anyhow? Why, if he'd been made king of England you wouldn't wish to bring him back to Harper's Yard."

"But he'd have taken us with him."

"What was that song Mrs. Carington used to sing to me sometimes?" says Maggie dreamily; then begins in a faint childish treble to sing a line of Miss Lindsay's beautiful song, "Resignation."

"'I shall go—shall go to him;
But he will not return to me.'"

"Oh! my blessed lamb," cries Mrs. Molloy, leaving her chair and kneeling down beside the little couch, "never was such a granny's comfort in this world. It's always you that are ready to show patience and goodness to the old woman."

"But I can't do anything else to help you, granny," murmurs the child lovingly, putting one thin arm round her neck; "I can't save poor granny's legs, and it would be too bad if I were cross and impatient too."

The two younger women have stolen upstairs to set the front bedroom straight and tidy, for it has to be used to-night, and Joe Brown has slipped out, for the sight of Maggie's pale pinched face and tender pathetic voice is more than he can bear unmoved, and so the two, the frail suffering girl, and the older but stronger woman, are left alone together.

"I don't know where your goodness all comes from," says the old woman with a sigh. "It would just kill me to lie here day after day, without ever a hope of being no better, in this world at least; I don't suppose you'll have a crooked spine in the next, let alone the pain of it. I don't know how you bear it."

"'We are but little children weak,
Nor born to any high estate.
What can we do for Jesus's sake
Who is so high, so good and great?'

I can bear my pain," she whispers. "I do try very hard."

CHAPTER II.—BRIDGET FLANNIGAN'S QUESTION.

In spite of all the weary pain and weakness which overshadowed Maggie's life, she was not without some simple pleasures, pleasures which, to the children of the wealthy with their cosy nurseries, attentive nurses, and a variety of expensive toys, would seem no pleasures at all. At an early age she had been left an orphan, on the bounty of her grandparents. She had never been, like her sister Polly, strong and hale, and at six years old, began to show signs of the spinal complaint which eventually kept her tied down to her narrow couch.

Polly was ten years older, and the eldest of the family, as Maggie was the youngest; those who had come between them had died young, so Polly and Maggie were the only two left on the mercy of the world, when James Molloy followed his wife to her early grave. It was not many months ere he was carried thither himself, and the two children were taken to live at Harper's Yard.

Polly did well enough; she had always been a hearty, strong child, and by the time she was twelve years old was able to take a situation as nursemaid in Dr. Wade's family. She never changed her situation, and by the time the head nurse left to be married was able to take her place and have a girl under her, as she herself had been under Prince.

But with Maggie all was different; there was no such bright prospect in store for her, no happy day when she could look forward to earning her own living and feel she was a burden to nobody. Ah, no, a burden Maggie has always been, and must remain. And yet she has her pleasures, in spite of it all. Often the neighbours come to sit a while with the little patient soul, from between whose pinched lips never a murmur comes; and sometimes, when Mrs. Molloy is away nursing—for she has been a nurse many years—and Aunt Mary is obliged to go into the city to take her needlework to the house of business where she is employed, or to buy the necessaries for their small household, William Jones, the blacksmith, who lives next door, will come in and fetch her—couch and all—to spend the afternoon with his wife; or Mrs. Johnson, at No. 6, will bring her work and sit with her, telling her all about the lakes and mountains in bonny Scotland, where she lived when she was first married, and always getting Maggie to read a chapter, and repeat one or two of her pretty hymns, ere she went away.

With the death of young Mrs. Carington, Maggie has lost one of her greatest pleasures, but she does not grieve over it. She never thinks of her as dead. She likes to lie in the dusky twilight and conjure up the dear bright face, now grown brighter and dearer, in the glory of heaven. When Miss Hughes, who

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lives at No. 1, is making cakes, as she often does, she seldom omits a little one for Maggie, and when Mrs. Holtby's married daughter pays her mother a visit, she never forgets to bring a book or a few sweeties for Maggie.

On the day after her grandfather's funeral she had two visitors; one of these is a lady whom she had never seen before. Maggie is alone in the house, for granny has gone away already to a lady who is ill, and Aunt Mary has been obliged to go into the town and leave her. She has her books on the bed beside her, but she does not care to read them; she knows most of them by heart, and the letters make her head ache, so she is lying back thinking of Mrs. Carington, when there comes a gentle tap at the door, and a pleasant voice asks,

"May I come in?"

Maggie starts a little. "Oh, yes, ma'am, please do," she answers. "I can't get up; but if you'll take granny's chair, please," pointing to it.

But the lady takes the little slim hand into her own, and draws another chair close to the side of the couch.

"I have taken Mrs. Carington's district," she says kindly, "and I find the first name on her list is Maggie Molloy."

"Mrs. Carington often came to see me, ma'am," answers Maggie. "Oh, she was a dear lady, and I miss her so."

"But you must not wish for her back again," says the lady gravely.

"No," and Maggie shakes her head. "Sometimes I forgets that she's gone away, and I thinks, 'Maybe Mrs. Carington 'll come to-day,' and then for a minute I want her back, till I remember she's up in heaven with the angels."

"You would like to be up there, Maggie?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," she answers eagerly; "but just yet a bit granny can't spare me. I ain't much good, none at all about the house, for I can't do nothing for myself, but of a night, when granny is at home, I can read her a chapter, and sing her a hymn."

"Then she is not at home now?"

"No, ma'am. She goes out to nurse, and Aunt Mary has gone into the city. I'm used to being alone."

"And don't you get very tired of lying there? What do you do to amuse yourself?"

"I don't mind it," answers Maggie patiently; "but when the pain's very bad I'm sometimes hard-set to keep from crying; I can't always help the tears coming, but I keep quiet, so that no one can hear me, and I remember that God is near, and knows all my trials."

"Poor child," says the lady, in a gentle voice.

"I'm not poor, ma'am," exclaims Maggie eagerly. "I haven't always got the pain, and sometimes when Mr. Jones from next door fetches me into tea, I enjoy myself very much; and then I've a kind granny who takes care of me, and never grumbles at the trouble I am to her."

"I'm glad you are so contented, dear," says her visitor, kindly. "I shall often come in to see you, if you will let me."

"If I'll let you," murmurs Maggie. "Why, ma'am, you don't know what a pleasure it is to have a visitor. It's next best to going out oneself."

"Then I shall come often," she says, smiling; "and I will leave you these few flowers."

"Oh, ma'am!"

"Shall I put them into water? Yes, this mug will do. And now I have something for you which Mr. Carington has sent you. He knows how fond you were of his dear Hope, so he has sent you this to keep in memory of her." Then she draws out a little parcel and puts it into the child's hands. "Now I must go. Mr. Carington is coming to see you soon," and with a kiss and a gentle touch on her golden hair, she is gone.

"I wonder what it can be?" says Maggie, as with trembling hands she unfastens the string; "a book may be." But no, it is not a book, it is something of wood; it must be a picture. It is. In her hands is a small Oxford frame of oak; and then her eyes fall once more on the dear, bright face that has cheered her loneliness and pain so often. Maggie has not seen many photographs before, and she forgets that this is only a picture. To her it is Mrs. Carington herself. There is the bright face, with its laughing eyes looking straight into her own; there are the small white hands lying in her lap just as they used to do—those hands which have lifted her up, and changed her cramped position so many times; there is the very dress she had on the last time she came into Harper's Yard, that pretty dress with the fur trimmings. Then a rain of tears shuts out the picture, and Maggie lies back again sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What's the matter, Maggie," says a voice with the strongest Irish brogue at the door; "is the pain very bad again?"

"It isn't the pain, Bridget," says Maggie. "I'm not crying because I'm sorry, but oh, God has been so good to me. He has sent me my dear Mrs. Carington back again."

"That's the name o' the parish lady," said Bridget. "She's dead."

"Yes, but look here. Isn't it just herself?"

"Aye. Did God send it?"

"Yes, He put it in Mr. Carington's heart to send it. How shall I ever thank Him?"

"I should pray to the Holy Virgin, and the blessed Saint Joseph," replies Bridget, promptly, "and ask them to thank God for me."

"Why not thank God himself?"

"Sure, I don't know," answers the Irish girl, who is some years older than Maggie; "but we always get the Holy Virgin to pray for us."

"I'd rather pray for myself," says Maggie, sturdily.

"But I say, Maggie, I wonder you never pray to have your back made better! Why don't you?"

"Why don't you?" The words gave a new turn to Maggie's thoughts, and she lies, after Bridget has gone, thinking deeply.

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"LIKE CROWDED FOREST TREES WE STAND.
AND SOME ARE MARKED TO FALL."—*Cowper.*

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A FOREST WALK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.



HOW fruitful of emblems have ever been the growth and the fading of the woodland wealth. To go out into the forest for utter quiet of musing, and for boundless riches of illustration, has been a common practice, doubtless, from the world's earliest ages, with every poet-mind.

And generally the musings have been melancholy, "We all do fade as a leaf." This has been the keynote of the mournful thought which, without the fulness of Christian revelation, was naturally suggested by the spectacle of the perpetual triumph in the woodlands, of decay over fresh vigour and delightsome life. And a sadder thought was yet further suggested to the mind of the poet-seer, when, lo, as he contemplated the fast falling leaves, a sudden rush of wind came, and hustled and hurried them away from the quiet of their melancholy repose, and whirled them, a confused and agitated host, before its restless and pitiless force. Miserable leaves, driven forth from their retreat; scattered and flying before the blast; eddying here and there in circles; cooped in corners whence there was no escape from the compelling gust; not left in peace even to die. This the Seer saw; and added a further sad reflection to the first: "We all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, do carry us away."

Familiar to most are the melancholy musings drawn from Nature, given by the poets to the heroes in the classic writings of Greece and Rome; not so familiar the parallel thoughts in the even earlier writings of the Hindus. In the Vedas and Upanishads, "no subject," says an interesting writer of our day,* "no subject seems to have weighed more upon the minds of thoughtful Hindus than the transitoriness and the vanity of life; repeatedly do they dilate on this topic, and often with deep and touching emphasis."

"How like decaying life they seem to glide!"

This is the analogy which every thoughtful heart, in every age, finds in the contemplation of the falling leaves. But if the leaves pass away, they at least come again, and indeed the leaves of Autumn are but pushed off by swelling buds of coming Spring. So, after all, we watch with some equanimity the passing of the generations of the leaves. There is something more sad by far, to the moralising mind, in the fall of a tree, the parent of the leaves. It is, to my thought, even painful, to see some grand monarch of the ages being smitten all round with cruel gashes, close to the mighty roots, and, presently, crashing to its fall. What a piteous ruin! And but now it was so beautiful and noble an object, the height of it set in the blue heaven, and the sight of it an object of admiration in the wide landscape, and the leaves thereof fair, and the branches a choir "where late the sweet birds sung."

But now it shall lie there, a crushed heap, for a while, and then it shall be dismembered, and sawn asunder, and carried away. And in its place there shall only be the blank, smooth surface of the vast round stump; and at the scent of water it shall not bud nor bring forth boughs any more. At the best, a few spindly shoots shall rise around, a mockery to its fallen majesty. And whensoever those who remember its part in the landscape pass that way, the dethroned monarch shall ever be missed and mourned.

Let me remember the old willows in Carshalton, thirty years ago. Ruskin laments in bitterness of soul over the desecration of the Valley of the Wandle, as one of the most ruthless acts of vandalism in this century. And do I ever walk from Waddon to Cheam without a real sadness of heart at the remembrance of departed glories? One by one they fell, and no loving hand replaced them, and no willows now brush with their golden hair the silver stream, or droop over quiet, brown pools, where the dark trout lie and bask; or where clouds of minnows, just now poised above the clean, gravelled bottom, flash into the swaying shelter of rich green, tasselled weeds. One by one the weeping willows decayed and passed away; or the spoiler's hand marked them for the fall; and I, and a few others, are their faithful mourners still.

How natural and how beautiful was that old Greek idea which gave a graceful spirit to each stately whispering tree, and held it an act of piety to plant a sapling where the felled trunk had stood, lest the pretty dryad should go homeless on the wold.

"But ah! my friend, the days were brief
Whereof the poets talk;
When that, which breathes within the leaf,
Could slip its bark and walk."

For trees and leaves do, really, breathe. They seem, also, to toss their arms, and sway, and bend towards each other, as though there were an earnest language in their murmurous sound, which cannot shape itself into words. They never *walk*, at least since Amphion's day when

"The mountain stirred its bushy crown,
And, as tradition teaches,
Young ashes pirouetted down
Coquetting with young beeches;

And briony-vine and ivy wreath
Ran forward to his rhyming,
And from the valleys underneath,
Came little copses climbing";

* James Vaughan, C.M.S., "Trident, Crescent, and Cross."

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or since that day in early childhood, when we first were driven in a fast vehicle, and all the landscape, as we sped by, seemed one giddy scene of promenading trees.

Only in one case can I be reconciled to see felled trees, or trees marked for the fall. I am conscious of a positive pang, when I see the white paint streak, or the broad arrow, upon the rough and kindly bark of my companions by the wayside, and realise that, for some landowner's need, I must part with this or that old friend, expected, every time I pass that way, to be just in its familiar and exactly appropriate place. But when I pass through the larch or beech grove, and see certain selected trunks marked at due intervals, then I do not rebel. I feel that the sacrifice is necessary for the common-wealth of the whole grove, to the end that its growth may not be cramped, nor, indeed, *every* tree receive injury. They must fall, each alternate pillar, *pro bono publico*. They have had their youth—the best of life. They gleamed out in the Spring, emerald among the dark spruce firs, a delight to all eyes; and the birds built in them, and they swayed the cradle nestlings to and fro, in the early summer days; and in the still moonlit evenings the nightingales sang antiphons in the columned temple.

Then October came, and strewed their thready leaves in a yellow carpet, muffling the quick rabbit's tread; and the squirrels ran, like sailors, up the tall masts, and the robin spilled out a few plaintive notes on the low stone bounding wall. Then came Winter, and feather flakes sailed down through the naked branches, and melted on the warmer ground, but piled the patient boughs with heavy weight of pure ermine, glittering presently in the sun, and grey against the returning blue. And the spruce firs pointed with white-gloved fingers at the snowy sloping hillsides, swelling bosoms warm in sunshine, with blue clean shadows betwixt. And the storm-cock gave the first note of the Spring, when the snow had slid from the boughs and gone; and primroses and violets peeped out in the brushwood, and so the routine of the year began over again.

They were pleasant times, and we may almost fancy the trees happy in them. But now the mark of doom is set upon almost every other tree, and the woodman's axe will sound through the wood, and a crash come after a pause of silence; and afterwards, never again shall the living tree rejoice in the living air.

But then these prostrate trunks have known the best of life; have known only the time of growth and vigour, never the time of stagnation and decay. That Spring shall not come which shall call in vain for the rosy plumelets, and the emerald tufts, nor shall arrive, for them, the gaunt hour in which they should stand desolate in the wood, dead at heart but unfelled.

Ah, there seems something, at least, in the old saying, "Whom the gods love, die young." And the words of the wise man have in them much comfort for those who mourn beside the grave of those cut off in their beauty and their strength. The world laments the early felling of God's marked trees, but they were happy in their lives, and blessed in their departing.

> "In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die;
> And their departure is taken for misery,
> And their going from us to be utter destruction;
> But they are in peace."
>
> "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time,
> Nor that is measured by number of years;
> But wisdom is the grey hair unto men,
> And an unspotted life is old age.
> He pleased God, and was beloved of Him:
> So that, living among sinners, he was translated.
> Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding,
> Or deceit beguile his soul."

Thus the parable of the felled trees may have a message of consolation for those who lament the fair promise of some brave or lithesome tree laid low before its prime. For almost everything in nature may strike an answering chord in the heart of man, suggesting analogy with the events of human life and death, human joy, and tears.

There is a stretch of beech-trees on the slope of the Quantocks which dips down towards the roof which now shelters the writer of these musings. Very beautifully do they vary the smooth expanse of the hill-side above and below them, and exquisite is their delicate, new green, unfolding in the Spring, against the sienna tinge of the last year's bracken, underneath which the still curled stems of the new dull-green fronds are now growing tall. Cool is their fuller shade, under which wind, in a long stream, often, the many fallow deer; and sometimes the stately line of red stags and hinds, with here and there a calf tripping lightly by their side. Nor less beautiful is their attire of stained and tarnished gold, when a paler autumn-blue is in the sky above the hillcrest, and when a warmer flood of briefer sunlight slants down the quiet combe.

Yet, one day, the mark of doom appeared upon nearly every other of these trees—sad was the heart at the sight. Yet the decree had gone forth, and nearly half the whole number were, in truth, marked trees. Down they must come, *malgré* regret. And, in process of time, down they came; rails were moved, and the lopped trunks were carted away, and the furrows left in the field were easily filled in, and the grass grew again, and all seemed, soon, as it had been before.

"Nay, not so," you exclaim, "for were there not the gaps left in the woodland? Did not everyone, at every glance that way, miss the trees that had left, in place of their fair living beauty, only the blank smooth surface of desolate stumps? The landscape could never be as it had been before, after the lovely trees had gone."

Ah, my friend, but you are mistaken. When the mark was placed on them, we noticed that and were sad. But once felled, carted away, and gone—it made me melancholy to see how little they were missed. Even before the branches of the other trees had filled up the gaps, our eyes had become accustomed to the scarcely noticed spaces in the colonnades. And when the Spring's young green fledged the graceful branches, the trees that stood there fresh and vigorous last year had passed from the thought of all, save the moralizing mind of some melancholy Jaques, here and there.

How soon the world learns to do without us! Not only without those of whom it never heard, but without a Peel, a Palmerston, a Derby; a Macaulay, a Thackeray, a Dickens. And our own little world, how soon it will forget us, when we pass from its

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sight. Other trees shall put out branches to fill the place that we occupied, the moss of oblivion shall overgrow the smooth stump; all shall forget us, save one sorrowful heart, here and there.

Yet some shall be remembered. Remembered not for their grandeur, their wealth, their power; not, save in the page of history, for the conspicuous position they filled in the landscape of the Past. But for the earnest love of God, which showed itself in tender love of man; in acts of kindness, in helpful words, in delicate thoughtfulness for others. Ah, we may, if we will, make ourselves to be widely missed after all. Oblivion for the great: remembrance for the good.

Let us illustrate this by a contrast. A poet tells us:—

"I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings,
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

The eager heir inherited when he died, and now, save for the bitter irony of that inscription, the very memory of the mighty monarch is forgotten.

From him we turn to the body of a good widow, "fallen asleep," who, in life, had been "full of good works, and almsdeeds which she did." The many mourners send for an Apostle, if perhaps he may help them. And "when he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them." So we know more of her life and works than of those of "Ozymandias, king of kings."

Ah, short-life of all human might and grandeur; is not the moral of it a wholesome one? *Greatness is evanescent: only goodness is eternal.*

* * * * *

How natural the thought, as we pass through the woods, and see the mark of the woodcutter placed on this and that trunk; how natural to think of the woodcutter, Death, and of the mark which he, at the Master's word, sets upon the trees which grow in the garden of God. Then we ask, upon which of us is this mark set? Is our time near, or far away? For upon the young and the vigorous may he set the mark, as well as upon the aged and the decaying. Some in the Spring; some in the Autumn; some are to stand a year or two, although the mark is on them, before the keen axe smites at the root of the trees. One after one, however, the trees are marked, and the feller comes, and the trunk falls before his stroke. Diverse in character, as oak, or ash, or beech, or elm, or fir; a forest monarch here; a slender sapling there; various, diverse in character, in circumstances, yes; but all alike in this one thing, that the axe has felled them, and that, as each has fallen, in whichever direction this may be—as the tree fell, so there it lies.

Thus God speaks to the woodcutter at his work, and to all who, passing, hear the busy axe, and note the flying chips, or the crashing trunk, and then, turning, perceive how many a tall tree, waving and vigorous, it may be, now—bears yet the mark of doom.

There is, for instance, the lesson, attached by the Baptist to the woodman's axe:

"Now, also, the axe is laid to the root of the trees:
Therefore every tree which bringeth not forth *good* fruit
Is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

And there is the lesson, familiar to all, which is so often popularly drawn, from the words of Solomon; a lesson, however, in its warning gravity, heeded by comparatively few:

"If the tree falleth toward the south, or toward the north,
In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

A solemn thought for all. Life to grow in, whether for a longer, or a shorter time; life for choice, for leaning, as we will, this way or that;—life for choice; death for fixing it.

And on some of us the mark is already set; for some, the fiat has already gone forth, "*Cut it down!*"

Ah, does, for you or for me, the awful reason follow? "*For it cumbereth the ground.*"

Be that as it may, whether for honest, useful timber, or for worthless crooked growth, the doom is one. By the profitable or the profitless, the penalty of the Fall must be paid; and the always busy woodcutter, Death, sees, now on the sapling, now on the full-grown tree, the appointed sign. And every day—nay, every hour; nay, every second—the flashing axe descends, and suddenly or gradually, the trees sink to their fate. Sometimes, as it were, the mark is perceptibly made, and then, after that, the tree is left for awhile. Mercifully is this done; and during the time that comes between the warning illness, and the last—it may be, the sudden,—call, well is it if God's merciful intention be understood, and the respite profitably employed in making peace with God, who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to salvation.

The lines of the poet Cowper come back to the memory:

"Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on;
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen;
I pass'd—and they were gone."

However, it would not be, for the earnest follower of Jesus, a sight of terror, even could he see the mark visibly set upon himself. Indeed, it is not suitable to him, this simile of the woodman's axe. Rather, he looks to be peacefully transplanted into a happy place, even the Paradise of God.

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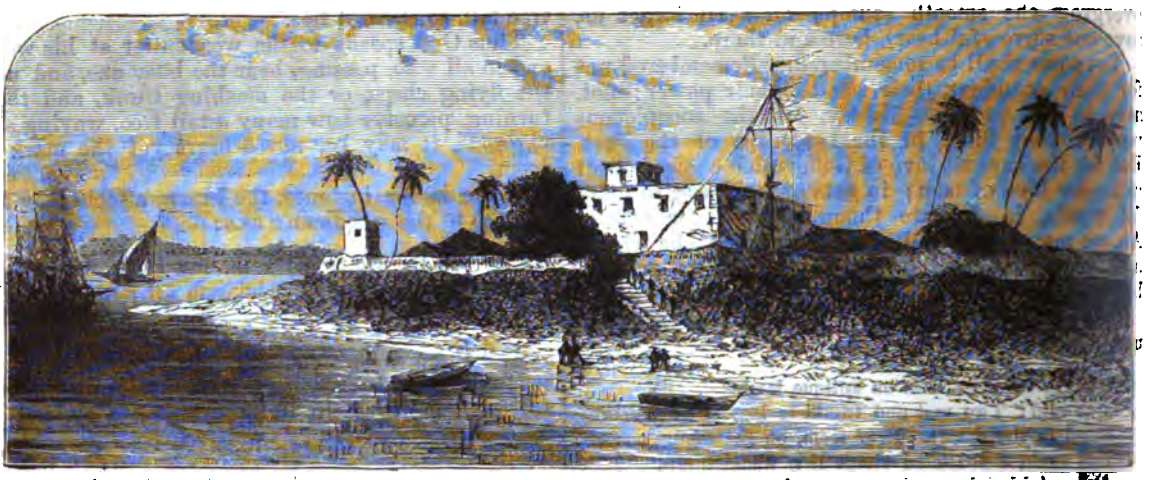

DIAMOND HARBOUR, ON THE HOOGLY.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XXVI.—MADRAS.

MADRAS seems to be a very straggling city. The black, or native town, is compact, with streets running parallel to and at right angles with the beach. But the European part extends south for miles and encloses many vacant plots of land. Mount Road, in this direction, leads to many hotels. From our windows we have a view of the surf and of the surf boats. Though calm, the huge waves come rolling in, and the huge boats as they vault over them are thrown up and then down almost perpendicularly. A pier runs out beyond the breakers, but the swell is still heavy where it ends. The view from the lighthouse is extensive; one sees the entire city, and the shore for miles. The drive along the beach to the Capper House is the pleasantest in Madras. The University buildings are here, and the Presidency College. In the Fort Church there is a monument to Schwartz. We spent the Saturday evening most pleasantly at Mr. Organe's, with a party of missionaries, some of whom had come from the country for the week of prayer. Mr. Organe is the secretary of the Bible Society, which has its depôt by the Memorial Hall, and circulates the Tamil Version of the Scriptures without note or comment by means of colporteurs. Several native churches contribute to its funds. At Mr. Organe's we met the Rev. Mr. Coles, for forty-two years employed in the service of the Master, and now a veteran still at his post. He replied to our enquiries that his impression is that the bulk of the native population in the Presidency are content under English rule; that if it were a question between a native and an English collector ninety-nine out of every hundred would vote for the Englishman. There is, said he, no patriotism in the people, each clings to his caste and seeks its advance. Still, they feel keenly the oppressive burden of taxation. It is urged that the licence tax, *i.e.*, a tax on employment, from which the Civil Service is exempt, is unjust and unequal. The famine of 1878 has been the source of untold misery, but the means taken to relieve it have won the goodwill and gratitude of multitudes.

In Madras we visited two large hospitals: the one in the foreign town supported by Europeans, and conducted upon the English system; the other in the native town and under native superintendence. The general hospital in the foreign town is a very large and well-ventilated building. It has spacious corridors, wide and shady verandahs, and airy wards. The doors were open on every hand, opening mainly upon the verandahs; and a refreshing breeze passing gently through, relieved the heat, which in this climate is so oppressive to the patient. In every ward freshness and cheerfulness seemed to bespeak a cure. Hopefulness was upon the countenances even of the most afflicted, and pleasant pictures and beautiful flowers gladdened the eye. The other hospital, that in the black town, was, I regret to say, a contrast to all this. It is called the Choultrey Poor-house and Hospital. Here, mute misery was written upon every face. The patients had no bed-clothes. The paupers lie on a mat on the floor. The portion set apart for lepers presented a most painful spectacle. Most of the sufferers were natives, but a few knew English. To these I spoke a few words about the Lord Jesus and the lepers. It was all one could then do. Sickened and saddened, we next went through bare and comfortless wards for aged and infirm men and women, who here drag out the residue of their days of sorrow. There is also a foundlings' ward. The foundlings seemed to be in great wretchedness. In this hospital there were 250 patients, and the average was at this time, ten deaths a week. During the awful famine of 1878, there were nine thousand inmates, kept in a sort of camp; and an average of thirty deaths a day. The dead were burnt in heaps by contract daily. In this lazar-house there were, when we visited it, 250 patients in hospital, 275 in the almshouses, 42 in the Rajah's Choultrey, and

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THE MAIDAN AT CALCUTTA.

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250 lepers; making a total of 817 souls. The horrors of that famine year are untold and untellable. As the waggons of grain passed from the shore to the railway, they had to be guarded with a strong military force; but the starving would risk blows of sabres and horses' hoofs to pierce the sacks, so that the grain might trickle out; and afterwards hundreds might be seen eagerly picking up the grains that had fallen upon the road. In punishment for this offence all who could be captured were driven into pens set up upon the shore, and confined there without food or water, and under the blaze of the sun, for four-and-twenty hours. I was told that many perished. And this was not in remote districts, but at the headquarters of British power, pomp and fashion, in South India, in Madras itself.

It is usual among the missionaries of Madras and the surrounding districts to hold a united communion service on the first Sunday in the year. Missionaries of the Propagation Society stand aloof, and, in most cases, so also do those belonging to the Church Missionary Society, although these latter unite with their brethren in the annual meetings for prayer held during the week. The united communion was a most interesting service. There in that far-off land, those who had come forth to labour among the heathen from Christian England and America in the name of Christ, forgetting their minor differences, were now gathered—Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians—to bid one another God speed in their work, and to celebrate together the dying love of their common Lord in the ordinance of His appointment. Dr. Elder, medical missionary, opened the meeting with prayer and Scripture. The Rev. G. M. Cobban (Methodist Episcopal) preached from a double text (Acts xviii. 9; 2 Thess. iii. 1): "Fear not, Paul; be not afraid, but speak," "Brethren, pray for us." The Rev. W. Stephenson, of the Free Church, gave the communion address; the Rev. J. B. Coles administered the ordinance, and as a visitor among them from home, I offered a concluding prayer. In the evening we visited the cathedral, which stands in extensive grounds, and is covered with yellow stucco, like most buildings in Madras. It was lighted with numberless candles in gorgeous chandeliers. The bishop was present with his crosier.

Madras is strong in educational institutions; we visited the Presidency College, the university buildings, and the Presbyterian Institute, which is the largest and most flourishing native mission college in the Presidency. At the united prayer meeting in the Memorial Hall, the bishop presided and several extempore prayers were offered, and addresses given upon missions. The famine relief has brought in many, who say, "You have proved yourselves our friends in an extremity. We received no help from our idols. We are now your disciples; teach us whatever you want us to know." Nothing could be more natural, as Bishop Caldwell says, nothing more laudable as far as it goes. And speaking of the new converts he adds, "I have visited 105 towns and villages where there were congregations, most of them new. What, then, is the estimate I have formed? It is that in general I liked the new portion better than the old. They are, as a rule, more intelligent, progressive, and promising. The new people had already become in general as willing as the old, if not more willing to form themselves into associations for the evangelisation of their heathen neighbours."

XXVII.—THE EAST COAST AND CALCUTTA.

The coast voyage from Madras to Calcutta occupies eight days, the steamer calling daily at some port on the way. Of the entire voyage the most difficult and disagreeable part often is the passage over the surf from the shore to the ship. The sea coast all along the south-east of India is flat and sandy, and huge breakers roll in over the sands. Communication with the shore would often be impossible were it not for the surf-boats of the natives, and their skill in managing them. These boats, called *masulahs*, are twenty-five feet long, eight feet broad, and six feet deep. They are flat-bottomed and pointed, and curved up at either end. They are exceedingly light, and draw only six inches of water; there is not a nail in them, but they are sewn together. They quickly float when they reach the advancing lip of the spent wave; carried out as this retreats, the next coming billow throws them up, and they mount perpendicularly, sometimes shipping a quantity of spray, and then plunge down again into the shallow water as the wave rolls on. In calm weather only three of these huge billows are dangerous, and these surmounted you are safe. The boatmen, twelve in number, row with paddles, pulling with their might. The morning was calm, and we reached the "Purulia" safely in half-an-hour. The "Purulia" was a new boat and on her first trip. We called at Masulipatam, the centre of the Church Missionary Society's operations among the Telegu people, on the second day, and at Cocanada, in the Godavery district, on the third. I went ashore and visited the Canadian Baptist Mission. In company with Mr. Brown of Visagapatam I travelled about five miles in a coffin-like palanquin with eight bearers, who went dolefully along, keeping time with their voices, to a pagoda whose towering Gopura is a revolting sight, a mass of obscenity cut in stone, such as one could hardly imagine depravity itself capable of inventing. Yet this is connected with, nay, part and parcel of, the religion of Brahma, that religion upon the excellencies of which Professor Max Müller expatiates. One sight of this temple at Cocanada would suffice to disabuse him and those following him of their fine pictures of Hindooism and of the elevating power of the Vedas. A few pet quotations are always at hand when one would praise Brahminism. They are in the oldest Vedas, grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff. If we would learn what the Hindoo religion really is and what are its practical fruits we must visit the temples of India. The Baptist missionaries came on board with us, and told of wonderful successes at Ongole, where there are a thousand converts, owing to Christian sympathy and kindness during the famine.

Next morning we reached Visagapatam, or Visag, as it is more briefly called. The headland (1,700 feet) as you approach from the south is called the Dolphin's Nose; there is a huge cave on the sea line, and the cliffs are imposing. On the hill above the creek three striking buildings meet the eye—a heathen temple, a Mohammedan mosque, and a Roman

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Catholic church. As we landed we saw crowds of poor native women acting as porters and carrying huge boxes of cargo. Here I met the venerable John Hay, agent of the London Society for forty years, and translator of the Scriptures into Telegu. He is now engaged with a Revision Committee, composed of the missionaries of the different societies, in preparing a more accurate version. The Telegu language, Mr. Hay says, is in its primitive forms much simpler than in its more modern form. Here Major Wroughton, Inspector of Schools, came on board, and accompanied us up the coast, calling at Bimlipatam and Copalpore. He is a thoroughly Christian man, an advocate of total abstinence, and a preacher of the Gospel. He has done much good among the soldiers. He spoke of what he had seen of the brutal treatment of the natives by officers. A passing Hindoo was rudely taken to task by Captain —— for not making a salaam to him.

"Why should I?" said the man; "you have conquered our race, and I won't salaam."

"Let us see the general," said the captain.

The general said, "Make a salaam, sir."

The man still firmly but calmly refused, and the general seized him by the neck, threw him to the ground, buried his face in the dust, and ordered the man fifty lashes. Thus by sheer brute force was this Hindoo punished for an independence which we should honour in an Englishman. The mild Hindoo submits to the English as to a conquering race; and all he can do is to be patient and bide his time. If not subdued by justice and kindness, he will seek his revenge some day.

On Sunday, as we were passing Juggernaut, the town on the coast of Orissa so well known for its idol car, our ship's company of passengers and officers were quietly gathered on deck to offer our common prayers to the great Father in heaven, to read his Word, and to hear his Gospel. Again it was my lot to conduct service at sea, and I was beginning to feel quite at home in the work; the heaving of the ship forming a natural accompaniment to the lessons and the sermon. In the afternoon we cast anchor at False Point, and at night, having taken a pilot on board, we started up that branch of the great Ganges called the Hoogly. Next morning, after stopping at Diamond Harbour to receive a statement as to the height of the tide at the bars, we made our way up past "James and Mary," the most dangerous of the rapids, all hands on board being in readiness to let go the anchor if we should ground, and at Garden Reach our ship was turned round, and was steamed stern foremost up to Government House, Calcutta, amidst a crowd of shipping reminding one of Liverpool.

Calcutta, ninety miles from the sea and on the east bank of the Hoogly, is a city not a century old, and already, if we include Howrah, on the opposite side of the river and connected by a bridge, it numbers 900,000 inhabitants. The Government House is, of course, a huge building, and Fort William contains a very noble church; but the houses along Chowringee have won for the place the name "City of Palaces," while the ravages of climate upon the health of European residents have suggested the parody, "City of Pale Faces." There are many statues and monuments, the creatures of official inspiration, but far more interesting are the missionary and educational institutions which stand as memorials of illustrious names. Here it was that Bishop D. Wilson toiled, and here stands his church, St. Paul's. Here the zealous and self-denying Dr. Duff laboured, and here in Cornwallis Square northwards is the college which he first founded, now in the hands of the Scotch Established Church; near it is the Free Church College, afterwards built by him, in which he taught for many years, and where one thousand young men and boys are educated. It is a noble building, and in the central hall, where the school was wont to assemble to hear the Scriptures every morning, now stands a bust of that noble presence, in loving remembrance of the founder. Beyond is the orphanage, where we heard the children sing. We also visited the London Mission station and schools south of the city at Bhowanipore, where five hundred children are taught. Starting one morning early by railway for Samnaggur we were taken over a cotton factory, and found the rooms as airy as in Lancashire, though of course hotter. The machinery runs twelve hours a day, Sundays included, and the hands work nine. They looked healthy and content. The Hoogly here is very picturesque. From Barrackpore, where we drove through the park, I crossed the river to Serampore, thirteen miles from Calcutta, where are the famous Baptist college and the scenes of the labours of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. The Rev. J. Trafford took me through the college, a noble building with a noble staircase, but now with only eleven students and one hundred boys. The library possesses an interesting collection of Bibles and some valuable MSS. One of Carey's, a polyglot dictionary of Sanscrit words with the corresponding word in six languages, is beautifully written, and shows the toil and perseverance of its author. There is also a MS. copy of Watts's "Scripture History" in Bengali, written by Carey's son. Mr. Trafford has been at great pains and labour in arranging and cataloguing this library. I afterwards visited the Baptist burial-ground, where lie the mortal remains of Carey, Ward, and Marshman. Carey's tomb has this inscription:

WILLIAM CAREY.
Born, 17th August, 1761;
Died, 9th June, 1834.
"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

The tombs of all three missionaries have domes, supported on pillars; but the ground has the air of neglect and decay, and the wall near Carey's tomb is broken down. We next drove to the Danish church in which Carey preached. It is now in the hands of the Establishment, the Government having built for the mission a little Baptist chapel by way of compensation (as if such a misappropriation could be compensated) when the church was taken from them. This little chapel itself is of precarious tenure. A large jute factory has been erected near it; the proprietors have already bought up two houses and considerable land of the mission property; and they are seeking to buy the chapel. Serampore has a calm and cheerful aspect with its clean shady roads. It is a pleasant suburban retreat, but factories are gaining ground, and the mission has the air of decay. Carey's botanic garden of six acres, which contained 3,000 species

of plants, is now jungle, and has been sold for business purposes. A Christian village purchased by the Marshmans as a settlement for the native converts, has also been sold. It is sad to see the scenes of many years of Christian labour and the fruits of missionary enterprise associated with revered names thus on the decline.

Early one morning, after the usual *Chota-Hasri*, or "little breakfast," usually served in your bedroom before rising, I went down the river in a boat to the Botanical Gardens beyond the now deserted Bishop's College. These gardens cover 300 acres and contain beautiful specimens of the Mauritius and other palms, a fine avenue of mahogany trees, a large variety of crotons, and above all a great banyan tree, whose branches and descending roots extend to a circumference of 300 yards. The same day we visited Kalighat, which gave its name to Calcutta, and is situated on the bank of an old bed of the Ganges south of the city. The legend is that when the corpse of the goddess Kali, wife of Siva, was cut in pieces by order of the gods one of her fingers fell here and a temple was built in her honour. The present temple was built three hundred years ago, and renewed in 1809, and its priests are called "Haldar" and amass great wealth from the daily offerings of pilgrims.

There are many festivals, to which immense crowds resort, especially on the second day of the Durga-puja. The street off which the temple lies is full of shops for the sale of idol pictures, images and charms. When we arrived sacrifices were being offered in the midst of an excited crowd. In an area before the temple stood the priest and the executioner sword in hand. We saw three kids and two buffaloes sacrificed. The head of the victim is fastened in a wooden vice, its body is held up by the hind legs, and the sacrificer strikes with his sword. If the head is severed with one stroke the victim is considered acceptable to the goddess, and its blood is collected by the priest, carried into the shrine, and sprinkled upon her huge projecting tongue. We saw the hideous idol within, with its tongue streaming with blood. If the head of the animal is not severed with the first stroke it is considered unacceptable and is cast aside. The officiating Brahmin, almost naked, with the sacred cord round his neck, was a fierce-looking but very shrewd man. He could speak English. We found that he had been when a boy five years at the Bhowanipore mission school, and that a near kinsman of his was a convert and a missionary. Upon my saying, "How can you carry on these revolting rites? You know that they are vain, and a pretence," he replied, "Yes, I know it; but the people will have it, and I must get my living." The man evidently disbelieved in his heathenism, and would be a professor of Christianity if he saw it would pay. It was a strange and hideous sight to see these bloody, exciting, and degrading rites amid a huge gathering of devotees within a few miles of English civilisation and fashion. Two miles nearer town stands a Christian cathedral with its library and statue of Bishop Heber. And that evening the fashionables of Calcutta, pale and listless, might be seen rolling in gay equipages across the Maidan and by the shipping along the river side, and gathering round the band in the Eden Garden. In the temple area at Kalighat around the shrine of Kali, you see Hindoo caste and idolatry in all their proud and hideous barbarism; the same day at evening in the Eden Garden around the band you may witness the pomp and vanity of Anglo-Indian caste, from the haughty collector who lives upon the taxes, to the industrious tradesman who pays them. Brahmin and Sudra you find alike in both assemblies, and it is not easy to decide which is the more unreasonable, the heathen or the official pride.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

STEWARDSHIP.

"And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?"—*Luke* xii. 42.



IN this chapter we have recorded some of our Lord's discourses when He would stir up his followers to watchfulness for their Master's coming. This He did from a consideration of the reward of those who shall be found faithful, and the punishment of those who shall not be found faithful. He spake to them in parables. The parable before us is that of a master who would take his journey into a far country, and had appointed unto his servants certain duties which they had to perform, till, at a time not known to them, he would return and take account of their stewardship.

"Then Peter said unto Him, Lord, speakest Thou this parable unto us, or even to all?" "What I say unto you," replied Christ, "I say unto all." Now, while what was said before only concerned the apostles in common with others, that which followed would seem peculiarly applicable to them as His ministers, stewards of His household. And very probably our blessed Lord had then more immediately in his mind the apostles, and the responsibility under which they were placed. "Who then," said Jesus, "is that faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." And yet, that all the followers of Christ must be considered under the same responsibility may be inferred from the general scope of our Lord's teaching.

In the parable of the talents, for instance, we are taught what is the accountability of men, however their circumstances or condition of life may differ. "The kingdom of heaven," said the Saviour, "is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one."

The condition, then, here represented is that of steward, and the principle to be maintained is that all men are responsible to God. They have received from Him certain trusts, to be employed according to his will, and with a view to his glory, and for the right keeping of which they shall one day render account; it may be with grief, it may be with gladness. It is required of a steward that he be found faithful; faithful to his master by whom the great trust has been committed to him, and faithful to his fellow-servants, for whose benefit he was put in trust.

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What, then, are some of these talents or trusts for which we are held accountable? First, God has endued us with our natural powers. These are high trusts, for which we shall be reckoned with, according to our means and opportunities of employing them, according as their strength or feebleness may be. There are some with faculties of a high order; master-spirits, who by their powers of reasoning, or force of eloquence, can sway the masses either for good or evil. Upon such as these there rests a heavy responsibility. "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required."

There is, again, the responsibility arising out of our position in life, and the influence it gives; our worldly circumstances, our education, our opportunities of usefulness. Above all, there is the responsibility arising out of the dispensation under which we live, in gospel times and with gospel privileges. Numerous, indeed, are the gifts bestowed upon all, and the graces bestowed upon some, but ever upon the principle of stewardship, and this, whether we regard our natural life or our religious privileges. Think of our services and sacraments, ordained by Christ himself; the written word and a living ministry, "warning every man," says the apostle, "and teaching every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

How should not this urge us to the right improvement of our several trusts, the wise employment of the talents which God may have given us, knowing that to abuse, or not rightly to use them, will constitute a crime for which we have to give a reckoning. And yet, as with the servants in the parable, some traded more or less diligently and gained other talents, while some hid theirs in a napkin and gained nothing; so among the professed followers of Christ some are diligent and improve their opportunities, others are slothful, negligent, and do nothing for their absent Lord.

You see, then, what it is that constitutes our stewardship, and in what our responsibility consists. Not ministers and teachers only, but we all are stewards when we consider our natural faculties; we are stewards when we consider our social advantages, our domestic blessings, and religious privileges, and are accountable to God for all.

We have now to notice the special qualities which are required in the condition of a steward; and they are two, fidelity and wisdom. "Who," said the Saviour, "is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household?" The practical question is, How are these qualities to be realised?

Well, to be faithful as a steward in things of this world one must ascertain what are the duties of his calling. To do right in any office it is necessary that we have a correct knowledge of our work, the object and scope of it. It is absurd for a man to undertake a work of which he knows little or nothing. Now, if this be true in earthly callings, how much more in things spiritual. It therefore becomes a first duty of the Christian to know what is the will of God, that we may know what our duty is; and secondly, we should ask of God that He would give us guidance, grace, and wisdom, that we may do it in a way and in a spirit well-pleasing in his sight.

Again, as good stewards we must bring to his service such feelings of attachment to our Master, and such love for
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Bear these things, then, in your mind. We are debtors to God for all that we possess, and He looks for some return. None can plead their inability. Everyone can do something. Everyone has his talent. Some have money, or houses, or land. Some have time to spare, but not money; some have a little of both. He is a sorry Christian who has not wherewith in some way to show his love for his Master. The best of us, indeed, can do but little at the best; but by doing that little we show what we would do had we the power. The faithful servant is fruitful in expedients to serve his absent master; and, be it remembered, that "it is accepted of God according to that a man hath," though it were but a cup of cold water. Seek out some channel of usefulness, in which you may be a blessing to others; in the Sunday-school, or in visiting the sick and needy, or in bringing in the wanderers to the house of God. If everyone really did what he could for Christ the world would be better, and the church itself would increase in numbers, and strength, and influence. Blessed is that servant who shall be found working, as well as waiting, when the Lord cometh.

Sabbath Thoughts.

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

"He ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb.* vii. 25.

THERE was one work completed by Christ, the work of atonement. When He bowed His head on the Cross, and cried with a loud voice, "It is finished!"

"The great redemption was complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown."

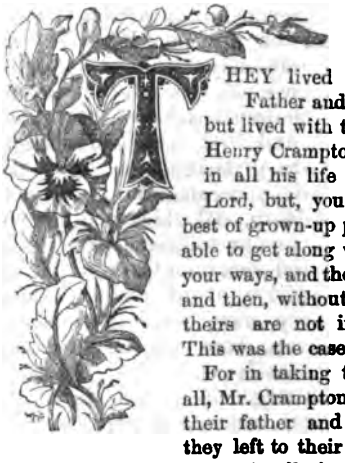
But there is another work which goes on continually, Christ's work of intercession. Ever since He ascended into heaven, blessing His disciples with His uplifted hands, He has been interceding, praying, pleading before God, with those pierced hands outspread in continual advocacy for His church on earth—His tempted, tried, suffering, sinning church! The Shepherd has never for a moment forgotten His few sheep in the wilderness; He has never ceased to present before the Father His own atoning work, and His perfect righteousness, as the procuring cause of every blessing bestowed on the flock which He hath purchased with His own blood. That for which a man gives a high price is not likely to be forgotten by him; he cares for it, takes trouble to secure it from evil, puts a high value upon it; so does Christ value His purchased possession. How unlike is His care for us from the heathen ideal of godhead! The deities of the most polished nation of antiquity were supposed to sit apart on Olympus enjoying themselves in utter indifference to the affairs of men; whereas, for us there is no care so tender, no love so warm or self-sacrificing as the love of Him who reigns above and yet intercedes above—the "Lamb that is in the midst of the Throne," "a Lamb as it had been slain!"

Let us think for our encouragement of His continual intercession. And let us live as those ought to do who have been redeemed at such a price, and who are of value in the sight of such a Redeemer.

Pages for the Young.

THREE LITTLE ONES.

CHAPTER I.—THREE LITTLE ONES.



THEY lived at Braintree, in Essex. Father and mother they had none, but lived with their guardian and uncle, Henry Crampton. He was a good man; in all his life he strove to please the Lord, but, you know, the greatest and best of grown-up people are sometimes not able to get along with children. You have your ways, and they have theirs; and, now and then, without any fuss on either side, theirs are not in harmony with yours. This was the case here.

For in taking them to live with him at all, Mr. Crampton had been kindly. Both their father and mother had died poor; they left to their children very little that they might call their own in all the world; they were in the position in which the Lord sometimes, in his great wisdom, sees fit to place his little ones, without money, and without a home. Their uncle, Mr. Crampton, was not rich, far from it; he found it difficult, work his hardest, to keep himself, and yet give something to the Lord. So you see, when he took these little ones to his house and home, he placed upon his shoulders, for their sake, an extra burden, when he had already enough of his own.

He himself was childless. Once he had a child, but only for a short time. Baby died, and in its grave the father placed his wife as well. That was years ago, but the shadow of that grave seemed yet to linger on him. He was so reserved and cold, so formal in his manners, that people who knew him only slightly were ignorant of the warm, true heart which beat within. As for children, he could just tolerate them, no more. He could not throw off his coldness in their presence, and failed sadly to enter into the spirit of their noisy romps. When they played, he kept himself as much as possible out of their way; their bedtime was the only period of the day when he felt comfortable. The fact was, he felt himself in their way, and they felt themselves in his; so it was not pleasant for either side.

There were three of them, and they lived just outside the town in an old white house with thatched roof, its walls covered with creeping plants, surrounded by a rambling uncultivated garden, which was their hearts' delight, their playground, the place they loved dearest in the world. It was their fairy land. Here, in the summer days, they would walk hand-in-hand, talking of the strangest things, thinking the oddest thoughts. For they were queer children. The sun would float across the world in his sea of blue, would droop in the western sky, the shadows of eventide would gather, the night would come, and still they would wander in the garden hand-in-hand.

They were not like other children. Samuel was the eldest; he was twelve, a little fellow, slightly built, with a form so delicate that many a boy half his age would have been able to master him. Yet he was acknowledged to be the greatest of the three.

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There were few things Samuel did not seem to know. He was what we older people would call a philosopher born and bred. He was old beyond his years. He always seemed to be looking far ahead. He had the most wonderful belief in the goodness of the Lord; you would have smiled to hear him talk; this was right, and that was right, everything was right, because it was His will.

In the quaintest way he had laid out his plan of life. It was quite understood between them what Samuel was to be and do. Such things as were done when there were giants in the land. He knew well that the world was not so good as it might be; how he knew it was hard to say, little evil had come across his path. He had made up his mind that it would be his to right it. He was going to set out upon a crusade against all wickedness; that he would succeed he had not the slightest doubt; that righteousness would regain its reign, that truth and honesty would rule far and wide he felt assured.

Yet this conviction on his part did not look at all like vanity. Naturally, he was the most retiring, the most unobtrusive among boys. It seemed part of his nature, something planted within by another hand. Gain his confidence—an easy task—with his great solemn eyes fixed on you, in his sweet childish voice, he would tell you such and such a thing would be done, and he would do it. Laugh, you could not find it in your heart to do, he was so in earnest. If you placed your hands upon his shoulders, and told him that this was a dream not likely to meet fulfilment, he would listen motionless, still with his eyes upon you, answering nothing, perhaps; yet you felt that he thought the more.

James came next. He was ten; he was the very opposite of Samuel. Broadly built, tall—much taller than his brother, with a stolid English face and head planted on his sturdy shoulders. He was the worst one of the three. He was a terrible dunce, so dull, that though one could drag him, like a horse, to school, one could not get him to drink of the well of learning when he was there. In an unlucky moment someone credited him with a thick head; he immediately marched up to Samuel, and asked him what that meant.

"A thick head?" replied the sage, turning it over in his own wise mind, "when they say that you have a thick head, they mean that you are stupid; because, you know, it is not so easy for learning to get through thick heads as it is through thin ones."

Ever after that James laid all his shortcomings on the fact of his thick head. It was not his fault, but his head's; why had he not a thin one? It was difficult to persuade him that, at times, the heart directs the head.

On one point he was like a rock—his belief in Samuel. There never was any one like Samuel, never would be, never could be. He was entirely of his brother's opinion that he would do the most wondrous things that ever were done, but when it came to what these things were, they were at issue rather. James would not confess it, but the more Samuel explained, the hazier he became.

Do away with wickedness, certainly; but James's misty idea of how that might be done, was to get upon a war-horse, and gallop helter-skelter through the world, to the crash of trumpets and the clang of arms. That finer sense which was in Samuel was entirely absent in his brother, and when, with that strange wisdom which was his, he explained that it was not by force, but gentleness, not by hate but love the victory might be won, James could not understand at all.

"Jesus said, 'Love your enemies,'" Samuel would observe; "'bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you;' that is what He said, and that's what I must do. You know, Jesus is peace; He bore everything, and because He bore He did so much, don't you see? I think I've read somewhere that he that taketh up the sword, shall perish by the sword. You wouldn't wish me to perish by the sword, you know."

"What does perish mean?" James would ask, his hands at this point deep in his pockets, his eyes upon the ground.

"Perish? It means die. When people are fond of killing other people, they often get killed themselves." Samuel would pause, adding, in his own grave way—that far-off look in his great, round eyes—"I could bear being killed, but I could not kill."

Here James would lapse into confounded silence; this was a philosophy he could not understand. Bear being killed, but could not kill! He pictured any one trying that operation on him; if there was anything in which he was capable it was in the usage of his fists; to be knocked, and not to knock again! James had not advanced so far.

The third was Martha. She was not like the Martha some of us might couple with that name, busied with much serving. She was a dainty maiden, nine years old, with flashing eyes, violet-hued, with something of the solemn look that was in Samuel's, but sprightlier and more youthful. Her golden hair lay on her shoulders; she had a trick of clasping her hands behind her back, and shaking her shining tresses, with a slight toss of her small head, before she settled down to look at you.

She, too, was quaint, but not quite like either of the others. Hers was a keen, active mind; she saw things neither of them saw, and could not see things which they could see. It was a difficulty with her how far she should follow Samuel, and how far James. She would listen to Samuel laying down the law, and wonder as she heard. This scheme it was his passion to unfold, puzzled her exceedingly.

"But," she argued, "how will you get your living? You know you must get your living some way; uncle cannot pay for you for ever, he is so poor. You won't get any money for doing good. Do people get paid for that?"

"Ministers do," said Samuel, "they get collections; but I do not know about me. In olden times I don't know how Paul got on, but I know the Lord was always with him. It is not about the money I should care; I should be always right if the Lord were at my side."

They were standing beneath the old pear-tree at the bottom of the garden. It was a sunny day, the little breeze whispered through the trees and bushes with a sort of murmuring calm. James stood in his favourite position, hands in pockets, hat tilted to the back of his head, leaning against the tree. Martha was at one side of him, with a great wide-brimmed straw hat to shade her from the sun, beneath which her fair young face looked comically earnest as she weighed her brother's words. He lounged on the ground, supported by his right arm, looking up at her with that quiet gaze which conveyed such complete conviction. While Martha pondered, James replied, rather dubiously, as was his wont,

"But what would He do? Would He give you money? You can't get things unless you pay for them, and you can't pay for them without money?"

"You don't understand," answered Samuel, "you don't understand at all. It is not myself I care about; I'm not afraid; aren't we told to take no thought for the morrow? I will serve the Lord; He will see that the morrow takes thought for itself; my heart will be with Him, all will be right."

"Samuel," said Martha, struck by a sudden thought, kneeling on the grass beside him, "Samuel, if uncle is against you, what shall you do then? You will have to wait a long time before you begin to do, and perhaps uncle will not let you."

Her foreboding was fulfilled. Mr. Crampton had no notion what was in his nephew's mind. He had asked him once what he wished to do in life; after a moment's hesitation Samuel had answered, "Serve the Lord." Startled somewhat at the solemnity of the utterance, he had taken it to have a general application, not dreaming Samuel intended it to be the sole and only purpose of his living. Business with him was poor, his means were small; as a practical man, it seemed to him righteously obvious that the lad should be trained to battle early with the world. Trade he was intended for, and when he asked the boy that question he wished to know what trade he might prefer; Samuel did not understand him, and he did

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not understand Samuel. So he resolved in his own mind that the lad should be apprenticed to a grocer.

That same evening, when his own work was over, he called the boy in, and told him of his purpose. On his fourteenth birthday he was to enter into the world. Mr. Crampton did not feel justified, either for his own sake or the boy's, in delaying further.

Samuel listened perfectly silent. This was a revelation which fell upon him like a cloud from heaven; he was for a moment stunned. Was thus his purpose to be fulfilled? Was this his dream? Was the great purpose of his life to be thus destroyed?

His uncle noted his silent, stricken attitude with some surprise; but his surprise was greater when he found speech.

"How can I do two things? Paul did not. I cannot serve God and Mammon."

His uncle looked at him, puzzled. This boy always was a mystery to him. There was something in him he could not understand. Now he watched him with wondering eyes, unable to see his drift. At last, in an undecided voice, "What do you mean?" he asked.

Samuel paused before he answered.

"Don't you remember once you asked me what I would do in life, and I said, 'Serve the Lord.' I thought you understood me then. I am very young now; but when I get older I could do that better than anything; I think I could please God."

Mr. Crampton was confounded. What did the child mean? He knew that one could do what Samuel wished to do, serve the Lord, and yet work hard for daily bread. There are more ways of doing that than one. He felt that some strange notion was in his nephew's head.

"My boy," was his reply, and he laid his hand upon his shoulder; "don't run away with foolish thoughts. You are old enough now to serve Him. The best way of doing that is to do your duty in the sight of God."

"But," answered Samuel, who himself was in a maze of doubt, "I want to do only that. I want to serve Him with all my heart and life and strength; I want to give myself to God. He wants labourers, you know, and I should like to labour. I cannot do that if I am a grocer."

This was shedding light upon the question. Mr. Crampton imagined that the boy's thoughts turned towards the ministry, though he was surprised at this persistency in one so young. On this new aspect of affairs, he could not decide at once. He must consult with others before resolving.

"I did not know that this was what you wished; I did not understand you when you spoke before. I will think of what you say, and speak to you again."

So Samuel was dismissed.

He went to his own room. He was in no mood to meet James and Martha. This had come upon him like a blow; for the first time he saw it was not as he would, but as his uncle would his course must be. It was not as he wished, but as others planned; his lot in life was in the hands of others. And if their intentions clashed with his?

"Oh, Lord," his thoughts ran upward as he sat on his bedside, "if I am not to serve you with all my life, will you forgive me? My way is not quite my own; all I have I owe to uncle. If he sends me to a grocer, may I give you all the time I have to spare? I will do that, O Lord, I will do that. Will you forgive me if this is all I can do?"

This strange lad sat, and mused, and pondered. The moon stole across the trees, glancing through the open window, illumining him with its cold glory, and still he thought, "Would the Lord accept this half-service he could render?" He did not yet perceive that one may have one's hands full of work from morn till night, and yet be living to the Lord. He did not comprehend the fact that one need not be a minister to minister to His will.

The twelfth of Corinthians chanced to be the chapter which he read before he went to bed. He came upon Paul's questions, "Have all the gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way."

He had not full comprehension of the apostle's teaching; but the mere perusal of his words eased his mind, so that when later James came to lie beside him, he found him sleeping calmly, the moonlight revealing the smile which played upon his face.

To a Beetle

CREEPING INTO A FLOWER IN THE RAIN.

STAY, timid little insect, stay,
Nor run from me so swift away,
Make this fair flower thy canopy
Until the drifting shower pass by.

Thou need'st not be afraid of me,
I love to see thee blithe and free,
To watch thine agile little feet
Creep in and out thy sweet retreat;
And while I muse, and curious gaze,
Thy great Creator would I praise;
And ponder on that wondrous skill
Which formed the planets at His will,
Yet deigned to deck thy tiny wing
With hues so bright and glistening!

The mind's amazed whene'er we trace
The glories of the starry space;
But not less wonderful the love
That formed the flowerets of the grove,
And taught thee when the rough wind blows
To seek the shelter of the rose!

Vainly would man such love explore!
'Tis his to worship and adore,
With humble heart and bended knee,
The boundless grace of Deity.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXI.

1. Who first the harp and organ taught to sound?
2. What king no healing from physicians found?
3. Who water for a wedding present gave?
4. A prince of Ephraim, both good and brave?
5. The "golden city," with "broad walls" around?

The finals and initials kinsmen twain,
Deceived both, and both deceived, contain.

ANSWER TO BIBLE PICTURE.

Page 576.—John the Baptist.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVII.—p. 623.—ISAIAH—DANIEL.

1. I-chabo-*d* . . . . . 1 Samuel iv. 21.
2. S-hebn-*a* . . . . . Isaiah xxii. 15, etc.; xxxvi. 3
3. A-rmageddo-*n* . . . . . Rev. xvi. 14, 16
4. I-shu-*i* . . . . . 1 Sam. xiv. 49.
5. A-malekit-*e* . . . . . 2 Sam. i. 2, 8.
6. H-anamee-*l* . . . . . Jer. xxxii. 3, 9.

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were out-numbered and out-generalled. One town after another fell into the hands of the Swedes.

The little city of Nyköping was one of the last to be taken. It made a gallant fight for its liberty; but it was conquered at length, and Charles Gustavus demanded a large sum of money as an indemnity for the trouble it had given him.

But Nyköping was poor—poorer than ever just now, after enduring the bad times, and the siege, and after paying for all the gunpowder which had proved so useless;—it could not pay the ransom.

"Then it must burn," the Swedish king said calmly. "Our men shall rest in it for a few days, and then there shall be a bonfire huge enough to warm all Denmark."

The next day was Sunday. Now Charles Gustavus was a Lutheran Prince, and made a great profession of religion. He sat on the throne of the great Christian hero, Gustavus Adolphus; his people were a religious people; and from the hour that he assumed the crown he acted the part of a religious king. That it was but "acting" his life and actions testified.

But on this Sunday he and many of his officers attended service in one of the Danish churches. He wore a plain uniform, with nothing upon it to reveal his rank, and no one recognised him as he took his place amongst the congregation.

The people knew that the strangers were Swedes; and the desolate, heart-sore creatures shuddered and wept as they knelt before God in company with the men who had wronged them, and had slain their nearest and dearest.

The minister was roused to indignation at the sight. His eloquent words rang loudly as he spoke of the cruelty of men one to another; of the grasping greed that brought fire and sword on a peaceful land; of the guiltiness of needless bloodshed; and of the wrong and robbery that was cloaked under the name of the Prince of Peace.

"When the next Sabbath dawns our city will lie in ashes," he said, "and we shall be homeless wanderers upon the face of the earth. But better so! Better to be ruined, and cold, and hungry, than to walk in honour and luxury with this dark stain upon our hearts. The man I envy least in all the world is our ruthless conqueror."

Much more he said; and then his words grew softer, and his eyes were filled with light as he talked to his weeping flock of the "comfort" that remained even yet for them. They had erred and gone astray; they had forgotten their God in the times of prosperity; and now this trial time had come to draw them homewards: their sore troubles were sent by One who was as a Father pitying His children.

Low sobs sounded through the church as the sermon ended. Then there was a trampling of many feet, and a slight clash of steel as the congregation dispersed.

The minister went home to his house, and in spite of all he had said his own heart was very sad.

He flung himself into his large leathern chair with a heavy sigh, and the old woman who waited upon him glanced at him with loving respect as he did so.

"Thou art tired to death," she said to him. "I will serve thy dinner, and then thou shalt sleep until the time of the evening service."

"It is not a time for sleep," he answered, thinking of the misery which lay upon Nyköping, misery which it was his duty to cheer as far as his poor words could reach.

A violent knocking at his door startled him. The old woman hurriedly opened it. Four Swedish soldiers stood there.

"Tell Pastor Lencœus that the king is coming to dine with him," said they.

"The king!" stammered the good dame, aghast.

"Ay, the King of Sweden—he that may be King of Denmark too, if it so should please him," answered the soldiers sharply.

The minister had arisen from his chair, now he stepped forward.

"Tell the king," he said, with gentle dignity, "that the misfortunes of my country have left me but a handful of peas and a rind of bacon. It is not possible to let him partake of such fare as that. You will tell him so!"

He returned to his seat, vexed and flushed. Charles Gustavus, king though he might be, could never be a welcome guest beneath his roof.

Yet he was to be his guest notwithstanding.

Another knock at the door, and an officer entered whose face the minister had noticed amongst the Swedes that morning. Doubtless he had come with a message from his master. But he removed his helmet and sat down without a word.

"I have sent to tell the king that it is impossible that he should dine in my humble house," said the minister, standing before his self-invited guest, and regarding him with troubled looks.

"Bacon and peas you named, I think," the Swede said, "a good dinner; and here it is! Let us to table, my friend. I am the king, a plain man, you see, and a hungry one, upon my word!"

He drew his chair to the table as he spoke, and the pastor's sense of courtesy forbade him to utter another word of remonstrance. The bacon and the peas and the hard brown bread were placed before the monarch, and the old man waited upon him silently.

"Sit down, my friend," said Charles Gustavus. "I am come to talk to you of your discourse this morning. Sit down, I say, and eat. It is ill arguing with a fasting man."

If the pastor could not eat, the king found out that he could talk! Very bravely and plainly he urged upon his visitor the things that he had touched upon in his sermon. He asked what use or glory would come to Sweden from the burning of Nyköping, a town whose only faults in Charles's eyes could be its bravery and its poverty. He urged that history reckoned cruel victories as a disgrace, but merciful ones as a glory. He bade the king remember the great house from which he came—a house that held as its brightest star Gustavus Adolphus, "the merciful victor."

So bravely did he speak, with such straightforward earnestness, that the Swedish king's mood changed from a half scornful curiosity to repentant shame. His arguments about the fortunes of war, and the plunder which he had promised to his soldiery, died away upon his lips. He stared Lencœus full in the face for a minute or two, and then he burst into a laugh.

"Denmark should make thee her chancellor!" he said. "Truly thou art a 'son of thunder.' I came

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to make you unsay your first sermon, and, lo, you have given me a second!"

"I may have given you a sermon, sire," was the reply; "but it is God only that can give you a tender heart."

With another light laugh and half jeering word the king took his departure, and the pastor opened his Bible to prepare his mind for the evening service in his church. It required a strong effort to fix his wandering thoughts. "I am a worthless follower of the King of Heaven, since I am thus excited by the presence of the King of Sweden, I fear," he said to himself wearily. "Lord, teach me to feel Thee close: teach me to trust to Thee whatever befall."

That night, when the little Lutheran church was filled with the sad company who had gathered there "for the last time," as they said, a folded paper was delivered into the minister's hands.

It only contained these words: "I have conquered Denmark: Lenœus has conquered me. Nyköping is safe."

Very heartfelt praises went up to God from that little church that night. The pastor chose part of the first chapter of St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians as the lesson, and his voice trembled as he read the words: "God is stronger than men . . . . He hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty . . . . He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord."

THE GOSPEL IN THE ITALIAN ARMY.

I.

FOR some years past a work of evangelisation has been going forward among Italian soldiers, which is certainly not the least important of the many agencies now in operation for the spiritual enlightenment of Italy. Hitherto, for obvious reasons, publicity has been rather shunned than courted; nor is it perhaps even now desirable that the movement should be noised abroad beyond the circles in which it will awaken Christian interest and sympathy. Still, as its existence has been for some time well known to the military authorities, and these, by non-interference, may be considered to have given it a tacit sanction and recognition, certainly no harm can be done by laying a modest and sober account of the work before such friends of all Christian enterprises as the readers of the "Sunday at Home."

The Mission is a work apart. Civilians are excluded from its meetings, and the minister and colporteur engaged in carrying it on are wholly given up to this one sphere of labour. This is a *sine qua non* of success, not merely on account of the special character of the work, requiring, so to speak, the skill and knowledge of the *expert*, and its large exactions upon time and strength, but because of the extreme jealousy with which the Italian Government regards all intercourse between soldiers and civilians. In England, where, whatever the strife of political parties, the constitution is too deeply rooted in the national life to run any risk, such jealousy would be absurd. But it can well be understood why in Italy, where powerful and tenacious parties exist, whose object is, not merely to get the upper hand in the administration of the state, but to overthrow the "Statuto," or political compact on which the State itself is based, the army, that bulwark of Throne and Constitution, whose defection would be fatal, should be watched with anxious and unremitting vigilance. Between *black* propagandism on the one hand, and *red* on the other, the authorities are ever uneasy lest the fidelity of the soldiers should be tampered with. This never-sleeping suspicion renders Evangelistic work in the Italian army peculiarly delicate and difficult; it explains the necessity to the very existence of such a work, of separate meetings and a distinct agency; it accounts for much that is exceptional in the methods of operation that are being employed; and may well enhance our gratitude to God for the specially-adapted instrument his providence has raised up, and for the recognition that has been won and the fruits that have been gathered in a field so jealousy watched and guarded.

Both the origination of the work and its successful prosecution up to the present day are alike due, under God, to one man, well known now as the Soldiers' Minister, Signor Luigi Capellini. He is a native of Spezia, of respectable family, another of whose members has achieved a far wider celebrity in a different sphere. Giovanni Capellini, brother of Luigi, rector of the university of Bologna, is one of the most famous scientists in Italy. The present King Humbert at one time studied under him, and still preserves for him a warm attachment. Luigi entered the army when only eighteen years of age, from motives of patriotism, and against the wishes of his widowed mother, who would willingly have paid a substitute for him as she had done for his brothers. It was in 1861, when the heart of the whole nation was palpitating with hope, and ardent youths from all the provinces were flocking to the banner of Victor Emanuel, already victorious against Austria on the bloody fields of Magenta and Solferino, and now advancing to establish unity, liberty and order, where the wild tumult of revolution was raging in the centre and south of the Peninsula. Luigi joined the ranks, swept onward by the current of the universal enthusiasm; but an unseen hand was leading him to a higher service than that of any earthly king.

Both at home and at college he had been habituated to the religious observances of Roman Catholicism. Even in the freer life of the camp, he still wore his amulets and told his beads; but these practices had no influence on his heart or life; they were mere superstitions, and were felt as a burden he dared not throw off, a price he must pay for the safety of his soul in the perils of the siege and the battlefield.

But one day, while on garrison-duty in the town of Perugia, a few torn leaves of a New Testament

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fell into his hands. The words he there read were as the dawn of a new day to his soul. He soon found out that several of his comrades were in possession of the entire volume, having received it from a colporteur, whom a Christian lady, the late Miss Burton, had sent to the town to labour among the garrison.

Luigi was not long in making the colporteur's acquaintance, became a diligent attendant at the meetings held in his lodgings, and an eager student of that sacred book, from a mere fragment of which such blessed light had already broken upon him. Taught and led by the Word and Spirit of God, the young soldier now passed through that spiritual change which is the starting-point of all true and successful work for Christ. He knew himself a dark and undone sinner, and believed on the name of the Only-begotten Son of God. Love, joy and peace filled his soul; and with wondering gratitude he blessed the Providence that had led him by a way he knew not to the discovery of so priceless a treasure.

From the very first a strong conviction seized him that God had a work for him to do among his fellow-soldiers. From Miss Burton, with whom he placed himself in correspondence, he obtained a supply of tracts and Testaments. The influence given him by his rank-of sergeant was turned to account. Very soon he had gathered round him a group of enquirers, several of them, like himself, non-commissioned officers. In the hours of freedom from military service they read together the Word of God, Capellini expounding, as he found utterance, in the light of his own experience.

When, after a while, the regiment was sent south to stamp out the brigandage in the mountains of Apulia, the young sergeant often found himself in a position of independent command. In such occasions the quarters of the detachment were converted into a preaching-room. Corporals and privates were gathered morning and evening for reading the Scriptures and prayer. Each soldier carried in his knapsack portions of the New Testament for distribution among the peasants of the Apennines, while lying in wait for the enemy in their rude huts or cattle-sheds, or resting in them for the noon-day's siesta or the night's repose.

Signor Capellini's period of military service, covering as it did some of the most eventful years of the Italian Revolution, was passed in the midst of perils. During the campaign against Austria in 1866, during the guerilla against the fierce and crafty brigands of the south, on the fever-breathing Campagna, in the plague-stricken city, the shafts of death had flown around him thick and fast; yet an unseen hand had covered his head. At Parma, just as his term was expiring, he was laid low with cholera, and brought to the very verge of the grave; yet the disease was rebuked. These marvellous deliverances confirmed him in the conviction that God was reserving him for a special mission, and deepened his own purposes of self-consecration.

Urged onward by this impression, as soon as he was once more master of his own movements, he joined himself to a small class of theological students conducted in Padua by the writer of the present notice, with the laudable desire of being found the better equipped for work whenever the Master should call him. And when in 1870 Rome became the capital of the kingdom, and consequently the head-quarters of all branches of the public service, both military and civil, it seemed to him that the call had come. His first labours in Rome were sustained single-handed and at his own charges. The death of his mother had recently placed him in possession of a small income; and with this he hired lodgings for himself and his meetings, purchased tracts and Testaments, and met the other expenses of his work. Driven four times from his lodgings in little more than as many months, he still persevered. Once the ejectment was so summary, that the soldiers coming as usual to the meeting found the preacher pacing to and fro in front of the house-porch, with no shelter for himself or them. It is worthy of note that on this occasion, Capellini, with the prompt tactics of the true evangelist, drew the men aside into an obscure street corner, and held his service all the same. By the time he had reached the bottom of his own purse, Christian friends of Italy had begun to open theirs to so ardent a worker and so genuine a work. Nor to the present day have the needful supplies failed to come, from one quarter or another, for the carrying forward of the mission.

The Thursday of Passion Week, 1873, was a memorable day in the history of this Christian enterprise. For on that day, twenty-five young men, firstfruits of the work, Italian soldiers quartered in Rome, gathered for the first time around the table of the Lord. It was in a large upper room, in a building flanked by two monasteries and fronting a third, situated on the slope of the Capitoline Hill in a square called the Piazza of the Golden Keys (*Chiavi d'oro*), that this "Italian band" took up in Rome the broken tradition of primitive Christianity, and ate together of one bread, and drank "all" of one cup, very much no doubt as the Guards from the Prætorium had done in Paul's "hired house" eighteen centuries ago. The Italian Military Church still continues to commemorate that day as the day of its foundation; and will do so, it is to be hoped, for long years to come, when this grain of mustard-seed shall have grown into a goodly and wide-spreading tree.

Only a few months after this event, so full of promise, the little church was scattered up and down the country. In Italy the same regiments are seldom stationed more than three-quarters of a year in the same place. In the month of July the troops of each province are brought together for field manœuvres and instruction into certain selected encampments, and after that are again divided among the garrison towns; but with such interchanges that but few regiments return to their old quarters. This custom offers at once valuable advantages and serious difficulties for the prosecution of Capellini's mission. On the one hand the periodic arrival in Rome of new regiments brings a constant succession of fresh troops under the influence of the Gospel, while the periodic dispersion of the old regiments spreads the benefit among companies and battalions which the evangelist personally could never reach. But on the other hand the very same circumstances involve for the evangelist himself the discouraging necessity of seeing every year his work broken up, and of having to begin afresh to repeople his deserted preaching hall, and re-constitute his scattered church.

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Seven times already since that first Christian Passover of 1873, have the summer evolutions thus disbanded the congregation that the toil of the eight preceding months had slowly gathered; and seven times has the evangelist been compelled at the beginning of the autumn to repeat the difficult task of recruiting hearers and members from the new regiments. And a difficult task it is, only to be overcome by the most careful tact and unremitting exertion. Rigorously excluded by military jealousy from the barracks, the evangelist can only avail himself of such opportunities of contact with the soldiers as may be presented away from their usual quarters. Thus the small companies or piquets on guard at the entrance of the Senate, of the Chamber of Deputies, of the Public Ministries and other services of the State, furnish perhaps the best opening for inserting the small end of the wedge. Here Signor Capellini may often be seen passing and repassing, scanning with an eye made quick to read character by long experience the countenance of the sergeant in command, putting out a cautious feeler now and then by the gift of a tract, or by a tentative word, and happy if at length, as not unfrequently happens, he be invited to enter the guard-room, and explain freely his message and his work. Often, too, he will watch in the principal thoroughfares of the city for the soldiers whose hesitating step and attentive study of the names of the streets show that they have either lost their way or are afraid of losing it; and having won their confidence by a kind offer of guidance, will improve the occasion as time and circumstances may permit. Many a first acquaintance has been made in the city omnibuses; many a little group has been evangelised at the railway station; a certain tavern, whose head-waiter was himself a few years back one of the military converts, is a favourite scene of labour; and every soldier's haunt in the neighbourhood of the various barracks is diligently beaten up during the men's brief daily hour of liberty. Of course the tract and Scripture portion are largely used in these evangelistic forays; and in many a soldier's heart the first seed of truth has been deposited by these silent messengers. There is, however, no lavish indiscretion in the use of this means of propaganda. As a general rule, Signor Capellini wisely prefers to leave the tract or Testament only where interest has been so far awakened by previous conversation as to give some guarantee that they will be read with honest attention.

Remarkable is the success with which these wise and energetic tactics have been crowned. Year by year the little remnant, sometimes of only eight or ten, which in the autumn was all that was left of the last season's harvesting, has, before the spring, grown and multiplied into a church of some hundred communicants, representing not fewer than three times that number brought more or less under the influence of the truth. For it must be borne in mind that, owing to the distance of the different barracks from the place of meeting, to the large number of soldiers mounting guard or told off for other duties every hour of the day, to the frequent marches, sham-fights and other exercises, to the extraordinary service required on national fête days, or in times of popular commotion, to the iron discipline that punishes with reclusion a speck of rust or dirt on parade, or a failure to salute an officer in the street, and to the many other incidents of military life that may interfere with the brief daily hour available for religious services, to say that for every soldier fairly won to the church, there are two others who frequent the meetings with some degree of regularity, is rather to under-state the case than otherwise.

It was not to be expected that an evangelistic work like this, so important in itself, so menacing in its possible results, should be permitted to go forward in the very seat and centre of Catholicism without provoking the vigilant jealousy of the papal authorities. So early as the spring of 1873 a loud note of alarm was sounded by the "Osservatore Romano," the principal organ of the Vatican. "The new Protestant shop for the corruption of youth" was denounced with vulgar virulence at once to the families of the soldiers themselves and to the authorities, civil and military. Several of the higher officers with clerical leanings, began to search out and call to account the delinquents. The sergeants and corporals, soon aware of the hostile wind that had set in from the upper regions, began to harass their evangelical subordinates with a thousand little oppressions. At last the colonel of the regiment to which the staunchest company of the converted soldiers belonged made formal report of the grievance to Prince Humbert, now King of Italy, at that time general of the Army Division in which these scenes were occurring. The Prince's reply, in full military council, was wise and noble: "Watch, if you have any fear that political designs may be concealed under the mantle of religion; but do not hinder the soldiers from worshipping God as their consciences dictate." This attitude of the prince checked for the time the spirit of persecution.

Two years afterwards the Christian soldiers in the Bersaglieri had to pass through a still severer ordeal. The colonel of the regiment happened to be a zealous clerical, and learning that some fifty of his men were in the habit of reading the Bible and frequenting Capellini's services, his wrath knew no bounds. The regiment was drawn up on parade, and every soldier had to declare his faith, those who were bold enough to profess themselves Evangelicals being subjected to an angry and threatening interrogatory. Every Bible and tract was confiscated, and all further propaganda strictly prohibited.

As before, the Evangelical soldiers became marked men, and were so burdened with extra duty and so captiously punished, that it became almost impossible for them to attend the services. And though an appeal made by Capellini in person to General Cosenza, then in command of the division, was courteously received, and the Liberal press, informed of what was taking place through the foolish chuckling of the clerical journals, indignantly protested, still any further work among the Bersaglieri became for the time all but impossible.

Even this season of opposition and distress, however, yielded its encouragements. The few Bersaglieri who had been really admitted to the communion of the church remained faithful, and from time to time escaped to the meetings, giving and receiving comfort. Nor was every door of propaganda altogether shut. Though orders were strict that the evangelists should not be allowed to approach the guard-rooms; and though at first, wherever an officer of Bersaglieri was on duty both Capellini and

his colporteurs were driven off "like lepers," still sometimes prejudice was so far overcome by perseverance, that the officer would feign inattention, while the heretic intruders left the tract or Testament with his men. On one occasion, to Capellini's great surprise, the officer himself was the first to welcome him, and not only gave him free access to the guard, but urged the soldiers to read his books and frequent his meetings. It appeared that one of the Bibles confiscated on the persons of the persecuted Bersaglieri had fallen into the officer's hands, and, opened from mere curiosity, had carried its own testimony to his heart and conscience.

But perhaps the sorest trials to the soldier's fidelity are found in private and individual cases of persecution. Free as Italy now is, public opposition on a large scale, as in the instances just noted, is checked by its very publicity. But there is no such check upon that isolated oppression to which military life, with its strict rule and multiform etiquette, opens so many opportunities. A private soldier may be told off for service hour after hour, or consigned to reclusion day after day, and each time some trivial breach of discipline may ostensibly justify the penalty, though the real reason lie in the personal pique and vindictiveness of some petty superior. Nor is an appeal to a higher officer always successful as it was in one case narrated by Signor Capellini. A certain Corsican, Luigi Fares by name, driven almost desperate by the combined vexations of the lieutenant and corporal of his company, who sought to prevent his attending the Evangelical services by imposing on him a continuity of heavy duty, at last, commending himself to God, awaited the captain at the barrack-entrance, and thus accosted him:

"Signor Capitano, when I came to Rome I was a Catholic; I am now an Evangelical, having learned from Signor Capellini the true religion."

"Well," replied the captain, with surprise, "you are free, I suppose, to follow what religion you please."

"That is true, Signor Capitano, and therefore I come to you for justice." And the man's eyes flashed.

"Calm yourself, then; tell me what has happened, and I will render you justice."

"From the day that the Signor Lieutenant knew me to be an evangelical," resumed the soldier, "he has never ceased to persecute and punish me. I am always told off for duty; it is almost a month since I had a night's rest on my bed. Hardly have I returned from mounting guard than I am set to some other service. I am worn out with fatigue and can bear it no longer."

The complaint was irregular in form; but the captain saw that the man was sincere, and made prompt inquiries; the result of which was that the lieutenant was sharply reproved, the corporal who had taken his cue from his superior officer punished, and the abuse of power effectually stopped.

But worse even than these "fantastic tricks" of men "dressed in a little brief authority," are the strife and sorrow which the soldier's profession of a purer faith will often bring upon him from his nearest and dearest. Separated for years from home and friends, the ties of affection are endeared to him by absence. Many a letter is brought to Capellini by strong men weeping who could better bear a week in irons than the heart wounds inflicted by such a missive. Now it is a father who writes in wrath, and cuts off the subsidy from home which has hitherto been sent to eke out the soldier's meagre pittance of two sous a day; now it is a mother, horrified at her lad's apostasy, who conjures him to spare her gray hairs so terrible a shame and grief; now it is a sweetheart, who will have nothing more to do with the Protestant heretic; now the old priest of the parish dips his pen in tears, or gall, as the case may be, and drivels pathetically or curses bitterly over this black sheep of his flock; and now perhaps an uncle in orders, from whom great expectations are cherished, raves and threatens at the disgrace thus brought upon the family. It is much for the poor lads in these times of bitterness that the kindhearted evangelist's home is ever open to them; and more than any commonplaces of consolation, his ready sympathy and the new ties formed under his roof with comrades in like distress help to sustain their faith and courage.

H. J. Piggott.

OLD PICTURE BIBLES.

THOSE who saw the Caxton Exhibition of 1877 will remember the grand series of rare Bibles displayed with their quaint title-pages or pictures, witnessing to the immense number of examples in this country. Contributions on loan from the universities, colleges, and private collectors, were liberally made, and the result was such a show of beautiful and unique specimens of the Scriptures as can scarcely again be brought together.

Before the age of printing, and from a remote period "pictures" of whatever kind have had a meaning and interest which has survived in many ways. The mosaics in the churches at Rome, mediæval wall-painting in our own buildings, tapestry so full of sacred story, were but the pioneers of the later work of the engraver. The daily occupation of the monasteries in writing and illuminating books, naturally preceded the invention of printing. Learning was then restricted to the few—the clergy and the nobles; and its acquisition was followed often by imprisonment, and sometimes by death.

The light of the Reformation was dawning, and brought with it persons and events of lasting influence to Christianity. Religious teaching had a larger sphere, and the Scriptures began to be illustrated pictorially, either by hand-painting, or afterwards by engraved design.

It is difficult to fix the earliest attempt at Scriptural illustration. We read of the custom of distributing rudely printed figures of the patron saints of churches and shrines, which were also used as a help to the preaching friars. A picture was easier of appreciation by the unlettered poor than the long treatises of divines, and thus it is we arrive at the era of the

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"Biblia pauperum," or Bible of the poor, the precursor of the actual Bible. Short histories of sacred subjects, printed in a kind of verse, and interspersed with illustrations, formed the leading feature of this, the "poor man's Bible." The life, miracles, parables, and sayings of our Saviour, with typical subjects from the Old Testament were introduced. The date of this very curious work is the middle of the fifteenth century. These antique woodcuts—rude attempts to spread the truth through pictures—were soon to be followed by mightier productions consequent on the diffusion of printing.

Learned translators were coming forward to revise the Scriptures, and the presses of the Netherlands and Germany were actively at work. A group of illustrious men—Luther, Erasmus, Tyndale, Coverdale, and others, will for ever be connected with the publication of our rare Bibles. These men, friends and fellow-workers with the noted printers and

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HENRY VIII. GIVING THE BIBLE TO THE REFORMERS

wood engravers of the day, formed a learned and distinct association. What so likely as that the all-engrossing work—the translation, printing and illustration of the Scriptures—should be their chief care?

Thus the Bible became the first and most important book printed. Not without much danger was this business carried on, for one Robert Stephens, the celebrated Parisian typographer, was exiled to Geneva for revising his Bibles and Testaments.

In the Netherlands special privileges were enjoyed, by which any inhabitant could print what he liked and send it home or abroad. Between 1520–50 a great number of Bibles were issued abroad. Antwerp was the centre of the work, English merchants having settled there, who to their credit encouraged the weary labours of the learned exiles. The Reformation had developed the "New Learning," as it was called, and many foreigners came to England, and assisted in the great task of producing the Scriptures.

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noted printer, Antoine Verard of Paris, full of ornamental woodcuts; and the edition of Neuchâtel, with Calvin's preface, teems with interest to the



THE BRAZEN SERPENT (*The Great Bible*).

theological student, no less than to the lover of ancient design, for each chapter is introduced by some appropriate picture in "black and white."

Clement Marot and Beza, lasting names in Protestant annals, are connected with the rhymed versions of the Psalms; these books were sometimes



DAVID AND GOLIATH (*The Great Bible*).

embellished with woodcuts, illustrating the seasons of the year and the zodiacal signs.

In Bohemia, Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, were greatly distinguished in the cause of Scripture truth. From the Bohemian refugees were descended the Moravians, and an early edition of their Bible was printed at Prague in 1488.

Rare copies of Syriac, Sclavonic, Armenian, and Spanish Bibles exist, and have ornamental borders and some excellent designs. Oriental custom, however, forbad certain representations of human forms, and restricted its ornament to decorative patterns. Great pains were taken in correcting early Bibles for the press, years having been occupied in that business, every sheet being examined by several correctors. Such was the enthusiasm for the reading of the Scriptures, that Cromwell, Earl of Essex, is reported to have committed the whole of Erasmus's New Testament to memory, during a visit to Rome!

The first engravings for the Bible were on wood, and the same block often did duty for several different editions; those most profusely adorned are best known as the versions of Coverdale, Cranmer, the Great Bible (1538), and the Genevan, together with the Testaments of Erasmus, Tyndale and others.

We open the first, or title-page, and there see delineated the story of man's fall and redemption, the Garden of Eden, the Creation; the whole picture surrounded by a richly-designed border, or other decoration. A favourite method of adapting these subjects to ornamental forms was the representation of the genealogical, or "Jesse Tree," that Scriptural emblem of the Messiah.

The Stem, or Root of Jesse, is also found as a typical embellishment to early printed books, in stained glass, and was one of the recognised forms of sacred and secular art; and frequently occurs on the title-pages of old Bibles.



ABRAHAM AND THE THREE ANGELS (*Coverdale's Bible*).

Another engraving, a frontispiece, introduced the figure of Henry VIII., who is represented as handing the Bible to a surrounding crowd of divines, statesmen, and illustrious reformers. As defender of the faith, and champion of the Reformation, the



MOSES AND THE BURNING BUSH (*The Great Bible*).

likeness of this king is often introduced on these title-pages, also portraits of the young Edward VI.

The frontispiece and commencement of certain books of the Old Testament are often divided into

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panel-like spaces, wherein scenes and incidents from the Psalms, the Proverbs, or the Prophets, form a picture series of Bible history.

The woodcut designs were generally drawn and engraved by the same person, so that much accuracy was ensured. The calling of bookseller and engraver was often united in those times, when learning was restricted to the few, and when such men shared the patronage of the noble and learned.



ST. PAUL (*Coverdale*).

Under the very shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral lived many of these booksellers and engravers, and by a pleasing coincidence that locality is now the chosen ground of literature.

Some books, specially produced under the auspices of the Crown, were exceedingly fine. An edition of Coverdale's, printed in 1538, under the patronage of the Protector Cromwell, calls for note.

The hand-painted decorations, specially the initial letters, were of great beauty in all the rare Bibles; and with their ornament is associated the famous name of Hans Holbein. Coming to England about 1520, the friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, known to the great and learned, Holbein was introduced to Henry VIII.

In the choicely-designed title-page, specially of the vellum-printed Bibles, we discover the signature "Hans Holbein," and admire those rich ornaments borrowed from classical legend and interwoven with the border-page. One subject specially identified with Holbein is the "Dance of Death," that realistic picture of persons in all ranks of life, who at the last must succumb to the dreaded foe; this design is generally employed as a border ornament, and is usually found in the Book of Revelation.

Though mere ornament forms a great part of the embellishment, the elucidation of Scriptural events and histories furnishes many subjects.

When we consider how frequently the story of man's redemption had been told in paintings, on fresco, and in wood-carvings, it is not surprising that the mediæval engraver should employ his skill to aid the reading of the sacred books. The Creation, the Fall, the Last Judgment, those often-recurring themes, had occupied artist, poet, and chronicler, and were now at first the principal illustrations. Then each book began to take up its own events.

The Pentateuch, perhaps, has the greatest number of illustrations in the old Bibles. Certain scenes are more frequently represented than others. The sacrifice of Isaac, the history of Joseph and Pharaoh, Jacob's vision, Abraham and the three angels, and the giving of the Law, are important examples.

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in the middle ages. As a connecting link with the early Bibles, in which several of these cuts are to be found, these designs are both interesting and unique.

In New Testament illustration the one great theme, the Life of our Lord, is fully set forth. The same woodcut pictures in one Gospel often serve to elucidate the writings of later Evangelists. The development of oil painting in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the great masters of Italy probably influenced the wood engravers in adapting Scriptural subjects to the printed page. Thus, the subjects which occupied the greatest artists are prominent here—the Annunciation, the appearance to the shepherds, the Nativity, and the flight into Egypt.

The part borne by Tyndale, Erasmus and Coverdale in the revision and issue of the early Testament has been too often told to need repetition here. It is interesting to note what prices some of the early Testaments fetched, and how we read of Tyndale's version being sold at about three shillings, while the Dutch printers, who pirated Tyndale's edition, sold it at less,—allowance of course having to be made for the difference of values then.

As choice editions of the Bible were specially issued for royalty and others, so the New Testament was also sumptuously printed on vellum, of which a copy once belonging to Queen Anne Boleyn is now in the British Museum.

The famous printers of the New Testament were Grafton, Whitchurch and Berthelet in England; the Stephenses and others in France. The death of Edward VI. put a stop for a while to the great work in hand; writers, printers, theologians of the Reformed faith fled for their lives to the Netherlands, Geneva, and other Protestant places of refuge—and the annals of Bible printing were, for a time, saddened by the events of the Marian persecutions.

A brighter picture is presented when we read of Queen Elizabeth visiting Cambridge, and in 1578 being presented by the Vice-Chancellor with a New Testament in Greek. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford is preserved a translation of St. Paul's Epistles in a binding executed by her as the Princess Elizabeth during her imprisonment at Woodstock.

The New Testament illustrations offer great variety and interest. The commencement of each Gospel has usually a representation of the evangelist with his appropriate attribute or emblem: thus, St. Matthew with the angel, St. Mark with the lion St. Luke (also as a painter) with the ox, St. John with the eagle, all which symbols rest on Scriptural authority. The same block used in one Gospel served to illustrate a succeeding one.

Bible illustrations (whether Old or New Testament) naturally fall into certain classes, the historical predominating; next those wherein architecture, scenery, or ceremonial give the key-note to the subject. The Temptation in the Wilderness, the miraculous draught of Fishes, Christ disputing with the Doctors, Nicodemus who cometh by Night, the Marriage Feast, are, amongst other subjects, very frequent.

The Gospels of St. Matthew, Luke and John are the most fully illustrated; the Acts of the Apostles scantily, but the succeeding Epistles often display much detail and special features.

Some incidents of the character, calling, and life of the evangelists can be studied; as for example, the representation of St. Paul writing, with his sword before him and his weaver's loom on the left, the last subject indicating his business as a "tent maker." Again, we meet with St. Paul, escaping from Damascus, being let down in a basket from the window; and St. Paul at a desk discoursing to the Corinthians; and St. Peter is represented with the keys in one hand and a book in the other. In the Epistle to the Romans is shown the conversion of St. Paul; other evangelists are often portrayed as preaching or addressing the people to whom the Epistle is written.

Three editions of the New Testament call for remark, viz., "Coverdale's" complete translation of the New Testament in 1535, supposed to have been printed at Zurich—it is remarkable for the number and spirit of the engravings; Tyndale's edition, 1534, the woodcuts probably executed at Antwerp, where the book was printed; and Erasmus's New Testament, on vellum in 1519, in Greek and Latin, elegantly adorned with Holbein's page and border designs.

Wood-engraving as connected with type, is a most instructive study, and though many of the Bible illustrations are wanting in that poetry and idealism which marked the Italian schools of design, they are vigorous and realistic. Lyons produced a famous artist, known as Le Petit Bernard, who, about 1550, designed several woodcuts, which, from their smallness, gave the appellation to his name. Several of his "picture prints" are exceedingly minute, and include a long series of Bible illustrations.

Other noted engravers, chiefly of the German school and followers of Albert Dürer, produced many Scripture scenes; it is not likely that they were ever much introduced into the ordinary published Bible, but they formed a distinct set of illustrations. As models for humbler engravers to copy they gave a great impulse to artistic work.

While the first books of the New Testament were scantily illustrated, the Revelation of St. John was one long "picture-poem." This may be somewhat accounted for by its early appearance in the "Biblia Pauperum," or Poor Preacher's Bible.

For several years the Apocalypse had been pictorially introduced in rare artistic works, receiving, as time went on, greater finish and elaboration.

On stained glass, in mural ornament, on canvas, vellum, and paper, this inspired work has been illustrated, and men like Holbein and Dürer have lent their talents to the work. In those sublime passages describing the worship of the elders, the pouring out of the vials, the fallen Babylon, and the New Jerusalem, pictorial idealism found new inspiration.

Dürer and his pupils made a special study of this subject, and designed a separate series of illustrations for it, which were published about 1498. It is most likely that the extended influence of his designs led them to be adapted to those in the rare Testaments.

In the study of these picture Bibles, we may well accept the significant words of a gifted living authoress, who says of them, "text and picture alternately take up the sacred tale, and the skill of the artist has exhausted itself in setting forth in positive images the great scheme of salvation."

S. W. KERSHAW, M.A.

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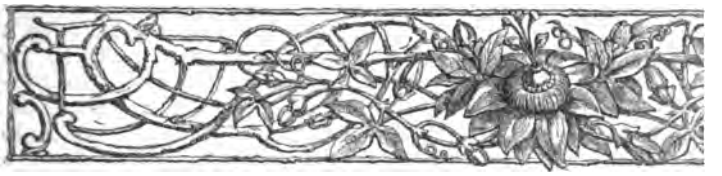

HARPER'S YARD

CHAPTER III.—A PETITION.

IT is growing dusk ere Aunt Mary returns home, for she has been detained by some alterations which had to be made without delay.

"You must be famished, Maggie," she exclaims, as she opens the door. "You should ha' called o' Mrs. Jones, and she'd have got you a cup of tea."

"No, thanks, auntie," answers Maggie, cheerfully. "I haven't been alone all the afternoon; there has been a lady to see me—her as has taken Mrs. Carington's district—and see what pretty flowers she left me."

"They *are* bonny," says Aunt Mary, smelling them.

"And she put them in water too. She says, 'This jug'll do, Maggie,' and she got up and put 'em in all tidy and nice, and she brought me something else, auntie, only Mr. Carington sent it." And then she holds up the photograph, watching with a pleased face Aunt Mary's start and little cry of surprise.

"Why, it's just herself," she cries, delightedly; "just the way she used to come and sit herself down an' say, 'Now, Mr. Molloy, and how are you to-day.' Eh, but Maggie, there'll never be the like of her come into this house again."

"Not like her," says Maggie, dreamily.

"Always the best goes first," says Aunt Mary, sadly. "A pack o' helpless ninnies that's no good to nobody, nothing ever happens to them. Why, there was Mrs. Langton; a pretty parson's wife she was, never came nigh hand none on us; never had a word for anyone, an' yet used to work for her and screwed me down a penny a yard cheaper than any one else. Now, Mrs. Carington, if she was in the grandest shop in King Street, it was, 'Well, Mary, how's Maggie and how's the father?' and she's taken, and the other's left."

"God knows best, auntie," says Maggie softly.

"Eh, child," cries Aunt Mary; "but it's a blessed thing to be as patient as you are; I can't."

"I'm not patient, auntie," answers Maggie, "at least not so patient as I might be. I get very tired sometimes."

"Aye, poor bairn, you shall have your tea," bustling about and stirring the fire.

"I had Bridget Flannigan to see me after the lady had gone," says Maggie presently.

"Bridget had you? And what had she got to say?"

But Maggie is strangely silent concerning Bridget's visit; usually she is full of the little bits of news which her Irish friend brings her; how Mrs. So-and-so has got a new dress, or how Mary This is going to be married as soon as the banns are out, or Susan That is going to place at last. But to-night she has none of these scraps of gossip for her aunt; she watches the preparation unseeing eyes, the afternoon, "Why don't y

"Why don't thought of it good for me, H would make granny. He v perhaps He me put the questic try—I'll ask H

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"I forgot," Maggie. It'll s

So with fair hands folded t her own.

"Dear God, always, Amen.

For years M prayer before e her voice brin and makes he sufficiently tha wishes more.

She looks at and wonders i pure, more fit niece? The people, who at and are gener parish, and yet blessings as if bitterly agains they often tak too much as a seeing her lyi they never con must be; it is and drawn wi they too often never dream f

Presently sh as if she has a of it, Maggie

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"Oh, auntie!" cries Maggie reproachfully, "and then you have been sitting in a draught."

"Well, the window was open, and now and again the door was open for a bit," says Mary; "maybe it'll go away of itself after a while."

But it does not; in spite of the sultry weather she coughs during the whole night, not such a cough as would attract any one's attention or pity, but one single sharp bark, at intervals of five minutes or so. Maggie knows it well and dreads it.

She is very tired to-night, little Maggie, and is glad when her aunt carries her upstairs and puts her to bed, but though she is tired she is not very sleepy. When she is left alone, and her aunt has gone down again to finish some sewing, she folds her hands reverently, for she is never able to say her prayers kneeling, and asks God very earnestly to make her strong and well again, so as to be some help to granny. Then she says "Our Father," and repeats her usual hymn,

"Through the day Thy love hath spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest."

Then peace in the little chamber is perfect, and ere long sweet sleep comes down and settles upon the tired blue eyes, soothing the weary aching, which is always with her, and lulling her to a rest as sound and tranquil as though her bed were of softest down and its curtains of richest silk. Oh, the blessing of sleep, which comes to all alike, high, low, rich, and poor, from the good man to the criminal ere his day of doom.



"AH! POOR AZOR, YOU WILL SEE HER NO MORE."

CHAPTER IV.—"THE MAN O' THE PARISH."*

The rectory of St. Cuthbert is not in the parish, but more than a mile without Mossgate Bar. It is a large handsome house, and was built about ten years ago, in the time of Mr. Carington's predecessor, Mr. Langton.

Now that its bright mistress has been taken away it has a very deserted and dreary aspect. There are no flowers in the drawing-room, as there used to be in her time; a large dog of the St. Bernard breed lies on the lawn in disconsolate attitude, watching with grave bright eyes the door from which his mistress was wont to issue, but from beneath whose portals she will come never more.

Within all is unnaturally still; the door leading into the kitchens is closed, so that the noise of the servants' voices does not penetrate into the hall. Mr. Carington sits in his study alone, his face hidden by his hands and a half-written sermon on the table before him. Three weeks have passed away since his wife's death, and on the morrow he has made up his mind that he will put his sorrow away and preach. His curate is young, and he feels that it is hard upon him to have to prepare two sermons in a week, besides doing all the other duty. He has told him therefore, that he will take his usual part in the service to-morrow, and yet, now that the sermon is half-written, he feels as if it is an absolute impossibility to carry out the task he has set himself. He remembers that when he last wrote a sermon, she was in no danger—he had then no thought of losing her. It was a fortnight before her death, and she had come into his study — this very room — with their baby in her arms. "I am going to see little Maggie Molloy, Charles," she said in her quick, bright way; "if you have time you might come and meet me."

That was the very last time she had ever brightened Maggie's dull life. it was the very last time she was ever in that room. The following day she was taken ill, and a fortnight later Mr. Carington stood in a dimly-lighted room, watching his young wife gasping her life out.

Once she made an effort to speak to him.

"Charlie," she gasped, "when I get well we'll have something done for Maggie."

"Oh, Hope, my dearest," he cried. "You'll never be well."

"Never mind," she said softly; "we shall meet in heaven, Charlie."

Oh, with what a rush of deepest agony it all comes back to him now; it is not that he doubts that this awful trial is for his ultimate good; it is not that he murmurs against the All-wise Providence which has seen fit to deal him this bitter blow, but it is the utter blankness of despair which has fallen

* The writer of this story knew the clergyman of such a parish, who frequently heard himself spoken of, as Bridget said, "the man o' the parish."

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thinking of it all over and over again. How bright she was, always thinking of some one else, always planning to give some one pleasure or good. Why, her very last words were for others than herself: "When I get well, we'll have something done for Maggie." And there he is sitting, he tells himself with a pang of reproach, thinking of his lost Hope, and leaving undone her very last wish. His face flushes as if he had done his dead wife some grievous wrong. After all, life is not so entirely and utterly a blank as in his great grief he thought it, an hour ago. His dear ones have gone to their rest before him, but there is yet a life to be lived, a life of usefulness, a life to be spent in his Master's service.

"Oh, God forgive me," he whispers, raising his eyes to the clear blue sky without, "Forgive me, and from this hour let my life be given to Thee utterly; let it be more devoted to my Saviour's work in the future, than it has been in the past."

His face is less sad, and there is a great peace at his heart as he steps out into the glorious sunshine. The first thing that attracts his notice is the huge St. Bernard lying on the lawn.

"Come, Azor," he says kindly, "you shall go with me, old fellow."

Azor thumps his heavy tail upon the ground in token that he has heard and understood his master, but he does not move.

"Come, Azor," repeats his master.

Again there is the token of recognition, then he puts his head once more upon his paws and fixes his soft eyes on the house in watchful expectation.

"Ah, poor Azor, you will see her bright form and hear her gentle voice never more!" Even to dumb creatures the law of kindness in her moved, and they miss and mourn her!

Mr. Carington turns away with the old pain gnawing at his heart. Oh, how very hard this resignation is to find and keep. How hard it is to see that silver lining we are all so ready to tell others is behind the cloud of affliction hanging over them. It is so very much easier to preach patience and submission than it is to practise them.

By the time Mr. Carington reaches the Bar, the bitter pain awakened by Azor's refusal to come with him has gone, and by the expression of his countenance no one could tell the agony he has just passed through. He turns into Harper's Yard without having spoken to any one, and knocks gently at Mrs. Molloy's door. Maggie's treble voice bids him "come in," and he enters. The sight of the pleased flush on her usually pale face is a sufficient reward for the effort he has made in coming, and he takes her eagerly outstretched hand in his tenderly.

"And how is the pain to-day, Maggie?" he asks.

Maggie shakes her head. "It's been dreadful bad to-day and yesterday, sir," she answers, with a sigh.

"And are you alone?"

"Yes, sir. All alone. I'm so glad you've come at last sir. I've wanted so to thank you for this," pointing to the photograph standing on the table beside her. "I sit and look at it all day long, and it gives me something to think about when the pain is very bad."

I couldn't write myself, and I didn't like Aunt Mary to write for me; that wouldn't have been the same at all."

"How is Aunt Mary?"

"The cough has come back again," answers Maggie, with a grave air of concern; "it is very troublesome this time, and I don't know what granny will say when she comes home."

"Granny is away, then?"

"Yes, sir; she is nursing a lady. I can't tell you where, somewhere by the Wolds."

"Tell Aunt Mary if she wants a 'note' to let me know. It would be better if taken in time; delay in such cases is always a risk. And now, my child, I want to talk to you a little about yourself."

"Yes, sir," answers Maggie all attention.

"You don't know that my Hope," somehow he cannot speak of his wife to this child except by her name. "My Hope spoke of you just before she died." The tears start into Maggie's eyes, but she answers not.

"It was almost the last thing she said, "'If I get well we'll have something done for Maggie.'"

"Oh, sir," cries Maggie in a trembling voice.

"And now that she is gone, Maggie," continues the clergyman, "I should like to carry out her wishes. I am not sure that anything can be done, but if it can I will do it. Therefore some time on Monday, I shall bring another doctor here to look at you."

For a moment Maggie looks at him incredulously, then covers her face with a thin hand and breaks into passionate weeping.

He leaves her alone, thinking it the best that she should weep without restraint, and presently Mary Molloy enters, looking very much astonished to see Mr. Carington sitting by the couch, and Maggie weeping as if her heart would break.

"Why, what is it?" she says, taking the child into her arms.

"I'm afraid the sight of you has upset her, sir; she isn't over strong, and she's felt your dear lady's death very much."

"It is not that," he answers; "she will tell you presently."

"I prayed for it," interposes Maggie, sobbing, "but I hardly dared hope that He would answer so soon."

Mr. Carington goes away humbled and silent.

"If I had this child's great faith," he murmurs, "it would all come easily." But the peace at his heart has settled there more firmly than ever.

THE SERMON OF THE "FOUR STONES."

THE Rev. Matthew Wilks of Moorfields Tabernacle renown, like his contemporary and co-religionist on "the other side of the water," the Rev. Rowland Hill, is credited with many eccentricities, both in the private intercourse of life and in the discharge of public ministry.* There was,

* For portrait and memoir, see "Sunday at Home," 1875, p. 505.

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however, no lack of method and meaning in these eccentricities, the aim evidently being to convey truth in a forcible and "rememberable" way. As an instance in point, one celebrated discourse of Mr. Wilks's may be adduced, the idea of which is really too good to be allowed to die out. From one who was wont to hear and who was a great admirer of the Tabernacle preacher, who has himself passed away, we once heard an account of this sermon.

The text was taken from the words of the Psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee (Psalm lxxiii. 25). Mr. Wilks proceeded to remark that the text was familiar enough, but there were four stones in it—a touchstone, a milestone, a grindstone, and a loadstone. There was a touchstone: he who could say this had some little religion in him. There was a milestone, by which a man might judge if he were getting on in his religion, as he certainly was who could say "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" There was a grindstone, for if a man found himself lacking in religion, he might here see to what he ought to attain, and so use the text to sharpen up his religion. And there was a loadstone, for it showed to what a man's religion attracted him, even to heaven and to God: "Whom have I?" etc.

The ideas which are thus made to centre in these words of Asaph the psalmist are living ideas, and the force of them may be felt by those who will enter into their significance.

The touchstone of piety is love to God. "The greatest of all the commandments is this, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." To a good man, God, though unseen, is a distinct personality, a being whom He loves. And it is no exaggeration for a man whose heart is all on flame with devotion to look up to the Great Presence and say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee," the dearest ones, both on earth and in heaven, though dearly loved and desired, being lost sight of in the absorbing contemplation of Him whose love shed abroad in the heart, commands its supreme affection and its warmest delight.

But it is not everyone who can say this directly he begins to serve God, nor even after he has made some way in the Christian life. The Divine life in the soul is a growth. The way of a Christian is a "Pilgrim's Progress"; if a Christian is standing still in the way he is losing his religion. If a godly man is not becoming better, he is almost certainly becoming worse. But if the glow of devotion is more fervid, and love to the great Father is becoming more intense, the man is surely advancing in the life of the soul. The warmth and fervour of devotion to God are therefore the measurement of the soul's progress in godliness. Here, then, is the milestone by which to mark the soul's advance: can I say, "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?" If so, I am making way in my religion.

But if a man cannot say this from his inmost soul not only is there something wanting in his religion, but a great deal is wanting. Faith is feeble where love is faint. Devotion is dead, or is at "a poor dying rate," where there is no fervour of aspiration after communion with God. Let this text, then, be as a grindstone by which to quicken desires after God. Here is the point of spiritual fervour to which a devout soul should rise. Let a man strive to come up to this high attainment so that it would be no surprise to his neighbours and friends to hear him say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, O Lord? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." For it certainly would be a surprise to hear some professedly Christian men say it, so worldly and carnal and manifestly lacking are they in spiritual aspiration.

What a blessing, too, when the *loadstone* of the soul is in heaven, when the great force of attraction is in God. By so much as the spirit of a man is drawn upward is it drawn away from that which is "of the earth earthy." "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Wherefore "Set your affection on things above." "My son, give Me thine heart." Happy is the man who replies, "My soul followeth hard after Thee." Oh my God, "whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee; my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Here is the soul's grand centripetal force, and thrice happy is he whose soul flies to its centre. "Lord," says Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thee, and our soul is disquieted till it reacheth unto Thee." But the heart of the eternal is the rest of the soul, and there is its highest, because divinest joy.

Let us apply to ourselves the sermon of the four stones.

J. B. F.

Pages for the Young.

THREE LITTLE ONES.

CHAPTER II.—BY THE SEA.



It was now settled what Samuel was to be. Mr. Crampton had thought it over, and anxiously debated it with friends. They had concluded that, under the circumstances of the case, he was not justified in yielding to what, after all, might be a childish whim. It would be a hazardous experiment to dedicate him to the ministry while yet so young, and, on the other hand, he could ill afford to keep him longer at home, waiting for what time might prove. Besides, suppose after all—as was very possible—the lad might change his mind, the years would have been thrown away, and he would have to do what he might have done so long before. So it was finally decided Samuel should be a grocer.

He learnt their decision quietly, and without remark. There were the minister and Mr. Crampton's brother deacons assembled in conclave when they called him in. He listened to what they had to say, but said nothing in return. His manner puzzled all of them; they agreed he seemed a changed boy.

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"But," said Mr. Hills, the senior deacon, "it will grow off in time; at his age boys are odd creatures, but it's nothing; as they get older, they shake off their peculiarities, and become like the rest of people." He had a large family of his own, and spoke, probably, from experience.

The news affected James and Martha strongly. Samuel was, unconsciously, their hero. From him they expected great things—the great things he himself foretold. Hazily, but actually, they pictured him treading a great path in life, reaching a great end in view. In their childish way they placed him on a pedestal above his fellows, and this was to be the end of it.

They felt for him deeply. When they heard that all was planned, James looked gloomy, meeting his brother with downcast eyes and bent head. Samuel, outwardly, was just the same; his head was still erect, there was still that calm expression upon his countenance, still that far-off earnest look was in his eyes. But Martha, quick to see, saw that inwardly there was a change. That he felt this more than they did more than he would show, so she came and put her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"Samuel," she whispered, and diamond drops were in her bright eyes, "I am so sorry—I cannot tell how sorry. But, perhaps, it will all come right in the end."

"Sister," these odd children had odd ways of addressing each other; it was curious to see how grave they could be—"sister, it is all right now. The Lord's ways, you know, are not our ways; if He wants me to be a grocer, it is just what I ought to be. I am not afraid; in time we shall see things better."

She listened to this twelve-year philosopher, her violet eyes reading what was within. If his dreams were fled, he would accept their flight; he was willing to serve the Lord in the fullest sense of serving. It never struck her that this was a change; it never occurred to her that they were out of the common in any way. They loved each other so dearly, that neither wondered at the other's action. It is a good thing for children to live in unity.

From that day Samuel drooped. They might not notice it—though Martha did, but thenceforward a change came over him. Quiet before, he was quieter now. He lived, as it were, within himself, accepting what each day brought forth in a quaint unconscious way. Never much a lover of childish games, he cared nothing for them now. While they played, and the sun shone, and their voices rose through the clear, sweet air, he read and thought. Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" had in some way reached his hands, and over that he pondered day and night. It is a book which you have never heard of, and would not care for, perhaps, if you had it. But Samuel made it a companion to his Bible.

Towards the close of summer they paid their yearly visit to the sea. Mr. Crampton himself, busied in many ways, could not leave home for long, so he saw them to their journey's end, and left them in good hands.

Walton they went to. Walton-on-the-Naze, that is a town in Essex. It is a fine place for children. There are long sweeping sands, silver sands. And there are some famous cliffs, not dangerous, but which all should visit, filled with fossils, which have lain hidden there for ages until, perhaps, some youngster's spade comes and digs them out, and he claims them for his own.

On the sands they would pass whole days, walking and playing by the sea. Samuel did not always join them: he was getting languid, and was easily tired. His weak frame could bear little exertion; they would set out on a long ramble, and before they were there he would be so mastered by fatigue, he had to sit by the road-side before he had strength to start off home again.

Besides, it was more congenial employment to seek some sheltered nook, where he could watch the waves idly lapping the shining sands, and be alone and undisturbed. There he would pass long hours, reading sometimes, thinking sometimes, and his thoughts and his books were strange for one so young. But the healthy breezes and the vigorous air brought no roses to his cheeks.

There came a day which was to be memorable in the lives of each of them. In the morning it was clear and sunny. There were many people on the sands enjoying the lovely weather. The sea spread out like a sea of molten glass throbbing up and down. The wavelets rippled gently to the shore. The whispered murmur of the ocean was soothing in the sunshine. The hum of children's voices rose upon the land. Overhead the skies were blue, unspangled by a single cloud. The rustling breezes from the sea just lent freshness to the scene. It was a typical day in an English summer.

But, as the afternoon advanced, there came a change. Fleecy cloudlets floated across the sea; gradually they increased in size and blackness, gathering volume as the day went on; by five o'clock they spread entirely across the sky. The sun had gone, blotted out by heavy clouds. The breeze, which was so pleasant in the morning, rose every now and then in a shrill, whistling cry. The sea was troubled, long lines of foam flashed on its heaving breast. Darkness came down where everything had been so bright. Visitors kept indoors; fishermen looked with anxious eyes across the waste of waters; a storm was coming.

On some people the foreboding of a storm has a singular effect. It seems to touch some hidden chord within their bosom, which wakes them into restlessness. They become in sympathy with nature; troubled and unquiet. Samuel was one of these. As the signs of storm became more threatening and pronounced, he became more restless and disturbed. He seemed unable to keep still, unable to fix his attention on any book or occupation. This was strange in him who was always so self-controlled.

James and Martha both noticed his agitation, remembering it long afterwards. They lodged at a cottage which faced the sea; they had but to open the door, pass through the little garden, and they were on the shore. The three of them were in the little room in front, which served as sitting-room and parlour, Martha in the old arm-chair, large enough to hold four of her, James leaning over the side, the two together looking at a large book full of pictures. It was an ancient copy of Bunyan's "Holy War," and the curious plates afforded them no little scope for wonder. Samuel was ostensibly reading Foxe's time-honoured "Book of Martyrs," ostensibly only, for though the volume lay open on the table his attention was but little engaged by its contents.

He could not sit still, he was up and down, roaming round the room, to the window and back again, in a strangely unquiet mood. His face worked painfully, his eyes flashed, quicksilver seemed in his limbs. To and fro, to and fro in aimless fashion, he paced the room: an unnatural excitement constrained him. While they looked at the pictures, with straightened back, uplifted head, feverish looks, he wandered hither and thither, every now and then muttering aloud.

Evening came, the shadows fell, it was dark betimes. He stood at the window peering through the pane, listening to the screaming gusts, the roaring of the waters, watching the billows foam. Too dark to see the pictures longer, James and Martha came to him, and the three stood side by side. Martha quickly observed her brother's agitation.

"Are you not well?" she asked him. "Does your head ache?"

He was liable to headaches, Samuel.

"No, no, I am well, there is nothing wrong with me; only—only, do you not see there is going to be a great storm, Martha? You will see to-night the windows of heaven opened, the winds let loose upon the sea. When Jesus walked upon the waves, was it like this? What was Peter's faith if he failed to trust in Him?"

There was a passion in his tone most unusual with Samuel. They looked at him surprised. In the gathering darkness, they could see how pale he was, how every muscle of his face seemed working with emotion. Martha, frightened at she knew

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not what, put her hand through his arm, and drew him to her. James, after weighing his brother's words, replied to them in his own fashion.

"I don't think Peter was afraid; it was very brave of him to go at all. If Jesus were to come again, I think I would walk across all the seas in the world to come to Him. It would be very grand to walk upon the sea."

They said nothing. Martha's attention was absorbed by Samuel; he paid little heed to his brother's words. Suddenly he broke out again.

"What of the sailors? If I had a mother upon the sea in a storm like this, should I be afraid for her? If I loved her dearly, should I have strength to leave her with the Lord? It would be better so—better for her, better for me—but it would be hard to do. Martha, I should say 'Thy will be done with me through all my life.' I would say that gladly. It is harder to say 'Thy will be done with those we love.'"

This abstract religion was an unknown field to them; they did not understand his meaning. They were children yet in mind, he was older than a child; the simple truths of daily living they loved to hear; he went higher up to God.

"If I had a mother," answered James, "and she was on the sea, and there came a storm, I would pray for her—I would pray for her with all my might, and then, if she came near to land, I would go out in the life-boat, and bring her back to home."

Martha's reply was different. With some dim idea of comforting her brother, "Let us sing a hymn," she said; "come, Samuel, one for those at sea."

Unresistingly he went with her. There was an old harpsichord in the room, in which half the notes were dead, the other half but the faintest echoes of what they might have been. Martha's knowledge of music was not extensive, but with one finger she could strum the airs of most of their favourite hymns. So now with those grand words of William Whiting's, beginning "Eternal Father, strong to save."

The three childish voices rose in concert.

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

Without the storm was already brewing; darkness was upon the land, the moaning winds were rising higher every moment, forebodings of disaster hung upon the world; without all was terrible and terrifying, but within the childish voices rose again and again:

"Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

Just as the last verse was ended, and the promise of "Glad hymns of praise from land and sea" was chorussed forth with all their hearts and voices, there came a blinding flash of lightning, and the earth seemed to shake with the rolling of the thunder. Martha gave a little startled cry, and all was silence. Samuel, speaking clearly and quietly, with the old familiar sweetness, every trace of agitation gone, broke the pause.

"That is the beginning of the storm; now we shall see the wonders of His hand." He moved to the window, and looked out; dimly the fish smacks could be seen crowding on the shore.

"Martha, I cannot stay indoors, it is so close; how can I keep here when it is so grand outside?"

This was another change in him. Ordinarily, when the weather was untoward, he would retire to his room to read till the battle of the elements had ceased. But he was altered now; with the same calm, quiet air, he looked for his hat, and prepared to sally forth. The idea was a capital one to James, but little Martha, at a loss to understand this new phase in steady-going Samuel, was troubled.

"Come along," cried James, rushing tumultuously to find his hat, "it will be splendid on the shore. If there's a wreck we'll see the lifeboat launched,—wouldn't I like to save a ship!"

"It is raining hard, and you have no overcoat," said Martha, matronly for Samuel's sake, "you will get cold, and uncle will be grieved."

"Martha," he returned, in a tone she never forgot, as he touched her with his hand, "I must go, I cannot stay; supposing the Lord has work for me to-night."

More troubled than ever at his words and manner, she got ready to go with him. The master where they lodged was a fisherman; his wife was already with the crowd upon the sands. They did pretty much as they pleased; there was no one to hinder them going now.

"Take my hand," said Samuel to Martha, "the wind is high; it will perhaps be hard to stand."

She did so without a word; James stood upon her other side. The wind was high; it had risen now to a tumultuous gale, dashing from the land with the force of a tornado. Their voices were inaudible in the uproar of winds and waters. It was unusually dark for summer, surrounding objects were shrouded in heavy gloom. They could just make out the shadowy outline of people clustering together; before them the snowy foam glanced upon the summits of the billows. Now and again, the clouds were rent asunder, and vivid lightning added to the grandeur of the scene; even the raging elements were as nothing against the roaring of the thunder crashes.

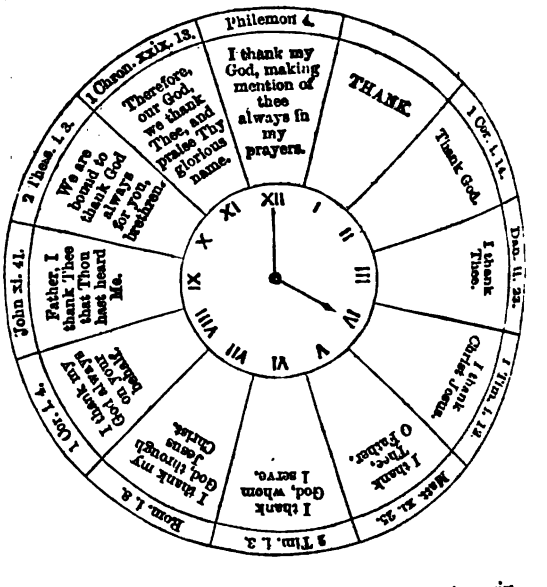
"What are they looking at?" asked James, as they neared the clustering people, who looked with one accord across the boiling waters. His words were heard, even in the storm, by the practised ears of a bearded fisherman, who stood at his side.

"Looking at?" he answered; "a boat, Joe Hudson's is out upon the sea."

"Joe Hudson's boat!" said Samuel, his white face plainly visible in that black night: "Oh, Lord, is there anything for me to do?"

BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 672.



Let our readers take the word HELP for their next exercise.

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MR. SPURGEON'S SERMON TO SAILORS.

THE announcement that Mr. Spurgeon was going to preach a sermon to sailors brought a notable gathering to the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the evening of the 6th of May this year. From Wapping, and Redriff, and Shadwell, and other familiar regions near the river and the docks, many came to hear the popular preacher. The event had been talked about at Coffee Houses and at Sailors' Homes, and there were few great seaports in the world unrepresented in that audience. Not a few captains, officers, missionaries, and other workers among seamen,* helped to fill the gallery, while the great building was crowded with an expectant and attentive congregation.

Mr. Spurgeon's service was worthy of the occasion. The affectionate earnestness of the prayers touched all hearts, especially the intercessory prayer for those at sea, and for those on shore, thinking of absent ones, or waiting for missing ships!

Do our readers know that about 5,000 British seamen perish every year, even in time of peace? In 1879 no less than 1,688 ships were *reported*, at Lloyd's or elsewhere, as lost, the estimated value of the losses of ships and cargoes being twenty-five and a half millions sterling? Then there are many smaller vessels lost, of which no reckoning is taken. On the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland alone there are above 50,000 fishing boats! Well may those "who live at home at ease" think with sympathy and generosity of the mariners of England. And well may Christians of every name welcome and aid every effort to do good to the bodies and the souls of our sailors.

The sermon, preached by Mr. Spurgeon, was from the text, "The sea is His, and He made it; and His hands formed the dry land" (Psa. xcv. 5). We have space for only some extracts.†

"This ninety-fifth psalm exhorts us to sing joyfully unto God. Whether we contemplate the land or the sea, there will be found upon them both abundant reasons for adoring the great Creator. Some, I know, as they walk upon the land, can no more praise Him than if it were one vast desert of Sahara; and yet the earth is full of His goodness: it is as a garden yielding not only food for man and beast, but flowers lovely and fragrant. Forest and field, mountain and plain alike sing out the praises of the Lord. Nor is the sea less rich in incitements to worship the Lord our Maker.

Ignorant persons regard the sea as a dreary waste of waters. But to him who is rightly taught, the sea is full of beauty, its every wave is lit up with splendour: the sea is the Lord's, and He made it. You see, then, that both on the land and on the sea adoration is in its place. Praise is never out of season at any time, and worship is never foreign in any land. It matters not whether we travel over sand or snow, or how we are tossed about, on arctic or tropical seas, we are still in the pastures of the Great Shepherd, and within the palace of the Great King. Praise the Lord from the earth, and let dragons and all deeps join in the psalms. "Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

At this time I shall ask you only to think of the sea. I could far more easily preach upon this text if I were standing in one of my delightful haunts by the Mediterranean, looking over its blue waters, hidden away in the cleft of a rock, with the spray at my feet: then, I think, I should not coldly read the words, but clap my hands, as I cried with my heart, "The sea is His, and He made it." Here we are, however, stranded on this white-cliffed island, and banished from the fresh sea breezes to this huge Babylon of bricks, where men appear to forget God, since they see so little of His works and so much of their own. Let us try, if we can, to transport ourselves to the wide and open sea, and as we gaze all around, and see nothing but the rolling waves, let us sing,—

> "He formed the deeps unknown,
> He gave the seas their bound;
> The watery worlds are all His own,
> And all the solid ground."

There is no need for any laboured divisions in our sermon to-night: our first point will be that *God made the sea;* and the second will be that *therefore it is His;* and the third shall come out of the next verse, *He is therefore to be adored:* "O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

I. Our first thought is that *God made the sea.* It is not often that you find a seafaring man who is an atheist. Addison tells us of a time when he was on board ship, and there was a passenger on deck who was an infidel. He was reported to the captain as an atheist, and neither he nor the sailors could make out what sort of a strange fish that might be, and asked him what he meant. They were told that he did not believe in a God. A storm coming on, the men proposed that they should pitch him overboard, seeing he did not believe in God

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* The sermon was on behalf of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, of which the Marquis of Cholmondeley is President, Thomson Hankey, Esq., Treasurer, and the Rev. Edward W. Matthews, Secretary. This Society, established in 1818, employs above forty agents in the chief ports of Great Britain and the Continent, and carries on its beneficent and evangelistic work without respect to nation or sect. There are other societies doing good work among seamen, but none worthier of support than the old British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

† Published by Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

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Almighty; but he was soon cured of his unbelief, for, when things looked threatening, the first person who was down on his knees, crying for mercy in great terror, was the precious atheist, who soon got rid of his atheism when he felt in danger of his life.

God made the sea: you can mark His wisdom there. Philosophers tell us there is just as much water in the sea as there ought to be, and no more. That the sea is salt, and therefore does not corrupt, that it is moved with tides and currents, and therefore does not stagnate, that it evaporates, and therefore does not increase so as to drown the earth, are all instances of Divine wisdom. If its waters were more or less salt than they are many fishes would die, and the floating power of the ocean would change. The more we study the sea, the more shall we say, "Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

And certainly no man can deny the power which thunders across the billows. What tremendous force is there displayed! "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." When one has seen the damage the sea has wrought upon our coasts, the way in which the hardest rock has been worn away; when one has sadly watched a huge barque tossed to and fro like a plaything, and when one has heard how the hugest vessels are caught in a cyclone and whirled away like feathers; one bows upon his face before the Almighty Lord who rules the sea.

And yet God's goodness is there as well. The sea is a great benefactor. Where were the clouds, and where the rains, and where our harvests, if it were not for the ocean? The sea feeds myriads with its fish, and enriches many more by its commerce. It was once thought to divide nations, but now it has become the highway by which they communicate, a silver belt by which all lands are bound to one another. England, above all nations, has reason to see the goodness of God in the sea. Perhaps we had not even remained a nation if the silver streak had not separated us from the continent. Most probably we had not been a free nation or a Protestant nation, if the Lord had not bidden the waters encompass us.

Every attribute of God shines in the sea, although the more spiritual and precious are but dimly seen, these being reserved to be manifested in Christ Jesus the Lord, before whose feet the sea crouched in reverence. Perhaps even those attributes will be discovered to be there in some degree when our eyes shall be strengthened to see the glory of the Lord in all His works. Till then we will listen to the sea and think of it as an

> "Impassioned orator with lips sublime,
> Whose waves are arguments which prove a God."

I trust many of my seafaring friends have often felt near to God when alone upon the vasty deep. God is in Ratcliffe Highway, but it is uncommonly hard to find Him. We could find fifty devils there in five minutes sooner than find a trace of God: for there is the den of the drunkard, and there is the foul haunt in which men are robbed and ruined, the house of the strange woman, of which Solomon says, "the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell." Far out at sea the sailor is free from the danger of falling tiles and chimney-pots, when the wind is blowing, and he is free also from many a temptation which besets him on shore. Often, I have no doubt, when you have been alone, watching at night, pacing the deck to and fro, and looking up to the bright stars, you have thought, "God is very near me now." I remember, when going to Hamburg, I stood at night with the captain upon the quarter-deck, and suddenly a light seemed to rush down the mast and light up the rigging and the whole ship in such a manner as I never saw before. For an instant the vessel seemed to be on fire, and then the light was gone. "What is that?" I said. "What is that?" said he, for neither of us knew; but we felt awe-struck. Seafaring men meet with them often—strange things, that we "landlubbers" never dream about. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." God seems to come very near to those who are on the waters. When the wind howls, and the sea booms, the noise would suffice to drown a thousand volleys of artillery. "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters." When men mount up to heaven, and go down again to the deeps, then is God present to them, and they cry unto Him in their trouble.

The fact that God made the sea *should make us feel more confidence in venturing upon it.* We may trust ourselves upon the King's highway: we may go where Jesus went, and where the Lord reigneth: "The Lord sitteth upon the floods, yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever." As "all things work together for good to them that love God," there is nothing left to work for evil. The sea cannot destroy those whom God would preserve. Even if the sea in its tempestuous mood should take away our lives, what will it do but waft us to the gates of heaven? It is as well to go to glory by water as by land, perchance drowning is an easier death than expiring with broken bones, or torturing pains. You who are about to emigrate to Australia or to America, and are feeling dreadfully troubled to-night at the thought of the terrible sea, should be of good courage. Your Master went to sea, and His disciples went with Him: they, too, were tossed with tempest, and yet their vessel and the other little ships which sailed on the billows of dark Galilee were safe. Our Master, who is Lord High Admiral of the seas, brought all the fleet into harbour safe and sound. He has not given up His rank, or lost His power, and He will save all who sail under His convoy. No tempest or tornado shall wreck a soul that is in His charge.

This ought to make us feel at rest as to those who lie buried beneath the waves. I have heard it said by one or two whom I have known, "I would not have minded, sir, if they could have found the body." I suppose there is something natural about that regret; but I do not greatly sympathize with it. The sea is God's own, and blessed are they who lie in God's most sacred sleeping place, where no spade of sexton shall ever disturb their bones. Where can any of us lie better than where "pearls lie deep"? What myriads are there already! When the trump of the resurrection sounds, the sea must give up her dead, and myriads will rise to their eternal thrones from the caverns of the mighty main, they who, ere

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they died, had learned to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

II. Our second point is, *God owns the sea:* "The sea is His, and He made it"; He owns it by right of creation. There is not in the sea a single wave that anybody made but God, and all the constituent elements of it were created by Him and by Him only. Therefore He claims the sea from shore to shore, and who shall question His title? Not only did He own it once, but He owns it now; He has never handed over the ocean to any people or nation. David said, "The sea is His," and it is God's still, and it always will be his sea.

But the sea is man's. God evidently meant us to go to sea, because, when He made man, almost the first thing He said was that He made him to have dominion over the fish of the sea, and I do not see how we can have dominion over the fish of the sea if we never go to sea at all. There are the fish, thousands of miles from the shore, and if no mariner shall ever cross the deep, what dominion can we be said to have over "the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea"? He made man to be a fisherman as well as to be a farmer; he meant him to plough the waves as well as to plough the shore; in fact, our present race all sprang from one whose huge vessel was the cradle of the new race. Man owns the sea, but still the sea is God's. Man is God's viceroy, but God is the true King. Man is tenant under God, and should pay the quit-rent of reverential gratitude and adoration. Man may have dominion over the fish of the sea, but it is a delegated sovereignty, the sea is still the Lord's.

Old ocean does not belong to Neptune, as the heathen used to say. Father Neptune is an idle dream. The idolators parcelled out the various kingdoms among their deities: one should rule the heavens, another the clouds, another the earth, and another the sea; but we know that there is one God alone. The sea is Jehovah's and not Neptune's.

Though we sometimes sing, "Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves," the words are not true: Jehovah rules the waves, and not Britannia. There is a sense in which the patriotic song expresses a great truth, and I have not a word to say against it; but we all know that we may be on board Britannia's biggest ship of war, yet the Union Jack cannot save us in the time of tempest. Jehovah must then interpose, and bid the billows sleep. "The sea is His, and He made it."

I sometimes feel very glad when I look at the sea, and think that it belongs to the great and generous God, and not to greedy man. Here upon land every foot of earth is enclosed by somebody, and jealously guarded from trespass. The village had a breezy common, upon which a poor man might at least keep a goose; but the great folks could never rest till every inch was put within hedges and made their own. You can scarcely walk anywhere without being met by "*Trespassers Beware.*" Mountains and hills, which everybody ought to be allowed to climb without leave, are fenced in and kept from all intruders. Men fight for years over a yard of ground. This is my lord's, and this is my lady's, and this is copyhold of the manor. "The heaven, even the heaven of heavens, is the Lord's: but the earth hath He given to the children of men," and they scramble for it and divide it among themselves. No such greed can appropriate the sea. The free sea cannot be parcelled out, nor hedged, nor ditched, nor dyked, nor walled. It has no lords of the manor, but remains free and unappropriated for ever. "The sea is His, and He made it." According to international law, a few miles from the shore belongs to the country which borders on it; but once reach the main ocean, and nationalities are forgotten. The sea is neither English nor French, Dutch nor American. No barque is a trespasser there. No one ever thought of impounding stray whales for going out of their owner's fields. The pastures of the deep are for all fish; they may feed where they will, from shore to shore.

"The sea is His," and this begets in you a joyous sense of liberty, as though for once you were beyond bounds, and, like a sea-bird, feared no cage or fowler's snare. Oh, for a bound from billow to billow of the unpolluted main, where sail of man has never been seen, nor voice of blasphemy ever heard. Who can hinder our liberated spirit as it dances on the wave, or dives beneath it? May we always wear that free spirit about us, even in these huddled homes and narrow streets. Let us not be grasping, mean, narrow; let us not hedge in all things unto ourselves, but desire that others may share in our blessings. May we have largeness of heart as the sand which is on the sea-shore, and greatness of love comparable to the immeasurable sea.

The sea is His, then: this sentence puts all other claimants out of court. The sea is the Lord's, and therefore He ought to be reverenced on it. Hush! hush! What are you at, man? Swearing at God on his own sea! Stop till you get on land, and when you reach the shore stop till you can find a place where God is not near you; for to swear at Him to his face is madness. Will you insult God on his own sea? No, surely. If the sea is His, you will mind what you are at. On the sea it seems to me that you should be particularly careful of what you say and do, for you are on God's premises. Inasmuch as He can hear you think, mind what you think about. On the sea you are inside God's house; be holy, then, "for holiness becometh His house for ever." There is the throne of the Great King, and around it is a pavement of crystal—I mean the glassy sea—and you sailors should think of yourselves as God's courtiers, permitted to come very near Him, and to behold more of his glory than any other men. Oh, that you may be led to think of your position in this light.

I wish you would think highly of your honourable calling. When a man thinks that his calling necessitates his being wicked, he is sure to be wicked; but when he judges that he is under obligation to be holy, peradventure he will desire to be so, and God's grace will help him to be so. O, you who do business on God's own sea, fly away from his royal domain if you resolve to rebel against Him. Do not dare to sin to His face. But where shall you go? If you take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, you are still within His courts.

There is yet another view of the matter; the sea is the Lord's, and therefore I may confess my sin to Him when I am out on the ocean, and He will hear me—for He is there; I may weep the

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at sea, for He was at home on the wave, and a companion of seafaring men. The lake of Galilee was familiar with His voice, and saw His answer to the prayer, "Lord, save, or I perish." The sea around you waits to hear you pray, and to see God's wonders on the deep.

I have not the slightest doubt that many a man has learned much of God on the ocean, although as yet he knows not the Redeemer and His salvation. I wish every sailor would daily read the Bible, which is our chart to heaven; but many who have neglected that blessed book have found lessons of warning, ay, and lessons of hope, in the rolling wave. Oh, hear the voice of God in the storm! Be warned as you escape from the jaws of death! Have hope as you cling to the rock!

The sea is God's; take care that when you fly over its hallowed surface you read Jehovah's book, bow before His throne, trust in His Son, and offer to Him continual thanksgiving.

It seems to me that if the sea is God's, then sailors should be his too, but it is too often not so. God is looking over all the waters, and seeing the white sails and the smoking funnels that even now are passing from shore to shore, and He is saying, "The sea is all Mine, but those men who breast the storm are not Mine. I preserve them, but they never think of Me. I have sent salvation to them, but they will not hear it. The fish and the bird know their seasons, but man rebels against Me." I cannot bear to think that it should be so. I long for the day when every ship upon the sea shall be an ark, and every sailor a Noah.

What are some of you sailors at? Why, there are many of you that I would trust with anything: I would not count my gold, but trust you with my purse, I am so sure that you would bring it back safely. You hate dishonesty, and would not tell a lie. You speak out bravely, and fear no man, and yet some of you rob God. You pay your debts to everybody most freely, but not to your Maker. You owe Him most, and yet think of Him least. Is not this wrong? See that child! They say he is very good to the servants and to strangers, but he always puts on a scowl when he sees his father, for he cannot bear him. Would you like to be the father of such a child? Yet you are like him. You are capital fellows on board a ship, capital men on shore too, when you get among your families, and yet toward God you act shamefully. May the Spirit of God lead you to feel that you are wrong, and when you feel it, may you have grace to tack about and steer for another point.

I wonder where the training ship "Atalanta" now is! Where are the other vessels which have been missed so long? We have reason to fear that they are lost. Fine vessels, and yet lost! Hundreds on board, and all lost! We cannot bear to think of it. If they are lost it will be of no use to go after them; the swiftest vessel cannot overtake them, and the sharpest look-out will never see them. They are beyond hope; but what a mercy it is that *you* are not. If it had not been for the mighty hand of God last voyage you would not only have been lost that man that he had never been born. Blessed be God, you are not in hell yet! You are not shut out from mercy yet; Jesus Christ still flies the mercy-signal, and his servant still cries to you, Come, come, come to Jesus. Come and welcome, come and put your trust in the Saviour. May His gracious Spirit lead you to do so. Recollect, wherever you are, on whatever sea you may sail, the sea is His. His grace reaches to the uttermost. The shipwrecked soul is still within the reach of mercy; if God do but lead it to cry to Him out of the lowest depths He will hear the voice of supplication.

III. I now invite you to the third and concluding point,—"*O come, let us worship and bow down.*" You of the land, and you of the sea,—let us together worship the Lord our God. It is no new work for some of us, for our life is spent in worship: but oh, if it be a new thing for any man here, I would gently take him by the hand and say, Come, friend, let us worship and bow down; let us do it together. You are a sinner, so am I; you have no merits, and I have none; if ever you are saved it will be by grace alone, and so it will be in my case. Jesus must be your only hope, and He is mine. O come, let us worship.

"The sea is His, and He made it." "O come, let us worship." You have seen the heathen in their own lands, and you know how eagerly they worship their gods. Before an image of wood or clay they cast themselves down. As for our God, He made the heavens—will you not worship Him? Oh, do so, for the first time, through Jesus Christ His Son. May the Holy Ghost gently pass over your souls, and may you now bow in the great Father's presence, and plead the death of Jesus by which He puts away sin.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice." I ask you to listen to the voice of God. He speaks in this precious book, the Bible, and He is speaking just now by this voice of mine into the hearts of some of you. You are feeling now as you do not often feel, and there is a desire in your heart that you might be converted, and find the Saviour. Do not quench that desire; do not silence the inward voice. Listen to it with all your ears and all your heart, I pray you, for it may never speak again, and if it never speaks again what must become of you?

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." That leads me to say, may the Holy Spirit lead you now to yield your hearts to God! May your heart say, "Lord, I want to be what Thou wishest me to be; I want to do what Thou wouldst have me to do; I give my hard heart up; I desire to be right with Thee."

If you do this, there is only one more thing I need say, that is, "enter into His rest." There remaineth a rest to be entered, and he that believes in Jesus shall enter into it. There is no rest upon land, nor rest upon sea, nor rest in time, nor rest in eternity until you trust Jesus; but when you have done that, and trusted Him altogether with yourself, then shall you be at quiet, and your spirit shall enjoy a holy calm, like heaven below."

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THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

X.—THE VARIETIES OF CLERICAL LIFE.

AMONG the lesser known essays and remains of Robert Hall is a memoir of Thomas Toller, of Kettering, a piece characterised by Mr. Hall's beauty of language, but more remarkable for the discriminative contrast he draws between two men, of whom he says, "it has rarely been the privilege of one town, and that not of considerable extent, to possess at the same time, and for so long a period, two such eminent men as Mr. Toller and Mr. Fuller." And the contrast he draws between these two contemporaneous ministers is very graphic, but, more than this, suggests in a very pleasing manner, the great varieties of ministerial character and usefulness. The men were probably both equally eminent in their different orders; but while Mr. Toller devoted himself to those aspects of Christian truth which came most in contact with the imagination and the feelings, exerting a sovereign ascendancy over these emotional parts of our nature, Mr. Fuller attempted to examine with microscopic accuracy the separating boundary lines of truth and error. Hence, Mr. Toller overwhelmed his hearers by his pathos, Mr. Fuller bore them away by his arguments: listen to the one man and you felt yourself in the grasp of a strong intellect; listen to the other, and you felt yourself irresistibly yielding to the contagion of his sensibility. Beneath Andrew Fuller you were compelled to yield to trains of thought; beneath Thomas Toller you were compelled to trains of emotion. Both men were fertile in illustration: Mr. Fuller's were employed for the more practical comprehension of the subject; Mr. Toller's for the purpose of moving the affections. Andrew Fuller employed himself most in searching out the subterfuges of hypocrisy, and exposing fallacious pretensions of religion; he ranged round the terrific region of Sinai, or "sat as a refiner's fire": Mr Toller never got out of sight of Calvary, and the august Sufferer there; he was most in his element when exhibiting the consolations of Christ, when dispelling the fears of death, and unveiling the prospects of eternity. Andrew Fuller was what we call a public man, a practical man, ready for all visitation and converse at any time. Mr. Toller had a relish for society and shone in it, but it had to be of his own order, and where he could feel that he was perfectly at home; he would not even devote much time to ministerial visits; he had a natural delicacy and reserve, which led him often even to quote the language of the apostle, as the justification of his conduct, "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church." Thus Andrew Fuller lived for the world, Thomas Toller for his congregation, his family, and his friends. Mr. Fuller inferred the character of men from their creed; Mr. Toller was almost disposed to lose sight of their creed in their character. For these delineations of two men, of whom, of course, we could have no personal knowledge, we are very greatly indebted to the charming contrasted parallel drawn by the friend of both, to whose paper we have referred above, and who certainly united in himself very many of the best attributes of each; while no doubt, where his character diverged it leaned over to that of Thomas Toller, he indeed combined in a larger amplitude the characters of both. The interest to us of the paper is partly, as Mr. Hall has said, that one obscure little town should, for so many years, retain two such remarkable pulpit lights, while, at the same time, it suggests how various pulpit character may be, and yet, assuredly, as useful as it is various.

Various, as we have said—shall we entertain our readers with a few odd lines? They will not suspect that we introduce them for their elegance in poetry, or even for the euphony of their grammar; they are a description of New England preachers, but published in London by Matthew Simmons, 1648. Graphic though quaint are the lines in which the writer describes the character of these "painful labourers in the vineyard of the Lord."

"One unto reading Scriptures men persuades,
One labour bids for food that never fades.
One to redeem their time exhorteth all,
One looking round for wary walking calls.
One he persuades men buy the truth, not sell,
One would men should in moderateness excell.
One for renewed repentance daily strives,
One's for a conscience clear in all men's lives.
One he exhorts all men God's word to hear,
One doth beseech to lend obedient ear.
One he desires evil's appearance shun,
One with diligence would all should be done.
One shows their woe that will not God believe,
One doth beseech God's spirit they'll not grieve.
One wishes none to deep despair to run,
One bids beware none to presumption come.
One wills that all at murmuring take heed,
One shows that strife and envy should not breed.
One shows the hatred God to pride doth bear,
One covetousness cries down with hellish fear.
One to lukewarmness wishes none to grow,
One none for fear forsake the truth they know."

Very odd, and certainly exhibiting a not very discriminative eye in this ancient poetaster.

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We do not admire everything about Robert Robinson, especially that phase of theologic opinion which he adopted in the later years of his life, but he has always seemed to us one of the most wonderful men of the modern pulpit; we have often said that, so far as mere mastery of style represents preaching, we would rather preach like Robert Robinson than like any other preacher with whose sermons we are acquainted. It was he of whom Robert Hall said that "he had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say what he pleased, when he pleased, and how he pleased." Something of the sweetness of expression united to elevation of feeling may be seen in his hymns—

"Mighty God, whilst angels bless Thee,"

and

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing."

He has been called a "barn-door preacher," and indeed most of his sermons were preached to rustic audiences; but to read his village sermons produces something like the same impression as that of Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns for Children; they are delightfully simple, but their vigorous Saxon sweetness, beautiful rustic painting, in homely, but perfect language, produce the effect of hedgerow fragrance, of the spectacle of farm-fields and meadows, or of pastoral music on the wind. He preceded Robert Hall at Cambridge, but most of his sermons were preached in humble barns, or obscure village tabernacles; but, should any person affect to despise him, and put him in contrast with some of the most stately names which adorn our pulpit lore, we might reply to them what Robinson himself replied to a coxcomb, who was slandering, in his presence, an obscure but excellent man: "Take away nine parts out of ten from his character, and then there remains a greater man than thou art!"

Robinson's life and labours form one of the most interesting pages in the history of the pulpit. His origin was very humble, but he became a great and elegant scholar, and appears to have been one of those men who attained to the power of preaching in his own language, with such perfect grace and simplicity, from his thorough acquaintance with the classical languages. Of course his income from the ministry was poor, and he added, therefore, to this profession, the occupation of a farmer, for which he was satirized by some of his brethren in the ministry, and upon whom he retorted in language not very complimentary. Compliments, except to the poor and lowly, were not very much in his way. "Godly boobies! too idle, many of them, to work,—too ignorant to give instruction, and too conceited to study, spending all their time in talking and mischief; these are not the men to direct my conduct, or censure my industry;" and we suppose there was never written, a more humorous description of a parson's day than that we have in his entertaining life, in a long letter to Henry Keene, Esq.:

"Chesterton, May 26, 1774.

"OLD FRIEND,

"You love I should write folios; that depends upon circumstances, and, if the thunder-storm lasts, it will be so; but what a sad thing it is to be forced to write when one has nothing to say. Well, you shall have an apology for not writing—that is, the diary of one day. Rose at three o'clock; crawled into the library, and met One who said, 'Yet a little while is the light with you. Work while ye have the light. The night cometh, when no man can work. My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' Rang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking, went up to the farm, roused the horse-keeper, fed the horses while he was getting up, called the boy to suckle the calves and clean out the cow-house, lighted the pipe, walked round the gardens to see what was wanting there, went up the paddock to see if the weanling calves were well, went down to the ferry to see whether the boy had scooped and cleaned the boats. Returned to the farm, examined the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn of eight horses going to plough, mended the acre-staff, cut some thongs, whip-corded the boy's plough whip, pumped the troughs full, saw the hogs fed, examined the swill-tubs, and then the cellar, ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grain, and the men want beer, filled the pipe again, returned to the river, and bought a lighter of turf for dairy fires, and another of sedge for ovens, hunted up the wheelbarrows, and set them a-trundling. Returned to the farm, called the men to breakfast, and cut the boys' bread and cheese, and saw the wooden bottles filled, sent one plough to the three roods, another to the three acres, and so on, shut the gates, and the clock struck five. Breakfasted, set two men to ditch the five roods, two more to chop fads, and spread about the land, two more to throw up muck in the yard, and three men and six women to weed wheat, set on the carpenter to repair cow-cribs, and set them up till winter, the wheeler to mend up the old carts, cast ladders, rakes, etc., preparatory to hay-time and harvest. Walked to the six acres, found hogs in the grass, went back and sent a man to hedge and thorn, sold the butcher a fat calf, and the suckler a lean one. The clock strikes nine, walked into the barley field, barleys fine, picked off a few tiles and stones, and cut a few thistles; the peas fine, but foul, the charlock must be topped, the tares doubtful, the fly seems to have taken them; prayed for rain, but could not see a cloud. Came round to the wheat field, wheat's rather thin, but the finest colour in the world, sent four women on to the shortest wheats, ordered one man to weed the ridge of the long wheats, and two women to keep rank and file with him in the furrows, thistles many, bluebottles no end, traversed all the wheat field, came to the fallow field, the ditchers have run crooked, set them straight, then laid out more work for the ditchers, went to the ploughs, set the foot a little higher, cut a wedge, set the coulter deeper, must go and get a new mould-board against to-morrow, went to the other plough, picked up some wood and tied over the traces, mended a horse-tree, tied a thong to the plough-hammer, went to see which lands wanted ploughing first, wondered how any man could be so silly as to call me reverend, read two verses, and thought of His loving-kindness in the midst of his temple, gave out, 'Come, all harmonious tongues,' and set Mount Ephraim tune, rose up, whistled, the dogs wagged their tails, and on we went, got home, dinner ready, filled the pipe, drank some milk, and fell asleep. Woke by the carpenter for some flats, which the sawyer must cut. The Reverend Messrs. A. in a coat, B. in a gown of black, and C. in one of purple, came to drink tea, and to settle whether Gomer was the

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father of the Celts and Gauls and Britons, or only the uncle. Proof sheet from Mr. Archdeacon, corrected it; washed, dressed, went to meeting, and preached from 'The end of all things is at hand; be ye sober, and watch unto prayer.'"

We need not quote further, but Mr. Dyer, Robinson's biographer, remarks that "the intelligent reader will perceive, that one object of the preceding letter is to rally useless priests, idle and unprofitable professors of religion, and pompous scribblers about nothing, *fruges consumere natos*, men who seem only born to devour the fruits of the earth: an honest, industrious day-labourer may be worth a score of such men." As to the joining of farming with ministerial labour, none will sneer who remember how St. Paul worked with his own hands so as to be serviceable to others.

In most countries where Christianity is professed, the interest of the community hovers very greatly round the minister; somehow he gives point and charm to the most humorous and to the most pathetic stories; he is supposed to be with his people, sharing the cheerfulness of their most festive, and tenderly taking their hand to attempt to alleviate their most sorrowful, hours. It is, we believe, to be admitted, that in many circles, and especially among ourselves, this pleasant, ancient, characteristic has very materially deteriorated, and perhaps in few societies, where life has become so crowded as to present so many demands upon the minister's time, would it be possible to weave up those entertaining incidents which made the pastor so pleasing a person in the stories of Scottish, American, and free English life in past ages; and which come out also with a charming distinctness in some of the pictures of clerical life in the Netherlands, especially as illustrated in Mr. Keightley's translation from the Dutch of "The Manse of Mastland." By hints like these we find, indeed, that the instincts of the great orator are put into quite a subservient place; but the man of the pulpit is regarded as the universal friend; and the sermon, beneath which, perhaps, a good many of the congregation go to sleep, addressing itself to a very small body of *hearers*, is the weekly, friendly piece of intercourse sustained between the pastor and a large family, who look up to him with sentiments of reverential love as a kind of village patriarch.

Among the varieties of incident in clerical life we have, however, omitted to refer to those in which the minister appears as a hero, and yet the mention of the name of Robinson would very naturally call up the names of Claude, and Saurin—for he translated, in four volumes, the sermons of the first; and we have, in the course of these papers, referred to his translation of Claude's "Essay on the Composition of a Sermon," of which it is not too much to say that the notes of the translator command an incomparably larger amount of interest in the reader than does the essay itself. It is, however, the memory of such a man as Claude which calls up to the mind the recollection also of the heroic part, in certain places and times, and those not very far remote, which the minister has had to play. Even Roman Catholics usually speak of Claude as "the famous minister." No name in the history of the pulpit stands out more eminently. Can we not foresee some idea of what he was when, in his conference, or discussion, with Bossuet, the haughty and arrogant prelate—who somehow stirs a kind of revulsion in one's mind whenever one thinks of his persecuting spirit, or his gaudy eloquence—said of Claude, "He made me tremble!" The man who could make Bossuet tremble! and yet, with all his sternness, he was only a gentle, insinuating, "still small voice" of a creature, quite disposed to pursue his quiet ministry in Languedoc, until placed under interdict by the royal commission, which, however, permitted him afterwards to step forth upon the larger platform of Paris. In the capital he was regarded as the unquestioned head of the Reformed Church of France, which also numbered in its ranks the names of some distinguished persons of the Court—among others of the illustrious Marshal Turenne. Bossuet condescended to yield to the wishes of royal and illustrious persons, and to crease his robes in the controversy with the plain and simple man, who appears to have been able to foil and disperse the wild lightnings of the prelate who has been regarded as the great chief of French eloquence, by holding up the simple heaven-pointing rod of plain and undecorated truth. Those discussions look to us like mere spectacular effects, though at that time they were considered as great and imposing events.

But that ill-conditioned and evil-minded woman, Madame de Maintenon, was determined that Protestantism should be extirpated from France, and she especially set her spirit, like another Jezebel against another Elijah, against that "seditious man," as she called Claude. When the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was determined upon, while fifteen days were allowed to other ministers to escape from the country, Claude was ordered to leave the kingdom in twenty-four hours, and placed beneath the espionage of footmen of the king, who were commanded not to lose sight of him for a moment until he was out of the French dominions. As the great preacher passed along, he was greeted everywhere with marks of respect. It may be thought that his controversies with Bossuet led even Roman Catholics to vie with Protestants in the honour with which he was treated. He occupied the pastorate of a Reformed Church at the Hague, but he was an exile from his country. He continued, indeed, to preach there, but he died after an exile of eighteen months. Who does not know this interesting chapter in the story of the pulpit? The age of Claude, and the times immediately subsequent, would furnish wonderful narratives. Many a thrilling incident was experienced by the pastors of "the desert," in the wild and desolate *steppes* of France. There, and amidst the Vaudois valleys, the grand solitudes of nature were frequently invaded by the cruel emissaries of a persecuting king, and the hymns which rose amidst the sweet sequestration of the hills were often broken by the discords of murderous soldiery. To that period belongs, indeed, a very large chapter in the story of the modern pulpit.

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LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.



XIX.—WATERING FLOCKS.

WHAT a busy, animated scene! A well, such as we have here, is always the great meeting-place in the east. The women all go there for water, to talk or gossip; travellers meet there, for water is scarce in that hot country, and wells are few and much valued. The man is a shepherd; he is raising water from the well, and then pouring it into troughs for his sheep to drink. These troughs are placed all round the well. The camels want water, but some of them, and the man too, will have to wait until the shepherd has quite done giving water to his sheep. The women will have, poor things, to wait till the last, until the men have finished. You know the shepherd was there first, so it is only fair that he should not be interfered with. At this very well I had to wait a long time before I could get some water for my horses.

Wells are often spoken of in the Bible. I have told you of our Lord Jesus sitting once by a well, when He wanted water. But you can read a great deal about wells in the Old Testament, and about shepherds watering their flocks at wells. Do you recollect what happened once to Moses (Exod. ii. 15–20)? He was living amongst wicked men, so he ran away. He came to a well, and sat down there. Some girls came up, and began to draw water for their father's sheep, but before they had done, some strong naughty shepherds came up, and drove these girls away. Moses was a good man, a strong man too. He saw this was unjust, and would not allow it. Drawing water for the girls, he gave it to their sheep, so that they did not have to wait. When they got home their father was surprised to see them back so early and he asked them how it was; then they told him of the kind thing done by Moses. No doubt these shepherds had often driven the girls away, and made them wait.

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XX.—CROSSING THE KISHON.

When I was last in the Holy Land, we had some difficulty in crossing the Kishon. It is not a large river, but it is very, very swift. It comes from Mount Carmel. Now it had been raining nearly all day, and, just as we came to the river, a very bad hail-storm came on. The storm rose suddenly from behind Mount Carmel; there was very strong lightning and loud thunder. Our poor horses and mules got quite frightened, so that we had to dismount and hold them fast; of course we got wet through. You must know there was no bridge over this river. When the storm went off a little, we thought we would try to cross. I got on my horse to ride him into the river and make him swim across, but I had gone a very little way before he put his front legs on some shifting sands. These sands, because you cannot see them, are very dangerous, for you may go quite in and stick fast, and then you and the horse would go right down. I jumped off my horse into the water, and pulled him out of the sand; it was not an easy thing to do. When he got on the land he trembled with fright; the other horses would not go in, and for some time we did not know what to do. All this time the river was rising. I had, however, one very strong man whose name was Mustapha; he was a splendid fellow, and faithful to me all the time we were in the country. He took off some of his clothes, and with a long rod in his hand, went into the river to try and find a place where we could cross. Many a time he had to come back, for he found himself getting upon this bad shifting sand. We quite thought we should have to go back and go some other way, but he found a way at last, and so came to me to lead my frightened horse. I took my feet out of the stirrups, and we all went down into the water, my men following me. The horses soon had to swim. We got over all right, but we nearly lost one poor donkey, which was swept off its feet and carried down the stream. We ran down the stream to where the river took a bend, and we were able to stop it there. We were all very tired and wet, but we were obliged to ride on for many miles before we could get to a place of rest and shelter.

This river Kishon is often spoken about in the Bible. Once a terrible thing happened there. A wicked king, named Sisera, was very cruel to the Israelites, and made war upon them with a large army, but God commanded a very clever man, whose name was Barak, to go and lead the people of Israel against this army. God sent a terrible storm at the same time, and the bad king with his army were defeated; they ran away. In their terror they ran towards this river Kishon, and all were swallowed up in its quicksands and swept away. The terrible storm which God had sent had filled the river so that its rushing waters were in "flood."

Sometimes in dry weather the river Kishon is quite small, and you can then see the quicksands, and need not go on them, so you can cross it easily. Men who do not believe the Bible often have said it could not be true that all this army was destroyed in the river, because it was so small. The men who say that could never have seen the river in flood, or they would know better. You see from what happened to me how difficult it is to cross that river when it is in flood; had we been running away from anybody we should have been drowned in it. Little things like these prove the truth of the Bible account. You can read of this king in the fourth and fifth chapters of the book of Judges (iv. 7; v. 20, 21)

HARPER'S YARD.

CHAPTER V.—A DAY OF SUSPENSE.

"I THINK, Maggie," says Aunt Mary, on the following Monday morning, "that you'd better not get up until the doctor has been."

"Oh, mustn't I?" exclaims Maggie, regretfully.

"I think you'd better not, honey."

Maggie's eyes wander round the little chamber with a dissatisfied air, and her aunt laughs.

"There now, you needn't look round in that way," she says, good-humouredly. "I'll make it all tidy."

She is as good as her word. In a very short time she has made everything look as neat as possible.

Being Monday it is the day for clean sheets and pillow-slips, and in addition to these she brings out granny's best patchwork quilt, and spreads it upon the bed. Then, with a clean cover on the little dressing-table, and a smaller one of crochet-work upon the stand of the looking-glass, and a scrupulously minute dusting of every article of furniture, the little room looks as fresh and inviting as any one need wish to see.

"And you'll wash me, auntie," says Maggie, anxiously, "and brush my hair?"

"Of course, dear," is the answer.

When she has washed her and put her on a clean night-dress and tied back the soft golden hair with a bit of black ribbon, Maggie looks satisfied, and Aunt Mary tells her that no one need wish to look nicer than she does now.

"I wasn't thinking about that, auntie," she answers, "if only I could get well and strong, I shouldn't care much what my looks were."

"Nor should I," replies Aunt Mary.

"What's that?" says Maggie, presently, as a sound of footsteps is heard coming along the yard.

"Likely as not it's them," Aunt Mary answers, hastening with the fastening of the clean print dress she is putting on, "and I haven't got a collar on."

That it is the two gentlemen is announced by the sharp knock at the door, which follows immediately upon her words, and hastily fastening her collar with her jet brooch, Mary Molloy runs down the narrow stairs and opens the door.

"Good-morning, Mary," says Mr. Carington. It seems to Mary that his voice sounds much more

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cheerful than it did in church yesterday. "This is Dr. Fitz Alan, who has come to see Maggie."

"Good-morning, sir," says Mary, dropping a respectful curtsey.

"She is still in bed, I suppose," he continues, seeing that the couch is empty. "Well, if you will go upstairs with Dr. Fitz Alan, I will sit down in Mrs. Molloy's chair a little while."

"Very well, sir. Will you walk this way?" she answers, turning to the doctor.

He is an elderly man, tall, and with a benevolent face and a kindly manner, and he walks up to the bedside with a cheery question.

"Well, little woman, and what business have you to be lying here?"

The question removes all the child's nervousness, and she smiles wistfully. "I wouldn't lie here very long, sir," she says, "if I could help it."

"I don't suppose you would," he returns, "so we must try if we can't set you up a little."

Then he examines her back closely, and asks all manner of questions such as would never occur to any man but a doctor.

"And what do you think of her, sir?" Aunt Mary asks eagerly, out of sheer pity to set Maggie's heart at rest.

"She has no business to be lying there," he answers. "If she had seen a doctor when she first began, she might have spent all these years running about."

"And now it is too late?" she asks, while the bitter tears run down Maggie's cheeks.

"Too late? Nothing of the kind," he cries. "Why, little woman, we shall never get well at this rate. It's the very worst thing you can do."

At this little Maggie smiles through her tears, and after her own sweet, patient fashion puts out her little thin hand and slips it into his. He starts as her fingers come into contact with his own, then his firm, white fingers close upon them, and he sits for a moment stroking his chin with the other hand, in silence. Presently Mary Molloy coughs, and he looks up sharply.

"Why, what's that?" he asks.

"I don't think you can do anything for that, sir," she answers significantly.

"Don't make too sure of that," he laughs. "Well, we must talk about the child first. I wish you'd bring Mr. Carington up here."

"Certainly, sir," says Mary, and fetched him.

"Well," the rector says, when he enters the room, "and what is your opinion, doctor? I can see by Maggie's face it is good."

"Pooh!" he answers, "she knows nothing. Well, Mr. Carington, there is nothing but weakness to fight against."

"No disease?"

"No actual disease, only weakness," he says, decidedly. "If it had been attended to at first a few weeks would have cured her."

"And now?" the clergyman asks, anxiously.

"And now a month or two at the seaside may work wonders," he replies.

"That will be very easy," says Mr. Carington.

"I suppose so. You will be able to get her a ticket for some Home. If you could possibly get two, this one," laying his hand on Aunt Mary's shoulder, "ought to have a change at once; and then the child won't fret at being alone."

"Oh, sir, she won't do that," Aunt Mary interposes, hastily.

"I don't know. Any way, you want a change."

"I would rather they went into lodgings," says Mr. Carington, in a low voice. "I think my wife would be the better pleased if she knew it."

"Just as you like, of course," the doctor replies. "Then we may look upon it as settled. Three months, to begin as soon as possible; to get near the sea; to have a perambulator; and to go down on the sands every morning that it does not rain. To have a sea-water bath every morning, and if she can bear it, a bathe in the sea, and to cram as much nourishment into her as possible."

"And then?"

"If she can walk across the floor, to try every day to walk one step more; and above all things," turning to the child, "to make up your mind that all will be well, with God's blessing. And be very sure you mind what I told you about crying."

The bright smiles ripple out again over Maggie's face, and she says shyly: "Indeed, sir, I don't often cry; do I, auntie?"

"That you don't, honey," she answers.

"Oh, no; I can answer for that," Mr. Carington adds. "She is a wonderfully patient little body."

"All the better. But now you must be impatient to get well and strong, and with the will, will come the power. And now, Mr. Carington, there is one other thing: she should have some slight support to wear when she begins to move about."

"Then will you order it?"

"It will be expensive."

"Never mind that," he cries. "I told you before, doctor, that expense need be of no consideration."

"Then I will send the manageress from Dove's to see her. I'll send her this afternoon; so you had better remain where you are, and by to-morrow evening you shall be in Scarbro'."

"Where the sea is?" Maggie asks.

"Yes; you will like that."

"Oh, sir!" Poor little Maggie can say no more.

"I see you will. Then, who will see after lodgings? I have an old patient, whose rooms are vacant, as I happen to know. Shall I write to her to-night?"

"Is not that troubling you very much?" the rector asks.

"Not a bit. Then I will do so. I'll look in again this evening, or in the morning. Now good-bye, little woman, and try all you can to get well."

"Is she not a dear little thing?" Mr. Carington remarks, as the doctor opens his carriage door.

"She reminds me very much of the one I lost," Dr. Fitz Alan answers, "the only one I ever had." Then he gets into the carriage and with a wave of his hand is gone. Mr. Carington understands now what had puzzled him not a little before.

* * *

CHAPTER VI.—THE SEA, THE SEA.

The journey is over, and Aunt Mary and Maggie are really at Scarbro'. Maggie is very weary, but she has borne the journey much better than Aunt Mary or Mr. Carington had expected. He had met them at the station to see them safely off, had taken their tickets, and had given Maggie a bright half-crown to spend as she pleased. He had slipped

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something heavier into Mary's hand, but she had not said anything about that.

It was all delightful to Maggie, whose knowledge of life had been gained in Harper's Yard—the busy throngs of people, the train (she had never been in one before), the rapid flight through the air as it seemed; and now she is at Scarbro', lying on a couch propped up by cushions, looking out of the window at the sea.

As yet she can hardly believe it is not some vivid dream from which she will awake, with what the doctor tells her is cramp in her back; but no, it is all very real. There is the cheerful little sitting-room, the table spread for tea, with a dish of beautifully-brown mutton-chops and a pot of marmalade, upon it. She likes both, and remembers with a sigh that it was dear Mrs. Carington who brought her that pot of marmalade for her last birthday treat.

"I think she must have been an angel then, auntie," she says, giving utterance to her thoughts without remembering that Aunt Mary does not know them.

"Who?" auntie asks.

"Mrs. Carington—my dear Mrs. Carington," she answers. "Oh, I think that was why she went so soon, she only came down here to do good and spread blessing, and then she had to go away. Perhaps God couldn't spare her any longer."

"Well, she's in heaven now," says Aunt Mary.

"Yes, *now*, but still I think she was then. I wonder, auntie, if she knows we've come here and that I'm going to get well?"

"As likely as not," Aunt Mary answers, as she pours out the tea.

"Then I think she will be very glad. Very likely it will make her happier, if that is possible, and then she will sing sweeter and her face will be brighter than ever. I'm very glad, auntie, that my back was so bad, for if I'd been quite strong and well, Mr. Carington wouldn't have been able to do anything to please her. I don't think he looked half so troubled this afternoon; he seems as if could still do something for his dear Hope, even though she has gone to Heaven, and left him all alone down here. Yes. I'm very glad now that I'm so weakly. We might have known, auntie, if we'd only thought of it, that it was sent for some good."

"My darling," cries Mrs. Johnson, the landlady, a kind-hearted widow, who only takes a few sickly people in order to please Dr. Fitz Alan; "this lady may have been a dear creature, but she could not have been dearer than you are."

"I!" cries Maggie incredulously. "Oh, no, indeed Mrs. Johnson. I never did nothing for any one, and many a time I've cried with the pain."

Mrs. Johnson bent down and kissed her. "I hope you won't cry again, or have cause to. But now you must have your tea, and you must eat a whole chop to yourself. Dr. Fitz Alan says I must make you eat."

"Yes, I will try my best," answers Maggie hopefully; "but, Mrs. Johnson, you didn't know my dear Mrs. Carington."

"No, dear; if I had done I might have loved her as you did."

"As I do," Maggie corrects gently. "Well, when auntie has unpacked her box, she will show you her picture, and then you will see her for yourself."

"Yes, my dear. Now you must have your tea."

Then Mrs. Johnson goes away, and having said her grace Maggie set to work with such a will and such an appetite as she never possessed in Harper's Yard.

"You'll soon get well at that rate, Maggie," her aunt says smiling, "it is wonderful how different the air is here, to what it is at home."

"I say, auntie," replies Maggie laughing, her soft eyes brimming over with fun, and a great deal of their wistful pathos vanished. "I wonder what granny and all the folks in Harper's Yard would think to see us now, just like real ladies?"

"'Deed I don't know, but granny 'll be rare an' pleased when she gets my letter."

"That she will. Dear granny, if only I shall be strong enough to help her a bit! You know, auntie, after you went down with Mr. Carington this morning the doctor said to me: 'I don't say you'll ever be a very strong woman, Maggie, but you'll be able to walk about, as well as any one.' And, auntie, he told me that he once had a little daughter, just my age and something like me to look at, only she was strong, and she died. Oh, he looked so sorry, the tears came into his eyes and he couldn't speak for a minute. And that was why he liked me, and sent me here to this lady's."

And presently Aunt Mary proposes to go out a bit on the cliff to-night, "just to see the sun set."

"Oh, I should like that, auntie," cries Maggie delightedly. So her aunt fetches down her hat and the warm wool shawl in which she must be wrapped, for she is not accustomed to being out of doors at all.

Mr. Carington had brought in his cab to the station, a basket-work perambulator, very light and softly-cushioned, and into that her aunt now lifts her.

"Oh, it is nice," cries the child; "it is so comfortable. Am I very heavy, auntie?"

"Not at all," her aunt answers laughing, "no heavier than a baby. Now, how do you like this?"

"I'm almost too happy," she says, drawing a long breath of supreme satisfaction. "I shall never be able to thank God and Mr. Carington enough."

Mr. Johnson's house was almost at the end of the North Cliff and faced the sea. She was the widow of a very old patient of Dr. Fitz Alan's, and after her husband's death, was, through the dishonesty of a so-called friend, left in very straitened circumstances. As the means of earning a livelihood, she took this house and let it off in lodgings, but, more than a year after her husband's death, through the kindness of Dr. Fitz Alan, she regained nearly the whole of her property. As a mark of her gratitude to him, and from a desire to do some good in the world, she promised to receive any patients he chose to send, as lodgers.

"I don't mind poor people, doctor," she had said; "I want to do good. Those who are rich, and can pay, may, and then some poor souls who can't pay will reap the benefit."

And so Mrs. Johnson's house became a miniature hospital, without any of the parade and display of well-doing which a large and public establishment makes. Truly Mrs. Johnson's left hand knew not what her right hand did.

Aunt Mary wheels Maggie several times up and

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down the entire length of the parade, and the child is enchanted. It is all so new and so strange; there is such fresh pure air as her lungs have never breathed yet; there are the large handsome houses, with their gay flowers and grass plots; below them there is the mighty ocean, dashing its fretful billows against the cliffs, and tossing against the long pier, as if indignant at the presumption of the race who have erected it. There is the grand old ruined castle, standing above the waves as if it defies them still, as it has done for the hundreds of years that they have seemed trying to reach it; and every now and again there are faint strains of music wafted across the waters from the Spa, where the band is playing.

"I never thought there were such lovely places in the world," Maggie says after a while. "No, I never did; my dear Mrs. Carington used to tell me very often what places were like, but I never thought they'd be like this."

"You must see it in the morning," Aunt Mary tells her, "I'll wheel you down on to the sands, and you'll see how much nicer it is there."

"Maybe," Maggie says softly, "but I think I shall like it of a night best. I always did like nights best, auntie, and somehow I feel 'we are one day nearer home.'"

CHAPTER VII.—"THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

It would be utterly impossible to attempt to describe what Maggie feels during the next few days. She is intensely happy, she lives every minute of the day. All day long Aunt Mary and she are about; they explore every nook and corner of the town, both old and new; they cannot go very far on the sands, for the wheels get clogged up; on the even roads they go for miles. So brown and sunburnt they have become, that, as they often laughingly tell Mrs. Johnson, their friends at home will hardly know them. Such a collection of shells and differently coloured sea-weeds Maggie has, enough to ornament every available nook of the tiny house in Harper's Yard, and she has had little or no pain. Since she can remember, such a thing has not happened before, and she has already realized the blessed meaning of the words 'there shall be no more pain.' Hitherto she has thought in an unrealizing fashion that it must be very delightful to have no pain, no weary aching, no bodily suffering, but now she understands what it is. True, she is sometimes tired, but it is merely a healthy fatigue, the precursor of sleep which comes to her now the moment her head is laid on the pillow.

They have been in Scarbro' about a week, and it is early morning, they have just had breakfast, that is to say, and Aunt Mary has gone upstairs to prepare for the morning's outing.

Maggie lies on the couch by the window alone, watching the passers-by, when suddenly she misses the little brooch which fastens her frock at the throat. She looks carefully round the room, and sees it lying near the door in the very place where anyone entering might tread upon it. It must have fallen when her aunt carried her down this morning, and it is a little surprising that it has not been trodden upon already.

"I wish I could get up and fetch it," Maggie says aloud. "Auntie will very likely tread upon it when she comes in, and I shouldn't like my dear Mrs. Carington's present to be broken. I wish I could. I wonder if I could?"

"I wonder" soon grows into "I'll try," and she cautiously puts one leg off the sofa and tries if it will bear any weight. Yes; it feels rather shaky and "wabbly," but Maggie is not daunted; she remembers what Dr. Fitz Alan told her, and she puts the other leg down, and by the aid of the table and the end of the couch, raises herself into a standing position. For a moment she scarcely dare breathe, the sensation is so novel. It is so long since she has stood upon her two feet that she can scarcely believe she is doing so now. Then she moves one step forward cautiously, as does a person learning to skate or a child to walk, and still keeping fast hold of the table with both her hands, makes three fairly steady steps. At the end of the table her courage fails her, and she is half-inclined to turn back, but no, there is the brooch, a little silver one, shining hopefully at her. "Persevere," it seems to say, and from the omen she takes fresh courage. There are not more than two steps ere she will reach the friendly shelter of the little sideboard, and with a desperate effort she ventures, and reaches it safely.

Alas! poor Maggie, there she stands within a foot of the brooch, and she is as far from it as if a mile lay between them. How is she to stoop down for it? She cannot; it is a sheer impossibility. For one moment she is disappointed, then, being a quick child, the utter absurdity of the situation strikes her and she laughs. She laughs so heartily that she almost loses her hold of the sideboard, and then her aunt comes in.

"Mag—gie!" she exclaims.

"Mind my brooch, auntie!" Maggie cries. "It's down there just by your foot. I missed it and I thought p'raps it would get broken, so I tried to fetch it, and I managed to get here, but I couldn't stoop, and then I began to laugh."

"I'll carry you back," says her aunt.

"No, no," she cries, proud of her achievement. "I'll walk back, just to show you."

She does contrive to get back to the sofa.

"I shall be able to walk in another month," she says, laughing aloud in her joy, as she comes and sinks down, with a happy face.

"I believe you will," Aunt Mary answers.

"God has been very good to me," says Maggie simply.

"Aye, that He has," Aunt Mary agrees; "but it isn't every one that has such a thankful heart as you."

"I have nothing else," she says softly, "but I think, auntie, it's more than thankful—it's loving."

"That's the secret," Mary returns, "that's the great secret, and it's happy for you that you've found it out, honey."

Every day after this Maggie walks, doing each day a little and a little more, until she can at the end of a fortnight move about the little room with comparative ease, and then she essays to walk a few steps out of doors. At first the strong sea-breeze tells against her, but though it buffets her and makes her footsteps more uncertain it gives her strength and appetite.

"Auntie," she says one afternoon, when she has walked a short way on the parade and has come in

to rest, "now that I can sit up I should like to write a letter to Mr. Carington. If you would help me I think I could."

After a fashion the child can write, for she has copied all Polly's writing-books during the long days at home, when she had nothing else to amuse her. And so with Aunt Mary's aid, in the matter of spelling, the following letter is produced.

"Scarborough.

"DEAR SIR." (About the commencement of the epistle they have grave doubts, but finally decide in favour of "Dear Sir.") Now that I am able to set up, I desire to write a few lines to let you no how we are getting along. I hope this may find you well, as it leves us at present. I can now walk about a little, and am a very great deal stronger, and we are injoying ourselfs as much as possible. Dear Sir, I am so greatful to you for all you've done for me. I don't no how I'll ever show my greatfulness to you. Aunt Mary is a very great deal better, and Mrs. Johnson is a dere lady.

"Respectfully and greatfully your

"M. Molloy."

"There, auntie, I think that will do," Maggie says, surveying her work critically.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" Aunt Mary answers; "I'm sure no one could have written it better."

They fold it up and Maggie directs it, and presently, they take it to the post-office, which is quite an event for Maggie, who herself reaches from her little carriage to drop it into the box. She feels easier in her mind when that is done with, and she has nothing to think of but getting strong and well.

The days pass over, not rapidly; it is the slow, irksome days which seem to glide away so fast, days when there is nothing to show, nothing to look back upon or forward to, that slip away like an indistinct dream. Such days as Maggie and her aunt are living now, seem long enough. There is so much to fill them, each hour brings new pleasures and occupations, fresh cause for gratitude to God and man.

Sabbath Thoughts.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

"Let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—*Gal.* vi. 10.

"THE household of faith" is a very peculiar and tender expression, which reveals a bond of union strong enough of itself to convey a sense of duty. If we are members of that household, their interests are ours, and when we do good to one of them we help the whole family, who are all brethren and sisters to each other, as being children of one Father in heaven. These brothers and sisters neither stand nor fall alone; they are connected for good or for evil, for joy or for sorrow with each other, and all with God. We are urged by the apostle to do good unto all men, but not without a loving preference, a brotherly partiality for our Father's children; and surely it is a bad sign of our love to our Father if our hearts do not respond to this call, and own this partiality. The household of faith is a large one indeed; it extends through many lands and among all conditions of men. He who searches the heart alone knows its members: "The Lord knoweth them that are His"; but we may also by many a sign recognise the family likeness, and rejoice to own and aid a brother or sister in Christ.

Voices of the Leaves.



HERE comes a gentle whisper
Amidst the forest trees,
And tender budding leaves are seen
Of fragile form and softest green,
Kissing the spring-time breeze.

They gladly woo the sunbeam,
They gaily open forth,
And robed in youth, all joy and light,
They deck as with a vestment bright
The pleasant scenes of earth.

Anon a deeper murmur,
The boughs wave to and fro,
And through the crowded forest heaves
As 'twere a mighty sea of leaves,
In an unceasing flow.

The storms shriek 'midst the branches,
The midnight tempests wail,
And in the dark leaves' sterner hue
Ye see how oft they've struggled through
Wild conflicts with the gale.

Again, how deep a sighing
The sombre forest hath,
For now the dancing leaves are seen,
With shrivelled form and withered mien,
Scattered around our path.

They crush beneath our footfalls,
They rustle near our door,
And show us in their swift decay,
How joys once cherished fade away
To bloom on earth no more.

What say the leaflet voices
In crisp and dreary tone?
Do they not whisper to the heart
How spring and summer must depart
And leave but autumn's moan?

Do they not tell the story,
"Earth's fashions all decay,"
And bid us through our toil and strife,
Look ever to the Tree of Life,
Whose leaves fade not away?

M. M. P.

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THREE LITTLE ONES.

CHAPTER III.—THY WILL, O LORD.



AN ALARM.

JOE HUDSON was the landlord of the cottage where they were staying. They had known him from babyhood; year after year Walton had been their seaside destination; year after year they had gone to Joe Hudson's house. He had a son, a lad a little older than Samuel. During their long intercourse a friendship had grown up between him and these three little ones. He was a frank, open, honest boy, the very reverse of Samuel, as active as he was weak, as boisterous as he was quiet. Yet, oddly enough, an affection had risen between them; Bob Hudson was the only friend Samuel had outside his own small family circle. Therefore, when he heard Joe Hudson's boat was upon the sea, his first thought was, was Bob with him? The unspoken question was soon answered.

Among that watching, waiting crowd was a woman, undergoing the agony it is sometimes the lot of the fisher's wife to undergo, praying, hoping her husband might be brought to her arms again. Margaret Hudson was a Christian woman used to the stern battle of the world. Many a time and oft had she known the anguish of suspense, while her husband snatched his daily bread and hers, from the bosom of the deep. Repetition does not dull such a feeling. Fully she trusted in the Lord; Sunday after Sunday, night after night, morn after morn, did she and Joe commit their ways to Him; but there is that in our bosoms which will throb, be our trust in Him never so perfect, when our loved ones are in peril of their lives. The Lord is merciful and just, all-loving and all-wise, all his ways she came to watch for him.

Wrapped in an old checked shawl, which covered her head as well as shoulders, she looked with yearning eyes across the raging billows. Her lips were tightly closed; the lines on her plain, honest face stood out in clear relief; not a muscle showed that her heart was leaping against her breast, that her blood was alternately hot and cold as she waited for her mate; only the expression of her countenance was pale and pitiful, white and anxious. Would that the Lord would spare him once again!

Moving through the crowd the three little ones came on her. Even in the darkness Samuel recognised the familiar figure. He put out his hand and touched her arm.

"Margaret!" said he.

She started, and looked down at him. She was not surprised to see them in such a place, at such an hour. Nothing would have surprised her then; all her thoughts, all her prayers, were out with the boat upon the sea.

"Oh Lord!" she cried, as if replying to his touch, "bring back my husband and my lad to me."

Then Samuel knew that Bob was with his father. He caught her arm again, and half unconsciously, she bent her head to catch his words.

"Margaret; don't fear. Let us pray God they may come back to you."

He spoke close to her ear, so that she heard his words. There was a something in his voice which startled her. Who was this twelve-year-old lad to talk like that? How could he know as he said he did? Yet there was that something in his tone, clear, calm, and childish though it might be, a glow upon his features, which filled her with amazement. What did he mean? But she did not ask, for the little ones passed on, and she stood there again alone.

And now all attention was centred on the sea; centred, rather, on one specimen of man's handiwork which was upon it—a boat: a boat which looked, at that awful season, so like a toy, in comparison to the might and majesty of the tumult and confusion which were about it, so like a plaything for children's hands that it seemed almost a miracle it was not momentarily vanquished and gone for ever. Indeed, it was like a battle, the boat against the sea. Which would win? Knowing little of the realities of the case, a man placed then and there upon that shore to adjudge the chances would say the boat was doomed; its fate was ruin.

But such a man would know little of the nature of his brother men who were in that boat, little of the character of the thousands upon our coasts who win their bread upon the waves. Despair! Such a thing was never heard of. Fear! It was a dream. The English fisherman is like—the English fisherman. What other comparison can you find? Daily, almost, he dares perils, bears fatigues, which would amaze us if the tale were ever told. Danger, death, staring him in the face, they are incentives rousing up every instinct of his manhood to make him every inch a man. Wife and children wail for him on shore; it is his duty to dare everything for their sakes; his duty to God and to his fellows to save his life—for them. And how these duties are fulfilled! What pen shall ever aptly tell the tale?

They were some hundred yards from land, this boat and its little crew. A short distance; yet, at such a time, how far. It was just those hundred yards which were most difficult to pass.

The wind blew from the south-west—from the land—with terrific force. It was difficult to keep one's footing against the gusts. For a moment it would drop; then, gaining assurance from the comparative calm, the spectator would forget the necessity to be prepared at all points to meet its rage. Suddenly it would return, as though the windows of heaven were unloosed

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and the tornadoes of the skies dashed upon the world; the forgetful looker-on would totter, but save himself from falling, by grasping his neighbour's arms. While the whirl continued, he needed all his strength to stand upright.

Against its violence the boat, impelled by the united strength of its small crew, could make but little headway. They need be careful, too, how they proceeded, endeavouring to catch the calmer moments of the storm, and yet be ready for its returning rage.

The waves dashed over them; they rode upon their summit. Hidden from sight, then before the eyes of all. Each time they sank from view there was an anxious interval of waiting for their return. Every moment they might be overturned; and when again there came a rising wave, the empty boat might be seen with them washed out of it. The waves dashed to the shore, to be dashed back by the wind. On that neutral ground, where waves met wind, was a pitched battlefield of foam, and surf, and spray.

It was an exciting scene. The hearts of all beat high. Help from the land, situated as they were, was vain. No boat had a better chance than they who struggled. To attempt to rescue would be to put themselves in peril, with no hope of helping others. They could only stand and watch; the Lord held the issue in his hand.

"Can they do nothing?" asked Martha, who was trembling from head to foot, clasping Samuel's arm with both her hands, "can they do nothing to give them help? It is so dreadful to stand and watch and be able to do no more! Oh, if they should die!"

Samuel was standing facing the sea, his hands behind his back—a favourite attitude of his—watching the conflict with pale face and eyes that seemed flashing through the gloom. His hat was pressed close upon his head, his jacket was unbuttoned and flapping in the wind, his figure was drawn to its full height, his slight form, in that dread hour, seemed to possess a dignity entirely its own. Martha remembered it all so well in the years which were to come. His answer was in the old, calm tones, but with the new strange thrill, which gave a hidden meaning to his words.

"Martha, you know I always thought that I should do something for the Lord. Whatever happens you must remember that all is right, which is His will."

She heard him—heard every word; even in the raging of the tempest her brother's voice was distinctly audible, his words never to be forgotten. She was a little girl then, only nine years old, and he was twelve.

The minutes passed with leaden wings. Inch by inch the boat drew nearer land and life. Now it gained a yard, and now the sea, coming with relentless force, revenged the gain. Time after time their fate hung in the balance; it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save them from destruction; the heart's blood of those upon the shore stood still, cold came on them—the frost of fear—their eyes grew dim, when the Lord in his exceeding mercy snatched them from the impending death, and the fight began again.

How long the struggle lasted would be hard to say. To them it seemed as though hours had passed; but in moments of agony and suspense, years are rolled into an hour. At last the distance between them and safety was decreased by more than half. The storm still raged with all its fury, but hope now beat high that soon they would be sheltered from its rage.

Samuel was still in the same strange state of excitement, evidently putting a restraint upon himself that he might stand still. James was excited too, but in a different manner. The intense splendour of the scene—for is not a storm splendid?—filled him with a wonder and awe beyond the power of speech. He strained his eyes to watch; his mouth was even wider open than his eyes. But Martha's whole attention was centred upon Samuel.

Nearer and nearer came the boat. It was almost within reach now. If they sprang out they might even find a footing on the silver sands. Suspense became intenser still. The people crowded closer to the waves, eager to give a hand of welcome.

And now a great shout breaks from the crowd:

"Hurrah! hurrah! the lads are saved!"

That English shout, which can be heard even above the tempest's din, that great chorus of strong voices speaking when the heart is full.

But the cry of exultation was before its time. They were saved almost, but not quite yet. There was to be a narrow slip 'twixt cup and lip before the triumph should be won. A scene which for all time would live in the memories of many, in the hearts of some.

The boat almost touched the land, was almost saved. Strong men, amidst the cries and shouts of the on-lookers, rushed into the sea to seize it and drag it up the shore. But the sea, coming with rage renewed, swept it from their reach. There was a cry of terror and surprise; in an instant the frail craft seemed tossed into mid-air; there was an awful silence, strong men held their breath, their faces paled; when, amidst a silence the more striking from its contrast to the previous storm, the boat fell back again—keel uppermost.

A groan burst from every soul upon that beach—so was the silence broken. It was a sudden return from joy to sorrow. Women wrung their hands, running hither and thither, their lamentations adding to the horror of the scene.

The boat had been overturned in hardly six feet of water—but what water? Before they had fully awoke to the reality of their peril, the maddened waves would have hurried them out to sea, and then what chance for safety? In such a sea, what man could hope to live alone? The general thought throughout that crowd was that all was lost. But again man's calculations were as nothing before the dispositions of His will.

The fishermen stood, just out of reach of the fury of the waves, watching for the reappearance of their comrades. Ropes were in their hands, life-buoys attached to the end. Everything was to be done which man could do to save them yet.

There was one standing close by, unnoticed by the rest, who was to play a leading part in that memorable time—Samuel. A cry went up that one of the crew had risen to the surface; indeed, it was plain to all. It was a lad, they could distinguish his boyish form against the white waste of foam, his face was turned upwards, they could see it too.

"It's Bob Hudson," the cry arose; "Bob Hudson, who can't swim!"

Quick as possible a rope, with a buoy fastened to the end, was thrown within reach of the drowning boy. But, quicker still, a figure—a slight figure—sprang from amidst the crowd, and, leaping among the contending billows, swam to give rescue to the drowning.

And the same instant a shrill, girlish, childish voice arose,

"Samuel, Samuel, don't go! You'll drown, you'll drown!"

If Samuel heard he heeded not, but battled with the billows.

Acrostic.

John iv. 6, 14.

L-ord, I behold Thee own thirst's parching power,
I-n languor waiting, while cool water wells
V-ainly in Sychar's depths. In thirsting hour
I ask, and not in vain, thirst-quenching spells.
N-ew evermore bid waters well in me,
G-race springing ever fresh, dear Lord, from Thee.

W-eary, I come to Thee to give me rest,
A-nd thirsty, claim Thy promised hand to lead,
T-here, where the living fount of waters blest
E-ver is flowing at Thy children's need.
R-iver of life, as crystal pure and clear,
S-traight from God's throne it streams, and finds me here.

F. M. E.

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



THE SOLDIERS SALUTING JULIAN AS EMPEROR.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

FEW characters in history have such a sad reputation as Julian, and few characters too possess a deeper interest or supply more powerful warnings to the Christian Church. A brief sketch of his career will introduce us to the religious life of the fourth century just when Christianity had triumphed for the first time over heathenism, and seated itself for good or ill on the Cæsars.

Julian's life too has a special inte' Christians. He came of the fami' the Great, being the son of his yo' Constantine, as an ancient tr' an Englishman, or, at any rate his youth in England, finding father and mother, from the F Galerius. Accustomed as we

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age as the perfection of all time, we can hardly realise to what a pitch of civilisation England arrived fifteen hundred years ago, under the imperial rule. A visit to the city of York, which was the early home of Julian's father and grandfather, would be a revelation to many a reader. The walls, the towers, above all, the Roman Museum, in the beautiful Gardens, proclaim the material prosperity, the high level in art, science and luxury to which the Anglo-Romans had then attained. In the Museum one can see tesselated pavements, ornaments of glass and earthenware, toys, trinkets, even the hair of a lady's head in as perfect preservation and arranged in as artistic a manner as if it belonged to the present age.

England, in fact, when ruled by Julian's grandfather, had probably attained to a state of civilisation not to be matched till we come to the last two centuries. Julian's own boyhood was spent in a very different and less healthy atmosphere, moral and material alike. At York in the opening days of the fourth century the gospel was making itself heard with power, and winning converts even in the royal household, whereof, it may be, we still find traces in those massive foundations of the earliest British church which are shown deep down in the crypt of the present cathedral. But the conversions then won were those of sincerity and conviction, and the progress of the Gospel was sound and sure. Julian's earliest recollections must have been of a very different character.

Constantine had passed away, bequeathing the empire to his three sons, Constantine, Constantius, and Constans, together with a legacy of religious controversy and discord. But neither Constantine nor his sons had ever realized the deep spiritual nature of religion. Their conversion was but very superficial. Constantine retained heathen emblems and legends on his coins, and displayed all a heathen's contempt for the sanctity of human life. His son Constantius mounting the throne, signalised his accession even as eastern despots do still—the King of Burmah the other day for instance—by the slaughter of the next heirs to the throne, and that although he had but a few days before sworn a solemn oath for their safety.

Three uncles and four cousins, including Julian's father and elder brother, perished in the massacre. Julian himself, then a boy of six years old, must have listened in hushed terror to the tramp of the soldiers and the death cries of his nearest and dearest, from the obscure recesses of a church whither he had been carried by Marcus, bishop of Arethusa, a distant town of Syria.

This event alone seems to have first prejudiced the opening mind of Julian against Christianity, though he had been saved by a bishop, yet the triumph of the gospel was necessarily associated in every mind with the imperial family. Hostility to the ruling family thus naturally induced hostility to Christianity which they championed. And the subsequent education of Julian did nothing to eradicate or modify these early impressions. Constantius, the emperor, was zealous in his attachment to the Arian or court party in the Church. Its leaders were men great in ability, in scholarship, knowledge of the world, skill in governing men. But they were not spiritual men, and though many among them were bishops, they were very deficient in pastoral diligence. To use a modern phrase, they were thorough Erastians, they believed that the will of the monarch should regulate the convictions of the people, that the human conscience should seek its laws, not from the Divine will, but from that of the emperor, and to this end that the secular arm should be freely used to put down opposition. The most prominent of these leaders, Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia—not, it should be remarked in passing, the celebrated Church historian—is more than suspected of having incited, or at any rate lent himself to the barbarous massacre we have just narrated, and yet it was to this very Eusebius that the early education of the youthful Julian was entrusted, as soon as his uncle, struck with the pangs of remorse, learned that he and his brother Gallus had escaped. And then the education which he received only served to disgust the brilliant, keen, thoughtful young prince with the religion of his uncle and of his tutor. Eusebius, though a distinguished controversialist, was a mere man of the world, whose whole heart was set on rendering his own religious party dominant in Church and State. About the welfare of individual souls he knew nothing, and cared nothing. In fact, then, as at every period when controversies raged highest, the care for souls was lowest.

Julian was entrusted by the bishop to the eunuchs of the court for religious training, which they managed, as might be expected, in such perfunctory style as to confirm his hostility to Christ. He passed in regular order through the several stages of the Christian life, was counted among "the purified," "the illuminated," "the perfected," in orderly succession, received the seal of baptism, participated in the Eucharist, was initiated into the deepest mysteries of Christian dogma, observed all the feasts and fasts of the Church, was admitted to the minor clerical office of Lector, or reader of the sacred books to the public congregation, built shrines to the holy martyr Mamas. But all was done, not as a loving service springing from a heart full of love and gratitude to a heavenly Father, but as a routine service extorted by fear of his uncle Constantius. Then, again, one of those exercises we have just named must have strangely contrasted with the old paganism, after whose poetic legends and ancient myths, so strangely bewitching to the natural man, his soul was longing. Nearly a century before in earlier and purer days, Mamas had been a shepherd in Cappadocia, where he suffered for the faith. As the spirit of the martyrs declined, however, external reverence for their tombs increased, and Julian and his brother were compelled, as part of their education, to build a shrine to his memory at Cæsarea in Cappadocia, where they were then residing. In after years the tradition arose that the side of the shrine on which Julian worked fell to ruin as soon as he completed it, while that built by Gallus remained, the martyr, as men thought, refusing the services of one destined to apostasy. To the keen eyes of Julian, however, this exaggerated reverence for the relics of the martyrs, and for the martyrs themselves, must have seemed a complete justification of the reverence which the heathen paid to the images of gods and ancient heroes.

Christianity was never presented to Julian in that most attractive shape, the teaching of a loving gentle mother, for he had lost his mother in earliest infancy, but always under a harsh unspiritual aspect; there were no pains taken to open out its deep mysteries

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in that spirit of charity and kindness when they are ever found to respond to the great depths of man's nature. One skilled in human nature might have predicted his defection beforehand. Nay, farther, not only was Christianity misrepresented to him, but paganism was presented in the most attractive light. At Constantinople, Nicomedia, and above all, at Athens, he mixed with the élite of the Neo-Platonic philosophers who, without exception, were enthusiastic adherents of the ancient heathenism whose statues and symbols and fables they spiritualised and explained away till, instead of meaning and teaching everything that was vile and horrible they came to mean everything that was noble and exalting, beautiful and poetic. It was specially at Athens that his faith was destroyed. There, indeed, amid the schools and lectures of the University of Athens, heathenism retained its sway for many a long year after its last hope of triumph had fallen with Julian. And yet it is no wonder that it was so. Thoughtful observers have often noted in India the glamour which idolatry throws over the senses. How much greater must have been the fascination of Athens, where the poets, philosophers and sculptors had sung and taught and worked, and where glorious memories were all connected with the worship of those deities whose statues and groves and temples rose on every side. Hundreds of Christian students—even at the very time when Julian was attending the University of Athens—passed through its halls without suffering any injury to their faith, men, like the great bishop St. Basil, who went there to qualify themselves the better to fight the Lord's battles. But then it needed on their part what is not always found with the young, somewhat of the faith and spirit of the great apostle of the Gentiles who, all unmoved by the memories which must have crowded upon his scholarly mind or by the glory of the statuary and architecture all around, could calmly address the Athenian of his day, and say, "Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device."

But one thing more was wanted to secure the final perversion of Julian, and that the Emperor added. Constantius, who had butchered the father, the uncles and the eldest brother, now murdered without a trial his only remaining brother Gallus, leaving Julian himself in daily expectation of the same fate. After a time, however, the Emperor sent him into Gaul and the Rhine provinces to bring them into subjection. Then at last he could do as he pleased, and began to exhibit publicly his regard for the old religion. Previously indeed he had in secret renounced Christianity, and had washed away the taint of his baptism with the warm blood of a bull, and been initiated into the weird and stern ceremonial of the Eleusinian and Mithraic mysteries, where the neophyte was tested by water, fire, cold and hunger—ceremonies, indeed, which derived their origin from, and still in many respects survive to this day among, the fakeers of India. In Gaul Julian rapidly developed his great powers, proved himself a vigorous administrator, a brave soldier and a successful general, and using the influence thereby accruing soon found himself strong enough to march against his uncle Constantius, whose death, however, while still on the march gave him peaceful possession of the Empire, and ensured the triumph of paganism just forty years after its defeat by his grandfather Constantine the Great.

As soon as Julian ascended to the throne, he began his meditated assault on the Church with studied moderation. He celebrated his uncle's funeral with great pomp and elaborate Christian rites. He then—acting like our own James the Second—proclaimed a universal toleration, with a secret reservation in favour of his own belief. What is generally called the Julian persecution now began. The truthful historian must, however, confess that it was a very mild one, compared with previous experiences, and we can only explain the strong language of subsequent writers by supposing that the forty years of prosperity and power enjoyed by the Christians had relaxed their moral and spiritual fibre. After basking in court favour a popular rising here and there, followed by a local persecution or by the torture and death of the local bishop, seemed a very terrible event. One hundred years earlier, such an event would have been passed over as one of the every-day experiences of the Church in its more peaceable and prosperous times. And yet it is not unfair to hold Julian accountable for these outbreaks. He certainly did not restrain or punish them as he might. A splendid administrator and ruler as he was, the highly organised, the machine-like system of imperial Rome put into the hands of the Emperor a means of curbing the populace in the remotest regions. Two instances will explain this.

Few men of the fourth century have gained a wider celebrity in England than George, the bishop of Alexandria, through the writings of Gibbon, who identified him, though wrongly, with St. George the patron saint of England. He was originally a contractor for supplying the troops with bacon, in which post he narrowly escaped conviction for gross fraud. Devoting himself then, to the Arian or court party in the Church, he was by their influence appointed to drive St. Athanasius from his post as Archbishop of Alexandria, and to assume it himself. Installed by the help of the troops he used his power with cruelty and avarice, especially towards the heathens, whose temples he defiled and destroyed, and whose worship he openly derided. "How long will these sepulchres be permitted to stand?" he exclaimed on one occasion as he passed a splendid temple. Having received at another time the site of the ancient temple of Mithras, or the sun-God, for the erection of a church, he discovered in clearing the foundations, a cave containing skulls and curious instruments used in the inspection of the livers of the human sacrifices offered in that bloody, but most popular, eastern worship. The bishop exasperated the heathen mob by parading them through the streets amid the jeers and hoots of assembled crowds. In fact, in every way he forgot that meekness and gentleness, that long-suffering and charity which the apostle commends as the most effective weapon of the Christian warfare.

It is no wonder, then, that as soon as the news of Julian's accession reached Alexandria the mob rose against him, flung him into prison, whence they dragged him a few days after, trampled him to death, and then, parading his mangled body on a camel through the streets, finally burned it and flung the ashes into the sea, to prevent their reverence

by his adherents. Julian threatened, indeed, the Alexandrians with sharp punishment for the outrage, but took no further steps to discover the culprits, out of respect, as he said, to the god Serapis.

Turn we now to another scene, some hundreds of miles distant from Alexandria. We have already mentioned Marcus, bishop of Arethusa, as the protector of the boy Julian when the greater part of his family were massacred. Twenty years had since elapsed, which Marcus had employed not in spiritual work in his diocese, but in state affairs about the court, hurrying hither and thither, even as far west as France, at the command of the Emperor, and only paying an occasional visit to his rightful charge. And yet it was a place which needed the most devoted attention. It was a town situated to the north of Palestine, on the river Orontes, which flows through the city of Antioch. It was in the neighbourhood of two celebrated heathen centres, Palmyra and Heliopolis, whose ruins to this day attest their devotion to the worship of the sun, the moon, the stars and the great forces of nature. Here was the very place for the power and might of Christian charity and Christian purity to exhibit themselves in contrast with the lascivio s rites of Syrian nature-worship. But Marcus fell into the usual mistake of his time; he confounded external conformity with genuine conversion, and, therefore, in one of his visits to his diocese, used the imperial authority to destroy a magnificent temple, the glory of the city, to the great sorrow of the people. Upon the accession of Julian he was very fairly required to rebuild what he had destroyed. He refused to do so, for he had the courage of his convictions, alleging that it was unbecoming a Christian bishop to restore a temple for the worship of demons. He fled into the desert, but hearing that the Christians were suffering for his sake, he returned and gave himself up to the mob, who wreaked their vengeance on him, cutting him with knives and lancets, and then, anointing his body with honey, exposed him in a hammock in face of the sun, to the attacks of bees and wasps. Strange as it may appear, he survived such barbarous treatment, and, owing to Julian's protection, was saved from further danger.

Both these cases—that of George and of Marcus—equally display the same essential weakness. They outraged old convictions, they substituted appeals to force for appeals to reason, they forgot that the Christian arms are not carnal but spiritual.

Julian's attack on the church took a more insidious shape than open violence. The most celebrated part of it was his ordinance, whereby he strove to place all educational power in the hands of the heathen. Education was then very carefully developed by the State. There were in every town, and even village, throughout the empire, men called "sophists," whose duty it was to instruct in rhetoric, philosophy, and what we call the classics, and who received a state stipend for so doing. Julian perceived clearly that if he could transfer the whole higher education of the empire into pagan hands, and make every village school a centre of heathen teaching he would have taken a great step towards conquering Christianity on its own ground of conviction and reason. He therefore issued an ordinance forbidding Christians to teach the classics, on the subtle ground that a teacher should not inculcate that which he believed to be false, as being a most disreputable and ingenious form of hypocrisy. He wished, in fact, to inflict a fatal stab upon the truth by representing it as synonymous with ignorance, and to elevate paganism by identifying it with culture and learning. But the Christians were equal to the occasion. They nobly surrendered their professorial chairs rather than abandon their religion, and then set up Christian schools wherein, if forbidden under penalty to teach Plato, Aristotle and Pindar, they diligently strove to provide adequate substitutes. Julian had scornfully told them to go and teach Matthew and Luke, from the lofty height of his pure Athenian scholarship despising the provincial rudeness of the evangelists; but Christian scholars soon devised a new curriculum which, if not a perfect, was at least a working substitute for the prohibited literature; thus one scholar, Apollinaris, composed a Christian grammar, turned the Pentateuch into twenty-four books of heroic verse, and selections from the historical books into tragedies, while his son reduced both the Epistles and Gospels to the form of Platonic dialogues. So great stress have both the foes and friends of the gospel ever placed upon the education of the young.

Perhaps, to the Christian, no act of Julian is more interesting than his attempt to reform the pagan priesthood on the model of the Christian ministry, testifying as it does to the purity and charity and holiness which, amid all the controversies of the fourth century, still marked the servants of Christ. But we must hasten on to another extraordinary incident in his career, which displays at once his deep-rooted hatred of Christ, and the over-ruling providence of our heavenly Father.

Julian was, as we have shown, well instructed in Christian doctrine. He knew the Scriptures thoroughly. He was, therefore, acquainted with the prophecies of Christ with respect to the dispersion of the Jews, the cessation of sacrifices, and destruction of the Temple, which Christians believed to be indicative of the everlasting destruction of the Mosaic system. Julian probably desired to disprove prophecy by restoring the Jews to their ancient city, and the Temple to its former glory. He therefore issued a proclamation, stating his intentions to the Jews, whose hostility to Christianity had conciliated his favour. Here we may borrow the stately language of Gibbon to describe the result: "At the call of their great deliverer, Jews from all the provinces of the Empire assembled on the holy mountain of their fathers, and their insolent triumph alarmed and exasperated the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem. The desire of rebuilding the Temple has in every age been the ruling passion of the children of Israel. In this propitious moment the men forgot their avarice, and the women their delicacy; spades and pickaxes of silver were provided by the vanity of the rich, and the rubbish was transported in mantles of silk and purple. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions, every hand claimed a share in the pious labour; and the commands of a great monarch were executed by the enthusiasm of a whole people." But, though man proposes, God disposes, and naught can set aside the Divine will. In the course of the excavations necessary for the foundations, balls of fire repeatedly issued from the earth, and explosions took place which killed the workmen, and put an end to the enterprise.

This circumstance was, of course, regarded as a

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miracle by the Christians of the time, and has given rise to many a discussion since, in which eminent names have been engaged on either side. Modern research has, however, helped to establish the reality of the event, while removing it at the same time from the region of the miraculous. Under the Temple platform are, to this day, immense excavations which have been investigated by Captain Warren and the officers of the Palestine Survey, which has done so much for ascertaining the true geography of Palestine. These excavations are referred to by Josephus in his work on the "Wars of the Jews" (Book vi. 7), as affording a place of refuge for the garrison. Tacitus, the Roman historian, thus describes the Temple: "It was a kind of citadel which had its own walls. There was a fountain of constantly running water; subterranean excavations under the mountain; reservoirs and cisterns to collect the rain-water." Now all these details have been verified by Captain Warren. These excavations and cisterns had, at the time of Julian's attempt to rebuild, been shut up for three hundred years, hermetically sealed by the surrounding rubbish against the open air—from 70 A.D., the date of the destruction of the Temple, to 362 A.D. According to a natural law often witnessed in disused mines, inflammable gas had accumulated in these subterranean chambers. The Jews in the course of their excavations necessarily struck upon them, and taking torches to explore them, or perhaps in their enthusiasm working by night, the gas issuing from them caused the explosions, which the Christians naturally attributed to immediate Divine interposition. This explanation is confirmed by the relation of an event precisely similar by Josephus. King Herod, hearing that immense treasures had been concealed in the sepulchre of David, descended into it with a few confidential persons. In the first chamber he found only jewels and precious ware; but wishing to penetrate into the second, which had been long closed, he was repelled when he opened it, by flames which killed those who accompanied him.

Julian ascended the throne in A.D. 361, and died wounded by a Persian javelin in 363, and, as he died, Christian tradition reports that he cried out "Vicisti Galilæe!" ("Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!") Whether the tradition be correct we know not, but it embodies a great truth. Julian, most clear-sighted as he was, must have felt that he had failed. His efforts to pour fresh life into expiring paganism were all in vain. By his personal energy he galvanised the corpse into seeming life for a little time, but once he was dead the very army which had devotedly followed and supported him elected a Christian successor. And yet he had not lived in vain. God had worked by his means a great change in the Church, as in elder times he had used the kings of Assyria and Babylon to chastise and purify his people Israel. The corrupt state of the church in the first burst of its temporal prosperity we have already portrayed; the history of the last half of the fourth century was very different, and it is to it, purified by the persecution of Julian, that we owe some of the highest names of Christian theology, of Ambrose, Augustine, Basil, Jerome, and St. Chrysostom.

"The wrath of man shall praise thee, O God: and the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."

HARPER'S YARD.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE RECTOR'S LETTER.

A FEW days later the postman brings a letter addressed to "Miss Maggie Molloy."

"Here is a letter for you, dear," Mrs. Johnson says, bringing it into their room.

Maggie had not had many letters before during her life; one or two from granny when away and one or two from Polly, when she has been at the seaside with Mrs. Wade. She opens this with trembling fingers and dancing eyes.

"'My dear little Maggie,'" she reads aloud. "Oh, isn't that kind o' him, auntie?" Under strong excitement the child always clips her words.

"Very," auntie answers. "Go on."

"Please don't go away, Mrs. Johnson," Maggie says. "I want you to hear it too." So she stays.

"My dear little Maggie,—I was very glad indeed to receive your nice letter, and hear how well and strong you are growing. I know my dear wife would have been intensely pleased, and I am sure, if those in heaven can look down upon us here, she is glad now. I am very glad, too, that Aunt Mary is so much stronger; there is nothing like sea-air for her.

"I saw Dr. Fitz Alan this morning, and showed him your letter, which pleased him very much. I was in Harper's Yard yesterday, and saw your grandmother. She seemed very well and in better spirits. I promised I would tell you I had seen her, for she has cut her finger and cannot write just now. She had been at home two days, but this morning is going to Leeds, where she expects to remain about six weeks. Her address there will be 'Mrs. Fryer, 200, Broad Street, Leeds;' and she will be glad to hear how you both are. Now, my dear little Maggie, I must conclude with best wishes for your health and happiness, and am,

"Sincerely yours,

"CHARLES CARINGTON."

Maggie folds the letter reverently, and replaces it in its envelope, and then she lays both her slim hands upon it as if afraid it may take unto itself wings and fly away.

"It is a nice letter," remarks Mrs. Johnson. sympathetically. "I'm sure you ought to be very proud of having such a one. There are not many little girls who have such a long letter from a gentleman."

"I am not proud," answers Maggie, shaking her head; "it is all to please his dear Hope."

"To please you, too."

"Perhaps. I am pleased, Mrs. Johnson; but I don't think Mr. Carington would like me to be proud."

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"You are too good for me, Maggie," Mrs. Johnson says pleasantly, and then she goes away, thinking that here in her house is a striking example of the words in Holy Writ, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, hast Thou ordained praise."

A week later Mrs. Johnson tells Maggie that she is going to give her a treat.

"Yes. What is it, ma'am?" she asks eagerly.

"I am going to take you for a drive."

"Oh, ma'am, how beautiful. And auntie, too?"

"Of course. And do you know where I am going to take you?"

Maggie shakes her head, and says "No."

"To the top of Oliver's Mount."

Maggie's eyes open very wide indeed at this announcement.

"Oh, Mrs. Johnson," she cries.

"Yes," Mrs. Johnson continues, with a nod, "I have seen the boy I always employ, and he is coming at eleven o'clock; so auntie must have you all ready to pop into the carriage."

At eleven the boy, a smart lad in a scarlet coat and jockey cap, who rides in postillion fashion, arrives, and Aunt Mary lifts Maggie into the carriage.

"Sit next to her, Miss Molloy," says Mrs. Johnson.

"Oh, no, ma'am; I couldn't think of it. No, I'll sit with my back to the pony. I don't mind it at all; and I shouldn't feel easy to see you anywhere else but there."

No coaxings or commands will induce her to move, so Mrs. Johnson is obliged to take the seat which she had intended Mary, as her guest, to occupy. As most people know, it is a long and slow drive, but Maggie enjoys it all the more for that, she is the better able to look about her. Several times the road is so steep that they all alight, except Maggie, and walk, and at last they reach the top.

As a further surprise, Mrs. Johnson has brought a basket of eatables, and they have lunch there; some freshly-cut bread-and-butter, some cold veal pie, and a drink of milk.

Oh, what a delightful morning it is for Maggie! —she who has looked at the world from Harper's Yard; who has lain week after week and year after year on her little couch, until she could draw a map of every stain and crack in the ceiling, and knows every tile and brick by heart. What a new experience. It almost drives her wild. She sits quite still, and absolutely drinks in the fair scene. Before her is the glorious blue sea, lying beneath a yet bluer sky; the sun is streaming down upon them as it often does at the close of a mild, mellow September, and the light sea-breezes play about her, ruffling her soft hair, and fanning her flushed cheeks.

"What do you think of it, Maggie?" Mrs. Johnson asks, after watching her for some time in silence.

Maggie turns her eyes slowly towards her, as if reluctant to take them away for an instant from the lovely view.

"I wonder," she says dreamily, "why people call this world such hard names?"

Mrs. Johnson smiles.

"Because, dear, they are not good people who say so. The world is what they make it. If they are bad they see no beauty, and some people are too poor to come and see this at all."

"I was not thinking of poor people," says Maggie; "but after my dear Mrs. Carington died, there was a lady came to see me, and she was so kind and nice that I liked her nearly as much, and she said I wasn't to wish for Mrs. Carington back into this miserable wicked world."

"She did not mean it in that sense at all, dear. You know here we must have sorrows, however beautiful a spot we live in, or however rich and highly born we may be; in heaven there shall be no more sorrow: 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.' That was what she meant; that Mrs. Carington being a good woman is certainly in heaven, and safe from any further trial or sorrow. She understood the words that end that account of the happy land: 'For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' They that believed in Jesus and were his followers on earth, will be led by Him and filled with all happiness when in heaven they see Him enthroned as Lord and King."

Maggie has turned her eyes once more to the horizon, and sits for some moments in silence; then her thoughts find words.

"I wonder," she says slowly, "if earth is so beautiful, what heaven can be like?"

"I don't know," the other answers; "but I think it will be a long rest. That is what it says in the Scriptures, 'For they rest from their labours.'"

"'And their works do follow them,'" Maggie ends reverently. "That was what they put on my dear Mrs. Carington's cards, and it is so true of her, Mrs. Johnson; her works do follow her. Oh, she was so good, so very good; and always so bright and gay. She never called God's beautiful world by ugly names. 'It's a lovely world, Maggie,' she used to say, 'and most people are much better at heart than some would have us believe.' Aye, she judged folks by herself."

"It must have been a sad loss for her husband."

"It was," Aunt Mary answers, speaking for the first time. "I believe he well-nigh worshipped her; maybe that was why she was taken. Not that he neglected his parish for her. The very night after she died he came down to our house, and inquired after father, though he wouldn't come in for fear Maggie caught the fever."

"She died of fever?"

"Yes; and only twenty-seven. They'd been married four years, and they'd only had that one baby, it was but a few weeks old."

"And it is living?"

"Oh, no, it died too. Poor little thing, it was as well," she answers. "Oh, yes, he felt it, that night he just put his head in at the door, and he says, 'Maggie, I've lost my Hope,' he says, and then he just turned away, with such a hunted look in his eyes as I hope I'll never see in any man's or woman's eyes again. And we was in trouble, too, for father died a short time after, but I couldn't get him out of my head; no, I couldn't. His eyes fairly haunted me for weeks after."

"But he is better now?"

"Yes. I think that trying to help Maggie was a comfort to him; it was Mrs. Carington's last wish that something should be done for her if possible; it made him feel, poor man, as if he could still do what would give her pleasure, even though she'd gone from him."

"And her works do follow her," murmurs Maggie under her breath.

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CHAPTER IX.—MRS. JOHNSON'S PROPOSAL.

The three months are over now, and the Molloys are preparing to return to Harper's Yard.

Maggie can walk about now, not certainly like an ordinary person, but quite as much as prevents her feeling like the burden she has been hitherto. It is the very last evening, the gas is lighted, and the curtains are drawn in the little sitting-room, for it is now very cold. Aunt Mary and Maggie are sitting near the fire, the former sewing briskly, for during the whole time they have been here she has stitched away as busily as ever she did in Harper's Yard, and certainly with twice the heart and spirit.

Maggie is putting the finishing touches to a book filled with variously-hued sea-weeds, which Mrs. Johnson has shown her how to press and arrange in pretty groups. It is intended for Mr. Carington, and Maggie is immensely proud of it. They are both too busy to talk, but the silence is broken by Mrs. Johnson's entrance.

"I suppose I may come in," she says pleasantly.

"Oh! yes, indeed," answers Aunt Mary, looking up from her work.

"I've been thinking," Mrs. Johnson says, sitting down and folding her hands together in her lap, as if she means to have quite a chat, "that it seems a great pity for Maggie to go away, just when Scarbro' air is doing her so much good."

"But we've been here three months," returns Aunt Mary, while Maggie looks up from her occupation, and wonders what is coming next, "and it must be a great expense to Mr. Carington."

"Oh, I did not mean that at all," she answers quickly. "You know, Miss Molloy, I am not obliged to take lodgers."

"No. So Dr. Fitz Alan told us."

"Well, I only take those who require careful nursing—in fact, patients of his—and poor sick people who cannot afford to go away for a change. If my lodgers are rich I let them pay me well, but if they are poor I take nothing. Well, now, I've been thinking, since Maggie is so much better here, would it not be best for her to stop for a year or two at least? I find it lonely in the winter with only the maid, and if Maggie would like to stop, she could be a help to me in many ways."

"Oh, Mrs. Johnson!" cries Maggie, scarcely daring to believe her ears.

"I don't want her to learn to do heavy work," Mrs. Johnson continues, "because I'm sure she is not fit for it, but if she will learn to be my little companion, and to help me with light duties that I dare not trust a servant to do, it would be a great comfort to me."

"I really don't know how to answer such kindness," Aunt Mary says in a trembling voice; "but it'll be the making of Maggie. I've been so afraid that home again in Harper's Yard, the old weakness 'ud come back, and we'd have her as bad as ever."

"And you would like to stop with me, Maggie?" Mrs. Johnson asks her.

"Oh, ma'am," she answers, "I should, indeed. All along I've felt that I've been nothing but a trouble and a burden to granny, but now that I'm getting strong, and you're going to teach me to be useful, I need never fret myself no more. An' I will try, you don't know how hard I'll try, to please you."

"Oh, dear, you please me well enough." Mrs. Johnson laughs.

"There's only one thing," Maggie says presently in a doubtful tone.

"And what's that?"

"It's more than three months since I saw my granny, an' I fear she'll be pining for a sight of me. You see she thinks a deal of me, does my granny."

"You might go back for a week," Aunt Mary suggests.

At this Maggie brightens up considerably, but her face grows brighter as Mrs. Johnson makes another kind proposal.

"Suppose we ask your granny to come over here for a week, Maggie."

"Oh, ma'am, if you will," Maggie almost shrieks in her delight. "Oh! she'd like it so, and then she'd see for herself what a dear kind lady you are, and she'd never fret a bit about my being away from her. You see," she continues gravely, "if she didn't know you and never saw you, she might lie awake o' nights and think: 'Meb-be, Maggie's lonely at Scarbro'; if she doesn't quite please the lady, meb-be she'll be cross, and Maggie's fretting to come home.' And oh, she might worry herself a many ways; but once she'd seen you she'd never need to worry no more." She is so eager, that she is almost incoherent, and Mrs. Johnson and Aunt Mary laugh.

"Then auntie shall send her here, as soon as ever she gets home, and then granny shall be quite satisfied, and so shall you."

"Auntie," says Maggie presently, "you'll have to take this to Mr. Carington."

"Very well, my honey."

"And oughtn't I to write something in the front, like my dear Mrs. Carington used to do, when she gave me a book?"

"I think so."

"What do you think, Mrs. Johnson?"

"I think you should, dear."

"And what ought I to put? Oh, ma'am, if you would only write something for me on a piece of paper, and then I might copy it."

"Of course I will, my child," she answers; then takes a piece of paper and writes:

"With Margaret Molloy's grateful love to Mr. Carington."

"There," she says, handing it to Maggie, "that is what I should put if I were you, Maggie."

"That is what I will put," Maggie answers smiling, as she read the words, "it is just what I wanted, but I couldn't think how to say it."

She copies the words, writing very carefully and slowly, in a fair round hand, such as would disgrace no little girl of eleven years old, but which are a great credit to the self-taught child who has all her life long been a cripple, and hands the book to Mrs. Johnson for inspection.

The kind lady takes it, and examines it closely; then she lays it down upon the table and lays one of her plump hands upon Maggie's thinner one.

"You will always make friends, my child," she says, looking at her with kind tender eyes, "for you have the rare gift of gratitude."

"It was God who gave me that," Maggie answers reverently.

"Ah, my child, God in His infinite mercy showers many gifts down upon his creatures here below, but they do not cultivate them all."

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But Maggie with her slight knowledge of the world and her utter ignorance of great wickedness, despite the class amongst which she has lived and to whom she belongs, will not suffer this to pass.

"But, Mrs. Johnson," she says earnestly, "you forget that perhaps God does not give every one so much to be thankful for as He has given me."

Dear little Maggie; she only sees the world through rose-coloured spectacles; "as through a glass darkly." The shield of her own perfect faith and her own pure nature stands ever between her and the foul evil of sin.

The next morning Aunt Mary goes away, promising to send granny off in the afternoon if possible.

"And you'll let her come home sometimes," she says tearfully to Mrs. Johnson, at parting.

"Whenever you please. She shall come at Christmas if you like," she answers; "and believe me I will take every care of her."

"Oh, I don't doubt it, ma'am." Mary returns, "but I can't help feeling it, parting with her, though I know it's for her own good. But you see I've always had her, almost ever sin' she were a baby."

"I think it is better for her to stay here."

"And so do I, but still I feel parting with her; its only natural."

"Of course it is. Well, she shall come at Christmas, and write often," Mrs. Johnson assures her kindly. At last the farewells are all over, and Maggie is left in joyful expectations of granny's arrival. It is late in the evening when she gets to the house, and Mrs. Johnson runs to the door herself.

"Is this Mrs. Johnson's?" granny's voice asks.

"Yes, come in. Maggie is so impatient to see you."

"Granny," cries a glad young voice in the passage.

Granny gives one great start at the slim little figure standing under the lamp.

"Is that you, joy?" she asks, in incredulous tones; "and on your feet?"

"Yes, granny, it is I."

There is but little more of the story to tell. The swift years speed on, and Maggie grows up, a fair sweet woman, whom every one loves. She is never very strong, but she makes a splendid sick-nurse, as many of Mrs. Johnson's lodgers could tell you. Mrs. Johnson is still continuing her good work, and lately the Molloys have moved to a little house in Scarboro', so Maggie is once more near them. It suits Mrs. Molloy's business as a nurse just as well, and the air of Scarbro' is much better for Aunt Mary's weak chest than Harper's Yard.



A SURPRISE FOR GRANNY.

And Harper's Yard, how is it now? Well, much the same; there have been troubles and losses and privations there, as there will come to all places, and death has made one or two gaps. It is surprising how often Maggie's name is mentioned with regret, and how her wan little patient face is missed. Perhaps Mr. Carington misses it most of all, when he finds his way into the yard. He is at rest now, pining for his Hope no longer, but fighting ever onward and looking to the day when he shall meet her in that glorious land where

> "With the morn, those angel faces smile,
> Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

And Azor, grown old and stiff now, still watches and waits for his bright young mistress; he is so faithful, so loving, so true—but then he is only a dog.

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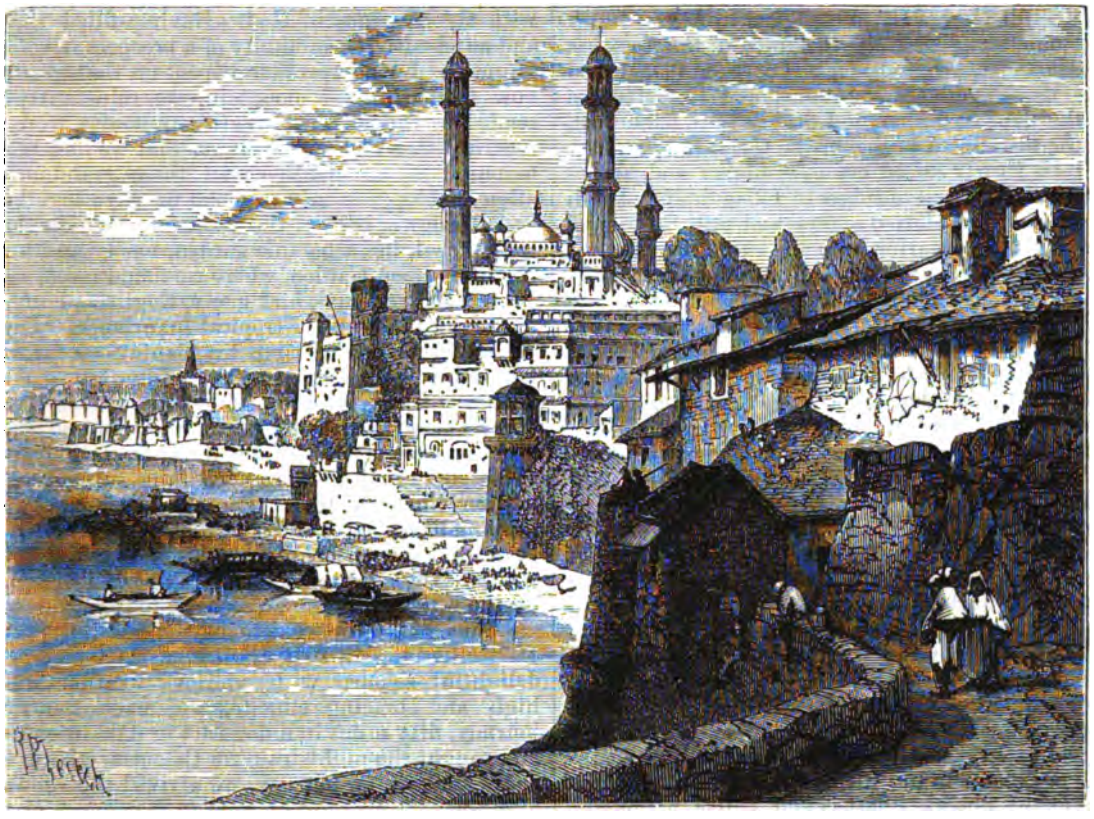
INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.



BENARES.

XXVIII.—DARJEELING AND THE HIMALAYAS.

DARJEELING, "Holy Spot," as the word signifies, the Hill Station nearest to Calcutta, lies north, about 400 miles. Twenty weary hours by train, varied by the crossing of the Ganges in a steamer, at Damookdea, brought us to Silliguri, where, with much difficulty, we obtained ponies to take us on to Kursiong, half-way to Darjeeling; but our ponies travelled so slowly across the Serai, or swamp of low-lying jungle, the seat of malarious fever, that darkness came on when we began to ascend the hills, and we rode in faith along the road, which at the time was undergoing repair, till we reached the Dâk Bungalow of Chambattie, where we put up for the night. The Dâk Bungalow is an inn or rest-house, provided by Government for travellers, with scanty furniture and scantier fare. It is in charge of a native called a khansamah, who locks it up when empty, and appears on the ground to open it when you call. A tariff of prices, a list of rules and a carefully-drawn map of the district, hang on the walls. After some delay we got a candle and tea and bread; but it was too late to procure the usual repast of roast fowl, or "sudden death" as this dish is called, the creature being usually killed and dressed within half an hour of your arrival. At daybreak next morning we were again in the saddle. We rode ten miles over lovely hills clad in forest and brushwood to Kursiong. The air was delightfully clear and cool, and peasants of the native tribes were passing to their work along the mountain paths. Kursiong is 4,600 feet above the sea; and here we had our first sight of the Himalayas; Kinchinjunga, the second highest of the range (28,000 feet) was full in view, though sixty miles away. The sight was awfully grand. The air became more keen and bracing, and though we had already ridden thirty miles, and been in the saddle six hours the evening before and three this morning, after the refreshment of breakfast we mounted fresh ponies, and started on the remaining twenty miles. The road up is lovely in the extreme, skirting the flanks and rounding the spurs of the mountains, carried by bridges over deep ravines with roaring torrents, and adorned with luxuriant tropical vegetation, with ferns and flowering plants, and with noble trees. After crossing the ridge called "The Saddle," we came through the barracks, used as a convalescent depôt, and rode on to the delightfully-placed lodgings which we had beforehand engaged, distant just fifteen minutes' walk from the Observatory Hill and the Mall, and with the sublime snows towering high before us, a spot much frequented by Calcutta

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officials during the hot season. When the hostess heard us say "thank you," as the men handed the dishes, she expressed surprise. She had not heard the word "thank you" to a servant for twenty years. A Hindoo servant is never thanked.

At six A.M., on Sunday morning, I walked round the Mall and up to the Observatory, which commands a full view of the stupendous scenery. Never did I understand so fully the force of the apostle's expressions "depth and height," as now that I had before me the giant mountains, and looked down into the depths, deeper and deeper still, 6,000 feet, with the forest-clad ravine of the Great Ranjit river, and then slowly raised my eyes higher and higher through the successive ridges of foliage and rock, till they reached the eternal snows, and still far up and up to the peaks soaring into the sky. The air was cool and bracing, and the grass was crisp with frost; the sun shot his rays in dazzling splendour, and in the brightness and stillness of the scene one felt as if lifted up towards heaven. After morning service in the little English church, I went down to the bazaar, and met the Rev. W. Macfarlane, of the Scotch Church Mission, holding his Sunday service. The market-place is crowded on Sundays with strange nationalities. Here were the old aborigines, the Lepchas, with Mongolian type of face, clad in striped cotton garments, the men with pigtails like the Chinese, the women with nose-rings and large silver ornaments, some with strings of rupees. They are a small but powerful-looking race, nomadic, but amicable. Their besetting sin is gambling. Here were the Bhooteas, tall and robust, sturdy flat-faced people, weather-beaten, with stout woven boots – boot and stocking in one—the faces of the women tarred, and the eyes small and oblique. They are said to be addicted to wife-beating. Here were Nepalese, with their long blankets and their knives, light, agile, intelligent and plucky, Sherbas and Thibetan beggars, jovial, but easily excited; and intermingled with these native mountain tribes, were stolid Chinamen, proud Mohammedans, and graceful Hindoos. In the midst of the bustle and bartering Mr. Macfarlane has his open room or shed, fitted with benches, into which the people come as they pass, and hear hymn or prayer or exhortation, and receive a tract. He has been very successful in his work. In the afternoon I attended the Union Church, where Mr. Lee, of the American Episcopal Mission, had English service and the communion. We also visited the Bhootea village and the Buddhist temple. The Bhooteas are Buddhists of a low type. They use praying-machines (Mani) which they continually turn in their hands. Their temples are dirty and their dogs savage. We met several Thibetans returning to their country with heavy burdens.

Rising early next morning while it was yet dark and starlight, we mounted our ponies, and with Mr. Lee and guides, we started for the ascent of the Sinchal mountain (8,300 feet) six miles from Darjeeling. Riding through the military sanatarium to the Saddle or Johr Bungalow, we began the ascent, and reached the Chimneys, the ruins of the first military station, where Kinchinjunga and its neighbour peaks burst on our view, lit up with the rising sun. Here we dismounted and climbed to the summit, which commands a view of Everest 150 miles away, of sugarloaf shape, and standing clear out against the sky. The entire range, "Pelion on Ossa piled" was now before us, far as the eye could reach, in a clear atmosphere and cloudless sky. It was like looking from a Pisgah across the valleys to a new and loftier country. Here one feels the majesty of Nature and the power of the Almighty. The deep blue sky, the pure white snows, the clear-cut precipices, the deep ravines, the dense forests, all impress the spectator with the presence of God. Having filled the eye and mind with the sublimity of a prospect never to be forgotten, during two hours spent on that green but now frost-whitened mountain, we reluctantly descended to the shoulder where our ponies were, and returned thankful and exultant that we had been so favoured in the weather; for these grandeurs are often enveloped in mist or cloud for days together.

At the lower edge of the great forest which clothes the Sinchal, lies a botanic garden, lonely and lovely, the Rungaroon Garden, where we found roses, scarlet geraniums, verbenas, and many English plants and flowers in the midst of tropical luxuriance. Beyond are some of the extensive tea plantations for which Darjeeling is so famous. These interfere somewhat with the beauty of the nearer hills, which have in many places been bared of their woods and jungle. The cinchona (Quinine) plant is also largely cultivated here; the district contains already three million cinchona trees. On the hills may be seen praying flags, pieces of cotton with prayers written on them, and set up on high poles, before the breeze. And by the streams are set praying-wheels, turned by the water as it flows along. Rivers and winds are thus made the vehicle of the Sikkim prayers. Darjeeling lies in British Sikkim. After four days' delightful sojourn with glorious weather in this high and bracing climate, we made the return journey, fifty miles in a dog-cart or dâk in one day, and caught the night train for Calcutta, where, after a hot and weary journey, we arrived the following afternoon.

XXIX.—BENARES, THE HOLY CITY.

How pleasant, after a long wearisome railway journey of five hundred miles west across the vast plains of Bengal, on your reaching the terminus opposite the great stronghold of heathenism, Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, with the mighty Ganges flowing between, to find Christians and friends waiting to receive you. So was it with us on Saturday, the 25th of January, when a sayce, or footman, from the Mission, conducted us across the bridge of boats and through the city to our hotel; and presently the Rev. M. A. Sherring came to welcome and to help us in our plans for sightseeing. Mr. Sherring has been for many years a faithful labourer for Christ in this great stronghold of idolatry.* He is the author of several valuable works of historical research in connection with Benares, has published a valuable handbook for visitors, and, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit, was honoured by being invited to act as his guide. What Rome is to the Latin, what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, Benares is to the Hindoo. It is the headquarters of idolatry in India. It contains fourteen hundred Hindoo temples, idols innumerable, twenty thousand Brahmins. Like Paul at Athens the Christian's spirit is moved within him as he sees the

* The death of Mr. Sherring, we regret to add, has since been reported. See "Sunday at Home," p. 704.

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and down its *ghâts*, or flights of steps leading down to the Ganges, along which the city stretches for three miles, rising gracefully upon the solitary cliff, up the face of which it is built tier upon tier.

On Sunday morning, at seven, we drove outside the city to the Church Mission compound, and as we approached saw the native children of the girls' and orphans' schools walking in procession into church, all neatly dressed, and in excellent order, so that you might imagine you were not in Benares, but in some English country parish. The bell was tolling for service, and, entering, we found a goodly gathering of people. The service was read, and the sermon preached, in the native language. The houses of the missionaries are within the compound, which looked green, and shaded with trees. At eleven A.M. we visited the London Missionary compound, and found a very good congregation. This compound is more within the city, and in the midst of the population; but though missions have been prosecuted here now for sixty years by both societies, but little perceptible impression has been made upon the citadel of heathenism. A faithful witnessing for Jesus is maintained, but the converts are few. This, however, rests with God, not with man. The missionaries are bearing a bold, honest, consistent, persevering testimony, and triumph, though long delayed, is sure. Nothing can be more unjust than to estimate a missionary's efficiency by the number of his converts. Conversions belong to God; and nothing so tests and testifies the strength of the labourer's faith, and zeal, and love, as persevering labour without apparent results. During the week I visited the London Missionary College, where four hundred native young men and boys are educated. And as I went from class-room to class-room, filled with scholars learning Hindoo, English, Sanscrit, Persian, Hindostani, Bengali, and also arithmetic, mathematics, chemistry; as I visited Mr. Sherring's, the headmaster's room, and found him at work teaching the Scriptures to a class of intelligent-looking young men, all natives; as I spoke to them in English, and heard their shrewd questions and answers, I felt that certainly a powerful influence here is going forth and multiplying, before which idolatry must eventually totter and fall.

Taking time by the forelock, and gladly seizing the cool of early morning, we started next day, under Mr. Sherring's conduct, to see the sights; and first we visited the mansion of the Maharajah of Vizianagram, furnished in European style, and showing the inroads of Western civilisation. The Maharajah was away from home, but he is said to be very hospitable. Not far from this is the Durga temple, swarming with monkeys in every nook, along every wall, and about the streets and bazaars. These monkeys are all regarded as living deities, and of greater sanctity than the natives, who are annoyed by them. Within the shrine is the hideous image of the goddess, with thick lips and tongue red with blood. Hindooism, instead of tracing men to monkeys, like Darwin, raises monkeys to be gods, a step higher than men. Proceeding to the Dasasamed Ghât, we left our carriage and ascended the Man Mandil Observatory, containing several large astronomical instruments; and here there is a beau-

us with politeness. Close by is the temple of the rain-god—the idol placed in a cistern, and kept drenched with water. At the Burning Ghât, whither a boat conveyed us, there lay a corpse, with wood piled round it, prepared for cremation; and several slabs (called *suttee*) mark the spots where widows have been burnt alive on the funeral pile of their husbands. Our boat conveyed us next to the famous "Well of Salvation." At the top it is fully twelve yards long and ten wide, and flights of steps slope down the four sides to a narrow and shallow trough of water at the bottom, in which devotees were standing, washing face and head, and sipping the water from their hands. It is believed that this well infallibly washes away all sin. The water is disgustingly dirty, as though it held in solution the sins it washed away. The swarms of people streaming down the several stairs and along bathing platforms as we sailed slowly along, were very picturesque, some bathing, some praying, some dressing, and multitudes going up and coming down. Leaving the boat at the Minarets, which strike the eye in every view of Benares, and appear in every photograph, we climbed the winding staircase inside, and obtained from its summit (three hundred feet above the river) a wide view of the city and surrounding country. Traversing the narrow streets for nearly a mile we next visited the famous temple of the police-deity of the city, symbolized by a huge truncheon of stone four feet high, which is worshipped by many people every week. In front of it priests, with rods of peacock feathers, were inflicting very gentle vicarious punishment upon the worshippers. Walking through the quarter of the city devoted to the manufacture of Benares brass-work (where you see boys hammering, with a small punch, the patterns), we made some purchases, and reached the Golden Temple of Siva, whose image, the *lingum*, is to be seen on every hand. The gilded tower and dome glitter in the sun fifty feet high. Adjoining is the "Well of Knowledge," giving forth a loathsome stench.

The great sight of Benares is, after all, its river front in the early morning, when the sun's rays flood the city with brightness and its inhabitants bathe in their sacred river. Seated on the deck of a large river-boat called a *dingee*, we floated slowly along, watching the panorama of human life and devotion. Men, women, and children of all ages were crowding the ghâts and performing their ablutions in the yellow flood as a daily act of refreshment, of purification, and of religion; worshipping the river, basking in the sun, and then going to the priests to have painted on their shining foreheads the distinctive marks their caste. Above the motley crowd rose towering temples and mosques, tinted with burnished with gold. The Hindoos are a and religious people, and their zeal and ea in what is false may teach a lesson to know the true.

Benares is not only the head-qua minism, it is the cradle of Budd miles distant lie the ruins of Sarn early Buddhism in the third cen two large *stupas*, or sacred octag Asoka, one hundred feet in dia

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and fifty feet high. The lower and broader portion is of solid stone, the upper is of brick. They are in ruins, but a small piece of the original carving remains, which is elaborate and beautiful. The foundations of a Buddhist monastery have been unearthed, and the ground for many acres is covered with bricks. Here Gaudama Buddha sought to root his faith, and here Asoka, its champion king, sought to make it permanent. But Brahminism was too strong for it, and travelling south, it finally obtained settled root in Ceylon.

XXX.—THE MUTINY CITIES: LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

Lucknow, the capital of Oude, is twelve hours by rail from Benares, and the journey, like most railway journeys in India, is best made at night when it is cool. The carriages are cushioned as sofas, and the traveller brings his bedding with him, coverlet and pillows. The railway stations are comfortable and contain ample refreshment-rooms. Here we breakfasted and then visited the Dilkusa palace, in a beautiful park, the head-quarters of Sir Colin Campbell's force during the Mutiny of 1857. Then to the Martinière, endowed as a school, and its spacious rooms filled with little red beds; in front is a tank with a lofty column in the centre. It was built and endowed by a Frenchman, Claude Martin, who came to India as a private soldier and died a general and a millionaire. One could hardly look without a shudder at the Secunder Bagh Garden, where the English troops in 1857 took their revenge by slaughtering two thousand Sepoys. The drive through Wingfield Park was pleasant, to the Church Mission compound, where the Rev. Mr. Moeblè, a German pastor, has been labouring for twenty years. In the girls' school were thirty little native children, and not far off the new Medical Zenana mission has opened its little hospital. Two ladies reside here, and nurse the sick. The rooms have the air and comfort of an English home. The Kaiser Bagh is an enormous structure, a mass of plaster and stucco, in the Cremorne style of modern grandeur. Next we visited the *Chowk*, a long narrow bazaar crowded with natives, who made way and shrank from us not, we were told. out of respect, but from dread of contact and pollution. The elephant stables, where upwards of a hundred are kept by our Government well housed and fed, all perfectly tame and well trained, are a marvellous sight, especially as we saw them all out on parade, each with his keeper.



CAWNPORE.

But of course the centre of interest in Lucknow is the Residency, where in 1857 two thousand two hundred souls, the European residents, with their women and children, took refuge, and where a few hundred English soldiers under Sir Henry Lawrence, with the same number of natives who remained faithful, kept a large army at bay for six months. The building is a three-storied house with two

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tions are most affecting: "Here Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded"; "Here Sir Henry Lawrence died." We went down to the cellars where the women and children and the sick took refuge. Marks of shot and shell are on every hand. Near is the burial-ground, sweet with blooming roses, but full of touching monuments over the remains of those who died or were shot during the siege. July was the most fatal month. On the 4th of this month Lawrence, the beloved, the adored commander fell. His tomb has this inscription, embodying his own dying words: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!" Nearly three months passed after his death before Havelock came to the rescue. He fought his way through the town. "The Campbells are coming" was heard within; then the sound of bagpipes; then the entrance of the deliverers amid the wan and shattered prisoners. Soon after Havelock died of disease brought on by the hardships of his march. His tomb is at the Alambagh, and over it a monument erected by his widow and children with the inscription, "He showed how the profession of a Christian could be combined with the duties of a soldier." To his friend Outram before he died he said, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death came, I might face it without fear."

Cawnpore is only forty miles by railway from Lucknow; and near the station an old soldier of Havelock's army, who was in all the fighting, keeps an hotel and acts as guide to his visitors. Mr. Lee took us over the entrenchment, to the landing-place, to the Memorial Church, and to the Well, now covered with a monument, into which the dying and dead were thrown. The text was frequent on the tombs, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." The veteran soldier told us the dark, hideous story with tears in his eyes. Foolishly trusting Nana Sahib's pledge of a safe-conduct down the river, the unfortunate garrison surrendered, and were escorted to yonder landing-place. The men were embarked, the women and children detained. Then at a given signal a masked battery opened fire on the boats, and all the men, save four, good swimmers, who escaped, were killed. The women and children were reserved during three weeks for a worse fate. Upon the reported approach of Havelock Nana Sahib gave orders to put them to death. The sepoys, after firing from doors and windows, rushed in with swords and bayonets; and report says that Mohammedan butchers were sent in to complete the massacre. Next day the dead bodies were thrown into the well. One thinks of Cawnpore with a shudder, and leaves it with a sigh.

A Child's Epitaph.

A Sunbeam cheered our home, and was withdrawn;
We looked into each other's darkened eyes,
Clasped hands, and said, "Move we towards the dawn,
And seek our Sunbeam in the Orient Skies."

J. N. K.

Pages for the Young.

THREE LITTLE ONES.

CHAPTER IV.—IN HIS FATHER'S ARMS.

THE lad was saved. I am not going to take you through harrowing details to work you to excitement. The lad was saved—that suffices. It was a stern battle between life and death; but in the end, such was the Lord's will, life triumphed.

Few upon that shore thought it would be so, few thought there could be any end but one. There was one thing Samuel could do—he could swim. The water had been to him, even from babyhood, an element he loved. He was like a fish, flashing and gliding through the summer seas, sporting on the rippling wavelets, diving to their emerald depths. Strangely enough his languor left him in the sea, he was another creature, overflowing with life and animation.

This stood him in good stead now, so that, though he was indeed so weak, he was more capable for the task he had undertaken than one stronger might have been. Therefore, while they stood breathless on the shore, they saw him reach the drowning boy, and seize him by the hair. A buoy floated within but a yard of him. A wave washed it within his range; he caught it, and still clinging to the rescued Bob, they hauled him to shore.

The welcome they accorded him; the joy with which they met him! Strong arms lifted him, women's hands caressed him amidst universal acclamation. While still the storm raged wildly, the two boys were carried up the shore.

"Let me come—let me come to him," cried a little voice.

It was Martha, struggling to approach her brother. They let her through, and paused, high up the shore, to see how the lads were doing.

To their eyes rescue for Bob Hudson had come too late. He lay like a log in his bearers' arms, wet and senseless, white and cold—the life was gone out from him.

"My boy! my Bob!" was his mother's cry, as she bent over his prostrate form. "Oh, God, give back my boy to me!"

The rescuer's state seemed no better; he too was pale, and senseless, still, and cold. If these two little ones had gone so swiftly to their Father's home! The sister's heart welled over, she flung herself beside him, and cried as though her heart would break. But the local doctor, who had long been on the scene, interfered.

"Come, my dear, this will not do; you destroy all the chances he may have. Carry him quickly and gently to the house; let us pray God he is not dead yet—there is life in him still. He is a gallant boy!"

So, following his instructions, they took them swiftly to the house. There undressing them, the two were placed upon the bed, and all that science could do was done to win for them a fresh lease of life. Meanwhile, the crowd waited without for the result.

It came at last. Bob, muscular and robust, soon relieved his mother's anguish by giving unmistakable signs that death had not yet claimed him for its own. Slowly, but surely he awoke to consciousness and recognition of those around. With Samuel it was a harder task. The delicate frame had been tasked to the utmost; he had not Bob's natural energy to fall back upon. For long the doctor feared all his efforts would be in vain; he

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seemed so feeble and prostrated; but in the end skill triumphed, and by the skin of his teeth, as it were, he escaped the Valley of the Shadow, by whose confines he had lingered.

"Is Bob saved?" were his first words, spoken in such a weakly voice, his great solemn eyes looking upward to the doctor's anxious face bent over him.

"Yes, Bob is saved; and if you do as well as he, my little man, we shall all have cause for thankfulness," was the reply.

"And are the others saved?" was his next question.

"All are saved," was the doctor's answer. So indeed it was. The Lord's ways are not our ways.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

And from that deep, which was in itself such an emblem of His power and might, he had taken Joe Hudson and his mate in the hollow of His hand. So that night tears had a rest, and rough men and women's hearts, at least in Walton, were happier.

But restoration upon Samuel's part was not entire. From the first shock he did recover, but the after effects clung to him. He had not the stamina necessary to bring him scatheless through such a trial of all the forces of his nature. The excitement gone, the tension of his nervous energies unstrung, there came reaction. He was weak as a baby, helpless almost as one. The doctor's experienced eyes saw this even on the first night.

"Your lad," he said to Mrs. Hudson, as he was going, "is right enough, and your husband too, there is no fear of them: but that little one," motioning to Samuel's bed, "it is not all well with him, the struggle has yet to come."

And so it proved. Day followed day, and still he lay in bed; bright weather came, but no strength to him. Powerless and feeble, he would lie the whole day through, at times the whole night too, in the same position, one white hand outside the coverlet, the other beneath his head, his great eyes wide open, the ghost of a smile playing about his pallid lips, an expression of utter weariness upon his little face. It baffled all their efforts to get him to take an interest in life.

"I feel so tired," he would say, when they exhorted him to read, or do something to wile away the hours. "I am so tired, I cannot read. It is quite comfortable here, so comfortable you do not know. I feel as though I were waking out of a great long sleep, and to hear the waves splashing upon the shore, to see the sun streaming through the window; it is like a dream, you know."

It was like a dream. Too like a dream to last. One day the doctor brought a friend with him, a grave gentleman, with gold spectacles, a pleasant smile lighting up his keen, clever face. It was another doctor, come from Harwich, to see what he could make of Samuel's case.

The two sat down beside his bed, and talked for half an hour in the easiest, chattiest fashion, asking a question now and then, but really seeming to pay no heed to his answers, so Samuel had not the least idea what they had come about, thinking only it was a kindly call to cheer his loneliness. But as they left him, Doctor No. 2 told Doctor No. 1 that but little life was left in the boy, and that even that little might not last long. So, in accordance with his friend's advice, Doctor No. 1 wrote to Mr. Crampton, warning him of his nephew's state.

Samuel himself soon foresaw the end. It is strange how often those who, if they had only lived, might apparently have done good service to their fellows, and have glorified the name of God, are taken early to their eternal home; but it is only strange, because we cannot see now the full perfection of his way. In time, we shall understand it all. There are some, you may have heard, who laugh when we tell them of children going in their childhood to their Saviour's arms; God forgive them, they know not what they do. If He sees fit to take us, whether young or old, God grant, children, God grant that it be to go to Him in glory.

Samuel, as I have said, himself foresaw the end. Soon he understood that the Lord was taking him away.

"Martha," he said to her one sunny afternoon, as she sat by him, "I am going—going. I knew that I should serve the Lord, and now I shall serve Him evermore in glory. Have you not read of people dying, seeing Heaven even before it comes? I did not understand it then—I do now. The Lord is with me now. I am half way across the river; there is the glory upon the other side."

Martha held his hand while he was speaking, pressing it with unconscious force, unable to utter a syllable in return; her eyes were blinded with tears; it came to her in an instant, the truth of her brother's words. James stood blankly by the bed, his hands thrust in his pockets, looking at his brother with a dim sense of fear. Something was about to happen, he knew not what, but the mere prospect of Samuel going, as he said he was, filled him with a blank sense of terror; his heart was heavy as lead; for, in his dull way, he loved his brother with heart and soul.

But the end came in the silence of one summer's night. It was early morning, three hours after midnight. They had been expecting it some short time past, and were gathered in his room. There was Mr. Crampton, his brother and sister, and Mrs. Hudson kept hovering to and fro. Bob and Joe were again upon the sea.

There was no light within the room. He wished there might be none. Without, it was a cloudless night; the moon hung in all her summer glory, in the star-spangled heavens. The faintest ripple stirred the bosom of the deep. The gentlest of night winds whispered round the house; there was that perfect silence upon the world which comes with night.

The window was wide open, through it streamed the moon. His bed was placed so that all its glory might fall on him. He lay bathed in a flood of moonshine—but the harbinger of the glory which was to come.

Mr. Crampton sat one side of the bed, his hands clasped between his knees, looking down at the lad who was soon to serve the Lord, elsewhere. His heart welled up as he listened to his faint words, understanding, now too late, what might have been. James and Martha were the other side. Little Martha, weary from long watching, lay on the coverlet, her head pillowed on her brother's breast; his arms encircled her, so near to him she loved so well; in his last moments, she was at rest. James, still unable to realise the truth, had cried till his eyes were swollen, his brain duller than before; it could not be—it could not be that Samuel, as he said, was going, not to return again. But Samuel told him that it was so.

"It is best for you," quoting unconsciously the words of an old-time song, "and best for me. I shall cease to dull you now, cease to puzzle you; you never could see, James, what I was talking to you about. But in time—in time, you will come to me, then you will see it all."

But this did not comfort him. He cried himself redder and redder, hoarser and hoarser. Nothing Samuel said could quiet him. At last Mr. Crampton begged him to be still, but even that was of no avail.

"The sun will rise to-morrow morning for both you and me," said Samuel to Martha, in that clear voice of his which seemed clearer than ever now, though so faint, "you and I, will it not be grand? It is well that I should go at night; it is beautiful now, but what will the morning be? Uncle," turning slightly to him, "it—it is nearly here. I have been a great trial to you, but it is over now. Kiss me, kiss me all of you." So they kissed him; Mrs. Hudson not least tenderly.

"Bob is well," said he, clinging to her.

"Yes, Bob is well," she answered, crying; but it was well with Samuel too. Later on,

"Will you pray, uncle?" Mr. Crampton prayed very briefly, these few words only:

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"Into Thy hands, O Lord, we commend his spirit: O Lord, we commit him unto his Father's arms."

Then he read, by the light of the moon, at Samuel's special request, Paul's words:

"'So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.'"

When Mr. Crampton ceased reading, he murmured, "'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'" They were the last words they heard; then all was over; he had gone unto his Father's halls. It was better so.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

We found three little ones; we leave three: two on earth, and one in his Father's arms.

WORD PICTURES FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. V.

Who is this that waiteth by the wayside,
Sad of garb, with ashes on his face?
Some calamity, perchance, hath set him
Waiting, watching in this lonely place.

Mark him well; methinks there hides a purpose
In those downcast eyes, that drooping mien.
Doth the knowledge of some holy mission
Make his cheek flush, and his gaze grow keen?

Coming towards him, fast along the highway,
Who is this that rides in kingly state?
Glad of heart he seems, as though his spirit
Cast away, e'en now, some burden great.

But the chariot stops, for lo! the watcher
Bends before the king his ash-strewn head,
Tells some piteous tale, then hears his sentence,
Hard, unyielding, cruel, quickly said.

But behold what change comes o'er the suppliant!
Strewn are ashes to the winds of heaven;
Cast aside the veiling garb of mourning,
And he speaks his message stern—God-given.

"Go thy way, proud king; thy doom is spoken;
Go thy way and meet advancing fate.
Yet a while of sin, and Israel's ruler,
Never good, shall die not even great."

M. E. R.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.—p. 640.—FAITH.

1. F-elix . . . . . Acts xxiv. 24, 25.
2. A-braham . . . . . Gal. iii. 6-9; Rom. iv. 3, 11, 16.
3. I-saiah . . . . . Isa. i., ii. 6-8; xxxi. 6, 7; xl. 18-20; xliv. 9-20; xlvi. 1-7.
4. T-imothy . . . . . 2 Tim. i. 2, 5.
5. H-ezekiah . . . . . 2 Chron. xxxii. 6-8. 2 Kings xix. 6, 7, 35.

ANSWER TO BIBLE PICTURE.

Page 656.—Gen. xxii.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE charge delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury at his recent triennial visitation, has excited well-deserved attention, both within and beyond the pale of the Church of England. Delivered in sections, at the several central points of his diocese, beginning at Croydon, it embraces a variety of topics, which his Grace handles with characteristic wisdom and moderation. In the main these relate less to the Church of England in particular than to Christendom at large. Questions which concern the Established Church, "very important among ourselves," says the Archbishop, addressing Churchmen, "certainly sink into insignificance when compared with that great conflict now threatening the Church and faith of Christ in all lands, and not least in our own." Speaking at Dover, his Grace pointed out that although infidelity might not be expected to flourish greatly in the time of those whom he addressed, Deism, or philosophic theism, was a danger of a much more practical and pressing nature. Oriental religions, like Buddhism, were continually brandished in the face of Christians on account of the purity of their precepts. Those religions, however, required to be more deeply studied before modern philosophy could very widely spread the principles of theism. We quote a few sentences, which formed the conclusion of this section of his Grace's charge. "I say to the doubters, read and examine with care and a deference that becomes the subject all that can be learnt of what the Lord taught and said. All the writings of the Evangelists tell the same tale—the tale which Paul received and recorded. Do not tell me of the difference which exaggerated hypercriticism has tried to set forth as existing between the Christianity of St. Peter and St. Paul. The main substance of the Lord's teaching is certainly common to both apostles. Study the record of their teaching and tell me whether man ever spoke like these men, whether their teachings as to moral duty, and their deep spiritual insight into the nature of the human soul and the source from which it derives its life, can have been the product of dreams springing from a heated and disordered imagination? If they were dreams or imaginations, God sent them, and, proceeding from His presence, they are the expressions of eternal truth. If they did not come from God, whence did they come? In truth, we know them to be His words as clearly as if we had been spoken to from the peak of Sinai." In that portion of his charge, which the Primate delivered at Ashford, extended reference was again made to unbelief; but on this occasion in its less positive, but more subtle form of a human gospel, deprived of its supernatural elements, and lowered from a divine faith into a moral philosophy. The Archbishop here laid emphatic stress upon the great fact of our Lord's resurrection, using it as the starting-point whence to argue back to the whole series of supernatural facts embodied in the inspired narratives of the Evangelists. From the Resurrection the argument at once looks back across the three-and-thirty years of the laborious life and ministry to the Incarnation. If our Lord was what the resurrection, with its sequel, prove Him to have been, "He could not have come into this world and moved as He did among men, without an effort of supernatural and miraculous power. The ordinary course and laws of nature, as manifested in the common history of man, were not capable of producing such a man as Jesus of Nazareth was proved by His resurrection to be. Before, therefore, the mysterious narrative of His incarnation, we bow in awe-struck silence. How could the Son of God come into the world? No mere human experience can tell you. We know what was believed by His disciples in the earliest age, when they had learnt to recognise how superhuman was His nature. No other account of the mystery has ever found credit in the Church; and if you believe in Christ's Resurrection, I see not how you can logically hesitate at the mystery of His Incarnation."

THE charge delivered by the Bishop of Worcester at his last visitation, has been published by his lordship under the title of "Disbelief of Revealed Religion." After referring to the alleged increase among men of well-informed and cultivated minds of doubt or disbelief of the claims of revealed religion, the Bishop says, "The circumstances of the present time seem to make a word of warning not altogether out of season. You cannot do a greater injury to the cause of revealed religion than by representing as the subject matter of its teaching doctrines which cannot truly be gathered from what it puts before us. If we mix error with truth in what we deliver to our people, it

ought not to surprise us if the discovery of the error prepares them for doubting or disbelieving the truth which was mixed up with it. 'Prove all things: hold fast that which is good,' should be the special motto of those whose high office it is to set the teaching of revealed religion in a practical form before their hearers. The Legislature of this country took an effectual measure to check the progress of disbelief in revealed religion when they passed the Acts, against superstitious uses, of the early days of the Reformation of the Church of England. Masses satisfactory for the repose of departed spirits, the doctrine of purgatory, and other fond inventions of men, being declared to be no part of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the superstitious observances engrafted upon such false teaching being forbidden, a weight was thereby removed from the profession of faith in revealed religion which enabled the defenders of it to lift up their heads and triumph. The Church of England in those days deliberately and entirely rejected the Roman Catholic doctrine of the priesthood. Our Articles of Religion mark its determination in this respect in language as clear as words can make it. We owe it much to the firm tone then uttered in the rejection of 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits,' that the great body of our people have continued stedfast in their belief of revealed religion, because they have felt that they could give satisfactory reasons for it. But if any of us, my brethren, should be found trying to build again the things which were then destroyed; or even giving rise to a suspicion that we regret the loss of what was then rejected, doubt and disbelief will surely raise their heads among us, because confidence will be rudely shaken in the guidance of those whose 'lips should keep knowledge.' Superstition, whether in belief or in observances, is the fruitful parent of scepticism. If we would fight against and conquer doubt and disbelief, we must not allow ourselves to be overcome by error."

THE Bishop of Liverpool (Dr. Ryle) has felt it to be his duty to remonstrate with the incumbent of a ritualistic church in the new diocese, where for some years high celebrations have been practised. "As their friend and bishop," the bishop asked the clergy of St. Margaret's to give up the use of lighted tapers, incense, the cope, and the biretta. The incumbent promised to lay the request before the sidesmen and churchwardens. This was followed by Mr. Cox, the incumbent, refusing to recognise the authority of the Privy Council, and saying it would be difficult to reconcile the congregation to a change of service, especially as they had not been interfered with whilst Liverpool was subject to the Bishop of Chester. To this the bishop replies that the question is, not what the congregation likes or has been accustomed to, but what is legal. The bishop upholds the decision of the Privy Council, and says that if individuals can disobey laws, there must be an end to all order in Church and State, and concludes by again asking the incumbent to give up, for peace sake, things not essential which have been declared illegal.

THE Rev. E. Nuttal has been elected Bishop of Jamaica. The bishop-elect is in the unique position, it is believed, of being the first non-university man and ex-Wesleyan ever consecrated as bishop in the Anglican Church.

A CONFERENCE of representatives from young men's Christian associations in various parts of the kingdom has been lately held at Manchester. Mr. W. Hind Smith, of London, presided at the opening sitting, when Mr. N. R. Hughman read a paper on "The Work of the District and Travelling Secretaries." Mr. H. Thorne, of Leeds, gave a Bible reading on "Temptation," and Mr. James Pearce, of West London, addressed the Conference on "Spiritual Growth for Spiritual Work." A resolution was cordially passed recommending the Conference to consider the desirability of forming a committee for the oversight of the associations' work in England, and that the committee be instructed to take steps for the early appointment of at least one travelling secretary. In the evening a public meeting was held at the Association Hall, Mr. Herbert Philips in the chair, and brief speeches were delivered by several delegates.

THE first general meeting or congress of the Christian Women's Union will have taken place before this sheet is in the hands of the reader. Spiritual service; personal preparation; educational, moral, and philanthropic work, are among the important subjects on which experienced and highly-qualified ladies have written papers.

PROBABLY our readers have seen the announcement of a Roman Catholic pilgrimage from Lancashire to Knock. This latter place is in the county Mayo, and has suddenly become notorious by reason of alleged apparitions of the Virgin Mary there. More than a year ago a young woman is said to have seen at night figures of the Virgin, and one like Saint Joseph and a bishop at the gable of the Roman Catholic chapel at Knock. A white light made the apparition visible, the young woman declared. Other parties give similar testimony, and one of them affirmed that he had seen St. John the Evangelist, who was dressed like a bishop, and wore a small mitre on his head. A commission has taken the evidence, which will be submitted to the proper authorities, and in due time we shall learn whether the appearances are to be believed by "faithful Catholics." Meanwhile, many hundreds, chiefly the poor and maimed and diseased, have gone from Manchester and other places to visit the scene of the supposed miracle. They are not the only devotees. Thousands have visited Knock. Carts daily bring in the paralysed, the lame, and the sick. These pilgrims kneel down before the gable against which the apparitions were seen and pray to be cured and made whole by the Blessed Virgin. And they remain day after day, importunate suppliants for the boon they ask. The Holy See is placed in a difficult position. Many cures are said to have been already wrought by "our Lady of Knock." Should the Pope refuse to guarantee the reality of the apparitions, he will give dissatisfaction to thousands of devoted Papists. Should he accept the story and endorse it he will challenge investigations, the results of which may not prove helpful to the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland and Lancashire. More recently an apparition of the Virgin is said to have appeared at Ballyraggett, in the county of Kilkenny; and thither also devotees are now making their way.

THE Free Christian Church in Italy gives in its last Evangelisation report, the following succinct account of the work going on in church, schools, and college, in its noble building over against the Vatican: "Never has the Christian Church in Rome made such progress as last year. No doubt the Pope has established 39 Popish schools, and by gifts of shoes, clothes, soup to the children, and food of all kinds to their parents, he has withdrawn 3,800 children from the communal schools of Rome, and 53 of the 228 in attendance on the schools of the Free Italian Church, but his success is small. The parents of 260 children dare to send them to the Evangelical school, in which they are taught rapidly to read. The Sunday-school still maintains an attendance of 100, and 31 converted men and women have been added to the church, and 21 are inscribed as catechumens during the year. Signor Gavazzi lectures on the 'Sanctification of the Lord's Day,' the 'Addresses to the Seven Churches,' and kindred subjects; while every Friday evening the eighteen students in turn preach a sermon, and join with the evangelist and his elders in a systematic effort to reach the Roman householders with the Gospel by visiting from door to door. The collections of the church, which form the best thermometer of its spiritual feeling, have reached the sum of 1,442 francs for all objects; while the church register, containing the names of 223 members added these last nine years, still shows 152 communicants and 28 catechumens, after making all deductions by reason of death, removal, and expulsion. With regard to the College at Rome, the Rev. Professor Henderson writes: 'The students all live on the premises; and there are sixteen of them—nine in theology, and seven in the preparatory classes. There was lately admitted, though not yet as a regular student, a young man, who by private reading of the Scriptures and other religious books, and by attending Evangelical churches, was led to renounce his office of priest in the Church of Rome, and his position of teacher of Latin and Greek in the Collegio Mastai. Mr. Gavazzi has been lecturing regularly on Polemical Theology, while I prosecute my course of lectures on Dogmatic Theology, giving besides lessons in English.'"

TAHITI and the adjacent islands in the South Seas have been annexed to France, which has maintained a Protectorate over them for the last thirty-eight years. The Protestant religion in Tahiti is henceforth to be placed on an equality with the Roman Catholic faith. The Rev. J. L. Green, of the London Missionary Society, writing from Tahiti, says:—"The restrictions which have contracted our labours and those of our predecessors ever since the establishment of the Protectorate here, are now nearly all removed, and I have virtually nearly 3,000 of the natives of Tahiti placed under my direction, in an ecclesiastical point of view." The extension of French influence is, however, regarded with alarm in many quarters.

ERRATUM, p. 496, col. 2, line 7.—*For* "at" Manitoba, *read* "in" Manitoba.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



IN THE GARDENS OF THE MOGUL PALACE, DELHI.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XXXI.—THE MOHAMMEDAN CITIES: DELHI, AGRA, AND ALLAHABAD.

THESE are the cities chiefly connected with the time of the Great Moguls, the Mohammedan conquerors of northern India. Begun in the tenth century, and advanced by Tamerlane in the fourteenth, these conquests were consummated in the reigns of Baber, of Akbar (1556—1605), a champion of toleration and lover of justice, revered even by the Hindoos, and of Shah Jehan (1627), the monarch of magnificent tastes, who built the Taj. Mohammedan mosques and palaces are the main features of these cities. Delhi, a thousand miles from Calcutta, is fifteen hours by railway from Cawnpore; and re-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

serving Agra for the full moon we went to Delhi first. In the great fort, a mile and a half in circuit, with a wall forty feet high, we visited the Hall of Public Audience, of red sandstone, and beyond this the Hall of Private Audience, all of polished marble, and looking out on the broad Jumna. Much of its wealth and grandeur has been taken away, but still its great beauty and magnificence are impressive, and along the cornice of each chamber is the following inscription repeated in flourishing Arabic inlaid, "If there be a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this."

The Great Mosque of Delhi, built of red sandstone and white marble—the domes marble, the minarets red sandstone—perched high upon a rock, and approached by forty deep steps, on three of its sides, is one of the finest mosques in the world, and is the chief shrine of Indian Mohammedanism. The Queen has forty millions of Mohammedan subjects in India. Their bearing strikes you at once as different from that of the Hindoos. They are conquered conquerors. Once the rulers they are in turn the ruled, and as they walk haughtily along, when they pass an Englishman they grind their teeth. Pride and hatred, the two most prominent features in a Mohammedan, are apparent on every hand. To describe this mosque will be to describe all. A huge quadrangle (450 feet) with a colonnade on three sides; on the west an open building of white marble with three graceful domes, and in the wall at the centre the *Kibla* towards Mecca, where prayers are said; and at either corner a minaret 130 feet high. Women are seldom seen within its precincts; indeed I never in any mosque saw a woman. Practically, women according to the Mohammedans have no souls; they are the chattels of men. The Koran itself allows to a man four wives, to say nothing of concubines, and its paradise is a paradise of lust. It is the fashion to praise Mohammed and the Koran; but history, and the present character of the Moslems of every land testify alike that hatred, cruelty, pride, and lust are the graces which it fosters. From beating his women with savage coolness, the Mohammedan will turn towards Mecca, and in Pharisaic devoutness taking off his shoes, and spreading his garment in the most conspicuous place, will go through his gesticulations and perform his prayers. Here in Delhi, at Agra, Allahabad and Bombay, in Cairo, Jerusalem, in Constantinople, by land and on board ship, I have witnessed the performance, and always has it left this impression on my mind.

There are, in the neighbourhood of what we may call the Mohammedan Delhi, the ruins of the ancient city, or of two successive cities that have been razed to the ground. Among these stands the Lat, a monolith of red sandstone, covered with an inscription in Pali, which tells that it was erected by Asoka, B.C. 320. The shrine of Humâyoon, Akbar's father, is colossal in size and beautiful in workmanship; red sandstone inlaid with marble, and marble domes. Near it is the Sixty-four Pillared Hall, and a beautifully-carved tomb of a Mussulman saint of the fourteenth century. Here, also, is the simple sodded grave of the faithful daughter of Shah Jehan, faithful to him when he was imprisoned in the midst of his grandeur, and with the inscription on a stone at the head, "Let no rich canopy cover my grave. This grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit." Here, in a huge tank or well forty feet square, divers jump feet foremost from a height of fifty feet, shoot like arrows straight into the water, and come up to you in a minute, quite unexhausted, and ask for backsheesh for their feat. Ten miles south we visited the celebrated Kutub Minar, said to be the loftiest isolated column in the world, by some considered to be of Hindoo origin. The summit is reached by 400 steps, and commands an extensive view. I was completely exhausted with the climb in the heat of the day.

The siege of Delhi was an important event in the Mutiny year. In the *Chowk*, or main thoroughfare, with a raised shaded footpath running down its centre, Captain Hodson exposed the bodies of the sons of the aged king of Delhi after they were shot, to awe the people. Driving to the Ridge we passed through the Cashmere gate, blown up by the English when they stormed the city; and close by is the spot where the brave Nicholson fell. Crowning the height is the Flagstaff Tower, and farther on the Memorial, appropriately giving on its sides the details of encampment and of siege. It bears the inscription: "In memory of the officers and soldiers of the Delhi field force who were killed in action, or died of wounds or disease between the 30th of May, and the 20th of September, 1857. Erected by their comrades and Government."

Turning from these sad reminiscences, it was refreshing on the Sunday to attend the Christian services, and to mark the progress of mission work. The Cambridge Mission is accomplishing much. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, with five coadjutors, has made several converts among different classes of the people. There is a square of houses on the north-east of the city occupied almost entirely by native Christians, and several weekly Bible-classes are held among the Hindoos. The high schools too have many Christian masters. Mr. Winter's name, also, is well known in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Neither the Wesleyan nor the London Society has any agency in Delhi, but the Baptists have an extensive field of operations. Their ragged schools which receive, like most Mission schools in India, Government aid, are doing a very good work among the poorest classes, teaching the pupils to read the Gospels. Their *Basti* meetings in the open air amid the dwellings of the poor, after the day's work is done, are attended by from fifty to a hundred heathens or Mohammedans. At these there is much singing and earnest preaching. The tunes are native. There are five-and-twenty places where these meetings are held three or four evenings a week. I attended the Central Chapel in the morning, and found a good congregation. After the early school there is first a native service, and this is followed by one in English.

But already in this city I was suffering severe pain, the precursor of the only attack of illness which I had throughout my long journey. It was with difficulty that I got through the hot eight hours' railway travelling the next day to Agra, and immediately upon our arrival I had to go to bed and send for the doctor. It was a severe attack of erysipelas in face and head; but I was quite recovered within a week, thanks to the careful treatment of my travelling companion, the hospital nurse, and of the kind doctor. In my illness I was visited by the

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Secretary of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Society in India, which numbers from six to ten thousand members. The numbers vary at different seasons, because many take the pledge for a short time only, previous to their return home, that they may save a little. And here I may say that throughout this journey round the world I never departed from the practice of total abstinence, and found it very beneficial both to health and pocket. The habit of "pegs" in India, *i.e.*, brandy-and-soda five or six times a day, undermines the constitution of many a young man; and it is the unanimous testimony of officers, civil and military, in the country, that long life there is impossible without the strictest temperance. Hindoos and Mohammedans, the bulk of the population of two hundred and fifty millions, are all abstainers.

We had arranged our visit to Agra during the full moon, that we might see the Taj by moonlight. This, however, was now forbidden me, but by the doctor's permission I drove out thither one sunny afternoon, along a dusty dreary road. The entrance gate is colossal and the view from the archway most beautiful: an avenue of dark tall cypress-trees, and in the centre the pure white Taj, with its clustering domes and graceful minarets; the afternoon sun was shining upon it, and the dark blue sky beyond. As we walked towards it the building grew to its real size, and what at first sight seemed a swanlike vision reared in air, now showed its colossal proportions, a marble shrine of great magnitude, graceful in its outlines, costly in its gems, and perfect in its details. Every picture of the Taj fails to give the full impression of its majesty, because with minuteness of detail and beauty of finish it fails to embody its stupendous size and giant massiveness. What is huge and massive is usually associated in the mind with what is rough, abrupt, ponderous. In the Taj you have the majesty of a giant building combined with the lightness and finish of a costly cabinet. As Bishop Heber said, the Saracens built like Titans and finished like jewellers. It is, in fact, a colossal casket, whose base is a square of 186 feet, whose height is 200 feet, and whose cost was above two millions sterling. The echoes under its dome within are almost perpetual, and most soft and musical. But as I walked round it outside, the words came into my mind which Jesus uttered when his disciples exclaimed, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." And these words stand in close connection with our Saviour's estimate of the widow's mite; her act permanent, Herod's massive temple transient. The Taj is a perfect casket, perfect in its proportions, its material, its costliness; but it lacks object, sanctity, history, associations. It is a tomb, the tomb of a rich man's favourite wife, the word Taj being, like "Sal" or "Bess," the pet name with which he addressed her; it is her tomb and his own too, built in compliance with a request of hers before she died. As a tomb, the grave of his faithful daughter covered with sod at Delhi touches a higher chord. As a to adore it as the embodiment of heavenly beauty, to my mind, considering the national history and aspirations they each embody, the Parthenon at Athens, the cathedral at Milan, and above all the Capitol at Washington, are nobler buildings than the Taj.

After a quiet Sunday, in the morning of which we attended St. George's Church, and heard a sermon preached to a congregation chiefly of soldiers, we travelled on the Monday night fourteen hours by train to Allahabad, the great railway centre where the lines from Delhi, from Calcutta, and from Bombay meet. We breakfasted with Mr. Heyl of the American Presbyterian Board, and were much gratified with the flourishing condition of his school, numbering about 200 young men and boys, all learning English, and receiving a Bible lesson daily. The Fort, though not to be compared with that of Agra or Delhi, contains a monolith forty-two feet high, with a Pali inscription, one of those erected by the Buddhist king Asoka, 300 years B.C. Under the arsenal, steps lead down to a subterranean Hindoo temple full of loathsome figures and emblems. The stump of a banyan-tree, said to be 1,500 years old and still alive, is here the object of worship. A light burns before it, and beside it a young Brahmin sits to receive the offerings of the devotees. As we stood near some women came up, paid their money, received the priest's blessing, and then embraced with kisses the sacred stump. At Delhi and Agra Hindooism has been crushed by Mohammedanism. At Allahabad it has taken refuge underground. In Benares it appears in all its strength. From the roof of the arsenal we looked upon the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, where many pilgrims were bathing. This "meeting of the waters" is regarded as a most sacred place of pilgrimage, and presents the appearance of a continual fair with banners and booths. Sarai is a square high-walled garden with three stone Mohammedan mausoleums surmounted by marble domes. Near it is the pretty church of the Episcopal Methodist Mission, where I met the Rev. J. Osborne, who has been very successful among the Hindoos. Allahabad is a rapidly-growing city. The Mayo Memorial Hall was not complete, but it promises to be a very plain building of red brick. The Thornhill and Maine Institute is also a strange building, but with several handsome pillars. It contains a library and museum. The shops in Allahabad are in large compounds, or enclosures, each by itself, covering three or four acres. There is less of caste, both Hindoo and British, here than in any other Bengal city. The population is 140,000. The American Missions are very efficiently worked. They have asylums for the blind and for lepers, a printing press and Depository. The London and Wesleyan Missions have no agents here. The Bible Society (British and Foreign) issues 30,000 Bibles in portions yearly. Allahabad impressed me as one of the most hopeful and promising cities in North India. The power of the railway and of trade is great. It is helping to open the way for the Bible and Christianity, for the freedom and enlightenment of man.

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A BROKEN HEART.

"WHAT is that, mamma?" said Adèle, a child on board the splendid emigrant ship, "Le Voyageur," then on its way to South America.

"Lightning, my dear," replied her mother; but the words were almost lost in the loud peal of thunder which seemed to accompany, rather than follow, another flash.

For half an hour or more, the pale, frightened mother had been watching by her little daughter's berth, wondering how she could sleep through such a storm, and praying to the "Mother of Mercy." Marie Bergamont knew no better. She had not learned to trust in God, at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, or the angry waves are still; and this story is not written with the intention of discussing her mistake.

M. Bergamont would have been with his wife and child at that time of peril, had he not been bravely and intelligently helping the crew. He was an emigrant of no common kind. Honest, hard-working, and tolerably well-educated, he had money enough with him to purchase an estate in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres, where many of his relations were already settled.

"Le Voyageur" had started from Passage in favourable weather. More than two-thirds of her course had been run without any catastrophe; and the thoughts of the passengers were turning from the land they had left towards that for which they were bound.

One evening, when pacing the deck and speaking of what they would do on landing, they paused, as if by one accord, to admire the strange copper-coloured clouds on the horizon. A sailor, overhearing their remarks, shrugged his shoulders and passed on, muttering something uncomplimentary about the sagacity of land-lubbers. During the night that followed they learned the meaning of the appearance they had praised; and became acquainted with the indescribable horrors of a storm at sea.

When the sun rose "Le Voyageur" was a wreck. The ship's boats, heavily laden with the crew and many of the passengers, were already out of sight, drifting no one knew where, yet all in them were glad to get beyond ear-shot of the cries of their late companions who had been left behind. Amongst these were Jules Bergamont, his wife, and his child.

More than one sailor, when rushing towards the boats, had tried to drag Jules with him; but the emigrant would not be saved without those whom he loved. He sought room for them in vain. From the confusion, the roaring of the wind and waves, and the roll of the thunder, his entreaties on their behalf were unheeded, probably unheard. Yet he was not daunted. The last boat had scarcely cut her cable when he seized a raft, bound his wife and child on it, and, after one silent kiss on the lips of each, shoved it off from the sinking vessel. His next act was to leap into the surging water, and beat out manfully towards a piece of floating timber. He clung to it as long as the blood circulated in his arms, but by degrees his pulse beat more and more slowly, and the noise of the storm seemed less distinct to him. His last conscious effort was a prayer for the safety of the raft, which was now like a speck on the ocean.

This brave man, though brought to the verge of the grave, was not lost. One of the boats, filled with members of the crew, picked him up and carried him to Pernambuco. There they all received much care, and Jules especially much sympathy; but sympathy could not restore the beloved ones whom he had lost. None of the boats, though they all reached the same port, had sighted the raft. The coast was searched for miles, but no trace of it was discovered.

As time wore on, Jules became silent and abstracted. He wandered by the shore, or sat on some high rock, gazing far out to sea. His thoughts were busy. He communed with his heart and with his God, and by a process of reasoning not surprising in a Roman Catholic, he came to the conclusion that his calamity was sent as a punishment for former sins—that God was angry and must be appeased. The atonement of Christ and the consolations of his grace, were unknown to him. He determined, therefore, to spend the remainder of his days in winning back his Creator's goodwill for himself and his lamented wife and daughter. He could thus, he thought, still live for them.

Paris, the heart of France, draws towards itself all that is greatest within the country. It was an anomaly that Père André, the great preacher of the day, should be left any longer addressing provincial audiences. His eloquence belonged of right to the capital. Thus argued Paris, and in obedience to its prevailing will, the great preacher was called to the pulpit of its cathedral; and the officials reaped a rich harvest by the hire of chairs, for nowhere had he attracted greater crowds.

Much has been said of the baptism of blood. Père André had passed through another baptism—the baptism of fire. For years he had been burning in the furnace of affliction, and the flame had given strange brilliancy and irresistible force to his words. Even the volatile crowd of the French metropolis listened to him spell-bound, week after week; and many a mourning heart learned, with wonder, that this new preacher knew how to sympathise.

Gazing at him with an intentness that rendered her immovable, almost statue-like, a pale, sad woman sat in the cathedral one evening while he preached. When he had finished, she rose suddenly and, with a wild expression of face, hastened towards the sacristy into which he had retired.

"Mother, that is not the way," said a beautiful young girl, endeavouring to draw her back. "The door is here, behind us."

But no words could stop the woman. Dragging

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the girl along, thrusting aside every one who tried to oppose her, she rushed into the sacristy, and, falling on her knees before the orator, who was sitting on a chair, faint after his exertion, she threw her arms round him and exclaimed: "Jules, my husband, don't you know me? Don't you know Adèle?"

The priest shivered, and a look of weariness and pain passed over his features. This was a dream, he thought, only more vivid than the rest. But on a second appeal from the woman, he started up, as if awakening from a trance, and cried: "Am I alive, or are we all in Paradise? Is this Marie?"

Scandalized, full of consternation and wrath at this unexpected scene, several of the assisting priests interfered, and endeavoured violently to withdraw the woman and the girl from Père André, in whose arms both were now locked.

"Send the vile creature out of this," cried one; "let her not defile God's house."

Père André, while he pushed the priest aside with the sudden strength that comes from great emotion, replied with dignity:

"This woman is my wedded wife, and this young girl is my only child. But Monseigneur knows all my history. I shall go to him and tell him of their recovery."

Nine years ago, Madame Bergamont and her little daughter had been lashed to the raft, and God had taken them under his care. A vessel bound for Java had found them floating along cold and senseless. It landed them on one of the Marquesas, and there the mother toiled, not only for her own maintenance and her child's, but for the passage money back to France. She felt convinced that her husband would return to his native land if he had survived, and therefore she could not rest until she found herself there once more. Stopping in Paris for a day or two, on her way to their former home near Argelez, she turned into the cathedral to give thanks for her safe voyage, and to hear the great preacher, of whom every one was talking. The first sound of his voice sent a thrill through her heart. She looked upon his face and recognised her long lost husband. Absorbed by the joy of having found him, the delighted woman was unconscious of the meaning of a word he said; and with difficulty repressed her emotion until the sermon was finished.

On the evening that followed their meeting, she listened hour after hour for the sound of his footstep; while Adèle, the innocent, beautiful child, nestled close to her and talked every now and then about her father. Jules had promised to come himself to his wife's lodging, to tell the result of his interview with the Archbishop, and rejoin his own at once and for ever. But Jules came not. Late, when the twilight had deepened, and the lamp was lit, there was a ring at the door. Some one entered the passage, and stood in the doorway of the room, yet Marie did not stir, for her strained ear told her it was a stranger. With his hands crossed on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the floor, the archbishop's private secretary said that Monseigneur could not give a decision in so difficult a case without time for reflection, and the assistance of his colleagues. At the first burst of Madame Bergamont's indignant remonstrance, he withdrew.

This questioning of family claims was a new misery to her, and one she had never contemplated. She rebelled against it passionately. Her husband was hers; and neither priest nor archbishop, council nor Pope, could separate those whom God had joined.

To Père André also it was utterly unexpected. The archbishop had scarcely recognised him when he went to tell of his wife's and daughter's recovery, so great was the change joy had made in his appearance. He supposed that in his peculiar circumstances, he had only to resign the sacerdotal robe; and already the prospect of working again for those he loved was calling back the old vigour to his arm, and animation to his movements. At first the Archbishop rejoiced in his joy. Being a son of man, he naturally sympathised with men in their joys and sorrows; but besides being a son of man, he was a son of the church, and sometimes the claims of his two parents were antagonistic. In the present case, on second thoughts, he saw breakers in the distance. His manner stiffened, his expressions became guarded.

Months passed. Père André had consented to be ruled by the decision of his superiors. He awaited their fiat in the convent of S. S——; his wife in a lodging in the Faubourg St. Honoré. He submissive, but wasting away by the wear and tear of conflicting feelings; she rebellious, struggling, hoping.

The day of trial came. There had been much altercation, of which he knew nothing, about the way in which Madame Bergamont should be mentioned. Was she to be called the wife or the widow of Jules Bergamont, Père André?

Alas! how little did it signify, for this was the decision—never again must he see wife or daughter. On condition of his not seeking to renew acquaintance with those carnal relations, a pension would be granted to the woman who was formerly his wife, but who was declared to be now his widow, and a marriage portion to his daughter.

The Archbishop looked towards Père André when the document had been read, hoping for some sign from him that he acquiesced in the judgment; but he looked in vain, for the head of the unhappy man was bowed low and rested on his arms.

"My brother," whispered Frère Sebastien, whose sympathy had been Père André's great comfort, "take courage, the good God knows all. He will set down this sacrifice to their account."

A glance of loving, grateful thanks was the young monk's reward. Then there was a dull sound as of something heavy falling. There was confusion in the hall—a call for water—low murmurings—a death-like stillness.

The voice of the great preacher was silent for ever.

It was no Divine law which broke this loving heart. When God framed rules for the Jewish church, He made provision for the wives and children of the priests; and in the policy of the New Testament the marriage of the clergy is assumed: "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife. . . . . One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity. Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well" (1 Tim. iii. 2, 4, 12).

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THE GOSPEL IN THE ITALIAN ARMY.

II.

THE vexations suffered by evangelical soldiers in the military hospitals were at the outset of the work a grievous discouragement and difficulty. As all the non-military assistants in these establishments are monks and nuns—according to that astute policy of Rome the world over, by which its liege servants are always found at a man's side in the supreme moments of life—it may be easily imagined what thorns would be planted in the pillow of any patient who avowed himself a Protestant. His Testament was spirited away; weak and isolated, he was alternately cajoled and abused; his rations were stinted; little comforts, so precious at such times, were denied him; a thousand restrictions were put upon the visits of the pastor; and, however firm he might be, there was always the risk that at the last, when all power of resistance and perhaps even all consciousness were gone, the holy oil might be applied, the viaticum placed between the lifeless lips, and another deathbed recantation be vaunted, to the glory of the church, and the confusion of its foes.

Signor Capellini at length determined to appeal against these abuses to the military authorities. Aided by the good offices of Admiral Fishbourne, who was at that time in Rome, he was able to obtain from the colonel in command of the hospital thorough and final redress. To himself, as pastor of the evangelical soldiers, was conceded the same unlimited liberty of entrance to the hospital at any hour of night or day enjoyed by the Roman Catholic chaplains. Strict orders were issued that any soldier, declaring himself at the first an evangelical, should be left to the spiritual offices of his co-religionists, utterly unmolested by priest, friar, or nun. And it was soon made evident that these orders were to be no dead letter. A sick soldier, whose profession of religion had been duly made and noted according to rule on the descriptive card at the head of his bed, found one day, on waking from sleep, that his New Testament had disappeared from under his pillow. Learning from his comrades that the purloiner had been one of the nuns attached to the service of the chamber, he sent for the colonel-director, and laid the case before him. The nun was immediately summoned, rated soundly in the presence of patients and assistants, despatched for the missing book, marched through the files of beds, volume in hand, and made to submit to the mortification of replacing it under the same pillow from which she had removed it. One or two such examples as this settled the business, and thus a great discouragement and dread that had threatened seriously to impede the work was once for all removed.

Not that there is not still need for firmness on the part of the patients, and incessant watchfulness on that of the pastor; for priestly proselytism never owns to defeat, and is ever ready to take advantage of a moment of false security. Only last year this became strikingly evident in the case of a soldier who died in the hospital, and whose story is moreover so deeply interesting on other accounts, that we cannot refrain from abridging Signor Capellini's affecting narration.

Carlo Commasio, a cavalry corporal, a Lombard by birth, had been conducted by a Christian companion to one of the services, and had received after the preaching a translation of Newman Hall's well-known tract, "Come to Jesus." The little book was blessed by God to his conversion, and he became a member of the church and a regular attendant at the meetings. About a year afterwards a severe kick from a horse made him an inmate of the hospital. The wound gangrened, and it was soon evident that no human skill could avert a fatal issue. During his whole illness one scarcely knows which most to admire—the grace of God manifested in the unmurmuring endurance of the sufferer, or the tender and unremitting attentions of his companions in the faith. The latter were ever at his side, not only those without giving up cheerfully their daily hour of liberty in order to visit him, but even his sick comrades vying with each other in such services as they could render. When prayer was offered for him at the church meetings, strong men would weep like children. When he was removed to an empty chamber on account of the fetid odours that exhaled from his wound, still the attentions of his brethren, both sick and hale, never slackened. When certain manœuvres and one overt attempt of the hostile party roused the suspicion that advantage would be taken of his isolation to pretend that in his last moments he had sought reconciliation with the Roman Church, or to force upon him in his utter prostration its extreme rites, the watchers so combined their vigils as that he should never be left night or day. As for the sufferer himself, clear and steadfast to the end was his testimony to the sustaining grace and presence of Him in whom he had believed. "I feel that I have my Lord in my heart; I feel that I live through Him." "Soon the Lord Jesus will take me to be with Himself." "Oh! Signor Capellini, I feel that I am in the company of Jesus"—are some of the expressions that were frequently upon his lips. One night, in the absence of his friends, an attempt was made in force to induce him to confess and receive the consecrated wafer; but he repelled his tempters, exclaiming, "My confessor is God; I have already confessed to Him, and I am now in communion with Him, for the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed me from all my sins." His sufferings were extreme: but again and again, when the Word of God had been read to him and prayer offered, he would say, "Now I am relieved! Now I feel no more pain!" His last words, feebly uttered in the very death-agony, were, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

The funeral service was conducted in the hospital court. It was a striking scene. For the first time within those walls in which the motley mercenaries of the Vatican, the recruited fanaticism of two hemispheres, had passed away amidst the dead symbolism of unction and lighted tapers and mumbled Latin prayers, over the bier of a Protestant soldier was read a liturgy, which all around could understand, mingled with words of hope and supplication welling up spontaneously from believing hearts, and turning to the profit of the living the last tribute to the

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dead. Nor was there any lack of spectators. Military honours were rendered by a company under arms. All the sick evangelicals in the hospital that could leave their beds were gathered into the court. Every window from which the ceremony could be witnessed was crowded with onlookers, among whom might be seen here and there the cowled head of a monk or the large white hood of a nun drawn by curiosity to the unwonted spectacle. From beginning to end the solemnity of the service was undisturbed, while the countenances of many revealed the deepest emotion.

Nor has this been the only instance in which the faith of these converted soldiers has shown its genuineness in the supreme trial of the last conflict. One fine youth, well known to the present writer, Loredo de Mendoza by name, a brigadier in the Royal Carabineers, attached as accountant for his superior abilities to the head-quarters of this branch of the service, had formed Capellini's acquaintance through attending the classes for the study of French and English, which the zealous evangelist had opened as auxiliaries of his main work. The acquaintance led to his conversion. Shortly afterwards it became too evident that consumption had marked the young brigadier for its prey; and Loredo was compelled to return to his village home in the Calabrian mountains, carrying with him in a shattered body a soul reborn to life eternal through the faith of Christ. Surrounded by those to whom his new religious convictions made him an object of horror, with none to sympathise with him even in the inner circle that loved him too well to treat him with asperity, the dying soldier so glorified his Saviour by his clear confession and his patience in suffering, that not only was his family won over to the same faith, but an active propaganda by means of tract and gospel radiated from his sick chamber among the villagers around. Announcing his death to Signor Capellini, his father wrote as follows: "My heart is rent with grief; our dear son Emmanuel is dead. He died with resignation, committing his soul to the Lord. His only regret was that he could not have his dear friend Capellini to console his last moments. When I asked him what I should read to him, he pointed out one of the chapters of Luke's Gopsel. Seeing me and his mother weeping, he said: 'Do not weep; be at peace, and hope; I am going to a better home. Adieu!'"

At his funeral, two days afterwards, a large procession of neighbours followed the body to the cemetery, although, unheard of heresy! not a priest was present at the ceremony.

The foregoing fact well illustrates another most important aspect of this military mission, namely, the extension of its influence to the families and home-neighbourhoods of the soldiers. Recent Italian legislation with regard to the conscript system, abolishing privileged exceptions and notably the old expedient of paying substitutes, has introduced into the army youths of all classes and of every grade of culture. Though still the bulk of the men are drawn from the peasantry and unskilled labourers, notwithstanding in every regiment are not a few who have passed through the technical schools, and here and there one whose ill fortune in drawing the fatal figure has interrupted a university career. Young monks, too, and unfledged priests from the seminaries, are sprinkled up and down the ranks; for even the immemorial privilege of the church has been abolished, and ecclesiastical candidates have had to succumb to the inexorable impartiality of the law. Such better-educated conscripts, if they conduct themselves well, soon rise to be non-commissioned officers, regimental secretaries and accountants and the like. Signor Capellini has wisely used special efforts to gather round himself soldiers of this class, establishing for their benefit a sort of mutual improvement society, with lending library and French and English classes, in the conduct of which his wife, a well-educated Waldensian lady, renders him effectual help. These sergeants and corporals, when converted, become the deacons of his church, assist him in visiting the hospitals, pray in his prayer-meetings, take his place in case of unavoidable absence as lay preachers, and, each in his own regiment or company, exercise a general surveillance over the conduct of those of their comrades who are at once their brethren in the faith and their subordinates in military grade.

It may be easily imagined what influence on the home circle and on early associates Christian youths of this stamp must exert, when the expiration of their term of service restores them to their families and friends. Nay, even the peasant soldier, who has never risen from the ranks, possesses a talent of influence to use for Christ which he could never have had but for his experience of military life. He returns to his cottage on the Lombard plain or in the Apennine valley, no longer the ignorant lout he was when the conscription caught him up. He has learned to read and write; if of eager mind he has acquired a tincture of more various knowledge. He has seen the life of cities; has travelled his native country through its length and breadth; has discussed and heard discussed the politics and other topics of the day. He has lived three years under an unrelaxing discipline that has taught him obedience and self-control. No wonder that such a one should become somewhat of a "Sir Oracle" to his former companions, who meanwhile have never moved an inch out of the old ruts. It is difficult to overestimate the possible results under God's blessing of a work which thus propagates itself, by sending out periodically innumerable shoots full of such vigorous life into the remotest corners and over all the provinces of the land.

In fact, though there has been hardly time as yet for this process of self-propagation to grow to fruit, a sufficient number of hopeful beginnings have come to light to show that the process is really at work. More than one letter has come to Signor Capellini from fathers brought to a knowledge of the truth through the testimony of their sons. Rocca la Magna, of Grottole in the Basilicata, returning to his native village, converts his shoemaker's shop into a conventicle, and the minister of the neighbouring town of Potenza, visiting the place shortly afterwards, finds there a numerous audience and the nucleus of a living church. Giovanni Battista Bravin, who has an uncle a priest, turns upside down the little hamlet of Castello di Aviano, and though stormed at from the parish pulpit and threatened with personal violence by the fanatics of the place, wins over his old father to the Gospel, and compels from not a few gainsayers the testimony: "This is the true religion!" Sergeant Ubaldo Zatta, of a good family of Sassari in Sardinia, returning home on furlough

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to recruit his broken health, leaves as his parting word: "My first thought, on arriving, shall be to conduct my family to God." And the pledge is redeemed. A young monk, who came to the meetings at first to scoff, becomes seriously attentive, accepts the gift of a Bible, finds in it the powers of a new life, and writes to his friends that they may dispose of his frock and cowl, as he intends when he leaves the service to become a herald of the pure Gospel of Christ. An old man of Nocera, in Apulia, well-known as a fanatical papist, happens to be overtaken in the street by a procession in honour of the Madonna. To the surprise and scandal of the spectators, while all around uncover the head and bow the knee, he alone stands erect and bonneted; questioned as to the reason why, he replies: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve!" His son, a cavalry corporal and member of the soldiers' church, has just returned home. Colporteurs of the Bible Society tell how, in their wanderings, they meet here and there with little groups of Bible readers, whose centre is an ex-soldier from the garrison in Rome. From Caltanissetta, in Sicily, a Waldensian evangelist recounts the touching story of a newly-married couple, who, placed in the cruel dilemma of either denying their evangelical principles, or being driven from house and home, accept the latter alternative, the brave young wife drawing a couple of rings from her fingers and saying to her husband: "There, let us provide for to-day's wants with these; the Lord will think for to-morrow." The husband is an ex-soldier, and the noble wife, his old sweetheart, converted though his instrumentality. These are but a few instances out of many; but will suffice to illustrate the sort of propaganda—wide, penetrating, efficient, and in many respects *sui generis*—to which the soldiers' mission is giving rise.

The last two autumns Signor Capellini has paid a visit to the place of encampment of the regiments of Central Italy; and has met with unwonted liberty of access to the troops. In 1879, the adjutant to the general in command happened to be an evangelical. "Signor Generale," said he on the evening of Capellini's arrival, "until to-day our camp has been incomplete; but now at last our staff has its full complement."

"Why, what has happened? Who has come?" inquired the general with surprise.

"Our evangelical chaplain, Signor Capellini."

The general laughed good-humouredly, and for the next few days purposely lightened the adjutant's work about his person that he might be freer to profit by the evangelist's visit. Rieti was the town nearest the camp; Capellini obtained a chamber at the principal inn, which was overflowing with officers; and a large room on the ground floor was cleared out for his meetings, which were thus held under the very eyes of the camp authorities. Thus more than tacitly recognised and sanctioned, the evangelist roamed round the camp (military discipline precluded his entrance) with tracts and gospels, conversed with whomsoever he pleased, singly or in knots, had free entrance to the hospitals, held his evening meetings without reserve, and on the Sabbath morning, with joyful solemnity, in the presence of a respectful and silent crowd, partook, with the members of his church, of the symbols of the Saviour's dying love. The eagerness with which the portions of Scripture were received and read was very notable. "The camp seemed transformed into one great reading-room; on every hand soldiers were to be seen seated, here at the entrance of their tents, there beneath some shady oak or mulberry, and there again under covert of the hedge-rows, grouped in little bands round one who read aloud the words of Life Eternal." Even the general accepted, with words of kindly acknowledgment, a well-bound Bible in octavo, which Capellini sent him after his return to Rome.

One word before closing as to the ecclesiastical relations of the work. Signor Capellini is an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Italy; and as such is personally subject to its courts and rules, thus furnishing satisfactory guarantees as to orthodoxy and Christian consistency. But the mission itself is altogether undenominational. The church is the *Chiesa Evangelica Militare*, without any defining adjunct. The border-lines that divide the different evangelical denominations are simply kept out of sight. The converts are urged, on leaving the service, to unite themselves with the evangelical community nearest to their place of residence. And, in fact, all denominations labouring in Italy reap the benefit of this truly catholic mission. That under such circumstances the entire pecuniary burden of the work should not fall upon one particular body of Christians, is only fair. The Wesleyan Methodist Church furnishes the stipend of the minister and the hall for the services; but with reason appeals to Christian liberality beyond its own borders for the working expenses of the mission, such as those of colportage and travelling, the provision of Bible-portions and tracts, and the like—expenses growing with the growth of the work, and with regard to which a discreet prodigality is the true policy. For the evangelist to the soldiers must "in the morning sow his seed, and in the evening withhold not his hand; for he knoweth not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."

Rome. H. J. PIGGOTT.

The Approach of Winter.

O MOURNFUL wind through dusky pine-woods sweeping,
Strewing dead leaves where once the flowers were gay;
Thy voice foretells a time of storm and weeping,
Long nights of darkness, mornings cold and gray.

This pallid light on autumn uplands lying
Is not the mellow gleam that warms and cheers;
Tender and faint, the old year smiles in dying;
And lo, his smile is sadder far than tears!

We think of patient looks that death makes holy,
Of lips that murmured blessings to the last;
Of eyes from which the love-light faded slowly,
And left us clinging to a sacred past.

Come quickly, winter, let thy snows veil lightly
The graves of flowers, and sodden woodland ways!
Are there not days when frosty suns shine brightly,
And robin sings amid the leafless sprays?

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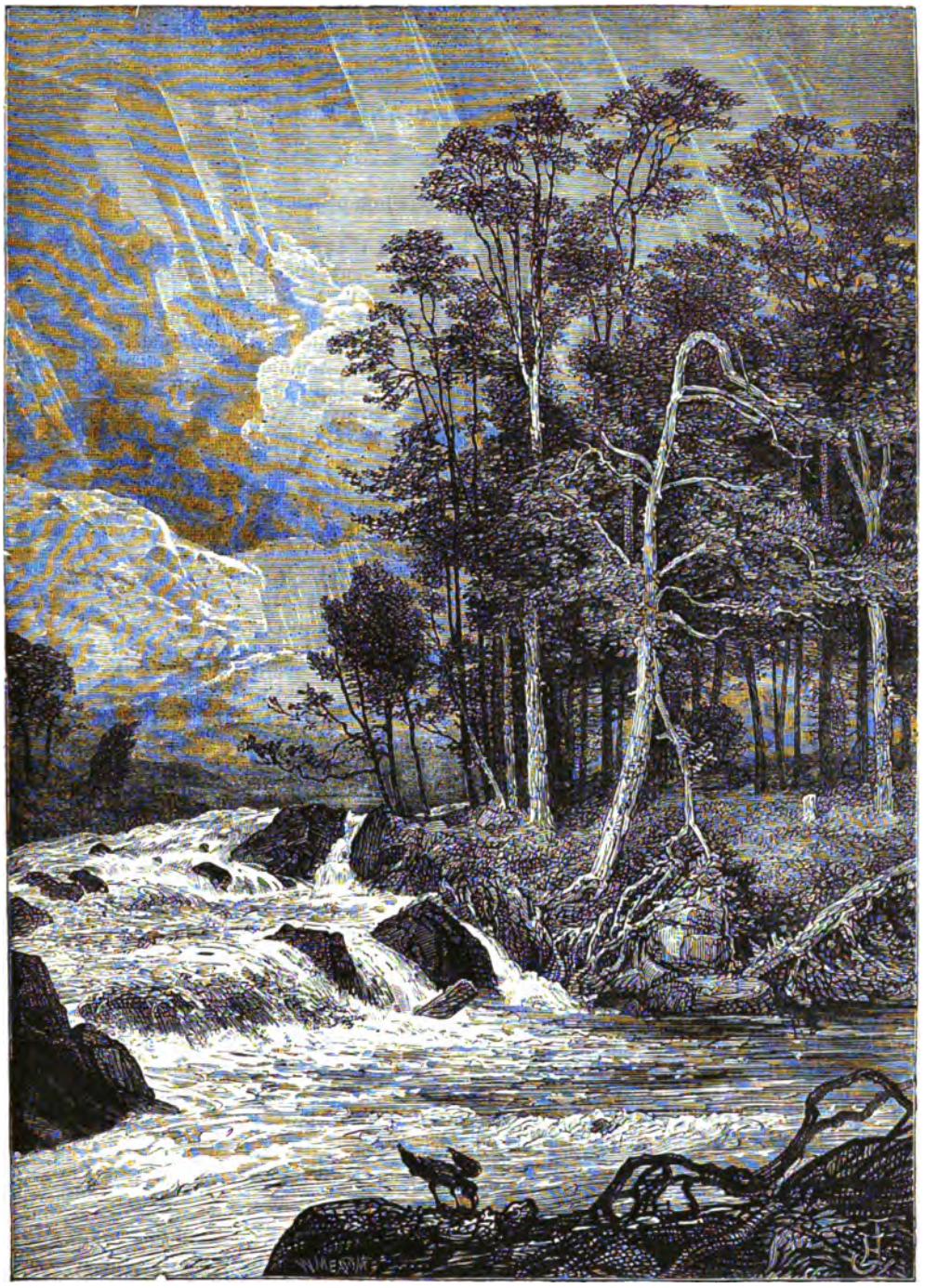

DOCHART VALLEY, PERTHSHIRE.

Are there not spots where scarlet berries glisten,
And ivy lingers on the barren earth?
Are there not hours when Christian hearts may listen
To the sweet story of a Saviour's birth?

Come, then, old winter, hush these autumn voices,
Bind the sad waters with thy crystal chain;
Till all the land in early spring rejoices,
And wood-anemones unfold again.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

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THE PULPIT ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD.

XI.—PULPIT LIGHTS OBSCURING OR OBSCURED.

THE pulpit is a Christian institution. Gibbon, the satirist, the historian, and slanderer of early Christianity, says "The custom of preaching, which seems to constitute a considerable part of Christian devotion, had not been introduced into the temples of antiquity, and the ears of monarchs were never invaded by the harsh sounds of popular eloquence until the pulpits of the empire were filled with sacred orators who possessed some advantages unknown to their profane predecessors." Such is Gibbon's sarcastic way of stating the fact of the rise and origin of preaching in the world. It was derived from no precedent, or example, in the schools of Greece or Rome; it emanated from the example and commission of our Lord. In the brief period during which Julian the Apostate cast down the youthful church, and permitted the empire, in the language of Gibbon, "to breathe the air of freedom, of literature and paganism," Julian himself sought to institute preaching, for the purpose of teaching the doctrines of paganism and idolatry. Of course such an institution for paganism would be, must be, impossible. Preaching is an eminently spiritual power; as its spiritual functions fade, it dies down into the merest machinery. Paganism and Atheism are little better than exhausted air-receivers. The wings of faith and noble speech can find no vivacity or movement. But in all ages of Christianity, and especially in all the more living ages, it has been the ægis, the palladium, and almost, it may be said, the oracle, of the Church.

It is confidently affirmed, however, on many hands that the pulpit is almost an institution of the past; that it will not long survive; that its triumphs are now rather apparent than real; that immense masses of the population, and the intelligence and the wealth of the nations, never come beneath its influence at all; that it has felt the pressure of the highly fascinating literature of our age; that its diminished power is proportioned to, if not caused by, the diminished reverence for the Sabbath; that the very practical character of the age impairs its influence; that, in a word, the pulpit no longer sways the imperial sceptre it once held over manners and morals in society, and conscience and thought in character.

It has even been said that oratory is a lost art, and that modern eloquence cannot exhibit the glorious perfection of olden times; that Greece had her Demosthenes, and Rome her Cicero, but that no speakers, in modern times, can be pronounced their equals. We may leave the senate and the bar to find their own vindicators, but we scarcely feel that the pulpit has occasion for so mournful an elegy; granted that there are few great living orators, the most recent times have known extraordinary men. We need no more hesitate to refer again and again to Robert Hall than the admirers of classical times refer again and again to Demosthenes. The descriptions of the potency of the sceptre he wielded are amazing. Let us take one: "The services preliminary to the sermon had been nearly gone through, and the last verse of a hymn was being sung, when Mr. Hall ascended slowly, and as I thought, wearily, the pulpit stairs. No one looking at his somewhat unwieldy and rather ungraceful figure, would have been predisposed in his favour; and as he sat down in the pulpit and looked languidly round on the congregation, I experienced, I know not why, a feeling of disappointment. He rose and read his text, 'The Father of Lights.' At first his voice was scarcely audible, and there appeared some slight hesitation; but this soon wore off, and as he warmed with his subject he poured forth such a continuous stream of eloquence, that it seemed as if it flowed from some inexhaustible source. His tones were, although low, beautifully modulated; but, owing to some affection in his throat, his speech was, at short intervals, interrupted by a short spasmodic cough. During the delivery of his brilliant paragraphs, the most breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage; but his momentary cessation was the signal for general relaxation from an attention so intense that it became almost painful. It was curious to observe how every neck was stretched out so that not a word that fell from those eloquent lips should be lost, and the suspended breathings of those around me evinced how intently all were hanging on his charmed words. Mr. Hall's fluency was wonderful: and his command of language unsurpassed. I will not mar the beauty of his discourse by attempting to describe it; but as I followed him, whilst, by his vivid imagination, he conveyed his hearers through the starry skies, and reasoned, from those lights of the universe what the Father of Lights must be, I became lost in wonder and admiration. But the crowning glory of his sermon was his allusion to the heavenly world, whose beatific glories he expatiated on with almost the eloquence of an angel. He seemed like one inspired, and, as he guided us by living streams, and led us over the celestial fields, he seemed carried away by his subject, and his face beamed as if it reflected heaven's own light, and this was the man who, but an hour before, had lain down on the ground in the excess of his agony, and who, from his earliest years, had constantly endured the most excruciating torture which man can be called on to bear. I have myself heard him say that

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he had never known one waking hour free from extreme pain." Mr. Hall used very little action in the pulpit. His favourite—or rather his usual action—was to stand, and lean his chest against the cushion, his left arm lying on the Bible, and his left hand slightly raised with the palm towards the audience. His tones were almost uniformly low; and he rarely raised them. Ideas seemed so to accumulate, whilst he was preaching, that they flowed forth without effort on his part. Never did he hesitate; and so pure were his oral compositions, that the most elaborate efforts of the pen would rather have impaired than improved their structure.

With the name of Hall is most usually conjoined the name of Chalmers, an utter contrast to Hall; he always read from his manuscript in the pulpit; but an old woman, greatly prejudiced against his reading of sermons, is reported to have said, "Eh, it's fell (killing) reading *yon!*" "I know not what it is," said the fastidious Jeffrey after hearing him; "but there is something altogether remarkable about that man! It reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard." George Canning went, in the company of Wilberforce, Huskisson, and others, to hear him, and wept like a child; and though disappointed at first, exclaimed, as he left the church, "The *tartan* beats us all!" while Dr. Hanna tells us of Professor Young of Glasgow, how, upon one occasion, he was so electrified that he leaped up from his seat on the bench, and stood breathless and motionless, gazing at the preacher, till the burst was over, the tears all the while rolling down his cheeks; while on another occasion, forgetful of time and place, he rose and loudly clapped his hands in the ecstasy of delight.

Reviewing the history of the pulpit, it is, perhaps, humbling to human vanity to notice how many names, once very famous, are now obscured. Preachers and their sermons strikingly illustrate at once the glory, the vanity and the evanescence of human achievements and productions. Archbishop Tillotson may be taken as a special instance. Bishop Burnet said of him that in his day it was thought he had brought preaching to perfection, and that the whole nation proposed him as a pattern, and all preachers studied to copy him; but who now reads Tillotson? Yet he is still admirable for his perspicuity and happy idiomatic English style; and his spirit was beautiful, and that must be immortal. In the age of intolerance, he was the friend of John Howe, and when the Huguenot refugees sought the prayers of the Church, and Beveridge, from whom we might have expected something better, with Episcopalian etiquette, scrupled to read the brief to that effect because it was against some rubric, "Doctor, doctor," said the wiser and greater Tillotson, "Charity is above rubrics!" After his death there was found a bundle of bitter libels which had been published against him preserved and endorsed with his own hand as follows: "I forgive the authors of these books, and pray God that He also may forgive them;" and it is more to his honour now to quote these instances than passages of studied ornament or oratorical passion.

In the history of the pulpit we are all carried away too much by the story of brilliant effects, the dazzling and magnificent displays of genius; but there is another chapter worthy of recitation, the story of "power in weakness." Eternity will tell the stories of men who were not eloquent, who were never encouraged by exhibitions of great success; they were not "Chrysostoms of the Golden Mouth;" "the bees did not drop honey upon their lips as they lay in the cradle," they were not keen, shrewd men of business; they did not "cry, nor lift up, nor cause their voice to be heard in the streets;" they wrought, like miners, buried in obscurity; they wrought in the night; their meekness made it easy to assail them. Yet affectionate hearts heard their words, and treasured them, and, perhaps, no sermon which contains a word which has been wrought out upon the anvil of thoughtful and painful experience can be altogether lost. It finds an audience somewhere, for it possesses that which assuredly tells—affectionateness. Goethe expresses this truth well, and, although the following translation is free, it admirably conveys the poet's meaning, and the truth of all real eloquence.

"Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil or art;
Hard study never made the matter clearer;
'Tis the live fountain in the speaker's heart
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearer;
Then work away for life, heap book on book,
Line upon line, and precept on example,
The stupid multitude may gape and look,
And fools may think your stock of wisdom ample.
But all remain unmoved: to touch the heart,
To make men feel, requires a different art;
For touching hearts, the only secret known,
My worthy friend, is this, to have one of your own."

It would be a not unprofitable task to gather up all the wise aphorisms upon preaching and preachers from the pens of great writers, and many will be found in the pages of writers who certainly had little to do with the pulpit. Thus, for instance, there are some wise words in the "Occasional Reflections" of that extraordinary man, and most voluminous writer, the Hon. Robert Boyle. Some of his wisest words on this matter are in the ingenious comparison of the "Sermon and the Looking-glass." He likens the wit and the fine language in which a sermon is set forth to the frame of the looking-glass, which, although it has no power to reflect the image, may attract the observer to yet more valuable properties than are in itself; and just as no man will judge of the goodness of a glass by the fineness of the frame, so no wise Christian will judge of a sermon merely by the elegance of its language. The same writer likens the influence of preaching to the fertility imparted by a flowing river, fertility which may be imparted by little and little at a time, and even by unperceived passages. It is a wise remark "that it is not always to those that remember the most of sermons that they do most good, even as water retained in ponds makes not the bottom flourishing, but the banks; and the efficacy of a sermon is better to be collected from the impression it has on the understanding and affections than from what it leaves on the memory."

There is a remarkable anecdote of the circumstance which appears to have fixed the mind of Dr. John Owen, one of the most mighty and influential theologians of his own age, and still of unquestioned eminence in ours. His mind was full of agitations

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and perplexities. It was a troubled time, and his course was undetermined. He was harassed by fears and despondency. He was residing in the Charter House, in London, when he accompanied a cousin to Aldermanbury Church to hear the celebrated Edmund Calamy, but finding that he was not preaching that day, it was suggested that they should go to St. Michael's, Wood Street, to hear another yet greater celebrity, Thomas Jackson. Owen was indifferent, and preferred to stay where he was. A plain, country minister was the preacher. His fervent prayer first arrested the agitated hearer, and he was then further impressed by the text: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith!" The sermon was a plain one, and Owen never knew who the preacher was; but it dispelled the clouds and silenced the agitations in that one hearer's mind. It fixed his convictions, it restored his health, which had been impaired by severe mental depression. The power of that sermon sent him forth on the road of future usefulness with "the loins girt, and the lamp burning," to be, for a long course of years, one of the most eminent preachers of his time.

It is to be hoped that every age, our own as well as others, has its obscure pulpit lights, lights which shed out their mild but useful radiance. Again we say, we are too much imposed upon by brilliant effects. Moreover, if we were ill-tempered, and if we did not think such a paper would do more harm than good, we could easily write a very lengthy one upon pulpit charlatans, men who have commanded vast audiences by making the pulpit the vehicle for giving notoriety to their own nonsense. Horace Bushnell somewhere says that forty hundred pulpits—he might have said forty thousand—are wondering that there are no more of the eloquent ministers for them; to which it has been replied truly, that eminent excellence is exceptional; we might as well wonder that every village has not a Cicero or a Raphael or a Thorwaldsen; and we must remember that, if great gifts are rare, as rare are the audiences which are able to appreciate them. But the pulpit has had some fine illustrations of "power in weakness"; like William Rhodes, a village minister of Damerham in Wiltshire, of whom Charles Stanford has given so beautiful and instructive a memorial, and who is said to have answered to Robert Robinson's expression that "he had wisdom—that is, something to say, but lacked mouth, that is power to say it." There have been many of these nervous creatures. Caleb Morris, for a long time a very rare and acceptable minister in London, was one of these. His nervousness drove him from the pulpit, and his ministrations, highly prized by a select few, were delivered in his drawing-room. It is told that in the very last year of his life, when preaching to a crowded congregation in Milford Haven, he was about to conclude the service, and had closed the Bible, when a minister who had just arrived, standing at the bottom of the chapel, in one of the side aisles, exclaimed: "Mr. Morris, go on, sir; I have only just come in; I have had a service in the country, but I wanted to hear some words from you; go on for another half hour, sir." And thus invoked, Mr. Morris opened the Bible again, and went on for another half hour. This was one of the obscure lights, but perhaps, not many of the more brilliant pulpit luminaries would have been equal to so unexpected a call.

We will confess that we are not fond of boy preachers, yet some have proved themselves; nor may we forget that boys, by rare exceptions, have proved themselves to be consecrated Samuels or Davids. The name of Thomas Spencer of Liverpool has not yet been forgotten; but it is now only a tradition. His instance is probably unrivalled in the annals of pulpit oratory. His earnestness, his simplicity, the exceeding beauty of his personal appearance, all combined—with a manly energy of manner and majestic grace in delivery—to make him, before he was twenty years of age, the most attractive, powerful, and useful minister in Liverpool. In the presence of five thousand persons he laid the foundation-stone of his new chapel in Liverpool, and very shortly after, on a Monday afternoon, was drowned, while bathing, in the Mersey;

"So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him who walked the waves."

Not many times has such a thrill passed through the city of his ministrations, or the church of his adoption, as that which was felt on the announcement of his death. A party of ministers was assembled in the drawing-room of the Rev. Dr. Stewart; Spencer was expected, and amidst the conversation about him, wonder was expressed at his delay; sounds were heard in the street, and little companies of awe-struck groups were seen conversing; Dr. Stewart threw up the window, and inquired what was the matter, and the reply was given, "Spencer is drowned!" Can we conceive the startled dismay of that company? It was Monday afternoon, but the outlines of the sermon for the following Sunday were found in his pocket; there was something truly prophet-like in his abrupt appearance and transit. James Montgomery embalmed his memory in some sweet verses:

"The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost;
Thus sank *his* form on ocean's coast,
Thus sprang *his* soul to light.

O Church! to whom that youth was dear,
The Angel of thy mercies here,
Behold the path he trod,
'A milky-way' through midnight skies!
Behold the grave in which he lies:
Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
'*Prepare to meet thy* God.'"

And it was said that even from the dust the young prophet did cry, and that many conversions resulted from the quickening of the conscience in the town, by the death of the young preacher. This is really the case sometimes; wonders have been wrought by the dead, seeming to renew the story of the miracle wrought by the bones of Elisha.

We read of the effects of a sermon heard on one continent, and bringing forth extraordinary fruit upon another, when the best part of a century had passed away. Dr. Edwards Park mentions the instance of a person who heard the great and good John Flavel preach at Dartmouth; he had been a member of the train-band of Charles I. He was present at the beheading of the monarch; he had some acquaintance with Cromwell; he heard Flavel

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preach, when he was fifteen years old, from the text: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." He went to America, passed through many experiences, and, when one hundred years of age, was a farmer at Middlesboro' in the New World; there, sitting in his field, he heard the words come back to him as he had listened to them eighty-five years before. He remembered the appearance of the solemn preacher rising to pronounce the benediction before he dismissed the auditory, and exclaiming in piteous tones, "How shall I bless the whole assembly, when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus is Anathema Maran-atha"? He was alarmed at the reminiscence, and particularly at the fact that no minister had blessed him during all those years. He pondered that closing remark of Flavel, and at the beginning of the second century of his life, he gave evidence that he was worthy to be enrolled among the members of the church written in heaven, and bore his testimony, for fifteen years afterwards, as to the power of the truth over his mind.

Among the obscure lights of the pulpit we have, however, sometimes to notice a name of very distinguished eminence, and of these no name is more remarkable than that of the very illustrious Michael Faraday. This great philosopher, and most eloquent scientific lecturer of his times, was a member of a small, but very respectable Christian communion, the Sandemanians, a sect of rather extreme Congregationalists—their faith differing little from that received by other churches—principally holding that Christ did not come to establish any worldly power, but to give a hope of eternal life beyond the grave; that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is a sufficient guide; that faith in the divinity and the work of Christ is the gift of God, and that the proof of faith in Christ is obedience to His commandments. It is not uninteresting to think of this distinguished man, piercing perhaps farther into the movements of the subtle laws of the material universe than any man of his time—perhaps than any man of any age—lecturing during the week to princes, and receiving honours, orders, and diplomas from the sovereigns of Europe, and the most select scientific associations of the world, in the most plain and unostentatious manner, expounding every Sabbath the Word of Life to the quiet congregation. "It is difficult," says his biographer, Dr. Bence Jones, "to draw a comparison between his preaching and his lecturing; first, because they were very unequally known; and secondly, because of the entire separation he made between the subjects of religion and science. Generally, perhaps, it might be said that no one could lecture like Faraday, but that many might preach with more effect." The reason why his sermons seemed inferior to his lectures is very evident. There was no eloquence. There was not one word said for effect. The overflowing energy and clearness of the lecture-room were replaced by an earnestness of manner best summed up in the word devoutness. His object seemed to be to make the most use of the words of Scripture, and to make as little use of his own words as he could. Hence a stranger was struck first by the number and rapidity of his references to texts in the Old and New Testaments, and secondly by the devoutness of his manner. These sermons were always extemporary, but they were prepared with great care. A friend says: "I once heard him read the Scriptures at the chapel where he was an elder. He read a long portion of one of the Gospels slowly, reverently, and with such an intelligent and sympathising appreciation of the meaning that I thought I had never heard so excellent a reader." And this may, perhaps, convey the assurance that Faraday was an interesting preacher; but it may be regarded as faint eulogy for the man who was one of the most eloquent expositors of the most subtle principles of science of any age; it must have arisen from the conscientious determination to speak "not with words of man's wisdom, but as the Holy Ghost speaketh."

Nor are there wanting those who deprecate the employment of eloquence on sacred themes, and especially in the pulpit. Surely it is difficult to see the reason for such objections; and certainly they do not find their vindication either in the sermons of our Lord himself, or in the style of the most distinguished of his apostles. Speaking of eloquence, Lord Chesterfield says truly: "Weight without lustre is lead," but it is the lustre which constitutes the eloquence which makes the orator; as an eminent writer has said, "It is a physician conquering his audience by infusing his soul into them; and hence," says the same writer, "I do not know of any kind of history, except the event of a battle, to which people listen with more interest than to any anecdote of eloquence, and the wise think it better than a battle. You may find the orator as a physician, in some lowly Bethel by the seaside, where a hard-featured, scarred, and wrinkled Methodist becomes the poet of the sailor and the fisherman, whilst he pours out the abundant streams of his thought through a language all glittering and fiery with imagination: a man who never knew the looking-glass or the critic—a man whom college drill or patronage never made, and whom praise cannot spoil."

Our space is exhausted, but we feel as if we had only begun to treat of a subject as exhaustless as it is interesting and important.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE WILDERNESS WAY.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and prove thee."—*Deut.* viii. 2



WHEN the children of Israel stood safe on the Red Sea bank and looked back on the grave of the Egyptians, they were very jubilant. All the trouble was now over, they thought. They would quietly march into the promised land. God, who by his strong arm had delivered them from bondage without fighting would doubtless, also without fighting, introduce them to the land of rest. But they were mistaken. Forty years' wandering in the wilderness was before them, and many a painful battle, ere they were permitted to cross the river.

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And why? Because they were not fit to enter into rest. Long drudgery under the task-masters in Egypt had made slaves of them, had eaten all the manliness out of them. They could sing a triumph song when God fought for them, but they fainted at the least effort they had to make for themselves. They lusted after leeks and onions, and thought very little of the high dignity God had in store. So they had to be trained and disciplined before they could enter into rest.

Thus there were two elements in their salvation: deliverance wrought out by God external to themselves, and a training in themselves to fit them for the enjoyment of the promise.

Which things are an allegory as regards every individual soul who is a child of God. There is a deliverance wrought out for him, and a deliverance wrought out in him. It is very easy to sing songs of triumph for the first, but not so easy to be joyful and praise God in the latter; for in this it is the man himself that has to bear the brunt of the battle. Eternal life is God's free gift freely given; but when that eternal life begins *in* a man, then comes a battle with self, and much besides; it does not by any means bring peace, but a sword.

If we are in Christ, as St. Paul expresses it, enclosed in the living circle of his life, he has already worked out for us our salvation. But He wills also to work in us every gracious disposition that is to fit us for its enjoyment. The sculptor chooses a block of marble. The image is already formed in the sculptor's mind. It is elected to stand in the great temple, but before it can be placed there the sculptor's hand must work upon it; and many a sharp blow and many a rough rub will it get before it is brought into the light of the eternal sanctuary.

There is, therefore, much hard work for the soul to go through in its progress to the likeness of Christ. It is hard work which the soul is praying for when it prays that it may grow in faith and love. Possibly it is praying for greater trials. The children of Israel in Egypt cried to God for deliverance, but they were really asking for all the trials of the wilderness. And this is the reason why God's faithful children are often disappointed at His seeming slackness in answer to their prayers. Perhaps, afterwards they find out that by that very disappointment they have been drawn on to more earnest prayer, and so by that very discipline the spiritual life has been developed.

God knows the end from the beginning. We do not. He knows every step of our onward way. We do not. He says, "Rise up and walk: pursue your pilgrimage, and you shall come to your Father's home, to the holy city, to the quiet waters and pleasant fields." Well, there at any rate is a definite command, a definite promise. Flee from Egypt, and you shall enter into rest. We rise up and flee at the command, and we look out for the promised rest, we strain our eyes to catch sight of the eternal shore. But, lo! we come to what seems a waste, howling wilderness, and we see as yet no trace of the palace of the King, nor of the flowing river, nor of the City of Gold, and our souls are much discouraged because of the way, and we faint for hunger and thirst, and are ready to lie down in the wilderness and sleep for very weariness of spirit. But God says, March on! Speak to these people of mine that they go forward, and by-and-bye they shall enter rest.

Here, then, is often the answer to the prayer the soul sends up to God for more grace, and love, and likeness to Christ. The work of Divine love is carried on in the soul often amidst much conflict and labour. David, on the Red Sea bank of his prosperity sang: "I shall never be moved. Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." Yet the very next verse finds him in the wilderness: "Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled." And mark the effect the wilderness has on him; it set him to praying more earnestly—"I gat me to the Lord right humbly." And in the end he receives the fruit of his prayer.

The progress of growth in grace is not to be gauged by having bright hope, and joy, and peace. But to be travelling on even in faintness and gloom: to fight the good fight, even though you have to fight on your knees—faint, yet pursuing—then every trial successfully gone through is a stepping-stone to a higher life. Every day's march in the desert brought the Israelites nearer to Canaan, every battle they fought left so many enemies the less to contend with. Every painful struggle with sin and self, in which we by God's grace get the mastery, opens a way into the soul for the life of Christ to flow in.

The very charter of our being in Christ is that we should also be partakers of His sufferings. "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." And then the vision of rest is sure though it may seem to tarry. After the wanderings in the wilderness are over, the promised land will burst into view. Weak and weary though thou mayest be, brother, thine eyes shall at last see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off.

"Let us Pray."

YES, let us pray! 'Tis good when cares are vexing
To kneel and tell the story of our woe
To Him, who notes our fears and griefs perplexing,
And doth the end from the beginning know.

Ah! let us pray; for we may reckon never
How many heavy burdens hard to bear
Have rolled from human shoulders, aching ever,
To Christ's dear feet, at hush of holy prayer.

Yes, pray—for oh! like mother-hand's soft pressure
In sweet approval felt on childhood's head,
The peace of God that passeth finite measure,
While knees are bowed, on worn hearts shall be shed.

If for our weal, the boon so sorely needed,
Though long withheld, shall bless the earnest plea;
No prayer on heaven's kind ear falls short unheeded,
Or where, for human need, would comfort be?

Then let us kneel, our Lord's behest obeying,
To pray unceasing, till with glad amaze
We stand where nevermore is need of praying,
For every tongue is tuned to endless praise.

ELIZABETH SURR.

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MRS. COURTENAY EDMONDS.

WINTER.

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Pages for the Young.

THE YOUNG DROVERS.

CHAPTER I.



"YOU have a fine dog there, shepherd," I remarked to an old man I met on one of the wild hills in the highlands of Scotland, when travelling there a year ago.

"Deed he is, sir," was the answer, "a finer never lived, except it might be one that my father kept when I was a boy."—"And was that a better one?" I asked.

"Well, I'll no' say that he was a better dog than old 'Shag' yonder, but he was a very fine dog, sir, a very fine dog," and then after a pause he continued, "his name was 'Shag' too, and he saved my life once, so I have cause to remember him."

"You have, indeed," I answered. "But how did it come about that he saved your life?"

"Well, sir," the old shepherd replied, "it is a long tale, but if you have a mind to sit down on yonder rock, I will tell you all about it."

I was only too glad to accept the invitation, and listened to the wonderful story of "Old Shag's" sagacity, and the shepherd-boy's delivery from death through his instrumentality. This story I will now write down as nearly as I can remember it; but I must write it in plain English, and not in the dialect in which it was repeated to me, or I am afraid my English readers would not understand the half of it.

"It is nearly fifty years ago, sir," began the old man, "that I was living with my father in a cottage not far from here. My father, like myself, was a shepherd and drover, and was noted all the country round for his honesty and steadiness; no man knew his work better nor attended to it more industriously or conscientiously; thus he won the confidence of his employers and was trusted implicitly by them.

When I was about ten years old, my father had a bad illness, and we feared that he would never recover; he did, however, get better, but not till he had passed through several months of sickness and suffering. It was during this illness that the adventure I am about to relate to you occurred.

One morning early in the winter, when my father was quite laid by, a gentleman, who had employed him as drover for many years, called at the cottage about sending a number of sheep, nearly six hundred there were, from his farm close by, to another lower down, and about thirty miles away.

Of course my father told him it was out of the question for him to undertake the journey, even if the time for sending them were delayed for a week or two, as it was impossible to say how long he might be confined to the house by his illness.

This quite put the gentleman out, for though he could see the reasonableness of what my father said, he had no one else to send with the sheep; and he was going away vexed and disappointed, when my brother Sandy, who was only two years older than myself, proposed that he should undertake the journey.

"Could you manage it, Sandy, if I trusted you?" asked the gentleman.

Sandy said he was sure he could do it as well as father himself; he knew the road, and had been used to sheep-driving ever since he was eight years old.

At first our father objected, but after a good deal of persuasion he gave his permission for Sandy to take the sheep; he was to start the next morning as soon as it was light, so that he would be able to reach Glenhalt, a village on the road, before evening.

When the gentleman was gone, I asked my father to let me go with Sandy. "You know," I said, "that I can help with the sheep, and it will be lonesome for Sandy all by himself."

"Well, my lad," said father, "you shall go." And so it was settled.

That night before we went to bed, our father read to us out of his big Bible one of the Psalms he was so fond of—it was the thirty-fourth Psalm. You remember it, I daresay, sir. It begins: "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth," and there is one verse in it that I shall never forget. I will tell you presently why that verse is so impressed on my mind; this it is: "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." After reading, our father prayed for us that we might be taken care of on our journey, and that while we were away from home the angel of the Lord might encamp round about us, and keep us from harm. You see, sir, although father was laid up and could not get out of his bed, he did not neglect family worship. It was not many of our neighbours that could read, but father had learned when he was young, and he knew how to appreciate the blessing.

Father told us all about the journey, where we were to put up at night, and which were the best roads to drive the sheep along, and Sandy and I went to bed that night feeling proud to be trusted, and quite confident of successfully carrying out the trust.

The next morning we started on our journey, taking old Shag with us to look after the sheep. As I told you, sir, Shag was a good dog, and he understood his work so well that he left us little to do except to point out the way we wanted them drive.

Well, sir, we reached Glenhalt without any adventure, and got all the sheep safely into the farm where they were to rest for the night, and then went to the cottage where we were to stop.

It happened that when we arrived at the cottage the minister was there, and we were very proud of the notice he took of us, and were delighted when he praised us for the way in which we had managed the sheep; for he had seen us drive them into the farm.

After we had had our meal of porridge, the minister gathered all the children round him to catechise them, and Sandy and I stood up with the others.

He asked us whether we knew who the Good Shepherd was, and whether we were lambs of His fold, and he told us that if we were Jesus' lambs we need fear nothing; for our kind and loving Shepherd would watch over us and keep us from harm, even from Satan himself, who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

"Yes," said Sandy, "'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them;' that's what father read last night."

"I am glad that you remember it so well, and trust you may always have the angel of the Lord to be your protector," the minister said.

After this he read the twenty-third Psalm to us, and spoke of the blessedness of those who could say "The Lord is my Shepherd," and then we sang the metrical version of this beautiful Psalm.

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Altogether, we spent a very pleasant evening, and when we went to rest felt glad that we had happened to meet the kind minister.

One thing I must not forget to tell you, and that is that the minister had taken a great deal of notice of old Shag, and what was strange the dog had been pleased to be caressed. Generally Shag was very surly to strangers, and would not let them touch him, but walked away looking very cross if they attempted to do so; but he had made friends with the minister directly.

Well, we started on our journey again, and in due time reached the place where we were to leave the sheep, and after delivering up our charge set out on our return home.

We started early in the morning, intending to stay at Glenhalt again that night, and the next day reach home.

It was a beautiful morning when we set out, and very mild for the time of year, and Sandy and I walked along bravely, while Shag, now that he had no sheep to look after, amused himself by hunting about in the heather and furze for rabbits or hares, and when he found one he would chase it over the hills till he got tired, and then would come back to us puffing and panting after his exertions. About the middle of the day we sat down on the roadside, and brought out our dinner from the wallet that Sandy carried, and began to talk of our journey, and to think how pleased father would be when we got back and told him that the sheep had arrived quite safely.

While we were eating our meal, I thought Sandy seemed to keep looking in the direction of the hill we had to cross before coming to Glenhalt.

"What is it you can see over yonder, Sandy?" I asked.

"I was looking at the clouds, Jamie," he answered, "and I think we shall have a fall soon, so we had better get on as quick as we can."

We started on the road again, and made as much haste as we could, for we knew well that, if caught in a snow-storm we should have hard work to reach our resting-place that evening. Meanwhile the clouds had become much thicker and heavier, and the atmosphere became colder.

"Can you walk a little faster, Jamie?" asked Sandy.

"I will try," I said, and we went on again quicker than before.

Presently Sandy said, "Look over yonder, Jamie; there must be a fire somewhere. Look at the smoke."

I looked where Sandy pointed, and saw what seemed to be a great cloud of smoke rolling along the valley, and coming right towards us. Shag looked too, and when we stopped he sat down and whined piteously, and then looked at us and jumped up and ran on a little, then stopped again and seemed uneasy, and anxious to proceed.

"How quick it is coming, Sandy," I said; "but do you think it is smoke?"

There was no time for an answer, for almost before I had done speaking we were enveloped in a cloud of fine snow, not smoke, as we had thought. We threw ourselves on the ground under the shelter of a heap of rocks that was close by, and it was well this shelter was so handy, for but for it I believe we should have been suffocated by the snow that drove past us with a fury scarcely to be imagined. In a few moments the ground, lately glowing with colour from the dry heath, was one uniform white, so quickly did the snow cover it."

A BURIED PROMISE.

"Turn us again, O God, and cause Thy face to shine; and we shall be saved" (Psalm lxxx. 3).

"Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you" (Psa. cxxix. 8).

"I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids" (Psa. cxxxii. 4).

"The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish" (Prov. x. 3).

"Be Thou my strong habitation" (Psa. lxxi. 3).

"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe" (Psa. cxix. 117).

"That ye may approve things that are excellent" (Phil. i. 10).

"The Lord looseth the prisoners" (Psa. cxlvi. 7).

"They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom" (Psa. cxlv. 11).

"O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble" (Jer. xiv. 8).

"If thou hadst known, even thou" (Luke xix. 42).

"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43).

"Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do?" (Luke xvi. 3).

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Luke v. 32).

"Declare thou, that thou mayest be justified" (Isaiah xliii. 26).

"I am the Lord" (Isaiah xlv. 5).

"I will repay, saith the Lord" (Romans xii. 19).

"Render therefore to all their dues" (Romans xiii. 7).

"She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins" (Isaiah xl. 2).

"She sent out her boughs unto the sea" (Psa. lxxx. 11).

"I that speak unto thee am He" (John iv. 26).

Take one word from each of these texts, and find a promise written in the Old Testament.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIII.—p. 512.—"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION."—Prov. xiv. 34.

1.	R-ehoboam	1 Kings xii. 1–20.
2.	I-mage	Dan. ii. 31–45.
3.	G-edaliah	Jer. xli. 1, 2.
4.	H-ezekiah	2 Chron. xxx. 1–12.
5.	T-yrus	Ezek. xxvi. 1, 5, 14; xxviL; xxviii. 4, 5.
6.	E-zra	Neh. viii. 1–8; Ezra vii. 19.
7.	O-rion	Job ix. 9; xxxviii. 31. Amos v. 8. Psa. xix. 1.
8.	U-lai	Dan. viii. 1–11, 20, 21.
9.	S-ihon	Num. xxi. 21–30.
10.	N-ehemiah	Neh. ii. 17; xiii. 23–31.
11.	E-den	Gen. ii. 8, 9.
12.	S-imeon	Luke ii. 25, 26.
13.	S-arah	Gen. xvii. 19.
14.	E-agle	Exod. xix. 4. Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.
15.	X	
16.	A-nna	Luke ii. 36–38.
17.	L-ion	Dan. vii. 4, 17.
18.	T-ah-panhes	Jer. xliii. 8–13.
19.	E-paphroditus	Phil. ii. 25–30.
20.	T-iberias, Sea of	John vi. 1, 19. Job ix. 8.
21.	H-oreb	Psa. cvi. 19, 21.
22.	A-saph	Neh. ii. 8.
23.	N-un, Son of	Josh. i. 1, 2.
24.	A-bijah	1 Kings xiv. 1–18.
25.	T-iglath-pileser	2 Kings xv. 29.
26.	I-ttai	2 Sam. xv. 19–23.
27.	O-lives, Mount of	Luke xxi. 37; xxii. 39, 40. Zech xiv. 4.
28.	N-oah	Heb. xi. 7.

NO. XX.—p. 703.

One of "five smooth stones out of the brook."—1 Sam. xvii. 40.

NO. XXI.—p. 720.—JACOB—LABAN.—Gen. xxix.

1.	J-uba-l	Gen. iv. 21.
2.	A-s-a	2 Chron. xvi. 12, 13.
3.	C-ale-b	Judges i. 13–15.
4.	O-she-a	Numbers xiii. 2, 3, 8.
5.	B-abylo-n	Isa. xiv. 4; Jer. li. 58.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



SAUL SPARED BY DAVID IN THE CAVE.

THERE is no book which has so many voices, and shows so many sides as the Bible. Its scenes and utterances range through the whole of human life. It is so honest that it does not withhold an evil report of a good man. It speaks the truth, even when the truth tells against the estimate of the most honoured personage in its history.

This in itself, apart from other considerations, commends the Scripture to many. But perhaps there is nothing in the Old Testament which "attracts" the reader more than the graphic touches of nature with which it abounds. The people of whom it speaks are seen to be real. They come before us just as they are; and it is this which

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gives special life to its record and makes it fit all time.

Among the heroes of the Old Testament there is none more popular than David. It is not merely that in his Psalms we have one of the great links of catholicity, since they are read, said, and sung equally by those who differ most in religion and fill the most varied places in life, but there are what would in any other biography be called "anecdotes" of him which appeal to every one who has a true sense of humanity, and touch some of the best feelings of his heart.

Take, for instance, the story of his forbearance when Saul came alone into a cave where David and his followers were hid. Little did Saul suspect who was there. He had for some time been "hunting" David "like a partridge" among the mountains. The special region referred to here is a limestone district where the hill sides provided numerous natural places of retreat for such as were leading the persecuted life of David and his followers. No doubt Saul and his men had peered into and explored many a cave as they swept that stony country in search of the rebels, as they would call them. But there was no sign of their presence. During the march of the pursuers, however, Saul enters one of these caves alone, little imagining that within a few yards of where he paused, David himself was hidden. Very possibly David and his companions had seen or heard the advance of Saul's company, had listened to their voices and steps as they came along, and had slipped aside into this convenient cave, intending to wait until they had gone by; when Saul himself appears alone, within the cave's mouth. We can imagine the eager whispers of David's friends as this opportunity suddenly arrives for avenging himself at once. It seemed to them even "providential." We read (1 Sam. xxiv. 4): "The men of David said unto him, Behold the day of which the Lord said unto thee, Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, that thou mayest do to him as it shall seem good unto thee."

They had no scruples; they did not imagine that he would have any. This indeed, to them was a Divine interposition in their leader's favour. The "Lord" had delivered Saul into the hand of David.

Then David arose—how the hearts of his men must have beaten as they saw him step silently towards his supposed unsuspecting victim—"and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily."

We are left to imagine the surprised disappointment of those eager whispering men. We are not told what they said among themselves at first; but soon their hearts must have been touched with the true sense of what their leader had done. The rest of the graphic story is related in the twenty-fourth chapter of the first book of Samuel. Saul had no sooner gone out of the cave and started again on his merciless human hunt than he heard a well-known voice calling after him, "My lord the King! And when Saul looked behind him," behold it was David who cried and came forward with obeisance, and the skirt of his robe in his hand. "My father," he says, "see the skirt of thy robe in my hand." His plea for innocence towards Saul is deeply touching, and Saul, who had, just like another in later days, been breathing out threatenings and slaughter against this man, is deeply touched. "Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice and wept."

They were but spasms of righteous perception which came to Saul. It was not long afterwards, despite of his admission, "Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil," that we find Saul once more, his fit of anger having returned, pursuing David. On this second occasion David takes the spear and cruse of water from beside his bolster while he lay asleep, and then shows them to him, to prove his forbearance again.

Both occasions are marked by the same—we may use the word "chivalresque" spirit. Rough and swift as David often was to strike, he has the soul of honour. He can hate and fight, as not only the records of his life, but his very Psalms show. And yet he will not deal treacherously with this his unrelenting enemy. His failure to win permanently the good-will of Saul by sparing him in the cave, might, with another, have led him to take his life when once more he had Saul unconsciously within his power. But the soul of David is steadily high. He will not be betrayed into such an unworthy act as to smite his enemy secretly.

Here we have a hint of the influence which he had over the fierce spirits which had drawn to him from all around, and especially of that which has overflowed, and stirred hearts with its generosity wherever the tale of it has been told. Really noble deeds, once told, are seldom allowed to be forgotten. The world, with all its selfishness, despises that which is mean, and cherishes the memory of that which is truly honourable. Here was a little thing, done in a few minutes, and it has set one of the deepest-cut seals to the character of David. Indeed, they are these small acts that are often so great. Forbearance from the use of an opportunity to catch an opponent secretly on the hip, may generally at the time be esteemed super-sensitiveness, as that of David no doubt was by his companions, when he refused to smite the unconscious Saul. But before long surely it entered into and touched their hearts. They must have felt themselves lifted into a higher level of life in their communion with their leader. They had a fresh perception of Divine righteousness. And so always. The lesser acts of magnanimity, for the doing of which occasions constantly present themselves, shed a wholesome air all round them. There is no one whom David does not here teach. Even small deeds of unselfishness, when we forbear to take a questionable advantage of another, may be derided by meaner souls on the spot; but they surely leave their mark, and presently help men to take the nobler lines of life. They are little seeds, but make big trees. They are the links which form the mystic tie between the unselfish and forbearing of all ages, and they are the salt which keeps the carcase of human nature from corruption. Let us not think of David's deed merely as the act of a conspicuous hero, but use its spirit for the doing of those manifold obscure heroic acts which make all the difference between right and wrong, between that which belongs to the world, and that which marks the Kingdom of heaven.

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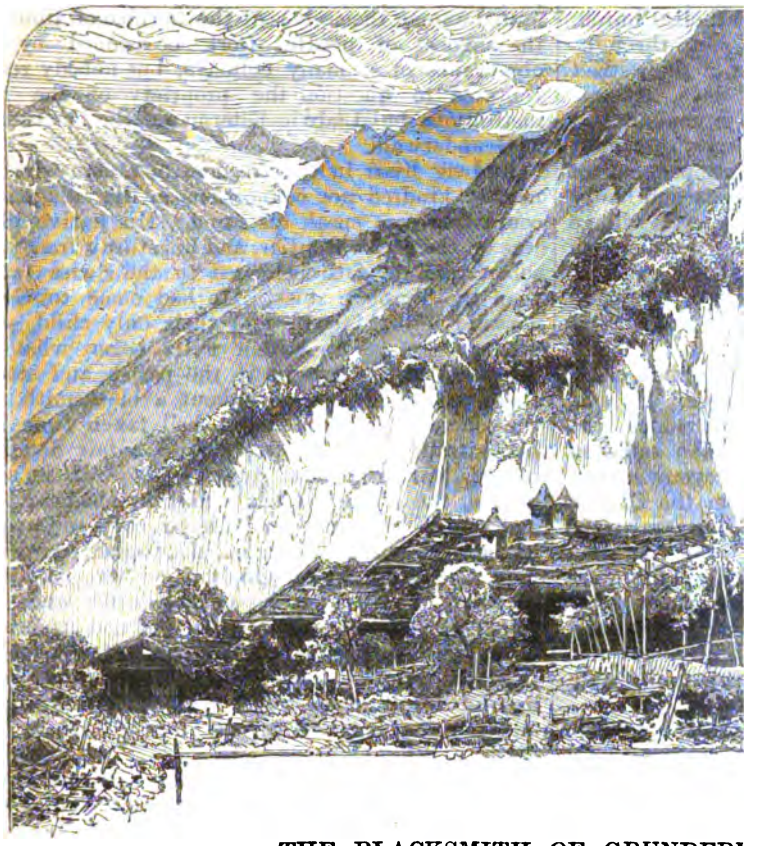

THE BLACKSMITH OF GRUNDERV

CHAPTER I.

TRAVELLING in the Tyrol was not an easy business in the year 1769. The country, which might be called an eastward wing of the Alps, and rivals Switzerland in its alternation of towering summit and deep valley, had few roads, and those it had were neither safe nor smooth; its towns, besides being few and far between, were generally small and poor, and their inns afforded but scanty accommodation to strangers. Yet the Tyrol was then, and had been for many an age, the highway of trade and travel between the Teutonic and the Latin race, and the connecting link of the Kaiser's empire, as it existed at the time, with one end on the German, and the other on the Italian soil. Gallant cavalcades escorting imperial viceroys to Milan, had wound through its valleys, powerful armies had descended from its heights, to crush insurrection in the Lombard cities, or strengthen the hands of Imperial partisans, and Charles the Fifth had fled through its mountain passes, pursued by his Protestant enemies to the very borders of Italy.

These days were done before the period of our story, the Lombard cities rested in tranquil bondage under the rule of Austria and the Church; Maria Theresa and her son Joseph jointly occupied the throne of the Kaisers. But the roads of the Tyrol were as bad as they had ever been; and one of the worst, though forming part of the beaten track to the Italian frontier, was that which led to the isolated village of Grunderwald.

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In common with the majority of the Tyrolese, its inhabitants belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, and they now had a high repute for piety throughout the mountain country, on account of their strict and abundant observance of saints' days. It was not always so. The number of the canonised had become so great in the progress of ages, that most of their days, and names too, had slipped out of memory among the industrious peasants and hardy hunters of the Tyrol: except the patron of a village or the guardian of a mineral spring from which cures might yet be expected, few of the calendar got any commemoration at all. And so it was in Grunderwald, till Father Felix came to reside there as the village priest.

He was a man devoted to the duties of his office, and the flock committed to his charge. He had nevertheless one spiritual hobby, to which the system he served under gave more than sufficient scope: his ideas of the honour and reverence due to those holy men and martyrs whom the Church had thought worthy of canonisation, overpassed the bounds of his natural good sense and Christian prudence. He forgot that saint and seraph were but fellow servants, and had no claim to the worship of Christian men, yet, by prayers and invocations, sacred rites and consecrated days, had been elevated, at least in the popular mind, to an equality with the Lord of heaven and earth.

The zeal of Father Felix was not according to knowledge, but it was fervent, and brought about a new order of things in Grunderwald. The simple villagers were at first astonished to hear vigils and feasts, of which neither they nor their fathers had dreamed, announced from the altar, and their observance enjoined as the most solemn of Christian duties. Names of which they had never heard the sound were made known to them in the Father's sermons, with ample details of miracles performed, and works of abstinence or flagellation done, by way of proving the saint's right to his day. The priest's eloquence and influence soon brought the saints into fashion; there was scarcely a week of which two or three days were not given up to martyrs, confessors, or holy hermits. The villagers had no objection to work on the Lord's Day; indeed the Sabbath rest had never been regarded among them, but on a saint's day nothing would tempt man, woman or child in Grunderwald to do any worldly work, or mind any terrestrial business, however needful. After the morning mass and its accompanying ceremonies, the young people played rustic games on the green or danced the hours away; the old smoked and gossiped in convenient places. There was a good deal of beer-drinking done, and the habits of idleness and time-spending thus acquired had an evil effect on the working days; everything that could be shirked or put aside, was allowed to be so, and the necessary consequences were, fields half cultivated, and buildings out of repair.

Notwithstanding these unsatisfactory results, the fashion of saints'-day-keeping increased and spread through all the mountain villages; the celebrity which Father Felix had obtained by establishing it in Grunderwald stirred up the country clergy to follow his example. In every church new festivals were appointed to be kept, and old ones recalled from oblivion, to the great increase of superstition and the hindrance of industry and thrift among the people. Thoughtful and intelligent peasants murmured among themselves at the sacrifice of time and the neglect of needful work occasioned by the observance of so many holidays, but nobody really ventured to question the propriety of the new institutions but Ludwig Estermann, the blacksmith of Grunderwald.

Ludwig lived in the freedom of a man who had neither kindred nor connections in the village, and could therefore speak his mind. His native place was on the Swiss frontier, and his sturdy frame and sober, resolute face belonged to the Swiss rather than the Tyrolese stock. He had come to Grunderwald with his wife and their only child, some fifteen years before Father Felix began what the priest called his reforms in the parish, and settled there, as the place was without a blacksmith. In the course of that time death had taken from him his faithful wife. His only child, a fair daughter named Margaret, had grown up to fill, in some degree, the place she left vacant in his heart and and home. He had gained the goodwill and respect of the whole village as a good blacksmith, an upright man, and a kindly neighbour, and was no longer reckoned a stranger in Grunderwald when the saints' days began to occupy its time and attention.

Ludwig Estermann had got no better schooling than the rest of the villagers, but he had more natural intelligence, more independence of mind, and a more heartfelt regard for the truths and duties of religion.

Such men are not the most ready receivers of new superstition, or the most obedient subjects of clerical power, even in the Church to which he belonged. The late devices for honouring the saints went against his good sense and his conscientious convictions, and Ludwig did not hesitate to express his opinion on the subject.

"No doubt some of them were holy men and servants of God in their day," he said, "though we know nothing about the most of them, by reason of their times and countries being so far from ours; but can any rational man believe that either they or their blessed Master would have the time in which poor Christians ought to work for themselves and their families frittered away in long services and useless holidays? No, neighbours; it is a profaning of holy rites, and a mockery of devotion to make them such everyday and out-of-place things, standing in the way of lawful labour and honest industry, which it is the duty of every man to follow, according to his calling and station, and bringing land and people to poverty and decay."

Many of the villagers said that "Estermann had the rights of it," yet next day left their ripe corn, or wind-stripped roofs, to crowd the church while mass was said in honour of some unknown saint, and squandered the succeeding hours in idleness or sport.

Many more disputed and grew angry with him, applying every ill name they could think of, from "Lutheran" downwards, to the blacksmith, but it was all the same as far as he was concerned. While they kept the saints' days, he attended to the work of his forge or field, set things to rights that happened to get out of order about his premises, and so contrived to have the best kept and most comfortable home in Grunderwald. It was fortunate for him and for the parish, that Father Felix was

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not of a domineering or persecuting spirit, but on the contrary, mild, patient, and charitable in his opinions of those who differed from him. His zeal for saint worship was a signal instance of the weakness of human nature, by which even wise men are liable to errors of judgment and absurdities in practice, as well as the most limited and commonplace minds. His success in promoting it had outstripped his expectations, and as the consequences became manifest around him, the priest began to suspect that he had gone too far. The leader of the movement could not be the first to retract, however well disposed; but he would cast no blame or censure on the blacksmith, and advised those who would stir up his displeasure against him, to let neighbour Estermann alone, for such disputes on religious matters generally brought no credit to religion.

Thus, little molested and resolved to live in peace with his neighbours, Ludwig pursued his honest, useful calling, and prospered accordingly. Prosperity in a mountain village of the Tyrol is, however, a different thing to prosperity in an English town. The blacksmith's customers were many, but his returns were small, and there was a millstone hanging about Ludwig's neck, in the shape of a debt due to Adam Finkler, the richest man in the village. Some people said he was the oldest man, too, but all agreed that Adam was the best bargain-maker; he had made a shrewd one with Ludwig Estermann, regarding the house which the latter occupied. Adam had sold, and Ludwig had bought it, on the agreement that the price was to be paid in annual instalments of fifty thalers each, to be duly deposited in Finkler's hand, on or before the feast of St. Martin; and if the purchaser failed to pay any one of these instalments within the stipulated time, the house should revert to its original owner, without any allowance for the payments formerly made, or the expense incurred by repairs or improvements. It was an unsafe contract for Estermann, but the house was cheap on the whole. It suited his necessities and had taken his fancy; his trade was good, fifty thalers could be easily saved in the course of a year, and old Finkler would sell on no other terms.

It was said that he had become the proprietor of many a village home by similar agreements; but prudent men will do imprudent things at times. Unwarned by that report, Ludwig accepted the conditions, and made the house his home.

Almost seven years had passed away since then. The greater part of the purchase-money was paid; the bare, scarcely-finished building, of which Ludwig took possession, had become a pleasant dwelling-place as could be found in all the mountain country. Snug and warm in winter, fair and flowery in the summer time, passing strangers paused to admire its outward aspect, in such remarkable contrast to the rest of the village homes, and neighbours knew how bright and cheerful it was made within by Margaret Estermann.

Fair, rosy, and finely moulded in form and features, Margaret might have been the village belle, but sound sense and serious thought raised her mind above the vanities of youth, and fixed it on better things. Her care and attention were given to the home comforts of her kind and loving father, in his advancing and widowed years, those household requirements that so greatly influence the peace and pleasure of domestic life, and the higher hopes and duties that lead to the happier home above.

Thus occupied, Margaret spent a useful and contented life, though it was not expected to flow always in the same channel.

Ernest Müller had been her father's apprentice ever since the Estermanns took possession of the purchased house. He was a neighbour's son, the eldest of a large family, and the help and hope of his parents. Of the best type of the Tyrolese youth, handsome, hardy and active, Ernest had the praise of all Grunderwald for his skill in the use of either axe or rifle, the weapons most relied on by the mountain people, for his dexterity in all the village sports, and his courage in all times of danger.

The wiser part of the community esteemed him more as a dutiful son, a kindly elder brother, and a young man of sterling principles and blameless life. Such was the opinion entertained by Ludwig Estermann. Ernest's good qualities and untiring endeavours to thoroughly master the trade, in which he took a craftsman's pride, had won the blacksmith's heart at an early stage of their acquaintance. As the association of years made them more familiar friends, he thought and spoke of young Müller as a son rather than an apprentice, and his son in a social sense Ernest was likely to become. Between him and Ludwig's daughter a mutual attachment had existed from their childhood, which increased with their years till the young people seemed to have but one heart and one mind. It was cordially approved of by the parents on both sides, especially Margaret's father, whose earthly hopes and aims were centred in the well-being of his only child.

"It will be a good dowry for my girl," he would say to himself when contemplating, with honest pride, the home which his own industrious hands and well-earned thalers had made of the purchased house; "she and Ernest Müller shall live here, with the Lord's blessing, a happy wedded life, and bring up their children to play about the arm-chair where I sit Grandfather Grey-beard."

The best-founded hopes and most promising plans of men are doomed to disappointment at times, and so it was with the honest blacksmith in those days of our tale. Ludwig's hand did not lose its cunning in the forging of iron, but his trade fell rapidly away, the non-keeping of saints' days did it as much damage as their observance had done to village affairs in general. For one reason or other connected with the subject, all Grunderwald got offended by Estermann: those who disputed with him and found his arguments unanswerable disliked him for advancing them; those who in private owned he was right, in public blamed the smith for taking upon himself to be wiser than Father Felix; and the more fanatical that are to be found in every society, insisted that he was no better than a Lutheran, and ought to be banished the village, as they did with such people in "good old times." Ludwig's unpopularity was at its height, when a blacksmith from the neighbourhood of Innspruck, partly in hopes of finding a better field, arrived and established himself in Grunderwald.

His first act was to publish a verbal manifesto in favour of the saints' days, in one of which he declared no money would induce him to lift

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a hammer, and that orthodox profession gave the finishing blow to Estermann's business.

Henceforth his forge was forsaken, while customers flocked to that of the new-comer, who was by no means so good a workman, and rather patronised on account of the saints, than employed for his skill. The most friendly of the neighbours advised Ludwig to recover his position among them by at once conforming to the established custom, but his manly spirit spurned the thought of giving up declared convictions for the sake of trade and gain. He remained in his empty forge, framing curious specimens of iron-work, or teaching Ernest the most hidden secrets of his craft, as the youth's apprentice-time was now drawing near its end. So was the specified time approaching for paying the last instalment of Ludwig's debt to Adam Finkler; but with all his exertions and savings too, the blacksmith could not scrape together half the sum.

A PRAYER OF LORD CHANCELLOR BACON.

AMONG the papers left by Sir Francis Bacon was one entitled "A Prayer or Psalm," composed by himself in the days of his old age and retirement. In elevation of thought and happiness of expression, it is worthy of the fame of one who was a master of language as well as of philosophy. It was said of him that "he possessed all the extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, and compressive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination."

It is commonly said that the moral weakness of the great chancellor formed a strange contrast to his intellectual power. Most persons have formed their judgment of him from the famous line of Pope, who speaks of him as "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." But there are many who believe this verdict to be unjust. To defend all his actions is impossible, but he was "guilty, with extenuating circumstances." One who lived nearer those times has left his statement on record. "His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of sins. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him." Something must also be allowed for the evil customs of the times, while the charges were exaggerated by the malice of personal and political enemies.

But whatever may be the diversity of opinion as to the nature and extent of Bacon's guilt, there is none as to the depth and sincerity of his self-humiliation and penitence. In revealed religion he had ever been a humble believer, and of the Christian faith a zealous defender. When adversity came and when humbled by afflictions, his heart was influenced by the truths which his intellect had before received. The prayer we are about to quote, while breathing the humblest and devoutest spirit before the throne of grace, is yet marked by a tone of rectitude and uprightness worthy of his brighter days. It would be against human nature to forget these things in a true self-portraiture, though it would be against Divine grace to plead them in the way of merit. A prayer "composed and written" is different from a prayer uttered to the heart-searching God. But let the reader judge, and make his own use of the remarkable record:

A PRAYER, OR PSALM, MADE BY LORD BACON, CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

"Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; Thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; Thou judgest the hypocrite; Thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee.

"Remember, O Lord! how Thy servant hath walked before Thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved Thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of Thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of Thy sanctuary. The Vine, which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been, as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but Thy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found Thee in Thy temples.

"Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions, but Thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through Thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon Thine altar.

"O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth met with Thee in all ways; by Thy fatherly compassions, by Thy comfortable chastisements, and by Thy most visible providence. As Thy favours have increased upon me, so have Thy corrections; so as Thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, Thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to Thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in Thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are Thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to Thy mercies; for, what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to Thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before Thee

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a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I am least fit: So I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Savour's sake, and receive me unto Thy bosom, or guide me in Thy ways."

A HEROINE OF REAL LIFE.

"NURSE Channing is coming to-morrow. No, she has made a mistake in the post town, and I ought to have got this letter yesterday. She will be here in about half an hour. How glad I shall be to see her! And, Marian," in a coaxing tone, "I would like her tea to be nice. Go and look after it, that's a good girl; you know Ann is scarcely to be trusted."

"Who is Nurse Channing?" I said, in some curiosity, for my friend, to whom I was acting as nurse and housekeeper for a few weeks, was not at all wont to get excited over a visitor.

"She is a real heroine," said Mrs. Grey with great decision, "and a monthly nurse," the last sentence coming so oddly after the first that I departed with a peal of laughter to survey the preparations for the evening meal. I quite understood what my friend meant by a nice tea, though it might have been misleading to any one unacquainted with the ways of the house. As usual it consisted simply of tea, bread and butter, strawberries, and a rack of dry toast; but it was imperative that everything should be perfect of its kind. The damask tea-cloth was of spotless purity, and in the centre of the table stood a vase of golden and crimson roses, and starry jasmine, for we were in the south; the month was July.

As I stood wrestling with a refractory rosebud that would stand stiffly out instead of gracefully drooping, I heard the garden gate click, and turning to the window saw an old lady advancing up the narrow pathway. At the same time, I heard Mrs. Grey's voice from the drawing-room, "Marian, child, there's nurse; open the door for her," which I did; and as she smiled pleasantly, I returned it, and we shook hands without further introduction, though when, after entering the drawing-room, Mrs. Grey said to her, "This is my new nurse," I was conscious of rather a professional look for a moment in the soft brown eyes that looked at me so kindly.

"Now, nurse, you shan't go upstairs; Marian will give you your cup. Sit in that easy-chair; and get her a footstool, Marian;" when all which was attended to, as they both plunged into reminiscences of years long past, I had time to study the appearance of my friend's friend. Such a calm gentle face, though marked by many lines of care and sorrow, and eyes of perfect love and trust. Her dress of soft black material fell round her in noiseless folds, a little black china crape shawl covered her shoulders; and the cap, trimmed with pale lilac ribbon, her collar and cuffs, were all of real valenciennes.

At Mrs. Grey's request I made a further raid and numberless other flowers, made the dear old-fashioned garden a place of enchantment for both senses of sight and smell. A pretty pink rose in Mrs. Channing's sweet face as I presented the huge bouquet, and she told me that flowers were specially welcome, as she had an invalid niece, and lived in a tiny house without a garden nestling close to the grand old cathedral of Wyndminster. She left us rather early in the evening, being afraid of the chill which so frequently followed the great heat of the day. I escorted her to the station, and on the way she talked of her young people, though in what relation they stood to her I could not make out.

On our arrival at the station she said gently: "My dear, I need not detain you till the train arrives. I am obliged to travel third class, and perhaps you would not like to be seen handing me into one of the carriages."

Dear old lady, the words were said with such a child-like simplicity and entire absence of blame, as if it were quite natural for everyone to be so mean, that I felt I could have embraced her on the spot. However, I assured her that necessity had for the last year or two obliged me to travel in the same humble manner, and having always experienced the greatest civility and much amusement in observing the different phases of human nature, I now much regretted the money I had spent in purchasing first-class tickets. This satisfied her, and we paced the platform conversing amiably till the arrival of the train, in which she departed, with a gentle "Thank you, my dear, for taking care of an old woman." I watched it out of sight, and then returned slowly home, enjoying the sweet summer gloaming.

On entering the drawing-room I found Mrs. Grey on her couch by the window. "Come here, child," she said, "isn't this lovely?" Exquisitely lovely it was.

The orange tints of sunset had died away, and the sky had softened into the pale translucent green only seen after great heat, and in its clear depths, just over the line of dark hills at whose feet the little village nestled, was rising the evening star. The tall white lilies outside the open window stood motionless, but their scent, mingled with that of the roses clustering on the walls, stole into the room. We were both silent for a little while; the peace was too sacred to break by idle conversation. The sk gradually deepened into intense blue, the stars Orion and Charles's Wain noiselessly took t familiar places, the well-known objects in the faded into indistinctness till we sat in darkness, the window looking like an open the sky.

"I think we had better have lights Mrs. Grey, "and I will tell you about N ning. I am glad she came when you w

After lights had been placed on th table, and I had taken up the knitti lay ready for idle moments, my fr sketch.

"I remember Nurse Channing when she was quite a young w then been a nurse for several only child of a poor clergym love with a plausible hand had been attracted to her

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the good fishing. You can see she was once very pretty, and her fresh guileless manners at first strongly attracted him, and he gave her no peace, or her father either, till he married her. For some time he appeared all that was good, and when her father died, a few months after her marriage, he did so in the firm conviction that his daughter's happiness was as assured as anything can be in this world of chances and changes. Soon, however, Edwin Channing's love faded into indifference, and from indifference into positive hatred, as he found each fresh revelation of his true self revolted his wife's pure mind more and more. Perhaps, too, his conscience goaded him as he saw her change from a rosy country girl into a pale sorrow-stricken woman. After the birth of their child, the brutality he displayed, and the depths of wretchedness he seemed to take a savage pleasure in revealing, so horrified her that she fled from him, taking her baby with her. For some time she lived on a little money that, fearing this emergency, she had managed to reserve; then her baby died, and when she recovered from the stupor into which her grief had plunged her, she found herself utterly penniless. Governesses were not so much thought of in those days, and if they had been, her accomplishments were few, her father having thought more of the solid branches of education than the ornamental. While in this strait she heard a doctor bewailing the ignorance and inefficiency of monthly nurses, wishing he could find one with sufficient intellect to understand his directions, and enough precision and decision to follow them. Margaret Channing was what is often called 'a born nurse,' and, in the little village where she had spent the first twenty years of her life, had often been called in by the poor people in preference to the parish doctor. All pride had been crushed out of her; she saw here an opportunity of earning her own bread in a way particularly congenial to her feelings; generally also she would be in the society of people in her own rank in life. She went to the doctor, told him that of the particular branch for which he wanted a nurse she was almost entirely ignorant, but that she was most anxious and willing to learn. The doctor, a shrewd man, as well as a kindly, saw at once what a treasure a little training would help him to, and he took great pains with her, giving her full explanations of the why and wherefore of every direction.

"Going out at first from his recommendation, but soon by her own merits, for everyone who had had her once wanted her again, her connection soon became so large that she had to request 'her ladies,' as she always called them, not to recommend her to others. Her whole soul was absorbed in her profession, and in countless homes she was the tried friend and comforter, and many young wives received from her the wise and tender counsel of a loving mother. In rich houses her patients frequently doubled her fees, besides making her handsome presents, so that at the age of fifty she purchased a tiny house, and thought she would have sufficient to live on comfortably, and that she might look forward to a peaceful old age, having the pleasure of occasionally giving her services to her dearest friends.

"Nurse Channing had informed her patients of her intention to retire, and that she would only fulfil the present year's engagements, when having a few days in lodgings, she was sitting one evening talking with a young woman who, with her husband and five children, lodged in the same house. A crowd in the street attracted their attention, and they perceived the figure of a man borne on a stretcher. Her companion with a quick instinct instantly declared she knew it was her husband, and that he was dead. She fell down at nurse's feet in a state of insensibility from which she never recovered; that same evening another baby was born, and two days after both parents were buried in the same grave. The six orphans, the eldest only ten years old, were left utterly destitute; their relations, all poor people, refused to receive them, and it was proposed to send them to the workhouse. But Margaret Channing's loving heart yearned over the poor motherless bairns. Feeling that an incentive to work would give her double strength, she adopted the whole family. She managed to re-sell her cottage, fortunately without loss, and told her ladies she had changed her mind.

"It was quite five years before they found out the real reason of her apparent caprice. As you may imagine it was hard work to maintain such a large family of little things, but the eldest child turned out a real little house-mother, and relieved her from much anxiety.

"When friends found out what she was doing, they helped her with the children, and when the three boys were old enough, they were apprenticed out to different trades, and the premiums paid for her. She insisted on all having good educations, and two of the girls became pupil teachers.

"Still, at the age of sixty-five, it is rather hard to work for other people's children, as she does, though, God bless her!" said my friend with great energy, "she doesn't think so, and I am sure her life in its unselfishness and uncomplaining devotion has been a grand lesson to me, and must have been to all around her. Though she has for so many years led such a quiet, routine life, in a profession which Dickens's Sairey Gamp has made for many people rather a joke, I call Nurse Channing a noble woman and a real heroine."

Blind.

TO tread a lonely shadowed way through this bright world of ours,
Not once to look, as others may, upon its trees and flowers;
To feel the sunbeams or the rain, and raise no glance above,
And hear the tones, yet long in vain to see the forms we love;
To spend a lifetime so debarred from much that makes it glad—
Ah! surely but the task were hard to find a fate more sad.

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The landscape rich with varied dyes, the blue sky overhead;
To meet affection's welcome smile, and looks that love express,

And wander on from day to day, unmindful whence they come;
With outer senses quick to mark the smallest thing discerned,



Nor render heaven all the while one throb of thankfulness,
As if we neither cared nor knew whose hands the pleasure give—
Ah! surely, surely there are few can thus ungrateful live.

And spirit groping in the dar
turned.
Light of the World—by lc
Thy grace to see,
Lest having eyes we yet
to Thee.

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HORÆ PETRINÆ.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

VI.—ST. PETER AS A WITNESS OF THE RESURRECTION.

IT is very distinctly perceived, both by those who controvert the Divine origin of Christianity, and by those who feel that the Divine origin of their Holy Religion is a matter of life and death, that the Resurrection of Christ is the chief pivot on which this momentous question must turn. If Christ did indeed rise from the dead, this fact, sincerely believed, diffuses through the mind a confidence which knows no limits, and other miracles are seen to be both possible and probable. If, on the contrary, the Lord did not supernaturally leave the tomb, then Christianity loses its vitality and its power, and it must be acknowledged, with sorrowful honesty, that "our faith is vain."

Hence it is desirable to look well from all sides on this fact of our Lord's Resurrection, to vary from time to time our mode of contemplating it, even when we do not approach it in any doubtful spirit. We have a great responsibility as regards our personal apprehension of this truth; nor do we escape the responsibility, because we do not doubt. That which is accepted as a matter of course may for that very reason cease to have power over us. The subject is very old—during long centuries it has been the life of Christendom—yet it is incumbent upon us to keep it for ourselves perpetually fresh.

Perhaps we may gain some help in our endeavour to find some freshness in our devout contemplation of this familiar subject, if we think definitely of St. Peter as a witness of the Resurrection. Let us mark the interest of viewing it in this particular way. We thus lay hold of a chain of biographical connection among various notices of the rising of Christ from the grave. Peter knew his Lord before the Crucifixion; he saw Him after He was risen; he was specially appointed to be a *witness* of the great fact of His being risen. The occasions, too, on which he bore this testimony were more diversified and more striking than appears at first sight; while, connected with each one of these occasions, some special exhortation and instruction is very easily to be obtained for ourselves.

In two respects, indeed, the relation of St. Peter to the Resurrection, and his testimony to the fact, stand on the same ground as St. Paul's relation and testimony to the same subject. In the case of each the Resurrection of Christ gave meaning and reality and force to their mission-work as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles; and in the case of each the same faith coloured and animated what they wrote, and permeated all their teaching in their Epistles. Let us glance at these two aspects of the question, in their general form, before we proceed farther. The fact that the testimony of these two apostles to the Resurrection was in certain respects similar does not detract from the weight of Peter's evidence, but rather increases that weight.

If we were considering the Acts of the Apostles evidentially, in their relation to the Gospel history, our thoughts would inevitably be fixed upon Christ's Resurrection as the strong indissoluble bond between these two parts of Holy Scripture. This fact was the starting-point of the progress of the two great apostles, Peter and Paul. It was the lever with which they worked on the consciences of men. Everywhere it appears as the life-giving power of the Apostolic History. It is this which supplies the element of consistency to the whole book of the Acts. Moreover, all the allusions there to the Resurrection are perfectly natural. If it was true as a fact, everything is easy. If it was a deception or a delusion, we meet with difficulty at every point. The truth of the Resurrection explains what otherwise would be inexplicable in the recorded history of St. Peter and St. Paul: and conversely we may argue that the history, with all its obvious marks of honesty and veracity, reacts with convincing power upon our faith in the Resurrection.

When we turn to the writings of these two Apostles we reach a further point. There we find, in both alike, the same overpowering faith in this great truth. This is part of that harmony of the Acts and Epistles, which, on a close comparative examination of the New Testament, comes with such evidential force upon the mind. The Acts were not taken from the Epistles, nor the Epistles from the Acts. And yet we find in both sections of the New Testament Peter and Paul moved by the same conviction, as regards the Resurrection, and in the power of this conviction moving the world. We find here, as well as there, this faith, as a mighty stream, flowing vehement and full. Or perhaps it would be a more correct use of the metaphor to say that in the Acts and the Epistles we watch the progress and force of the same stream, from different banks and amid different associations.

But though all this is true as regards the condition of Peter and Paul in their testimony to the Resurrection, still we are conscious that the former had a privilege in this matter which the other had not, a special qualification for bearing such testimony, which was denied to his brother-apostle. Peter has a place, and a great place, in the Gospel history, as well as in the Acts and Epistles. He was long on sacred ground where Paul's footsteps never stood at all. In Peter's witness there is a "threefold cord" not easy to be broken. It must be an advantage to follow in him the biographical thread which binds together very

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varied notices of the Resurrection, and, in doing so, to endeavour to learn such religious lessons as suggest themselves from point to point.

It is incumbent upon us, in the first place, to call to mind our Lord's predictions concerning His resurrection. All His sayings on this subject were a part of the training of the Twelve. They were of the nature of mysteries, to be explained afterwards. They were seed sown in the hearts of the chosen ones, to bear abundant fruit when the Gospel harvest time should come. And very especially were such utterances a training for *Peter*. We shall see this very clearly, if we consider all the incidents connected with such occasions. Three examples, at least, can be given without hesitation. It was immediately after the most memorable moment of his companionship with his Lord that one of these predictions was made. The Lord said, after the Great Confession, that He should suffer and die and rise again (Matt. xvi. 21). Peter, in his horror of his Master's dishonour, overlooked the glory implied in resurrection. He "took Him," we are told—by which we are to understand some vehement and importunate gesture, such as seizing the Lord's hand, or calling Him aside—and deprecated what so offended his natural feelings; on which there followed the Great Rebuke. Again, after the Transfiguration, when Peter was not only present, but, as usual, conspicuous in the use of ill-considered words, a similar prophecy was given: "As they came down from the mountain, He charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead. And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean" (Mark ix. 9, 10). Once more, the saying, "After I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee" (Matt. xxvi. 32), was connected in the closest manner with Peter's rash exclamation, "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended." Thus was the foundation of Peter's power of attesting the Resurrection deeply laid in the very ground of his humiliation and penitence.

Next we must give attention to Peter's actual experience at the open grave, and in the manifestations of the Risen Lord. Something was said of this subject before, but only in relation to his friendship with St. John. Here we are regarding him simply in the light of a witness. Four circumstances, at least, associate him in a close individual manner with the Resurrection of Christ, and thus tend to single him out for the discharge of this office. There are, first, the words of the angel to the women: "Go your way, tell his disciples *and Peter*, that He goeth before you into Galilee" (Mark xvi. 7). Secondly, there is the personal entrance into the open sepulchre (John xx. 6), which it is sufficient merely to name at present. In the third place, there is the very natural and characteristic, though very unexpected, "I go a-fishing" (John xxi. 3), which led to the last miracle on the lake, with its marvellous and solemn sequel. But besides these instances, when we place side by side a passage in one of St. Paul's Epistles (1 Cor. xv. 5), with a passage in St. Luke's Gospel (xxiv. 34), we are brought to the conclusion that there was also an appearance after the Resurrection to St. Peter alone. In observing and well weighing all these circumstances we become prepared for what we find in the Acts of the Apostles: and one aspect of our study of the Gospels, which ought by no means to be overlooked, is this, that it is a preparation for the study of the Acts. It is of the utmost importance that we compare the Gospel History and the Apostolic History in their correspondence, and in their contrast.

Between the Gospels and the Acts St. Peter is pre-eminently the personal living link. We remember well what his state of mind used to be in regard to the Resurrection. Now, hear how he speaks of this subject on the day of Pentecost. He has been quoting one of the Psalms of David: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt Thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." This, says Peter, before all the people, cannot refer to David. That prophet's tomb was near them, perhaps in their very sight, as Peter preached. "This the prophet spoke," said Peter, "of the resurrection of Christ, that *his* soul was not left in hell, neither *his* flesh did see corruption; this Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses." What we mark here is St. Peter's confident and complete theological teaching on the subject. Once he had been full of all sorts of doubts and difficulties in reference to this question, and he had even been guilty of disrespectful expostulation with his Lord, when He predicted His dying and rising again. Now the whole theological range of the subject seems present to his mind and to be held with the firm grasp of unhesitating conviction. He had often heard his Master quote the Old Testament. Now he does the same. This is a topic on which it is well worth while to pause very carefully. Is it not evident that the promise has been fulfilled, that the Holy Spirit has "taken of the things of Christ and shewn them unto him"—that "all things have been bought to his remembrance whatsoever Christ had said to him"?

Now turn to another occasion, which speedily followed. Peter and John have been together in the Temple, and there, at the public gate, in the name of Christ, have healed a man who was lame from his birth. Of course there is commotion and wonder; and Peter (it is distinctly said that he was the speaker) uses the opportunity for bearing witness to the resurrection of Christ. "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; *whereof we are witnesses.*" These were their words in Solomon's Porch. How different had the conduct of these two disciples been, soon after the time when the last mention of Solomon's Porch occurred! How full of fear were they then; how unflinching in courage are they now! And, as we pursue the narrative, we find that the Sadducees, "grieved that these men were teaching the people and preaching through Jesus the resurrection from the dead," brought them before the authorities; and still the same confident language is used: "Be it known unto you, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand before you whole;" and, it is added with great emphasis, that "they *marked the boldness* of Peter and John." We remember how it was with these two apostles a short time before, in connection with the suffering, the death, and the resurrection of Christ. Both had slept in the Garden of the Agony; both had forsaken the Lord in fear, and Peter had done worse; both,

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when the news came of the open tomb, had been filled with fear and doubt. Now the change is marvellous. Their fearless confidence is so great that nothing could surpass it; and Peter, in witnessing of the Resurrection, as truly proves by his *new courage* the power of the Holy Ghost, as he had proved it by his theological teaching on this great subject.

Passing by another prominent section of the Acts of the Apostles, in which St. Peter appears with equal clearness and boldness (now in company with the general body of the Apostles) as a witness of the Resurrection, we may turn to a special example of this testimony, which has a separate value of its own. It is found in the words addressed, not to any Jewish assembly, but to the Gentile centurion, Cornelius. Him "God raised from the dead, and showed Him openly—not to all the people, but to witnesses chosen before of God—even to us," he adds, "who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead." The same unwavering language of strong conviction is used at Cæsarea as at Jerusalem. We behold Peter still calmly exercising his appointed function as a witness of the Resurrection. We can imagine a question arising in thoughtful minds, when we read here that Jesus Christ, after His rising again, was not shown openly to all the people, but only to select witnesses. Is not this, it might be asked, somewhat strange? Is not the evidence of the Resurrection in this way somewhat attenuated? Was not the effect of this great event upon the minds of the people made somewhat less than it might otherwise have been? A little reflection will show there is error in these thoughts. The very fact that no public recognition of the Risen Saviour is recorded, though at first sight it might seem to detract from the evidence of His resurrection, now really serves to enhance it, for it shows how free the witnesses of this event were from a disposition to make their case stronger than it was in truth. And, after all, the conviction of mankind in all ages as to this fact must rest on the testimony of a few at this particular time. But chiefly we should remember that this reserved manifestation to a few chosen disciples, appointed to be His witnesses afterwards, was more in keeping with the dignity and glory of the Risen Saviour, which would now have been lowered and made common by that promiscuous and unrestricted intercourse with men, which was necessary to His previous ministry. One feeling which we ought to foster with the utmost care, in the contemplation of this great event, is the feeling of solemnity and reverence; and this is promoted by the manner in which the Lord manifested Himself after the Resurrection to St. Peter and a chosen few. Provision has been made, not only for our belief in the Resurrection, but for our thinking of it in the right manner; and this fact has, to the Christian mind, a strong evidential force.

But the witness of Peter to the Resurrection of Christ, as given in Scripture, is, as was observed at the beginning of these remarks, not limited to what we read on the subject in the Acts. We can still follow the same biographical line, and find him exercising the same office in the Epistles. The remembrance of this momentous event pervades and kindles the whole of his First Epistle. There we find at the outset those glorious words: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away" (1 Pet. i. 3, 4). And again he reverts to the subject a few verses below, where he says: "Christ was manifest in these last times for you, who by Him do believe in God, that raised Him up from the dead and gave Him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God" (1 Pet. i, 20, 21). Thus does he connect the living, hopeful, patient experience of the Christian life with the Resurrection of Christ. Because He rose and lives, we live also our spiritual life. This is the foundation of our "faith and hope." Such written words of Peter are to us, in the midst of our struggles, doubts, and difficulties, an inestimable part of his witness to the Lord's rising again, and to the spiritual power of that rising.

Nor is this the only place in this precious document, where the Galilean Apostle speaks of the resurrection of his Lord. In a later chapter (iii. 21) he says: "Baptism doth now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." It would be easy to connect this passage likewise with instructive and edifying thought. But our customary limits of space are reached: and the confidence of heart has been amply justified, with which we rest on the old Gospel statement; "The Lord is risen indeed, and *hath appeared to Simon.*"

THE LATE REV. ALFRED SAKER,

THE PIONEER OF THE CAMEROONS RIVER, WESTERN AFRICA.

THIS veteran missionary to the "Dark Continent" died on the 13th of March last, after a long and devoted life, spent in the service of Christ. Born on the 21st of July, 1814, his early years were given to manual engineering labour, first at Chatham, and then in the dockyard of Devonport, a fitting preparation for the labours of subsequent years. In 1843, at the age of twenty-nine, his services were accepted, by the Baptist Missionary Society, for the mission on the West Coast of Africa, then lately commenced. The salvation of Africa had long lain near his heart. He brooded over it; it was the subject of his prayers; it was often the theme of his conversation. Encouraged by the church of which he was a member, his ardent desire was at length fulfilled, and on the 19th of July, 1843, he embarked at Portsmouth to enter on his great work. The "Chilmark" was chartered by the Society to proceed to Africa by way of Jamaica, where the vessel was appointed to take on board a select party of coloured Christian men and women, partly as colonists, and partly as helpers in the mission. The band was under the charge of the Rev. John Clarke, the founder of the mission. The vessel finally reached Clarence in Fernando Po on the 16th of July, 1844.

Although Mr. Saker, with his wife, was speedily laid low by the fevers incident to the climate, he immediately gave himself with characteristic ardour to his noble enterprise. He shortly visited the

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continent and made himself acquainted with its needs, cherishing the desire to give to its degraded tribes the gospel of Christ. The arrival of the missionary ship, "Dove," early in 1845, with its freight of additional missionaries, set him free from the demands of Fernando Po, and on the 29th of April we find him starting with Dr. Prince, in the schooner "Dove," for the Cameroons River, to select a suitable spot for the contemplated mission.

This was found at King Aqua's Town, the seat of a large tribe, on the left bank of the river, and about twenty miles from its mouth. A cottage was secured, and on the 10th of May he returned from Clarence to occupy it. In the month following, Mrs. Saker, his life-long companion, joined him, and his long-wished-for task was begun. The cottage contained only one room. His first employment was necessarily to enlarge its accommodation. Doors and shutters had to be made and fitted, a floor to be planned, and laid over the muddy soil. He was compelled to be himself bricklayer, carpenter, and smith; but by the end of August all the walls were done, and two rooms floored. In July King Aqua died, and indescribable scenes of disorder, confusion, and wrong, for months interfered with his work, and kept the little household in continual terror. Human sacrifices were offered to the manes of the departed chief. His property was seized and divided among his many sons. Even the box containing his remains was opened, and the articles of value it contained appropriated. The missionary's cottage was attacked by the wild mob. The doors and shutters were smashed in with axes, and some of the little store of food and other articles carried away. In December the king's eldest son was acknowledged as chief, and some degree of order began again to prevail.



From a Photograph by John Hawke.]

Mr. Saker now turned his attention to the language. With great assiduity he succeeded, after many disappointments and mistakes, in collecting a tolerably good vocabulary. Hitherto the language had never been written. Its construction was unknown. But in January we find him recording the striking fact that he had completed the draft of his first class book, and, writing in the following May, we find him saying, "I have made the study of the language my special work, and although I cannot say much as to the advance which I have made, yet I hope it is something, and I hope more, that I shall live to translate the whole Bible into the Dualla tongue. With Divine assistance, I have a settled purpose so to do, and I ho is done."

The hope thu to complete, an in the Dualla by no difficultie cut with his o was a small h from England. and, in later ye the case. Afte he educated to larger press, w For the words visited the nei of the tribe am supply the nee of the isolated

or to interfer forth anew t Perils, by lan ever beset hin as by miracle. than once he sudden assau owed his life never carry a mitted himsel secured by Hi

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tools to make my dwelling. These attracted considerable attention, and soon several youths learned to use the saw, the plane, and the adze. The spade and the hoe were introduced. Then I taught them to cut the large timber trees, and supplied the crosscut and the pit saw, and aided them in sawing till they could do it alone. I taught them better modes of culture, and planted ground as an example. I introduced seeds from other parts of the coast, until the country was stocked with the sweet potato, and I had the pleasure of seeing a gradual extension of cultivation, with much less suffering from want. At our first settlement here, the total produce from the land did not exceed three months' consumption for the year, and then followed months of semi-starvation. In the course of years we so improved that in some things there is now a redundance.

"In teaching these men various handicrafts and husbandry, many now wants were created. Hence I had to lend them tools, and nails, hinges, screws, locks, etc., etc., and this lending was for a long time no better than giving. In the course of time I demanded payment in produce, and accepted such a price as each was able to render. As we live chiefly by barter, we now oft maintain our large family of native children by the use of nails, screws, hinges, etc. For a long time my circumstances were on a level with the natives; our food was nearly the same; but we were clothed, and they were not."

In the midst of these labours the ministry of the Word was regularly maintained. And not without fruit. Early in November 1849 Mr. Saker baptized his first convert, and in the afternoon of the day a church was formed, consisting of the missionary and his wife, the native helpers, and the Dualla Christian. "Thus," he says, "I have lived to witness what I have long desired intensely, the beginning of a good work at Cameroons, and the formation of a Christian church. Oh, that I may yet see it increased to a thousand souls! More than twenty inquirers are hanging on my heart and lips with marks of deepest solicitude. The ferocious, demoniacal features are assuming the softness of children, and those who a little time since sought my life, are saying to me, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I cannot describe my feelings when I see and hear what I would record if I had but time."

But there was tribulation in store for the little flock. In a few cases the lives of converts were sacrificed to the wicked superstitions and cruel passions of the barbarous tribes to which they belonged. Nevertheless the Word of God grew and was multiplied. Mr. Saker has left behind a church of more than a hundred members. The pious and humble native N'Kwe is their pastor, and though regarded as a slave by the tribe, he is really free to serve God and to guide His people in the way of life.

The growth of the work required a larger chapel and also a schoolroom for the children gathered to learn the rudiments of knowledge and civilisation. These the skill of Mr. Saker provided, and on the spot he taught his converts to make the bricks of which the structures are built. The effects of his work were not limited to the church or to the schools. They are seen in the town of the chief. Old sanguinary customs have been abolished. Witchcraft hides its head in the recesses of the forest. The fetiches are derided by old and young, and scarcely a trace of superstition can be seen about their dwellings. In almost every path in the town, well-built brick and timber houses are springing up, the handiwork of men taught in the mission, the chief and others availing themselves of their skill. Dress is become an article of necessity among the Christian community, and many are slowly gathering around them the comforts and conveniences of civilised life. The neighbouring tribes, too, share in this advance, and as the means are supplied, the Gospel, with all its gracious effects, is being planted among them.

In 1843, in 1846, and again in 1856, the Government of Spain, in the exercise of the sovereignty it possessed over Fernando Po, sent Jesuit priests to counteract the exertions of the missionaries. In 1858 the Roman Catholic religion was proclaimed to be the sole religion of the island, although there was not a single native adherent of that church in the colony. The missionaries were at once compelled to leave. The deaths and departures from sickness of all the other missionaries, threw on Mr. Saker the responsibility of taking action for the protection of the converts. Protests were in vain. Mr. Saker proceeded to explore the coasts of the continent opposite, and after much investigation he fixed on the shores of Amboises Bay as the most suitable spot for a new colony. The bulk of the people, under his guidance, removed thither, and by the end of the year the exiles found a new home where they could worship God in freedom and peace. The little town of Victoria, thus founded, lies at the base of the great Cameroons Mountain, which soars to the height of 13,000 feet in its rear, clothed with forest till the summit is reached, where are found the marks of recent volcanic action. Occasionally snow is seen to crown the peak, while the rains which descend upon it supply the colony with a stream of pure and pellucid water, a desideratum of the greatest value in this arid region. Over this little colony Mr. Saker watched with a parental regard, and rejoiced in the success of the ministry of the brethren who have settled there to subdue the wilderness, and to give the light of the Gospel to the tribes which encircle the mountain side.

During the thirty-four years of his manifold labours in Africa, Mr. Saker was scarcely ever free from sickness. A few brief visits to England were interjected, but the strength thus acquired was speedily lost amidst the mangrove swamps of the Cameroons, and the dense forests of the interior. But sickness cannot be said to have hindered his work. An indomitable will conquered disease, and his resolve to do the Saviour's will triumphed in the midst of weakness and infirmity. Often reduced to a shadow, he laboured on, when others would have retired from the field, and it was given him by the Master he served to live to see his early hopes fulfilled. Three years ago he came home, weakened to a scarcely credible degree, worn out with suffering, and the victim of the incurable disease to which at last he succumbed. He was permitted to visit, however, many of the churches, and to tell the tale of the work which God had wrought by his hands, while he took the most ardent interest in the Congo Mission, which the society has so lately begun. He died as he lived, patiently enduring the suffering, but strong in faith, giving glory to God, a true missionary of the heroic type, and a worthy colleague of that noble band of men to whom Africa owes the introduction of the blessings of civilisation and the Gospel of Christ.

E. B. UNDERHILL.

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Pages for the Young.



THE YOUNG DROVERS.

CHAPTER II.

IT was some minutes before either of us spoke, but at last Sandy said, "Oh, but this is awful, Jamie; if it keeps on like this we shall never reach Glenhalt to-night."

"It can't keep on like this for long, Sandy," I returned; and so it proved, for the blinding, driving snow soon came with less rapidity, and ere long ceased altogether; and we were able to look about us. It was a sight never to be forgotten. I have seen many a snowstorm since then, but never one like that. The country, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with a spotless mantle of white, dazzling to the sight and bewildering to the brain.

As soon as the storm had passed us, we rose from under the sheltering rock, and wrapping ourselves well up in our plaids, started again on our journey; but to find our way was no easy matter, for we were in a wild part, where there were scarcely any objects that could be used as landmarks, and the snow had entirely covered all vestiges of the track we had been following.

"We must make for yonder clump of rock," Sandy said at last; "I know we passed that as we came."

So we started again and walked as quickly as we could through the snow, but it was not easy travelling, for the rough sharp stones were hidden from sight and hurt our feet when we trod upon them.

As yet we had not thought of any real danger, but when it began to snow again, not coming as it had before with a rush like a hurricane, but in large soft flakes that fell like feathers, and darkened the air by their numbers; and when we saw the great masses of clouds that were rising higher and higher every minute, we did begin to feel a little frightened. You must remember that we were only little boys, and that we were in a part of the mountains far from any house, and with but little certain knowledge of our whereabouts.

I will not tire you by telling how we felt and of what we spoke as we plodded through the snow that was rapidly becoming so deep as to make walking exceedingly hard work, but will pass on to the time when we found ourselves unable to proceed any farther. It had become dark long before the usual time, for the air was so full of snow that the daylight could not find its way through, and we had entirely lost our way and were so tired that we found it impossible to go any farther.

"What can we do, Sandy?" I asked, and I began to cry from the cold and fright.

"We must just try and find shelter somewhere," said Sandy, "before it gets quite dark, and then we must wrap ourselves up and wait till morning. It's no good wandering about on the mountain, we shall fall over some place and get killed if we do."

It seemed hard to be obliged to stay out through such a night, but there was no alternative, so we tried to find a shelter, and at length came upon a large clump of gorse, under which we managed to creep into comparative warmth. The bushes were covered with snow but the ground under them was quite dry, so here we determined to stay.

Once under this friendly covering we began to feel more lonely and frightened than we had when we were walking, and both Sandy and I cried bitterly. All this while Shag had been keeping close to us, and now he came and licked our hands and faces, sometimes uttering a piteous whine, as though he would say how gladly he would help us if he could, but that he really did not know how.

"Sandy," I said, after a bit, "suppose we shout as loud as we can; maybe there is a house nearer than we think for."

"I'm afraid it's no good, but we can try," Sandy said. We both shouted as loud as we could and then listened for an answer, but none came. No, it seemed evident that we were far away from human help; again and again we raised our voices in hopes of being heard, but there was no response.

"Jamie!" said my brother, after we had listened for an

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answer to our last shout, "do you remember what father read out of the Bible the other night?"

"Not all of it," I said, "do you?"

"No, not all, but I remember this, 'I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears,' I wonder whether God would hear us if we asked Him to help us now?"

"Why shouldn't He?" I asked; "you know what the minister said—that God always listens to children's prayers as much as to men's and women's. You try, Sandy; ask God to help us now."

So there we two little fellows crouched under the gorse and prayed to God to help us. Sandy prayed first; he said: "Oh God, help Jamie and me, and get us safe home. We know if any of father's lambs were out in a storm like this he would bring them home, and we are Thy lambs, oh God; wilt thou get us safe home for Jesus' sake."

We felt better after this, for God had heard that little prayer and had sent us courage.

Presently we began to feel sleepy, but we knew that we must keep awake, for if we fell asleep in the cold we should probably never wake again.

"Now, Jamie, you pray," said Sandy. So I tried to say something, but I felt frightened to think that I was really talking to God. I had never felt like that when I was saying my prayers at home; and I am afraid the reason was, that when I was comfortably at home in my little bedroom, and father and mother in the house, I hadn't felt the need I had of God's protection, and had only *said my prayers* without thinking much about what I was doing; but now I felt that I was *praying*, and I felt the solemnity of what I was about. Well, I managed to ask God to take care of us, and I asked it from my heart. God may not always see fit to give us the temporal good for which we ask; but in my extremity I learnt for the first time what real trust is. I had no hope but in his help. After this we sang a hymn, and so we managed to keep awake for some time, but at last while I was trying to say something to Sandy, I felt myself come over quite numb and giddy, my lips refused to move, and my heavy eyelids closed and I was fast asleep.

When I woke up again it was not to find myself lying under the gorse bushes on the mountain, but in a comfortable bed and a warm room, and to see Sandy sitting by a bright fire, and the minister and his wife standing by him. At first I thought I must be dreaming, and I rubbed my eyes and turned over in the bed to see whether it was all real or not: the noise I made in moving attracted the attention of Sandy, who came up to the bedside and took hold of my hand. "It's all right, Jamie, God heard us," he said; "we are quite safe now."

"Yes," said the kind minister, "God has heard your prayer, Jamie;" and then seeing how weary I looked he said, "Go to sleep again, lad, if you like; it will do you good."

Well, sir, I slept for ever so long, but when I woke again I was quite refreshed and well, and ready for the nice warm meal that was put before me, and while I was eating it to hear how God had mercifully answered our prayers and sent help to us in a manner that we could never have expected.

The minister told us that he was just shutting up his house for the night when he heard a noise of scratching at the door, and then the bark of a dog; so he opened the door, expecting to find some benighted shepherd come to ask for shelter, but to his surprise no one was to be seen, only the dog, which rushed into the room trembling with excitement.

What was his surprise when he recognised our dog Shag. Yes, it was Shag that had found his way to the minister's house. While we were praying for help, God had sent him there to bring the help that we needed.

So you see, sir, our prayers were being answered even while we were uttering them.

At first the minister was puzzled; he thought Shag must have lost us and had come to the house to see if we were there, but the dog did not allow him much time for thinking, for taking the minister by the coat he gently pulled him towards the door, crying all the while, as much as to say "Do come with me." Then when the minister understood what he wanted and took down his hat and walking-stick and lit a lantern, the poor faithful creature barked for joy. Even then the minister hardly thought what he was going to follow Shag for, but just as he was going out the truth dawned upon him, so he asked his wife to make up a fire and prepare a bed for us. When he had once guessed what was the matter the kind gentleman made as much haste as he could in following Shag, who ran before him barking and whining as if to reproach the minister for not coming faster.

It was nearly a mile that Shag led him, but at last he heard a voice; it was Sandy trying to rouse me from the stupor into which I had fallen.

Oh how Shag barked and jumped about when he saw me safely in the minister's strong arms and Sandy running by his side as he carried me quickly to his home, where I was put to bed and tended with the greatest care; the gentleman and his kind wife chafing my cold limbs till they became warm, and the stupor I was in gave place to a sound healthy sleep.

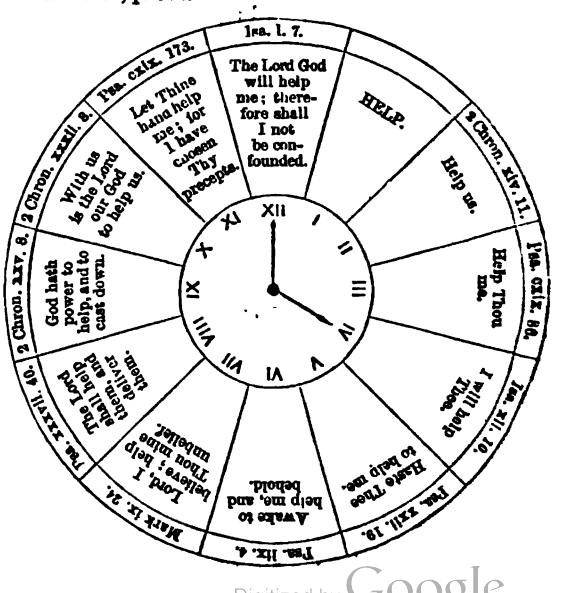
I was a strong healthy boy, and after a little rest and good food I felt quite well again; and Sandy was none the worse for his exposure, so the next day we started off home after thanking the lady for her kindness to us. But we did not go alone, the minister would not hear of that, but went with us the whole way, and saw us safe in our father's house before he left us. And more than that he stayed the night, and while we were sitting round our father's bed that evening he told our parents all about Shag's sagacity, and we all acknowledged that God had indeed used unexpected means by which to give us an answer to our prayers.

Poor old Shag lived for some time after this, a great favourite with us all. And now you know all about him and how he saved my life.

I learnt a good lesson that night, and one which I have never forgotten. I learnt to put my trust in God and to feel that He really is what the Bible represents Him to be, "a God near at hand, and not afar off," and my brother Sandy learnt the same; and if ever we have heard any one throw doubts on the efficacy of prayer, or the omnipotence of God, we have thought of our night in the snow, and remembered how we sought the Lord, and He heard us and delivered us out of all our fears."

ANSWER TO BIBLE CLOCK.

The following are the texts to be arranged in the diagram for last month, p. 736.



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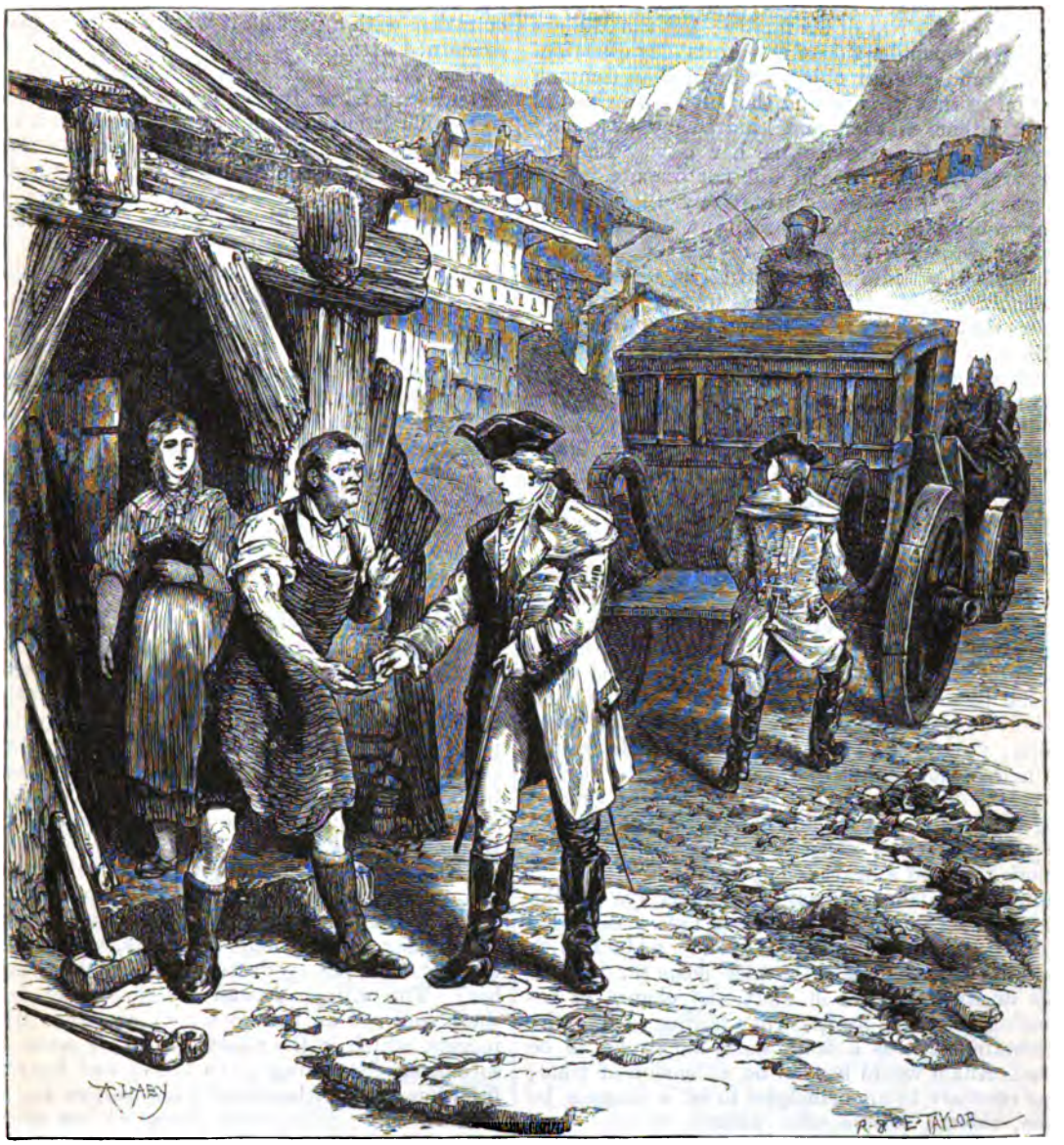
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE KAISER JOSEPH

THE BLACKSMITH OF GRUNDERWALD.

CHAPTER II.

THE brilliant tints that beautify the fading year were glowing on the woods and hills of the Tyrol under the mellow sunshine of St. Martin's summer, that gracious season which gives the mountain people time to gather in the last of their late harvest, and prepare against their cold and stormy winter. They were turning it to good account in house and farm throughout the country, yet on one of its finest mornings the village homes of Grunderwald and the fields around showed no signs of life or labour. Almost the entire population were crowded in their ancient church, at one of the special services introduced by Father Felix.

It was the first Friday before the feast of St. Martin, a day kept in honour of St. Cunagund, a recluse who lived in the seventh century, and of

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whom it was recorded that having made a vow never to come out of her cell, she refused to leave it when the wooden church of which it formed a part was on fire and perished in the flames, for which dreadful suicide the lady was duly canonized.

All the village were at church except Ludwig Estermann and his daughter; even the faithful apprentice had gone with the multitude. By his association with the smith Ernest had attained to clearer views and deeper convictions on religious subjects than the rest of his family; but the Müllers had taken the popular side of the saints'-day question. St. Cunagund was an object of more than common adoration in that village, and the dutiful son would not vex father, mother, and kindred, by absenting himself from the service on her day. Ludwig understood his motive and did not dispute it; he was given to keep peace, especially in families; his apprentice could be spared any day now, for no work came in. Contrary to his custom, the smith himself sat idle that morning, on a rustic seat in his garden. His strong hands were unemployed, but his mind was busy with sad and vexing thoughts: the feast of St. Martin would fall on the following Wednesday, and twenty-five thalers were yet wanting of the instalment that must be paid to Adam Finkler on that day, or his house and home were forfeited.

The financial state of Grunderwald, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, would seem an improbable case to most English people in the wane of the nineteenth, but so it was that twenty-five thalers could only be raised by one expedient that Estermann could devise. The few that had money to lend in the neighbourhood were among the fiercest of his adversaries on the saints'-day business, and would have nothing to do with the affairs of a man whose difficulties they believed to be a special judgment on his heinous sin of working on the holy days. Adam Finkler was of the same opinion; nobody espoused the cause of the saints with more ardour than the rich old man, who having no work to do, did not care for the loss of time it brought to his poorer neighbours, and hoped to make up by superstitious observances for the sins of a usurious life, and a heart set upon gain.

Moreover, Adam had cast a covetous eye on the house so much improved by Ludwig Estermann. He had sold it too cheap; it was too good for a blacksmith to live in, and would make a nice home for himself in his declining days; in short, the chance of re-possessing the place by Ludwig's failing to pay the last instalment was a temptation too strong to be resisted. Adam would hear of no extension of time; it was contrary to his principles to let a bargain be broken, though people who worked on holy days might wish to do so. The one expedient which Ludwig thought of under those circumstances, was to borrow the money he needed from a certain Swiss, residing in his native village on the frontier, a money-lender by trade, usurer by repute, who would advance the twenty-five thalers at an interest of something like fifty per cent., to be paid within a year, and secured by a mortgage on the house. The mode of escape so offered was even more dangerous than the unlucky bargain had been, but it would avert the immediate loss of his house and home, with all the hard earnings and laborious days he had spent upon it, and after long consideration Ludwig made up his mind to accept it.

"It will stave off the loss for a year at any rate," he said, "and may be the Lord will send me some help in that time. I deserve to lose for making such a foolish bargain, but blessed be His name, it is His goodness, and not our own deservings, we have to depend on, for this world and the next."

While Ludwig thus pondered on his prospect of paying one usurer by getting into the clutches of another, his daughter sat spinning in the porch, but her thoughts were occupied with the same subject, or rather with a part of it which more immediately concerned herself.

The Müllers had been familiar friends of the Estermanns when they apprenticed their eldest son to the blacksmith and for some years after, but the difference of opinion regarding the saints' days had somewhat cooled their friendship. They had given a cordial consent to the engagement between Ernest and Margaret when everything went well at the forge, and the best house in the village was looked on as the future home of the pair; but as Ludwig's trade declined, and it was rumoured that Adam Finkler was waiting for re-possession of the house he had sold on such remarkable terms, the Müllers found out that their son might do better, and finally withdrew their consent to his marriage with Margaret Estermann till she had a better prospect, or he had realised some means wherewith to begin the world.

Paternal authority in the matter of weddings stood high in the Tyrol at that time, and had law and custom been less strict on the subject neither of the young people would have taken the all-important step without the full approbation of parents on both sides.

"We must wait, Margaret," said Ernest; "may be the old people are right, may be this hindrance has been sent for a trial of our truth and affection to each other; but I have been thinking that your father has made a good blacksmith of me; they say there is plenty of work to be had in the Austrian states. I could go there, hard as it would be to part from you, for a year to come, and earn something handsome to pay the Swiss he means to borrow from, and redeem the house for us all."

She was thinking of that project; it was a good and a wise one, and promised real help to her father out of his difficulties, but its execution would take Ernest far away among strangers, and who could tell but some stranger's face would make him forget her? The village around lay silent and deserted, there was not an eye to see, or an ear to hear her regrets, which in the safety of solitude came in deep sobs from the young girl's breast and heavy tears from her eyes. Absorbed by her sorrow she saw or heard nothing, till a voice almost at her side said: "Fräulein, can you tell me where the blacksmith is?" Margaret started up with a very red face, there stood a man whom she had never seen before: his dress though plain was not of her country; his countenance was grave and dignified, and his age seemed to be in the meridian of life.

"My father is in the garden, sir," said Margaret, hastily drying her eyes, and scarcely knowing what to say in her confusion; "but I will fetch him in a moment," and she moved away.

"Stay," said the stranger, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you have been weeping; what is it that grieves you? Perhaps I could do something to relieve your sorrow. Nay, never fear to tell me, child," he

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added in a kindly tone, as the girl shrank from his inquiring gaze. "I am old enough to be your father almost; tell me at once what troubles you, and if I can do no good, be sure I will do no harm."

There was something in the stranger's look and manner that won Margaret's confidence, her nature was honest as well as artless, and in the excitement of the moment she told him plainly but briefly how the case stood.

"Twenty-five thalers," said the stranger, as if talking to himself; "could one do so much good with that sum?" and then in a louder tone he said, clapping Margaret on the back, "Don't be afraid, my good girl, your father shall not lose his house, nor your lover go away if I can help it—but say no more about the matter, only run and fetch the blacksmith here to me."

Margaret did exactly as she was told, it was her habit, and in another minute Ludwig Estermann, with a much astonished look, made his bow to the stranger. "Your forge is cold and deserted, Mr. Blacksmith," said the latter, "and I want an important piece of work done; one of the wheels of my coach has broken down on this wretched road of yours," and he pointed to one of the massive carriages employed by the rich and noble of the day, which now appeared at the top of the steep and rugged road leading to Grunderwald, slowly lumbering on with its broken wheel, six tired horses and several men assisting in its motion. "Can you mend that wheel for me without delay? I am anxious to get on, and would pay you handsomely," said the stranger.

"I can do anything in ironwork, sir," said Ludwig, "but I have no one to blow the bellows; Margaret is not accustomed to the like, and my apprentice is gone to the mass of St. Cunagund in the church yonder, where all the inhabitants of the village are gathered; and if it were over, not a soul of them would do any kind of work to-day."

"Are they all such strict observers of saints' days in your village?" said the stranger, casting a keen glance on the unrepaired houses and ill-cultivated fields around him.

"All but myself and my daughter," said Ludwig. "We hold it no sin for poor people to follow the honest callings by which they must live, on any day of the week that God has given them, seeing it will do neither good nor honour to those holy men of old whom they call saints, to waste day after day in harvest or seed time, with mass in the morning and idleness all the hours after."

"You are right, my friend; but your neighbours don't agree with you it seems," and the stranger again glanced at the decaying village.

"They do not, and to tell the truth I have got into such bad repute with them about working on these same saints' days, that all the custom has left my forge, and gone to another blacksmith from Innspruck, though I am a better workman than he, or any of the town's folk, as your honour should see by the mending of that wheel, if I had somebody to blow the bellows."

"I will blow them myself," cried the stranger.

"I fear your honour is scarcely accustomed to that sort of work," said Ludwig, eyeing his well-gloved hands.

"Never mind," and the stranger pulled off his gloves, "it is good to learn the ways of honest industry some time in one's day; besides it is an opportunity to warm oneself in this mountain air. Get ready your forge fire, and let us begin at once."

The astonished blacksmith made haste to stir up the smouldering embers of a charcoal fire that remained in his unfrequented forge, and heaped on fuel till a strong and brilliant flame was kindled. The men brought up the coach and its broken wheel, the stranger fell to the bellows, and, after a few directions as to the mode of blowing, worked at them with a will, while Estermann hammered away till the job was fairly done.

"Now," he said, looking proudly on the repair he had made, "your honour will find that wheel go as safely through the ruts and over the stones as the best of its three brothers."

"I hope it will," said the stranger; "but let the coach go on a little way to prove its safety, while you and I settle accounts. Take it to the top of the village street; I will meet you there," he added to his men, and then turning to the blacksmith, said: "What have I to pay, my friend, for your good work, and also for learning to blow the bellows?"

"Well," said Ludwig, "that must be taken off the charge, as I had no one else to blow; but the job was a hard one. Would your honour think ten sols too much?"

The stranger turned a few steps aside, took out a richly-embroidered purse, counted some coins out of it, which he folded in a piece of paper, put it into Ludwig's hand, with "Good morning, my friend," smiled kindly on Margaret, as she stood in the porch, and walked quickly away to his carriage.

The lengthy service of St. Cunagund's day was finished, and the villagers came pouring out of church just as the coach stopped at the top of the street, and the stranger walked up to it. A coach and six fine horses, with servants in handsome livery, was a sight rarely seen in Grunderwald. The liberated congregation crowded round with wonder and curiosity in every face, which were rather increased when Ludwig Estermann, with a small packet in his hand, rushed up to the stranger, exclaiming:

"Your honour has made a mistake: instead of ten sols you have given me ten gold pieces, not one of which anybody in this village could change."

"You will get change for the ducats in the nearest town, my friend," said the stranger, smiling. "I made no mistake in the matter, but gave you the gold intentionally to pay off the debt on your house, that you and yours might henceforth live there without fear or trouble, as honest people should. Beside, I thought that the Kaiser of Germany ought to pay something extra for learning to blow a sound pair of forge bellows. Yes, my good people," he continued, as every mouth opened, and every eye stared wide with astonishment, "I am the Kaiser Joseph, making a quiet journey to see my Italian dominions, and I have found a happy opportunity this day to help out of his difficulties the only sensible man in Grunderwald, the one individual among you who was wise enough to mind the work that was useful to himself and to others, instead of wasting the day in superstitious rites and disgraceful idleness. Ludwig Estermann, you shall henceforth be the Kaiser's blacksmith in this part of the country; all the ironwork wanted by government

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officers shall be done in your forge; and I desire that all my loyal subjects in your neighbourhood shall have their ironwork done there also, as but for your good sense and firmness in rejecting the foolish customs of your people, I must have been put to serious inconvenience and delay." So saying he waved his hand to Ludwig, and stepped into the coach, which was rapidly driven away.

The crowd remained for some minutes dumb with amazement, but soon every tongue was in motion, enquiring of the blacksmith, whom they followed home to his house, how it had happened, and all the particulars of the event which they had missed by attending St. Cunagund's mass. Ludwig satisfied them, and for weeks after there was nothing else talked of in Grunderwald or the country round. In process of time the incident became one of those traditions related in friendly gatherings by the mountain firesides, but in its own generation it had some good and lasting effects. The first was that saints'-day keeping so rebuked by imperial lips, went rapidly out of fashion. It is said Father Felix was the first to take advantage of the change in popular opinion, and surrounding priests and parishes gradually followed his example. The next was, that Ludwig Estermann became a man of mark and of substance. Had he not been appointed blacksmith to the Kaiser? did not every villager immediately discover how inferior was the work of his rival from Innspruck, till that unlucky craftsman had no alternative, but to pack up and return to his native town? The loyal subjects brought every scrap of work they wanted to the forge which had been graced by the presence of an emperor, and the bellows his imperial hands had blown became one of the sights of Grunderwald. The debt on Ludwig's house, much to the disappointment of Adam Finkler, was fully paid, and Ernest did not go to seek work in the Austrian states, for he and Margaret were married with the cordial approbation of all the Müllers.

"My mind was in a desponding way as I sat on the garden seat that morning," said Ludwig, when talking confidentially with an old and familiar friend, "but I prayed earnestly that the Lord would help me. And let no man despair of His goodness, for within the same hour the King of kings sent me help by the hand of the Kaiser."

It is said that the effects of the numerous and strictly kept saints' days, which Joseph II. observed in his incognito journey through the Tyrol to Italy in 1769, occasioned the famous edict for the regulation of holidays, which he published some time after. Itwas not issued without much opposition by many of the clergy, and even by his mother the Empress Queen. Her scruples were finally overcome by her son's relating, as a proof of the necessity for such regulation, how himself had been obliged to blow the bellows for the blacksmith of Grunderwald.

NAZARETH.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS: THE NAZARETH ORPHANAGE.



HILL COUNTRY ROUND NAZARETH.

YES, here we are at last and there are our tents. How pretty they look under the grave old olive trees, and that quaint, ancient-looking little church near. And there is the fountain of the town. Surely this is the one to which Mary, with her little son Jesus, would often have come to draw water. How wonderful is the thought. I will watch at eventide for the coming of the girls from the town. I have been told they come in troops for their daily supply of water, with their pitchers so gracefully poised on their heads. One thing I am quite sure of—I shall in the future read my Bible with fresh interest, so much will become real to me by what I have already seen in this land. But, oh dear! how much there needs to be done for the poor people. I never saw such miserable-looking women, and the *children*, poor little things, how my heart aches for them. Day by day and hour by hour since

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we left Jerusalem, how much wretchedness have we seen. No church, no school, what a contrast to my own dear land! When I return and meet my Sabbath-school class, I will teach them and endeavour to make them understand the *reason* they have for saying,

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled;
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child."

I am feeling quite refreshed after this hour's rest. It is much cooler, I shall enjoy a scramble up the hill, such they call mountains here. I wonder to whom belongs that large house, half-way up—I fancy not to those poor people; we have to pass it, and will enquire. Oh, it must be a school—just see, girls here, girls there, girls everywhere. What a merry noise they are making! What can they be chattering about? How strange their language sounds; I cannot understand a single word. I will go and look on. Ah! I know those pretty flower beds (what lovely hues!) belong to the girls, and they are weeding, planting, watering, running with their little pails to that good-humoured-looking man and woman at the well, he drawing, she filling the pails. How oddly, too, they are dressed. The children are, I see, supposed to be supplied in turns, but are making fun by getting first served. What is the clamour there? A teacher surely, holding over her head a handful of cuttings, and each one of the group trying to seize them. There go two sedate-looking wee ones, with a bundle of grass under each arm. Oh, that is to feed those pretty white rabbits. Why are those carrying water there? A duck-pond, ducks, chickens—and what lovely pigeons—flying about. There is their cot, too. How tame they are—they seem to know the girls who are feeding them. And those fierce-looking dogs—yet how playful with the little girls. See that one standing on its hind legs, mouth open, and the child's arm between its jaws, and Miss Puss sitting demurely. What noise can that be? A mill. What a funny one, I never saw one like it before! What a pretty piece of work those two girls sitting in the corner of the house are doing, and they are singing. I should not at all wonder if they are not there to keep the horse going round which turns the mill. Does he like their singing, and so jog round all the better?

There are wee ones playing with dolls. There are some reading; how interested they appear! There are some learning a lesson; how they scream! I wish I knew what they are learning. There are some writing; their slates are like ours. There, there, why, where did all these come from? School girls I see from up there, behind that corner; it is like a room without a roof. But they are dressed differently from the others, and are not so clean, more like the half wild, half-clad children abounding everywhere. And that tiny surely cannot walk down this rough road. Oh, that one is blind! And those tall girls all in white, each like a ghost, covered up with that sheet-looking thing—just fancy calling that a *veil!* the face covered closely too with that dismal kerchief. They say they can see through it, though others cannot see them, and that these women and girls have very pretty faces. I only hope their dresses under these veils are cleaner than those the smaller girls have on. The colours must have been very bright, when new and clean. There is one quite charming; and how much gold she has about her neck, arms and head; she must be the daughter of a rich man. She does not seem to pride herself on her finery—is companionable with the poorer girls. They appear to be all going down to the town, and as it is getting towards sunset I must get down as well. But I will come here again. And I have not been to the top of the hill; they say sunrise from that point is beautiful, so I will try and manage it.

Oh, how lovely; exquisitely beautiful! Mr. —— said it was, but, like the Queen of Sheba, the half was not told me. Mrs. —— says the Bible is the best guide-book for Palestine. This I am studying wherever we have a resting-place. I am reading other books as well. So this beacon on the hilltop, called a *neby*, *i.e.*, tomb, is said to be that of a Moslem dervish, or saint. Well, I am not a Moslem, so leave this to them. Oh, this sunrise, across that eastern lake. How glorious! I shall never forget it. I can *now* imagine people of eastern lands, not having the revelation of the Light of life, the true Light of the world, worshipping the sun. I felt this the first time I saw the sun dip his golden fiery beams into the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. I wonder how much the poor, poor people of this land enjoy these wonders of creation, and how much they know of the Creator and the Redeemer, who so long dwelt here, in their very midst. I do not seem to comprehend this, yet it must be so, for this is Nazareth; and here Jesus did live for nearly thirty years: a child with children, obedient to his parents—young as I am, oh, that I were but more like Him—and then a man, known as "the carpenter's son." And here He would have taught them his Divine mission; but pride and the evil heart of unbelief prevented their accepting this his great salvation. And so they cast Him out of their synagogue; and yonder, tradition says, is the hill from whence they desired to cast Him down headlong. But his time had not yet come, and so He escaped from their hands. Oh, I understand it all now. This is the key to unlock all that has perplexed me during this tour. He came unto His own, and they received Him not, cast Him out of one place, stoned Him in another, put Him to death in another, filled up the measure of their iniquity, and reaped the consequences: their house—the beautiful Temple in Jerusalem—razed to the ground, the city become heaps, and the whole land desolate! Well, to-day I *see* all this, and to-day I read the gracious promises of glorious things yet in store, when the curse is removed and His anger turned away. Perhaps the people do not know all this; they have not the Bible, or are unable to read it, and none, or but few, to teach them. Our beloved Queen, I should think, never spoke more to the point than when she said, "The Bible is the secret of England's greatness."

How pretty the town is from here. Those little cottages dotted about in the gardens; the verdure is so lovely now in May. They say in a little time all will be changed, parched, and burnt up. Then it must be dreary. That sward is the threshing-floor, and of very ancient use. There is the old convent of the Latins, as they are called here—in Europe, Roman Catholics. The houses around form the Latin quarter. That white, new building is

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the Protestant church. The houses near, the boys' school and other mission premises, all belong to the Church Missionary Society. Those cypresses around the minaret and large buildings mark the Moslem quarter. The house with the zinc roof is the hospital of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, and that large house and garden the Greek bishop's, not far from the church of the Greeks; and over behind those hills—I wish I could see down—is the village of Endor, to which King Saul went to consult the witch. And there is Nain; there Jezreel, and many towns and villages—I cannot make them out just now. But there is beautiful Mount Tabor and Mount Hermon, and over the Jordan is Moab. Here is Gilboa; the mountains of Samaria and Carmel stretching far away beyond this expansive plain of Jezreel; and here Esdraelon, the battle-ground of the past, and, many think, of the future. There is the high point of the Carmel range, where, it is said, Elijah's sacrifice took place, with the Kishon river at its front, and at the furthermost end the convent of the Carmelites, with the little town of Caiffa and its colony of Germans at its base. At the other curve of the bay is the town of Akka —the penal settlement of the land—but who wants to see or hear the clang of the poor wretches' chains, or to cast a thought back to the havoc and horror committed there by Napoleon Buonaparte? There, too, nearer me, is Sepharia, the Sepparis of the Jewish historian, Josephus; and that old castle is a ruin of the Crusaders' church; and there, too, far above the sea of Tiberias and its ruined cities of Capernaum, and Bethsaida, is Safed, the "city set upon a hill," and away farther, the snow-capped Hermon of Lebanon—how glorious it looks beneath a Syrian sky!—and hidden among the hillocks there is Cana of Galilee. But hark! What can that be? A bell? It is from that large building below. This, then, is one frontage of the school I saw yesterday, and that large, open space is the playground. Yes, there they come. Why, they make more noise than we do at school in England. I will go down and see if I can make myself understood, and gain an entrance.

But stop! Here they are, coming up to meet me. One little girl is gathering wild flowers, she passes them on to another who approaches me, kisses my hand, offers me the flowers with "Please, ma'am, take," leads me down a long well-trodden path, through a gateway down a flight of steps, and I am in the playground. An English lady comes forward to welcome me into the house, and now both as to it and language I am quite at home. Passing the lobby I am in a large lofty hall, the dining-hall, when a sufficient number of children can be admitted to require its use; in the meantime a smaller room suffices.

The view from the balcony of this hall takes in many places seen from the summits of the hill at the back of the building, "The Nazareth Orphanage," for such it is. Many cases of books are in this hall, its walls adorned with texts in Arabic, and over the principal entrance is a portrait of the Queen—"our Queen," "my Queen," these little orphan girls are proud to say; dear children, would it were so; happy would it be for them, their people and their land! The private rooms are comfortably but simply furnished, kept clean and in order by the girls of the Home, now but fifty. There is ample room and accommodation for one hundred, and the wish is that funds may be soon forthcoming to increase to this number. The dormitories are large, airy, and spotlessly clean; each child has an iron bedstead, comfortable bed and bedding, and a chair. The wardrobe apartments are neatly kept by their little owners; the lavatories as well, each being provided with her own basin and towel. There is a plentiful supply of water for washing and bathing. The dining-room is pleasant and cheerful, and judging by the appearance of the orphans justice is done to the plain but sufficient provisions made for them. This, too, is at once seen by a glance into the bread-room and bakehouse. The whole of the wheat is cleaned and ground, bread made and baked by the girls on the premises—instructed in this as well as in all native cookery for themselves, and English for their teachers, also in washing and ironing by *one* female servant, once a girl in the Home. The kitchen and scullery are in every way excellent.

The girls have their allotted work in each domestic branch for a month, then change, get a good insight into every duty, seem as happy, bright, and busy as can be, look on their life here as the best boon to be obtained. One had a very happy face; I asked who she might be, and found she was a fatherless girl from Nablous (Shechem) who had been for a short time in the school, that having relations in Nazareth she was sent to them for the summer vacation, where she fell a prey to the fever of the country, and was not expected to live. Her grandmother was ill of the same kind of fever, and during the old lady's delirium the child took advantage of the opportunity, crept from her little mattress and the room, crawled up the hill in a fit of desperation—one would have thought a death struggle—feeling that if she were to die it should be at her own dear schoolroom and surrounded by her own beloved teachers and companions. She reached a seat under one of the trees near the house, and here was found exhausted and pale as ashes, was carried in, tenderly nursed and cared for, and eventually restored to health; the round-faced plump little busy kitchen-maid of to-day. The large school-room and class-rooms have a homelike look about them, and if I had been able to understand their reading of the Scriptures and the answers to the questions as well as the general instruction, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, etc., I feel sure they would equal children of like schools at home. A few understand English, and do much credit to their teacher, and they sing very sweetly, both in Arabic and English. I saw their needlework of various kinds, and a class were engaged in cutting out their own clothes. One was busy in making a flag—the design, our Union Jack —such being hoisted on the top of the building every Lord's Day and upon other suitable occasions. There is, too, one other flag in Nazareth, at the convent, the red Jerusalem cross on white ground. At once my thoughts fled to Jerusalem and England. These two flags seem to be a strange coincidence; I must remember it, and perhaps some day shall know more about it than I do now. One of the good-tempered-looking native teachers asked me to see their *best* flag, saying with such a sunlit face: "This was sent us a present from a lady; it was floating over the Albert Memorial the day it was uncovered at Edinburgh; we only hoist this on great occasions."

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Towards evening of the one Sabbath I spent in this town I saw the orphans wending their way up the hill, they having attended the church service, each elder one leading a younger and having her church books. Their light, bright frocks and white muslin head-dresses, looked suitable and becoming to their olive complexion, and jet-black hair and sparkling eyes.

I shall not see them or their happy home again; we leave at sunrise for Tabor and the Lake. Forget them or their land I never shall. I am glad to have been here. When enjoying all my own home comforts and mercies, my love to Jesus of Nazareth, from whom I know all blessings flow, leads me to be thankful for all I have, and not unmindful of these sisters less privileged than myself, in this now dark spot of the East, but from whence light and life emanated to that then dark island of the West.

THE NEW LIFE.

VII.—THE WORKER'S AIM, OR CHILD-LIKENESS.

"JESUS called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." In every household the Lord still repeats His deed, and the best way to study the lesson is to hold a child in our arms.

In our last paper we saw the child-like spirit in full exercise. Yet such words as these are not found in the Old Testament. The call to child-likeness supposes knowledge of fatherhood, and not until we learn how all that is most fatherly dwells in God, can such appeal meet with full response in our hearts. Priest and prophet could tell of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, of the self-existent, covenant God, Jehovah. It was reserved for the Son to declare the Father, and Himself to lead us into His presence. For "no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him." The Spirit poured out at Pentecost was specially the Spirit of adoption; this is the distinguishing, the crowning gift of the Son. That He might thus be the first-born of many brethren, He endured Bethlehem, Galilee, Gethsemane and Calvary. The Resurrection and the Ascension sealed His claim.

This is the revelation for which human hearts, with joys and pain alike pressing upon them, search everywhere.

Confused, inarticulate may be the want, yet is the need to be owned at the bottom of every other. Where is rest—where is even dream of rest—save in the presence of overshadowing love? Because the child is his, the father's heart goes out to him. Need is the strongest appeal to tenderness. The child's joy is this sense of being cared for, irrespective of anything he is or does. God's love, not ours, is the foundation. Have we responded to the Father's claim? Then have we begun the child-life. Then can we stay ourselves for life and death, for time and for eternity, on His truth. The arms that fold us are everlasting arms. They will unloose their hold never. They are around us alike as we tread the sunny hill-tops of earthly gladness, or as we pass through the shadowed valley of death-like sorrow; our strength in the hour of buoyant energy, and in that of worse than childish weakness.

Simple responsiveness is indeed our part; unquestioning obedience, and always new hope and joy springing therefrom, is the very essence of child-likeness—a turning to, a waiting upon the Love that bends over us. In the train the other day, a child was sitting on the seat opposite, and after a time I smiled in answer to the earnest look with which she was regarding me. The little creature flushed rosy-red, and after considering the matter a moment, took refuge behind her mother's shoulder, from which safe hiding-place she continued shyly to watch. When presently I put a flower into the basket she carried, she looked doubtfully from me to the mother, then to her flower, until a smile told her all was right, and she might safely receive further advances. The timid doubtful look settled into happy satisfaction whenever she met that assuring glance, and for the moment how I envied the little one the mother's face so quick to respond, the mother's arm so near to shelter.

Listen to the mother's hymn:

"My child is lying on my knees,
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

And she is well, yea, bathed in bliss,
If heaven is in my face;
Behind it all is tenderness,
And truthfulness, and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,
Unchanged in changing mood,
My life would go without a sigh
To bring her something good.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The infinite of God.

If true to her, though dark with doubt,
I cannot choose but be,
Thou, who dost see all round about,
Art surely true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring
More love where need is rife;
Thou knowest what an awful thing
It is to be a *life*.

Hast Thou not wisdom to enwrap
My waywardness around,
And hold me quietly on the lap
Of love without a bound?

And so I sit in Thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up into my face,
And I look up to Thee."

Growth in childlikeness is exactly proportionate to our reception of the Father's love. There is no obstacle to the outpouring of that love except our own want of desire for it. It is not that He will not, but that He cannot give to us except as we would have. Always and everywhere we receive only what we thirst for. All else remains outside of us. We

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may understand it, admire it, but it does not become a part of our lives, does not even touch them. Now, God is always disciplining us into yearning for His tenderness. He so desires to show Himself, that the aim of His ways is to make us childlikely receptive. Search the Bible from beginning to end, and see how this deep breathing of desire on God's part runs through it—until in Christ it is embodied, and He offers Himself as the bread that cometh down from heaven to give life unto the world. Mark the sadness that moves the Saviour at every instance of man's wilful shutting himself up from His Spirit; and the patient disappointment with which He hides His divinest message even from His closest friends, because they cannot bear it. And then rejoice for every loss that makes deeper the need for His presence, and for every hour of weakness that creates more entire dependence on His strength.

Is it not wonderful—and joyful as wonderful—that nothing happens that is not designed for the increasing of the child-life in us? When we feel, as who does not every day feel? that our wills are strong but in self-will, let us say the child's prayer.

Against evil spirits of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, there is no charm like this prayer. Thoughts of discontent die in shame before its cry for the Father's glory; faithlessness shrinks away, rebuked by its trust for the daily bread. The child's prayer will surely ere long end in the child's song—that happy outbreathing of the spirit of home-quietness which finds its table spread even in the presence of enemies; goodness and mercy following all its steps, until they rest in the House of the Lord for ever. To her most favoured children this earth can hardly be a home-like place. No nest built in the hour of spring gladness but is sooner or later stirred up, and the young life nourished in glad security within is driven to use its wing under the wider, but how much colder, sky. Clearest sunshine must seem dreary after warmth of brooding motherhood.

Are there those who have never known such nestling of home-love, or have known it but to realise afterwards the keen sense of its absence? To them, let us be sure, God is seeking in their desolation to give the true home-life. In the fearless untroubled confidence of a child at rest may such dwell with Him now; with Him enter for ever into possession of all that makes life's sweetness.

When our Saviour was leaving his disciples, what was the thought, the first thought, He gave them as comfort for His absence: "My Father's house." To that He directed their hearts. The strength of other even of his words, may at times seem to go out of them, but of these never. No dimness of vision, no hopelessness of despair, can make less clear and calming the tenderness that rings in every accent of the repeated assurance: "Where I am, ye also," "unto Myself—" "unto My Father." Added human words can but weaken the sense of the calm, strong, resistless energy with which that mighty love of Christ brings itself to bear upon the weak and wavering minds of His disciples. We—so feeble, so fickle, so troubled. He—so powerful, so patient, so confident. Into that image shall we be moulded. So at length shall the child-heart possess, together with the freshness and vigour of morning, the stillness and restfulness of evening, and existence become a fountain of glory, whose possibilities of joy are infinite as the love that is above, around, yea, within us. The everlasting life in Christ possessed, should turn every sigh of sadness into a song of adoration. Drinking in that life of the All-Loving, we may find our bliss in loving His creatures, loving them well, loving them purely, loving them everlastingly. Then would the Son's prayer be fulfilled: "That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them."

The Father's love received and again given out is the one method of attaining that perfect childhood towards which we aspire. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God . . . . Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

The life-work which begins in fellowship with a risen Redeemer, ends in the transformation into His image, the rest by His side.

C. E. L.

Baby's Christmas.

THIS is the very first Christmas
Baby has seen;
Baby who came when the almond-tree flowered,
And the hedgerows were sprinkled with green.

Stretching small limbs in the fireglow,
Happy and warm,
Now looking out from his haven of love
He can laugh at the wind and the storm.

Reckoning lightly earth's changes,
Dolour and strife,
Fondest affection his safeguard and shield,
As he stands on the threshold of life.

Ah! cold is our tenderest yearning,
Saviour, to Thine;
Lead us this day to the rude manger-bed
That is hallowed by love more Divine.

What, to ensure our salvation,
Didst Thou not deign?
Tears were Thy jewels and weakness Thy might,
As a babe when Thou camest to reign.

Memory blest, making sacred
Infancy mild;
Type in its feeble and lowly estate
Of the gracious, the heavenly Child.

Memory joyful, attesting
Eternity sure;
Frail though the casket, it treasures the germ
Of a life that shall ever endure.

Bethlehem! rarely the vision
Sweeter has been;
Baby's blue eyes seem to bring it all home
On the first Christmas Day he has seen.

S. E. G.

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BRIGHTER than the morning ray,
Sweeter than the lark's first strain,
Comes the blessed Christmas-day
To our heart and homes again.

Comes to homes, with faces bright,
Joyous greetings, welcomes sweet,
And with many a pure delight,
For the holy season meet.

Comes to hearts, and makes them sing,
Even in the winter drear,
For the love of Christ their king,
Who was born, and sojourned here.

But how many homes are sad!
And how many hearts are cold!
Gracious Saviour, make them glad,
All Thy love to them unfold!

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THE FEAST OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MIRAGE OF LIFE," "THE CULTURE OF PLEASURE," ETC.

WE were present on one occasion at a lordly feast, brightened with flowers, radiant with light, and enlivened with music. After it was over, we recalled the similitude of one of our poets, comparing human life itself to a bountiful feast, until our thoughts assumed the shape which we have recorded in these pages. Life has so often been compared to sterner things, such as a storm, a race, a struggle and a battle, that it may not be uninteresting to review it in its festival aspects, as seen in the light of nature and revealed truth.

Life a feast! Notice first the appearance of the banqueting-hall, as our beautiful earth may be termed. Observe its roof fretted during the day with golden fire; at night lighted up with silver lamps. Examine its verdant floor enamelled with flowers; count the plants of beauty with which it is ornamented; survey the fair landscapes with which as with pictures it is enlivened, and for music listen to the song of birds and the symphonies from all nature, as the winds in low or lofty tone, give forth their bursts of melody.

Next observe what provision has been made for man, the chief guest at the feast. For his eye there is beauty of colour and harmony of form; for his ear there are delicious sounds; for his taste myriads of flavours; for his smell countless odours; for his touch a thousand susceptibilities, and for his intellectual and moral nature, an endless supply of gratification.

Notice, however, the behaviour of the guests at the feast.

Some men, by wise moderation, prudent forethought and favouring circumstances, profess so to conduct life as to enjoy the feast to its close. Benjamin Franklin, when drawing towards the termination of his life, declared, rightly or wrongly, that he would not shrink from a course of repetition. The late Sir Henry Holland, a physician of eminence in our own day, appears to have claimed an analogous experience. "His book," said a reviewer when noticing Sir Henry's autobiography, "is remarkable as being the picture of a life entirely successful, entirely pleasurable, and entirely happy. Never before did we meet with any human lot wholly without vicissitude or disappointment or without any change except from one desired success to another."

But this is not an ordinary experience. Too many of the guests do not sit at the board with a wise moderation, but turn the feast into a revel. Of this unhappy class was Lord Rochester, whose death-bed regrets come sounding down two centuries; Colonel Gardiner, who before his conversion envied the life of a dog, and John Newton, before grace made the profligate seaman the useful minister of the Gospel and the sweet lyrist of Olney. How far men may abuse the feast of life in this manner we may see from an anecdote which Mrs. Piozzi tells us in her memoirs. Some revellers of her day were wont in their daring waywardness, to leave at their entertainment a vacant seat for the Evil One to occupy. By a deserved retribution they were startled one evening by finding that the guest thus invited had apparently come, a tame baboon having strayed unnoticed into the apartment and occupied the empty chair!

Some again spoil their enjoyment of the feast of life by murmuring and discontent, the fruit of their unregulated passions: "All this," cried Haman in his greatness, "all this availeth me nothing, so long as Mordecai sitteth at the gate." At other times the very fulness with which the table is loaded with bounties begets fastidiousness. "If I were a fairy," said Lady Holland, the hostess of the most brilliant circle of London literary society, "if I were a fairy, and wished to inflict the greatest misery on a child, I should make her abundantly wealthy, of high rank, and very handsome." Such was the estimate formed by one who possessed a large share of them, of what are deemed by some the best things at life's feast.

Certain it is that many who appear to the eye of the distant observer to have the choicest seats at the banquet of life, fail to extract the keenest enjoyment from the entertainment. If ever a man might have been thought entitled to the appellation of the "Beatus Vir" or "happy man" of antiquity, it was William Shenstone the poet. "He had," said Hugh Miller, when visiting the remains of Shenstone's far-famed pleasure-grounds, the Leasowes, "he had many amusements; he was not vicious; he drew tastefully; he had a turn for natural history; he wrote elegant verses; the noble and the gifted of the land honoured him with their friendship; above all he lived in a paradise, and his own most serious employment was, like that of our common ancestor in his unfallen estate, to dress, and to keep it, and yet even before the dun came to his door and he was involved in debt, he was an unhappy man. 'I have lost my road to happiness,' we find him saying ere he had completed his thirty-fourth year."

Other individuals, again, complain of weariness and chagrin at the feast of life. The banquet to them seems to lose its zest, and to become an entertainment similar to that seen on a stage, where the cups though full are empty, and the food in the dishes is artificial and not real. John Wesley before his conversion had such an experience of life. "In the midst of youth," he writes, "a stranger to pain and sickness, particularly to lowness of spirits;

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having plenty of all things; in the midst of sensible and amiable friends, who loved me and I loved them, and being in the way of life which of all others suited my inclination, still I was not happy. Upon the coolest reflection, I knew not one week which I would have thought it worth while to have lived over again."

Then the soil on which the banqueting-hall is built is evidently volcanic, for earthquake shocks are at times felt (and that when the feast seems at its best), which shake and agitate the guests. The church bells—as was not long ago the case—ring out a merry peal, as with his beautiful bride on his arm, a happy bridegroom starts for the continent on his wedding tour. A few days elapse, and the telegraph flashes the intelligence that his fair companion is no more, having been struck dead by lightning when gazing on the romantic scenery of Switzerland. An ocean steamer, "The Royal Charter," starts for Australia, freighted with a population like a living town, the passengers dreaming happy dreams of the future, when, ere wo weeks have passed, the intelligence arrives that all, save a little remnant, have been engulfed in the waves. The well-appointed railway train, like a thing of life, sweeps over a bridge, seemingly a marvel of engineering skill, when, in a moment, train and bridge are engulfed in the flood below. The savings of long years are invested in an institution whose credit appears firm as a rock, when a sudden crash reveals the rottenness of the structure, and riches take eagle-wings. A monarch, like Louis Philippe, sits firmly on a throne in the morning, and in the afternoon is an exile. Abraham Lincoln, the president of a powerful republic, rejoices in the honour of a second election to power when, in a moment, the shot of an assassin lays him low. Thus, whether in public or private life, events shif abou' like the flying sand-columns of the Sahara desert and we know not what a day may bring forth.

Once upon a time, so runs an Eastern story, a water-carrier was, by royal caprice, elevated to the post of vizier, or prime minister. His sultan and patron beheld him returning afterwards from his country seat. First came his treasure-chest strongly guarded; then his wives and children still more strongly guarded; and, last of all, a small box more completely guarded than all. Fancying that the box, from the care bestowed upon its custody, covered some inestimable jewel, the sultan asked it as a gift. "Oh, take," was the reply, "my treasure; take my wives and children, but spare me this." Still more piqued by this answer, the sultan insisted on the box being opened, when it was found not to contain diamonds, but a couple of water-pails. Called on to explain, the vizier's reply to the question of his astonished master was in substance as follows: "These were the pails which I had before your royal bounty made me what I am; and I determined to keep them in case any reverse of fortune made me wish to turn water-carrier again." He knew that everything in life was uncertain, and extravagant as was his mode of illustration, it embodied a great truth. The thread of precariousness is interwoven with all the tapestry that adorns the banquet-hall of life.

In too many cases, also, the feast of life is not enjoyed as it gets on with the same zest as at its commencement. Splendidly as the table is furnished, the bitter cup goes round at times to all, and none may pass it untasted. Youth, Strength, and Hope, which waited on the guests at the earlier stages of the feast disappear, and are succeeded by attendants of a gloomier cast: Care, Disappointment, and Regret. Duty summons from the board to scenes of labour and difficulty. Want and poverty will sometimes strip the table of all that was most attractive. Old age advances, desire faileth, and Barzillai is heard exclaiming, "I am this day fourscore years old. Can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men or singing women?" A sort of counterpart in modern times to this picture of Barzillai appears in the *roué* and aged Marquis of Queensberry, outliving his contemporaries, and sitting in his splendid mansion in Piccadilly, nearly toothless, seeing only with one eye, and hearing very imperfectly with one ear.*

Then, too, there are unexpected vacancies at the board. The guests that sat next us, and whose presence endeared the feast, disappear, often we scarce know how, until sometimes if a man lives long he sits, to use the imagery of a popular lyrist, like a person alone in a banquet-hall, with the memories of the past crowding round him. Moore, the poet, who used this similitude, himself realised the truth of it. Deprived by death of his children, he still repaired for amusement to the festive circle, of which he had once been the liveliest ornament, where, amidst the decay of his fine powers, he sat, to use the language of his biographer, "a cheerless sight."

Another disturber of life's feast must be noticed. At an Egyptian entertainment of old, the swathed form of a mummy was placed to remind the guests of their own mortality; and so at life's banquet the reflection "I must die" will sometimes shoot across the startled mind, and mar the brightest hour. Serjeant Talfourd, in his sketch of the festivities of Holland House, has spoken of the brilliant company as silently voting sickness, decrepitude, and death mere shadows, and of the strange power of man to live in the knowledge of mortality without its consciousness, and to people the present hour with delights as if man lived and laughed and enjoyed in this world for ever. The Hindoos, too, have illustrated man's position in thus enjoying life amidst mystery, by a striking similitude. A traveller, they say, chased by a tiger took refuge in a tree. As he climbed it, his farther progress was stopped by a serpent coiled among the higher branches. Here was imminent danger on both sides, but the climber, finding some honeycomb left by bees that had made their hive in the tree, began to eat the honey, forgetful both of the tiger and the serpent. This is no unfit emblem of man enjoying his pleasures at the feast of life, and dismissing from his mind for a time the great problem of his position in the universe.

Then, as the feast of life draws to its close, various anxious questions will arise. We have in our possession an engraving which was popular in our earlier years. It represents a convivial party at one of the taverns on Richmond Hill. The rays of the setting sun streaming in at the window show that a long summer's day has drawn to a close;

* See "The Culture of Pleasure."

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the remains of a rich dessert on the table attest the luxurious nature of the entertainment, and a range of empty wine-flasks proves how liberally and deeply the guests have caroused. But an air of sobered sadness is on the countenance of the group, for the bill of the entertainment has just been brought in and the amount of the reckoning to be paid has evidently startled the revellers. So towards the termination of life's feast, the thought will force itself on the mind, What follows next? Will He who spread the feast call the guests to any account of the manner in which his bounties have been used or abused?

But to all such questions, nature can give us no satisfactory answer. We are still, in the nineteenth century, as far from a solution by unassisted reason of these enigmas of our being, as was the ancient chief when the missionaries visited Great Britain in the days of Augustine. "Man," he is reported to have said to the king, when the latter was hesitating as to the missionaries' admission,—"man in this life is like a bird coming out of darkness, into a warm and well-lighted room. While it remains there it is comfortable—but it has to go out at death into darkness again. We do not know where the bird goes. Perhaps these men can tell us."

Thus viewed by the light of nature the feast of life has, with all its brightness, its obscuring shadows; let us now see in what manner Revelation regards it.

For the mystery which enshrouds at times the feast of life Divine Revelation provides a remedy, although at the outset its declarations may appear rather to augment than to dissipate the perplexing thoughts to which we have alluded. When Mirabeau, a leader of the first French Revolution, was dying he called for music, perfumes and flowers, with which to leave pleasantly the banqueting-hall of life and enter a state from which he thought or at least hoped there was no awaking. But the Bible gives no such character to death as an everlasting sleep. It proclaims it on the contrary a final awakening to the sinner from the delusions which have cheated him here. It tells us that a God of love spreads the fair feast of life, proclaiming it very good, but that moral disorder in the shape of sin or disobedience to his will has marred its enjoyment. It tells at the same time the now familiar story of the Son of man having come down to earth to atone for man's guilt, and of pardon for sin and the renewal of man's nature in righteousness being freely given to all who penitently trust the Saviour.

When a man, seriously reflecting on the enigmas of life and weary of the ways of disobedience, draws near to the Saviour as a living, personal, sympathising friend, and rests his weary soul upon Him, receiving from Him forgiveness and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, all things become new. The clouds of mystery and terror which envelope at times life's banqueting-hall disappear, and life, in a truer sense than before, can be called a feast. Under the old dispensation God had many feasts for his people, and if no such feasts are ordered under the gospel it is perhaps because the Christian, if he lived up to his privileges, might have a perpetual feast and "rejoice evermore."

The first influence which the Gospel exerts upon the feast of life is that it gives that temperate enjoyment of the bounties of Providence which seasons and imparts a flavour to them all. "I should not shrink," cried Mr. Jay of Bath in his old age, when reviewing life, "I should not shrink from the task of repetition. My pleasures have been cheap and simple, and therefore very numerous. I have enjoyed without satiety the seasons and the sceneries of nature. I have relished the bounties of Providence, using them with moderation and thankfulness .... where shall I end?

> "'Call not earth a barren spot,
> Pass it not unheeded by;
> 'Tis to man a lovely spot,
> Though a fairer wait on high.'"

Christian principle, too, can cure those irregular feelings, which, as we have seen, often mar so much the enjoyment of those who have had the best places at the feast of life. It inspires that true humility which stays discontent and changes murmurs into praise. "Who is there," cried Wilberforce, looking round with Christian gladness at his lot in life, at a time when others seemed to have outstripped him in the race for worldly honours, "who is there that has so many blessings as I have? affluence without the highest rank, a good understanding and a happy temper. Friends, and a greater number of them than almost any one. Domestic happiness beyond what I could have conceived possible; a situation in life most honourable, and above all a situation most favourable to eternity. Which way soever I turn I see marks of the goodness and longsuffering of God!"

The gospel, further, by drawing out man's lofty faculties and fixing them on objects worthy of their powers, puts an end to that weariness and chagrin at the feast of life, which are the torture of many active and aimless minds, that can find nothing in the round of every-day duties and pleasures worthy of satisfying the deep interior wants and yearnings of the soul. We have spoken of John Wesley, as disturbed by such emotions before his conversion, but when the grace of God had touched his heart, he could joyfully and truthfully express his altered experience of life, in the language of his brother Charles Wesley's hymn:

> "My weariness of life is gone,
> Who live to serve my God alone,
> And only Him to know.
> With me no melancholy void,
> No period lingers unemployed
> Or unimproved below."

We have referred to the soil of Life's Banqueting Hall as being volcanic, and the guests being at times agitated by the tremor of earthquake shocks. But for these troubles the gospel makes provision by imparting a peace which is anchored on the providential care of God, and can support the heart amidst the most unexpected trials. Let us take one out of many examples. A traveller tells us, that when journeying in America, in company with Mrs. Grant, the wife of a devoted Nestorian missionary, a scene of enjoyment and tranquillity was suddenly changed into one of immediate danger, by the coach getting off its proper track into a mass of floating ice. He was struck, however, at the calmness with which his companion, after giving a moment's glance at a little text-book in her hand, faced the coming peril, out of which, as the event proved, the travellers

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securely emerged. Her eye in the moment of danger had read these calming words, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," and all was tranquil with her. There is, indeed, no agitating event in life, however unexpected, for which the gospel cannot supply a peaceful restfulness.*

In addition to the temperate enjoyment of the natural bounties of life, the Christian has thrown into his enjoyment of the feast of life spiritual gratifications with which the world cannot intermeddle. The love of God invigorates his heart, and fires it with good will to men. The word of God, too, so dry and distasteful to the natural palate, becomes, when devoutly studied, sweeter than the honey-comb. "Unutterable have been my delights," says Mr. Jay, whom we have already quoted, "in studying and perusing the Scriptures. How have I realised the words of Young:

"Retire, and read thy Bible to be gay."

"This morning," records in his journal, Mr. Reeves, a humble philanthropic labourer amongst the poor of London, "This morning I read at family prayers the third of John, and when I came to those exceedingly precious lines, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses, the Lord, in a most extraordinary manner, broke in upon my soul by the light of the Holy Spirit. He filled my soul with pure light and fulness of holy love. All language fails to express what I felt."

Communion with God also opens up to the renewed soul of the Christian a ladder between earth and heaven, and can make the countenance in certain favoured seasons glow with a spiritual lustre. "I have seen him," said a young companion, speaking of his early visits to that Oxford student who was the leader of the great revival of religion in the beginning of the eighteenth century, "I have seen him come out of his closet with a serenity of countenance, that was next to shining." He literally illustrated Cowper's beautiful lines:

"When one thus holds communion with the skies,
And fills his urn where those pure waters rise
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings.
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
And tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

A similar testimony might probably have been borne by the amiable Doctor Doddridge, had we met him after one of those seasons of private prayer in his vestry at Northampton, where hour after hour passed away in fervent supplication till heaven's sweetness seemed to open on the soul. "The place," says Dr. Stoughton, "was a Mount of Vision. Humboldt describes the Peak of Teneriffe when the current of heated air pierced the veil of vapour, and the traveller standing on the edge of the cinder-circled crater, saw through the opening the vine-covered slopes of Orotava, and the orange-gardens and bananas of the coast. And so on his hallowed spot did Doddridge catch enchanting views of spiritual things, of regions the sight of which refreshed his cloud-covered soul, and filled him with unutterable delight."

In the services of the sanctuary the Christian has also at times a pleasure unutterable and full of glory. "Had the tide of sacred joy," says Joseph William of Kidderminster, describing a happy Sabbath which he spent, "had the tide of sacred joy swelled a few degrees higher I could hardly have restrained myself in the congregation from crying out in the language of Bradford, when he realized at the stake the presence of his Saviour: 'Oh, He is come! He is come.'"

We have spoken of the bitter cup being handed round at the feast of life, nor does the gospel give any exemption from trial, but it sanctifies affliction by showing it to be sent in love and as a corrective for undue attachment to the world. Thomas Scott, the commentator, struggling for a season with pecuniary difficulties; Fowell Buxton writing "*Eheu! Eheu!* Alas! Alas!" over four beloved children committed to the tomb, or Robert Hall suffering in the course of life sharp paroxysms of pain will, with many others, be found confessing that the bitter cup was to them mingled in love, weaning them from earth and ripening them for heaven.

Nor need it be disguised that duty will at times summon the Christian, as it does the man of the world, from the feast of life to actions trying to nature. But in such cases, as the traveller on a highland mountain will find sweet and cooling springs which refresh him, so in arduous service for Christ, corresponding consolations abound, for of true godliness it can be said,

"According as its labours rise
So its rewards increase."

Such was Henry Martyn the missionary's experience—when he left lettered ease at the University of Cambridge to labour for the heathen in India.

The Christian's feast of life too differs from that of the world in that it grows better as it gets farther on. Sometimes the Christian can with truth say in the evening of life—"Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Goodness and mercy, and not care or remorse, are the attendants that never fail to wait upon him. Joyful surprises spring in upon the soul; prayers long unanswered get answered; and seeds of usefulness, long buried perhaps, spring up into maturity. "My days," said Philip Doddridge, "begin and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. I have more of the presence of God than ever I remember. He enables me to live for Him and converse with Him, and He meets me in my study and in secret and family devotion. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home, pleasant in the week to think how near another Sabbath is, and oh! how much more pleasant to think how near eternity is, and that it is but a step between earth and heaven."

We have alluded to the vacancies that take place at the table of life, as friends that we love disappear. This sorrow the Christian also feels as death does its bereaving work, but he looks forward to reunion, in a world where parting is unknown. When old age, too, at last arrives, with noiseless step, it is not to the Christian the unlovely object which it often is to the man who lives chiefly for time. Temperance in youth sows the seed of a painless evening.

* Similar was the experience of Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Mr. Fletcher of Madeley, when, having by mistake swallowed a poisonous draught, she seemed to be called on to face sudden death.

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Christian cheerfulness can give as it were a second spring even when the head bears upon it the snows of the winter of life. John Wesley's countenance when a young man was noticed by his companions as shining with peace, and Alexander Knox, who saw the same face when its owner carried the burden of eighty-seven years, tells us that even then, from the sunniness of its expression, it was delightful to look upon.

We have referred to the thoughts of the mystery of death and the dread of giving in the account of life's stewardship which will at times intrude amidst the enjoyment of the feast of life; but for these anxieties the Christian finds a remedy. Death is to him a conquered foe, and he has a conscience purged from guilt, through the overcoming blood of the Lamb. "When Christ calls for me," said Dr. Judson, the American missionary, in the prospect of terminating his earthly career, "I shall run towards him like a boy bounding home from school."

Nor is this language vain boasting. When the supreme hour of life arrives, the Christian, ere he steps from the feast of life below to the everlasting banquet above, is often privileged to witness to others that this is the happiest season of all. "The visions of glory that break in on me," said Bickersteth, "have been quite indescribable." "I can find no words," cried Payson, "to express my happiness; I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure which is carrying me on to the great fountain." In a similarly cheering manner did Toplady, the author of the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages," bid adieu to the feast of life. "He seemed," we are told, "to lie on the vestibule of glory." To a friend's enquiries he answered with sparkling eye, "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that they leave me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. No mortal can live after the glories that God has manifested to my soul."

Sabbath Thoughts.

"GOD MY SAVIOUR."

THREE words, short, simple, but full of matter for thought; words that teach us what God is, what we are, and what God would have us to be; words that humble man's pride, for they own that he cannot save himself; words that strengthen man's hope, for they speak of One able to save; words that reveal the faith of her who uttered them, and encourage us to believe and to rejoice in the Saviour in whom Mary rejoiced!

These words could not have been uttered by a proud Pharisee, for such a one knows not that he needs a Saviour. Still less could they have been the words of a careless faithless Sadducee, for to him there is no spiritual world to hope for or to fear. They are the words of a lowly heart uttered in a lowly but a most blessed place, even at the footstool of mercy. There the sinner who feels his sin to be both a crime and a stain, cries "God be merciful to me a sinner," and at the same time looks to Jesus on the cross and cries, "My soul hath rejoiced in God my Saviour;" and the more the believing soul looks at that Saviour, the more does it rejoice.

When Mary uttered these words, she rejoiced in a day which she saw by faith; He whom she looked for—the long-promised One, was now at hand. She had a special subject of joy, personal to herself, but if she had not believed in the Saviour soon to be revealed she would not have so rejoiced. It was not only the honour to which she had been called, not only the thought that all generations should call her blessed, that so filled and elevated her mind, it was rather that thought, in which the whole Church of Christ's redeemed ones may share with her, the wonderful thought, "God my Saviour."

God himself, not man, performing the work; "My Saviour," not others only but me, even me, partaking in the benefits of that work; "Saviour," this word means so much! It tells of such hopeless, helpless need, such utter depths of human misery: a whole world that cannot save itself—Saviour, this is the name by which Jesus speaks to the hearts that need Him. Saviour from sin and all its consequences, now and ever more. Saviour from sorrow, from ignorance, from darkness, from death everlasting.

"God my Saviour" reveals the mind of God in Christ towards man; the love of God, the plan and purpose of God, the glory of God.

Let us take the words so truly and deeply home to ourselves, that, whatever be the sorrows of our life, the anxieties of our minds, or the difficulties of our position, we may find matter of holy rejoicing in Him who was born into the world to deliver us, and may with truth say for ourselves, "God my Saviour."

Christmastide.

"A SAVIOUR, which is Christ the Lord!"
Say, is He this to thee!
And doth thine heart acknowledge Him,
Thine all in all to be?

"A Saviour." Hast thou seen thy sin
On Him, the sinless, laid?
Trusted thy soul, thyself, to Him
Who all thy ransom paid?

"Christ," the Anointed, Chosen One,
Hast thou in heart embraced?
And wouldst thou all things else forego,
His grace, His love to taste?

"The Lord." Oh doth thine heart approve,
The wondrous blessed word?
Be ev'ry wish and ev'ry power
Surrendered to thy Lord!

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Pages for the Young.

NO NEWS OF THE DOLPHIN.



"HERE'S the postman, mother!" exclaimed little Fred Sinclair, who had been for a long time watching from the window one winter morning; "he's coming here; perhaps he's brought a letter about Robbie."

In a moment the child was gone, returning quickly with a letter in his hand, and accompanied by a middle-aged maid-servant, carrying a breakfast-tray.

"Mirrie says it *is* about Robbie, mother."

"Yes, ma'am," said the servant, who looked as eager as little Fred; "the postmark is Grimsby."

Meanwhile two little girls, one almost a baby, had joined the group, and all stood waiting to hear what was in the letter.

Mrs. Sinclair read a few words, her face flushed with excitement, and then turned pale.

"Look, Miriam," she said, and the servant, a long-tried faithful friend of the family, took the paper and read:

"DEAR MADAM,

"In reply to your inquiry of the 1st inst. we much regret to inform you that we have as yet received no tidings of our barque the 'Dolphin,' now three weeks overdue. We have, however, on record two delays equally long which have occurred to our vessels on homeward voyages at this season, ending in their safe arrival, so we do not yet despair of the safety of the 'Dolphin.'

"Faithfully yours,

"J. and W. HARRIS, shipowners, Grimsby."

The mother did almost despair, though she tried for the children's sake to keep calm, telling them that Robbie's ship was not home yet because of the stormy weather, but perhaps in a little time he would come.

"By Christmas-day, mother?" asked Mabel, a frail-looking child of ten years old.

"I hope so, darling; we must pray often to God about dear Robbie."

And the little ones, comforted, continued to spend almost all their playtime over the Christmas presents they were making for their sailor brother. Freddy was painting a text to hang on his bed-room wall; it had a photograph in the middle, of Jesus stilling the storm, and the words were, "The sea is His, and He made it." Mabel was making a frame of coloured-paper stars for the text, and little Baby Nell was working a marker with plain rows of coloured silk stitches on cardboard.

Poor Mrs. Sinclair realized more and more during the sad days of suspense which followed, how all the family plans and thoughts of months past had centred in her sailor boy. He was the eldest son of the widowed mother; his father had died two years before at Southport of rapid decline, and she had remained there since, for the health of her delicate Mabel. This seaside life had inspired Robert with an eager wish to go to sea, and the widow had at last with great reluctance allowed it, but her means were small, and she had sent him for this his first voyage as apprentice on board a coal barque bound for Java. With tender love the poor lady had contrived to fit him out with all possible comforts, but she cherished the hope that this one trip would cure him of his passion for the sea.

"Let's play at Robbie and the slip," said Neddy one afternoon, when the children were kept indoors by a storm of wind and rain. Thoughtful little Mabel shook her head, and looked towards her mother, who sat writing at the table of their one small parlour; or rather trying to write, for at every fresh gust of the howling, pelting storm, she shuddered, and looked towards the sea, of which there was a side view from her bow-window. She had overheard the children's talk, and now got up, saying, "Yes, my dears, have a nice game together," then she went upstairs to Robbie's little attic, and threw herself on her knees beside his little bed, crying for comfort and help from her God; and then, as often before, she turned over the leaves of her Bible to find some texts about the sea, and as she read, "The Lord on high is mightier than the mighty waves of the sea," "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," she felt able with some measure of quietness and confidence to commit her boy to the Lord.

But still day after day went by without any tidings from Grimsby. About a fortnight before Christmas, the morning post brought two letters for Mrs. Sinclair. Neither, alas! bore the longed-for post-mark, though both concerned her absent son. One was a request from a Southport tradesman that she would settle without delay the balance of her account for Robbie's outfit (which she had not considered due before Christmas). The other was a kind note from the only influential friend she had in the world, to say that if Robbie, the writer's godson, should be willing to make this voyage his last, there was a good berth open to him after Christmas in a first-class London house of business, and his godfather would give him a home, and see to the advancement of his general education. The writer enclosed a cheque to be used, as Mrs. Sinclair thought best, for her young people. This just met the outfitter's claim, to the widow's great thankfulness, but she started for his shop that day with an aching heart; and it seemed to her as if everything were conspiring to keep awake her anxiety and alarm about her boy. As she sat waiting for the draper's receipt, she heard the following conversation between a shopman and a female customer.

"So you expect his lordship home for Christmas, ma'am?"

"Yes, we've had a telegram from Aden, but I shouldn't wonder if these storms delay them. It's all a fine bustle, I can tell you; the workmen only just out of the place, so that we've got about a week for laying down carpets, and everything. Be sure you send up these blinds and curtains to-morrow."

Lord Warden, to whom Mrs. Sinclair knew the speaker referred, was the owner of Beauvoir Castle, the grandest place in the neighbourhood. He had been, with several members of his family, on a long yachting cruise, and there was great excitement in Southport about his approaching return. Poor Mrs. Sinclair's tears fell fast behind her crape veil as she thought of the happy Christmas family gathering that would take place at the Castle, and her own sad, death-shadowed home.

"Mother, here's a letter from Grimsby!" cried Mabel, running to meet her mother in the hall; "and do look, we've put Robbie's text in the frame."

Mrs. Sinclair gave a hasty glance at her children's work, then, with trembling hands, opened her letter; soon it dropped from her hands, and she pressed them to her forehead, as she sank, with a moan of grief upon a seat. The letter ran:

"DEAR MADAM,

"We are much distressed to have to inform you that our agent at Madeira has telegraphed to us that a vessel has lately arrived at that port, having picked up the lid of a seaman's chest belonging to our barque the 'Dolphin,' and bearing the name of your son. We still entertain a hope that some at least of our crew have saved their lives, for the barque was provided with excellent boats; though there can be no doubt that the vessel herself has been wrecked in the recent storms.

"We are, madam, faithfully yours,

"J. and W. HARRIS, shipowners, Grimsby."

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The chief earthly comfort and support of the sorrowing family, in the dark days that followed, was the faithful Miriam. She wept with her poor mistress, she tried to keep the children happy and hopeful, often saying she herself did not give up hope.

And so came Christmas Eve. Mrs. Sinclair was lying on the sofa sleeping, or seeming to sleep, and the little ones were listening to a story which Miriam in low tones was telling them, when a firing of guns startled them all, and drew the children to the window, from which they saw people hurrying from all directions to the harbour, and two boats filled with men were putting out towards a beautiful vessel still some way out at sea.

"Is it a wreck, Mirrie?" asked Mabel, in a solemn, mournful voice.

"No, miss, no," she answered, and glanced at her mistress: "I think it's Lord Warden's yacht."

"Oh, let's go down to the beach," pleaded Freddy.

Again the servant looked towards the sofa. No, the widow was not asleep, for tears were falling slowly down her white face on to the sofa pillow.

"Yes, Miriam, you had better take them," she said.

So, in great excitement, they started. Presently the beach rang with a shout of welcome as the two boats, manned by Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, were seen to arrive alongside the yacht. A good-natured man on the quay lent Mabel a telescope, and she could see that several persons were descending into the boats.

"That's Lord Warden and his lady," some one in the crowd remarked. Just then a wagonnette, filled with children and servants, came on the scene.

"Here, make way for the little ones," said a rough sailor; "I guess their father and mother want badly to see them again." And Mabel recognised the little ones from the Castle, with their nurses.

Now the boats drew near, and the whole line of quay seemed to break forth into a cheering, welcoming hurrah.

At the sound, the widowed mother crouched in agony upon the sofa, and moaned in her lonely grief. Presently she heard the children's voices outside in eager happy talk, and tried to compose herself to receive them. The parlour door was quietly opened, and she saw—surely she must be dreaming—she saw standing in the doorway, the little ones clinging to him, and Miriam sobbing behind, her sailor-boy, taller and stouter than when he left her, and deeply bronzed.

When the first hour of indescribable happiness was past, when Baby Nell had produced her marker, and almost betrayed the secret of Mabel's and Freddy's Christmas present, and when the joyous evening meal was over, the sailor-boy, with his hand in his mother's, told his story.

"Our cargo was a dangerous one, mother. I was so glad you didn't know all about it! That smelting coal often catches fire of its own accord, and then smoulders such a time that when first seen no one can tell how far the mischief has gone. Sometimes the gas bursts up the ship's decks from end to end, without any warning. Well, we found out one Sunday that the 'Dolphin' was on fire.

"We got all we could up on deck, and threw everything combustible overboard; oil, tar, ropes, and so on. For four days we lived on deck. On Monday night, a fearful gale began, which went on for forty-eight hours, and we were driven about with the sea sweeping the deck, while we knew the fire was every minute gaining strength under our feet. Just as we were giving up hope, a sail was seen, and we ran up the signal, 'Ship on fire.' She was close to us, but she just hoisted her own ensign and coolly went on her way. Then, mother, the men did give in, and lay down in despair to die, but our captain, who's a really good man, said, 'Don't forget, my men, there's One above who looks after us all.' And just after that, Ben Morris, whom you saw just before we sailed—he was a good friend to me all along—he saw a sail to leeward, and told the captain. We soon saw it was an English vessel, and she answered our signals and sent a boat off. So by evening, we were all safe on board Lord Warden's yacht, only poor Ben had had his foot broken by the sea. If only you'd known I was safe, mother. The yacht had to stay at Colombo for repairs, and some of the men left her there for another home-bound ship, because the yacht was rather crowded with us all, but Lord Warden wished me to come home with him. You can't think how kind they all were, and Lady Warden wants you to go with all of us to the Castle to spend a whole day very soon, and see all the curious things they've brought home, and I was to be sure and tell you she would send a carriage for you."

At that moment a gruff voice was heard in the hall.

"That's dear old Ben," cried Robbie. "I made him say he'd come."

His mother and the children followed him out, and she insisted on the crippled sailor coming in to see them, and taking some tea.

In a little time, with Baby Nell on his knee, the sailor was adding a few particulars to Robbie's story.

"I tried to save his chest, ma'am," he said, nodding at the boy, "but it couldn't be got up. I borrowed an old bread-bag from the steward, but it wasn't half big enough, and his sea-boots and things you'd given him to keep him dry—not oil-skins like ours—they were all lost. It did seem a pity! He was too well found, ma'am, for a ship like ours. I could see how his mother loved him, by the way he was fitted all through. I'm bound to tell you, ma'am, what a plucky little chap he was. When I told him all hope was gone, because the American ship had sailed away, he just said, 'Will she go to the bottom, Ben?' and I said, 'I fear so; but try and keep up your heart, little man,' and he just said nothing, but kept quite quiet with his hand in mine."

Who could picture the peaceful happiness of the widow's home on that Christmas day which followed! Only one shadow remained on her heart, and this was cleared away, when, as she walked home on her boy's strong arm from the house of God, he told her he should never wish to leave her again.

"But don't be sorry I went that one cruise, mother," he added; "I never knew before what it really means to pray to God, and to thank Him."

A. J. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIX.—p. 688.—JABESH-GILEAD.—2 Sam. ii. 4–7.

1. J-udah	Gen. xlix. 10.
2. A-saph	Psa. lxxx. 15–17.
3. B-ezaleel	Exod. xxxv. 30, etc.
4. E-than	Psa. lxxxix. 1, etc.
5. S-hem	Gen. ix. 7; x. 21.
6. H-iram	1 Kings v. 1, etc.
7. G-oliath	1 Sam. xvii. 4–51.
8. I-shmael	Gen. xvi. 11–15.
9. L-evi	Gen. xlix. 5–7. Deut. xxxiii. 8–10.
10. E-phraim	Gen. xli. 45; xlviii. 5, 14, etc.
11. A-bner	2 Sam. ii. 8; iii. 32–34.
12. D-aniel	Dan. i. 17–21.

ANSWER TO WORD PICTURE FROM THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

NO. V.—p. 767.—1 Kings xx. 38—43.

ANSWER TO BURIED PROMISE.

Page 784.

"Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope: even to-day do I declare I will render double unto thee."—Zech. ix. 12.

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



LONDON GLEANERS.

"SHURE now, and it's mighty hard the world is wid me," sighs Biddy, and the writer of this is compelled to admit that it really seemed to be. He had pulled himself up two flights of ricketty precipitous old stairs, by means of ropes stretched up the walls by way of bannisters, and had made his way into a dreadful little room, somewhere down in the neighbourhood of Goulston Square, near Petticoat Lane or Middlesex Street, as it has recently been re-named. The day was hot and sultry, and the battered old door, as it creaked open, let out a volume of bad, stifling air, that made him fairly recoil and pause before he entered, notwithstanding that the one window of the room was wide open.

No. 1391.—DECEMBER 25, 1890. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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Biddy had come in just before him with a huge bundle of work, under which she tottered and struggled up the stairs, and when the writer stepped into her dreary little den she had flung down her bundle and dropped upon the bed, which stood in one corner of the room, looking like a woman weary in body and sick at heart. A few sympathetic words, and Biddy's woes break out in a torrent, not very readily intelligible to one unfamiliar with "the brogue." By dint of a little questioning and cross-questioning, however, her troubles are at length made to assume something like definite form. She had gone the day before to a firm of wholesale clothiers, from whom she had had six coats, into each of which she was required to work six button-holes. She had walked a mile to the shop, waited an hour for the work, carried the six coats a mile home, bought her own needles and silk, done the thirty-six button-holes, carried the coats the mile back again, waited another hour, and then received—what does the reader think? A shilling? No, that was what had been agreed upon, and if Biddy had got that she would have trudged home contented. No, no; Biddy's grievance was this. When she had received the work the foreman had given her a memorandum-book with an entry of the work in it. The poor woman did not ask for the book, did not want it, could not read a word or a figure in it. It was to all intents and purposes one of the firm's account-books, and, so far as she was concerned, was absolutely useless. But out of her miserable shilling due for her long day's work, her four miles of walking, and her weary waiting, they had stopped fourpence for it. "Shure now," wails this daughter of Erin, "it's mighty hard the world is wid me!"

The book might have been bought at the dearest retail stationer's shop in London for twopence. One's first impulse is to advise the poor creature to take the book back with her next time, and demand her full pay.

The woman shakes her head sadly enough, however. "Niver a bit o' work 'd they give to me thin, and what 'd I do?" she asks.

Alas! how utterly hopeless seem to be the lives of vast masses of the poor. Just step across this little thoroughfare, round one or two corners, and into a court, and hear what this slipper-maker has to say. Work? Yes, he has plenty of work just now; and so he'd need have. With a landlord pressing for three weeks' arrears of rent, an ailing wife, and a child down with the measles, he had need have plenty of work. There is plenty to do, but the price is "awful," and "slipper-makers is a poor set" and won't hang together, and if they would, while it takes fifteen hours a day to keep body and soul together, all he can say is "Heaven help 'em!" Yes, fifteen hours a day is his day's work, and as he talks he hammers away at his "lapstone" with the unresting energy of a man conscious that the wolf is at his heels. He gets two and sixpence and two and ninepence a dozen for making up slippers, which, he says, pass through his hands forty or fifty times, and with all his fifteen hours and his meals eaten on his seat, six dozen a week are all that he can get through. And this, he explains, is his harvest! He, however, is a regular mechanic. There are far lower depths of helplessness and hopelessness than his—depths which without a steadfast belief in the wisdom, the watchfulness, and the ever-pitying Fatherhood of God, might well engender despair.

Peep into this little back yard, down in the most densely-populated part of Spitalfields. A large number of match-box makers live about here, and in this pestilential little court is a party of them at work. They have turned their table out of doors and have rigged up an awning of old newspapers to keep off the glare of the afternoon sun. The summer-time is the busiest in the match trade, and it is their "harvest" too. There are four of them at work, two of them practised hands, a young girl who has had a paralytic stroke, and the fourth a grisled, dark-eyed little matron, whose rôle in life it seems to be to prowl about in quest of any form of work or wealth that may turn up. She will do a day's washing, she says, or mind a baby. Last autumn she did a little trade in "inions"—onions that is to say—and before now she has "made" as much as half a hundredweight of coal by perseveringly trudging after a waggon with a hole in the tail-board. She never fails to assist at the demolition of houses anywhere in her neighbourhood, and once filled her room so full of bundles of old laths, that one of them fell down when she was out and blocked up the door for a fortnight—so she says—and she had to go and live "along of Mrs. Demsy." With all her versatility and acquisitiveness, however, the little old woman admits that she has "never done no good for herself," and now, getting on towards a ripe old age, she is, for the first time, trying her hand as a matchbox maker. They do not any of them consider that they work very long hours. They begin about nine in the morning, and "never work after eight in the evening," and in this time they can between them get through about ten gross of boxes. They have to fetch their materials, which they get delivered to them in bundles cut to the proper size and creased so as to fold easily. They find their own paste, and the string to tie up the completed boxes, and they take them home, when they get 2½*d.* a gross, or 2*s.* 1*d.* a day, to be divided as fairly as they can arrange to do between the four of them for their eleven hours' work.

Now down another little court, and up this staircase, foul with dirt, and black as the shaft of a coal mine. We are on the threshold of a little chamber close under the tiles.

In one corner is an invalid in bed. Four workers are here also: a jaded, weary-looking old woman and her daughter, and two grand-children, one about fourteen, the other about eleven. Unlike the other hands, these are wholly dependent on what those nimble fingers of theirs can do; and from seven in the morning, all through that burning heat, until nine o'clock at night, they plod—that is to say, the three elders do; the pale, oval-faced, quiet-looking child of eleven cannot manage so much yet. She gets pains in her head, and tumbles off her stool. Their price, too, is 2½*d.* a gross, and just at this time of year they make about eleven shillings a week. Do they make the boxes for the match manufacturer? Oh dear, no. The match manufacturer gives out the work to Mr. Legree, and Mr. Legree gives it to them. What would he say if they were to tell him they meant to have another penny a gross? Why they'd never get another job.

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Yet one more room. Here is a solitary young woman, who has been married, but left to fight her own way in the world, and she declares that at matchbox-making she just now works from six in the morning till twelve and one o'clock at night. On Fridays she gets only about a couple of hours' sleep, but can scarcely make a living. She is not yet very expert. She tells of Mrs. Somebody who can make her ten shillings a week at it, "but then," she adds pathetically, "you see, sir, she has her three children to help, and I'm all alone."

It is not all dismal and distressing that one meets with among those who have to struggle for a living. The writer had the other day occasion to explore some of the tenements in that wonderful human warren just off Whitecross Street—between that and Bunhill Row—and was highly diverted by a cheery little philosopher whom he found perched in an upper garret singing like a robin over an old coat, which he was turning and altering for himself during the coming winter. Without any questions being asked, he explained that he was a night street-sweeper, and it had struck him that that old coat might be turned and altered, and made just about comfortable. Night street-sweeping was not much of a "paying game" he was bound to admit, but there was many a "wuss" if you could only keep out the wet and cold. A tailor? Well, no; he was not a proper tailor, but he was handy at most things. He was a bit of a tailor, but he wasn't *quite* perfect. If he was quite perfect he'd be "landed," and the little man smacked his lips and shrugged his shoulders in a way that explained clearly enough that to be "landed" is about as much as one can ever expect in this world. His room was in a bad condition, he admitted; but there were plenty of "wuss." The window just over the bed had, in course of a good many years, lost more than half the glass out of it; and in winter the rain and wind have a provoking knack of "busting" in the paper pasted over the sash. Then there are several great big holes in the door. The missis goes on about it alarming, "but bless 'ee, it on'y wants a bit o' hoilcloth nailed over," and the sunny-souled little man turns over his coat and chirps out again right merrily.

Not many yards off are two old people, who seem to maintain a tolerably fat and flourishing condition in a little den into which the writer peered through the open window more than once before he ventured inside. When he went he discovered that it was in great part filled with bags of paper, which the two old people who lived in this one room—eating, sleeping, and working—were in the habit of picking up in the streets and bringing home here to sort and, periodically, to sell, thus, it was said by the neighbours, making a considerable part of their livelihood. A well-known chemist is reported to have said that he always made a point of minutely examining what other people threw away. This old couple appeared to act upon the same principle, and out of every dust heap had a facility of extracting something or other to make a "living:" bones, bits of metal, cinders, knobs of coal, paper, and so on, all of which found way into this little den.

There is often something very grotesque in the association of squalid poverty with the cheery good-humour constantly to be met with in the very midst of it. The writer once went into a room in Westminster, a family "home," presenting the most wretched combination of filth, dilapidation, and want. The walls were broken, the ceiling falling in, the window with scarcely a fragment of glass in it, the door partly off its hinges, and the furniture comprising only an old tent bedstead with a greasy mattress upon it, and a broken, rush-bottomed chair. There was a little fire smouldering in the grate, and before this, seated in the chair, was a little urchin some ten or eleven years old, familiarly known to the neighbours as "Topper." Master Topper was arrayed in more than half a shirt, and nearly three-quarters of a pair of trousers, hitched up to his shoulders by a piece of string. He had picked up a piece of cigar, and was perched up here smoking with all the gravity of a Mussulman. "But where are the bed-clothes, Topper?" he was asked. "Mother 's tucked 'em up," is the reply, which it presently appears is only Topper's metaphorical way of saying that his mother has pawned them. Mother, it appears, maintains herself and three children by going out with an apple-basket, and sometimes has to raise a little capital before she can go to market. When she comes home she will fetch the things out of pawn. "But suppose mother has not sold her apples when she comes home; how then?" "Then us tucks up the basket," replies Topper, with the air of one who has a comfortable consciousness of being fully equal to all the little tricks of Fortune. "And where do you put the apples?" "Chucks 'm up 'n the corner," says Topper, indicating a dingy little nook between the bedstead and the window.

The prompt business-like manner and perfectly self-satisfied air with which the precocious little urchin revealed these details in the every-day struggle was something irresistibly droll.

The comic and the tragic lie very near to each other in this stratum of the commercial world. Down in a cellar in the neighbourhood of Lisson Grove, near the Edgware Road, the writer some time ago—it was just before Christmas—found an old man who had for years eked out a lonely existence by making sugar-sticks. His only earthly possessions were a horrible-looking bedstead and bed, a candlestick, a saucepan, an iron spoon, and a pair of scales, with one or two boards for his out-door stall. With these appliances and a small credit at a neighbouring grocer's he had long done a trade in sweetstuffs just sufficient to keep him out of the workhouse. What amount of trade he would have done if his patrons could have seen that disgusting underground cellar, the saucepan in which he manufactured the sugar-sticks, and the spoon with which they were stirred up, may be doubtful. As it was he had for a long time lived upon his profits; but trade had been bad; he had not always been able to stand in the street on account of his health, and he had fallen into arrears. Two or three weeks' rent was due, his credit at the grocer's was exhausted, and when the writer chanced to look in upon him the poor old fellow was seated on the edge of his bed in a nervous tremour of agitation and distress, which, together with the gloom and loneliness of the place, gave a rather thrilling effect to his repeated reference to "the quickest way of dying." He had not a relative or friend in the world, he said. He had lived down

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in that cellar all by himself, had crawled up out of it in the morning to sell his sweetstuff, and had crawled back at night to make some more—day after day for years, and now—well, now he must die or go into "the house," and he would rather die. It was not the passionate utterance of a man momentarily vexed, but evidently the sad, stern resolve of one who had often looked the alternative in the face. If he went into "the house"—the workhouse, that is—they would sell his scales, and his saucepan, and he would never come out again. He sat and sobbed as though his heart would break at the thought of never again sleeping in that horrible hole, and never again standing at a dreary street corner to sell pennorths of his home-made sugar-sticks. It was absurd, of course. He would have been better off in "the house." Apart from "sentiment" there was not much to cry about, it may be said. It is difficult, however, to realise life apart from sentiment, and when it is realised it is not worth much. The utter breakdown of the old fellow's little business, combined with his venerable years and his loneliness, could hardly fail to touch ordinary sensibilities. As the chronicler does not intend to append his name to this, he does not think there is any impropriety in stating that, after a little inquiry which established the respectability of the old man's character so far as anything was known of it, he got up a little subscription which paid off all arrears of rent, and set matters right at the grocer's—a fact which he mentions chiefly that he may record the old fellow's overwhelming gratitude, of which he gave a practical manifestation by weighing out an ounce of his very best sweetstuff and presenting it wrapped up in a piece of newspaper taken from under his bed!

The glad tidings of great joy are surely for these poor "gleaners" of our great cities. What a contrast is made possible by the advent of our Saviour! There is special call at this season to show by kindly deeds to the poor and needy the practical influence of the gospel of the grace of God.

INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. W. URWICK, M.A.

XXXII.—BOMBAY.

ABOUT forty hours of railway travelling brought us 850 miles south-west from Allahabad, along the Great Indian Peninsula line, through Jubbulpore and over the Tal Ghaut (2,000 feet), to Bombay; and the sweet smell of the sea and its refreshing breeze, were as grateful after six weeks' inland sojourn and 3,000 miles of inland travel in North India, as we had felt them to be at San Francisco, after crossing the American Continent. In both cases we had traversed wide plains, and seen lofty mountains. But as to the population, how great the contrast! In the one case it was a population of free settlers in a new country; in the other it was a native population, tenfold greater as to number, but now sunk in servitude and poverty. Travelling across America under the "stars and stripes," every village passed is the centre of new life and freedom, just government and enterprise, where Christianity with its civilizing influences is at work. Travelling across India under the flag of Britain, the railway wends its way with its wealth and power, its well-stocked buffets and its guaranteed dividends, amid thousands of villages teeming with the neglected, the down-trodden, the benighted, the hopeless, the true owners of the soil, now our fellow subjects, yet separated from us by the widest gulf. In America the villager works and grows wealthy; in India he labours and starves. "Famine," says an acute writer who has lived long in India, "is the horizon of the Indian villager; insufficient food is the foreground." And he adds, "While the Indian villager has to maintain the glorious phantasmagoria of an imperial policy, while he has to support legions of scarlet soldiers, golden chuprassies, purple politicals, and green commissions, he must remain the hunger-stricken, over-driven phantom he is."* In the midst of nature's plenty and repose, it is his sad lot to toil and famish.

Bombay ("fair haven"), upon an island or chain of islands branching from the mainland and enclosing a splendid harbour of forty square miles, has gradually grown into a large and healthy city of 700,000 inhabitants. Of these 400,000 are Hindoos, 150,000 Mohammedans, 50,000 Parsees, and the remainder Jains, or Buddhists, Jews, Eurasians and Europeans. The favourite part for the English is Malabar Hill, with the Government Bungalow at the extreme point, where General Grant was staying at this time. It commands a lovely view of the city and the sea. A drive along the coast, of five miles, leads down to Apollo Bunder; and here the fashion of Bombay drives in the cool of the evening, and gathers to the music of the band. The equipages of the wealthy Parsees, and of the English officials, sweep along with trails of native footmen. Native service in India is so cheap that every Englishman has his attendants; and no sooner does the youth, who at home was wont to do everything for himself, set foot here, than he discovers that by virtue of his belonging to the conquering power he can hold his head high, swear at leisure, and be waited upon by Hindoos making obeisance to him, from the moment he rises in the morning till he is asleep at night. An old officer returning from the country said to me, "I know no worse school for a young man than India. I have two nephews who have inherited land in Oude; I am trying to persuade their guardian to sell the land there, and to buy farms for them in New Zealand. There they must learn industry and self-dependence. Here, in India they learn to be haughty, imperious, idle, self-indulgent." There are no doubt many noble exceptions, men who fear God, and fulfil their duty with conscientiousness and kindness, men who eschew "pegs," and treat the

* "Twenty-one Days in India," by G. A. Mackay. See also "Bengal Peasant Life," by L. B. Day.

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natives humanely. These, together with the missionaries, are our hope for India.

Having hired a steam launch, we started one beautiful morning for the island of Elephanta, six miles south-east of Bombay; and after a delightful sail, reached the landing-place, a narrow pier, in an hour and a half. A stone pathway and steps lead up to the famous caves, where the custodian furnishes you with a ticket of admission; and with the guide-book, you can decipher all that is to be seen. The great cave is about 130 feet deep, and equally wide, hollowed out of trap rock, three huge pillars being left in rows to support the roof, which is about twenty feet high. These pillars are finely carved. Facing you, as you enter, is a fine colossal cutting of the Hindoo Trinity: Brahma, the creator, in the centre, Vishnu, the preserver, on the left, Shiva, the destroyer, on the right. The carving of the head-dresses is very striking. On large panels Shiva is represented in huge bas-reliefs, and in different forms, with his wife Parvati. To the west is an immense *Linga* shrine with giant Brahmins in stone, as guards all round. Two other colossal bas-reliefs represent the marriage of Shiva, and Shiva as the destroyer. On the east side a panel depicts the birth of the elephant-headed god of wisdom, Ganesha. Again you have Shiva as an ascetic, and Shiva in the dance. In fact, there is quite a theogony here. The place has the air of antiquity, and dates as far back as the tenth century of our era. The island is fertile, romantic and hilly; and boys brought for sale beautifully-coloured flies, and pendent birds' nests. The excursion was very enjoyable, and occupied about half a day.

Sunday in Bombay is not unlike Sunday in London. In the morning, at eight o'clock, I attended the mission service of the Church Missionary Society. The little church is prettily situated, and there was a congregation of about fifty natives. The service was read, and the sermon preached in the native tongue (Marathi) by the native pastor. On my way back from this service I passed a Romanist church, whose doors were thronged with native worshippers. I went over the Robert Money school, and was greatly gratified with the several classes of native boys, who number here two hundred and fifty. The Church Mission has been in existence since 1820. Neither the Wesleyan, the Baptist, nor the London Missionary Societies have any agencies in Bombay. But the Presbyterians are strong. I visited the Free Church Institute on the Monday, and addressed the senior class of native students, who greatly interested me with their intelligent questions. They asked if it were true that seats in Christian churches in Britain were bought and sold by auction, or rented as one rents a house, and if the profits went to the ministers of these churches. This seemed to be a stumbling-block to some of them, who were inclined to embrace Christianity. I likewise visited the Jews' school, and found boys and girls learning Hebrew and reading the Hebrew Bible. The American Missions date from 1813, and are conducted with zeal and efficiency.

Besides the Grant Medical Hospital, so well known for its efficiency, may be named the Panjrapool, a hospital for diseased and decrepid animals. This has been founded and is supported mainly by the Jains or Buddhists, with whom tenderness for animal life is a distinguishing tenet. They are most careful lest they should tread on or crush any insect, or by accident swallow the tiniest mite. They strain the water which they drink (a wise precaution for sanitary reasons), and they will not eat or drink in the dark, lest they should inadvertently swallow an insect. In the hospital all sick or maimed animals are treated, from the elephant to the dog; even fleas and other vermin are carefully nursed. Crows, cows, monkeys, serpents, are regarded as more or less pervaded by divinity, and any noxious insect or reptile may be an incarnation of a deceased relative. This idea is general among the Hindoos. As I lay in bed ill, at Agra, the dogs would come boldly in and devour toast or jelly at my elbow, and the birds would hop to and fro over the chamber for crumbs. The Hindoos and Jains thus reverence animals, but the Parsees adore the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water; and they will not contaminate earth by any burial, nor fire by cremation. In their cemetery on Malabar Hill are five stone receptacles for their dead, eight yards high and twenty wide, called "towers of silence." When a funeral occurs the body is brought to the gate of the cemetery, but the mourners are not allowed to enter. The Parsee priests receive it, and mysteriously convey it to one of these receptacles, where the vultures eagerly await their prey. A Parsee merchant with whom I travelled for several days, strongly vindicated this use of birds of prey, as reverential to the four sacred elements, as less revolting than worms, and as best contributing to the health of the living.

XXXIII.—THE RED SEA AND CAIRO.

The voyage from Bombay to Suez is nearly 3,000 miles in length, and occupies twelve days. For the first six days we were steaming south-west by west, over the Indian Ocean, now perfectly calm. In the early morning, the Southern Cross shone out brightly; and as the temperature increased daily we were glad of double awnings and punkahs, and small fan sails to catch the breeze, and drive it through the cabin windows. At Aden we anchored, and remained about twelve hours. It is a bare rock, an extinct volcano, connected with the mainland only by a neck of sand. Now, however, it is growing important both as a place of merchandise, through which the coffee of Arabia passes to the outer world, and as forming the key to the Red Sea, as Gibraltar does to the Mediterranean. The story is told that an English admiral, with his ships anchored alongside a French ship of war near the island, invited the French commander to dine with him. During the entertainment the latter remarked that he was thinking of taking possession of the rock; whereupon the English admiral, summoning his first officer, gave private orders to have the ships prepared for sailing forthwith; and no sooner had his guest left, than he made immediately, that very night, for the rock, planted the English flag, and established a small garrison. The next morning the French found the place already in English hands. England has ever since kept possession of it; and no doubt it is important as a coaling station on the way to India. Our steamer was literally besieged in the morning with Jews and Arabs offering ostrich feathers and other valuables for sale. I purchased some very

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fine pieces of Red Sea coral—coral so red that it might be taken as giving the name to the sea. Six hours after leaving Aden we passed through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, "gate of tears," so called probably because of the dangers and disasters of vessels in such a narrow sea, surrounded by rocky shores. Immediately within the straits we passed the wretched island of Perim, which narrows the channel on the Arabian side to about three miles. And now we are in the far-famed Red Sea, a narrow strip on the map, but no less than 1,250 miles long, and remarkable even at this time of the year for its heat, to which some have attributed its name. The heat is so great in summer that sickly passengers returning from India often die during the voyage, and the steamer is sometimes turned round and driven stern foremost in order to produce ventilation. We fortunately were favoured with a breeze from the north, which greatly mitigated the heat. When we were about the latitude of Mecca the engines suddenly stopped, and one of the passengers asking, "Captain, what is the matter?" he replied, "Somebody tells me that a cockroach has crept into the cylinder and stopped it." "If," rejoined the passenger, "you treat the matter so jocosely, it cannot be anything very serious." It proved, however, to be no joking matter, for it involved a stoppage of six hours, during which we drifted many miles from our course, and all the engineers were hard at work endeavouring to repair the machinery.

On the next day, the glorious pile of mountains bathed in sunlight soft and mellow and yet clear,

> "The secret top
> Of Oreb and of Sinai"

rose full into view before us, and grew in clearness of outline and in majesty as we approached the Sinaitic peninsula, and steamed up the Gulf of Suez. All the sacred associations of Scripture history seemed to gather round those mysterious summits, and to remind us that now at length in our journey we were approaching the lands of the Bible. In the middle of the fifth day from Aden we steamed into the harbour of Suez, and soon were riding on donkeys to the hotel. There seems to be little reason to doubt the generally received view that the neighbourhood of Suez is the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The mountains here are on either side, the sea is shallow, and at one time must have extended into the lakes farther north; and, as we read "the Lord caused a strong east wind to blow all night," this would drive back the incoming tide, and would also bring a large quantity of sand with it, thus making a pathway across, while the waters would break on the shore above and on the shore below. No one can read the narrative from Genesis xxxvii. to Exodus xv. without being struck, while travelling from Suez to Cairo, with the coincidences which the face of the country affords. We passed along the route which the Israelites probably took. There is a station called Ramses; and the land of Goshen, a well-watered plain, extends as far as to Zagazig. The contrast between fertility and desert is very striking here.

The charm of Cairo, in the clearness of its climate and the inexhaustible variety of its crowded streets, has often been described. Of course I rode on donkeys through the Mooshti, and visited the mosques and the bazaars, drove to the pyramids of Gizeh, ascended the Great Pyramid, and explored its internal passages to the King's Chamber and the great sarcophagus—which Dr. Piazzi Smyth takes to be a divinely inspired standard of measure, the entire pyramid being, in his view, a Bible in stone. But one sight in particular must be described, which occurs only once in the year, and shows the visitor what Mohammedanism practically is when embodied in its blindest votaries. I refer to the *Doseh*, or annual festival of the return of the pilgrims from Mecca. In a large open field of several acres near the city, a circle of booths is erected, nearly a mile in circumference. In the centre preparations for fire-works are set up. The booths are filled with dervishes, who, night after night, work themselves up into the usual state of furore and excitement as they recite with vehement gesticulations their prayers. Crowds of spectators throng the circle and visit the several booths; and there is a display of fireworks every night for a week. On the seventh day, the great day of the feast, the sheikh of the dervishes comes, riding down with a very great train from the Alabaster Mosque in Cairo, and enters the circle, now crowded with spectators in carriages and on foot, from the Khedive downwards, including strangers from all parts of the world. And now the dancing dervishes, worked up to the necessary pitch of excitement, prostrate themselves on their faces side by side along the path kept clear for the procession, and the sheikh on horseback comes riding on upon their prostrate bodies, which form a living pavement of two hundred yards or more. The sheikh is intoxicated, so as to render him insensible to the cruelty of the pain which he inflicts, and he is held in his saddle by attendants on either side; and the horse is led, or rather lashed, on over the prostrate bodies. The horse seemed more sensible than the men who were urging him on, because several seconds—some minutes indeed—passed before they were able to get him to tread upon the prostrate dervishes. He stumbled frequently as he moved along the living avenue, and many ribs must have been broken. But the fanatics believe that, if killed, they go direct to paradise; and that, if wounded or crushed, the merit is proportionately great. In fact we have in this ceremony what answers to the car of Juggernaut and its crushing wheels in India. The one superstition matches in its cruelty and unreasonableness the other. Such is the outgo of Mohammedan zeal—a strange burlesque upon the beautifully illuminated copies of the Koran exhibited in the Cairo Library, and a striking confutation of the high notions of Mohammedans and Mohammedanism which self-styled "culture," *alias* indifferentism, among certain people in England entertains. Among the most interested spectators are the women of the Khedive's harem, who drive down in fashionable broughams, with veils of thinnest gauze.

And now, dear reader, the narrowness of the space at my disposal obliges me (for the present at least) to cut short my narrative at this point, and merely to indicate the route of the remaining two months of my journey round the world. My travelling companion, in company with other passengers, took the overland train at Suez, which bears the Indian mail to Alexandria, thence in the mail steamer to Brindisi, and from Brindisi across Europe to England, a journey accomplished within a week. It was my desire and purpose from the outset, to complete

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the journey by a visit to the Holy Land. Landing at Jaffa, from Port Said, I visited Jerusalem and Bethlehem, the Dead Sea and Jericho, Bethel and Samaria, Nazareth and Cana, and I spent a most laborious, but most interesting month in

> "Those holy fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross—"

riding on horseback five hundred miles from south to north, boating on the Sea of Galilee, and by the Waters of Merom to the sources of Jordan, Dan and Cæsarea Philippi. Thence over Hermon to Damascus, Baalbec and Beyrout. Again by sea past Cyprus and Rhodes to Smyrna and Ephesus. Through the Dardanelles to Constantinople, and up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. Afterwards, across to Greece, the Piræus, Athens, Eleusis, and the bay of Salamis. From Greece I sailed round Cape Matapan, and across Hadria to Brindisi, and thence travelled to Naples and to Rome; northwards through Florence, Pisa, etc., over the Alps to Paris, and to London.

It must now suffice for me to say that, throughout, I found the world much better and much kinder than I thought it was, and that I feel constrained to take a much more hopeful view of the prospects of mankind. In spite of the giant systems of ritualism in the east, and in the west—the countless shrines of Buddhism, the massive temples of Brahminism, the mosques of Mohammedism, the altars of Romanism—that spiritual Temple in which the Most High delights to dwell is growing everywhere, whose foundation is Jesus Christ, whose stones are living persons united by faith to Him, whose ritual is the fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, and whose ornamentation is the beauty of holiness. In spite of the thunder of ponderous ironclads, and the terrible inventions of modern warfare, that Kingdom for whose coming we daily pray is advancing in every land, that Kingdom which proclaims, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."



THE CALL TO PRAYER.

*** I willingly avail myself of this opportunity to guard my observations upon hymn translation in

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China from misapprehension. Nothing would be farther from my intention than to speak lightly of the work of our American brethren. What has been said in these papers of the American missionaries in Japan, may be said, I believe, with equal truth regarding those in China. They have been in the field there since 1838, and are a noble and devoted body of men. Touching hymnology, there is need for revision. I may add, with reference to the names for God in China, that the Americans in Foochow, at the instance of the converts, use *Shangti;* and I am glad to learn that the large majority of Protestant episcopal missionaries are adopting it instead of *Tien Chu*, thousands of their converts steadily refusing to sanction the introduction of *Tien Chu* in Bible or prayer-book. Christian conviction is thus leading on to unity of usage on this most important and primary point.

W. U.

MRS. GREYSON'S CALL.

BY MRS. S. S. ROBBINS.

"WEBSTER, in his Dictionary, defines devious thus: 'Latin, *devius; de* and *via*, way: out of the common way or track.'"

This Mrs. Greyson said, following a little tap upon my door, with herself neatly dressed in her gray afternoon suit, and with her work-basket in her hand. I was always glad to see her, but never more so than when she came with her work-basket, for I knew it meant a call, a pleasant talk, and some reminiscences.

"Well, what is the trouble with 'devious?'" I asked laying aside my book and taking up my work.

"Devious ways," she repeated. "I happened to be thinking over my past life to-day, and there came to me constantly that word, almost" (with a little hesitation) "as if it were sent. All my ways have been devious from the very beginning, and the most singular thing is, that they lead to the same point."

"I don't understand you," I said, shaking up the feather cushion of her favourite working chair, and pushing it towards her.

"No, perhaps not, but it as clear to me as daylight now; indeed, it is always clear when the way is passed, and I wonder how I could ever have hesitated or doubted. You see"—giving the cushion a more emphatic shake, and then seating herself on it—"you see it is devious only to us, but it is straight as an arrow to Him. When my Eben was learning to walk, do you suppose I sat down on the floor beside him and said, 'Now, Eben, this carpet is perfectly level, and clear from everything that can make you fall; take hold of my hand and trust me wholly. I am teaching you to step so you can soon walk alone; don't be afraid there are any lions or bears in the way; I can assure you there are not. Come, try now; that's a good boy.' No, I never did such a thing. I put him squarely on his feet, took hold of him, and said, 'Now, sonny,' and he walked. Really, come to think it, he walked sooner than my other children. Just so God does with us: He puts us squarely down here, and He says, 'Now.'"

"But suppose," I asked, "it was in the dark, and Eben could not have seen an inch before him, couldn't have seen you, couldn't have felt the reassuring touch of your hand, do you suppose he would have started and walked straight to you when you said, 'Now sonny'?"

"You've hit it," she answered, with her pleasant laugh. "I have been feeling around for it all day. I forgot the dark. It is dark between us and the end, always; only God sees through; that's what makes our way so devious. There is really no such thing as 'a common way or track;' no highway that we may all walk over, sure where it will bring us; it is just little side tracks, with side issues, trap-doors, perhaps, sloughs of despond—yes, so many sloughs of despond—I have found them everywhere."

"You!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Why you always seemed to me like a woman who saw the end from the beginning. I should be sure of safety if I followed."

"That just shows how little you know," she answered, with some asperity. "What do you think of this?

"Once upon a time I grew tired of being always poor, impatient of God's constantly putting us in tight places, where I could never see where wood, or food, or clothes were to come from, and I said to my husband, tartly, 'See here; we have as much business sense as three-fourths of the rich people; now I don't believe God means us to be rubbing along so; all we want is *push*. You hire some money—two hundred dollars to start with—and buy up some railroad stock; the interest in a railroad will pay the interest on the money and leave us a surplus, and by-and-bye the little yarn will roll together and, who knows, there may be a few hundreds to educate Eben with when he is ready for college.' Mr. Greyson stared at me as though I had asked him to commit a sin; but when I am determined, I am determined, and I gave him no peace until the thing was done. It turned out just as I had predicted. We paid the interest; we paid the whole sum; we had our money clear, and began to feel forehanded, as Eben grew into a stout, brave, smart, good boy, almost ready for college, and then——" stopping and wiping two tears that had gathered and rolled silently down her cheeks.

"Yes, I know," I said, "and then God wanted the boy for another—not a college life—and took him. But if you had foreseen this end, would you have done differently?"

"Indeed I would," she said, chokingly. "He never had a sled, or skates, as the other boys did; he wore old, patched clothes, and wasn't fed as he should have been—all that the money might be ready when he needed it. Of all my devious ways, that was the darkest, the saddest end."

"So far as you can see now, but about the real end, when you two are together again."

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I felt almost ashamed to offer her so trite a consolation, but it was all I had, and she answered, with a smile:

"I don't know why I told you this first, only because I saw you did not understand me. I can tell you so many other things, after I had learned to trust God better, just to put my hand in his and let Him lead. That is such an easy thing to say; I used to harp upon it in my Sabbath-school class, and in our ladies' prayer-meeting; but I don't know anything in the world that is harder for a straightforward, independent, energetic person to do, than to be willing to act 'as it seemeth to Thee best,' and to find just the point where the distinction between supineness or laziness on our part, and trust, lies—how to keep the powder dry, and then how much to leave. Naturally I had rather carry along my powder-flask so heavily filled that I can but just lift it: it's all grace when I feel it is light, all but empty; yet I step along briskly up to closed doors and into very dark passages, without even one ray of light to lead me, and when I tap at the door, it opens; and when I go boldly into the dark passages, feeling my way along at first, at the farther end I see a feeble glimmer, and, before I know it, there comes the free radiance of the 'perfect day.' I never knew it to fail," she said, separating her words with much distinctness. "If I were a man—a minister—I would make it my special mission to comfort people—good people—with just this asseveration: God sees, God knows. He has a plan all marked out: you shall not fall by the way, however devious it may seem to you; it is straight on to Him. When I saw Eben must die, it just seemed to me that my life had come to an end, too. I didn't want the first hour without him. I wonder at it now, but my thoughts fastened on such trifles. What should I do without his cap to hang up; how could I have Saturday's baking and never, never make him his little turnover again; and Sunday, without having him come, the last thing before we went to church, stand up before me and say, with his beautiful smile, 'Look, mother, am I all right?' And yet I was very quiet—almost contented—when I put away his cap. I baked for the others on Saturday, and Sunday he seemed to go to church with me, sit by my side, and I could almost hear the sound of his feet as he went down the aisle to his place in the Sabbath-school. I didn't mean," she said, wiping her tears, "to say things that sounded so dolorously. I came in to tell you a bit of clerical life—a devious life enough at any time, but wonderfully devious to us.

"The best settlement and the best parish my husband ever had was the one at Whitton—that isn't the name of the place, but it will do as well. We had a large salary, a nice parsonage, with glebe lands, and, for the first time in my life, I could have a real cow, real milk that would bear skimming, and a place for the children to play without going into the street. Queen Victoria never was half so proud or contented as I when we moved into town and took possession. But the very first afternoon I was there, Mrs. Bemley, the wife of the leading lawyer of our parish, called and told me of a trouble in the choir, expressing a hope—no, commanding me—to take one side; and hardly had she gone when Mrs. Dane, our physician's wife, called, told me the other side, and commanded me to take that. Here it was, the skeleton in my closet; and when my husband came home from buying the cow, I told him he might as well return it, for we should not stay. He did, and we stayed one year, and never was I so glad before or since to leave a parish. To me, my devious ways seemed leading straight into paradise; but you see"—breaking off and nodding her head at me.

"I see," I answered. "Couldn't you have managed, though? A little diplomacy is sometimes such an excellent thing."

"Never settled a choir trouble; I vote for congregational singing," she said, emphatically. "My husband is one of the most discreet of men; but this was among the women, and he was helpless. Our ways are as devious as life's"—with a smile—"I had rather have every man in a parish in arms than two of the women. They would get through it sooner. The most serious troubles we have ever had in our pastoral life have come from the smallest beginnings; and nine times out of ten there have been female fingers or tongues at the bottom."

"You call these the smallest beginnings, do you?" I asked, thinking my sex needed a champion.

"Devious ways," she answered; "they don't see the end from the beginning; if they could they would never begin. And it is just this that should make us so careful. 'Behold, how great a fire a little matter kindleth'; that's the Bible way of saying the same thing—not exactly a good exegesis, but it answers. This is the scary side—I always have to look a subject all round—and not the one I was thinking of to-day, that was full strength and comfort. It's in this verse of an old hymn:

> "'Though in a bare and rugged way
> Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
> Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
> The barren wilderness shall smile,
> With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
> And streams shall murmur all around.'"

"That is just it. We think we are in a barren wilderness, and lo, the barren wilderness smiles with sudden greens—(there is so much in that word sudden: herbage crowned and murmuring streams)—in a moment, in the twinkle of an eye. It isn't worth worrying over much, is it?"—*The New York Observer.*

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

XXI.—FUNERAL PROCESSION.

IN the East, people do not bury their dead as we do. No coffin is used. The body is put in a light, wooden shell; but the shell is not buried, it is merely used to carry the body in. My little picture will show you what I have often seen. The friends of the dead man are walking in front; four men carry the body, in the shell. To show that the dead person was a man, a turban is put at the head of the bier; when it is a woman there is a veil. This shell, or bag, is placed on what is called a bier—two long sticks with canvas between. In villages they do not use the shell; the body is only wrapped in linen. The men put the sticks

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on their shoulders to carry it. The women behind are weeping or wailing. The women make a great noise in Eastern lands when there is a funeral. I saw two funerals in a town when some hundreds of people followed—both men and women wailing. One was the body of a priest who had been very much



loved; the other was that of a rich lady, who, they said, had been very kind. The street was quite full of women, all crying. You remember the miracle wrought by our Lord Jesus on the widow's son at Nain (Luke vii. 11). It must have been some such procession that he met.

In England dead people are laid in a grave. In the Holy Land, tombs or graves are of various kinds. Sometimes they are underground, cut out of the solid rock, and you have to go down to them by many steps; sometimes natural caves are used—Abraham bought a cave for his burial-place; others, again, are cut out of the upright rock, for the whole country is hilly, with cliffs everywhere. Let me try to describe one I saw near Jerusalem, then I think you will better understand the Bible account. This one was in an upright cliff. Low down, close to the ground, a hole had been made into the rock. The opening was not high enough for a man to walk in: he would have to stoop or go in on his hands and knees. The opening took you into quite a large chamber, which had been hollowed out of the rock. At the farther end of this chamber, a few steps led you into an inner chamber. At the sides of each chamber, recesses or shelves had been cut out, on which to place the bodies. The first opening, or door, of this tomb had a stone to close it up, a large circular stone, like a large mill-stone; a sloping groove had been cut into the wall of the outside rock at one side, so that the stone could be pushed up the groove, away from the opening. When it was wished to close the tomb the stone would be pushed down from the top; it would slip down the groove, and rest in front of the opening. To move it up would require men with levers, to push this heavy stone up the groove, and so away from the mouth; a touch would, however, send it back again, and close the door.

You read in the Bible (Matthew xxvii. 60) that our Lord was buried in a "new tomb," no dead body had ever been placed in it; it was empty until He was placed there; Joseph of Arimathæa had made it for himself. When our Lord's body was placed in the tomb, Joseph "rolled a great stone to the door." In the next chapter you will see that when Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, went to see the sepulchre, they found that "an angel of the Lord had rolled away the great stone;" the tomb was open! Now look at St. Mark xvi. 1; you will there see why the women wished to go the tomb; they were taking sweet spices to anoint the body of Jesus. As they went, they talked to one another, wondering how they, poor weak women as they were, could possibly roll away that heavy stone. They found it was rolled away. Now the tomb I described to you must I think have been such a one as the Bible describes as the place in which our Lord was laid. We are told also that this "new tomb" was in a garden. Many of the gardens in the Holy Land are in valleys with rocks at the side. In many gardens I have found tombs still existing.

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THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"Now, therefore, saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways!"—*Haggai* i. 7.



LET these words be a call to each one of us at the close of another year, to reflect upon the goodness of God towards us, and to think upon the returns we have made to the Lord for all his mercies. Let them be a call to consider our ways, our position in the spiritual life, and the course we are purposing to take for the future.

That this is a duty which God expects from us, we learn from the Scriptures everywhere. The prophet Haggai here supplies us with a case in point. The Jewish people after a long captivity were hastening to enjoy in their own land the blessings of their restoration. In their selfishness they seem to have been wholly forgetful of what they owed to God for His goodness, for the deliverance which He had wrought for them, and the further blessings which He had still in store.

The permission to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem given by Cyrus was, after some years of interruption, renewed by Darius; and Haggai was sent to encourage his countrymen to proceed with the work. They, however, thought that the time was not yet come for them to enter upon so expensive an undertaking. They thought that they had not sufficiently recovered after their losses in the captivity, that these must first be repaired, that they must exercise prudence for sake of their families, that till they were somewhat before-hand with the world, they could not safely venture to incur such responsibilities.

God's thoughts, however, were not as their thoughts, and instead of being profited by their niggard economy, and finding themselves before-hand with the world, God in his providence kept them behind-hand. The poverty which they thought to escape by their carefulness, was brought upon them in just retribution because of it; as was seen in the judgments with which they were visited: unfavourable weather; losses in corn, wine, and cattle; depressed trade; sickness and death in their families; and other disasters by land, fire, and famine.

In this chapter we have the Lord, by the prophet, urging them to their duty: "Now therefore, saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways. Go up to the mountain and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." He would have them to reflect—to feel that the hand of God was against them, and to enquire into the reason; to think what they had done thus to provoke God, and what they will now do to testify their repentance.

Indeed, it is the great concern of every one of us to consider our ways; "to search and try our ways" (Lam. iii. 4), to commune with our own hearts respecting our spiritual state; and the reason is, that comparing the consequences of a faithful walking with God, and the consequences of not walking faithfully, we might be led to serve Him better; that by marking in what respect an unfaithful course may have brought us trouble, and a faithful course peace and even joy, we may be encouraged in the future to serve Him more faithfully still.

"Consider your ways, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Well, there are two things which we would all do well to consider: first, God's dealings towards us in the year that is past, and, secondly, what returns we have made to God for all his goodness to us within that period.

First, then, God has given to us (as we are reminded at this solemn season) his best gift, in the person of his Son. And having bestowed his greatest gift—to those who are believers in Christ, who trust to the mercy of Christ alone, God can refuse no other good. "He that spared not His own Son," says the apostle, "but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."

Having received this inestimable gift, having through grace been made one with Christ, and fixed our hopes upon the cross for ever, then shall we be delivered from the power of the Evil One, from all the consequences of our transgressions, and at last, be made happy sharers of his bliss in heaven.

Again, God has pardoned us; for if we be his people we are pardoned. He will, therefore, keep us to the great day. For why has He given to any one the pardon of his sins, and the justification of his person? Is it to cast that soul away again—after having justified and blessed it in Christ, to expose it once more to the Divine wrath? No, that cannot be. "Whom He justifies them He also glorifies." So that we shall one day reach the blessedness of his Kingdom.

It is clear that this can be true of his real followers only. For a man who knows that he has never in good earnest closed with the offer of mercy that God has made to him, never heartily given himself up to God, it were indeed a lamentable mistake for such an one to take to himself the consolation, though he may be outwardly by baptism a member of Christ's body, the Church. He has other work to do. He has to repent him of his sins. He has to mourn his ingratitude. He has to turn from his evil ways. For till this is done he is but a condemned sinner, to whom belong not the promises of God but the threatenings of his indignation.

But it is to the true believer we are speaking. God having pardoned you, He will not fail to perfect the work the Spirit has begun. You are on the road to that moral perfection in which our first parents were created, and to which their children shall be restored, for (says St. Paul) "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it; that He might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

This was his object when He hung upon the cross; when He poured out his life blood "for us men and for our salvation," and bowed his head in the agonies of death. In all this He intended the restoration of his people—of each one of them; and his purposes

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shall be accomplished. "Being confident," says the apostle, "that He who hath begun a good work will carry it on till the day of Christ Jesus."

God has in the year that has passed fulfilled many of his promises to you. You trusted in Him and you have proved his faithfulness, will you not, then, trust Him for the same fidelity, even unto the end? You have been in trouble, has not God given you comfort in your trouble? Has He not in good time brought you out of it? You asked for strength and God gave it; you sought for grace and you found it; you prayed for an increase of faith, and it was vouchsafed to you. God has been a refuge to you in every time of trouble.

In truth, what has not God done? He has given us a Saviour, justified our person, renewed our hearts, comforted us in our sorrow, listened to our prayers; and thus He not only blesses us in time, but reserves to us endless blessings in eternity.

While we thus briefly review God's dealings with us in the year that is past, there remains to be considered the returns we have made for his goodness, and what ought now to be our course if we see the beginning of another year.

In review of the past year, doubtless, we all of us find many sins into which we have fallen. But for what purpose do we trace them? What but that, in the strength of God, we resolve they shall occur no more; that we will not again offend against our gracious Benefactor.

Some may find that sin has brought them into trouble. If it has, then use the trouble well; let it be a motive to watchfulness and prayer, lest you sin again, and again be called to suffer.

You find perhaps, that you have suffered loss, because the world has so engrossed your thoughts, that scarcely was any time left for maintaining your walk as a Christian; you have been hindered in your way to heaven. If so, resolve that this shall not be in the year upon which you are entering, see that your wordly callings be in accord with your spiritual interests. Take care that, amid the absorbing concern of time, you "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

In review of the past year perhaps we find cause to mourn our ingratitude to God, our forgetfulness of his mercies. In trouble we could cry for deliverance: did we praise Him when He came to our relief and delivered us out of our trouble? If the case is otherwise, that the tongue which ought to praise Him has been silent and sluggish, and the heart that ought to love Him more sluggish still,—then let not this continue, let us rather seek to glorify Him on earth who will soon bring his children to glory.

It may be that in the past year some may have indulged a spirit of covetousness, seeking greedily this world's good things. Let us check this idolatrous tendency within our hearts. Nay, let us seek to strangle the viper in its birth. If God should prosper your industry, then use your worldly goods wisely, use them well. Let it be your care to mitigate sorrow as you can, to succour the distressed as you can, to comfort the sick and the afflicted, so that your prosperity bring with it a blessing, not a curse. See that you "do good unto all men, especially unto them which are of the household of faith."

The close of the year is a solemn moment for all of us! Our religious opportunities, as well as our improvements of them, are now recorded in eternity, to be reviewed again before angels and before men, to witness against us, or in our favour, at *the* day of the Lord's appearing! Yes, *our* ministrations, and *your* mode of profiting by them, now belong to the past.

We know that God will put no bounds to the reach of his grace. "Bethesda" waters are moving now. The Bridegroom's doors are open now. The Sun of Righteousness is shining now. Mercy is pleading with you, the Spirit of God is striving with you. Already should you hear a voice from heaven saying "Harden not your hearts." Stop not your ears, but listen to the voice that speaks. "The time is short." "Now is the accepted time." Our opportunities of serving God are not too many, let us not lose one. Let each of us, as in the sight of God, earnestly and prayerfully, consider his ways.



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