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

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1862.

EDITED BY

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND.

And illustrated by

J. E. MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, JOHN TENNIEL, CHARLES KEENE,
FREDERICK WALKER, J. D. WATSON, AND OTHERS.

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A WORD IN SEASON.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our Lord has said, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

Now there is "*much*" indeed in which God requires us all to be faithful; but when that "*much*" is contemplated, and some estimate is made of its greatness, we are apt, with a despondency almost amounting to despair, to inquire how it is possible that a good account can be rendered of it at last? Our reply is,—By God's grace faithfully attend to the "least" things which compose the "much," and fear not the result! This is our lesson for the New Year.

What then may be called "*much?*"

Life is much.—Be it short or long, if we spend it as responsible beings, it is a great talent. *As a whole*, a certain character must be attached to it when it is rendered back to God. It must be either "a good life," or "a bad life;"—a life spent with, or without, God or Christ in the world. Do you wish to be found faithful in your use of this talent? Remember, then, that it is made up of small fractions. As the corn-field is composed of innumerable ears of grain—the ocean of drops—the huge material universe of particles of dust—even so is this great talent of life made up of seconds of time. Every tick of the clock, every throb of the pulse, measures and decreases its quantity. It is possible, that when you think of the necessity of being faithful during "a long life," and of spending well so many years as threescore and ten, it may appear a matter so difficult as to make the very thought overwhelming. Had you only *one* year assigned to you! But threescore years and ten! Or, had God seen fit to limit your exertions to a week, or a month, it would have been unreasonable to despair. Who would not try, at least, to live *one* week or month—much more a single day—soberly, and prayerfully, and piously, if that was all which was required of him? but sixty or seventy years! Now, the short period which you my supposed reader would have selected for this trial of obedience is just the period which God has actually assigned to you! Nay, He has given you less than you are willing to accept of. For He does not hand over to you the talent of one week, or one day, even, but only of the passing hour and minute; and says, with reference to it, "Be faithful in this *least* portion of time, and you will be found faithful in the *much* of life. Attend to the *minutes* and the *hours*, days and years will take care of themselves." But this rule is by most people reversed. Instead of being faithful in their use of the *day* which God gives them, and for which they are alone responsible, they plan and contrive how they will be faithful over the morrow, which God has never promised them! They gamble away the pence, but resolve to be faithful over the pounds. They misspend the items of days and weeks, but resolve to redeem the sum of months and years! And so it will be seen at the last great day of account, that the man who is then found unfaithful in his use of the "much" sum of life, will be convicted

of having been unfaithful in his use of "the least" items, months, and days, and hours without number, which made up the sum.

Again, *Habits*, good or bad, are "much." They are the grand *result*, for weal or woe, of many items, and the end of a journey attained by a countless succession of steps. If, for instance, you would understand how this "much" of evil has been reached in an old man—"a grey-haired iniquity, a ruffian in years"—you would require to know how unfaithful he has been in his use of the "least" things which have been daily given him, and be able to trace back his life almost to childhood, and see how long ago he had been unfaithful to the call of duty in school—silenced conscience—put away all thoughts of God as unwelcome—entertained at first the thoughts of sin, then formed plans to indulge it, then lived in the habit of it, until, bit by bit, it hardened the heart, seared the feelings, and produced the awful result of an old man *dead* in trespasses and in sins! Such a man is, at last, verily poor and needy; perhaps he knows not how. But, alas! his case is easily accounted for. He has, in old age, lost the "much" of his moral fortune, because throughout life he was a spendthrift of the farthings which composed it! It is thus, too, with the "much" of a good character. The man who is habitually prayerful—who watches over his spirit and conduct—daily carries his cross, and crucifies the flesh, with its affections and lusts—and who, possessed by the love which seeketh not her own, is considerate of the claims, the wants, and feelings of others,—in one word, the strong man in Christ, has not attained even this "measure of the stature of the perfect man" in a day, by a single act of the will, or by any single or sudden effort. In one day, indeed, he may have *entered* the kingdom of light, and turned towards Zion; but not in a day has he advanced so far on his journey, and formed those *habits* of piety which have become, as it were, the easy and graceful actions of his second and renewed nature. To estimate aright how this "much" result has been obtained, it would be necessary to trace his life, also, back to remote years, and to study the biography of succeeding weeks and days from youth upwards. Select one day even in his history, and see how it was begun by prayer, and spent as a whole with a wish to please God; how, during that day, temptations were resisted, and leadings of good followed; how the thoughts were controlled, the tongue governed, deeds of kindness and self-denial performed,—until the evening brought thanksgivings to God, ending with peaceful repose upon His gracious care. And thus only, when day after day are examined, and the Christian's faithfulness in its "least" things perceived, would it be possible to understand how his faithfulness in its "much" had been at last attained.

It is true, indeed, that sometimes one sees a result so sudden and unexpected, that it *appears* to be unconnected with any previous details of things which could have caused it. A man well thought of, for example, by the world that knew him not, suddenly commits a crime, which takes society aback, and overwhelms himself in disgrace. Yet, had that man's private history been known to others as it was known to himself, it would have been discovered, that while the explosion was sudden, the combustibles which occasioned it had been long accumulating, and that a spark only was needed to produce the conflagration. The gambler makes his family a beggar in a night, or the swindler disgraces them; but many days and nights of carelessness, greed, vanity, unconscientiousness, and the like, unchecked and indulged in, have made the gambler and the swindler. And thus, too, the act of noblest duty, which delights the world, has generally been the sudden blaze only of light, and love, which were long cherished, and shone within the soul, unseen and unknown by human eye.

Learn, then, how to attain the "much" of good habit, by a patient attention to those "least" details which are necessary to its formation. Not alone by wishing it, or resolving it, can you be a good man, any more than a healthy, a learned, or a rich one. If you wish the "much" of a good temper, be faithful in checking the "least" rising of a bad one. If you desire the "much" of enjoying the blessedness of prayer, pray without ceasing. If you would be "much" better, learn to do the "least" things well. If you would receive the welcome of, "Well done, faithful servant," and be made lord over many things, learn, by patient continuing in well-doing, to be faithful now over few things.

We might illustrate the same principle by showing how such a blessing as "much" *influence* for good has been acquired by those who have been most distinguished for its exercise. It is impossible to study the biographies of such men as Wilberforce, for example, without being impressed by their early, and diligent attention to details. We find they did good as God "gave them the opportunity," within the sphere, however limited, and in the circumstances, however trying, in which Providence was pleased to place them. Just as they used their few talents well, other talents were given them "according to their several ability." The least work, the humblest duty, assigned to them was accepted promptly and performed conscientiously, and "much" work, with increasing influence and power to do it, was given them at the fitting time. But had the one talent

been neglected, the ten talents would have been withheld; had the power of doing good to the one city been refused, the power of blessing ten cities would never have been possessed. If therefore we would have "much" influence, the only way of obtaining it is by being faithful in the exercise of "the least" which God gives us.

Be assured, that if, in our present condition, we are unfaithful over "the least" which God has given us, we would be unfaithful over "the much" at any time, and in any circumstances. The man who is, here and now, cruel to his children or dependents, would be a bloody tyrant if seated on an African throne. The man who, in this day of gospel light, scoffs at religion, lays a stumbling-block in the way of its professors, tempts his neighbours to sin, and sacrifices conscience to worldly interests, or the praise of men, is possessed by a spirit which would have made him a Nero if on Nero's throne, a Judas if among the apostles, or a worshipper of the golden image if on the plains of Dura. Do not ask, then, for a change of circumstances, or an increase of your talents in order to be good, to do good, or to prove your loyalty to God. Be faithful now, in what you have, in "the least," here where God has placed you, for this is all God seeks; and your being so will afford abundant evidence of one who would be faithful everywhere over much, were the much committed to his care!

Reader! are you disposed to sink beneath the burden of a New Year? Does the thought pain you of all the duties to which it will summon you, all the temptations, and all the trials which it may bring to you? Is it your earnest wish, that should you see the first of January 1863, the previous months, now dark and unknown in prospect, shall, in retrospect, be bright and beautiful as any months in this cloudy world can be? and that you shall be able to recall, with humble gratitude to the God of all grace, duties performed, temptations resisted, spiritual comforts experienced, and spiritual strength imparted,—with afflictions, if such are to be your lot, sanctified?—If so, then "*Take no heed of the morrow;*" it is not yours; but, by God's grace helping you, *take great heed of each day* as it dawns upon you, and *each hour* of the day as it comes round, for *they* are yours. Divide the great year's burden of duty into three hundred and sixty-five parts, and each of them into so many hours as are in each day, and carry the little burdens only; and at the end of the year you will find that the great burden was carried, and was comparatively light! And thus you will have a good New Year, and because a good—a happy one!

THE FACTS AND FANCIES OF MR. DARWIN.

In thus characterizing the contents of Mr. Darwin's work, *On the Origin of Species*, our readers will understand that it contains much valuable knowledge, and much wild speculation. Interesting facts and idle fancies have seldom been combined in physical researches, and when such an alliance has been formed, the value of the new facts has often compensated for the errors of their application. There are many cases, indeed, in the history of science, where speculations, like those of Kepler, have led to great discoveries in the very attempts which they suggested in order to establish or to refute them. It is otherwise, however, with speculations which trench upon sacred ground, and which run counter to the universal convictions of mankind, poisoning the fountains of science, and disturbing the serenity of the Christian world. Such is doubtless the tendency of Mr. Darwin's work on the origin of species. Trained in a less severe school than that of geometry and physics, his reasonings are almost always loose and inconclusive: His generalizations seem to have been reached before he had obtained the materials upon which he rests them: His facts, though frequently new and interesting, are often little more than conjectures; and the grand phenomena of the world of life, and instinct, and reason, which other minds have woven into noble and elevating truths, have thus become in Mr. Darwin's hands the basis of a dangerous and degrading speculation.

We cannot suppose that he intended to undermine the foundations of natural and revealed religion; but we cannot conceal our conviction that the hypothesis, which he makes it the object of his life to support, has a tendency to expel the Almighty from the universe, to degrade the god-like race to which he has committed the development and appreciation of his power, and to render the revelation of his will an incredible superstition. That great Name, indeed, which true philosophy has never failed to respect, has not been wholly omitted in the pages of our author. It has no other title, however, but that which breathed life into *one* primordial form, from which all organic beings have been descended that have ever lived upon this earth—plant, fish, fowl, quadruped, and man! The Influence thus acknowledged, is the electric spark of a previous speculator which disappears for ever, when it has lighted the train of causes and effects by which all the orders of organic life have been fashioned and perpetuated. That tender Parent who longs to gather His children "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing;" who opens when they knock; who gives good things to them

that ask him, and without whose knowledge not a hair of their head can fall to the ground, takes no charge of the family of orphans who people the gloomy universe of our author.

In order to justify these strictures, we must make our readers acquainted with Mr. Darwin's views as stated by himself; and as he appeals to facts and principles in their support, we must appeal to facts and principles in their refutation. Without any profound knowledge of natural history, or indeed without any knowledge of it at all, the nature of this remarkable speculation may be made plain to the lowest capacity, and the humblest inquirer may be made to understand that it has not one fact to support it, and though now presented in a new form, that it has been long ago refuted by the most distinguished of our naturalists.

In discussing questions of this kind, which excite a general interest, we are naturally anxious to know something of the parties engaged in the contest. Mr. Darwin has been long known to the public as an eminent naturalist. He is the grandson of the celebrated Dr. Darwin, a poet and a physiologist, and the author of several ingenious works, in some of which he traced the origin of all organized beings, plants, animals, and even man, to living filaments, susceptible of irritation. The first work of Mr. Darwin was entitled *The Voyage of a Naturalist*, in which he gives an account of the celebrated voyage of four years during which Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Fitzroy circumnavigated the globe in Her Majesty's ship "Beagle," in the years 1832-1836. As naturalist to this expedition, Mr. Darwin was led to study the structure and distribution of coral reefs in the Pacific Ocean, to explore the minute organizations of invertebrate animals, such as the Cirripeda, and to investigate the geology of South America, the structure of the Falkland Islands, and the volcanic islands of Australia. In the various works in which he has given an account of these researches, he has shown himself an accomplished naturalist, and they are all written with a degree of elegance and perspicuity not very common in works of the same class. His health, we regret to say, is such as to preclude him from continuous study, but we trust that he may be long preserved to advance natural history by his experimental investigations, and may be led, by means of his own discoveries, to renounce the opinions which have so deeply offended both the naturalist and the Christian.

The views which Mr. Darwin endeavours to establish are contained in the following passage at the end of his work:—"I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. Analogy would lead one step farther, namely, to the belief that all animals have descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless, all living things have much in common in their chemical composition, their germinal vesicles, their cellular structure, and their laws of growth and reproduction. We see this even in so trifling a circumstance as that the same poison often similarly affects plants and animals, or that the poison secreted by the gall-fly produces monstrous growths in the wild rose or oak tree. *Therefore I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended* FROM SOME ONE PRIMORDIAL FORM, *into which life* WAS FIRST BREATHED."

In supporting this extraordinary doctrine, Mr. Darwin devotes his first chapter to the changes produced in plants and animals "under domestication." These changes, which are universally admitted, he ascribes to difference of climate and treatment during several generations, the variations increasing with the time, and, when once begun, continuing for many generations. "No case," he says, "is on record of a variable being ceasing to vary under cultivation. Our oldest cultivated plants, such as wheat, still often yield new varieties; our oldest domesticated animals are still capable of rapid improvement or modification." In what gardeners call "sporting plants," where a single bud or offset assumes a new and sometimes "very different character from that of the rest of the plant;" and such "sports," which are very common under cultivation, support our author's view, that variations are not necessarily connected with the act of generation. Slight changes may also be produced from "the conditions of life," such as increased size from amount of food, colour from particular kinds of food, and perhaps thickness of fur from climate; but though such causes of variation may be numerous, yet the variations themselves are unimportant compared with those which are inherited; and hence Mr. Darwin concludes that "if strange and rare deviations of structure are truly inherited, less strange and commoner deviations may be freely admitted to be inheritable." It follows therefore that, after many generations, these accumulated variations may amount to a change of species from inheritance. In order to establish these views, Mr. Darwin describes the variations which have taken place in the breed of domestic pigeons. The carrier-pigeon, the short-faced tumbler, the runt, the barb, the porter, the turbit, the jacobin, the trumpeter, the fan-tail, are all described as differing in their beaks, their necks, their bodies, their feet, their tails, and even their skeletons, and to such a degree, that an ornithologist, were he told that they were wild birds, would certainly, he thinks, rank them as well-defined species; and yet all of these pigeons are

admitted to have been descended from the blue and barred rock-pigeon, the *Columba Livia*. Now, admitting all this to be true, it is no evidence that any of the varieties constitute a new species, though the variations may have been accumulating for four thousand years. On the contrary, there is no tendency in these variations to become permanent, but rather to disappear, so that the fancy pigeon returns to the rock-pigeon, from which it descended. The same law of reversion to the original type is proved in various domesticated animals. Pallas informs us that the wild horses of the Kalmucks, when no longer taken care of by man, relapse into their untamed condition; and Dr. Prichard states that the escaped domesticated animals—the horse, the ass, the sheep, the goat, the hog, the cow, the dog, the cat, and the gallinaceous fowls, which the Spaniards took from Europe to America, had lost all the most obvious appearances of domestication.

That the changes produced by domestication effect no permanent variation amounting to a specific difference, is strikingly shown in the case of the dog, which, of all domestic animals, exhibits the most numerous and marked variations in regard to size, colour, character of hair, and form of head; yet, notwithstanding these, as Professor Owen remarks, "the naturalist detects, in the dental formula, and in the construction of the cranium, the unmistakable generic and specific characters of the *Canis familiaris*." "How differently," he adds, in support of the same truth, "does the giant Newfoundland behave to the dwarf pug, on a casual rencontre, from the way in which either of them would treat a jackal, a wolf, or a fox. The dumb animal might teach the philosopher that unity of kind or of species is discoverable under the strongest masks of variation."

Our limits will not permit us to follow our author in his attempt to show that great changes take place under the principle of artificial selection, where domestic races have been produced by man, in accumulating in certain directions useful to him, the successive variations produced by nature. A much more powerful cause of variation he finds in what he calls *Natural Selection*, or the power which Nature exercises "in rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up all that is good, and silently and insensibly working whenever and wherever opportunity offers, at the improvement of each organic being, in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life." To this principle our author assigns almost a creative power. It can modify the structure of the young in relation to the parent, and of the parent in relation to the young; but it cannot modify the structure of one species without giving it any advantage for the good of another species. "If it *had to make* the beak of a full-grown pigeon very short for the bird's own advantage, the process would be slow, and there would be simultaneously *the most vigorous selection* of the young birds within the egg, which had the most powerful and hardest beaks, for all with weak beaks would inevitably perish; or more delicate or easily broken shells *might be selected*." As an example of the process of natural selection, Mr. Darwin tells us that "in North America the black bear was seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely-opened mouth, thus catching, almost like a whale, insects in the water;" and he adds, "even in so extreme a case as this, if the supply of insects were constant, and if better adapted competitors did not already exist in the country, I can see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered by natural selection more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale!"

Owing to the great rapidity with which plants and animals increase and multiply, the earth would soon be covered by their progeny, if numbers of them were not destroyed during some period of their lives. Hence there is "a struggle for existence," during which superfluous life is taken, and the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply, while those of feebler constitutions, incapable of providing for themselves and their offspring, must annually perish. In this war of races, this struggle for food and existence, favourable variations are preserved, and injurious ones rejected; but there is no example of any specific form having been gradually changed by the accumulation of these favourable variations. In admitting the fact of this struggle for existence, naturalists have drawn from it the very opposite conclusion. When God saw that every living creature which he made was good, we cannot doubt that the type of each of them was perfect. The struggle for life, therefore, is to *prevent*, and not to promote a change in the original form. The strong tiger that survives the struggle will have more of its native ferocity than its sickly congener that has perished. The vigorous buffalo will not cease to be herbivorous, in consequence of its strength; and the lion will not feed upon straw, because it has a better appetite and stronger teeth than its feebler companion. Nor will the Red-Indian boy that has escaped from drowning, while his brother has perished, be a less perfect Red-Indian than his father who threw him into the sea. Instead, therefore, of there being "a constant tendency in the improved descendants of any one species, to supplant and exterminate in each stage of descent their predecessors, and their original parent," there will be the very opposite tendency to preserve unimpaired the relative perfection which that species received from the Creator's hand.

Such is a brief and very imperfect notice of the processes by which, according to Mr. Darwin, species are so changed that, since the first act of creative power, man has risen from a primordial atom, through the numerous stages of plant, fish, fowl, and quadruped.

If this speculation has any evidence to support it, it will be found in the history of organized beings during the several thousand years of the historic period. In the course of this long period, no change of species has taken place, and no new species has appeared. The birds and beasts of Egypt, as preserved in her ancient tombs, have experienced no change in their specific character during the two, three, or four thousand years that have elapsed since the artist prepared their mummies for preservation. Though the large runt pigeon, with its massive beak and its huge feet, differs from its blue and barred progenitor the rock, it is a pigeon still. Though the slender Italian greyhound has a strange contrast with the short-legged bull-dog, they are both dogs in their teeth and in their skull. The mouse, even, has not been transmuted into the cat, nor the hen into the turkey, nor the duck into the goose, nor the hawk into the eagle, and still less the monkey into the man. When the highest instinct has passed into the lowest reason, when the chatter of the parrot has risen into speech, and when the lion on his forest throne has addressed his subjects in the vernacular of man, we may then submit to the imputation of an ignoble origin. The Almighty, however, as if foreseeing the degradation of His image, seems, as stated by Cuvier, to have provided the Egyptian embalmers to refute the speculation. "It might seem," says he, "as if the ancient Egyptians had been inspired by nature, for the purpose of transmitting to after ages a monument of her history. That strange and whimsical people, by embalming with so much care the brutes which were the object of their stupid adoration, have left us, in their sacred grottos, cabinets of zoology almost complete. Climate has conspired with art to preserve the bodies from corruption, and we can now assure ourselves with our own eyes what was the state of a good number of species three thousand years ago." The same lesson is read to us by the annals and the literature of ancient times. "The camel that bore his bride to Isaac," says an able writer, "and drew nigh as he was meditating at the evening tide, still projects the same outline sharply chiselled on the horizon wall of the Eastern deserts, between the sky and the sand; the war-horse, 'his neck clothed with thunder, and that said among the trumpets, Ha, ha,' in Syrian warfare, shows the same noble instincts on the battle-fields of Europe; and the dog that endangered the *incognito* of Ulysses was but a living rehearsal of the favourite of Abbotsford." The hippopotamus and crocodile which Herodotus saw and described are precisely the same as they will be seen, and would be described, by a modern visitor of the Nile. The salmon still mounts the river barrier, as when the Roman soldiers named it the Leaper, when they first saw it in the streams of Gaul; and the polypus and the sponge, and other inhabitants of the Mediterranean, exhibit the peculiar properties which were noticed in them by Aristotle. In tracing the formation and growth of coral reefs in Florida, M. Agassiz has shown that eight thousand years are required to raise one of these coral reefs or walls from its foundation to the surface of the ocean; and as there are four wall reefs round the southern extremity of Florida, the first of these must be thirty thousand years of age, and yet all of them are built by the same identical species. "These facts, then," says he, "furnish as direct evidence as we can obtain, in any branch of physical inquiry, that some, at least, of the species of animals now existing have been in existence over thirty thousand years, and have not undergone the slightest change during the whole of that period."

These interesting facts, and others equally demonstrative of the immutability of species, are admitted to be difficulties by Mr. Darwin himself, and his only reply to them is, that more time is wanted than the age of Egyptian tombs, or even that of the coral reefs, for the transmutations which he advocates. Fortunately for our argument, there have been more animals embalmed than those of Egypt. The plants and animals which nature has preserved in the cemeteries of primeval times speak the same language as those in the Egyptian tombs, and we must now appeal to them in search of any evidence of a transmutation of species.

Geologists have agreed in dividing the crust of the earth into three different formations; namely, *Primary*, *Secondary*, and *Tertiary*, or, to use the more expressive names, *Palæozoic*, or the strata containing the most ancient forms of life; *Mesozoic*, or those containing less ancient forms; and *Oinozoic*, or those containing more recent forms. The thickness of these different masses is as follows:—

Palæozoic strata, about	.	.	60,000 feet.
Mesozoic " "	.	.	15,000
Oinozoic " "	.	.	3,000

making altogether 78,000 feet, or nearly 15 miles. In the lowest of the palæozoic strata, namely, the Cambrian, there are no traces of plants or animals. In the next strata, the lower Silurian, trilobites and cephalopods (cuttle-fish) are found. In the upper Silurian, the earliest fishes appear. In the Old Red Sandstone, placoid and ganoid, or armour-clad fishes, are found; and in the Limestones and Coal-Measures, the upper palæozoic beds, reptiles and insects appear for the first time. In the lower mesozoic strata, or Sub-Oolite, birds and marsupial mammals are found. In the Oolite beds, reptiles are abundant; and in the Supra-Oolite, or chalk and Wealden formations, the cycloid and ctenoid fishes, soft-scaled and pectinated, make their appearance. In the lower strata of the oinozoic, the London clay, bats, dolphins, bees, etc., are found. In its middle formations, the coralline rag, the ape, dog, lion, elephant, ox, whale, etc., appear; and in its upper or most recent strata, the finest mammalia and man are found.

In this long range of created life, from its commencement with the trilobites and cuttle-fishes in the lower Silurian strata, to the occupation of the earth by man, there is not one fact indicating the transition of one species to another. Mr. Darwin him-

self confesses that the intermediate varieties are wanting, that "Geology *assuredly* does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain;" and that "this is the most obvious and grave objection to his theory." "The explanation lies," he adds, "in the extreme imperfection of the geological record." In order to escape from the difficulty, thus candidly acknowledged, he is obliged to call in question the faith of geologists. He denies that life began in the lower Silurian strata. He believes that there must be strata much older than the *azoic* formations, or those without life; and in order to explain why, among fossil remains, none of the species are found which form the links between one race and another, he conjectures that the formations which contain them have been removed by denudation, and other causes, and may exist beneath the ocean, or in localities not yet explored by geologists. In thus maintaining "the imperfection of the geological record," in consequence chiefly of only a small portion of the globe having been explored with care, Mr. Darwin rejects all the leading truths of the science; and, conscious of the untenableness of his position, he seems frequently on the very eve of abandoning it. "He who rejects these views," he says, "on the nature of the geological record, *will rightly reject my whole theory.* For he may ask in vain where are the numberless transitorial links which must formerly have connected the closely allied or representative species found in the several stages of the same great formations." In reference to the great geological truth that the earlier formations, stretching over vast extent, and perfectly unaltered, do not contain the least traces of organized beings, and that the dawn of life is in the lower Silurian formation, our author admits that, "if his theory be true, it is indisputable that before the lowest Silurian stratum was deposited long periods elapsed, *as long as*, or probably far longer, than *the whole interval from the Silurian age to the present day*, and that during these vast yet quite unknown periods of time the world swarmed with living creatures." But if the geological record has all the imperfections urged against it by Mr. Darwin, and if they were all supplied according to his hypothesis, it would still present some important facts utterly subversive of his views. The existence of such creatures as the trilobites and the cephalopods or cuttle-fishes in the Silurian formations, with organs of sensation of the most perfect kind, is an unanswerable difficulty in the development theory. Mr. Darwin is sorely puzzled with the transition of organs. "Natural selection," he says, "will not produce absolute perfection, nor do we always meet with this high standard under nature. The correction for the aberration of light is said, on high authority, not to be perfect even in that most perfect organ, the eye." The meaning of this we presume to be, that though the eye is the most perfect of organs, it is yet not perfect, and therefore may be produced by natural selection. Now it is quite true that the correction for the aberration of colour is not *complete* in the human or in any known eye. But, notwithstanding this, *vision is perfect.* The uncorrected colour is never seen in using that organ, and consequently *the human eye, as the organ of vision, is perfect*, and therefore not the result of natural selection. Upon Mr. Darwin's principle the ear is not perfect, because it is insensible to the music of the spheres, or the lense imperfect because it cannot discover every shade of colour. An over-sensitive ear would be destroyed by the sounds to which nature subjects it, and a touch sensitive to colour would be torture to its possessor. Natural selection, however, under Mr. Darwin's guide, may reconcile these difficulties, and the eye of the future may be furnished with crystalline lenses doubly or triply achromatic. Our author himself sometimes stands aghast before his own opinions. He declares that "the belief that an organ so perfect as the eye could have been formed by natural selection *is more than enough to stagger any one;*" but what can he say when he learns what he ought to have known, that the lens of the cuttle-fish, one of the earliest of animals, is as perfect and more complex even than that of man. The crystalline lens of the *Sepia Loligo* differs from that of all other animals in being a compound lens, consisting of a principal lens of a paraboloidal form, deeply convex behind, and slightly convex before, united to a meniscus with a predominating convexity placed in front of it. The concave face of the meniscus is kept in contact with the slightly convex face of the principal lens by means of a transparent cartilaginous ring, so that the lens actually consists of *three separate parts.* In all other lenses the laminæ are composed of fibres, but in the Loligo they are films having a fibrous structure, radiating from the pole of the posterior surface of the lens. In the lenses of man, and other animals, the fibres terminate in poles or lines. The virtual fibres, or the edges of the laminæ in the cuttle fish, terminate like a bunch of hair cut across, forming the anterior surface of the principal lens; and their extremities, composing that surface, are curiously bound together, and covered with a fine membrane. Here then we have an organ of sensation unique in the animal economy, and exhibiting a degree of complexity and high organization which is found in no other animal. If the Loligo has sprung from a lower or has been transmuted into a higher type, we ought to have found in both some traces of so extraordinary an organ. The cuttle-fish has furnished to Cuvier other arguments against the Darwinian theory. "No deviation," he says, "in the ordinary form of this animal has ever produced, or can constitute a being placed beneath it; nor can, or ever will, its better development give rise to a series of animals of a more perfect species to be placed above it. . . . In vain shall we attempt to approximate these mollusca to some fishes whose skeleton has almost disappeared. . . . In a word, we see here nature passing from one plan to another, making a leap, and leaving between its productions a manifest *hiatus.* The cephalopods are not passing into anything else. They have not resulted from the development of other animals, and their proper development has not produced anything superior to themselves, a consideration which gives them a high degree of importance in natural history, because they overturn a great number of vain systems."

But there are other organs than the eye which baffle the highest powers of natural selection. The

electric organs of fishes, Mr. Darwin himself tells us, "offer a case of special difficulty," and he confesses "that it is impossible to conceive by what steps these wondrous organs have been produced." The electric fishes are not even related to each other, and there is no appearance of ancient fishes having had electric organs, which most of their modified descendants have lost. The presence of luminous organs in a few insects of different families and orders, offers a parallel difficulty to our author; and he candidly mentions another puzzling case in which the *orchis* and the *asclepias*, two flowering plants of genera "almost as remote as possible from each other," have the same very curious contrivance of a mass of pollen grains borne on a footstalk with a sticky gland at the end. In order to explain how two very distinct species, as in the preceding cases, are furnished with the same anomalous organ, Mr. Darwin expresses the following extraordinary opinion:—"I am inclined to believe that in nearly the same way as two men have sometimes independently hit on the very same invention, so natural selection working for the good of each being, and taking advantage of analogous variations, has sometimes modified, in very nearly the same manner, two parts in two organic beings which owe but little of their structure in common to inheritance from the same ancestor"!!

In discussing the transition of organs, Mr. Darwin seems wisely to avoid the transition of brains, the organ of reason in man, although he must believe that the brain of the biped is an improvement upon that of the quadruped, under the discernment of natural selection. He tells us "that he has nothing to do with the origin of the *primary mental powers*, any more than he has with life itself;" but as he includes under instinct *several distinct mental actions*, he is bound to tell us how these mental actions of the brutes rise to reason, or the higher mental actions of man. As natural selection can produce every degree of perfection but absolute perfection, instinct must have risen into reason, and since, as Mr. Darwin remarks, "a little dose of *judgment or reason* often comes into play even in animals very low in the scale of creation," a greater dose of judgment or reason, such as that exhibited in the exercise of the "primary mental powers," must be accumulating in the human family in the course of their development. What then is to be the future of man in his physical, mental, and moral nature? To what form of being is the primordial atom to rise? Under the tutelage of natural selection, it is advancing to a state of perfection, short only of the absolute, and some time or other that goal must be reached.

Declining to receive light from above, how is the speculative philosopher to close the history of life which he has traced through such singular transformations? The physical astronomers of no distant age believed that all the planets of our system, moving in a resisting medium, were necessarily approaching to the sun, and would finally perish in its blaze. Might not Mr. Darwin escape from his difficulty, by throwing the cause of life into a circle, and by a process of natural deterioration, throw it backwards from its highest to its lowest form—from intellectual man, through all his various ancestors, to the primordial atom from which he sprung? It is a more rational belief that man may become a brute than that a brute may become a man; and it is an easier faith that plants and animals may dwindle down into an elemental atom, than that this atom should embrace in its organization, and evolve, all the noble forms of vegetable, animal, and intellectual life.

From this slight and imperfect sketch of Mr. Darwin's speculations it will be seen that he has not adduced a single fact in its support. Had our limits permitted us to give some of the natural history details and experimental results which his work contains, we should have found that though they prove the existence of small variations in species, a fact admitted by every preceding naturalist, yet the small amount of these variations, both in number and character, establish the very truth which they are adduced to overturn. When the physical astronomer saw in the small secular acceleration of the planetary motions the final destruction of the system, the very study of these accelerations, which the hypothesis promoted, led to the discovery of its cause, and placed beyond a doubt the stability of the planetary system. The same result will be obtained from the study of those changes in the organization and habits of plants and animals which arise from domestication, from artifical selection, from the struggle for existence, and from food and climate. The comparative anatomist, the physiologist, and the botanist, will discover their nature and extent, and, instead of finding in them the materials of a wild speculation, they will see and admire the beautiful provision which has been made for enabling the various species of animal and vegetable life to adapt themselves to the different conditions in which civilisation may have placed them. Had Mr. Darwin written a work on the change of species, as determined by observation and experiment, without any other object but that of advancing natural science, he would have obtained a high place among philosophical naturalists. But after reading his work, in which the name of the Creator is never distinctly mentioned, we can hardly believe that scientific truth was the only object the author had in view. Researches, conducted under the influence of other motives, are not likely to stand the test of a rigorous scrutiny; and some of Mr. Darwin's not unfriendly critics have produced ample evidence that the idol of speculation has been occasionally worshipped at the expense of truth.

If Mr. Darwin has any loving disciples who lean upon him for instruction, they must have asked him some perplexing questions regarding the history of his primordial form. In what part of the earth was it placed? What placed it there, and whence came the planet which it was to enrich and adorn with all the varieties of life that it embosomed? Although he has not answered such natural inquiries, yet philosophers of the same school have found in a universe of dust, the creative power which made even the planetary worlds.

The theory of the origin of species is but an offset from the Nebular Cosmogony which pretends to explain the origin and formation of the primary and secondary planets, and which stands in direct con-

tradiction to all the facts and laws of the solar system, and especially those of the system of comets. That form of it in which the mass of the Sun is supposed to have been expanded in nebulous matter to the orbit of the remotest planet, has been recently submitted to the scrutiny of mathematical analysis, by M. Babinet, a distinguished member of the French Academy of Sciences. Adopting the present period of the Sun's rotation about his axis, scarcely $25\frac{3}{10}$ days, he has proved that the rotation of the nebular matter at the distance of the Earth, must have been 3181 years! and, at the distance of Neptune, nearly three millions (2,862,900) of years,—"numbers," he says, "so infinitely superior to those which mark the times of revolution of the Earth and Neptune, that it is impossible to admit that these planets have been formed from the mass of the Sun expanded to the planetary orbits."

In this overthrow of the great parent heresy, by the severe test of geometry, we may read the fate of its more offensive offspring.

DAVID BREWSTER.

VESPER.

BY THE COUNTESS DE GASPARIN, AUTHOR OF "THE NEAR AND HEAVENLY HORIZONS."



"Make haste home, children; the soup is smoking on the table; Granny is rising from her spinning-wheel; Father is shouting for you! Quick! Quick!"

I.—JANUARY.

THAT morning there was no hum of insects in the grass, no song of birds in the woods. It was a January morning, cold and brilliant, such as winter shakes down from his diamond-spangled robe, as he paces to and fro in his icy halls.

The serenity, the very cold itself, the distinct colouring, the well-defined outline, seemed to set the heart at ease. There are certain winter days more exhilarating than those of spring.

In spring the moist exhalations of the earth infuse a sense of languor into the spirit. Those rain-saturated winds of the deserts, that dilate the hard soil, that relax the rugged bark, and make it throb with sap, occasion in us strange gushes of sudden tenderness, aspirations after the ideal, soon congealed again by more boisterous gusts. Is it the contrast between the warm breezes and cutting east wind,—is it the pitiable aspect of young leaf-buds, curled up, shivering in their sheaths,—is it

an ill-defined interim between the dying out of our winter fires and the waking up of orchard blossoms? I cannot say, only the air seems rent by discord.

See, here is the country once more, with her coronal of wild grasses, lilies of the valley, and apple-blossoms on her brow. Not a pod that has not its emerald cup, not a hedge that does not conceal treasures of poetry,—even things in themselves ugly grow beautiful now. Spring has no need of mountains, or forests, or valleys. Give me only the showers and the sunshine of April, and from mere waste land, mere thickets tangled with thorns, such perfumes shall arise, such exquisite shades of colour open out, the immaculate loveliness that has never known the least human contact, shall gush with such abundance from the soil that you will be dazzled by it. Yes, but with all this there shall come a sadness too. For if you look within your own home—I mean the home of your hearts,—your character, your habits, the atmosphere will, by contrast, seem unhealthy. Your life will share the fate of winter garments displayed on a mid-summer day, be they brocade or serge, it matters not; they are out of keeping; they are hideous.

If we are mourners, our burden seems heavier in proportion as all around smiles at us. But in addition to this there stirs within an infinite craving for happiness, one of those ardent thirsts that reality can never quench.

And this is why in spring we, poor birds without any shelter, fluttering between a nest that is spoiled, and one that has still to be made, feel dreamy, sickly, out of place.

But that morning there was nothing that reminded of spring, nothing that debilitated the soul. On the contrary, the keen air gave it vigour, the sun brightened it. The days, as we say in our village,—the days had turned. Instead of the nine hours of uncertain light that they dole us out in December, they were beginning to lengthen a little at each end.

It is but a sad sort of month, December. From morning to night a grey fog hides the horizon. Objects are neither far nor near, positively they *are not*. One might suppose that the whole universe had sunk into the abyss. But when January tears December's winding-sheet of mist; when its scattered fragments are borne away by the wind, and the lost sun bursts out once more from behind the Alps, one feels that the battle is won.

As for the earth, indeed she remains bare; there is nothing expected from her as yet; but the sky asserts all its dignity. From east to west the great dome is blue, intensely blue; before the sun is risen it grows lighter in the east; then from a zone, pale yellow first of all, next orange, next dusky-red, the Alps detach their colossal outline. Peaks, serrated ridges, giant shoulders, all sharply marked out, incomparable in their might, ineffable in their serenity. All at once the sun emerges; his disk passes slowly behind one of the great mountains; he rises a crimson ball without rays. Look again! in streams, showers, clouds of flaming, vibrating arrows, he shoots out his beams. The scene has changed, the valleys and the lakes are resplendent. No verdure in the oak wood, no velvet spread upon the fields to temper the brilliancy of the light. It is an absolute reign this of the royal sun as he passes over the unclothed earth, and laughs at her while he darts down his fires.

That morning, then (for if I go on thus I shall certainly not proceed far), the skies had just this glory; the ground was hard and crisp, it rung beneath the feet; the voice not muffled by any foliage, any climbing vines, seemed to strike sharply upon the angles of the walls and to be thrown back with a rough resonance. Everything spoke of force, of will, of energy.

I passed through the village, and took the road to the mountain.

You accompany me, do you not?

The mid-day chimes, with their loud burst, made the old steeple shake again. For prospect I had the Jura, rearing himself up to his full height, solemn, austere. In the barns, the threshers, in winter dress, were beating the sheaves in cadence with their flails. A triple row of straw surrounded the door of the stables, in which one could hear the loud breathing of the oxen as they pulled out the hay from the manger. The tom-tits came and went, displayed their pretty wings, picked up a grain of millet, and sat on the wooden gallery while they cracked it. Some of them, indeed, intoxicated with hemp, set about trilling the most spring-like of their songs on this thorough winter day. The trunks of pine-trees are heaped up each side the street. Not without trouble, nay not without fatal accidents, were they brought this autumn down the steep mountain-sides. Beside them we have their branches, with their metallic green; they lie along the whole village, forming a kind of lengthened arbour; the resin weeps its amber tears wherever the stroke of the axe has wounded the wood.

On Sunday the old people of the village will come and seat themselves here. Every day when school breaks up, the lads clamber about these branches. In groups of four they burst out, running with all their might, their books under their arm; the young girls having gone first, merry, too, but discreet and shy, all on a sudden, if they meet an elderly neighbour.

Make haste home, children; the soup is smoking on the table; granny is rising, a little unsteadily at

first, from her spinning-wheel; father is shouting for you! Quick, quick, into the corner by the stove, snug and warm. That's the place for squeezing tightly into when evening comes; for jostling and chattering, while our elder brother reads out loud, in a pompous voice, just like the schoolmaster's.

But see, under the porch of the town-hall, here is something, indeed, to attract our lads, and keep them staring; here are two Italian tinkers,—*magnins* we call them. Two noble-looking figures; clothes cut after a quite different fashion; scarlet sashes we should never venture upon here! Cold as it is, their necks are bare; their mouths smile out of black beards, that the young girls keep looking at from a distance; the sun that has browned their foreheads is a warmer one than ours. Our countrymen are strong, firmly built, capital men for work; but somewhat awkward at rest, and, as it were, a good deal inconvenienced by their limbs! Not so these. Whether, with a charmingly graceful gesture, they fling their jacket over their shoulder, or walk up and down with that elastic tread of theirs, humming a cavatina the while, they always move freely through the free air.

One of them, the youngest, stirs up the brazier, the other deliberately lays on the tin upon the sides of the invalided vessels. All around are coffee-pots, sauce-pans, dropsical, attenuated, grotesque, and tragic shapes, shining here and there with the silver-bright stripe the tinker has girded them with. Our schoolboys group themselves round, their hands in their pockets, their eyes riveted on the strangers; they nudge each other with their elbows every time that exquisite Italian language rolls in golden waves from their blackened lips.

Melodious intonations! There is sunlight, methinks, in your every cadence.

Just hearing you thus, amidst all this frost, beneath this inclement sky, a soft breeze seems to pass which wafts me very far.

But if, indeed, I did linger beneath thy orange-trees, Riviera of Genoa; if I did inhale thy perfumes, Sorrento; if I let my thoughts lose themselves on thy sapphire waves, oh Mediterranean,—how after that could I go and see Jacques across these ice-bound clods, and through this frozen air which congeals my breath!

I have left the charcoal-burner's heap on my right. For one moment its smoke wrapped me in its warmth. The crows, that hunger has driven from their solitudes, strut about the last houses I pass. Before me spreads out the cemetery.

The cemetery in our village does not hide itself behind high walls; does not retreat into some desolate spot where no one willingly goes. The cemetery lies all round the church; smiles at the spring, smiles at the autumn. It is a field whose gently-swelling undulations are bright with red carnations or white roses. And as our church stands on the brow of the hill, commanding a full view of the valley and the mountains, the young girls group themselves there on Sundays, in their smart dresses, their little striped shawls crossed over their breast. They look at the landscape, and chat away, with little stifled bursts of laughter. Each day at dawn and eve the labourer crosses, pensively indeed, but without fear or gloom, the precincts where slumber the remains of those he loved. The little children, too, as they go to the gleaning, pass that way, and sometimes stop there a moment to gather some bit of a flower or to breathe the evening wind.

My glorious Jura! I behold thee! There thou art, just as I love thee best. Thy forests gird thy base with an inky band; higher up, the snow that fell yesterday has lightly powdered thy pines. A strongly-marked line, white as chalk, defines the torrent channels, scooped out in thy sides. My thought soars proudly into that cold and tranquil atmosphere. It floats in those ethereal regions; more entirely free from domestic customs and cares; more penetrated with the eternal greatness of God. Only the word *liberty* can express this sense of gladness and power.

And so I walk along. The ground stretches out before me into frozen-up meadows, withered stubble-fields, rugged up-ploughed land; the clumps of oak-trees stretch out their gnarled branches, to which a few tufts of yellow leaves still cling. Not one voice is heard throughout the whole expanse, not one ploughshare grinding against the furrow.

If you only look below, nothing can be poorer or more insignificant than the details of the landscape; but the moment that you rise above the plain—that your eyes rest on those forest promontories grandly jutting out, on their inexpressibly gentle outline, contrasted with the mighty battlements of limestone rock, and the shining summit that looks down on all, from that very moment the wild beauty of the scene lays hold upon your imagination, and that impression that I vainly endeavour to describe; having in it a something like happiness and victory blent in one, something like a sudden plunge into the eternal, the indestructible,—this it is that makes your very soul exult within you.

And now we are indeed alone. A few scattered houses left far behind shine out sometimes, gilded by the sun; in the shade, their brown tint renders them scarce distinguishable from the soil.

Amidst this death, of all that once lived and blossomed, one thing alone lives still—the streams.

We mountaineers have this special privilege of living, limpid water.

Other and richer streams spread their opaque

sheets over fields that they fertilize by merely laving; our streams, for their part, are clear and pure as crystal; you may count each pebble in their bed. My brook, the one over which I linger now, is an energetic little current. The snow may try to stifle it in its fleece; the north winds strive hard to freeze it by their violence; it is all in vain, its triumphant stream glides and babbles still, and mocks their efforts. It alone retains its voice, it alone stirs, it leaps, it bounds; here it frets and fumes against this patient shore; there it froths past those drooping boughs that have got caught by the ice. Only look at its tiny cascades, its showers of bright drops, and listen to its gay summer song!

This is what it is singing, this brook of mine. 'A few more cold nights, a few more gloomy days, and the primrose will open her stars, the branches of the willow grow golden, the alder-buds drop their down, the blackbirds whistle on my brim.' This it keeps singing to the dry reeds round whose tufts the morning fogs hang frost-bound; to the leafless branches studded with red berries, each in a crystal prison; to the bare and shivering clematis that droops around. Then it suddenly swells out beyond its proper limits, and overflowing a great piece of a field, paints it green.

As for me, I go on rising, still rising, and here I am, nearly arrived at Jacques' house.

You would hardly find one more lonely in the whole district; at the foot of the mountain, in a secluded valley. From this small property where Jacques has lived all his life long, where he is dying now, one sees to the west that summit of the Jura I was speaking of just now; to the east, the barrier of the Alps.

The few passers-by who take this way across the mountain in summer, have generally seen Jacques and his family either mowing or making hay, or binding up the sheaves. A peaceful picture, done as it were in Indian ink, all its shades mere varieties of grey; very little talking, no loud laughter, contented, dignified faces, with a certain native grace beneath their shyness and reserve.

Jacques has some property. He has a good wife. His only daughter, married to a cheese-maker,—who, when the fine weather comes, takes the flocks to the upper pastures,—has never given him anything but pleasure. Jacques loves them with all the energy of his honest nature. And yet Jacques is going away from them, tranquilly and without regret. I will not say that I admire this in him. I would not at my last moment have a heart thus detached from earthly ties.

But in order to understand Jacques, one must learn something of our village life, and of the character of our peasantry.

In our village folks die as a mere matter of course. I might almost say too much so. Death, deprived of its awful character, loses something too of its sublime aspect. Death in our village is quite other than that hideous skeleton, scythe in hand, who, on some stormy night, knocks imperiously at the door, insists on having it opened, and carries away, wrapped in a fold of his squalid garments, now this one, now that of its terrified inhabitants. Death is rather a quiet wanderer, with slow step and gentle hand, who passes and repasses, comes and goes, sits in summer by the barn-door, in winter on the hearthstone, who talks to us of rest, and whom we rise up and follow whenever she beckons.

A man of peace, humble by nature, still more so from mature self-knowledge, it was thus that Jacques was now about to depart. His faith, which indeed had hardly ever known a conflict, grew stronger and stronger as evening closed in.

When I entered the room, he was sitting up in his bed, oppressed, silent, and calm. His wife was musing beside him. His daughter wept. As for him, a smile lit up his meek face. He had taken off his cap, and was looking at the sky through the open window.

In truth, Jacques was not so much dying conquered by disease, as going away, because he had had enough of life.

It was a striking spectacle, though a little chill. There was that sort of sadness about it beneath which one can feel that happiness is still alive.

Should I try to console them! To what purpose? The daughter alone, who was very young, not yet bent to the docility that sorrow teaches, clung to her father's arm as though she had power to retain him. Her face reminded me of a charming young head that I had once seen under another sky, on the fever-fraught plains of Greece, bent low amid the folds of the long white veil that wrapped it round.

In this case the young mouth had hardly lost the habitual smile, the lip still kept its curve. Yet suffering had set its seal there. You know it well, that seal of supreme sorrow, that impress of a last farewell, that nothing can ever quite efface. Hours of enjoyment will succeed to these hours of mourning, joy may dilate the features now shrunk beneath the touch of woe; still, hidden indeed, but permanent, the seal will be there. An icy hand has touched the brow. Let some sudden distress come, instantly the irrevocable sign re-appears; as if by some lightning-flash, life and movement were instantly arrested.

Jacques turned his eyes towards me. I am quite comfortable, he said.

"He is glad to go," added the wife, not without some slight bitterness. Jacques stretched out his hand to her; his lips trembled a little: "Thou and I are going along the same road." Then address-

ing me, "I am better pleased than if I'd got invited to some fine feast." His poor wan face was radiant. Ay, truly, there was a fine feast waiting for him; the wedding-feast of heaven. The Father of the great family had sent to call him; Jesus was wrapping him in his royal garments; a bliss, whose intensity is only revealed to the dying, lit up his humble face.

What can I tell you more? An hour or two later I reached the pines. Winter reigned everywhere else. Here, without any transition, was spring at once; nay, summer; an atmosphere invariably fresh, mild, genial.

The winter blasts may rage across the plain, the air remains still beneath these antique arches, perfumes float suspended therein, a green light streams through the dome that no frosts have power to despoil. Sometimes a sunbeam darts down athwart the shade, and kindles the spot it touches. Not a breath to lift the silvery lichens that hang from the venerable branches; the tree-moss covers the roots with its elastic cushions. Great erratic boulders, come down from the Alps when glaciers crushed the ground now covered with towns, villages, waving fields, are seated in these solitudes, dotted here and there with greenish lichens, the periwinkle twining around their base, the ivy clinging to their sharp angles, that thousands of years have not been able to round. There is no other plant to be seen; the despotic pine trees will not give them leave to grow. At the most you may perhaps see in some more open glade a holly, with its varnished, thorn-festooned leaves, and scarlet berries here and there.

The Elysian fields must have had this same attenuated daylight.

Here one may wander for hours, the soul lifted above all worldly cares, sating itself with these tints, this silence, this perfection of climate, special privilege of our forests, free alike from the severity of winter, the fierce heat of July, and the relaxing influence of the spring.

How often I have wandered in your shades, ye mountain forests; how often my steps have paced your avenues; how I have listened to the majestic murmur in your summits as the wind swept by; how I have gazed, ye mountain tops, at your immutable barriers with their inflexible outline that stimulates one's will like a defiance!

Will you ascend to the snows? By this torrent-bed? Boldly? Believe me, the struggle does one good. There is a delight in the sense of fuller life that it produces. Do you feel this first kiss already blown us from the snows? Do you feel the keen rarefied air? One more effort. Breast heaving, face burning, fire in our veins, here we are, conquerors, upon the highest ridge.

The ground seems strewn with sparks; it crackles beneath our tread, the breath floats away like wreaths of smoke.

What! can there really be a small world, with small cares, lying far below yonder?

In this region of light we have only two colours left—blue above our heads, white below our feet. Deep down below us the land stretches away, marked in places by blue spots—the woods; brown spots—the towns. Mere loose threads, thrown across the plain, seem to bind the hamlets to the larger villages. But the Alps have grown; they lift their colossal pyramids into the very sky.

It is good to be here; you could go on thus the whole day long, your wings have unfolded, you hover over abysses of atmosphere. The outlines are quite ideal, the snow severely pure; not an insect, not a bird lost in this vast expanse to mar its brightness. The pine-trees turned into gigantic candelabras, stretch out their silver branches laden with dangling ice-drops. Everything is effulgent, glistening; and in this silence, interpenetrated with radiant light, a triumphant peace sweeps one away into regions higher still.

I know certain woods in the plains, where the effect is a perfectly different one; there are times in the course of the winter when the rows of pines there, divided by long white avenues, put on a decorated appearance, which recalls the trim groves of Versailles: a far-fetched simile, you say, and yet a true one. The effect is quite stately; one might expect in a few moments to see a whole court procession of grandees coming along that broad alley, gentlemen in satin dresses, ladies in long trains.

There is nothing like this in the colossal amphitheatre profusely strewn with spangles, where we stand now. The powers of nature play here with tremendous earnestness. They laugh, indeed, but in a tone that makes one tremble.

Let us go straight down. Sheer ice, I warn you. One often goes along faster than one quite likes. Never mind, one way or another, we shall manage it.

Here is the foot of the mountain. The sun is set. Carmine flashes go wandering over the sky. The wild-rose, opening out its petals on a May morning, has a less luminous blush than these. In streaks and flecks of varying size, the clouds soon cover the immeasurable vault with a fiery coat of mail; no colour upon the earth can reflect that glow. The shell alone that blends the iris of the mother-of-pearl with the warm tint of the coral, hides the same flame-tint beneath the bed of ocean.

Perhaps at this very hour the soul of Jacques is traversing the ether. Perhaps it is hovering in that flood of light. Perhaps it is delighting itself in the presence of the Lord.

AT SEA IN WINTER.

WINTER-TIME off the Cape of Storms, the Cape of Good Hope, *Vasco de Gama's* perilous promontory; the place of old Vanderdecken's doleful fate! Astern, along the ship's white track, the little black stormy-petrels are running with her; the great snowy albatross floats into the wind at times, and spreading his vast pinions on a wave-top, silently sails by: no other living thing in sight, save where at long intervals, far away, the back of a dark billow breaks as if the gale were coming, and lifts in a sharp jet like steam—where a whale spouts, heaves up his hump, still lurches on, then spouts and spouts again, and "fluking" his broad tail, dives deep from the troubled waters. A sign, indeed, are those successive blowings of theirs, if sign were needed, that true Cape weather is at hand. Even if the thick grey haze to westward had not shut that South-Sea whaler out of sight since morning, with her three "*stump*"-to'gallant-masts tossing over close-reefed topsails, little heed could she have paid now, to the best whale, *right*-fish or sperm, that ever blew. No gale as yet: but, an under-swell from westward begins to cross the long south-easterly sea; the early sunset gloomily flaring down the haze that thickens the horizon; high in the bare south-east, over the cold greenish clearness of its sky, a thin scud flying like the breath of tempests. And what sullen, slow, majestically-swelling waves! Their colour a sombre indigo, foam-freckled where they mount to the eye, blackening in each wide hollow—the liquid masses come on unbroken by a touch of spray, except that single crest which the ship's bow makes, as she cautiously rolls up and plunges forward. While the West flames out astern, they wash its lurid light away; they heave and overwhelm its omens from before the starry space that widens with them. Beauty they had then, of their own, compared to which the sunset was pale as it sank, —blue wrinkled glitterings from mile to mile, eddying back to the east; shifting tints as on the necks of doves, and rich wet crimson streaked with gold, that flashed over in fire against the cloudy sun. Our good ship sitting them still in succession, like a burden they knew and turned with; each giving her one mighty side-heave to the rear of battle, each wildly leaving her, as it bounded riderless onward.

We all in the brave old "Westminster," that evening, knew full well our doubling of the Cape would be no trifle at the best. The fact began already to be proved, ere the first of the two short "dog-watches" was past: and the twilight of the second dog-watch bade fair to verify it; as one after another of the lighter sails was taken in, those favourite "flying-kites" of our smart chief-mate, which vexed his heart to resign at last. The expected cry came soon,—"All hands reef topsails!" and before the reefs were fast, we felt it coming in right earnest. Sleet, mist, scud, and spray together, it drove over us, mingling sea and sky: sharp work it was, to creep down the lee yard-arms and "light-up the sail to windward;" sharper still to pass the weather-earings, with a thundering gale upon the starboard beam, that sent her heeling over into the foam; and hardest of all, to have an eye to see and wonder at it the while, lifted above terror, and swift thoughts of home, and awful fancies of the calm below the sea—when the pale heads of the waves rose up, ridge after ridge, scattering toward us before the blast. But passengers below may have time for fear, with the steward who helps to grind up the steering-wheel, or the cook and little cabin-boy that help the mates and carpenter at the halliard-ropes—whereas the youngest apprentices hang absorbed in seaman's work, and grin to it, side by side with old Harry the sailmaker to leeward, or even rashly creeping next to wild Anderson, that chief of briny barbarians, whose grim face turns from the very eye of the gale to roar impatience, whose bare feet push the foot-rope out from him as he leans to thread the earing-cord through its ring—who yells so fiercely to know "if they aren't ready there yet," and turns a deaf ear to the bellowing Mate himself; and who, if you proved unfit one moment for your ambitious post beside him, would shove you with a curse away. Pulling, hauling, clutching, shouting, like thirty savages, we did it, though; as in many a squall, and gales not a few, it had been done before. Then down on deck, by back-stay or running-rope, whatever way was nearest, each gang went hurrying to hoist up their topsail-yard again; and singing out into the wind, raised it heartily, hauled taut the braces to keep her to her course, coiled up the ropes; then, at the call to "splice the main-brace," walked joyously aft to the staggering steward's place, where he served the reef-topsail grog to all. The very youngest apprentice drank it stoutly, and never winced—oily, fiery, leather-twanging corn-brandy though it was: all except grim Anderson, who took, but quietly poured out, his glass; for he had vowed to some power unknown, throughout that voyage, not to taste a drop at sea.

Heavy weather, doubtless; but the stars still pierced the clouds at intervals, the gale was but a gale. The ship, by dint of our chief-mate's skilful trimming at the yards, still held the captain's resolute course; right under the southern cross, south-east by south, almost as due for the pole itself as the helm would bear. Rough Anderson relieved the wheel when the other watch went down, steering as few but he could steer, with the weather-leech of the fore-topsail just tremulous when that strange constellation glittered beyond its edge, ever as the vapoury scud flew over. From down below, in the forepeak, you could hear them set the topgallant-sails over the reefed topsails again, to press her faster to the point in view; for the chief mate walked the watch out with the captain, and they two were at one, whoever more might join them, on the matter of the "Westminster's" stormy course.

It might have been anywhere in the dreariest world of fancy, that dark old "forepeak"—deep below some tower that rocked to its foundations, or cavern in the bowels of the earth—into which the larboard watch came down, alone, to spend the

little that was left of the social dog-watch, and snatch a cold supper ere they faced the first four hours of that night on deck: the last man on the ladder dragging-to the scuttle of the hatch overhead, to shut out the spray, the sleet, and the sound of the gale. All nine of them, they shook the drops from their shirts, like water-dogs; swelling the current of a small rivulet that trickled from the darkness, forward above one of the ship's breast-hooks, and plashed up at times when she rolled. The boy of the watch, the youngest apprentice, as usual, swabbed it up into a bucket; he then hurried to find the beef-kid and bread-barge, with what was left of the tea in the hanging hook-pots; and afterwards trimmed up the wick of the dim slush-lamp that swung between the two pillars of the bowsprit-bitts, there rooted from the fore-deck above. A sickly glimmer was shed on the rough visages clustering towards it from beneath the hammocks, and especially on the sour, cross-grained look of old Jakes, with his knobby, wrinkled face, and his one horny, fishy eye, ever looking on the black side of things—a more unmitigated tyrant by far than Anderson, and all but intolerable in the latter's absence, save for Sailmaker Harry, whom no one could fail to respect. The shake of Old Jakes's head spoke volumes, with that spectral eye of his, and an ear which made up for deafness by seeming to hear more than others heard. He drew up his feet on his rickety old sea-chest from the damp, and deigned no word further, except the muttered epithet of abuse to the lad who raised the biscuit-box to his lordly-extended hand. In calling Jakes *old*, it is only meant that his thin locks were grizzled, his cheek furrowed, his frame bent and broken, by the habits and hardships of the sea; the date of his birth was among the many tattooings of his shrivelled arm, and he was not near sixty yet, but he looked a hoary, patriarchal, failing mariner, like to break down some day on a sudden and miss his watch, perhaps that very voyage. A cheery young Boston man looked up at him and said, holding up the cold tea as if to quaff good liquor to his health, "Here's luck, 'mates all! No more frittering and fretting at fine-weather work, I guess, for a long spell? Watch-and-watch, turn-in and turn-out, always a warm hammock ready—no more knocking the rust off the anchors and chains, eh?"

"Ay, the captain before the mate, any day," says the best and smartest seaman of the watch. "The skipper, he's bent on showing us the ice-blink, I hear, ere ever he tacks ship to double the old Cape. 'Tan't the first time some of us has weathered it, but never by a long chalk, I bet ye, so far suth'ard as that comes to!"

"It's a new kick—it's what they call science, it seems," chimed two or three together, doubtfully. "He's one o' your navigators, is Captain Park. What d'ye think of it yourself, old ship?"

Both Old Jakes and Sailmaker Harry, thus by turns referred to, summoned wisdom to reply. The sailmaker was old too, as seamen are old; that is to say, a battered veteran air had already passed upon him, when he was scarce turned of fifty, stiffening a frame cast in the finest mould, giving it a somewhat portly shape, and wearing off the hair from a forehead that seemed as if it might have joined council, in happier circumstances, with geometers and sages themselves: he was a foreigner by birth, a Hanoverian, so that his slow and occasionally broken speech offered room at times for Old Jakes's sidelong leers or sneers. It was Old Harry, though, whom the men chiefly looked to; it was his soothing view of matters that had grown on them of late. This, too, under grievances, causes of discontent, excitements, and even temptations, beyond our space to tell; which yet were no melodramatic figment, even in well-found British ships on the high seas not many years ago, owned by well-known firms, with new-school captains in command, rich freights on board, and passengers and new-fledged aspirants of the sea who never told the tale. Old Jakes, as he sat mumbling, almost toothless, at the "old-horse" beef and the flinty though maggoty biscuit, sipping the little tea he had on *short allowance* of water, with the scurvy once more troubling his old gums and his lean shanks, as at his first outset in the profession—Old Jakes spoke out again, and called the roll-call over, of undeniable injustice which three months and a half had gathered; mingling viciously, with all, the facts of a leaky ship, a wet forecastle berth, a short-handed crew, a watch that was half made up of lads and boys. Yet, by the way, he never seemed to care a whit for what a *boy* might feel, humbly waiting upon one like him, Old Jakes—who scoffed at mothers, coupling hideous epithets with the very thought—ignorant to the lowest depth, even of the commonest elements of knowledge. But quite as heartily as could be wished, with the energy of a far younger man, did Old Jakes inveigh against perilling life and property on a new-fangled crotchet of head-knowledge men at home, poring over charts through spectacles, calculating beforehand with ciphers and paper. He was all for experience and long-tried practice; scarce in so many words, but meaningly, hinting that seamen had their rights, their side of bargains—therefore, when bargains were broken, it was no time to be plunging six hundred miles farther south than ordinary, in doubling the Cape of Storms.

When Sailmaker Harry answered, it was mildly and in his half-broken, German way, but at the same time steadier than ever. There was something of a mellowed fruit of action and hardship about his weather-worn quietness; he had knocked about the world, in reality, more than old Jakes himself—with all that tarry mariner's innuendoes about the life seen near the collieries, which he had gone through, or his grinning references to long-past smuggling deeds, and to worse, in convict-ships, on rafts at sea, among wreckers, in vessels on fire, in craft that went ashore and perished. The sailmaker had been a man-o'-war's-man—one vast source of superiority; what was more, he had once sailed long before in the same ship with Anderson, chief of our crew, over whose inscrutable temper he somehow possessed a singular influence. He himself, this same voyage with us in the "Westminster," had begun of late to exhibit a marked growth of the gravity that characterized him; he had been quietly reading, no doubt with difficulty, a book

or two from the chest of a young apprentice, and from the friendly offer of a passenger. Old Harry was one of those men who have antique quadrants among their clothes, treasured up and carefully carried with them, the token of former purposes—which some accident causes them once more to try and use, in a manner that in this case had been almost pathetic—for he had put his old quadrant away again, one quiet Sunday in the tropics, with the air of giving up the attempt for ever. None on board but he could have ventured in that forepeak to deplore, with a heavy sigh and a moistening of the eyelids, as he did that moment, neglected opportunities of learning, which might have enabled him now to speak from knowledge of his own. But Sailmaker Harry had that deep respect for education which sometimes shines into rude hearts, like starry reflections into the darkest pools: the name of science evidently brought to his lips again the name of "his old fa*d*er, clock-and-instrument-maker in Hanover"—the name engraved upon that quadrant, made by one who had never even seen the sea, yet who had constructed first-rate chronometers, sextants, telescopes, theodolites, and compass-boxes, for many a good ship; and who had fondly thought his son was to profit afterwards by the theories of knowledge he revered himself, studied, wished to have applied by future Columbuses and Captain Cooks.

So when Old Harry mastered a certain hoarseness in his voice, he counselled loyal trust in Captain Park of the "Westminster," whose seamanlike handling of the ship, at least, had been so far proved in no small trial: he showed his own shrewd notion of the grounds for thinking, however bold the course to southward, yet that it was surer and shorter as concerned their passage on the whole. And the rest inclined to believe with him; except that ill-omened old Jakes, cautiously putting on his shiny oilskin and his helmet-like sou'-wester, and nodding his head, in bitter silence.

"Are ye done," he croaked at last, "ye hopefuls? Better look alive, though, with yer rough-weather togs—d'ye hear the wind a-choppin' round to nor'ard—*another* reef it 'll be ere the watch are out! Ay, *close*-reef ere the starbowlins sleep out—mark my words! A long spell we 'll have of it, if some on us ever comes through."

"More by token," agreed the leading topman of the watch, "there was a star i' the old moon's weather-horn this morning; nor I didn't much like the coppery clouds this dog-watch gone. If she 'd lie to her course, it mightn't matter."

"What 's the odds, so long as you're snug laid-to!" spoke in the light-hearted Boston man, tightening his belt. "At the worst, I expect it's nothing to Cape Horn and the icebergs!"

"Tell ye what," hissed Jakes, "you and your Cape-Horning—there 's more bergs afloat off hereaway, this season, than ever Cape Horn saw—and that the sailmaker can tell ye."

And old Harry could not but agree; yet he drew an argument thence, that the Captain had in view to give them a wide berth, as well as to clear the great Lagullas current, and the most distant glimpse of Table Mountain. Strange was it, nevertheless, to hear how the elder seaman took a pleasure in rousing doleful thoughts, showering open scorn on all, save the sailmaker, whom he cared not to face—and most of all on those that sided with himself, as if it mattered little how soon or how ill things ended for him, even as if he wearied to be done. Strange also, how their dreary place of shelter seemed responding to his look, as he glanced disgusted round; the lamp swinging and showing the dark curve of the ship's bows to her black keelson, the ribbed sides, the cross-beams overhead, the dripping steps of the ladder from the trap-door, the gloom backward through the half-bulkhead, heaped with water-casks and cargo-lumber, along to the chaos above the hold. It made the shadows shift and swing in turn, as it vibrated, like the very pendulum, of all the creaking timbers, of the working masts, of the rolling ship and growing gale.

"It 's a palace, an't it?" muttered Old Jakes; "it 's a sweet life to leave. The starboard watch won't need the light this hour, yet—dowse it—out with it! Keep the nice house careful again' fire, good wench, whiles we're out o' doors—*out* with it, I say!" With an oath he snatched and snuffed it out between his horny fingers, as none obeyed him; cackling an ugly laugh in the dark at any gruff objection, as was the way with Jakes: and almost the next moment, as if in answer to his words, the scuttle was thrust aside from deck, letting in the roar of the wind with the summoning shout beneath it—

"Reef topsails? Bear a hand there—another reef!"

"Ho! ho! I feel 't as much—them plaguy aches and rheumatiz sarves me *that* far, anyhow," cried the old man, first to spring on deck. "It 's always another glass o' grog to heat one's miserable ould witals!—Ay, ay, sir," in return to the boatswain's stentorian orders, "all-clear it is—ready, here, forward. Clap on, my hearties—O-ho yeo, ye-o-oh!" Like a noble British tar, singing out in a cracked yell, which even the gale could not drown, he leapt and dragged at the reef-tackle above the heads of his comrades as they pulled: he was foremost to follow the leading topman aloft, to hang at the lee-yard-arm over the seething abyss till the earing was passed to windward; you would have thought the growth of the coming storm excited a defiant spirit in Old Jakes, with which for the time he matched his stoutest fellows.

Away aloft! Up the leaning rope-ladders, up into the blast and the wrestling fury of swollen sail and palpable night, again to strive with them, to master them, to help the faithful ship in her gallant fight; while two mates held her convulsive wheel, in order that Anderson the whaler's dauntless foot and sinewy strength might not be wanting at her maintopsail-earing. Thrilling to behold, from above, how the mile-wide billows of three meeting oceans broke and heaved athwart her, now hissing and torn by the shifting south-easter; in valley and hill alike stupendous, struggling to rise higher, but shorn, discrested, pressed by the upper force upon its way, whose clouds came on like Alps beyond, with seeming snowy-avalanche or pale-green iceberg glimmering on their breasts. Grand to

see, too, how, as soon as she was lightened of superfluous sail, she mounted and swam cleaving on; surging, indeed, to her weather-headrail, where an anchor leant black amid the glare of spray; burying her martingale before her in foam, while the hawse-holes spouted inward and gurgled back, the lee-scupper-holes gushed, and at times a green sea curled from the black-blue element to her very waist, as if to wash all bare from her deck, every timber of her fabric straining and complaining. But still, with yards braced to suit the change, she lay her course; she buffeted it nobly, and yet beat onward. And grandest of all to see, how the silent Captain stood and watched, smiling a little as he saw it; and resolutely persevered in pressing her, hour by hour, yet farther on his purposed track: how his smart young chief-mate sobered down and steadied, to back him out; how each other mate, and all the men besides, were blent together under them for the same; and how the starboard watch were sent below, to sleep their time out, in that faith.

Close-reefed at midnight, when the other watch was called at its due time, she weathered it none the less as it grew. They alone, who were left, set storm-staysails and furled the foretopsail without need of help; the sleepers slept sound in the sleep of toil. some dreaming deep, dreaming



"The immense weight of water fell on board, knocking the launch out of the chocks," etc.

long, of quiet scenes at home, as a moment's dream will serve to do. There was little required when they were called again; and as they stood at their places, sheltering, holding, dozing, wrapped in their rough coats, the wild dawn broke on them, the morning found them there. It was *something* to see the day once more. It was even something to have the decks washed for them without trouble—something to have no work invented for them by zealous under-mates—no small orders, no petty spites and tyrannies—to look forward to a forenoon's sleep below, warm hammocks swinging for them, after the four-hours' troubled rest. Fine weather allows no luxuries like these to sailors. To young hearts there, among them, stormy latitudes are welcome.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's *rough hardihood*."

Days and days of storm, though, try the most patient spirit. When, with a "feeding" gale, at last the Tempest is acknowledged by all, even by the oldest and most inured to such—when at length the very captain yields so far, as at least to attempt making way no longer, *laying-to* his ship beside the blast, to keep it company—and weeks of storm may pass before she even hopes to turn its raging corner, much less to change her tack, and begin to

double the unseen phantom-cape—then, in truth, the pitch of sufferance seems to come. This was our case in the brave old "Westminster," for days so long as to seem Polar, as to seem endless—life-times of buffeting, ages of tossing, dipping, drifting sea-winter.

She was still lying-to on the larboard tack, under storm-staysails alone, making what seemed by comparison easy weather of it, when the signs of the next approaching night threatened worse than ever. Heavy black clouds had risen to northward, driven along to meet the south-east scud; at length with lightning and tremendous thunder-peals, followed by hail and sleet. Near midnight the huge cloud-bank lifted, all along from north to west, showing a sharp, fierce streak as clear as day; again a flash and peal, succeeded by a sudden and awful change of wind from north-north-west.

The hurricane struck her, laid-to as she was, in a trim to feel it partly; it held her down, the sea swelling over the decks, some of the upper portion of the cargo seeming to shift at the terrible moment. With the first violence of it, too, her mizen-staysail split, blowing out of the bolt-ropes like a puff of steam from an engine's blow-pipe, so that she fell off, and brought the sea abeam. Voices were lost, and the sound of the deck-trumpet as well: fortunately the wind had not blown long enough that way to make dangerous rollers, but rather levelled the crests of the waves; and, at the crisis, Anderson the whaler, like one who needed no mate's or captain's hint, if hint were audible, led the way up the steep weltering deck for the few near him, with help in his brawny arms—up into the mizen rigging, where his wild hair blew as he spread a broad tarpaulin, and clutched it fast, staggering together to the mounting surge that bore the good ship free, till they had lashed it safe. She righted: the two other staysails thrashed and tore, but steadied at last, and were hauled down; more of the tarpaulins being lashed in their place, till she lay lifting and drifting again on the billows' tops.

And yet, by daybreak, so fierce the tempest, she could face it thus no longer with safety. It was absolute necessity to our lives to put her again before the wind, and scud it out, right course or not. Every seaman knows the danger, however, of the steps required to get her so once more, in such weather as we had. It needed the best skill and caution of the very primest and coolest seamen aboard, headed by the boldest, to slacken the tack of the big fore-course down, cutting away the lashed tarpaulins, while the frightened ship was gradually trimmed to fall off from the gale, and fly before it. But Anderson was chief, as I have said, of briny, peril-trained, unflinching barbarians of the sea: it was strange to mark how he even calmed and rose solemn in the elemental terror—a man that might have led forlorn hopes to siege and charge, at Badajoz or Balaclava. For a moment the strong vessel shook and faltered, though not he; his yell was heard like a command, where the captain stood mutely signing; and she began to fall off.

It was then, when she was falling about four points off the wind, that a frightful sea came rolling on. She could not clear it. "Hold on—for your lives! hold on, men!" shouted Captain Park, suiting his example to the call.

The immense weight of water fell on board, knocking the launch out of the chocks, sweeping away spars, water-casks, and the starboard bulwark from gangway to fore-rigging. Ere she dipped, Anderson had stood there erect, the last man about to leap from the shrouds. When she rose, his figure was gone. Next moment, in the breast of a combing mountain sea, as if it were a mile away, you saw the warm tint of his face, and his wet black hair all dripping out of its lucid, half-transparent green. It bore him up, washed him skyward, gnashed its fierce, toothed crest beyond, then sank with him, streaking its surges out, down into the shadowy trough.

"Hold hard,—clue up the sail,—hard down the helm again! *Hard down!*" was our captain's noble cry. Without a breath all saw his aim; for if she gathered way, the man was gone as we swept past him. At all hazards, Anderson was to be saved, if saving there might be, from the jaws of that wallowing tempest. Again laid-to, drifting slowly from against the blast, she would, on the other hand, yield fathom by fathom towards him as the wave recoiled from leeward where he floated. He struck out strong and stoutly yet, though almost blindly: there are three lesser waves, before the cresting fourth one, amidst which, as a momentary lull appeared to pass upon the gale, he might yet be touched by a well-hove line of rope, and catch it in the sullen lee-eddy made by our drifting bulk.

Stretching out from the mizen chains, as we caught sight of the floating head again, stood Sailmaker Harry, as a leadsman stands to heave. All others had given way to Harry, sternly bent to save his old friend and shipmate, if man could do it. In the old man's face you could have seen that it was succeed or die, if need be—in his attitude, his eye, his ready but not hasty hand, the years and years of trial that had made his throw of that rope so unerring. How near—how frightfully near was Anderson swept to the gulf below us! The coming surge would wash him toward the sky; and, at the best, one dash against our solid sides must batter him to pulp! When the sailmaker couched for the throw, and sprang, and heaved the coil double about the swimming shoulders of the lost man—oh, what a dizzy, blinding, sickening gulp of every heart there seemed to come! But yet amidst it, a seethe and hiss of the wild waters bearing in as the men pulled, till, with a bleeding, drenched face, he was hanging there beneath the quarter-boat, and was caught and lifted up on board, reeling in our midst.

The work of but a giddy minute or two, all of it. We had forgot the gale that thundered upon us next moment, although it was fiercer than before. But again was the ship brought slowly round, and spreading scarce half her foresail, she bore up safely, dashed away, careened to it, and scudded—with the swelling rollers in her track.

After some anxious hours, it moderated about noon; the danger of the tempest was gone, the sea regular and following. She lay-to as before, and next day hoisted sail, close-hauled, under close-reefed topsails, to lie her former course.

WILLIAM HANSARD.

CONCERNING THE REASONABLENESS OF CERTAIN WORDS OF CHRIST.

I LOOK back this evening to a certain day, very long since past and gone, on which a little band of Jews approached our blessed Lord; and one of them, a lawyer, no doubt a man sharp of wit and ready of speech, acting as spokesman for the others, asked the Saviour a certain question. The lawyer asked the Saviour, "Which is the great commandment in the law?" He put that question; and quite right too. It was quite fair to try the new Teacher by the severest tests; and thus to discover whether his wisdom and goodness were really such as to make him a safe guide. And you could have pitched upon few questions which would be more important in themselves, or more significant tests of the new Teacher's wisdom, than the question, What is the first and most important thing that God requires of man? Nor does it necessarily follow, from the words in which the Evangelist tells the story, that the lawyer put the question in a bad spirit. Words, you know, change their meaning as time goes on. When we are told that the lawyer put the question to Jesus, *tempting him*, we are ready to conclude that he put it in a malignant spirit, hoping to entangle the Saviour in his talk, and to get the Saviour to commit himself by saying something in a hurry, which, on longer reflection, he might find it hard to justify out and out. We cannot say whether or not the lawyer had some hope of catching the new Teacher tripping; but one thing we are sure of, that it is not from the word *tempt* that we are to conclude that he had; for, when our translation of the Bible was made, the word meant no more than to test, to put to the touch, and find out what a thing is made of. And it was quite right that the lawyer, before declaring himself Christ's disciple, should make fair trial of the Redeemer's wisdom, and see if it would stand the proof.

But in any case, my reader, you and I may well be thankful that the question was put; because it drew forth an answer rich in wisdom, and of personal interest to each of us. It is a great thing for any man to know, in any circumstances, what it is he ought to do. How much precious time is wasted, and how many a wrong step is taken, for want of knowing *that!* And it is a grand thing to be told, on unimpeachable authority, of one great rule, by acting according to which we never shall go wrong; of one great spring of conduct which shall prompt to everything that is right. Now, the Saviour's answer tells us all *that*. It tells us the first and great thing we are to do. It tells us of a law, by conforming to which we shall never go wrong. It tells us of a spring of conduct which, if we once get into our hearts, will prompt to every form and degree of right conduct. The Jews, I daresay you know, had various opinions as to what was the most important precept in the law. Some thought that the great commandment of the law was that of sacrifice. Some said it was that of circumcision. And there were people who sunk so inconceivably low, as to maintain that the chief commandment was in regard to washings and formal purifyings. How immeasurably superior to these unworthy notions was the teaching of our blessed Lord! He did not evade the lawyer's question: he met it with a full and distinct answer; an answer miles and miles away from such details as washings, or circumcisions, or even sacrifices. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. THIS is the first and great commandment!"

Well, my reader, there is no difficulty in discerning that to love our heavenly Father in that way, *is* the first and great commandment. You know that we, human beings, living as we do in this world, may reckon up an almost unlimited list of separate duties. Yet all these may be arranged in the two classes, of our duty to God, and our duty to man. And first in natural order—first in importance—first in the sense that, rightly understood, it includes the other also—stands our duty to God. And although there are many separate duties which we owe to God, we can run them all up to one source; and that source is, love to God. This commandment, then, mentioned by our Saviour, is the first and great commandment, because it includes within itself all the duty that we owe to God. The essence of the first table of the law is contained in this comprehensive precept; and, indeed, in a certain sense, the essence of the second table of the law is here too. For all duty consists in obeying, from right motives, the Divine commands; and whoever supremely loves God, will certainly seek to the utmost to obey God's will. That supreme love to God in the heart, will be a root whence all obedience, all duty, will assuredly spring. It is a happy thing that it is so. Is it not better a thousand times that, when you wish to instruct a little child in its duty to its parents, you should sum up all you have to say in the comprehensive advice, "You must love your parents and obey them,"—than that you should make out a list of a thousand separate details of duty, which, after all, would in practice be found to be very defective

indeed? And so, when Jesus would instruct us, that the first and great thing we have to do is our duty to God, he does not say to us,—God forbids you to have any other gods before him; so don't do *that:* God forbids you to worship images, so don't do *that:* God forbids you to take his name in vain, so don't do *that:* God commands you to hallow his day, so do *that:* God bids you at passover time draw out a lamb according to your family, to kill it, to eat it with bitter herbs in a certain fashion, so mind and do *that:* God commands that on certain occasions you are to bring to his temple a burnt-offering, or an offering of first-fruits, a turtle-dove, or a young pigeon; so do not on any account omit to attend to all these matters. No, my reader; not such was the commandment of our blessed Lord. *He* did not fritter down the sublime simplicity of Christian precept upon such petty details as these last. Under an inferior dispensation, in the dim twilight of the Jewish ritual, and for the guidance of an earthly and sensual race, it had been fit and well to write the countless little enactments of Leviticus; but *that* day had gone by. The time had come in which duty was to be taught from within outwards; not from without inwards. The heart was to be set right; and then all outward details would follow from *that.* Men now, instead of a host of little rules, were to have given them a great sweeping principle, that should comprehend them all. Love God, says the gospel: love him supremely; and *that* will prompt you to do all your duty to him.

So far the subject is simple enough. Now we come to what is more difficult. Not much argument is needed to prove that, if any man had his heart filled with a supreme love to God, he would do his duty towards God, and indeed towards man as well. But I can well imagine a thoughtful person saying to all this: I see it is right to love God; I see that to love God fitly would prompt to all right conduct; and I wish to love God. But how am I to do it? Love is a thing that will not come at command. I cannot love either God or man merely because I see I ought to do so, or merely because I wish to do so. How am I to get into my heart this supreme love towards God?

Well, I admit at once that this affection of love to God must be drawn forth, just as all other affections are, in accordance with the well-understood laws of human thought and feeling. And some religious writers, well-intentioned but injudicious, appear entirely to forget this. You cannot frighten men into loving God. You will never get any one to love God merely by telling him that he will be tormented in hell for ever if he do not love God. *That* is not the way. You cannot force yourself to love any being merely because you think you ought to love him, or merely because you see that it will be very much for your advantage that you should love him. And if you could, by threats of future punishment, bring men to love God for fear of the consequences of not doing so,—oh! *that* would not be the right love; *that* would not be the love our Saviour wished to see! Is it love at all, the devotion of a crouching slave, trembling for fear of the lash? Let it be borne always in mind, that the worship and service God wants, must be prompted by love and not by terror. We hear, with wonder, of the sect of devil-worshippers in India: do you know why they worship the devil? It is not that they love him at all; not that they think he deserves worship at all; but they erect temples to him, and they worship him, because they think he is a malignant and powerful being who can do them a world of mischief if they do not thus try to pacify him. Then let us remember that it is the very essence of devil-worship, when you love and worship God just as a Being who can do you harm; and when you serve him just with a view to avert his anger. Most unworthy, most unchristian, is that way of regarding God! True, it is generally by fear that men are awakened; it is mainly by the terrors of the law that they are roused from worldliness, and heedlessness about religion; but it is by love that they are constrained to go on in the way to heaven;—rather drawn by Christ and heaven before them, than driven by hell and Satan behind. And must it then be said that, forasmuch as men cannot be frightened into loving God, though they may be frightened into pretending to love him; and forasmuch as love to God is a thing that will not come at will; therefore it is unreasonable to tell us to love God? Was it futile, was it preposterous, when Christ told us that the great commandment of the law is to love God, seeing that love to God will not be got up at command? Nay, my reader; not so. We know the way in which we may come to love God. It is our own fault if we do not love God. The commandment to love God is reasonable and just; and though we remember that we cannot do anything that is right but by the grace of God, we say, remembering *that,* that we are just as able to obey this commandment as any other, provided we set about obeying it in the right way.

And how, then, are we to set ourselves to obey the commandment, to love God with heart and soul and mind? Why, how is it that love to any human friend springs up in your breast? You love your best friend, because he is so amiable and good; because he has so many winning and engaging and loveable qualities about him. And you love him, too, because he is so kind and good to you; because he has done so much for you already, and is willing, when needful, to do so

much more. Well, have you not the selfsame reason for loving God? You are not commanded to love God without seeing or knowing why; you are to love God because he deserves so well to be loved; because he is so kind and good and amiable; and because he has been so kind and good to you,—has given you so much, and done so much for you. Every reason that you have for loving your dearest in this world, you have in a thousand-fold greater degree for loving God. Every good, pure, kind, amiable, excellent quality that you have ever noted in a human being, is but the faint reflection of that perfect excellence which dwells in Him who is infinitely good and infinitely lovely. You wish, do you, to obey the commandment to love God? Then look at God; think of God. Think how good he is; think how much he has done for you, how much he has loved and cared for you; and surely by God's grace you will be able to love him! If you have ever seen something that warmed and touched your heart in a mother's self-sacrificing love for her child, as she watched that little thing through days and nights of suffering that threatened to end its short life; think that in all that tender care you had given you the faintest and farthest shadow of that unwearying love which abides in our Heavenly Father's heart. If you have been touched by the story of human philanthropy, that sought through prisons and lazar-houses for misery and want to relieve, and wore out strength and life to relieve them; think that all that was amiable and kindly *there* was so, just in so far as it was made after the image and likeness of God. And then call to remembrance all the blessings and mercies which you have yourself received ever since you came into this world; and think that every one of these was a kindness bestowed by God on your own self, a separate reason for gratitude and love towards him! Of course we all know how sadly natural it is for us to feel very grateful for one kindness or favour; and then, if we receive not one favour but a thousand, to begin to take them all as a matter of course; and rather to get sulky if one be withheld, than to be grateful for the thousand that are granted. Let it not be so in our feeling towards God! Let us not cease to be thankful for His benefits, because they are so innumerable, and because they have been continued so constantly and so long. But if we love the kind friend who bestowed upon us one great benefit, or shielded us from one great danger, or guided us through one anxious day; let us supremely love that best Friend whose kindnesses are absolutely innumerable; who gave us absolutely everything!

Well, my reader, I know that all this is sound in argument. It is an argument for loving God that cannot be gainsaid, that we ought to love him because he is so good and because he has been so good to us. But I confess to you, that I feel that something more than this is needed before we shall really be put in the track which will lead us to the obeying of the great commandment. We have not, hitherto, thought of God in a way that can really lead poor, sinful, blinded creatures like us to love him. God may be very good and very kind, the very kindest and best; but still, when we think of God as he is absolutely in himself, we cannot love him. We shrink away from him; we are afraid of him; his infinite perfections terrify us; and, to say the truth, we have a kindly sympathy, we have a feeling of being at home, with the imperfect goodness of a human being, that makes us really love *that* better than the pure, unapproachable, infinite goodness of God. No: do you not feel, that before we can truly love God, we must see him in the face of Jesus Christ; we must see him as Immanuel, God with us? It was said by a great philosopher, that we think of God unworthily; that if we look into our thought of him, we shall find we are really thinking of him as man; as our own best and noblest thrown upward on the concave of the sky. But this is not an unworthy thought of God. It is, in truth, from a sublimed humanity that we get our only realized idea of God; the only thought of God that we can really love. We see "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." He is "the image of the invisible God." Do you wish to think of God? Then think of Christ. He is God. Do you shrink in fear from that almighty, eternal, unapproachable God whom you are commanded to love? Then look to Christ. Surely you do not shrink away from Jesus of Nazareth: surely you could have loved *him* in his days in this world: surely you can love him yet! Is it not easy to love God, when you remember that Jesus Christ, that kind, patient, considerate Redeemer, who went about doing good, and who died for you and me, is God? What hearts should we have if we did not love him! How infinitely did he surpass all human excellence; all that ever you loved in a human being: How much he did, how infinitely he suffered, for you! You would not have been afraid to see that gracious face looking upon you: you would not have been afraid to touch the hem of his garment: you would have gone to him confidently, as a little child to a kind mother: you would have feared no repulse, no impatience, as you told out to him the story of all your sins, and wants, and cares! You can picture to yourself, even yet, the kindly, sorrowful features, which little children loved; and which drew those unsophisticated beings to cluster round him without a fear. You can imagine, even yet, the accents of that touching voice, which spake as never man spake, not merely for wisdom, but for kindness

and sympathy. Tell me, my reader, is the law a hard one, that bids us love such a Being!

And when you love Christ, you are loving God. Christ is God's visible image: a fair and faithful representation to our poor understanding of what the Almighty is. "He that hath seen me," said Jesus, "hath seen the Father." Just such as Christ was, God is. Now, we need to be reminded of this, for we are very ready to forget it. A great many people think of God as quite different from what Christ was. A great many people have in their minds a strong, though unexpressed impression, that God is a harsh, severe being, who wished and intended to condemn us all to eternal misery, and was with difficulty prevented from doing so by the entreaties and the sufferings of Christ. Oh, what a miserable, gloomy delusion! God was not, as some would seem to think, reluctantly driven to permit the salvation of Christ's people, because he could not well avoid doing so, when the kinder Saviour was willing to die for us. No, He went heartily into the work of man's salvation: yea, it originated in his love to man; for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." It is not true to say that God pities us, and loves us, and wishes our eternal happiness, because Christ died for us: it was because he pitied us, and loved us, and wished our eternal happiness, that he gave his Son to die for us; and in all the Saviour's burning desire that men should believe and live, you see the manifestation of the desire of the whole Godhead that men should believe and live. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, all work together with equal heartiness to save us. There is no one Person in the Trinity who loves us less than another,—who is less anxious for our happiness and holiness than another. God, the entire Godhead, loves us. And all that wins our love and gratitude as we look to Jesus, and as we think of him, exists, with equal power to win our love and gratitude, in the nature and character of the entire Godhead.

When I had written as far as this, and finished what I wished to say, I did what I generally do when I have finished an essay which is to be printed: I gathered up the leaves, and went and sat by the fire, and read them over. And I thought, when I had read them: Now, is it not a curious thing, that it is so much easier to write what will interest people, on any subject rather than a religious one? Somehow, people have a vague sense of unreality about spiritual things. They think, that is all very well: it is all true and right enough in a theological sense; but it is all quite away from the reality of daily life, and not at all so solid and so pressing. Now, my friend, it is the condition of our being in this world, that it should be so: it is God's manifest purpose that we should "walk by faith and not by sight;" and that faith should not always, or to all people, bring things home as sight and sense can do. And then, in the nature of things, work can never be so pleasant as play: instruction can never be so interesting as amusement. And thoughts about religious truths and duties must always belong rather to the class of instructive things than to that of amusing things. They go against the grain of our fallen nature. And just because of these facts, I daresay you know people who write and talk interestingly on secular subjects, but whose sermons are very dull. Yet their sermons are just their talk or their writing on religious subjects. You have the same turn of thought, and the same kind of style, which interested you elsewhere; yet you yawn over the pages, or you think of something else while the words are spoken in your hearing. Let us face the fact, that because our nature is not what it ought to be, and what it once was, it is harder to make religious thoughts interesting and real-like than common thoughts. They can never be made like some light discussion of worldly matters, or like a pleasant tale. We need not try to make a sharp distinction between secular and sacred thoughts and writings, as some good people do: it is the sacred spirit that makes all work sacred, and writing like the rest. And I believe that the Spirit of God, to do good to man's heart, may avail himself of an essay in a magazine of which no part is intended to be read on Sunday, just as much as of any other. Yet, as we turn over the pages of this magazine you hold in your hand, let us remember that it aims at something beyond the mere pleasant occupation of a vacant hour; that it is the wish and the prayer of those who write in it, that it may serve, in some degree, to make its readers more earnest, more cheerful, more Christian; and that, for this end, they hopefully look for the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, to give their words an interest and a force far beyond their own.

A. K. H. B.

OLAF THE SINNER AND OLAF THE SAINT.

Not alone by prodigal largesses to Rome did the first Christian kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, strive to atone for their excesses. The old king Harald Hildetand, entering the lists of Bravalla, blind and infirm, to perish on his battle-car; the last stave of the famous death-song of Ragner Lodbrok, in Ella's den of serpents,—

> "The hours of life have glided by;
> I fall! but laughing will I die,"

had left them other examples.

King Olaf, of the line of Harald Haarfager, had the widest reverses, the stormiest career of all the Norse warriors. King Olaf had known slavery in Esthonia, as well as the sea-king's rule on the deck of his ship, and not a rover in the north bore so high a renown. London itself had bought him off by a heavy tribute; but a monk in the Scilly Isles, who converted the heathen, did more to save Britain from his future incursions than all the gold and gear, beeves and grain, on the banks of the Thames. Elected king of Norway in the room of Hakon Jarl, the old pirate and new Christian Olaf conducted a straightforward crusade against heathenesse, honoured and rewarded all who espoused his opinions, and burnt Pagan temples, mutilated their idols, and carved on human flesh the spread eagle of Scandinavian cruelty. Alas for King Olaf! he forgot that even before the veiled statue of Hertha, carried through the northern land, all clash of arms was hushed. Balder, great Balder, received the darts hurled at his invincible body in the tilt-yard of the gods, but returned no thunderbolt from his invincible arm; not even when his blind brother, Hoder, pierced him with the fatal mistletoe, the only substance in the entire universe which was not bound to spare lovely Balder. It was but the Trolls, with their knotted clubs and uprooted trees, who dashed their foes to hideous destruction. The crushed, outraged pagans, rose in open resistance; and, in the Island of Mære, the two contending religions, craving a mutual hearing, came to hand-to-hand blows. In that queer theological debate, Olaf himself, in a fit of impatient fury, struck with his mallet the statue of Thor, and led the van in the *mêlée* in which Jarnskegg, Thor's priest, was slain.

In compensation for his rashness, Olaf, with what appeared to him right princely liberality, offered his contentious subjects the choice of baptism or a pitched battle. The writhing rebels dissembled, and received ruefully the Christian rite. Then Olaf evinced further his lately acquired lessons of Christian forgiveness and restoration, by proposing to wed Gudruna, the daughter of Jarnskegg, to furnish the maiden with a doughty husband for a stern father. Gudruna too dissembled, and at the dead of night a hue and cry rose in the palace of King Olaf, when his last bride attempted to murder her husband on the very night of their bridal. Gudruna was no Christian. She secreted a dagger, and struck home with good will, but a woman's trembling hand could do little against the mighty man. Olaf "could climb the steepest rocks, walk along an oar when the ship was impelled by the rowers, use both hands with equal dexterity, and amuse himself with twirling three sharp swords in the air at once, catching each in turn by the hilt." Olaf stood on the prow of "the Long Serpent" when his fleet was betrayed at Stralsund, his deck slippery with blood, and Erik Jarl, and Svend of Denmark, hard at his back, and leapt into the churned waves of the Baltic, mad with the old Berserker instinct of death before defeat.

Women were not over-kind to King Olaf, and Olaf was not over-complacent to more women than one. He once condescended to woo Sigrid the Proud, but when she demurred at being baptized at his bidding, he flew into a rage, told her roundly that "he would never consent to live with an old heathen," and struck her sharply with his glove. Sigrid spitefully nursed the taunt and blow, and vowed vindictively that it should cost him his throne and life, if craft and long malice and inordinate revenge dwelt in woman. Sigrid married in time Svend of Denmark (doubtless inflicting on him his troubles in the passing), and blunt, warm-hearted Olaf sank at last like a stone in the deep, cold waters.

Another woman left a grievous stain on Olaf's faith. A fugitive Vend princess was aweary of her husband, and with her restless, faithless heart, aflame for adventure, landed in Norway. She subdued and corrupted stout Olaf's heart into marrying her, and her wandering reputation, in violation of the Divine law, which gives to a man one wife —to a woman one husband. But you do not know King Olaf, if you suppose him a man to sin without repentance. His was a noble nature, rough, vehement, erring extravagantly if you will, but earnest as the wind and clear as the sun.

It was the season of spring, when the sudden breaking up of the ice caused compulsory idleness, not merely in field-work, but in all open-air journeys and sports. King Olaf and his whole court were compelled to pause for that fortnight or three weeks, which changed the country from the blank whiteness of winter to the vivid green of spring.

Foaming torrents were tearing through all the passes, the ice-bridges were cracking and rending, great rocks and their *débris*, loosened by the thaw, were falling with the noise of thunder across the mountain track, famished wolves were prowling in the wake of the beset traveller. The cottage-hearth of serf and charcoal-burner, the palace-hall of prince and noble, were the only safe abiding places. Better the rude carving in wood, and the more inane twirling of the sharp swords in the smoky tameness within, than the risk to limb and life in the bright tumult without.

Olaf, with his frank, hearty nature, must have welcomed the approach of summer. In another week the floating hair of the birch woods would be powdered green; the rye and the oats would be sprouted a full foot; the wild cherry would be white with the snow of summer before the snow of winter had ceased to swell the brook; the blue gentian bluer than the sky or the waters of the fiords, would put to shame the steel-blue of the ice; while the delicate bells of the saxifrage would nod in silent mimicry of the sledge-bells, in every breeze. The fishers would be out on the lakes, moored in such fleets as even King Olaf had not seen in his roving days. Horses, cattle, and reindeer, long fed on bark and leaves, would be set loose to career in the meadows. Great flocks of birds—lark and thrush, redbreast and chaffinch—would arrive every day; the white stork would begin to build its nest on the roof of the house, and the ger-falcon and the eagle their eyries on the brow of the dizzy cliff. Even the swarms of gnats and mosquitoes, which were born to be bedded in the sweated resin, destined to form the amber veins in the sands of the *haafs*, would be endurable. They would announce the *seaters*, the merry march of men and maidens, flocks and herds, to the free mountain life. I warrant King Olaf loved the lures which called the cows on the uplands as well as the blasts of the horns in the *skals* or great hunting-expeditions, when bear, glutton, and elk were driven to the centre of the woods. In that arena bow and spear brought down the prey thick and fast, like autumn leaves, in slaughtered piles, panting, bleeding, grisly, ghastly, but, in spite of all, invested with a savage beauty.

It was a time of promise and hope, but King Olaf sat dark and moody, and vouchsafed no word to his silent courtiers. King Olaf thought of his life's struggles and his life's wrongs, and in the dreary reckoning few and scant seemed the intervening successes, which at their dawning he had clutched greedily. He thought of the faith which had won him wonderfully, and which he had striven with all his rude strength to propagate. He had not been able to keep it in his single person; he had failed in a thousand of its requirements. Well for Olaf that the Son of Mary had lived and died, but he could not at this moment lay hold of that refuge. The homily of yon monk, standing preaching on the rush-strewn floor, in his rope-girdled frock and his sandalled feet, to the king and his court, in furred doublets and the gleam of barbaric gold, had smitten Olaf with remorse, and stung him with shame. He knew the people called him an overthrower of land-marks, an aggressor against ancient usages, a tyrant over men's consciences, nay, a liar and a hypocrite, for he had not maintained in his own life the rules he had instituted for his neighbours. Olaf had, as he was aware, small place in his people's hearts. He was brave, skilled, stately, the patron of the skalds (though they twanged their harp-strings against his innovations), the boat-builder, the encourager of commerce, in vain. He founded the royal city of Trondheim as a granary for the surrounding country in seasons of scarcity; but his successor and namesake reared its magnificent cathedral, and slept there for ages, glorified by a martyr's pale halo and a saint's burning crown. Olaf shared the lot of the reformer, and had a harder doom. He was looked upon as a profaner of temples, a destroyer of relics, an oppressor, a very traitor. The craftsmen who made their gain by such shrines as that of the great goddess Diana of Ephesus, the superstitious, the vile, were in league and uproar against him, with difficulty stilled by his warlike character, his sovereign sway, his few devoted servants. Olaf had seen the meaning glance, the covert sneer, the bitter reproach in the very circle round his chair, as the monk sped his winged words of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," the same sounding words that caused the Roman to tremble where he sat as a god in the distant Asiatic province.

Yes, Olaf had provoked the enmity of his subjects by much more than individual shortcoming; but it did not seem to him that he could have escaped the unnatural contention. He had the fate of Hakon the Good before his eyes. That poor faltering king had begun so bravely, till he was taken by the beard, and then he was fain to consecrate the Yule feast, and make the sign of the cross over the drinking-horn of Odin, and his shifts and grants served him so ill that he died the horrible death of an apostate. He cried out in his despair, when they offered him the wretched boon of a Christian burial, "As a heathen have I lived, as a heathen, and not as a Christian, must I be buried."

King Olaf plucked his yellow locks indignantly, and then with his unsheathed dagger began to hack and hew the billet-wood by his side. Oh for a chance to prove his truth, an hour to show to the

slanderers and malcontents, and the whole jealous nation, how dear to him the soaring Christian faith, so far beyond his reach! how light in comparison his own miserable bodily pain and loss! The big heart within King Olaf was sore, and suffocated in its constraint.

A thin, quavering voice broke the brooding silence waiting on the great king's reverie: "It is Monday, Sire, to-morrow," said an old jarl, with austere significance, and he pointed in solemn mockery to the frayed and jagged splinters about the King's broad hand. Had not King Olaf demanded one day in seven for his God, and punished with violence him who by so much as putting foot in stirrup, or piping on his dog-call, dared to disturb Olaf's God's rest.

Olaf started; a light flashed into his hazel eyes —those red-brown eyes, which glared at times like the eyes of a wild beast at bay. He clapped his right hand on the board with a ringing vibration.



"Bring me here a brand from the embers," he shouted, with an accent that sounded like the neigh of a horse, when he flings off bit and bridle—like the ho! ho! of the wind when it bursts in the casement. On his bare, brown hand he flung the glowing fire, and the splinters of the wood, and there, in defiance of the murmurs and outcries, the prayers and womanish tears of that wilful company, he let it scorch the skin, and simmer the blood, and bite to the bone. He never drew back the quivering hand, or opened the set teeth, or relaxed the knit brows, till no more than a little grey dust—penitential ashes—spread over and hid with a sorrowful covering the charred flesh and the gnawed bone. Thus King Olaf taught his Northmen how he reverenced God's commandment to the hating of his own flesh and blood.

H. K.

THE UNION OF MAN WITH MAN.

The mutual dependence which obtains among material things is perceived by us on a moment's reflection. Not one atom in creation, for example, exists by itself or for itself alone, but, directly or indirectly, influences and is influenced by every other atom. The movements of the tiniest wave which rises slowly over the dry pebble on the beach, marking the progress of the advancing tide in the inland bay, is determined by the majestic movements of the great ocean, with all its tides that sweep and circulate from pole to pole. The raindrop which falls into the heart of a wild-

flower, and rests there with its pure and sparkling diamond-lustre, owes its birth to the giant mountains of the old earth, to the great sea, to the all-encompassing atmosphere, to the mighty sun, and is thus, by a chain of forces, united in its existence, its figure, its motion, and its rest, to the most distant planet, which, beyond the ken of the telescope, whirls along its path on the mysterious outskirts of space. Thus, too, the needle of the electric telegraph trembles beneath the influence of hidden powers which pervade the earth, which flash in the thunder-storm, awaken the hurricane, or burst in those bright and brilliant coruscations that shoot across the midnight of our northern sky. And so

> "The whole round earth is everywhere
> Bound by gold chains about the throne of God."

But the unity which exists among intelligent and responsible *persons*, their mutual dependence and relationship, is just as real as that which obtains among material *things*, and is far more wonderful, more solemn and important in its nature, causes, and consequences.

The human race is an organic whole. The individual man is more intimately united to every other man, and to all past and coming generations, than the leaf which flutters on the twig of a great tree is connected with the tree itself, and with every other leaf that swells its foliage, or with the seed which was ages ago planted in the soil, and from which the noble plant has issued. That organic unity of the Church, springing chiefly out of a common life, derived from Christ and maintained by his indwelling Spirit, and which the apostle Paul so fully illustrates by the union of the members of the human frame, holds equally true, though on different grounds, of the whole family of man.

And what is true of the human race, is true of all spiritual intelligences in the universe of God. "We are all members one of another." We form a part of a mighty whole that finds its unity in God. Subtle links from within and from without in God's infinite network, bind us for good or evil, for weal or woe, to spirits of light and of darkness; to principalities and powers in other spheres and systems of being, from the lowest outcast in the unseen world of criminals, up to Gabriel before the throne of God; while over all, comprehending all, sustaining and harmonizing all, is the Great I Am, Father, Son, and Spirit.

Consider, for example, how, according to the arrangements of the Divine government, man is linked to man from the mere necessities of his physical and social being.

In this aspect of our life it is evident that its whole history is one of mutual dependence, and one in which we are compelled to receive and to give, to partake and to share. We enter upon life as weak unconscious infants, depending every moment on other eyes to watch for us, and other hands to minister to us, while we kindle in their hearts the most powerful emotions. But not less dependent are we on our fellow-creatures for our continuance in life from the cradle to the grave. There is not a thread of clothing which covers our body, not a luxury which is placed on our table, not an article which supplies the means of labour, not one thing which is required by us as civilized beings, but involves the labours and the sacrifices of others in our behalf—while by the same law we cannot choose but contribute to their wellbeing. The cotton which the artisan weaves or wears, has been cultivated by brothers beneath a tropical sun, and possibly beneath a tyrant's lash. The tea he drinks has been gathered for him by brothers on the unknown hill-sides of distant China. A mother writes a letter to her son in some distant spot in India, and conveys it in silence to the post-office, perhaps thinking only when she may receive a reply from her boy. But how much is done before that letter reaches its destination! The hands of unknown brethren will receive it, and transmit it; rapid trains will convey it over leagues of railways; splendid steam-ships will sail with it, and hundreds of hands will pass it from port to port, from land to land. It is watched day and night, through calm and hurricane, and precious lives are risked to keep it in security, until in silence and in safety, after months of travel, it is delivered from the mother's hand into the hand of her child!

And thus it is that, whether we choose it or not, we are placed by God as "members one of another," so that we cannot, if we would, separate ourselves from our brother. For good or evil, prosperity or adversity, we are bound up with him in the bundle of this all-pervading and mysterious life. If one member suffers or rejoices, all are compelled in some degree to share his burden of joy or sorrow. Let disease, for example, break out in one district or kingdom, and, like a fire, it rushes onward, passing away from the original spot of outbreak, and involving families and cities far away in its desolating ruin. Let war arise in one portion of the globe, it smites another. The passion or the pride of some rude chief of a barbarous tribe in Africa or New Zealand, or the covetousness and selfish policy of this or of that party in America, tell upon a poor widow in her lonely garret in the darkest corner of our great city; and she may thus be deprived of her labour through the state of commerce, as really as if the hand of the foreigner directly took her only handful of meal out of her barrel, or extinguished her cruise of oil, leaving her in

poverty and darkness to watch over her dying child.

Now all this system of dependence is, as we have said, beyond our will. We do not choose it, but must accept of it. It is a fact or power like birth or death, with which we have to do in spite of us. No questions are asked by the great King as to whether we will have it so or not; yet of what infinite importance to us for good or evil is this great law of God's government! We are thus made to feel that a will higher than ours reigns, and that by that supreme will we are so united to one another, that no man can live for himself or die for himself alone; that we *are* our *brother's* keeper, and he ours; that we cannot be indifferent to his social wellbeing without suffering in our own; that our selfishness which would injure him, must return in some form and shape on ourselves; and that such is the ordained constitution of humanity, that though Love and a consistent selfishness start from different points, they necessarily lead to the same point, and make it our interest in its lowest form, as it is our highest duty and privilege, to love our neighbour as ourselves!

And here we may just notice, that some of those evils which afflict one portion of the human family are surely the occasion of good, when they remind us of this our common humanity. Such painful events, for example, as the famine in the Highlands of Scotland, which called forth the sympathies of kindreds and tongues, unknown by name, to the sufferers, and was relieved by the inhabitants of China and Hindustan; or the like famine in Ireland, which the Mohammedan Sultan was among the first to help to alleviate; or the Syrian massacres or Indian famine, that united Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, in the bonds of pity;—these wounds of humanity are surely not without their good, when they afford an opportunity to the Samaritan of showing mercy to the Jew, and cause the things which separate and the differences that alienate man from man, to be even for a time forgotten in the presence of their common brotherhood. And thus, too, the shutting of the Southern ports of America, which entails temporary distress upon many in our manufacturing districts, reminds us how the sufferings of others must be shared by ourselves, while, on the other hand, it may form the indirect means of developing the growth of cotton, and the consequent industry of thousands in Africa and India, who will thus be brought into closer and more fraternal relationships with civilized nations.

But there is another link, and one more spiritual, which binds man to man for good or evil, and that is *moral character*. This influence is partly beyond and partly within the region of our will. That which is beyond our will is the fact of the necessary influence of character; while within our will is the character, good or bad, which we may choose to possess. Now it cannot be questioned that character tells for good or evil beyond its possessor. That which a man *is*; that sum total made up of the items of his beliefs, purposes, affections, tastes, and habits, manifested in all he does and does *not*, is contagious in its tendency, and is ever *photographing* itself on other spirits. He himself may be as unconscious of this emanation of good or evil from his character, as he is of the contagion of disease from his body, or—if that were equally possible—of the contagion of good health. But the fact, nevertheless, is certain. If the light is in him, it must shine; if darkness reigns, it must shade. If he glows with love, it will radiate its warmth; if he is frozen with selfishness, the cold will chill the atmosphere around him; and if corrupt and vile, he will poison it. Nor is it possible for any one to occupy a neutral or indifferent position. In some form or other he *must* affect others. Were he to banish himself to a distant island, or even enter the gates of death, he still exercises a positive influence, for he is *a loss* to his brothers; the loss of that most blessed gift of God, even that of a living man to living men—of a being who ought to have loved and to have been beloved.

The influence of individual character extends even from generation to generation. The world is moulded by it. Does not its history turn on the influence exercised by the first and second Adam!

But no less real is the influence upon others of a *holy* character. "The evil men do lives after them;" but we do not believe that "the good is oft interred with their bones." No, it is as immortal as the Divine Being in whom it originates. The good must ever live, and "walk up and down the earth," like a living spirit guided by the living God, to convey blessings to the children of men. It lives in humanity, in some form or other, like the subtile substance of material things, which though ever changing never perishes, but adds to the stability, the beauty, and the grandeur of the universe. The influence of the holy character passes also beyond the stars, giving joy to our angel brothers; and to our elder brother Jesus Christ, who in seeing his own love to his God and our God, to his neighbour and ours, reflected in his people, beholds the grand result of the travail of his soul, and is "satisfied."

But our space does not permit of our advancing further along the line of thought which this subject suggests. We cannot now illustrate the power of a positive purpose and continued effort to do good to others; nor the influence exercised upon mankind by great and distinguished men; nor, above all, by national life and character. Neither can we touch even on the great subject of the

functions of the Christian church as a body, realizing in itself, and witnessing for this brotherhood, and as the chief instrument for establishing it on earth—all through Him who is "born a brother," and in whom and through whom "the whole family in heaven and earth is named," and by whom alone can man be truly united to man.

We cannot, however, conclude this subject without alluding to two events in our national history, which at this moment possess the hearts and thoughts of millions. One is the death of Prince Albert, and the other is the threatened American war. By the former of these events—the saddest which has befallen our nation during the memory of the present generation—the world has lost "the foremost of his time" as the wise, loving, and practical friend of union between man and man.

It is not possible, for example, to estimate duly the present social position of Great Britain as a mighty power of God in uniting the nations of the earth by commerce, free institutions, education, and, above all, by the influence of Christianity, without connecting this national influence with the personal influence of our beloved Queen, the best who ever sat upon a throne. We were much struck by a remark made by the late noble-hearted Bunsen, in a private conversation immediately after the revolutions of 1848 in Europe. "What a change," he said, "has taken place through the influence of Christianity in the social position of woman, since that day when the disciples wondered that Christ spoke to the woman at the well!" Then, after a pause, he added, "One woman—the Queen of England—has done more in these times to strengthen monarchy in Europe, and all that is good in the world, than any person living."

But, believing this, have we ever fully realized how God has twice blessed us in having given us the Prince Consort as well as Queen Victoria? His Royal Highness came among us as a young man and a stranger, to marry the young Sovereign of the greatest empire upon earth. The past history of courts—our own not excepted, as the days of George the Fourth bear witness—made us then naturally look with anxiety to the future. But that future is now passed. Prince Albert lived among us for twenty-two years. He occupied for nearly a quarter of a century a position of singular difficulty. He was the inhabitant of a gay and luxurious capital. He sat upon a throne beside that of the Queen of England, and was the father and preceptor of princes and of princesses, who are likely to play a great part in the history of Europe. He was higher in rank than the members of our old and powerful aristocracy; and necessarily exercised an influence in connexion with the Crown, which was watched by different ambitious parties in a House of Commons, singularly jealous of its privileges. He was, moreover, cast among a great commercial people, whose tastes and habits were alien to his previous life as a German prince and a German student;—yet placed in such peculiar circumstances, who ever heard one whisper breathed against the moral character of the illustrious prince? What false step in politics did he ever take? What wrong advice was ever with justice attributed to him? What enemies did he ever make in any class or in any party? Commerce and agriculture, science and art, the college and the camp, each claimed him as their sympathizing friend and patron. With earnest religious convictions, he never offended any church party, but conciliated all by his personal sincerity and public justice, at a period too in our national history when almost every form of religious thought was intensely alive, and peculiarly observant both of friend and foe. Prince Albert, accordingly, with his wife and family, worshipped with the same humble and unaffected reverence in the church of Crathie as in the Royal chapel of Windsor, and thus linked together the churches of England and Scotland by his example of love for their common Christianity. In whatever was most worthy of pursuit by the peers or by the people of this great kingdom "the Prince of all the land led them on!" He discharged, in short the duties of every situation of public and private life with consummate ability, finest tact, and scrupulous conscientiousness. His wise silence was, if possible, more eloquent than his eloquent speech;—his reserve as remarkable as his action. The very balance and nice adjustment of all his powers, and the absence of everything eccentric, exaggerated, or disproportioned in him, perhaps hindered men from being arrested by his rare excellence, until now when death, alas! irresistibly compels us to gaze upon him, and to call to our remembrance all he was.

No wonder we should associate with the blessing of human brotherhood a man of such wide sympathies, such catholic feelings, and such a reconciler of various interests, different classes, opposing parties, and contending nations. The Great Exhibition, which is the most remarkable type in modern history of the union of man with man, and, which, under God, was a chief means of promoting it, we all know owed its origin, in idea, to the noble Prince, and that its ultimate success was secured by his wisdom and influence. He thus inaugurated a World's Alliance for the promotion of industry and the arts of peace, which promises soon to become a permanent means of gathering the nations of the earth from time to time together, and of becoming therefore "a fellow-worker" with the gospel, as a

message of peace on earth and of good-will to man. The name of Prince Albert will be for ever associated with such a noble project.

One word more. No false or unworthy suspicions of our motives will deter us from saying, that having had the honour and privilege of frequently coming into personal contact with the Prince in the frank intercourse of his Highland home, we were ever profoundly impressed most of all by his unaffected simplicity, transparent truthfulness, touching modesty, considerate kindness, and thorough Christian earnestness. The noble prince was almost forgotten by us in the noble man. With a full heart, therefore, we express, before Him who sees it, our profound veneration and affection for his memory! "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

And now we join in the prayers of this nation —prayers more numerous, more fervid and sincere than ever before rose from earth to heaven for a monarch—that the King of kings, the widows' Friend, the Father of the fatherless, may strengthen, comfort and help our beloved Queen and her bereaved family, in this their hour of need and of bitter sorrow!

If America now threatens to disturb the brotherhood of nations, we cannot forget that the first Prince of Wales who ever trod on the Western Continent was sent thither by Prince Albert, with the desire of thus linking the United States, as well as our own Colonies, more in the bonds of peace with their mother England. But, to all appearance, the burial of the Prince and the burial of peace between America and Britain will almost be contemporaneous.

Such a crisis of our history in relation to America naturally suggests an application of the principle we have been considering to our national duties, in the performance of which every Christian citizen must feel the deepest interest. Now, leaving aside for the present all abstract questions as to the lawfulness of war, about which we have no doubt whatever (recognising, as we do, a righteous war to be a nation's noblest form of self-sacrifice for the sake of righteousness); forgetting also for a moment the provocations we may have received from the unprincipled press of America, from the vain boastings of her vulgar mob, and from her more vulgar and truculent leaders; admitting even that there is good cause, as we firmly believe there is, for our engaging in war, unless the demands of our Government be complied with;—yet how is it possible for any thoughtful or Christian man to entertain even this idea without the most oppressive thoughts? In the exercise of public justice a judge may be compelled to condemn a man to be executed on the scaffold; yet what jury would bring in the verdict of guilty, or what judge pass sentence of death with any other than the most solemn feelings? We do not ask our readers to subscribe to any political creed regarding this cruel war which divides the once United States. For ourselves we boldly confess our belief that the North has both right and might on her side; and that a more uncalled for or more unprincipled secession, or rather rebellion, against constitutional government, never has been recorded in the annals of history than that of the Southern States against the Federal Government. And believing this, we should accept it as a national calamity if Britain, the foremost nation of all on earth as a constitutional power, and now the firmest friend of the slave, should be found practically on the side of selfish rebellion, degrading slavery, and the government of a proud and unprincipled oligarchy. But if we are forced into this position, oh, let us feel before God, on other grounds stronger still, what a dreadful one it is to occupy! There, on the other side of the Atlantic is a nation of men united to us by such ties as never bound any other two nations on earth—by blood; by language; by past history; by personal friendships; by commercial interests; and by all that is worth living and worth dying for. In her churches nearly 20,000 Protestant clergy every Lord's-day preach the same gospel in which we believe, and millions of her people rejoice in it with ourselves. Her one thousand missionaries are labouring along with our own in every part of the globe. And thus the liberty and Christianization of the world, as far as we can see, depend more upon the union of America and Britain than on any other alliance which exists on earth. Shall we, without exhausting every possible expedient, consistent with truth and honour, engage in a war with such a nation? Shall we send the fratricidal ball without a pang into our brother's home? Shall we glory in the anticipation even of victories that must become the seeds of constant jealousies, and therefore of future war? Heaven forbid!

But if, in defence of the national independence of England, in which the wellbeing of the world is involved, war must be proclaimed against the United States of America, let us begin it, in God's name, with the calmness of brave men, and with the gravity of Christian men. While accepting the awful duty imposed upon us without any fear, let us not choose it without real sorrow! We were never better prepared for war; let our very power be a guarantee for our generosity. If America were as Sodom and Gomorrah, let us not forget the ten—yea the ten thousand thousand righteous men within her borders, who are not only our brethren of mankind, but our dear brethren in Christ Jesus!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

FOOD.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

THE diversity prevailing in different nations in reference to articles of food, seems to comfirm, in its literal sense, the proverbial saying, that "One man's meat is another man's poison."

Many an article of food which is in high esteem in one country, is regarded in others with an abhorrence which even famine can hardly surmount.

In the Shetland Islands it is said that *crabs* and *lobsters* abound; which the people catch for the London market, but refuse to eat, even when half-starved.

The *John Dory* is reckoned by epicures one of the choicest of fish; but in Devonshire, where it abounds, and also in Ireland, it used to be thrown away as unfit for food. There seems to be some superstition connected with this; as it is said that a Devonshire cook-maid flatly refused even to dress it.

EELS, which are abundant and of good quality, in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and also in Scotland, are regarded by the people there with as much disgust as snakes.

SKATE, which is in high estimation in England, in Ireland is hardly ever eaten, except by the fishermen.

SCALLOPS, on the other hand, which are reckoned a dainty in Ireland, are hardly ever eaten in England; and though they are abundant on many of the coasts, few of the English have any idea that they are eatable.

The CUTTLE-FISH (that kind which produces the inky fluid), though found on our coasts, is not eaten by us; but at Naples it is highly esteemed; and travellers report that it tastes like veal. Cock-chafers are, by the Italians, candied, and served up with other confectionery.

The ECHINAS, or Sea-egg, is also unknown to us as food, but is reckoned a delicacy in the West Indies.

The HEDGE-HOG no one in England thinks of eating (either "*à la sauce piquante*," or otherwise), except the gipsies, and some who have joined them, and who report that it is better than rabbit.

The sailors in the English and Dutch whale-ships do not eat the flesh of the *whale*. But those in the French whalers (with their well-known national skill in cookery), are said to make a palatable dish of it.

By almost all the lower classes in England, *venison* and *game* of all kinds are held in abhorrence; and so are *fresh figs*.

By the Australian savages, *frogs*, *snakes*, large *moths*, and *grubs* picked out of rotten wood, all of which the English settlers turn from with disgust, are esteemed as dainties; but they are shocked at our eating *oysters*.

Milk, as an article of food (except for sucking babies), is loathed by the South Sea Islanders. Goats have been introduced into several of the islands; but the people deride the settlers for using their milk, and ask them why they do not milk the *sows*. On the other hand, *dogs* and *rats* are favourite articles of food with them.

These last (as is well known) are often eaten by the Chinese; who also eat salted *earthworms*, and a kind of *sea-slug* (*Holothuria*), which most Europeans would turn from with disgust.

In the narrative of Anson's voyage, is a full account of the prejudice of the South Americans (both Creoles and Indians) against TURTLE, as poisonous. The prisoners captured in the prize-ships warned our sailors against eating it, and for some time lived on bad ship-beef; but seeing that our men throve on the turtle, they began to eat it; at first sparingly, and at length heartily. And when set ashore and liberated, they declared that they blessed the day of their capture, which had introduced them to a plentiful supply of wholesome and delicious food.

Horse-flesh, which most Europeans would refuse to eat except in great extremity, is preferred by the Tartars to all other; and the flesh of a wild *ass's colt* was greatly esteemed by the ancient Romans.

As for *pork*, it is on religious grounds that Jews and Mohammedans abstain from it (as the Hindus do from *beef*), but the Christians of the East seem to have nearly an equal aversion to it; and the like prevailed to a great degree, till lately, in Scotland also. (See *Waverley* and *The Fortunes of Nigel*.)

The large *shell-snail*, called Escargot, was a favourite dainty with the ancient Romans, and still is so in a great part of the south of Europe, though most Englishmen would be half-starved before they would eat it.

It is said that in Vienna the large *wood-ants* are served up and eaten alive! And small land-crabs are eaten alive in China.

The *Iguana*, a large species of lizard, is reckoned a great dainty in some of the West India Islands. And the *monkey* and the *alligator* are eaten both in Africa and in South America; and some travellers who have overcome their prejudices, have pronounced them to be very good eating. A *large* crocodile or alligator, indeed, is said to have a strong

musky flavour; but a young one tastes much like a skate.

Even when the same substances are eaten in different countries, there is often a strange difference in the mode of preparing them. Both we and the Icelanders use *butter*, but *they* store it up without salt, till it is rancid and sour.

We agree with the Abyssinians in liking *beef;* but they would probably object as much to the "*Roast*-beef of Old England," as we should to the half-living morsels of raw beef, in which they delight.

MAIZE has been introduced into New Zealand by the missionaries; and the people cultivate and highly esteem it. But their mode of preparing it for food is to Europeans most disgusting. They steep it in water till it is putrid, and then make it into a kind of porridge, which emits a most intolerable stench.

HUMAN FLESH has been, and still is, eaten in many parts of the world; and that by people considerably above the lowest rank of savages; such as the Fiji Islanders, and an Indian people called the Batta, who are said even to have a written language.

And even in cannibalism there are great diversities. Some nations eat their enemies, and some their friends. Herodotus relates that a Persian king asked the Indian soldiers that were in his service, what reward would induce them to *burn* the dead bodies of their friends, as the Greeks did, instead of *eating* them. They replied by entreating him not to mention anything so shocking (εὐφημεῖν αὐτὸν ἐκέλευον).

On the other hand, the New Zealanders before their conversion, who seem to have considered that "the proper diet of mankind is man," seem to have eaten only their enemies. Among the Australian savages, on the contrary, it is said, that if a mother finds a young baby troublesome to carry about, she will eat it (although she would not allow any one else to do so), under the full persuasion that she has merely *deferred* its birth, and that the next child she bears will be a re-appearance of the eaten one. When remonstrated with by the Europeans, she will reply, "Oh, massa, he plenty come again!"

GO AND COME.

THOU sayest to us, "Go,
And work while it is called to-day; the sun
Is high in heaven, the harvest but begun;
Can hands oft raised in prayer, can hearts that know
The beat of Mine through love and pain be slow
To soothe and strengthen?" still Thou sayest, "Go;
Lift up your eyes and see where now the Line
Of God hath fallen for you, one with Mine
Your Lot and Portion. Go, where none relieves,
Where no one pities, thrust the sickle in
And reap and bind, where toil and want and sin
Are standing white, for here My harvests grow:
Go, glean for Me 'mid wasted frames outworn,
'Mid souls uncheered, uncared for; hearts forlorn,
With care and grief acquainted long, unknown
To earthly friend, of Heaven unmindful grown;
In homes where no one loves, where none believes,
For here I gather in my goodly sheaves;"
Thou sayest to us, "Go."

Thou sayest to us, "Go,
To conflict and to death;" while friends are few
And foes are many, what hast Thou to do
With peace, Thou Son of Peace? A man of war
Art Thou from Youth! when Thou dost girded ride,
Two stern instructors, Truth and Mercy, guide
Thy hand to things of terror; friends and foes
Thine arrows feel; a sword before Thee goes,
And after Thee a fire, confusion stirred
Among the nations seen by the word
Of Meekness and of Right; "Yea, take and eat
Of these my words," Thou sayest, "they are sweet
As honey; yet this roll that now I press
Upon your lips will turn to bitterness
When ye shall speak its message; lo, a cry
Of wrath and madness, ere the ancient Lie
That wraps the roots of earth will quit its hold,
A shriek, a wrench abhorred; and yet be bold,
Oh, ye my servants! take my rod and stand
Before the King, nor fear if in your hand
It seem unto a serpent's form to grow;
Rise up, my Priests! my Mighty Men, with sound
Of solemn trumpet, walk this city round,
A blast will come from God, His word and will
Through hail, and storm, and ruin, to fulfil;
Then shall ye see the Towers roll down, the Wall
Built up with blood, and tears, and tortures, fall,
And from the Living Grave the living Dead
Will rise, as from their sleep, disquieted;
O Earth, this Baptism of thine is slow!
Not dews from morning's womb, not gentle rains
That drop all night can wash away thy stains.—
The fire must fall from Heaven; the blood must flow
All round the Altar;"—still thou sayest, "Go."

And that thou sayest, "Go,"
Our hearts are glad; for he is still Thy friend
And best beloved of all Whom Thou dost send
The furthest from Thee; this thy servants know;
Oh, send by whom Thou wilt, for they are blest
Who go Thine errands! Not upon Thy breast
We learn Thy secrets! Long beside Thy tomb
We wept, and lingered in the garden's gloom;
And oft we sought Thee in Thy House of Prayer
And in the Desert, yet Thou wert not there;
But as we journeyed sadly through a place
Obscure and mean, we lighted on the trace

Of Thy fresh footprints, and a whisper clear
Fell on our spirits,—Thou thyself wert near;
And from Thy servants' hearts Thy name adored
Brake forth in fire; we said, "It is the Lord."
Our eyes were no more holden; on Thy face
We looked, and it was comely; full of grace,
And fair Thy lips; we held Thee by the feet,
We listened to Thy voice, and it was sweet,
And sweet the silence of our spirits; dumb
All other voices in the world that be
The while Thou saidest, "Come ye unto me,"
And while Thou saidest "Come."
We said to thee, "Abide
With us, the Night draws on apace; but, lo!
The cloud received Thee, parted from our side,
In blessing parted from us! Even so



"The Sun is high in heaven, the harvest but begun."

The Heaven of Heavens must still receive Thee!
dark
And moonless skies bend o'er us as we row.
No stars appear, and sore against our bark
The current sets; yet nearer grows the Shore
Where we shall see Thee standing, never more
To bid us leave Thee! though Thy Realm is wide,
And mansions many, never from Thy side
Thou sendest us again; by springs serene
Thou guidest us, and now to battle keen
We follow Thee, yet still, in peace or war,
Thou leadest us. Oh, not to sun or star
Thou sendest us, but sayest, "Come to Me,
And where I am, *there* shall my servants be."
Thou sayest to us, "Come."

D***

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER I.

SHE was a rather tall, awkward, and strongly-built girl of about fifteen. This was the first impression the "maid" gave to her "mistresses," the Misses Leaf, when she entered their kitchen, accompanied by her mother, a widow and washerwoman, by name Mrs. Hand. I must confess, when they saw the damsel, the ladies felt a certain twinge of doubt as to whether they had not been rash in offering to take her; whether it would not have been wiser to have gone on in their old way—now, alas! grown into a very old way, so as almost to

make them forget they had ever had any other —and done without a servant still.

Many consultations had the three sisters held before such a revolutionary extravagance was determined on. But Miss Leaf was beginning both to look and to feel "not so young as she had been;" Miss Selina, ditto; though, being still under forty, she would not have acknowledged it for the world. And Miss Hilary, young, bright, and active as she was, could by no possibility do everything that was to be done in the little establishment; be, for instance, in three places at once—in the school-room, teaching little boys and girls, in the kitchen, cooking dinner, and in the rooms upstairs, busy at housemaid's work. Besides, much of her time was spent in waiting upon "poor Selina," who frequently was, or fancied herself, too ill to take any part in either the school or house duties.

Though, the thing being inevitable, she said little about it, Miss Leaf's heart was often sore to see Hilary's pretty hands smeared with blacking of grates, and roughened with scouring of floors. To herself this sort of thing had become natural,—but Hilary!

All the time of Hilary's childhood, the youngest of the family had, of course, been spared all housework; and afterwards her studies had left no time for it. For she was a clever girl, with a genuine love of knowledge: Latin, Greek, and even the higher branches of arithmetic and mathematics, were not beyond her range; and this she found much more interesting than washing dishes or sweeping floors. True, she always did whatever domestic duty she was told to do; but her bent was not in the household line. She had only lately learnt to "see dust," to make a pudding, to iron a shirt; and, moreover, to reflect, as she woke up to the knowledge of how these things should be done, and how necessary they were—what must have been her eldest sister's lot during all these twenty years! What pains, what weariness, what eternal toil must Johanna have silently endured, in order to do all those things which till now had seemed to do themselves!

Therefore, after much cogitation as to the best and most prudent way to amend matters, and perceiving with her clear common sense that, willing as she might be to work in the kitchen, her own time would be much more valuably spent in teaching their growing school, it was Hilary who, these Christmas holidays, first started the bold idea, "We must have a servant;" and therefore, it being necessary to begin with a very small servant on very low wages (£3 per annum was, I fear, the maximum), did they take this Elizabeth Hand.

So, hanging behind her parent, an anxious-eyed and rather sad-voiced woman, did Elizabeth enter the kitchen of the Misses Leaf.

The ladies were all there,—Johanna arranging the table for their early tea; Selina lying on the sofa, trying to cut bread and butter; Hilary on her knees before the fire, making the bit of toast—her eldest sister's one luxury. This was the picture that her three mistresses presented to Elizabeth's eyes; which, though they seemed to notice nothing, must in reality have noticed everything.

"I've brought my daughter, ma'am, as you sent word you'd take on trial," said Mrs. Hand, addressing herself to Selina, who, as the tallest, the best-dressed, and the most imposing, was usually regarded by strangers as the head of the family.

"Oh, Johanna, my dear."

Miss Leaf came forward, rather uncertainly, for she was of a shy nature, and had been so long accustomed to do the servant's work of the household, that she felt quite awkward in the character of mistress. Instinctively she hid her poor hands, that would at once have betrayed her to the sharp eyes of the working-woman, and then, ashamed of her momentary false pride, laid them outside her apron and sat down.

"Will you take a chair, Mrs. Hand? My sister told you, I believe, all our requirements. We only want a good, intelligent girl. We are willing to teach her everything."

"Thank you kindly; and I be willing and glad for her to learn, ma'am," replied the mother, her sharp and rather free tone subdued in spite of herself by the gentle voice of Miss Leaf. Of course, living in the same country town, she knew all about the three school-mistresses, and how till now they had kept no servant. "It's her first place, and her'll be awk'ard at first, most like. Hold up your head, Lizabeth."

"Is her name Elizabeth?"

"Far too long and too fine," observed Selina from the sofa. "Call her Betty."

"Anything you please, miss; but I call her Lizabeth. It wor my young missis's name in my first place, and I never had a second."

"We will call her Elizabeth," said Miss Leaf, with the gentle decision she could use on occasion.

There was a little more discussion between the mother and the future mistress as to holidays, Sundays, and so forth, during which time the new servant stood silent and impassive in the doorway between the back-kitchen and the kitchen, or, as it is called in those regions, the house-place.

As before said, Elizabeth was by no means a personable girl, and her clothes did not set her off to advantage. Her cotton frock hung in straight lines down to her ankles, displaying her clumsily shod feet and woollen stockings; above it was a pinafore—a regular child's pinafore, of the cheap, strong, blue-speckled print which in those days

was generally worn. A little shabby shawl, pinned at the throat, and pinned very carelessly and crookedly, with an old black bonnet, much too small for her large head and her quantities of ill-kept hair, completed the costume. It did not impress favourably a lady who, being, or rather having been, very handsome herself, was as much alive to appearances as the second Miss Leaf.

She made several rather depreciatory observations, and insisted strongly that the new servant should only be taken "on trial," with no obligation to keep her a day longer than they wished. Her feeling on the matter communicated itself to Johanna, who closed the negotiation with Mrs. Hand, by saying,—

"Well, let us hope your daughter will suit us. We will give her a fair chance at all events."

"Which is all I can ax for, Miss Leaf. Her bean't much to look at, but her's willin' and sharp, and her's never told me a lie in her life. Curtsey to thy missis, and say thee'lt do thy best, Lizabeth."

Pulled forward, Elizabeth did curtsey, but she never offered to speak. And Miss Leaf, feeling that for all parties the interview had better be shortened, rose from her chair.

Mrs. Hand took the hint and departed, saying only, "Good-bye, Elizabeth," with a nod, half-encouraging half-admonitory, which Elizabeth silently returned. That was all the parting between mother and daughter; they neither kissed nor shook hands, which undemonstrative farewell somewhat surprised Hilary.

Now, Miss Hilary Leaf had all this while gone on toasting. Luckily for her bread, the fire was low and black: meantime, from behind her long drooping curls (which Johanna would not let her "turn up," though she was twenty), she was making her observations on the new servant. It might be, that, possessing more head than the one and more heart than the other, Hilary was gifted with deeper perception of character than either of her sisters; but certainly her expression, as she watched Elizabeth, was rather amused and kindly than dissatisfied.

"Now, girl, take off your bonnet," said Selina, to whom Johanna had silently appealed in her perplexity as to the next proceeding with regard to the new member of the household.

Elizabeth obeyed, and then stood, irresolute, awkward, and wretched to the last degree, at the furthest end of the house-place.

"Shall I show you where to hang up your things?" said Hilary, speaking for the first time; and at the new voice, so quick, cheerful, and pleasant, Elizabeth visibly started.

Miss Hilary rose from her knees, crossed the kitchen, took from the girl's unresisting hands the old black bonnet and shawl, and hung them up carefully on a nail behind the great eight-day clock. It was a simple action, done quite without intention, and accepted without acknowledgment, except one quick glance of that keen yet soft grey eye; but years and years after Elizabeth reminded Hilary of it.

And now Elizabeth stood forth in her own proper likeness, unconcealed by bonnet or shawl, or maternal protection. The pinafore scarcely covered her gaunt neck and long arms: that tremendous head of rough, dusky hair was evidently for the first time gathered into a comb. Thence elf-locks escaped in all directions, and were for ever being pushed behind her ears, or rubbed (not smoothed; there was nothing smooth about her) back from her forehead; which, Hilary noticed, was low, broad, and full. The rest of her face, except the before-mentioned eyes, was absolutely and undeniably plain. Her figure, so far as the pinafore exhibited it, was undeveloped and ungainly; the chest being contracted and the shoulders rounded, as if with carrying children or other weights, while still a growing girl. In fact, nature and circumstances had apparently united in dealing unkindly with Elizabeth Hand.

Still here she was; and what was to be done with her?

Having sent her with the small burden which was apparently all her luggage, to the little room —formerly a box-closet—where she was to sleep, the Misses Leaf—or as facetious neighbours called them the Miss Leaves—took serious counsel together over their tea.

Tea itself suggested the first difficulty. They were always in the habit of taking that meal, and indeed every other, in the kitchen. It saved time, trouble, and fire; besides leaving the parlour always tidy for callers, chiefly pupils' parents, and preventing these latter from discovering that the three orphan daughters of Henry Leaf, Esq., solicitor, and sisters of Henry Leaf, Junior, Esq., also solicitor, but whose sole mission in life seemed to have been to spend everything, make everybody miserable, marry, and die—that these three ladies did always wait upon themselves at meal-times, and did sometimes breakfast without butter, and dine without meat. Now, this system would not do any longer.

"Besides, there is no need for it," said Hilary, cheerfully. "I am sure we can well afford both to keep and to feed a servant, and to have a fire in the parlour every day. Why not take our meals there, and sit there regularly of evenings?"

"We must," added Selina, decidedly. "For my part, I couldn't eat, or sew, or do anything with that great, hulking girl sitting staring oppo-

site;—or standing; for how could we ask her to sit with us? Already, what must she have thought of us—people who take tea in the kitchen?"

"I do not think that matters," said the eldest sister, gently, after a moment's silence. "Everybody in the town knows who and what we are, or might if they chose to inquire. We cannot conceal our poverty if we tried; and I don't think anybody looks down upon us for it. Not even since we began to keep school, which you thought was such a terrible thing, Selina."

"And it was. I have never reconciled myself to teaching the baker's two boys and the grocer's little girl. You were wrong, Johanna, you ought to have drawn the line somewhere, and it ought to have excluded tradespeople."

"Beggars cannot be choosers," began Hilary.

"Beggars!" echoed Selina.

"No, my dear, we never were that," said Miss Leaf, interposing against one of the sudden storms that were often breaking out between these two. "You know well we have never begged nor borrowed from anybody, and hardly ever been indebted to anybody, except for the extra lessons that Mr. Lyon would insist upon giving to Ascott at home."

Here Johanna suddenly stopped, and Hilary, with a slight colour rising in her face, said—

"I think, sisters, we are forgetting that the staircase is quite open, and though I am sure she has an honest look, and not that of a listener, still Elizabeth might hear. Shall I call her downstairs, and tell her to light a fire in the parlour?"

While she is doing it,—and in spite of Selina's forebodings to the contrary, the small maiden did it quickly and well, especially after a hint or two from Hilary,—let me take the opportunity of making a little picture of this same Hilary.

Little it should be, for she was a decidedly little woman; small altogether, hands, feet, and figure being in satisfactory proportion. Her movements, like those of most little women, were light and quick rather than elegant; yet everything she did was done with a neatness and delicacy which gave an involuntary sense of grace and harmony. She was, in brief, one of those people who are best described by the word "harmonious;" people who never set your teeth on edge, or rub you up the wrong way, as very excellent people occasionally do. Yet she was not over-meek, or unpleasantly amiable; there was a liveliness and even briskness about her, as if the everyday wine of her life had a spice of champagniness, not frothiness but natural effervescence of spirit, meant to "cheer but not inebriate" a household.

And in her own household this gift was most displayed. No centre of a brilliant, admiring circle could be more charming, more witty, more irresistibly amusing than was Hilary sitting by the kitchen fireside, with the cat on her knee, between her two sisters, and the schoolboy Ascott Leaf, their nephew;—which four individuals, the cat being not the least important of them, constituted the family.

In the family Hilary shone supreme. All recognised her as the light of the house, and so she had been, ever since she was born, ever since her

> "Dying mother mild,
> Said, with accents undefiled,
> 'Child, be mother to this child.'"

It was said to Johanna Leaf—who was not Mrs. Leaf's own child. But the good step-mother, who had once taken the little motherless girl to her bosom, and never since made the slightest difference between her and her own children, knew well whom she was trusting.

From that solemn hour, in the middle of the night, when she lifted the hour-old baby out of its dead mother's bed into her own, it became Johanna's one object in life. Through a sickly infancy, for it was a child born amidst trouble, her sole hands washed, dressed, fed it: night and day it "lay in her bosom, and was unto her as a daughter."

She was then just thirty: not too old to look forward to woman's natural destiny, a husband and children of her own. But years slipped by, and she was Miss Leaf still. What matter? Hilary was her daughter.

Johanna's pride in her knew no bounds. Not that she showed it much: indeed, she deemed it a sacred duty not to show it; but to make believe her "child" was just like other children. But she was not. Nobody ever thought she was—even in externals. Fate gave her all those gifts which are sometimes sent to make up for the lack of worldly prosperity. Her brown eyes were as soft as doves' eyes, yet could dance with fun and mischief if they chose: her hair, brown also, with a dark-red shade in it, crisped itself in two wavy lines over her forehead, and then tumbled down in two glorious masses, which Johanna, ignorant, alas! of art, called "very untidy," and laboured in vain to quell under combs, or to arrange in proper, regular curls. Her features—well, they too were good; better than these unartistic people had any idea of; better even than Selina's, who in her youth had been the belle of the town. But whether artistically correct or not, Johanna, though she would on no account have acknowledged it, believed solemnly that there was not such a face in the whole world as little Hilary's.

Possibly, a similar idea dawned on the apparently dull mind of Elizabeth Hand, for she watched her youngest mistress intently, from kitchen to

parlour, and from parlour back to kitchen; and once when Miss Hilary stood giving information as to the proper abode of broom, bellows, etc., the little maid gazed at her with such admiring observation that the scuttle she carried was tilted, and the coals were strewn all over the kitchen-floor. At which catastrophe Miss Leaf looked miserable, Miss Selina spoke crossly, and Ascott, who just then came in to his tea, late as usual, burst into a shout of laughter.

It was as much as Hilary could do to help laughing herself, she being too near her nephew's own age always to maintain a dignified, aunt-like attitude; but nevertheless when, having disposed of her sisters in the parlour, she coaxed Ascott into the school-room, and insisted upon his Latin being done—she helping him, Aunt Hilary scolded him well, and bound him over to keep the peace towards the new servant.

"But she is such a queer one. Exactly like a South Sea Islander. When she stood with her grim, stolid, despairing countenance, contemplating the coals—oh, Aunt Hilary, how killing she was!"

And the regular, rollicking, irresistible boy-laugh broke out again.

"She will be great fun. Is she really to stay?"

"I hope so," said Hilary, trying to be grave. "I hope never again to see Aunt Johanna cleaning the stairs, and getting up to light the kitchen-fire of winter mornings, as she will do, if we have not a servant to do it for her. Don't you see, Ascott?"

"Oh, I see," answered the boy, carelessly. "But don't bother me, please. Domestic affairs are for women, not men." Ascott was eighteen, and just about to pass out of his caterpillar state as a doctor's apprentice-lad, into the chrysalis condition of a medical student in London. "But," with sudden reflection, "I hope she won't be in my way. Don't let her meddle with any of my books and things."

"No; you need not be afraid. I have put them all into your room. I myself cleared your rubbish out of the box-closet"—

"The box-closet! Now, really, I can't stand"—

"She is to sleep in the box-closet; where else could she sleep?" said Hilary, resolutely, though inly quaking a little; for, somehow, the merry, handsome, rather exacting lad had acquired considerable influence in this household of women. "You must put up with the loss of your 'den,' Ascott: it would be a great shame if you did not, for the sake of Aunt Johanna, and the rest of us."

"Um!" grumbled the boy, who, though he was not a bad fellow at heart, had a boy's dislike to "putting up" with the slightest inconvenience. "Well, it won't last long. I shall be off shortly. What a jolly life I'll have in London, Aunt Hilary! I'll see Mr. Lyon there too."

"Yes," said Aunt Hilary, briefly, returning to Dido and Æneas,—humble and easy Latinity for a student of eighteen; but Ascott was not a brilliant boy, and being apprenticed early, his education had been much neglected, till Mr. Lyon came as usher to the Stowbury grammar-school, and happening to meet and take an interest in him, taught him and his Aunt Hilary, Latin, Greek, and mathematics together, of evenings.

I shall make no mysteries here. Human nature is human nature all the world over. A tale without love in it would be unnatural, unreal, in fact a simple lie; for there are no histories and no lives without love in them; if there could be, heaven pity and pardon them, for they would be mere abortions of humanity.

Thank heaven, we, most of us, do not philosophize: we only live. We like one another, we hardly know why; we love one another, we still less know why. If on the day she first saw—in church it was—Mr. Lyon's grave, heavy-browed, somewhat severe face; for he was a Scotsman, and his sharp, strong Scotch features did look "hard," beside the soft, rosy, well-conditioned Saxon youth of Stowbury; if on that Sunday any one had told Hilary Leaf that the face of this stranger was to be the one face of her life, stamped upon brain, and heart, and soul with a vividness that no other impressions were strong enough to efface, and retained there with a tenacity that no vicissitudes of time, or place, or fortunes had power to alter, Hilary would, yes, I think she would, have quietly kept looking on. She would have accepted her lot, such as it was, with its shine and shade, its joy and its anguish: it came to her without her seeking, as most of the solemn things in life do; and whatever it brought with it, it could have come from no other source than that from which all high, and holy, and pure loves ever must come—the will and permission of God.

Mr. Lyon himself requires no long description. In his first visit he had told Miss Leaf all about himself that there was to be known: that he was, as they were, a poor teacher, who had altogether "made himself," as so many Scotch students do. His father, whom he scarcely remembered, had been a small Ayrshire farmer; his mother was dead, and he had never had either brother or sister.

Seeing how clever Miss Hilary was, and how much as a schoolmistress she would need all the education she could get, he had offered to teach her along with her nephew; and she and Johanna were only too thankful for the advantage. But during the teaching, he had also taught her another thing, which neither had contemplated at the time—to respect him with her whole soul, and to love him with her whole heart.

Over this simple fact let no more be now said. Hilary said nothing. She recognised it herself as soon as he was gone; a plain, sad, solemn truth which there was no deceiving herself did not exist, even had she wished its non-existence. Perhaps Johanna also found it out, in her darling's extreme paleness and unusual quietness for a while; but she too said nothing. Mr. Lyon wrote regularly to Ascott, and once or twice to her, Miss Leaf; but though every one knew that Hilary was his particular friend in the whole family, he did not write to Hilary. He had departed rather suddenly, on account of some plan which, he said, affected his future very considerably; but which, though he was in the habit of telling them his affairs, he did not further explain. Still Johanna knew he was a good man, and though no man could be quite good enough for her darling,—she liked him, she trusted him.

What Hilary felt none knew. But she was very girlish in some things; and her life was all before her, full of infinite hope. By and by her colour returned, and her merry voice and laugh were heard about the house just as usual.

This being the position of affairs, it was not surprising that after Ascott's last speech Hilary's mind wandered from Dido and Æneas, to vague listening, as the lad began talking of his grand future—the future of a medical student, all expenses being paid by his godfather, Mr. Ascott, the merchant, of Russell Square, once a shop-boy of Stowbury. Nor was it unnatural that all Ascott's anticipations of London resolved themselves, in his aunt's eyes, into the one fact that he would "see Mr. Lyon."

But in telling thus much about her mistresses, I have, for the time being, lost sight of Elizabeth Hand.

Left to herself, the girl stood for a minute or two looking around her in a confused manner, then, rousing her faculties, began mechanically to obey the order with which her mistress had quitted the kitchen, and to wash up the tea-things. She did it in a fashion that, if seen, would have made Miss Leaf thankful the ware was only the common set, and not the cherished china belonging to former days: still she did it, noisily it is true, but actively, as if her heart were in her work. Then she took a candle and peered about her new domains.

These were small enough, at least they would have seemed so to other eyes than Elizabeth's; for, until the schoolroom and box-closet above had been kindly added by the landlord, who would have done anything to show his respect for the Misses Leaf, it had been merely a six-roomed cottage—parlour, kitchen, back-kitchen, and three upper chambers. It was a very cosy house notwithstanding, and it seemed to Elizabeth's eyes a perfect palace.

For several minutes more she stood and contemplated her kitchen, with the fire shining on the round oaken stand in the centre, and the large wooden-bottomed chairs, and the loud-ticking clock with its tall case, the inside of which, with its pendulum and weights, had been a perpetual mystery and delight, first to Hilary's, and then to Ascott's childhood. Then there was the sofa, large and ugly, but oh! so comfortable, with its faded, flowered chintz, washed and worn for certainly twenty years. And over all, Elizabeth's keen observation was attracted by a queer machine apparently made of thin rope and bits of wood, which hung up to the hooks on the ceiling, an old-fashioned baby's swing. Finally, her eye dwelt with content on the blue and red diamond-tiled floor, so easily swept and mopped, and (only Elizabeth did not think of that, for her hard childhood had been all work and no play) so beautiful to whip tops upon! Hilary and Ascott, condoling together over the new servant, congratulated themselves that their delight in this occupation had somewhat faded, though it was really not so many years ago since one of the former's pupils, coming suddenly out of the school-room, had caught her in the act of whipping a meditative top round this same kitchen-floor.

Meantime, Elizabeth penetrated farther, investigating the back-kitchen, with its various conveniences; especially the pantry, every shelf of which was so neatly arranged and so beautifully clean. Apparently this neatness impressed the girl with a sense of novelty and curiosity; and though she could hardly be said to meditate—her mind was not sufficiently awakened for that—still, as she stood at the kitchen fire, a slight thoughtfulness deepened the expression of her face, and made it less dull and heavy than it had at first appeared.

"I wonder which on 'em does it all? They must work pretty hard, I reckon; and two o' them's such little uns."

She stood a while longer; for sitting down appeared to be to Elizabeth as new a proceeding as thinking; then she went up stairs, still literally obeying orders, to shut windows and pull down blinds, at night-fall. The bedrooms were small, and insufficiently, nay, shabbily furnished; but the floors were spotless—ah, poor Johanna! and the sheets, though patched and darned to the last extremity, were white and whole. Nothing was dirty, nothing untidy. There was no attempt at picturesque poverty—for whatever novelists may say, poverty cannot be picturesque; but all things were decent and in order. The house, poor as it was, gave the impression of belonging to "real ladies;" ladies who thought no manner of work beneath them, and who, whatever they had to do, took the pains to do it as well as possible.

Mrs. Hand's roughly-brought-up daughter had never been in such a house before, and her examination of every new corner of it seemed quite a revelation. Her own little sleeping nook was fully as tidy and comfortable as the rest, which fact was not lost upon Elizabeth. That bright look of mingled softness and intelligence—the only thing which beautified her rugged face—came into the girl's eyes as she "turned down" the truckle-bed, and felt the warm blankets and sheets, new and rather coarse, but neatly sewed.

"Her's made 'em hersel', I reckon. La!" Which of her mistresses the "her" referred to, remained unspecified; but Elizabeth, spurred to action by some new idea, went briskly back into the bedrooms, and looked about to see if there was anything she could find to do. At last, with a sudden inspiration, she peered into a washstand, and found there an empty ewer. Taking it in one hand and the candle in the other, she ran down stairs.

Fatal activity! Hilary's pet cat, startled from sleep on the kitchen-hearth, at the same instant ran wildly up stairs; there was a start—a stumble—and then down came the candle, the ewer, Elizabeth, and all.

It was an awful crash. It brought every member of the family to see what was the matter.

"What has the girl broken?" cried Selina.

"Where has she hurt herself?" anxiously added Johanna.

Hilary said nothing, but ran for a light and then picked up first the servant, then the candle, and then the fragments of crockery.

"Why, it's my ewer, my favourite ewer, and it's all smashed to bits, and I never can match it. You careless, clumsy, good-for-nothing creature!"

"Please, Selina," whispered her distressed elder sister.

"Very well, Johanna; you are the mistress, I suppose? why don't you speak to your servant!"

Miss Leaf, in an humbled, alarmed way, first satisfied herself that no bodily injury had been sustained by Elizabeth, and then asked her how this disaster had happened?—for a serious disaster she felt it was. Not only was the present loss annoying, but a servant with a talent for crockery-breaking would be a far too expensive luxury for them to think of retaining. And she had been listening in the solitude of the parlour to a long lecture from her always dissatisfied younger sister, on the great doubts Selina had about Elizabeth's "suiting."

"Come now," seeing the girl hesitated, "tell me the plain truth. How was it?"

"It was the cat!" sobbed Elizabeth.

"What a barefaced falsehood!" exclaimed Selina. "You wicked girl, how could it possibly be the cat? Do you know you are telling a lie, and that lies are hateful, and that all liars go to"—

"Nonsense; hush!" interrupted Hilary, rather sharply, for Selina's "tongue," the terror of her childhood, now merely annoyed her. Selina's temper was a long understood household fact—they did not much mind it, knowing her bark was worse than her bite—but it was provoking that she should exhibit herself so soon before the new servant.

The latter first looked up at the lady with simple surprise: then as, in spite of the other two, Miss Selina worked herself up into a downright passion, and unlimited abuse fell upon the victim's devoted head, Elizabeth's manner changed. After one dogged repetition of, "It was the cat," not another word could be got out of her. She stood, her eyes fixed on the kitchen-floor, her brows knitted, and her under-lip pushed out,—the very picture of sullenness. Young as she was, Elizabeth evidently had, like her unfortunate mistress, "a temper of her own"—a spiritual deformity that some people are born with, as others with hare-lip or club-foot; only, unlike these, it may be conquered; though the battle is long and sore, sometimes ending only with life.

It had plainly never commenced with poor Elizabeth Hand. Her appearance, as she stood under the flood of sharp words poured out upon her, was absolutely repulsive. Even Miss Hilary turned away, and began to think it would have been easier to teach all day and do house-work half the night, than have the infliction of a servant—to say nothing of the disgrace of seeing Selina's "peculiarities" so exposed before a stranger.

She knew of old that to stop the torrent was impracticable. The only chance was to let Selina expend her wrath and retire, and then to take some quiet opportunity of explaining to Elizabeth that sharp language was only "her way," and must be put up with. Humiliating as this was, and fatal to domestic authority, that the first thing to be taught a new servant was to "put up with" one of her mistresses, still there was no alternative. Hilary had already foreboded and made up her mind to such a possibility, but she had hoped it would not occur the very first evening.

It did, however, and its climax was worse even than she anticipated. Whether, irritated by the intense sullenness of the girl, Selina's temper was worse than usual; or whether, as is always the case with people like her, something else had vexed her, and she vented it upon the first cause of annoyance that occurred, certain it is that her tongue went on unchecked till it failed from sheer exhaustion. And then, as she flung herself on the sofa—oh, sad mischance!—she caught sight of her nephew standing at the school-room door, grinning with intense delight, and making faces at her behind her back.

It was too much. The poor lady had no more

words left to scold with; but she rushed up to Ascott, and, big lad as he was, she soundly boxed his ears.

On this terrible climax let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER II.

COMMON as were the small feuds between Ascott and his Aunt Selina, they seldom reached such a catastrophe as that described in my last chapter. Hilary had to fly to the rescue, and literally drag the furious lad back into the schoolroom, while Johanna, pale and trembling, persuaded Selina to quit the field, and go and lie down. This was not difficult; for the instant she saw what she had done, how she had disgraced herself and insulted her nephew, Selina felt sorry. Her passion ended in a gush of "nervous" tears, under the influence of which she was led up stairs and put to bed, almost like a child,—the usual termination of these pitiful outbreaks.

For the time nobody thought of Elizabeth. The hapless cause of all stood "spectatress of the fray," beside her kitchen fire. What she thought history saith not. Whether in her own rough home she was used to see brothers and sisters quarrelling, and mothers boxing their children's ears, cannot be known; whether she was or was not surprised to see the same proceedings among ladies and gentlemen, she never betrayed; but certain it is, that the little servant became uncommonly serious; yes, serious rather than sulky, for her "black" looks vanished gradually, as soon as Miss Selina left the kitchen.

On the re-appearance of Miss Hilary it had quite gone. But Hilary took no notice of her; she was in search of Johanna, who, shaking and cold with agitation, came slowly down stairs.

"Is she gone to bed?"

"Yes; my dear. It was the best thing for her; she is not at all well to-day."

Hilary's lip curled a little, but she replied not a word. She had not the patience with Selina that Johanna had. She drew her elder sister into the little parlour, placed her in the arm-chair, shut the door, came and sat beside her, and took her hand.

Johanna pressed it, shed a quiet tear or two, and wiped them away. Then the two sisters remained silent, with hearts sad and sore.

Every family has its skeleton in the house; this was theirs. Whether they acknowledged it or not, they knew quite well that every discomfort they had, every slight jar which disturbed the current of household peace, somehow or other originated in "poor Selina." They often called her "poor" with a sort of pity—not unneeded, heaven knows! —for if the unhappy are to be pitied, ten times more so are those who make others miserable.

This was Selina's case, and had been all her life. And, sometimes, she herself knew it. Sometimes, after an especially bad outbreak, her compunction and remorse would be almost as terrible as her passion; forcing her sisters to make every excuse for her; she "did not mean it," it was only "ill health," or "nerves," or her "unfortunate way of taking things."

But they knew in their hearts that not all their poverty, and the toils it entailed, not all the hardships and humiliations of their changed estate, were half so bitter to bear as this something—no moral crime, and yet in its results as fatal as crime—which they called Selina's "way."

Ascott was the only one who did not attempt to mince matters. When a little boy he had openly declared he hated Aunt Selina; when he grew up he as openly defied her; and it was a most difficult matter to keep even decent peace between them. Hilary's wrath had never gone further than wishing Selina was married; that appearing the easiest way to get rid of her. Latterly she had ceased this earnest aspiration; it might be, because, learning to think more seriously of marriage, she felt that a woman who is no blessing in her own household, is never likely much to bless a husband's; and that, looking still farther forward, it was on the whole a mercy of Providence which made Selina not the mother of children.

Yet her not marrying had been somewhat a surprise; for she had been attractive in her day; handsome and agreeable in society. But perhaps for all that, the sharp eye of the opposite sex had discovered the cloven foot; since, though she had received various promising attentions, poor Selina had never had an offer. Nor fortunately had she ever been known to care for anybody; she was one of those women who would have married as a matter of course, but who never would have been guilty of the weakness of falling in love. There seemed small probability of shipping her off, to carry into a new household the restlessness, the fretfulness, the captious fault-finding with others, the readiness to take offence at what was done and said to herself, which made poor Selina Leaf the unacknowledged grief and torment of her own.

Her two sisters sat silent. What was the use of talking? It would be only going over and over again the old thing; trying to ease and shift a little the long-familiar burden, which they knew must be borne. Nearly every household has, near or remote, some such burden, which Heaven only can lift off or help to bear. And sometimes, looking round the world outside, these two congratulated themselves, in a half sort of way, that theirs was as light as it was; that Selina was, after all, a well-meaning, well-principled woman, and, in spite of her little tempers, really fond of

her family, as she truly was, at least as fond as a nature which has its centre in self can manage to be.

Only when Hilary looked, as to-night, into her eldest sister's pale face, where year by year the lines were deepening, and saw how every agitation such as the present shook her more and more,—she who ought to have a quiet life and a cheerful home, after so many hard years,—then Hilary, fierce in the resistance of her youth, felt as if what she could have borne for herself she could not bear for Johanna, and, at the moment, sympathized with Ascott in actually "hating" Aunt Selina.

"Where is that boy? He ought to be spoken to," Johanna said at length, rising wearily.

"I have spoken to him; I gave him a good scolding. He is sorry, and promises never to be so rude again."

"Oh, no; not till the next time," replied Miss Leaf, hopelessly. "But, Hilary," with a sudden consternation, "what are we to do about Elizabeth?"

The younger sister had thought of that. She had turned over in her mind all the pros and cons, the inevitable "worries" that would result from the presence of an additional member of the family, especially one from whom the family-skeleton could not be hid, to whom it was already only too fatally revealed.

But Hilary was a clear-headed girl, and she had the rare faculty of seeing things as they really were, undistorted by her own likings or dislikings,—in fact, without reference to herself at all. She perceived plainly that Johanna ought not to do the housework, that Selina would not, and that she could not,—*ergo*, they must keep a servant. Better, perhaps, a small servant, over whom they could have the same influence as over a child, than one older and more independent, who would irritate her mistresses at home, and chatter of them abroad. Besides, they had promised Mrs. Hand to give her daughter a fair trial. For a month, then, Elizabeth was bound to stay; afterwards, time would show. It was best not to meet troubles half way.

This explained, in Hilary's cheerful voice, seemed greatly to reassure and comfort her sister.

"Yes, love, you are right; she must remain her month out, unless she does something very wrong. Do you think that really was a lie she told?"

"About the cat? I don't quite know what to think. Let us call her, and put the question once more. Do you put it, Johanna. I don't think she could look at you, and tell you a story."

Other people, at sight of that sweet, grave face, its bloom faded, and hairs silvered long before their time, yet beautiful, with an almost child-like simplicity and child-like peace,—most other people would have been of Hilary's opinion.

"Sit down; I'll call her. Dear me, Johanna, we shall have to set up a bell as well as a servant, unless we had managed to combine the two."

But Hilary's harmless little joke failed to make her sister smile; and the entrance of the girl seemed to excite positive apprehension. How was it possible to make excuse to a servant for her mistress's shortcomings? how scold for ill-doing this young girl, to whom, ere she had been a night in the house, so bad an example had been set? Johanna half expected Elizabeth to take a leaf out of Selina's book, and begin abusing herself and Hilary.

No; she stood very sheepish, very uncomfortable, but not in the least bold or sulky,—on the whole, looking rather penitent and humble.

Her mistress took courage.

"Elizabeth, I want you to tell me the truth about that unfortunate breakage. Don't be afraid. I had rather you broke everything in the house than have told me what was not true."

"It *was* true; it was the cat."

"How could that be possible? You were coming down stairs with the ewer in your hand."

"Her got under my feet, and throwed me down, and so I tumbled, and smashed the thing agin the floor."

The Misses Leaf glanced at each other. This version of the momentous event was probable enough, and the girl's eager, honest manner gave internal confirmatory evidence pretty strong.

"I am sure she is telling the truth," said Hilary. "And remember what her mother said about her word being always reliable."

This reference was too much for Elizabeth. She burst out, not into actual crying, but into a smothered choke.

"If you donnot believe me, missis, I'd rather go home to mother."

"I do believe you," said Miss Leaf, kindly; then waited till the pinafore, used as a pocket-handkerchief, had dried up grief and restored composure.

"I can quite well understand the accident now; and I am sure if you had put it as plainly at first, my sister would have understood it too. She was very much annoyed, and no wonder. She will be equally glad to find she was mistaken."

Here Miss Leaf paused, somewhat puzzled how to express what she felt it her duty to say, so as to be comprehended by the servant, and yet not let down the dignity of the family. Hilary came to her aid.

"Miss Selina is sometimes hasty; but she means kindly always. You must take care not to vex her, Elizabeth; and you must never answer her back again, however sharply she speaks. It is not your business; you are only a child, and she is your mistress."

"Is her? I thought it was this 'un."

The subdued clouding of Elizabeth's face, and her blunt pointing to Miss Leaf as "this 'un," were too much for Hilary's gravity. She was obliged to retreat to the press, and begin an imaginary search for a book.

"Yes, I am the eldest, and I suppose you may consider me specially as your mistress," said Johanna simply. "Remember always to come to me in any difficulty; and, above all, to tell me everything outright, as soon as it happens. I can forgive you almost any fault, if you are truthful and honest; but there is one thing I never could forgive, and that is deception. Now go with Miss Hilary, and she will teach you how to make the porridge for supper.

Elizabeth obeyed, silently; she had apparently a great gift for silence. And she was certainly both obedient and willing: not stupid, either, though a nervousness of temperament which Hilary was surprised to find in so big and coarse-looking a girl, made her rather awkward at first. However, she succeeded in pouring out, and carrying into the parlour, without accident, three platefuls of that excellent condiment which formed the frugal supper of the family; but which they ate, I grieve to say, in an orthodox southern fashion, with sugar or treacle, until Mr. Lyon—greatly horrified thereby—had instituted his national custom of "supping" porridge with milk.

It may be a very unsentimental thing to confess, but Hilary, who even at twenty was rather practical than poetical, never made the porridge without thinking of Robert Lyon, and the day when he first stayed to supper, and ate it, or as he said, and was very much laughed at, ate "them" with such infinite relish. Since then, whenever he came, he always asked for his porridge, saying it carried him back to his childish days. And Hilary, with that curious pleasure that women take in waiting upon any one unto whom the heart is ignorantly beginning to own the allegiance, humble yet proud, of Miranda to Ferdinand—

> "To be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
> Whether you will or no."

Hilary contrived always to make his supper herself.

Those pleasant days were now over; Mr. Lyon was gone. As she stood alone over the kitchen-fire, she thought—as now and then she let herself think for a minute or two in her busy prosaic life—of that August night, standing at the front door, of his last "good-bye," and last hand-clasp, tight, warm, and firm; and somehow she, like Johanna, trusted in him.

Not exactly in his love; it seemed almost impossible that *he* should love *her*, at least till she grew much more worthy of him than now; but in himself, that he would never be less himself, less thoroughly good and true than now. That, some time, he would be sure to come back again, and take up his old relations with them, brightening their dull life with his cheerfulness; infusing in their feminine household the new element of a clear, strong, energetic, manly will, which sometimes made Johanna say that instead of twenty-five the young man might be forty; and, above all, bringing into their poverty the silent sympathy of one who had fought his own battle with the world—a hard one, too, as his face sometimes showed—though he never said much about it.

Of the results of this pleasant relation—whether she, being the only truly marriageable person in the house, Robert Lyon intended to marry her, or was expected to do so, or that society would think it a very odd thing if he did not do so—this unsophisticated Hilary never thought at all. If he had said to her that the present state of things was to go on for ever; she to remain always Hilary Leaf, and he Robert Lyon, the faithful friend of the family, she would have smiled in his face and been perfectly satisfied.

True, she had never had anything to drive away the smile from that innocent face; no vague jealousies aroused; no maddening rumours afloat in the small world that was his and theirs. Mr. Lyon was grave and sedate in all his ways; he never paid the slightest attention to, or expressed the slightest interest in, any woman whatsoever.

And so this hapless girl loved him—just himself; without the slightest reference to his "connexions," for he had none; or his "prospects," which, if he had any, she did not know of. Alas! to practical and prudent people I can offer no excuse for her; except, perhaps, what Shakspere gives in the creation of his poor Miranda.

When the small servant re-entered the kitchen, Hilary, with a half sigh, shook off her dreams, called Ascott out of the schoolroom, and returned to the work-a-day world and the family supper.

This being ended, seasoned with a few quiet words administered to Ascott, and which on the whole he took pretty well, it was nearly ten o'clock.

"Far too late to have kept up such a child as Elizabeth; we must not do it again," said Miss Leaf, taking down the large Bible with which she was accustomed to conclude the day,—Ascott's early hours at school and their own house-work making it difficult of mornings. Very brief the reading was, sometimes not more than half a dozen verses, with no comment thereon; she thought the Word of God might safely be left to expound itself. Being a very humble-minded woman, she did not feel qualified to lead long devotional

"exercises," and she disliked formal written prayers. So she merely read the Bible to her family, and said after it the Lord's Prayer.

But, constitutionally shy as Miss Leaf was, to do even this in presence of a stranger cost her some effort; and it was only a sense of duty that made her say "yes" to Hilary's suggestion, "I suppose we ought to call in Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth came.

"Sit down," said her mistress; and she sat down, staring uneasily round about her, as if wondering what was going to befall her next. Very silent was the little parlour; so small, that it was almost filled up by its large square piano, its six cane-bottomed chairs, and one easy-chair, in the which sat Miss Leaf, with the great Book in her lap.

"Can you read, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Hilary, give her a Bible."

And so Elizabeth followed, guided by her not too clean finger, the words, read in that soft, low voice, somewhere out of the New Testament; words simple enough for the comprehension of a child or a heathen. The "South Sea Islander," as Ascott long persisted in calling her, then, doing as the family did, turned round to kneel down; but in her confusion she knocked over a chair, causing Miss Leaf to wait a minute till reverent silence was restored. Elizabeth knelt, with her eyes fixed on the wall: it was a green paper, patterned with bunches of nuts. How far she listened, or how much she understood, it was impossible to say; but her manner was decent and decorous.

"*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.*" Unconsciously Miss Leaf's gentle voice rested on these words, so needed in the daily life of every human being, and especially of every family. Was she the only one who thought of "poor Selina?"

They all rose from their knees, and Hilary put the Bible away. The little servant "hung about," apparently uncertain what was next to be done, or what was expected of her to do. Hilary touched her sister.

"Yes," said Miss Leaf, recollecting herself, and assuming the due authority, "it is quite time for all the family to be in bed. Take care of your candle, and mind and be up at six to-morrow morning."

This was addressed to the new maiden, who dropped a curtsey, and said, almost cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. Good-night, Elizabeth."

And following Miss Leaf's example, the other two, even Ascott, said civilly and kindly, "Good-night, Elizabeth."

ALL ABOUT THE INDIGO.

In a certain Scottish village, there was, long ago, a worthy man, who kept himself in good and honest repute, and in good and comfortable livelihood, by supplying the people of the neighbourhood with most of the commodities which their simple mode of life required. He was, in short, *the* shopkeeper of the village. Now, amongst the wants of his customers there was one, which existed indeed on a very limited scale, but which still required to be supplied. It so happened that the good linen shirts of the worthy people, when washed with soap and water, and made as white as hard rubbing could make them, had invariably a yellowish tinge after they were dried on the green. It was ascertained that this evil was remedied, or rather prevented, by the mixture of a very minute quantity of indigo with the "graith." Thus it was that a little implement, shaped like a shuttlecock, composed of a little knot of indigo wrapped in a rag, and tied round the neck with a thread, became as essential a belonging to a well-regulated household, as a kail-pot or a frying-pan. A very small quantity was necessary, but that quantity must be had, and, of course, it must be kept in stock in the universal store. On one occasion, finding his stock running low, the "merchant" indited and sent off by the carrier, to the wholesale house in Glasgow with which he dealt, a note, which ran somewhat thus:—"Pleas sen too pon Indgo immediat. And remains, etc." Typography does not enable us to show precisely how the mistake originated; but the intelligent reader who has had occasion to see such documents will comprehend that it was not very wonderful that what was in the mind of the writer "two pounds" should have been to the eye of the reader 100 tons. The Glasgow house, though greatly astonished at the magnitude of the order, intimated that they would send, from week to week, as much as the carrier could take of their own stock, which might be some three or four tons; but that they had sent on the order to their correspondents in London, with instructions to lose no time in executing it. The worthy merchant was completely overpowered by this intelligence; and while he was meditating on the course of action that might be necessary in the astounding circumstances, he received another letter from the Glasgow house, enclosing a despatch from the London firm, to the effect that the indigo was pur-

chased "as per their esteemed favour," and ready for shipment; but that, since the purchase was effected, there had been a sudden rise in the price, and that the "parties" from whom they purchased were willing to forfeit £500 per ton if the sale were cancelled. The worthy shopkeeper now "rose to the occasion," and would not accept the terms offered. The result was that, after some negotiation, he received some £50,000 in hard cash, which, of course, he invested in land, and became the "forebear" of one of the richest families in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale.

Now there are, no doubt, various points in this story that will not bear criticism, and we are not going to stand up for its absolute accuracy. But there is a point in it which makes us think it not impossible that it had some foundation in fact. Why was indigo selected, if the story were altogether fictitious, in preference to a thousand other commodities which are to be found in village shops? In point of fact, indigo is the only substance whose fluctuations of price bring the story to the confines of possibility.

Supposing it were a myth, it undoubtedly embodies the great fact, that multitudes of splendid fortunes have been made and lost by the fluctuations in the price of indigo. One instance was very notorious in Bengal about a quarter of a century ago. In Calcutta, where it is said that lawyers and undertakers are the only two classes who never require to appear in the insolvent court, a gentleman of the former class had realized a comfortable fortune of some three lakhs—that is, about £30,000—while he was yet little past the prime of life. Deeming it wiser to retire with this competence than to risk the loss of his health by remaining longer in an unhealthy climate, he resolved to return to England. Having consulted a mercantile friend as to the best method of transporting his savings, he was advised to invest his capital in indigo, and bring it home in the ship with him. He acted on this advice, and, on disposing of his cargo, found that he had just doubled his capital by the transaction. He had not been long in England before he began to reason with himself, that, if £30,000 had become £60,000, there was no good reason why £60,000 should not become £120,000. He therefore remitted nearly the whole of his money to his mercantile friend, with instructions to invest it in the most advantageous manner. In those days the East India Company, with the view of encouraging the exportation of country produce, granted advances on goods shipped, on the security of the bills of lading, protecting themselves, of course, by a considerable "margin." In this way indigo purchased for £60,000 might be shipped; and an advance of perhaps £40,000 might be got upon it. As soon as that was shipped, an advance, it may be, of £25,000 might be got on that, and so on, in what the mathematicians call a converging series. This course was adopted in the present case; and the result was, that when the indigo was sold, and all charges paid, and the advances of the Company settled, with interest, the whole capital originally invested had simply disappeared; and the worthy lawyer had barely enough left to pay his passage back to Calcutta, to begin life anew. In this case the figures may not be absolutely correct, but the story is substantially true.

All commodities, except perhaps corn, are liable to great variations in the demand; but there does not appear to be any one of which the supply is so precarious as that of indigo. Accordingly, we find the prices varying, within a few months, from 1s. to 3s. 6d. per pound for the worst, and from 5s. 6d. to 10s. 8d. for the best. This shows that the tradition which we have recorded is not beyond the bounds of possibility, as a rise of 5s. per pound would make a difference of £560 on a ton. The quantities imported from India show the extreme variation of the out-turn of the crops. We find, for example, that, in 1822, the export from India was only 2,549,284 pounds, while in 1828 it was as high as 9,683,626 pounds. In 1829 it was under six millions, in 1830, nearly eight millions, and in both 1834 and 1835, it was under four millions. Suppose the demand had been uniform during all that period, it is very evident that there must have been a great fluctuation of prices; but if from any cause the demand in 1828 happened to be below the average, or that in 1822 it was above the average, it is clear that, in the one case, indigo must have been worth little or nothing, while in the other, it would bring enormous prices. Why the amount produced is so variable, will appear from a consideration of the casualties to which it is subjected at every stage of its progress. Of these our readers will have some idea if they will favour us with their attention, while we give a short account of the cultivation and manufacture of indigo, as they are practised in the most important indigo-field, the province of Bengal.

To begin formally, then, we should state that indigo may be extracted from various plants; but that which is mainly cultivated for the purpose of yielding it, both on account of the quality and the quantity of the colouring matter which it affords, is that called by the botanists *Indigofera tinctoria*. We think we have been told that it is a biennial plant; but it is always cultivated as an annual, being sown, very much as wheat is in this country, partly in autumn and partly in spring, and reaped in summer. The ground is well ploughed and harrowed, and a great deal depends upon the seed being sown when it is neither too wet nor too dry.

If it be too wet, the seed may be all rotted; if too dry, the young plants are burnt up before they can root themselves in the soil. These are the first dangers to which the crop is exposed. If the former mistake be committed, it can be remedied by a second sowing, with only the loss of the original seed; the latter is without remedy. The moisture of the earth at the autumn sowing is dependent upon the drying up of the inundation with which the whole country has been covered. There is, therefore, always a right time, and the skill of the farmer should enable him neither to anticipate it nor let it pass. But for the preparation of the ground for the spring sowing, the planter is dependent upon precarious showers, which may not come at all, or which may come too suddenly in large quantities, in either of which cases the seed-time is unfavourable. Farmers everywhere are in the habit of grumbling about the weather; but indigo-planters seem to outdo all their brethren in this exercise. The Calcutta newspapers, at certain seasons of every year, teem with letters, signed, "Blue Ruin," "In the Blues," "Nil" (in Bengali, "indigo," in Latin, "nothing"), predicting the utter failure of the crop, and the ruin of all concerned in it. It is sometimes hinted that these are written not without a view of influencing the London market. These predictions are, of course, sometimes realized; but generally the fields in the month of May look very well. There is nothing particularly pretty in the indigo plant, which is a shrub of about four feet in height, with a small reddish flower; but a field of it looks very well. By the end of May the rivers begin to swell, through the melting of the snows in the mountains, and by the middle of June the rains generally set in. These two causes soon flood the country, and the indigo must be cut before this takes place. It is found that the plant yields the best return, both in quantity and quality, when it is just bursting into flower. But sometimes the rise of the water makes it necessary to cut it before it has attained this



Cutting the plant.

stage; sometimes it cannot be cut rapidly enough, so that the colour is literally washed out of it.

The indigo-harvest, when all has gone well, is, like harvest everywhere, a joyous season. The plant is cut down, very much as our corn is cut, with a kind of sickle. It is then tied into sheaves, and these



Bringing the Indigo in carts, unloading, etc.

gathered into bundles of a fixed size, and conveyed on carts, or boats, to the indigo factory. The autumn-sown indigo is generally cut in the latter half of June, and the spring-sown in the latter half of July, and former half of August.

When the cut plant is delivered at the factory,

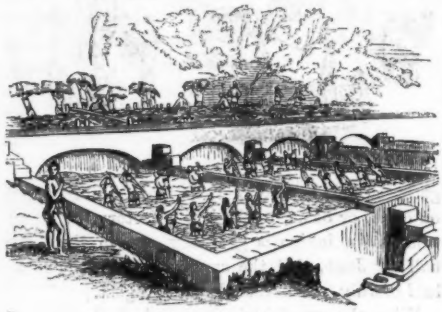


Bringing the Indigo in Boats.

it is carefully built into large vats. These vats are about twenty feet square and four feet deep. The plant is stacked to about a foot above the edge, and then pressed down by levers to about three inches within the brim. Water is then immediately let into the vat, and the process of fermentation begins. Various circumstances influence the time that is necessary for the completion of this process; and the judgment of the planter—or, as we must now call him, the manufacturer—is taxed to the uttermost to hit the exact moment of stopping it. The time requisite may range from ten to twenty hours, according to the temperature and state of the weather, and the condition of the plant with respect to greenness or ripeness. If the fermentation is stopped too soon, a portion of the indigo is left in the leaves; if it is continued too long, a portion of the woody fibre is mixed with it, and its quality is deteriorated. This is probably a main cause of the great range of price, not at different times, but of different indigos at one and

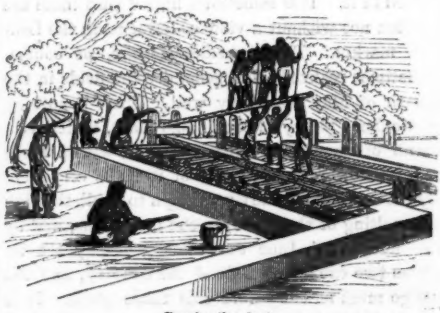
the same time. At one sale, indigo may be purchased at a shilling and at eight shillings a pound. There are, however, other causes that contribute to this result. Some soils will not produce so good a quality of indigo as others under any management.

When the superintendent considers that the water contains all that it ought to contain, and nothing more, a cock is opened, and it is run off into a lower vat, where it is to undergo the process of "beating," which is administered by a number of men, who stand in the vat, and strike it smartly with paddles. This is a mechanical rather than a chemical process, and seems to us to be precisely analogous to that of churning. Indigo is insoluble in water, and is merely held in suspension in it. The object of the beating is to collect it together, form it into grains of a proper size, and so facilitate its deposition. So far the beating is simply churning. But as not only is the quantity of the indigo diminished by imperfect beating, but also its quality is deteriorated by too much, it is probable that the bringing of every particle of the dye-impregnated liquid into contact with the atmosphere is necessary, in order to produce the perfection of colour. During this process, the water, which was green when it was run off from the fermenting vat, becomes a fine purple blue. When this change is thoroughly effected, the process is complete. The indigo is still held suspended in the water, but is now granulated; and on being left to stand for two or three hours, subsides to the bottom of the vat. As the water originally was green, it, of course, when the blue is separated from it, becomes yellow. A series of holes in the side of the vat are now unplugged, and the water is run off, leaving the indigo. It is then mixed with a smaller quantity of clean water, and run through one or more cloths, or sieves of fine wire-gauze, into a boiler. It is here boiled briskly until a considerable portion of the water is evaporated, being constantly stirred all the time to prevent what cooks call "setting on." This process also may err by defect or excess.



Beating the Indigo.

We have already described an operation that bears a striking resemblance to the making of butter; what still remains to be described as much resembles another process in our dairies, the making of cheese. The indigo is run off from the boiler, and received in a large sheet, which is hung from iron rings fixed to the inside of an immense tub. Through this sheet a considerable portion of the water runs; and as it carries off a portion of the indigo with it, it is pumped back into the boiler, and mingled with the next boiling. When the sheet is full, the corners of it are drawn together, and weights are laid upon it, which press out more of the water, until the indigo is reduced to the consistency of thick mud. It is then put into square boxes, with perforated sides and bottoms, and lined with cloth, precisely as curd is put into a cheese-vat. When put in, it is almost a foot thick. It is then put under a powerful screw-press, and the power is slowly and carefully applied, until it is reduced to a solid slab three inches thick. This slab is taken out, and cut into cakes three inches square; so that each cake is an exact cube. Each one of these is marked with the factory mark. These cakes are then removed into a drying-loft, and are in due time packed in chests and conveyed to market.



Pressing the plant.

The indigo-planting interest is a powerful one in India, and is every year becoming more so. An immense amount of capital is embarked in the trade, which might undoubtedly be one of the most powerful agencies for developing the resources of the country. A great deal has been said and written of late respecting the character of the planters, and the relation in which they stand towards the native agricultural population. On the former point, we believe it may be safely said that, as in all other classes of society, so amongst the indigo-planters, some are most excellent men; some are very bad; and the great majority are neither very good nor very bad. We have before us a book, written and exquisitely illustrated by an excellent friend of ours, describing a visit to an indigo factory; and it would almost appear,

from his descriptions, that a factory is a little paradise.* Now this, we are sure, is not merely the effect of artistic colouring, but is quite true with respect to the particular factory described. We know the owner of that factory to be a gentleman of high principle, wielding his immense influence with an earnest desire to make his numerous dependants the better for him. But all indigo-planters are not like him. It must, we think, be admitted, that the circumstances in which those engaged in the cultivation are placed, are unfavourable to the development of high qualities. A very large number of them go on from year to year, losing money every season, borrowing at enormous interest, and waiting for a season which shall not only make them square with the world, but put them in possession of a large fortune. We hope and believe that there is a considerable improvement now, and that there is good reason to expect a much greater improvement soon; but during the earlier part of our Indian residence, it was quite an understood thing, that a factory was not complete without a troop of *latteals* or club-men. These were constantly ready to stand on the defensive, and probably sometimes on the offensive also, against similar troops in the pay of the zemandars.

The *ryots*, or cultivators, have complained grievously of the treatment which they have received at the hands of the planters; and almost all planters have acknowledged that the relations betwixt the two classes have been most unsatisfactory. The land-tenure in India is very peculiar, and we cannot here enter upon its varieties at any length. We may state, however, in general terms, that, so far as Bengal is concerned, the Government is the sole owner of all the land. The zemindars, who are frequently spoken of as proprietors, are rather the agents of the Government for drawing their rents, and with various privileges connected with that office. But the ryot, or tenant farmer, is so far a proprietor, that he has an absolute right to his farm in perpetuity, provided that he regularly pays his rent. Now the zemindars are exceedingly jealous of the influence of the indigo-planters over the ryots, and, undoubtedly in many instances, stir them up to refuse to sow indigo, even when they might be persuaded that it was for their advantage to do so. The indigo-planter is, to a great extent, dependent upon the good-will of the ryots for the success of his operations, indeed for the power of carrying on these operations at all. The general mode of proceeding is this:—The planter furnishes seed to the ryot, charging it at a certain fixed price, which, even the ryots admit, is almost always below its market value. They are generally also willing to give advances in money; indeed, one of the charges against them is that they force their advances upon the ryots, in order to have them as much as possible in their power. In consideration of these advances, the ryot binds himself to deliver the produce of the field at the factory, and is to be paid for it at so much per bundle. Now many a ryot takes the seed and the money, and then refuses to sow the indigo. Independently of considerations of profit, there is a religious motive mixed up with this, as there generally is with every evil action of a Hindu. It is a great work of merit to cultivate rice, or indeed any human food; it is correspondingly wicked to give up land for the growth of a plant which is not fit for the food of man.

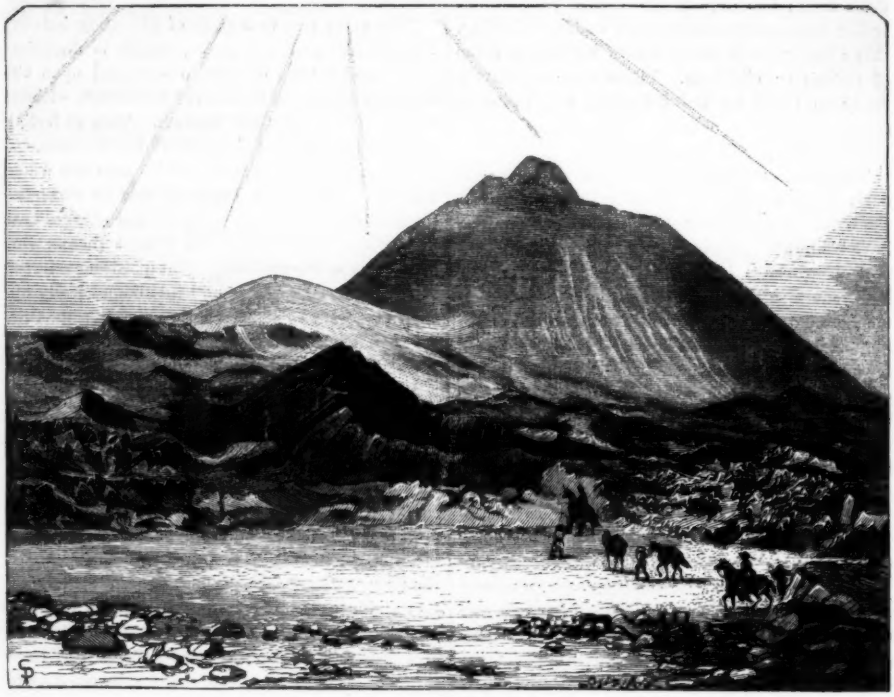
This gives rise to a state of ill-feeling betwixt the planters and the ryots; which is doubtless aggravated by the oppression exercised upon the latter by the native servants of the former, without the knowledge of their masters. This ill-feeling lately reached such a climax that the Government appointed a commission to inquire into the whole matter. The result certainly was to clear the planters as a body from many of the charges that had been constantly brought against them. But as to some of the most important questions referred to them, the commissioners held diametrically opposite opinions to each other. Shortly after this, that is, a few months ago, arose the famous *Nil Durpun* controversy. Some native poet had written a Bengali drama, in which an indigo planter was introduced as the *mauvais sujet* of the piece. It doubtless contained a good deal of scurrilous abuse. With a view of letting it be known by influential men what are the sentiments of the natives with respect to the character and conduct of the planters, and without endorsing these sentiments, a very intimate friend of ours, the Rev. James Long, of the Church Missionary Society, translated the play into English; and asked another friend of ours, Mr. Seton-Karr, of the Civil Service, then Secretary to the Government of Bengal, to have copies of it sent post-free to many influential men. To this Mr. Seton-Karr assented, and in so doing undoubtedly exceeded the line of his duty as a public officer. The planters were indignant at this, and endeavoured to raise an action for libel against Mr. Long. Finding that a civil action for damages could not be maintained, they had recourse to a criminal prosecution. Mr. Long was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of 1000 rupees, and to undergo a month's imprisonment.

* *Rural Life in Bengal. By a Calcutta Artist.* We have presumed, on the strength of old friendship, to borrow some of Mr. Grant's beautiful sketches; and take the liberty to recommend such of our readers as are interested in India to procure a copy of his book, which is not so well known in England as it deserves to be.

We cannot but regard this controversy as deeply to be regretted. We say frankly that if our friend Mr. Long had asked our advice, as he has often asked our advice in other days, we should have dissuaded him from the publication of this play. But we cannot imagine vindictive feelings to have led honourable men to a more unworthy course of conduct than that to which the Indigo-Planters' Association were led in the prosecution of Mr. Long. And few things have surprised us more than that a British judge should have recommended a jury to find Mr. Long guilty, and that a British jury should actually have found him guilty. Suppose even that Mr. Long had been the author of the play, we cannot imagine that there was any ground for convicting him of the charge brought against him. Sure we are that if the principles were to obtain which guided that verdict, we should not be safe in reading from our pulpit such a verse as this from the Word of God, that "every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is evil, and that continually." We regret that our two friends, Mr. Long and Mr. Seton-Karr, should have taken the parts they severally did in the publication. We acknowledge that there was ground for a good deal of irritation on the part of the indigo-planters. The judge and the jury who tried the case, we are bound to believe, had respect to their oaths. All that we can say is, that if we had been upon that jury, it should not have been unanimous.

THOMAS SMITH.

"ABOVE THE CLOUDS."



Above the Clouds by Day.

"ALAS!" begins a Russian poet, in a description of a landscape scene that was not intended to be mournful; but where the country, though flat, yet assumed in its plains so sublime an immensity, that the writer, looking with true religious fervour through nature up to nature's God, could not but touchingly feel his own littleness and then exclaim in prayer with the Psalmist, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him!"

If such is the true sentiment to be excited by the contemplation of the mere level portions of God's earth, much more impressively still will the same idea be called forth in every well-constituted

mind on approaching a great mountain; *i.e.*, one of those really great mountains which make themselves visible while yet many days' journey distant; up to which all the country-surface slowly rises for hundreds of miles around; and when we draw close to their steeper features, these multiply before us into buttressing ridges and branching ravines, until the surrounding plains are by degrees shut out of view; and only after passing and transcending many inferior ranges in a continual upward climb, the final and highest mass is caught sight of at last. But even then, solely its inferior portions; for the upper enter the clouds above, and no man may tell what is there. So in some final elevated valley, overhung by precipitous cliffs, and close under the rolling canopy of mist, there men may listen to the roar of the cataract leaping forth in its might from that unknown upper region, or to the crash of occasional falling rocks, or the rush of the passing whirlwind, and again feel the glory of God the Creator—much as prophets of Israel were accustomed to do in their mountain homes, or early Christians seeking shelter from persecution amidst the caves and the rocks, and the tops of the ragged rocks.

Such a scene will be moving in the extreme to a devotional spirit, and, haply, not un-improving to its best interests; yet there is no necessity for



Above the Clouds by Night.

being perpetually there confined, seeing that more exalted and ecstatic scenes still have been prepared by God; and to his regenerated sons it is given, ever "as the sparks fly upward," to be continually aiming, in their physical life as well as their religious experiences, at something always higher, better, purer. To stand amidst the steep purple crags of the mountains immediately under their dark mysterious clouds is intensely grand, no doubt; but, oh! to pierce those clouds, to soar far, far above them, and then gaze on the placid heavens overhead, with all their brilliant orbs undimmed by a single film—that, seems to promise even to raise nobler emotions in the soul, and in impressiveness to bring man nearer to God, inducing us to think more of heavenly and less of earthly things.

Now it happens rather curiously, that precisely this same thought of getting "above the clouds," which may so reasonably arise in the religious mind, has been of late considerably agitated, and even practically followed up among scientific men; and although there is no cause why the scientific should not be the religious man also, but rather great probability thereof, yet it does not, and generally in the common course of life it cannot, follow that every religious person should be scientific as well; much less that he should have had those peculiar experiences which but very few persons in the world have yet shared in. And hence it

may be of interest to the great mass of the religious, that we collect out of the scanty though accurate descriptions recently given for the purposes of science alone, the leading features of various phenomena actually observed in the clouds and above them; leaving the connecting of those dry facts with appropriate ideas to the internal furniture of each reader's own mind.

Amongst astronomers, then, the desire to get above the clouds has long been a fond speculation; not only to avoid the absolute concealing of all view of the heavens which so frequently takes place below by actual clouds intervening, but for the purpose also of getting above the heavier and more impure of the constituent aërial portions of the atmosphere, which portions are always the lowest. This air, or atmosphere enveloping the earth, is a continual veil spread between man's eye and all heavenly things; and though it is usually taken as a type of transparency, merely because it is rarer than any other substance about us,—yet, had we a really and perfectly transparent medium to compare with the air, we should find the latter largely opaque, and most materially dimming to the splendour not only of moon and stars, but the burning sun himself, even as seen by the naked eye. In fact, through the atmosphere, as through a glass, we see the heavenly orbs at best only darkly and most imperfectly. So much so indeed, that when the magnifying power of a telescope is turned upon them, there is often little to be made out of the objects themselves, amidst the mass of tremulous and broken rays of light which then reach the eye; rays broken and rendered undefined, like reflections in troubled water; but caused in this case by the unequal temperatures, densities, and materials of the air. Hence it was that Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest of scientific philosophers, but with the humblest mind before God, when engaged on the improvement of the telescope, soon found that there is a point beyond which the mere mechanical excellence of the instrument is of no avail. "Telescopes," says he, "cannot be so formed, as to take away that confusion of rays which arises from the tremors of the atmosphere. The only remedy is a most serene and quiet air, such as may perhaps be found on the tops of the highest mountains above the grosser clouds."

HOW TO GET ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

To get above the clouds, then, was the idea by which this great mind proposed to overcome the difficulty he had met with; and to ascend a high mountain was with him the best, if not the only practical method by which any mortal could raise himself above them. To several generations of learned men, however, who succeeded him, the proposed plan did not wear the appearance of being really practical; for, said most of them, mountains have so inveterate a tendency to attract and retain clouds on their summits, that going up to the top of such an eminence is the most sure way of getting into a cloud and not seeing anything at all of the heavenly bodies; rather than of getting above the clouds and seeing everything.

There is much physical truth in this objection, and most persons in our country already well know of their own mountains, how grassy or mossy the vegetation becomes towards the summit; plainly indicating that the general rule of their climate must be moisture, and a shrouded sun. But in that admirable manner in which,—all through creation, the farther we examine and the more we inquire, always the more unexpected and grander phenomena open before to excite our wonder, love, and praise,—it has been ascertained that this first result of mountain-top and concomitant cloud is only one particular form of application of a vastly more general law; this law being the height of what is called the vapour plane, or the particular level at which clouds form in the atmosphere all the world over.

Now this vapour plane is no doubt, to us, continually altering; sometimes being at the level of the sea, and then we have what we call a fog; more geneally it is at two or three thousand feet in height, and then we see only the larger mountains with their heads lost in the clouds; but sometimes it is several miles high, and then those tops are all clear to spectators below, though the blue of heaven be by no means visible. In our own climate these variations of cloud-level, in the present state of meteorological science, appear somewhat capricious; or, at least are subject to very frequent variations; but when nearer to the equatorial regions of the earth, all phenomena of climate assume a more regular character under the potent, directing influence of a vertical sun; and for nearly six months at a time one character of weather, one direction of wind, and one level for the clouds, remains constant.

We may even further particularize, from the condensed result of many observations, and say that the north-east wind—which blows as the trade-wind of the tropical belt of the northern hemisphere, chiefly through the summer season—has its cloud-level at about three thousand feet only above the surface of the sea, and its clouds are not in general above one thousand feet thick; so that the top of a mountain of five or six thousand feet would be decidedly above the upper edge of such clouds; they forming a sort of collar only around and below the summit. But the upper level of the clouds of the south-west wind, on the

contrary, which blows chiefly in winter, is often fifteen or twenty thousand feet high, and its mist stratum is not unfrequently as much as ten thousand feet thick; so then, evidently, a moderate-sized, and even a large mountain, would be capped by a most impervious mass of fog; besides the wintry climate rendering an elevated station nearly untenable by man on account of cold.

Here, then, to one who wishes to ascend above the clouds, and to live there for a while enjoying and improving the peculiar influences of the place (which last desire, of course, puts any madcap scheme of going up in a balloon quite out of the question), the field of doubt, difficulty, and uncertainty, as to what he should do, is narrowed in the extreme. Summer must be the season for such a one, and the mountain he chooses, not less than five thousand feet high, though the higher the better; and it should be situated, as to latitude, in or near the tropics, but as to general physics, in an oceanic rather than a continental region; the laws of the atmosphere being more uniform and less disturbed by surface influences over the former than the latter.

THE ATTEMPT ACTUALLY MADE.

These were nearly the data on which, in 1856, an earnest attempt was made to commence a series of astronomical observations "above the clouds;" and the first point of preparation was to choose the most suitable mountain. The Alps, though high enough, were rejected for their inland character and high northern latitude; the Pyrenees were not much better; Etna, then suggested some one; better in latitude than the others, rather more than ten thousand feet high, but situated in a small sea, more like an inland lake than the true ocean, and too actively volcanic near its summit.

Islands in the Atlantic, then, were evidently to be preferred, and they are mostly high; Madeira, which we know abundantly has many recommendations, and might have been tried, but that a few degrees south of it rises, to double its height, another and better island of the ocean, chief of the Canary group, the Peak of Teneriffe. In latitude 28° N., surrounded by deep sea on every side, rather more than two miles high, or 12,180 feet (equal to fifteen of our picturesque hill of Arthur's Seat, placed one on the top of the other); higher than any of the Cape de Verde Islands to the south, Madeira to the north, and the Azores in the north-west,—Teneriffe combines more of the required advantages than any other mountain we know of within easy reach of Europe, and was chosen, therefore, for the experiment of the summer of 1856.

The sea approach to it in the beginning of July was characteristic and striking. Fully then within the region and the swing of the north-east trade-wind, the exploring party had to sail day after day on the same sailor's tack, with a whistling gale ever blowing in the same direction; and overhead ever the same long parallel streaks of half-puffy, half-foggy cloud, that formed streaks extending in the same direction as the wind; but so long, as to reach from the coast of Portugal to the Canary Islands. At length, on the morning of July 8, Teneriffe itself was seen; and how? As the most appropriate station in all the northern hemisphere for European astronomers to observe the stars from? Not outwardly, in the least degree; for all that was visible of it was the threatening base of sea-cliffs, against whose feet the roaring waves of the Atlantic broke in furious masses of foam, and whose heads were shrouded in a dense canopy of cloud and thick mist, which, extending on every side, made even a summer's day on the African coast look dark and gloomy. (See woodcut 3, or Teneriffe below the clouds.)

But these clouds being still the clouds proper to the north-east current of the atmosphere, and which ought therefore to be found at a low level; their present untoward appearances by no means disconcerted the faith of our observers in the several atmospheric laws we have above enunciated.

It was only a few days after—on a morning also cloudy, and with north-east cloud too—that the little party set forth from the town of Orotava, on the northern coast of Teneriffe, to climb the great mountain, and put to the only true test of actual practice their hopes of getting "above the clouds." Through long-winding stony pathways, between vineyards and cactus plantations, between orange groves and fig-trees they proceeded, always ascending; past gardens, and then past orchards, still ever ascending; past corn-fields and oat-fields, ascending yet higher; and then amongst natural vegetation only, ferns and heath and some few wild laurels; and now, at a height of 3000 feet vertical, they are close under the cloud. Before entering therein, let us pause for a moment and survey the beauties of creation in the region we are leaving behind. If, for that one purpose of severe astronomy, a position below the clouds is unsuitable, yet what an infinite amount of benefits for man to enjoy and beauty for him to contemplate, are connected therewith. Beneath the clouds are kindly rains and gentle dews; and these, assisted by a warm climate, encourage all those exquisite forms of vegetation we have admired clothing the lower slopes of the mountain. Without these, where were the fruits to support human life; where the buds and blossoms and fading flowers which teach us many a lesson useful to eternal life!

But duty now calls us on our upward way; and, before many more seconds are passed, first comes one cold hurrying blast, with mist upon its wings,

and then another and another, until, in the midst of a constant dense wet fog, all creation is shut out of our view, except the few feet of sloping earth on which we are treading, and they appear of a dull grey, and the occasional spiders' webs seen across our path are loaded with heavy drops of moisture.

For half an hour we must toil on and on through this winding-sheet of gloom; perpetually on the same upward rising way, but strong in hope and faith of what must in the end be presented to our eyes; on still, and up higher, when suddenly a momentary break appears overhead, and a portion of sky is seen,—oh! so blue; but it is lost again. In a few minutes, however, another opening, another blue patch is seen, and then another and another; while before three minutes more are passed, all the hurrying clouds seem blown on one side; blue sky is everywhere above and around; a brilliant sun is shining; and there, there below us, is the upper surface of the clouds, extending far and wide, like a level plain, shutting out low-land and city and sea all from view, and in their place substituting brilliant reflections of solar light which make the surface of this new mist-country look whiter than snow. Yes, indeed, we are now "above the clouds;" and that view we have attempted to describe is the first example of the heightened, the advanced, the glorified appearance of even earth's sombre fog-banks to those who are privileged for a time to look on them from the heaven-ward side.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS BY DAY.

"Above the clouds," not only no rain, no mist, no dew, but a searching sun, and an air both by day and by night dry to almost an alarming degree. The further we advance, and the higher we ascend, the drier becomes the air, while at the same time the strength of the north-east trade-wind is continually decreasing, and, at the height of about six or seven thousand feet, has completely died away. Not that it has ceased elsewhere as well, for the driving clouds below show that it is still in its accustomed violence there; but we have reached the upper limit of that north-east aërial current, between which and the upper south-west current a calm and placid region prevails. At the same height we enter the "great crater" of the mountain, and, in its pellucid air and the rich sunshine now showered down without stint upon everything, we can give ourselves up to admiration of the diverse beauties of the scene.

Rocks are now the ruling features; rocks of the most brilliant colours, and sharpest angular forms. For just as nature moulded them so many thousand years ago, exactly so they remain without decay, without disintegration, or any concealment in the thin and dry air; a slow combination with its oxygen is almost the only effect that takes place during long ages, and this but produces new tints of warm colour, which the rich sunlight renders more captivating than ever. "The Great Crater" is an elliptical plain nearly eight miles in diameter, surrounded on three sides by precipitous walls of mountain-height; and having in its centre a conical mound five thousand feet high above the basin surface, which is itself seven thousand feet above the sea; and thus contains alike the terminal point of the Peak of Teneriffe, and the once active volcanic centre of this large crater-plain. The sides of the central cone are accordingly scored with ancient streams upon streams of lava. Some of them faint and uncertain, have stopped in mid-career; but others have rushed on like a giant rejoicing to run his course, and have inundated half the elevated plain with huge waves and surf-like lines of once molten, but now adamantine and jagged rock.

Through and amongst groups of these, wherever the sifted pumice of ages long ago has filled up their dangerous clefts and crevices, and given soft footing for horse and mule,—we must travel on; and, hour after hour, become more and more deeply impressed with the sublime of scenes of primitive volcanic violence. On the left, a vertical crater-wall, more than one thousand feet high in solid rock, yet rent from top to bottom by huge dykes of diversely coloured lava; and then on the right are the scenes of gigantic confusion filling all the broad plain, of lava-rocks hurtling over each other, and fire-roasted mouths of small parasitic craters, with mounds of ashy pumice, and in the distance the great central Peak; while all the time the mighty sun, almost in our zenith, is inundating everything with his ruling light. This is "above the clouds by day." (See Woodcut, No. 1.) Yet is not the scene devoid either of some tender influences; for though now, with the clouds for full six months depressed far below this level, and abandoned for that time to fierce drought and unmitigated light, no encouragement is held forth to any plant to germinate; yet, in winter, under the then reign of south-west winds, this plain is visited with both rain and snow. The latter does indeed melt and the former disappears early in spring, but on the mere remembrance of their vanished moisture, that wonderful bush, the *retama* of the natives, *Cytisus nubigenus* of botanical lore, contrives to exist, and produce large hemispherical masses of its glaucous quill-like branches. These, rather mournful than otherwise to behold in summer and autumn, break forth in spring with multitudes of deliciously scented white blossoms, and form a gracious scene, which no man can hope to witness unless he raises himself more than a mile vertically into the air and on the flanks of this very moun-

tain; for the plant grows nowhere else in the world, and even here at no lower level. But during that short spring period all the gales are scented by the balmy odours of these flowers of the mountain-top; even violets then spring up between rough volcanic rocks; and the peasants below, packing their bee-hives on horses, bring them up in haste with all their industrious little workers inside, whom they then allow, at a height of 7000 feet above the sea, to cull the abundant honey from these elevated plants, during a few precious weeks which bring back both the simplicity and purity of old patriarchal life; man placed in immediate proximity with the grandest and fairest scenes in nature.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS BY NIGHT.

Higher still and yet higher must we push on out of the protected area of the great crater-plain; up the steep sides of its enclosing wall, and finally to the very summit of this bold ridge, in order to find a spot suitable, in all respects, for observing astronomical phenomena freely on every side. Such a spot, 8900 feet in height, is reached at last; tents are rudely pitched after the sun has set; but none of the tired party can think of going to rest; for, with hardly any interlude of evening or twilight, day changes into night, and multitudes of stellar orbs come rushing out of darkness into sight over every part of the sky. There is a moon too, which seems to glow in whitened light with a brilliancy never before witnessed; and, bright as her illuminated crescent may appear, the usually dark ball, or "the old moon in the young moon's arms," of quaint country legends, is intensely visible also. The moon then sets, and the stars of the whole firmament shine forth more brilliantly than ever, out of a sky which looks by contrast absolutely black.

But tired human nature must rest itself at last; and the sleep of hard toilers up the mountain side is heavy; yet one, more anxious than his fellows, must again, at the small hours after twelve, take another earnest inquiring gaze at the heaven-lit scene of night. He looks! but what is that which so astonishes him! He cannot at first believe his senses; he had already that night seen the moon go down in the west; but now there is another moon in the sky, and right overhead; for see here is the bluish light showered down by it, making a faint lavender-coloured illumination over every rock and every stone. What can be the meaning of this? he leaps in his astonishment out of the tent door, and looks up—but only to find that it is no moon; it is only one of the planets, "Jupiter," who, in that clear transparent air of the mountain top, instead of being visible only as a star when directly looked at, is able to throw down a sensible radiance over all the upper earth.

How calm and quiet those midnight hours on the elevated summit of the mountain. The winds were hushed, the turmoil of man far removed; and in that dry air and arid volcanic region "above the clouds," not a stream murmured, or a single torrent rattled the round stones along its rugged bed. Steeply sank the sides of the mountain peak in every direction; until, at five thousand feet in depth below its top, they were lost in the stratum of cloud that still existed there, and spread over lowlands and sea (see Woodcut No. 2, or, "above the clouds by night"); obscuring to gazers there all view of any part of the glorious orb-filled heavens above. And still, too, the distant movements of those rollers of white cloud betrayed also that that unquiet north-east wind must yet be raging down there in all its strength, tearing the mist piecemeal, and bowing down the heads of suffering palm-trees, and lashing the sea into foam-crested waves. Heaven grant that no cry of shipwrecked mariners be borne on the breeze; and, more still, that no evil thoughts be engendering in the cities of men.

From time to time, in the firmament of the mountain-top, a meteor shot past; but ever distinguished by its reddish light and close look from the distant silent stars. Then again, when even yet several hours from dawn, that strange lenticular glow of nebular splendour, the zodiacal light, appeared in the east; clear sign it is considered now of meteors innumerable circulating around the sun, and continually increasing in numbers with every approach to his surface. And what a surface that is, for, with all its enormous distance of ninety-five millions of miles, and the various media through which it is seen, its whole area is yet intrinsically brighter than any artificial brightness that man can produce; and in quantity, how vast! one of its least effects being to light up all the earth's atmosphere with the brightness of day, even before the disk itself appears upon the horizon.

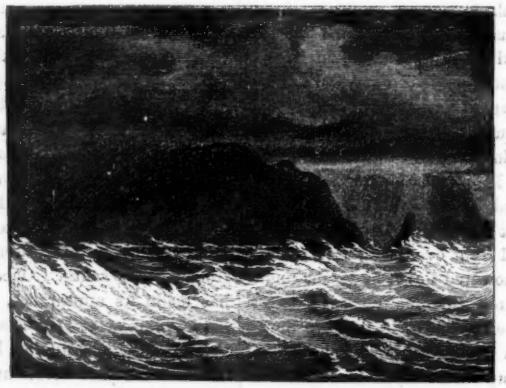
"Above the clouds" the colours of day-dawn are even more brilliant, and certainly more pure than below. A large roseate arch springs up high above the first blue, then yellow, then orange light of dawning day; and finally, the actual orb of that burning star, our sun, appears amidst ineffable splendour which rules everything from east to west, and from north to south. Once that this powerful star has made its appearance, all others vanish from before him; and all the scientific observations made through the live-long day, have reference to one or other of the manifestations of the dominant orb. At first, indeed, when, by reason of the height of the mountain, and the depression of the horizon, as well of the cloud-ocean as the salt-water ocean,

the sun's disk is seen through an immense thickness of terrestrial atmosphere—its light is comparatively faint, and its heat is even less; so that in fact the lowering of the thermometer with the past night's coldness still goes on; but hardly has the sun continued his upward march from the depressed horizon into the heavens more than seven minutes, before his rays, having then surpassed the previous reduplications of the earth's envelopes of air low down, begin to shoot along vigorously over the upper surface of that sea of cloud below; and striking with power on the isolated mountain-top above, instantly make the mercury of the thermometers commence an upward movement also in their scales, and so rapidly, that it needs the utmost activity of every observer to note the momentarily increasing effects. Thus is one side of the Peak daily heated to more than African degree, while the other side is cold in the counter-radiation of the blue sky and thin air.

YET HIGHER ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

But not yet, even at 8900 feet of altitude, is the air so thin and transparent as could be desired: the clouds have been indeed transcended; and day after day they are seen stretching out over lower hills, and valleys, and sea,—far, far below the mountain observers; but these men in their watchings still find wreaths of fine dusty matter between them and the heavens, and still experience the existence of some of those telescope tremors of the air, which Newton was so desirous to overcome. A higher station, therefore, must be occupied; and what place so appropriate as the great central volcanic peak, which rises in the middle of the huge eight-mile crater, and attains there a total height of 12,180 feet. The whole, indeed, of that height cannot be utilized, for the very top of the mountain is still in a slowly burning-out condition, emitting jets of steam and hot gases; and the sides, for some distance down, are inaccessible to loaded animals.

"Let us see, however, to what height we may penetrate." So said the party; and descending again to the crater-plain, they crossed that rugged region to the base of its central cone; a long day's journey, and "above the clouds" the whole of the way. Then they climbed and climbed, up a steep, pumice slope, far above the limits of all plants, between two monstrous ridges of blackened rocks, once red-hot flowing lava streams; climbed on until the last limit of the pumice was reached; and there, in a little nook, surrounded on three sides by the ancient scoriæ of the volcano, established themselves for observation once again.



Teneriffe below the Clouds.

This place proved to be 10,710 feet high, the barometer standing at twenty inches and a half, showing that about one-third in weight, and probably much more than that in impurity of the atmosphere, had been overpassed. There then, the party's largest telescope was erected; and moon, planets, and stars were gazed at night after night, in an air which, though still by no means perfect, was serene and quiet, pure and transparent to an extent that would indeed have delighted the soul of Newton; and did give promise of savingly increasing our knowledge of astronomical phenomena, were the experiment properly repeated under improved circumstances year after year.

How hard is it for those at a distance fully to realize the circumstances of another region. Of another sphere, who can tell the nature! It was when our party on the mountain were in the fullest enjoyment of their daily and nightly views of the heavens, that their friends in the towns of Teneriffe, near the sea-coast, wrote to them most sympathizingly: "Oh! what dreadful weather you must have been suffering! Down here we have had for three weeks the most frightful continuance of storms; constant clouds, rain, and howling winds; and if that was the case with us, what must it not have been with you at the greater height."

Yet, at the greater height, at that very time the air was tranquil and serene, the sky clear, and bad weather entirely confined to that lower depth in the atmosphere, beneath "the grosser clouds."

Marvellous, indeed, and soul-inspiring are the rewards which God in his goodness has allowed to be attained by those amongst men who diligently explore and read his book of works, coincidently with his inestimable book of revealed words.

More it is not in our power to add to this; but further exemplifications of the principle may be richly afforded ere long by a party of Russian astronomers, who have recently been sent to that goodly mountain, the mountain Ararat; whose name no Christian can hear without deep emotion, and on whose hoary, time-honoured summit, full 17,000 feet above the sea, they are to try, under improved circumstances, and in a more copious manner, the same Newtonian experiment which the British Government inaugurated on Teneriffe in 1856.

C. PIAZZI SMYTH.

THE CHRISTMAS CHILD.

I.

THE rain is cold, the sky is pitch,
Above the city's lengthening piles,
Gleaming across an inky ditch,
The glimmering lamp-lights stretch for miles.

'Tis Christmas Eve, nor late though dark;
Still out upon the busy street
The windows shine, and one can mark
The passers hurrying through the sleet.

One hastens on with heavy tread;
Had any tried his face to scan,
"A common man," they would have said;—
Thank God! he was "a common man."

More lonely grew the way he took,
And once he stopped, amid the rain,
To cast a bright ungrudging look
On what he saw through lighted pane.

A Christmas feast! a table spread!
A cheerful glow of lamp and fire!
A heap of children, head o'er head,
And one in arms uplifted higher!—

Uplifted to the father's lips!
But just as he had kissed the boy,
They closed the curtains, and eclipse
Fell on the sharer of his joy,

Who sighs, and on his way doth wend,—
A shadow on his face hath come.
What waits him at his journey's end?
A cheerless hearth? a joyless home?

Nay, both as any warm and bright,
And wont to light his weariest way,
Through longest road and blackest night,
But now the brightness fades away.

No small feet cross that stainless hearth,
Or patter on that dainty floor!
One pair, long laid in wintry earth,
Will greet his coming never more.

II.

Yet rest and hearty cheer await
Our dripping wayfarer; for him
The board is spread in simple state,
The curtain'd bed stands white and trim.

The housewife sits, with musing eye,
Contemplating her labours done;
Her Christmas cheer, her own mince-pie,
Her ample store of cake and bun.

She sigh'd in fulness of content,
And then she gave another sigh,—
"What's all the good of this," it meant,
"With none to eat but John and I?"

Frugal she was, nor much would take
Or give; what moved the worthy soul?
She rose and took her largest cake,
And forth on gentle errand stole.

Across the way a neighbour dwelt,
With many little mouths to feed;
Heart-sickening care who daily felt,
For failing strength and growing need.

To them her Christmas gift she took,
Leaving ajar the cottage door—
Painting each sharer's joyful look,
The weltering road she hasten'd o'er.

And through the storm swift-falling—Hark!
Was that a sob? One moment nigh,
A wild face peered from out the dark—
Some woful heart was passing by.

III.

The dame had lingered for a space,
And now upon the threshold met
Her spouse, and with a radiant face,
Shut out the darkness and the wet.

A little stir their entrance makes,
But soon a genial quiet falls;
When, lo! an infant's wail awakes
Within the unaccustomed walls.

And both are in mid-speech struck mute,
And quick, with startled looks, arise,
And listening stand—nor stir a foot—
Till, hark! again those plaining cries!

Then moving to the couch, that stands
So white and trim, they—half in awe,
And curious half—with eager hands,
Aside the snowy curtains draw.

And there it lay, a tiny thing
All meanly clad and weeping sore ;
Such tears no elvish trick could wring,
No less than mortal grief could pour.

Soon as the baby-form was prest
In woman's arms, it hushed its cries ;
And turned toward the mother's breast
With quivering lips and drowning eyes.



They bring it to the light, nor mark
Without—the wreck of woe and sin—
A form that crouches in the dark,
A wild, white face that peers within.

Praying the woman-soul to save
Her babe : and to that peaceful hearth
She saw the kiss that welcome gave,
And fled an outcast of the earth.

The cautious dame had questioned still
The bounds of charity and right,
Although her inmost soul would thrill
Above the babe that blessed night.

But for a whisper in her ear,
That boundless love that hour had claim.
" A Christmas gift," we'll keep it, dear,
It was to-night the Saviour came.

ISA CRAIG.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF 1862.

FIRST EVENING—THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow," etc.—MATT. xiii. 3.

"AT this period, a great and eager multitude followed the steps of Jesus, and hung upon his lips. A certain divine authority, strangely combined with the tenderest human sympathy, marked his discourses sharply off as entirely different in kind from all that they had been accustomed to hear in the synagogue. Finding that instincts and capacities hitherto dormant in their being, were awakened by his word, "the common people heard him gladly." At an earlier hour of the same day in which this parable was spoken, the circle of listeners drawn around the teacher had become so broad and dense, that his mother and brethren who had come from home to speak with him, were obliged to halt on the outskirts of the crowd and pass the message on from mouth to mouth. In these circumstances the preacher's work was heavy, and, doubtless, the worker was wearied. Having paused till the press slackened, he secretly retired to the margin of the lake, desiring probably to "rest a while;" but no sooner had he taken his seat beside the cool still water, than he was again surrounded by the anxious crowd. At once to escape the pressure, and to command the audience better when he should again begin to speak, he stepped into one of the fishing boats that floated at ease close by the beach on the margin of that tideless inland sea. From the water's edge, stretching away upward on the natural gallery formed by the sloping bank, the great closely-packed congregation presented to the preacher's eye the appearance of a ploughed field ready to receive the seed. As he opened his lips and cast the word of life freely abroad among them, he saw—he felt the parallel between the sowing of nature and the sowing of grace. Into this mould, accordingly, the Lord at that time threw the lesson of saving truth. He grasped the facts and laws of his own material world, and wielded them with sure and steady aim, as instruments in the establishment of his new spiritual kingdom. "Behold, a sower went forth to sow."

Whether a sower was actually in sight at that moment in a neighbouring field or not, every individual in that rural assemblage must have been abundantly familiar with the act, and would instantly recognise the truthfulness of the picture.

The sower, with his bag of wheat dependent from his shoulder, steps slowly forth into the prepared field. He marches in a straight line along the furrow with measured equal steps. His hand, accustomed to keep time with his advancing footsteps, and to jerk the seed forward with considerable force in order to secure uniformity of distribution, cannot easily stop when he approaches the hard trodden margin of the field. By habit, the right hand executes its wonted movement, each time the right foot makes a step in advance; and thus portions of the seed are thrown at every turning on the surface of the trodden way-side. Birds, scared for a moment by the sower's approach to the spot, hover in the air till his back is turned on another tack, and then, each eager to be first, come swooping down, and swallow up all the grain that found no soft place where it fell for hiding in. Even if it should happen in any case that no birds were near, the seed that fell on the wayside was as surely destroyed in another way: the alternative suggested in Luke's narrative is, that it is "trodden under the feet of men."

But while the portion of seed that fell on the wayside was thus certainly destroyed, it does not follow that all the rest came to perfection. "Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was up they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered away." The stony places are not portions of the field where many separate stones may be seen lying on the surface, but portions which consist of continuous rock underneath, with a thin sprinkling of soft soil over it. Here the seed springs, and springs earlier than in spots where it is more deeply covered; but when the rains of spring have ceased, and the summer sun has waxed hot, the moisture is soon all exhaled from the shallow stratum of soil, and forthwith the young, tender wheat-plants die.

But there may be yet another "slip between the cup and the lip:" even from the seed that falls on deep soft ground, you cannot count with certainty on a rich return in harvest. Although the plants should without obstruction strike their roots deeply into the soft moist earth, and rear their stalks aloft into the balmy air, they may be rendered barren at last by the simultaneous growth of rivals more imperious and more powerful than themselves. Unless the grain not only grow in deeply broken ground, but grow alone there, it cannot be fruitful: "Some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked it."

As truth is one and error manifold; so, in regard to the sown seed, the story of failure is long and varied; the story of success is short and simple. "Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold." The design of the picture is to exhibit the various causes which at different times and places render the husbandman's labour abortive, and leave his garner empty; this done, there is no need for more. The seed, when none of these things impeded it, prospered as a matter of course, and came to perfection under the ordinary care of man and the ordinary gifts of God.

Three distinct obstructions to the growth and ripening of the seed are enumerated and explained. The statement is exact, and the order transparent. The natural sequence is beautifully and strictly

maintained. The three causes of abortion,—the wayside, the stony ground, and the thorns, follow each other as do the spring, the summer, and the autumn. In the first case, the seed does not spring at all; in the second, it springs but dies before it grows up; in the third it grows up, but does not ripen. If it escape the wayside, the danger of the stony ground lies before it: if it escape the stony ground, the thorns at a later date threaten its safety; and it is only when it has successively escaped all the three, that it becomes fruitful at length.

In this case the Lord himself gave both the parable and its explanation; he became his own interpreter. The Master takes us like little children by the hand, and leads us through all the turnings of his first symbolic lesson, lest in our inexperience we should miss our way. The Son of God our Saviour not only gave himself a sacrifice for sin; he also laboured as a patient painstaking teacher of the ignorant. He is the Apostle as well as the "High-priest of our profession." His instructions have been recorded by the Spirit in the Scriptures for our use. We may still sit at his feet and listen to him who spake as never man spake. He has taken his seat on the elevated deck of a fishing-boat, while the waters of the lake are calm, and is discoursing to a congregation of Galileans from the neighbourhood, who stand clustering on the shore. Let us join the outskirts of the crowd, and hear that heavenly teacher too.

From the Lord's own express exposition, here and elsewhere recorded, we learn that the seed is the word of God,—that the sower is the man who makes it known to his neighbours,—and that the ground on which the seed falls is the hearer's heart. The main drift of the parable concerns the ground, and to it, accordingly, our attention must be chiefly directed. The lesson, however, lies not in the inherent essential properties of the soil, but in the accidental obstructions to the growth of grace, which in certain circumstances it may contain: Some notice, therefore, of the seed and the sower, in their spiritual signification, is not only profitable at this stage, but peremptorily necessary to the full apprehension of the instruction which the parable conveys.

"The seed is the word." Seed has been created by God and given to men. If it were wholly lost, it would be impossible, through human power and skill, to procure a new supply; the human race would perish, unless the Omnipotent should interfere again with his creating power. For spiritual life and food the fallen were equally helpless, and equally dependent on the gift of God. The seed is the Word, and the Word is contained in the Scriptures. When we drop a verse of the Bible into listening ears, we are sowing the seed of the kingdom. But the Scriptures, whether spoken or written, are not of themselves living or life-giving. Wanting the Spirit they are a dead letter; and the dead letter kills. The Jews went to the Scriptures for eternal life, and missed it, because they found not Christ there, and would not receive Him when he offered himself. The seed is the Word, but the Word is Christ. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." John i. Christ is the living seed, and the Bible is the husk that holds it. The husk that holds the seed is the most precious thing in the world, but all its preciousness is owing to the seed which it holds. The Lord himself precisely defines the place and value of the Scriptures:—"they are they which testify of me;" John v. 39. The seed of the kingdom is himself the King.

There is no inconsistency in representing Christ as the seed, while he was, in the first instance, also the sower. Most certainly he preached the Saviour, and also was the Saviour whom he preached. The incident in the synagogue at Nazareth, Luke iv. 16-22, is a remarkably distinct example of Christ being at once the sower and the seed. When he had read the lesson of the day, a glorious prophetic gospel from Isaiah, "he closed the book and gave it again to the minister and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." As soon as he had taken from the Scriptures the proclamation regarding himself, he laid the Scriptures aside and presented himself to the people. The Saviour preached the Saviour,—himself the sower, and himself the seed.

In the beginning of the gospel, when the chosen band of sowers first went to work upon the ample field, taught of the Spirit they knew well what seed they ought to carry, and were ready, wherever they saw an opening, to cast it in. One of them, and he the greatest, formed and expressed a determination to know nothing among the people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Twice over in one chapter, Acts vii., we learn incidentally, but with great precision, what seed Philip the evangelist always carried about and cast into every furrow, whether great or small. When a large congregation assembled in the city of Samaria to hear him, "he preached Christ unto them:" And when on a subsequent occasion he was called to deal with an anxious inquirer alone in the desert, he opened his mouth and began at the same Scripture,—"He was led as a sheep to the slaughter," etc.—"and preached unto him Jesus." This is the seed sent from heaven to be the life of the world.

The sowers, although they have become a great company in these latter days, are still, like the reapers, "few" in relation to the vastness of the field. In commencing the history of the apostles' ministry (Acts i. 1), the Evangelist Luke refers to his own gospel as a treatise "of all that Jesus *began* both to do and teach." The servants took up and carried on, under the Spirit's ministry, their Master's work. Before he ascended into heaven the Lord had called and qualified a chosen number to spread the seed on earth. From that day to this the supply has never failed, and it will not fail until all this wilderness under their hands shall have become the garden of the Lord.

The Lord's message to Ananias of Damascus regarding Paul, immediately after his conversion, graphically defines the office of a minister as a sower of the seed: "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel," Acts ix. 15. A vessel for holding Christ, and dropping that living seed into human

hearts wherever an opening should appear; this is the true idea of a minister of the gospel. Nor is the work limited to those who, being trained for it, and freed from other cares, may be capable of conducting it on a greater scale: as every leaf of the forest, and every ripple on the lake that receives a sunbeam on its bosom, may throw the sunbeam off again and spread the light around; so every one, old or young, rich or poor, who receives Christ into his heart, may and will publish, with his life and lips, that blessed name. In the spirit of our Lord's own precept regarding the harvest, we may all be encouraged to adopt and press the prayer that our Father, the husbandman, would send forth sowers into his field.

SECOND EVENING—THE WAYSIDE.

"Some seeds fell by the wayside."—MATT. xiii. 4.

A path beaten smooth by the feet of travellers skirts the edge of the field, or, perhaps, in cases of great carelessness, strikes, by way of short-cut, right through the middle: on this portion, as on the softened path, the good seed falls; but the seed that falls there, lying exposed on the surface, is picked up by birds who are watching for it as their prey. Behold in one picture God's gracious offer, man's self-destroying neglect, and the tempter's coveted opportunity!

The analogy, being true to nature, is instantly and easily recognised. There is a condition of heart which corresponds to the smoothness, hardness, and wholeness of surface, where a frequented footpath skirts or crosses a ploughed field. The spiritual hardness is also like the natural in its cause as well as in its character. The place is a thoroughfare: a mixed multitude of this world's affairs tread over it without intermission from morning till night, and from year to year. It is not fenced like a garden, but exposed like an uncultivated common. The secret of the Lord,—"Enter thy closet and shut thy door," is scarcely known, or if known it is neglected. The soil is trodden by all comers, and is never broken up and softened by a thorough self-searching or application of the truth to the conscience. A human heart may thus become marvellously callous both to good and evil. The terrors of the Lord and the tender invitations of the gospel are alike ineffectual. They fall upon the eye or ear and drop off again, as the good solid grain, thrown from the sower's hand, rattles on the smooth hard roadside, and lies on the surface till the fowls carry it away.

The seed is good: "the word of God is quick and powerful," that is, living and working its own way. Like buried moistened seed, it swells and bursts and forces its way over or through opposing obstacles. A heart of clay, smoothed and hardened on the surface, may hold it out for a lifetime; but a heart of stone could not hold it in, if it once were in, for a single day.

We shall here take a handful from the heap, and spread it on the field.

All have sinned, and all are lost by sin. The wrath of God lieth on the children of disobedience. Reader, if you have not since your birth-day been born again, and so passed from death unto life, you are one of the lost to-day. You have destroyed yourself; but you cannot save yourself. You can neither blot guilt from your conscience, nor doom from the book of God. If the Judge should mark iniquity you could not stand. There is but a breath between you and eternity; and if you enter it with your sin marked to your own account you will perish; but God is love. He has pitied lost men. He has sent his Son to seek and save them. The eternal Son having taken our nature, became Immanuel, God with us. He gave himself a sacrifice, the just for the unjust. Having obtained redemption by the price of his blood, he offers pardon, full, free; and he offers it to sinners.

If you are not saved, it is not the fault of the seed: it is not even the fault of the sower, although his work may have been feebly and unskilfully done. If the seed is good and the ground in a right condition, a very poor and awkward kind of sowing will suffice. Seed flung in any manner into good ground will grow; whereas if it fall on the wayside it will bear no fruit, however artfully it may have been spread.

My father was a practical and skilful agriculturist. When very young, I was wont to follow his footsteps in the fields farther and oftener than was convenient for him or comfortable for myself. Knowing well how much a child is gratified by being permitted to imitate a man's work, he sometimes hung the seed-bag, with a few handfuls in it, round my shoulder, and sent me into the field to sow. I contrived in some way to throw the grain into the air, and so it fell among the clods. But the seed that fell from the feeble infant's hand grew as well and ripened as fully as that which the strong skilful man had scattered. In the spiritual department, too, the skill of the sower, although important in its own place, is altogether subordinate. The cardinal points are the seed and the soil. In point of fact, throughout the history of the Church, while the Lord has abundantly honoured his own ordinance of a standing ministry, he has never ceased to show, by granting signal success to feeble instruments, that His work is not dependent on the talents of the servants whom he employs.

Nor does the blame of failure in the last resort, lie with the soil. The man who still receives the gospel on the hard surface of a worldly careless life, is of the same flesh and blood—of the same understanding mind and immortal spirit with his neighbour who is now a new creature in Christ. Believers partake of the same human nature with those who are still unrenewed. As the ground which has been trodden into a footpath across the field or along its margin, is in all its essential qualities the same as that on which the waving grain is growing: so the human constitution and faculties of one who lives without God in the world, are

substantially the same as those which belong to the redeemed of the Lord. It was the breaking of the ground that made the difference between the fruitful field and the barren wayside; so those minds and hearts that now bear the fruits of faith were barren till they were broken; and those on which the seed has been often thrown but only thrown away, may yet yield an increase of a hundredfold to their owner, when conviction and repentance have rent them open for the admission of the word of life.

Felix, the Roman governor, was a specimen of the trodden way-side. Worn alternately by the cares of business and the pleasures of sin, his hardened, hackneyed conscience presented no opening for the entrance of the gospel. Paul, accordingly, when called to preach before him, did not in the first instance pour out the message of mercy: he spoke of "righteousnes, temperance, and judgment to come," thus plying the seared, seasoned heart with the terrors of the Lord, in the hope of breaking thereby the covering crust, and preparing a seed-bed in its depths for the word of eternal life. But the earth in that case was as iron, and did not yield even to the apostle's blow. From the heart of Felix the message of mercy was effectually shut out. The jailer of Philippi was doubtless equally hard in a more vulgar sphere; but his defences were shattered: in that night of visitation his heart was rent as much as his prison, and over the opening, Paul the sower promptly dropped a great solid grain of the precious seed, —"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The word entered, and its entrance gave life.

This portion of the parable does not directly speak to established disciples, or backsliding professors, or convicted anxious sinners. The lesson here is addressed to those who have hitherto lived without God in the world, and who have lived in the main, comparatively at ease.

You might understand your case, friends, if you would consider it, as you consider other branches of business. Look on the hard, dry road that skirts a corn-field: you are not surprised to find it barren in a harvest-day. You know that grain would not grow although it were sown there; and you know the reason. The reason why the gospel does you no good may be as surely, as distinctly seen. A constant succession of cares, vanities, or passions tread upon your heart, and harden it, so that Christ's message of mercy, though it sound on the surface, never goes in, and never gets hold. Think not that saints are a different sort of people by nature, and so indolently despair of ever becoming like them. They were once what you are; and you may yet become what they already are, and more. "Break up your fallow ground." Look into your own heart's sin, until you begin to grieve over it. Look unto Jesus bearing sin until you begin to love him for his love. Tell the Lord, in prayer, that your heart is hard, and plead for his Holy Spirit to make it tender. The saints already in rest, and disciples in the body still, were once a trodden way-side like yourself, as hard and as barren. Place your heart as they did, without reserve, in the Redeemer's hands: bid him take its hardness out, and make it new. Invite the Word of Life Himself to take up His abode within you; and throw the doors wide open that the King of Glory may come in. When Christ shall dwell in your heart by faith, a godly sorrow underneath will soften every faculty of your nature, and over all the surface fruits of righteousness will grow.

THIRD EVENING—THE STONY GROUND.

"Some fell upon stony places."—MATT. xiii. 5.

A human heart, the soil which receives the precious seed, is in itself, and before cultivation, hard both above and below; but by a little easy culture, such as most people in this country may enjoy, some measure of softness is produced on the surface. Among those warm and newly stirred affections, the seed speedily springs. Many young hearts in this favoured land take hold of Christ, and let him go again. This, on the one hand, as we learn by the result, was never a true conversion; but neither was it, on the other hand, a case of conscious, intentional hypocrisy. It was real, but it was not thorough. Something was given to Christ, but all was not given, and therefore the issue was the same as if nothing had been given.

Believing parents, or watchful teachers, observe in the young a tenderness of conscience, an earnest attention to the truth, a subdued and reverential tone, with frequency and fervency in prayer. They cherish these symptoms with mingled hope and fear. The symptoms increase and multiply. The converts are added to the church, and perhaps their experience is narrated as an example. This is not a deception: it is a true out-growth from the contact of human hearts with the word of life. Man, who looks on the outward appearance only, cannot with certainty determine in whom this promise of spring will be blasted by the summer heat, and in whom it will yield to the reaper a manifold return. When you cast your eye over the corn-field soon after the seed has sprung, you may be unable to detect any difference between one portion and another: all may be alike fresh and green. But if some parts of the field be deep, soft soil, and other parts only a thin sprinkling of earth over unbroken rock, there is a decisive difference in secret even now, and the difference will ere long be manifest to every observer. Come back and look upon the same field when it has lain a week or two without rain, beneath a scorching sun, and you will find that while some portions have increased in strength without losing any of their freshness, in other portions the green covering has disappeared, and left the ground as brown and bare as it was on the day when the "sower went forth to sow" upon it. When the ground is broken underneath, and so permits the roots of the growing seed to penetrate its depths, and drink up its fatness, the towering stalks defy

the summer's drought; but where the roots are shut out from the heart, the leaves wither on the surface.

The person who, without a rending and renewing of the heart, merely receives the gospel on some superficial softness of the old nature, gets his Christianity more easily and more quickly than others that have been more deeply exercised,—hope springs up at once, without delay and without difficulty. But testing trials are the method of the Divine government; discipline the order of Christ's house. He that endureth to the end shall be saved, but he that falls away in the middle shall not. The fair profession that grows over an unhumbled heart "dureth for a while," but does not endure to the end. "When tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word," the religion which did not go farther than the surface, could not remain on the surface: it withers root and branch. The inward affection, such as it was, and the outward profession together disappear. From him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.

In the earlier centuries of the Christian era, the profession of faith, when lightly assumed, was frequently and suddenly scorched off the so-called Christian's lips, by the pitiless persecution of heathen governments: in subsequent ages, and down even to our own day, Papal fires have burned fiercely in many lands; and before them every faith has faded, except that which is of God's own planting, and grows in the depths of the believer's soul. Nationally we have greater privileges, but beware. The divine law, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution," has not yet been repealed. Nor is this a mere expression, introduced to keep our theology correct: it is a present, operating, powerful truth. In every season and in every clime the sun of persecution is hot enough to kill the Christianity which springs in accidentally softened natural affections over a stony heart. It may be difficult for philosophy to explain the reason, but experience incontestibly establishes the fact, that slight persecutions have often been as effectual as the heaviest in blasting the deceptive appearance of religion which, under favouring circumstances, grew for a while in the life of an unrenewed man. In point of fact, the sneer of a few fashionable free-thinkers in a drawing-room, or of a few rude scoffers in a workshop, has done as much as the fagot and the stake to make a fair but false disciple deny his Lord.

Young Christians, whose faith and hope are bursting through the ground and blooming, should be, not distrustful of the Lord, but jealous of themselves. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Deeper sense of sin, clearer views of truth, warmer love to Jesus—these are the safeguards against the danger of backsliding. Strive and pray for these. Do not keep Christ, as it were, lying on the surface; let him possess the bulk and the best of your heart. "Whosoever will save his life," keeping its central mass all and whole for himself, "shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake," opening and abandoning it to Christ from its circumference to its core, "shall find it."

It seems to have been in this manner that King Saul's faith grew, and in this manner that it withered ere it was ripe. It came away quickly at first, and presented a goodly appearance for a while. But the ground, broken and softened on the surface, by Samuel's ministry and the call to the kingdom, was rocky underneath, and the rock was never rent. When he was seated on the throne, his own master, with "the thousands of Israel" coming and going at his nod, he began to feel the restraint of piety irksome, and the reproof of the aged prophet rude. The sun of prosperity scorched the green growth that had suddenly overspread his outward life. Michal his daughter, more acquainted with the kingly airs of his later, than the humble professions of his earlier life, seems to have partaken of his inward hardness, without adopting his profession of piety. Like him she was not godly in the depths of her soul; but unlike him, she made no superficial pretence of godliness. When she put forth all her irony in order to make her husband David ashamed of his own zeal in "dancing before the Lord," she truly reflected the inner spirit, if not the outward profession, of her father's court. That taunt from the supercilious, curling lip of the royal princess, who had honoured him by consenting to become his wife, was a burning ray of persecution streaming on David's defenceless head. If his religion had been lying on the surface while the pomp and circumstance of royalty occupied his heart, it would have died out then and there, as the tender sprouting corn whose roots rest on a rock, dies out in the scorching clime of Galilee. But David's faith was deep, and it ripened rather than withered under the scornful glance of the worldly-minded princess, as corn growing in good ground is better filled and sooner ripe where the sky is cloudless and the sun is fierce.

That deep-seated, stony hardness of heart which defies all the efforts of human cultivators, is often broken small by the hand of God. It appears that Lydia through natural temperament or association with Christians, or both together, had attained some measure of spiritual susceptibility, for she professed the truth, and attended the prayer-meeting by the river side; but the seed of the word which had sprung on the surface of her life, had not yet struck its roots so deep as to withstand persecution if it should come in power. She is described as a woman who sold purple, and worshipped God: she had an honest business, and a true religion; and were not these enough? No; the next fact in the history was the cardinal point of her life; "whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things that were spoken of Paul." The seed from that sower's hand went in, and took possession, but it entered by an opening which was made by the power of God. Whether the rock was rent by the dew of the Spirit dropping silently, or by some substantial stroke of providence upon her person or her interests, we do not know. If ordinary providential methods were employed, we do not know the specific instrument which was in that case wielded. Perhaps this honest and religious woman had a child that lay on her bosom, and that bosom reft of its treasure rent with aching. Perhaps she came to the prayer-

meeting on the day that Paul attended it, arrayed for the first time in widow's weeds, and the stroke that tore her other self away, had left a wide avenue open in her heart. Or,—for instruments of small weight do great execution when they are wielded by an Almighty arm,—perhaps an adverse turn of trade had left the matron, who had proudly maintained her family by honest industry, dependent on a neighbour's bounty for daily bread. Were other dealers underselling her in the market? Was her foreman unsteady; for, being a woman, she must needs depend much on hired helpers? Or did a living husband grieve her more than a dead one could have done? By one of these instruments or by another diverse from them all, or without any visible means, the Lord opened Lydia's heart, and the word of life came in with power. Henceforth she was not her own; Christ dwelt in her heart by faith, and her life was devoted to the Lord that bought her. Deep in that broken heart the seed is rooted, and now no temptation, however intense and long continued, will be able to blanch its green blade, or blast its filling ear. "Lord, increase our faith."

FOURTH EVENING—THE THORNS.

"And some fell among thorns."—MATT. xiii. 7.

In the application of the lesson, the term thorns must be understood not specifically, but generally. In the natural object it indicates any species of useless weed that occupies the ground and injures the growing crop; in the spiritual application, it indicates worldly cares of every kind that usurp in a human heart the place due to the kingdom of heaven, and Christ its king.

The earthly affections, which render religion unfruitful in the heart, as thorns choke the grain that grows among them, are enumerated under two heads, "the care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches." In Luke, pleasure and riches are both expressly mentioned, and therefore we may assume that in Matthew's narrative the single term "riches" is intended to include also the pleasures which they profess to buy.

Both from our own experience in the world, and the specific terms employed by the Lord in the interpretation of the parable, we learn that all classes and ranks are equally exposed to danger. This is not a rich man's business, or a poor man's, it is every man's business. The words seem to point to the two extremes of human life, and to include all that lies between. "The care of the world" becomes the snare of those who have little, and "the deceitfulness of riches" the snare of those who have much. Thus the world, both in its short-coming and its excess, wars against the soul. Rich and poor cannot, in this matter, cast stones at each other. Pinching want and luxurious profusion are indeed two distinct and widely diverse species of thorns, but, when favoured by circumstances, they are equally rank in their growth, and equally effective in destroying precious grain.

In two distinct aspects, thorns growing in a field of wheat reflect, as in a mirror, the kind of spiritual injury which the cares and pleasures of the world inflict when they are admitted into the heart; they exhaust the soil by their roots, and overshadow the corn by their branches.

1. Thorns and thistles occupying the field suck in the sap which should go to nourish the good seed, and leave it, though living, a hungry skeleton. The capability of the ground is limited. The agriculturist scatters as much seed in the field as the field is capable of sustaining and bringing to maturity. When weeds of rank growth spring up, their roots greedily and masterfully drain the soil of its fatness for their own supply, and as there is not enough both for them and the grain-stalks, the weakest goes to the wall. The lawful, useful, but feeble grain is deprived of its sustenance by the more robust intruder. Under the ground, as well as on its surface, might crushes right. Robbers fatten on the spoil of loyal citizens; and loyal citizens are left to starve. Moreover, the weeds are indigenous in the soil; this is proved by the very fact of their growth, for certainly they were not sown there by the husbandman's hand. The grain, on the other hand, is not native, it must be brought to the spot and sown; it must be cherished and protected as a stranger. The two occupants of the ground are consequently not on equal terms, It is not a fair fight. The thorns are at home; the wheat is an exotic. The thorns are robust. and can hold their own; the wheat is delicate, and needs a protector. The weeds accordingly grow with luxuriance, while the wheat-stalks in the neighbourhood, cheated of their sustenance under ground, become tall, empty, barren straws.

2. Thorns and thistles, favoured as indigenous plants by the suitableness of soil and climate, outgrow the grain, both in breadth and height. The out-spread leaves and branches constitute a thick screen between the tender ear of corn and the sunshine. Under that blighting shadow, although the stalks may grow tall, and the husks spread out in their exquisite natural arrangement, no solid seed is formed or ripened. On the spot which the thorns usurped, the reaper gathers only straw and chaff.

How vivid, on both its sides, is the picture, and how truthfully it represents the case!

The faculties of the human heart and mind are limited, like the productive powers of the ground. Neither the understanding nor the affections are infinite. That soil, indeed, even where it is deepest and richest, is soon exhausted, especially if rival and reciprocally hostile emotions grow together on the spot. You hear the word and understand it; you are conscious of guilt, and cry for pardon; you look unto Jesus, and hope for mercy through His blood: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," is your self-distrustful and child-like cry. You begin to hope in God's salvation, and to do His commandments; to trust in the redemption of Christ, and to serve the Lord that bought you. Thus far it is well. The field

has been broken; the seed has been covered in the ground; the covered seed has sprung; the sprung seed has grown apace, and now seems near maturity. When evil comes, it does not come in the form of speculative unbelief. When you begin to backslide, you do not begin by abjuring your religion, or denying your God. You do not pull the grown, but unripened, corn up by the roots, and cast it over the hedge. The harvest is marred in a more silent, secret way. The kingdom of Satan, cunningly in this matter imitating the kingdom of God, "cometh not with observation." Weeds spring up among the wheat. At first they are small and scarcely perceptible; no danger is apprehended from that source. Their first leaves are smooth, tender, and very innocent-like, giving to the inexperienced eye, no indication of their rough, ravenous nature. But if they are not watched and destroyed, they will in the end cause the loss of the soul. If you are poor, anxieties about work and wages, clothes and food, wife and children, become the thorn plants, harmless in appearance and unsuspected at first, which in the end choke the seed of grace in your heart. If you are rich, the pleasure which wealth may bring, or the love of the wealth itself, becomes the root of evil secretly growing in your heart, which, in the day of its strength, will blast all spiritual life, and leave nothing but chaff to be driven away in the great day of the Lord. Watch and pray; these cares and pleasures creep in at first in a humble and submissive guise; it is by their gradual growth that they do a deadly mischief. By degrees their roots drain all the sap of your soul; and the kingdom of God "within you," although never formally abjured, is permitted silently to sink into decay. Your time, your money, your memory, your imagination, your affections, your thoughts at night, and thoughts in the morning—all that is within you, instead of being devoted to a trust in the Redeemer for reconciliation, and a walk with God in an obedient life, is absorbed by the things that perish in the using. When you betake yourself to the word, prayer, communion, your heart already searched, drained, scourged, by the greedy roots of rank, earthly lusts, is a sapless, impoverished, shrivelled thing, where faith in God and communion with Him can no longer grow. Thus perish many bright promises. Christ's word remains a witness against those who have been undone by neglecting it. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon!"

Worldly cares in the heart are farther like thorns growing in a corn-field, in that they interpose a veil between the face of Jesus and the opening, trustful, longing look of a believing soul. It is the want of free habitual exposure to the Sun of righteousness that prevents the ripening of grace in Christians. Unless we turn our eye often upward, and expose the springing, growing, struggling seed of faith to the beams of Immanuel's love, there will be no substantial growth in grace, and no ultimate fruit of righteousness. It is thus that insinuating, overspreading, dominant cares quench both hope and holiness; they prevent the simple, tender, frequent confiding look unto Jesus, which is necessary to the increase or maintenance of spiritual life. The love of Christ freely streaming down from heaven, and freely admitted into an open willing heart, by degrees turns fear into hope, doubt into confidence, and the feeble struggle of a child into the strong man's glorious victory; as unimpeded sunlight changes the minute mustard-seed into a towering tree, and the tender sprouts of spring into the golden treasures of harvest. A thickly-woven web of cares and pleasures, outspread between the soul and the Saviour, is a chief cause of failure in "God's husbandry."

Nor is the harvest safe, although the thorny shade that overhangs it be not altogether impervious and constant. Fitful glances of sunshine now and then will not bring the fruit to maturity. Stand beneath the branches of a forest tree on a day that is at once bright and breezy, you may observe on the grass at your feet a curious network of flickering light, trembling and dancing about in continuous motion. The sunbeams penetrating through the openings of the agitated branches, are barren, though beautiful. The grass that gets no other light grows slim and pithless, bearing no seed-bunch on its slender top. Sunlight now and then admitted through apertures in the leafy awning is not sufficient for the processes of nature: the grain-field must have its bosom opened, without impediment, permanently to the sun. It is thus that snatches of spiritual exercise do not avail to promote the growth or even to preserve the life of grace, in a heart that is in the main habitually overshadowed by greedy overgrown cares. Evening and morning you may open the Bible and bend the knee, but the fading plant of the word within you is not revived by these brief and fitful glances. Before the drooping leaves and ears have had time to feel the genial warmth, another cloud has blocked up the orifice, and left them again in the chill, damp shade. Even the Lord's day, as a gap left open between earth and heaven, is not by any means so wide as it seems: for the memory of the past day's business and pleasure stretches over on the one side, until it meet, or almost meet the anticipation of the next day's business and pleasure, so that even on the Sabbath the world overshadows the soul of its votary. Shut out, except at inconsiderable and uncertain intervals, from the light of life, he passes through the summer of probation with a well-proportioned but empty form of godliness: and the Lord, when he comes at the close to gather the wheat into his garner, finds on that portion of the field only the rustling chaff of a dead profession, instead of fruit unto holiness on a living soul.

And now, under the guidance of the Great Teacher's own interpretation, we have gone through the series of successive obstacles which hinder the growth and mar the fruitfulness of God's Word in the hearts of men—gone through weeping as we went. At the close of this sad but instructive journey, a beauteous sight bursts into view. It is a field of grain on a sunny harvest day. The surface was broken and the seed sunk beneath it from the sower's hand; the ground was soft and sapful to a sufficient depth, and the roots of the springing corn found room to spread in; the soil was clean, and its fatness, not shared by usurping weeds, went all to the nourishment of the sown grain;

therefore, in the balmy air and under the beaming sun, it is ripe to day and ready to fill the reaper's bosom. It is a refreshing, satisfying sight; but fair though it be, we shall not linger long to gaze upon it. By the parable the Master mainly meant to teach us what things are adverse to his kingdom. Having learned this lesson from his lips, we go away grateful for his pungent warnings, without lingering long over the glad prospect to which our stony, thorny path has led.

While all the field is fruitful, some portions of the seed produce a larger return than others. The picture is true to nature, and the fact in the spiritual sphere exactly corresponds. There are diversities in the Spirit's operation, diversities in the amount of energy exerted by believers as fellow-workers with God in their own sanctification, and diversities in the resulting fruitfulness of pardoned and converted men. While all believers are safe in the Saviour, each should covet the best gifts. No true disciple will be contented with a thirty-fold increase for the Lord, in his own heart and life, if through watchfulness and prayer, if by denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, if by sternly crucifying the flesh, and trustfully communing with the Lord, he may rise from thirty to sixty, and from sixty to an hundred fold.

W. ARNOT.

OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.

EYES sorely weeping, hearts strained nigh to breaking,
Over the land are seen;
Of thy deep grief thy people are partaking,
Our Queen! our Queen!

O that our souls could ease thee in thy sorrow,
Could bear away
The grief that will be keener on the morrow,
Than 'tis to-day!

It is for thee our hearts sad notes are ringing!
He who hath gone to rest
Is with the morning stars, God's praises singing,
Where all are blest.

From those who are the nearest to thy station,
Down unto those
Who are the very lowest in the nation,
The mourning goes.

A people standeth with their eyes turned sadly
When thy tears flow;
Saying, with pitying accents, "We would gladly
Bear all thy woe."

Let not thy faith in the All-wise be shaken,
But may the prayer be heard:
"Thou, Lord, hast given, and again hast taken—
Blest be thy name, O Lord!"

We can scarce picture thee, a widow weeping
Upon the bed,
Where lately thy belovèd one was sleeping,
And now lies dead!

It is for thee! for thee! that we are sighing,
Sharp was the stroke and keen,
That broke the staff on which thou wast relying,
Our Queen! Our Queen!

W. H. LATCHMORE

MOMENTS IN LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

By moments in life, I mean certain periods which occur more or less frequently in our history, —when the spirit in which we then live, the step we then take, the word we then utter, or what we at that moment think, resolve, accept, reject, do, or do not, may give a complexion to our whole future being both here and hereafter.

Let me notice one or two features which characterize those moments.

They may, for example, be very brief. Napoleon once remarked, that there was a crisis in every battle, when ten minutes generally determined the victory on one side or other. Yet on the transactions of those few minutes, the fate of empires may hang, and on the single word of command rapidly spoken amidst the roar of cannon and the crash of arms, the destinies of the human race be affected. Men in public life, who are compelled every day to decide on matters of importance, appreciate the value of minutes, and estimate the necessity of snatching them as they pass with promptness and decision;—of "taking advantage of the chance," as they say, knowing well that if that moment is allowed to pass, "the chance" it brings is gone for ever; that whatever their hand "finds to do" must be done then or never. The results to them of what they decide at that moment may be incalculable. What is then done may never be undone; yet not another second is added to the time given them for action. Within the germ of that brief moment of life is contained the future tree of many branches and of much fruit.

What a brief moment in our endless life is the whole period even of the longest life on earth! It is compared to a vapour, which appeareth for a short time, and then vanisheth away; to "a watch in the night,"—"a tale that is told." And if we but consider how nearly a third portion of our threescore years and ten is necessarily spent in sleep; and add to this the years spent during infancy while preparing for labour; during old age, when our labours are well-nigh past; and many more consumed in adorning and supporting the body, or giving ease to body and mind in the midst of work; and then if, after making those deductions, we sum up what remains of time at the disposal of the oldest man for the formation of that character which will fix his eternal condition, oh! how brief is the whole period of our mortal life, when longest, though its transactions are to us fraught with endless and awful consequences!

Another characteristic of those moments in life is the silence with which they may come and pass away. No "sign" may be given to indicate their importance to us. They do not announce their approach with the sound of a trumpet, nor demand with a voice of thunder our immediate and solemn attention to their interests; but stealthily, quietly, with noiseless tread like spirits from another world, they come to us, put their question, speak the word, and vanish to heaven with our reply. In after years, possibly, with "the long results of time" to guide us upward as by a stream to the tiny threads of this fountain of life and action, we may be able in a greater degree to realize of what tremendous importance they were to us. "Had we only known this at the time!" we exclaim, as we revolve those memories, and think of all we would have said or done;—"had we only known!" But it is not God's will that we should know how much of the future is involved in the present, or how all we shall be is determined by what we may resolve to be or do at any particular moment. Such a revelation would paralyse all effort, and destroy the main-spring of all right action. Sight would thus be substituted for faith; the fear of consequences for the fear of evil; and the love of future benefits for the love of present duty. God will have us rather cultivate habitually a right spirit at each moment, so as to be able to act rightly when the all-important moment comes, whether we then discover its importance or not. Let us not be surprised, then, if God, when he thus comes to us, should not come in the strong wind, in the earthquake, or the fire, but only in the still small voice which speaks to the heart or to the conscience, demanding the conduct which becomes us as responsible beings, and as obedient children.

But let me illustrate these remarks by a few examples of "moments in life," and such as must come to us all.

It is a solemn "moment in life" when the glad tidings of the love of God in Christ Jesus are heard and understood. Remember that we are saved by "the truth," born again "of the Word," sanctified "by the truth." To receive the truth of God, then, as a living power into the mind and conscience, is of infinite importance to us. Now, while God's truth comes to us "at various times and in diverse manners," there are moments in life when we cannot choose but feel as if it was addressing our inner spirit, as it never did before, and earnestly knocking for admission. The circumstances in which this appeal is made may be what are called commonplace; such as when hearing a

sermon preached from the pulpit; when reading a book by the fire-side; or when conversing for a few minutes with an acquaintance,—yet at such times truth expressed in a single sentence, or in a few words, may search our spirits, and gaze on us with a solemn look, saying, "Thou art the man I am in search of!" Yet, as it sometimes happens, the circumstances in which we are arrested by the truth, and are compelled to listen to it for weal or woe, may be peculiarly impressive; as when we are ourselves in sickness or danger, or when addressed by a parent or dear friend on their dying bed, or when in deep family distress, or when standing beside the grave that conceals our best earthly treasure from our sight. At such moments the voice of God's Spirit is awfully solemn as he cries, "Now is the day of salvation;" "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" "Believe and live."

These moments may be very brief. The crisis of the battle between God and self, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, may be concentrated into a few minutes. But time sufficient is, nevertheless, given wherein to test our *truthfulness*, the soil in which truth grows, the mirror that reflects its beams—time sufficient is given to say Yes or No to that God who claims our faith and love. Truth comes with authority and majesty as an ambassador from the living God, and with clear voice, pure eye, and an arm omnipotent to save, offers to give light, life, and liberty to the captive spirit. But we may evade his bright glance, and close our ears to his voice, and refuse to consider his claims, and deal falsely with his arguments; we may reject his offers, and, shrinking back from his touch and his helping hand, retire into the gloom of self-satisfied pride, preferring the darkness to the light; or we may make merry with Heaven's ambassador, and mock him as they did the prophet of old; or cry out, "Away with him!" as the world cried to the Lord of light and life. And what if Truth never comes again with such pressing earnestness, but passes by the door once so rudely closed against him, and will knock no more? Or, though he may in mercy return again and again, what if the eye gets blinded by the very light which it rejects? and the ear becomes so familiar with the voice, that it attracts attention no more than the winds that beat upon the wall? and the heart becomes so hardened as to be unimpressible, until the dread sentence is at last passed,—"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they *hated* knowledge, and *did not choose* the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

A young man came to Jesus seeking eternal life. "Jesus, looking on him, loved him," and answered his prayers by teaching him how eternal life could alone be attained. But the young man went away sorrowful, because he had much riches. What a history was contained in that brief moment of his life!

Again, young King Agrippa, when only about seventeen years of age, along with the young Bernice, hear a sermon from Paul the prisoner. The outward picture presented to the eye on that day, had nothing more remarkable or peculiar about it than has been witnessed a thousand times before and since. Those royal personages entered "the place of hearing" with "great pomp," accompanied by "the chief captains and principal men of the city." And before them appeared an almost unknown prisoner upon whom his own nation, including "the chief priests and elders from Jerusalem," demanded the judgment of death to be passed. That prisoner, "in bodily presence weak and contemptible," was however "permitted to speak for himself;" and verily he did speak! He spoke of God and Christ; of repentance and the new life, and of his own glorious commission to "open the eyes" of men; "to turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive the forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified through faith in Jesus." What a revelation was this from God to man! The voice which spoke from Sinai and through the prophets, the voice of Him who is truth and love, spoke at that moment of life through Paul to those royal hearers, and to the captains and principal men. But Agrippa, with a sneer or with some conviction of the truth, replied, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Unlike Paul himself, when the Lord spoke to him on his way to Damascus, Agrippa was disobedient to the heavenly vision. And so the sermon ended; the gay multitude dispersed; the place of hearing was left in silence, and echoed only the midnight winds or the beat of the sea-wave on the neighbouring shore. Paul retired to his cell; Agrippa, Festus, and Bernice to their chambers of rest, to sleep and dream by night, as they slept and dreamt by day. But they never heard Paul preach again! It was their first and last sermon; that moment in their life came and passed, but never returned. Like two ships

which meet at midnight on a moonlit sea, those two persons spoke, then each passed into the darkness, and onward on their voyage to their several ports, but never met again! Oh! how awful are such moments when truth reveals herself to the responsible spirit of man! And so, my reader, does it ofttimes happen between thee and God's Spirit. Let me beseech of thee to "redeem the time," to know this "the day of *thy* visitation," and to hear and believe "the word of the Lord."

Another "moment in life" which may be specially noticed, is that in which we are tempted to evil. Temptations are no doubt "common to man." Our whole life in a sense is a temptation, for whatever makes a demand upon our choice as moral beings, involves a trial of character, and tests the "spirit we are of." But nevertheless there do occur periods in our lives when such trials are peculiarly testing; when large bribes are offered to the sin that doth so easily beset us, tempting us to betray conscience, give up principle, lose faith in the right and in God, and to serve the devil, the world, or the flesh. Such moments may be very brief, yet decisive of our future life. They may come suddenly upon us, though possibly many notes of warning have announced their approach. For they are often but the apex of the pyramid to which many previous steps have gradually and almost imperceptibly led; the beginning of a battle, which must at last be fought, and very shortly decided, but yet the ending of many previous skirmishings. Be this as it may, that moment of life does come to us all, when evil like the enemy appears to concentrate against us its whole force, and when we must fight, conquer, or die; when like a thief it resolves to break into our home and take possession; when as a deceiver it promises happiness, and demands immediate acceptance or rejection of the splendid offer,—"All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me!"

What a moment is this in the life of many a young person! How unutterably solemn is the first deliberate act which opposes conscience, rebels against the authority of God and of his law, shuts out the light, and prefers darkness! Future character, and the life and happiness of years, may be determined by it. The step taken in that brief moment, the lie uttered, the dishonesty perpetrated, the drunkenness or debauchery indulged in, the prayers for the first time given up, and the father's home left for the far country,—who can realize the consequences of those first acts! Who can estimate the many links of evil, and the endless chain itself, that may spring out of the one link of sin fashioned in that moment of life! Who can foresee the streams ever increasing in breadth and depth which may flow from this letting in of water! Would God that my readers, young men especially, would but believe in the possibility even of the choice they make at such a time determining their future destiny! The thought of this might at least make them pause and consider.

There is no exaggeration in this language. To realize the danger, all we need assume is the law of habit; for, according to that law, we know that any act of the will, good or bad, has a tendency to repeat itself with increasing ease and decreasing consciousness, until it becomes "a second nature." Hence the first resistance of evil is much less difficult than any subsequent attempt; and he who in one moment of life could by a manly effort become a conqueror, and enter on a life of principle and peace, may, by yielding, very soon sink down into a degraded slave, who is held fast by the iron chain of habit, each link of which he has himself forged by his own self-will.

What a moment was that in the life of Herod, when he permitted evil desire for Herodias to enter his soul! That desire conceived sin, and sin when finished brought forth death. Acts passed into habits, and habits into a life of abandoned passion. Then came the festive birthday, and the dancing before him of the daughter of his paramour; and then the foul murder, with the spectacle of the bloody head, closed eyes, and sealed lips of the greatest and noblest man of his time; and then followed the hour when Jesus himself was brought before the murderer, when the Lord spoke not one word of warning, rebuke, or mercy to him, but smote the wretch with the terrible wrath and righteous judgment of silence!

What a moment in life was that, too, when Judas welcomed covetousness into his heart as a most profitable guest! Then one day Covetousness offered him thirty pieces of silver if he would betray his Lord; and Judas agreed to the proposal. A whole eternity of misery was involved in that moment of his life! For the night soon arrived when the bargain was to be kept. A few moments more, and the history will end here to begin elsewhere. Yet there is not a sign on earth or heaven to indicate the importance of that brief hour to Judas! He forms one among the most distinguished company that ever sat at the same table since the earth began; and never did mortal ears listen to such words uttered by human lips, nor did mortal eyes ever contemplate such a scene of peace and love as was witnessed in that upper room in Jerusalem! But the hour has struck, and Judas rises to depart. The deed of darkness must now be done. It is late, and he has made a most important appointment; unless he keeps it, he may lose his money,—and what a loss to the poor follower of a man who had nowhere to lay his head! Judas leaves that company,—and what was there in things visible to

make him suspect even that an awful moment of life—his last—had come! All was calm within that upper room. All was peace in the world without. The naked heavens shone in the calm brilliancy of an eastern night. The streets of Jerusalem, along which the traitor passed on his dreadful errand, echoed his footsteps in their silence. Yet Judas, "the son of perdition," was at that moment on his way "to his own place!"

And thus it is with many a man in the hour of temptation. The voice of sin speaks not loudly, but whispers to his inner spirit. He pursues his path of evil without alarm being given by sight or sound from heaven or earth. There is nothing in the world without to disturb the thoughts and purposes of the world within his false and unprincipled soul. The moment of his life comes with the temptation, and he yields his soul to its power, and the moment passes with as noiseless a step; and soon the last moment comes and passes away—but he too has noiselessly passed away with it "to his own place!"

The "moment in life" when we are called upon to perform some positive duty, is one which is often very critical and full of solemn consequences to us. The duty may *appear* to be a very trifling one; such as writing a letter, visiting a friend, warning some brother against evil, aiding another, or sympathizing with a sufferer in his sorrow. But whatever the work may be, and in whatever way it is to be performed, whether by word or deed, by silence or by speech, yet there is a time given us for doing it, very brief perhaps, and unaccompanied by any sign to mark its significance; a time, nevertheless, when whatever has to be done must be done quickly, "now or never."

What a moment in life, for example, was that in the history of the three apostles who accompanied our Lord at his own request, in order to watch with him in his last agony! As a man he deserved their thoughtful presence, their watchful sympathy, when enduring the dread sorrow which filled his cup, from realizing by anticipation all that was before him. Thrice he came to them from the spot, not far off, where he wrestled in prayer with his terrible agony. Thrice he found them asleep. "What!" he asked, "could ye not watch with me one hour?" Ah! they knew not what an hour that was!—what it was to him—what it was and might have been to them! They might have had the joy, the exalted privilege, which for ever would have been as a very heaven of glory in their memory, of helping, through the power of sympathizing love, to share the burden of their Lord's anguish. But they yielded to the flesh, and permitted that moment of time to pass; and when they at last roused themselves from their slumber, it was too late! That moment in life had come and gone, and could return no more! "Sleep on, and take your rest; behold, he who betrayeth me is at hand!"

And thus does it often happen in the life of us all. An hour is given us when something may be done for our Lord, which cannot possibly be done if that hour is permitted to pass away unimproved. Then we may teach an ignorant soul, or rouse a slothful one to action; we may alarm one who is lethargic, worldly, sensual, "without God or Christ in the world," so as to win him to both! or we may comfort the feeble-minded, and support the weak. Circumstances may give us the opportunity, the "moment in life," when such works may be done. The persons to be helped are perhaps inmates of our dwelling; they are our relations: they are sick or dying; or they have cast themselves upon our aid. But we let the moment pass. The work given us is not done. We have neglected it from sloth, procrastination, thoughtlessness, or selfishness. And we may become awake to our culpable negligence, and rouse ourselves to duty. But alas! those whom we could have aided are past help. They are dead; or are removed from our influence, or in some way "past remedy." And so the moment in life given us is gone, and gone for ever, except to meet us and to accuse us before the bar of God. And so is it with duty in countless forms. What our hands find to do must be done quickly, if done at all, and in the time given us. If not, a night comes, and may come soon and come suddenly, in which either we ourselves cannot work, or in which, though at last willing to do it, it is no longer given us to do.

But there is one moment in life—and I conclude by suggesting it to your thoughts—which must come to every man, and which generally comes with signs sufficiently significant of its importance,—I mean the last moment which closes our life on earth. Come it must. And, as an old writer remarks, "the day we die, though of no importance to the world, is to ourselves of more importance than is all the world." That moment in life ends time to us and begins eternity; it ends our day of grace and begins the day of judgment; it separates us from the world in which we have lived since we were born, and introduces us to the unseen, unknown world of things and persons in which we must live for ever during the life of God. What a moment is this! It may come in the quiet of our own chamber, or amidst the confusion and excitement of some dread accident by land or sea; it may be heralded by long sickness or old age, and accompanied by much weakness and bodily suffering. But if that moment, when it comes, is to bring us peace, let our present moments, as they come, find us watchful, conscientious, believing, and prayerful. And should these words of mine be read by chance by one who has begun his last moment without having begun the work for which he was created, preserved, and redeemed, let me beseech of him to improve it by repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ, who will pardon his sins, give him a new heart, and save him as he did the thief on the cross. If every hour of his day of grace has been misimproved, let not this last be added to the number. If he has stood all the day idle, let him in the eleventh hour accept his Master's work of faith alone in his own soul, and do what he can for the good of others. But let this moment in life pass, then shall the next moment after death bring only fear and anguish; for, be warned and also encouraged by the words of the truthful and loving Jesus, uttered with many tears over lost souls,—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least *in this thy day*, the things that belong unto thy peace; but now they are for ever hid from thine eyes!"

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN GREENLAND.

BY DAVID WALKER, M.D., F.R.G.S., F.L.S.

ALTHOUGH no missionary hymn is better known or more frequently sung than Bishop Heber's, although nearly every child knows something of "India's coral strand," of the history of its people and its present condition, how few have any acquaintance with "Greenland's icy mountains," with its scattered population, or its geographical or zoological peculiarities. My aim in writing this paper is to contribute information obtained in rather a desultory manner, during various visits to the western coast of Greenland, and to give sketches of the habits and social condition of the Eskimo people, from intercourse with them during those visits.

The coast of Greenland is visited by the whaling ships which annually make their voyages to the icy seas of Davis' Strait and Baffin's Bay; lately by the different exploring vessels sent by the English and American governments to search for Sir John Franklin and his missing companions; and by the Danish ships which, during the navigable season, are despatched to supply the settlements scattered along the coast with a renewed stock of provisions, and to carry back to Denmark the products of Eskimo hunting and fishing. Greenland belongs to Denmark, and its trade is monopolized by the government, the Royal Danish Company yearly sending out ships freighted with European goods and provisions, and bringing back skins of the reindeer, seal, walrus, bear, etc., vast quantities of codfish, and occasionally dried salmon.

The Danish settlements and habitations of the Eskimo are situated along the coast from Cape Farewell, the most southern point of Greenland to lat. 73° N., and at each settlement a governor or chief factor resides with his small staff of Danish officials and workmen. Round them gather a mixed Eskimo population, subsisting by the chase, the results of which they bring to the Danish storehouse, and barter for goods and provisions.

It was in the middle of July that I first saw the coast of Greenland. The mountains in the neighbourhood of Cape Farewell looked in the distance like the teeth of a jagged saw, peak after peak looming out of the mist, and showing their uneven tops covered with snow, which clothed their slopes down to the sea, or inland to the valleys lying between them and the mountains of the interior. No name seemed to be more inappropriate than Greenland; nothing appeared but dark rock and unsullied snow. On landing, however, I found some little vegetation; greener than other Arctic lands it may be, and is, but to one whose recollections were fresh of the pleasant grassy fields of our own country, the name seemed a mockery.

On a nearer approach to the coast, the low land appears stretching out as islands with interlying passages and sounds, barren and bare enough in appearance, but free from snow during the summer. Nearer still, at the distance of a mile or so, there appears a considerable quantity of verdure among the small valleys, though the vegetation which covers them is of a brownish colour. Following the windings which are visible between the islands, we pass up the deeper fjords, where is the greatest quantity of vegetation to be seen in all Greenland: some six or eight miles up the fjords the land is even covered with stunted willow and birch bushes; these are the only representatives of "forests" in this barren land, and never attain a greater height than four feet. The hollows and slopes of the mountains are covered with loose stones of considerable size, barely hidden by these bushes. At the extremities of the fjords the mainland should appear; that lying outside is more or less surrounded by the sea, formed into peninsulas and islands, and bearing a resemblance to the deeply-indented Norwegian coast. Access is obtained from one fjord to the other by crossing the flat valleys which intervene, which are pleasanter and richer in vegetation than the others; but beyond them it is impossible to pass, on account of the ice-mass covering the interior.

The vast icebergs which thickly strew these seas have their origin from the ice-fjords and the coast glaciers, thus: this frozen mass being constantly pushed forward, a sort of outward draught takes place, its surface becomes crevassed and fissured by passing over uneven ground, and the exposed face of the glacier being eaten away by the warm water at its base, becomes top-heavy, breaks away from the mass, and a new child of the Arctic is launched into the world. The icebergs vary in size according to the glaciers from which they have been formed, and the conditions under which they have been separated. Imagine St. Paul's Cathedral, St. George's Hall, or Holyrood Palace floating upon the surface of the water, having five or six times its own size underneath: picture it made of the purest white marble, carved into innumerable domes, turrets, and spires. Again, imagine some vast island undulated, caverned, and massive, or some immense but mastless Great Eastern—glistening in the sun, reflecting hues of the emerald, beryl, and turquoise; here you may see one towering heavenward,

> "As a stately Attic temple
> Rears its white shafts on high;"

then another without a single elevation, presenting to the eye nothing but an irregular crevassed surface. The former are not more beautiful than dangerous; the ice navigator knows that they may turn over at any moment, the water in which they float gradually melting that portion which is submerged, the centre of gravity slowly moves up toward the water-line, and the slightest shock is sufficient to upset the whole mass. The solid, squarish bergs are those used by the shipmasters as temporary moorings. Drawing perhaps some 300 to 1000 feet, they ground and act as anchors to the ships. On these bergs are usually found small lakes of *fresh* water, the ice being of *land* origin. The constant action of the powerful Arctic sun

thawing the surface, the water either collects in pools or miniature lakes, or trickles down the side.

It is almost impossible for those who have not seen them to imagine the sublimity and grandeur of a belt of these ice-islands. Their fantastic shapes traced out in pure glistening white against a pale blue sky, floating in water of a still deeper hue, form a picture which but few artists could paint. They strew the Arctic seas in thousands, and float south to be dissolved in the warm waters of the Atlantic, becoming the dread of the navigator of the Newfoundland banks. The reader may try to conceive the difficulties and dangers which beset vessels navigating the northern seas, and picture the imminence of the peril should they encounter a heavy gale. The air thick with fog and snow-flakes, the ropes stiff with frozen spray, the bitter temperature benumbing the hands and feet, the ship surrounded by huge mountains of ice, roaring and crashing, heaving and rearing, one against the other, and against the poor ship—now she is tossed against the ice,—now the ice-blocks beat and bump against her side,—masts and yards crack,—bells ring,—men shout,—the storm howls,—every minute seems to be the last,—

"And the boldest hold their breath for a time."

As we approached the Spitzbergen ice-stream, we found the sea strewed with detached pieces of ice, with occasional small packs some four or five miles in extent, their colour varying from the purest white to a deep blue, according to the shape and the reflected light. The waves surging against the masses sounded like the dashing of the sea against a rocky coast. The wind falling calm, we were enveloped in fog, and had to get up steam to urge our way through this frozen barrier, which often fouled the ship, and caused her to shake from stem to stern, and at times altogether arrested her progress. The most fantastic shapes were at times assumed by the ice. I remember one group in particular, the grotesqueness of which was remarkable. It consisted of a gracefully-formed pelican of ice, escorted by a huge water-jug, and both apparently surrounded by barn-door fowls. All round these were multitudes of the most queerly-shaped monsters: you can hardly mention one family of animals which did not seem to have its icy representative, the oddity of their forms causing as much amusement as the beauty of their tints occasioned admiration.

Having passed through this ice-stream, we still continued our landward course. Finding, however, by the afternoon of the 18th July, that we could not get sight of the shore, we shortened sail, let down steam, and lay-to till the fog should clear off and show us our position. This it did at six P.M., revealing a beautiful coast-line as it lifted off the land, the landscape bounded by the far inland white mountain-tops, clear cut against the deep blue sky. Farther north, along the coast, we saw the "blink" of the glacier, which there stretches along, or rather forms the coast-line, for eight or ten miles, relieving, with its gleaming whiteness, the sombre aspect of the black and barren peaks of primary rock on either side.

And now we saw a couple of kajaks coming off towards the ship. These kajaks are from 18 to 20 feet long, tapering to a point at both ends, like a weaver's shuttle, some 15 inches wide, and eight or nine deep, flattish above and convex below. The frame is made of laths of wood, and covered over with sealskin prepared by the Eskimo, and sewed on whilst wet. A small hole is left in the middle, surrounded by a ledge: into this the native "wriggles," sitting with his body at right angles to his legs; then fastening his sealskin shirt, or "jumper," he forms a continuous water-tight surface up to his throat. Seated thus, with his "payortit," or paddle, held by the middle in his hands, by alternate strokes with its right and left blades he propels the canoe at the rate of six to eight miles per hour, passing through waves and encountering seas which, in an ordinary boat, would be neither safe nor pleasant. These natives brought us some eider-duck eggs, and received biscuit in exchange. We then stood in toward Frederikshaab, eight or nine bergs appearing in sight, but none very close to us.

The evening was beautiful, and seemed warm and agreeable compared with the previous one. Cautiously sailing between the islands, guided by an Eskimo pilot, we reached our destination in the morning, and moored near the Danish brig which had arrived with provisions, etc., for the use of the settlement. We were at anchor in a small cove, flanked on either side by hills 600 or 800 feet high. The end of the bay opened to the interior, which, some two or three miles off, was shut in by mountains. Scarcely was our anchor down before the ship was surrounded by kajaks. Soon numbers of women, girls, and children trooped along the rocks abreast of the ship to the nearest point, where they sat laughing and jabbering to their hearts' content. On the ladies of the community being pointed out to me, I was rather incredulous: a glance at the portraits will show the reason. The only mark which distinguishes their dress from that of their lords is the presence of a "top-knot." Their hair, instead of being dressed in the ordinary way, is drawn upwards to the crown of the head, and then tied in a knot; this is surrounded by a ribbon, the colour of which varies with the social position of the wearer. Some of them displayed considerable taste in the selection of the pattern of the ribbons, which are, of course, imported from Denmark, and are very probably of English manufacture.

We were speedily visited by the Danish officials, namely, the chief factor, his assistant, and the priest. Dr. Rink, the Royal Inspector of South Greenland, who happened to be at the settlement at the time, also came on board. We found these gentlemen very agreeable and intelligent. The inspector, a man of high scientific acquirements, was promoted to his present position after having been for many years engaged in a mineralogical survey of Greenland. Pastor Barnsfeldt, who, with his wife, had been for some time resident in the country, gave us some interesting statistics, illustrating the social condition of the Eskimos. The assistant-factor had only been two or three years in Greenland. He had formed one of the noble band of volunteers engaged in the war with Sleswig and Holstein; he was a knight of the

order of Dannebrog, and wore his decoration. Chief-trader Möller, father-in-law to the inspector, for many years resident in the country, was becoming tired of its monotony, and anxious to return to Copenhagen. Accompanied by these gentlemen, we went on shore, and partook of their hospitality. The houses of the officials are all built of wood, thickly coated on the outside with black tar, the windows and doors being double, and painted white. They are kept spotlessly clean, according to the custom of the Scandinavian peoples. The beams supporting the ceiling are plainly seen, giving to the room an aspect not unlike the ward-room of a man-of-war. The side-panels are painted blue or green, the rest of the walls being white; the stove in the corner is brightly polished; the floor without carpet, and beautifully clean; the windows adorned with a few European garden flowers, which bloom with difficulty in this inhospitable region.

After luncheon, we walked some way into the interior, passing the neat little wooden church in which the natives have a Lutheran sermon every Sunday or holiday, and visiting, on our way, some of the huts. These are essentially dirty and disagreeable, to one unused to their ways. The better class have a wooden frame and a window; but the greater part have only a shell made of sods and earth, with a few props of wood or bones of the whale in the inside. The approach to the interior is through a narrow passage some 3½ feet high, opening into the hut, which rises to an elevation of five feet or so. A raised dais serves the purpose of a seat by day and a bedstead by night. On this dais the ladies sit, tailor-fashion, and occupy themselves in domestic work. Cooking is performed by means of a stone lamp hanging at one extremity of the platform, and supplied with blubber and moss. In a small hut of about six feet square, seven, eight, or even a larger number of persons will contrive to exist; and as personal cleanliness is not a virtue practised by the Eskimos, the heat and the offensive smell may more easily be imagined than described. The ablutions of the men generally consist in moistening their fingers with saliva, and rubbing the salt spray from their faces; the mothers use their tongues, like cats, to clean and polish their children. The men do not dress their hair in any particular fashion, merely shortening it over the forehead, and allowing it to hang down on the cheeks and neck; the women often wrap a handkerchief round their heads, to keep them warm, as the drawing up of the hair to the crown leaves the greater part of the head uncovered. The shape of the Eskimo face is somewhat oval, the greatest breadth being below the eye, at the cheek bones; the forehead arches upward, ending narrowly; the chin is a blunt cone; the nose is more or less depressed, broad at the base, with somewhat thickened nostrils; the lips thickish, but the teeth generally very white and regular. Occasionally, among the young women, we saw a good-natured, pretty face; but the old women are frightfully ugly. Their teeth drop out; they discontinue the use of the head-band, showing a bald place where the hair has fallen out by being pulled against the grain; the face, deeply furrowed, assumes a very harsh expression; and the legs are bowed by the constant use of the "tailor posture" while sitting. The resemblance between the sexes is further increased by the absence of beard and moustache among the men, any stray evidence of either being ruthlessly pulled out by means of a couple of shells.

We were not sorry to escape from the stifling atmosphere of the huts, and presently leaving the settlement behind us; and crossing a swampy valley traversed by numerous streams, we proceeded up the mountains, over some ridges of yet undissolved snow. I was fortunate in my companion. Dr. Rink never seemed at a loss, he had a ready and instructive answer to all my questions, whether they related to flowers, minerals, or the physical condition of the country. Climbing to the top of the first hill, we took a survey of the district; wild and rugged in the extreme, the whole interior visible from the point where we stood appeared to consist of mountains with intervening winding passages, I cannot call them valleys, for our idea of a valley is connected with verdure and softened beauty, while these passes are covered with blocks of stone and boulders, very few flowers interspersed among them, and those apparently pleading for life. We were happy enough to obtain a few minerals, some specimens of rough garnets, allanite, tantalite, molybdenite, etc., with copper, tin, and iron ores in small quantities.

Passing round the corner of one of the huge blocks which bestrewed our way, we startled a couple of hares quietly feeding at its base; they scampered off some distance before one of them fell at the discharge of my gun. At that season it did not differ in appearance and colour from the hares of this country, but its coat becomes completely white in the winter time, giving it a greater chance of escape from its enemies; it is then generally traced by its footprints, an Eskimo being able to distinguish by the shape and feeling of these whether the track has been made days, hours, or minutes before. As the spring advances after the long winter, they are often found sitting at the corner of a stone, intently gazing at the sun.

We found a pretty good sprinkling of flowers during our ramble: a species of buttercup was occasionally seen in the marshy plain behind the settlement; a variety of poppy, with its large yellow flower, looking like a sickly child with an overgrown head, peeped out from under the shelter of a piece of rock; while the Alpine stitchwort occasionally showed itself, reminding me of the common flower in our own hedges. In some few favoured places the hill-sides would be covered with the purple saxifrage, while still more rarely specimens of other species of this Alpine genus of flowers were obtained. In one sequestered nook my eye was delighted with the sight of a violet and a campanula in cordial juxtaposition, and the presence of a dandelion and an alchemilla almost induced the idea that I was on a Scotch mountain, among civilized people, rather than among glaciers and Eskimos. The most ambitious growth here was that of beech and willow bushes, eighteen or twenty inches high, having stems about the thickness of a man's thumb. These are gathered by the natives as firewood for the winter in the Danish houses.



In the Spitzbergen Ice-Stream, off Cape Farewell.

As we continued our walk we came to the edge of a small lake, on the far corner of which some ducks were quietly floating. By a series of manœuvres, the chief of which consisted in almost breaking one's back by stooping, we crawled from behind one block to the next, and succeeded in getting within shot, when we obtained a couple of brace. On our way back to the ship a thick fog came on, rendering our clothes rather weighty objects to carry when well saturated by it; and had it not been that my companion was well acquainted with the country, we should have been at a loss to find our way, as scarcely a landmark was visible. When we got on board and changed our clothes, we felt quite ready for our dinner, of which our four Danish guests partook with us.

Our conversation was at first limited to an interchange of looks and gestures, as only one of our party understood Danish thoroughly. Dr. Rink, however, speaking English fluently, by the additional aid of French and German, we contrived after a time to be quite a voluble party. It was amusing to hear the disjointed sentences at one end of the table commenced in German and eked out with French at the other, the *patois* consisting of an alternation of English and Danish.

After coffee we went on shore, where we found our men had preceded us, and were showing their gallantry to the Eskimo young ladies. The sound of the fiddle attracted us to a very small ball-room, twenty-five feet square, where from sixty to eighty people had managed to crowd themselves, and

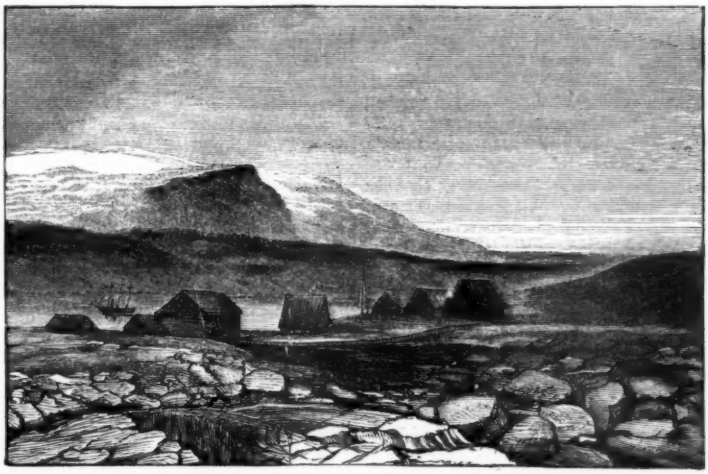


Eskimo Men and Women at Godhavn—from a Photograph by the Author.



Danish Eskimo Settlement at Holsteinborg—from a Photograph by the Author.

were dancing to their hearts' content. The drapery of the ladies not requiring much extra space, it was marvellous to see the ease with which they glided in and out of this close-packed assemblage, always keeping time to the music, which consisted of two violins, a flute, and a tub-end covered over with seal-skin, serving as drum for the nonce. One of the sailors had elected himself master of the ceremonies, and, seated in the window, endeavoured to keep proper order, greatly to the detriment of the room, it must be admitted. This had evidently not been cleaned since the last stock of blubber-casks and seal-skins had left it, and filled with this crowd, of not very cleanly persons, going through the exciting exercise of a sailor's reel or an Eskimo dance, with only the door and one window as ventilators, the effect may be imagined when the latter was obstructed by the major-domo. A glance in was quite sufficient for us, and we proceeded to have a look at the different "buildings" of which the settlement consists. The principal are the governor's house and the neat wooden church already mentioned, which boasted its belfry and organ, and had seats for some 150 people. Close down to the water's edge was the storehouse, in which the fruits of the last winter's hunt were deposited, consisting of seal and reindeer skins, blubber, etc., to the value of about 15,000 dollars. Then there is the import storehouse, where a miscellaneous assortment of articles, biscuit, blankets, and bullet-moulds; stockings, shot, sugar, and stewpans; rice, rifles, and ropes, etc., were to be found in incongruous proximity. Currency consists of paper notes, printed in Copenhagen, which become valuable on their arrival in Greenland, little silver money changing hands. After seeing the different piles of goods stowed away in these buildings, we turned our attention to the exterior of the dwellings of the Eskimo. Round one of them were grouped a number of



Danish Eskimo Settlement at Godhavn—from a Photograph by the Author.

natives, talking in a slow, hesitating way; one of them seemed from his looks to be rather irate, but the easy manner in which he allowed his words to gurgle out of his throat would not have led any one to suppose that he was otherwise than at peace with all mankind. The interesting operation of cutting up a seal which had just been brought in, was going on inside one of the huts; the dainty bits, such as the liver, etc., were taken possession of by the favoured ones of the household, to be cooked over the stone blubber-lamp. A couple of old dames were entertaining each other over a cup of coffee, which luxurious beverage was the first-fruits of the seal-skin just deposited in the store. We next visited the minister's quarters, where by Madame Barnsfeldt we were entertained at tea, which seemed all the more refreshing coming from the hands of the only European lady within many miles of us.

On return to the ship at even that late hour, we found a number of kajaks, the owners of which were bartering with the sailors newly-caught cod-fish for the morrow's breakfast; these fish are so abundant in the season, that thirty per hour is the usual catch. Heartily tired after my day's ramble, I joyfully turned in for the night, which was gloomy and dark for this part of the world; the ship and settlement being wrapt in a mantle of the wettest fog I ever remember to have seen. My face and hands were sore from the innumerable mosquito bites, those wretched insects making incessant onslaughts on me during the heat of the day; an ungreased skin being evidently a novelty to them, they showed the appreciation of the delicacy by their voracity.

The next day was spent more particularly in ascertaining the botany and geology of the neighbourhood of Fredericksh aab. There is only one peculiarity about the latter, which I need allude to here; the presence of immense boulders in the valleys and near the shore, at a considerable elevation above high-water mark, several of them weighed at least above twenty-five tons, and one at least was much larger. These must have been deposited either by icebergs or glaciers. Most likely at some previous period the valleys in which these boulders lay had been under water, and some icebergs stranding there had deposited them. Some authorities, however, suppose the valleys to have originally been the beds of rivers, and that these immense stones had been precipitated into the stream and rounded *in situ*. The former is the more probable theory. Near the entrance to the harbour I saw a boulder some ten tons' weight stranded about five feet above high-water mark; this had evidently been brought in from seaward by some floe-ice, as it was of quite a different lithological character from that on which it rested. Another peculiarity which I may mention *en passant*, is the presence of a number of dykes of trap which traversed the gneissic formation of the hills, some of them being several yards wide with altered gneiss on either side.

. . . . . .

On the 28th April we made the land near Holsteinborg; not being aware of the exact position of the settlement, we kept along the coast to avoid the numerous shoals and sunken rocks. Being early in the season, the latter were topped by sea-ice of considerable thickness, which was somewhat an aid to us in finding out their position, but being similar in appearance to small pieces of ordinary floating ice, they were often mistaken for it, to the great risk and danger of the ship. We passed many icebergs aground near the off-lying islands.

The afternoon being thick and foggy, as it often is in spring in Greenland, and a native who had been out seal-hunting in his kajak coming alongside, with the bight of a rope at either end of the kajak, he and it were brought on board. Being acquainted with the coast-line even in a fog, he piloted the ship in and out of the island passages as easily as if she had been his own canoe. Presently the sun burst through the clouds for a while, dissipating the mist, and affording us a peep of the coast along which we were creeping. Occasionally we passed the mouth of one of these wondrous fjords, the sight of which would alone repay a visit to the north; its deep and placid waters winding inland amid every variety of scenery and colouring of which these grim Arctic regions are capable, or we coasted under cliffs some thousand feet high with their miniature glaciers between rocks of gneiss; the stillness of the uninhabited land, the smooth clear water, the ship stealing along with nothing to break the solemn silence, save the plunge of the seaman's lead or the flap of some wild-fowl passing us, while the awe of our silence was intensified by the constant fear of being overwhelmed by a *débâcle* or avalanche. Our pilot soon left us, as he had some distance to go before he reached his home. Scarcely were we left alone before it began to snow; the fog came down again from off the land; again we had to grope our way. Fortunately, however, other Eskimos had been out hunting; two of whom came on board and piloted us between the islands to the sheltered bay, at the head of which the settlement stands, just outside which the assistant factor came alongside with a boat's crew, the coxswain taking the ship in to her berth, where we let go in seventeen fathoms, mooring her to the rocks with bow and stern hawsers.

The natives in their kajaks at once crowded round the ship; fastening their frail canoes together with pieces of seal line, numbers of them came on board, and showed, by hauling on the hawsers, ropes, etc., that they would willingly do us a kindness. When the deck was cleared, and all the ropes coiled down, an immediate barter was set up between the sailors and the natives; seal-skin boots, trowsers, and jumpers soon changed hands, and many an old jacket, etc., went on shore. The greatest demand among the young ladies was for silk handkerchiefs, which they used as head bandages, and their triumph was considerable when one of them became the happy possessor of so rare and prized an article; as there were but few on board available for barter, they were soon at a high premium.

Being early in the season, there was some little night; consequently the ship's deck was deserted soon after ten o'clock by all except the quarter-master of the watch. The next morning was bright and lovely, with a pleasant breeze off the land; the harbour in which we lay was well land-locked, so that we were secure from any of those williewaws so frequent in the fjords of this coast. Snow lay thickly over all the land, the summer

sun having only denuded the surface of a few rocks, the houses of the settlement having a coating of black tar, had almost entirely thrown off their winter covering, and stood out well on the white background. The little chapel, with its heaven-pointing turret, was buried on all sides in snow, the windows and doors being the only spots free from it; a deep pathway, with a four-foot bank of snow on either side, formed the approach to this house of God.

As the evening closed in, the sight of the setting sun was splendid. Close to us was the arm of a fjord, at the upper end of which, as if wedged in between the rocks, the sun was sinking. The few clouds immediately above were of a deep golden hue, in striking contrast with the dark purple of those some distance beyond; the rays reflected from white snow, dark rock, and blue water gave innumerable and gorgeous tints; the moon came peeping over an adjoining headland; the rocks were mirrored in the water, which seemed rising to kiss the golden sunbeams; our boat lay idly by the shore; and it was only when the low quack of a coming flock of ducks brought us back to material things that we were reminded that the game-bag was not yet full.

The next day being Sunday, we had, as usual, divine service on the lower deck, after which I went on shore, as the sound of the bell told that the time for service approached.

> "It was a little church, and plain, almost
> To ugliness, yet lacking not its charm."

Groups of Eskimo women and children were walking quietly thither as I landed, and, when I reached it, it was almost full. Taking a seat close to the door, I felt a thrill of pleasure in worshipping God among these far-off children who also call Him Father. The minister, with his gown and frill, reminded me, by his dress and general appearance, of the pictures of Luther. As the organ began to sound, and the rich roll of the young voices swelled up to the rafters of the little sanctuary, a sympathetic chord was touched, and more than one English voice joined in the song of praise and thanksgiving. The pastor delivered a short address in Eskimo, and, after again joining in a psalm, the little congregation dispersed. It did one good to hear the melody sung by the women and children, the men's voices giving solidity to the tune with their lower octave notes; of course, all sang in unison. I copy here a verse of one of their hymns:—

> "Gudimit pingormet silla tamænna
> Nagliunguarsusia tekkoa,
> Sajmaminiglo okarpok imerma;
> Arnadlo ama sennaissauaka!
> Saerbsarmeta tanko okauziagut
> Sorarpok innardlugalloarmerput."

The Danish Government deserves much commendation for the attention bestowed on the spiritual welfare of the Greenlanders; and the success which has hitherto attended the labours of the pastors who have undertaken the care of this people must, in some measure, compensate them for their banishment and its unusual privations.

After dinner, taking a walk over the rocks, I had a fine view of the sea and its countless islands. It was indeed a lovely maritime landscape, out of the power of better pencils than mine to depict. Beneath me lay our own ship, snugly sheltered in the little cove; outside, a heavy bank of vapour seemed rolling to the southward; in the north-west, low billowy clouds appeared, with their blue bases and white tops;

> "And, in the west, dark masses, plashed with blue,
> With outline deep of misty steep and dell,
> Clomb o'er the island tops."

In the evening there was a halo round the sun,—that is, a circle of light forty-five degrees in diameter, with the sun for a centre, and the mock sun on either side, on a plane passing horizontally through it. This phenomenon is dependent on the reflection of the solar rays from small snow crystals, with which the air is often loaded in these northern climes. Returning from my walk late, I remained on shore, and supped with the governor. The priest, his wife, and the two assistants joined us. We partook of an excellent repast, consisting of venison, dried salmon, ptarmigan, and other delicacies, which seemed strangely out of place in this secluded spot. As I proceeded to my boat, the Eskimo dogs which were there collected made the night hideous by baying the moon,—the coming gale seeming to have stirred all their innate powers of howling. Seaward all looked black, even our vessel, whose tall masts, pointing heavenwards, seemed to invite the storm. On Monday it blew half a gale all day, and snowed constantly. It was miserably cold, so that I did not leave the ship, except for a couple of hours, to sit with the governor. On Tuesday there was only a gentle breeze from the northward, and scarcely a cloud to be seen.

> "Blue, sunny sky above; below,
> A blue and sunny sea;
> A world of blue, wherein did blow
> One soft wind steadily."

An iceberg, about 160 feet high, had come into the harbour during the night, and gleamed brightly against the dark rocks. I again ascended a neighbouring mountain, and, from an elevation of 1800 to 2000 feet, had a good panoramic view. As the sun reached its highest, and seemed to rest before it declined, the sky formed a splendid picture. In the north nothing appeared but the deep azure of the sky; east and west the sun shone glaringly upon the solid masses of flocculent clouds which appeared above the horizon. Massively they seemed to roll, one upon the other, rivalling, in their whiteness, the few icebergs that lay along the coast, and shading into deep neutral tints. Now they seemed to sprout out lines into the blue expanse, as though they wished to root themselves in the sky; whilst to the south they rose higher and higher, losing their caverned appearance, and looking like white-crested waves. The hues of silver frost, purple and neutral, would have enchanted a painter, while the hopelessness of any attempt to catch them, and transfer their fleeting beauty to his canvas, would well-nigh have broken his heart.

In the afternoon I took a photograph of the settlement, from which the accompanying engraving is taken. In the evening I visited the carcases of three whales, which, having been

denuded of their blubber, lay stranded on the shore, and served as banqueting-rooms for the Eskimo dogs. These were so satiated with their repast, they could hardly screw up their tails upon their backs—their way of manifesting pleased recognition—but lay alongside the scene of their enjoyment, smiling benignly, and unable to move. Our approach frightened away some half-dozen ravens, which had been attracted by the carrion lying at our feet. These birds are found very far north; I remember seeing two in the middle of January, at a temperature of —50°, flying as leisurely as if it had been the hottest day experienced by any of their species. These same birds built their nest and bred in lat. 72° N., showing an instance of a bird which breeds both in arctic and tropico-temperate climates. Those which we now disturbed from their feast flew lazily away, and settled on a rock a few yards from us, evidently looking upon us as intruders, and patiently waiting our departure.

A few words about the Eskimo dog, which has been mentioned here for the first time. This animal, whose services are indispensable to the inhabitant of Northern Greenland, is not unlike our shepherds' dog in its general aspect, but is more muscular, and has a broader chest, owing, in a great measure, to the hard work it is inured to. The ears are pointed, and, with its long muzzle, serve to increase the wolfishness of its appearance. An ordinary well-grown dog will be somewhat smaller than a Newfoundland dog, but broad, like a mastiff. The coat of this dog consists of long hair, and in the winter it is further protected by a soft, downy under-covering, which does not appear during the warm weather.

Their education begins at a very early age. When about two months old, eight or ten puppies are harnessed to a sledge with two experienced runners, and by means of frequent and cruel beatings, and angry repetitions of their names, they are taught their duty, but not without much hard labour on the driver's part, and great patience. Personal experience has taught me some of the peculiar difficulties of managing a puppy-dog team. Each dog is harnessed to a separate line; and these, being about eight abreast, fully endowed with all—and more than all—the playfulness of young animals in this country, the effect may be pictured when, all jumping on each other in most admired confusion, the lines become entangled, and are only set right after many efforts. This process has to be repeated again and again, as the gambols or quarrels of the young dogs render it necessary. The whip, too, would puzzle a London cabby, and is not easy for a novice to use,—a lash from 20 to 24 feet long, attached to a handle *one* foot long; it requires no small amount of dexterity to avoid wounding your own person in an attempt to make an example of one of your pupils. When trained, however, they are guided only by a touch of the whip to the near or off leader, and over smooth ice, with a light load, can be made to go seven or eight miles per hour.

The voyage from Holsteinborg to Godhavn was rather tedious. Being prevented by fog and ice from at once reaching our destination, I was enabled to dredge, and procured a considerable variety of treasures,—star-fishes, holothurias, crustacea, annelids, and shells. On the evening of the 10th May, we had hoped to find ourselves in port, but our wishes were not realized, and we were in much danger. At one time we were startled by finding the end of one of the Kron Prins Islands right under our bow. We had not much time to make our escape, being hardly more than half the ship's length off before perceiving our perilous position. At another time we found ourselves within forty yards of a formidable iceberg, which the fog had hindered our seeing. Had we struck it, our hopes of escape would have been truly small, as we were going six or eight knots an hour.

On the 11th we made the Whalefish Islands, after beating about all day, and anchored in thirteen fathoms. From the hills near us we could view the changes going on in the ice off the south end of Disco Island; and a Danish official—the cooper—residing in a small settlement on one of the group, was able to give us further information on this, to us, momentous point. Two of us went ashore to shoot ducks, but were not very successful.

Walking over Kron Prins Island, I found the tomb of a young English seaman, with its quaint, homely epitaph. It brought sad thoughts to my mind. Insensibly imagination carried me to the tombs of our countrymen who had perished in far distant lands, martyrs to science, often to their unselfishness; especially that of James, the navigator, who met his fate two hundred years ago, after a perilous voyage, in which he found himself caught in the ice in Hudson's Bay. His puny craft shattered and wrecked, he and his crew wintered on an island which bears his name, and on it the graves of some of the brave fellows were discovered, with this epitaph above them, fastened to a rude cross:—

"Their lives they spent, to the last drop of blood,
Seeking God's glory and their country's good.
. . . . . .
So have they spent themselves, and here they be,
A famous mark of our discovery.
We that survive perchance may end our days
In some employment meriting no praise;
They have survived this fear, and their brave ends
Will ever be an honour to their friends."

Or it might be the graves of Sir John Franklin and brave Lieutenant Bellot, or less distinguished names, unknown to fame, but shining brightly, no doubt, in the unseen register on high.

For six days we were detained at the Whalefish Islands; but on the 17th May we at last anchored close to the settlement of Godhavn, the seat of the Northern Inspectorate of Greenland. It is situated on a spur of metamorphic rock, which juts out in a peninsular form from Disco Island, the mainland of which is composed of trap or basalt of recent igneous origin. These rocks reach the height of 3000, 4000, or even 5000 feet, and are, in some places, formed into pillars, in a manner which may be imagined by those who have visited Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. Numerous high fjelds are found in the island, and there are three fjords of considerable extent,—North, Middle, and Disco Fjords, the latter the largest, and nearest the settlement.

The engraving—from a photograph I took on the spot—will give some idea of the appearance

of the settlement. The situation, it will be seen, is singularly beautiful, with its promontory separated from the land by a bay of half a mile in width; and a walk of another half mile brings you to the foot of the beetling cliff of dark rock, like the turrets of some giant fortification, stretching darkly before the traveller, and presenting the same aspect from seaward,—inaccessible, inhabited only by sea-birds, such as guillemots, looms, ducks, gulls, etc.

Our stay at Godhavn was marked by little incident. Danish hospitality, as displayed to us by Inspector Olrik, was even more warm than at Holsteinborg or Frederikshaab; but to relate the incidents of each day would be only a repetition of those in the previous pages.

A few remarks on the religion and social life of the Eskimos of Greenland will fitly conclude these crude and imperfect sketches of this distant land.

It is always difficult to obtain a correct idea of the religion of a heathen people. The stranger must first become acquainted with their language; and before this task has been accomplished, the priests have most probably become jealous of the curious inquirer, and either completely mystify him, or refuse to expose their religious ceremonies to his ridicule. In the case of Greenland, these ordinary difficulties were further increased by the severity of the climate, and the scanty population presented a very uninviting prospect for missionary enterprise. It was not till the time of Pastor Egede that any attempt was made to ascertain the religious condition of the Eskimos, or to apply to their case the ameliorating influences of Christianity.

At that time (1721) they believed—as the "wild" Eskimos of the arctic regions do still—in the existence of two great and a number of inferior spirits. The chief of these, "Tongarsuk," the great spirit, is supposed to give power to the "angerkok," or priest, who is the medium of communication between him and the people, by whom he is only known by name, which is never mentioned without becoming reverence. This great spirit is supposed to assume different forms,—at one time that of a man, at another that of a bear, while often he is spoken of as purely spirit. The other great spirit, supposed to be the principle of evil, is represented as a female, but has no name. The angerkoks profess, by means of their familiar spirit, to charm away bad luck from the hunter, to change the weather, or to heal the sick. The lesser spirits are believed to control the different elements, and from their ranks Tongarsuk selects the familiars for the priests. One of these lesser spirits, who rules the air, is supposed to be so vicious, that the Eskimos are loath to stir out after dark for fear of offending him.

Egede found among these people some confused idea of a deluge; but the tradition only existed in a vague and undefined form. They believed, to some extent, in the eternity of matter, having no idea of creation. They supposed the sun and moon to be brother and sister, who having quarrelled, the sun bit off one of his sister's breasts; and the maimed appearance presented by the moon is caused by her turning her wounded side to the earth. The aurora borealis is supposed to be the game of "hockey," played by the departed spirits of their friends and relatives.

Now, however, owing, under God, to the unwearied labours of the Danish and Moravian missionaries, these superstitions are relics of the past. Christianity, although in a low form, is the nominal religion of Greenland, and even the "angerkoks" profess to be converted. I saw the last of this race—an ill-looking man—who gave in his adherence to Christianity some time ago.

At each settlement there is now a pastor, and also a schoolmaster, who is employed by Government to give the young Eskimos the rudiments of a good general education. I have frequently been surprised at the amount of information possessed by these children, some of whose pertinent answers to questions proposed might have put to the blush many of our own "national" scholars. They are also taught to sing when young; but as they pass beyond the control of the master before the complete formation of the voice, it is rare to meet with a bass or tenor singer. Occasionally a more cultivated person is met. I remember being introduced to an Eskimo young lady at Godhavn, Sophie, who sang very sweetly, played the flute, violin, and concertina; and, besides speaking Danish fluently, had a tolerable acquaintance with English. Of course, this was a very exceptional case.

Every Sunday and holiday, the little churches at the different settlements are filled with an Eskimo congregation, and a sermon is preached, alternately in Danish and Eskimo. The effect of this is, that in Danish Greenland, I believe, there is not one heathen remaining. In Smith Sound, and on the western shores of Baffin's Bay or Davis Strait, the Eskimos are yet in the darkness of heathenism, and there are many "angerkoks," who believe all the superstitions I have mentioned; but in Danish Greenland all these are abandoned, except a few customs which are followed more from habit than belief, and are not more absurd than many which obtain in any country district in Great Britain or Ireland.

From incidental reference to the social life of the Greenlanders, some idea will have been already gained of its nature. Filthy in his person and habits, and regardless of the amenities of civilized life, yet the Eskimo is not a *savage*, being possessed of a certain negative amiability of nature which would prevent his being placed in that category. On the whole, he behaves well in his social relations,—is a moderately affectionate son, husband, and father. By the bye, I did see one case where the husband, holding the wife by her top-knot, administered several sound cuffs; but I do not doubt that he had strong provocation. This was the only use to which I have seen the top-knot applied.

The occupation of the Eskimos, though substantially the same throughout Greenland, differs somewhat according to the latitude. In South Greenland it is seal-hunting and cod-fishing. Seated in his kajak, with his spear alongside, his coil of line in front, his seal-skin buoy behind, two bird-spears on the upper part of the canoe, and his rifle inside, the hunter takes his departure, putting on a white calico jumper over his sealskin,

if he be likely to meet with ice. Paddle in hand, and gliding through the water at the rate of six miles per hour, he soon sees a seal's head above the surface. Cautiously getting his spear ready, as he rests on his paddle, and clearing his line, he quietly follows in the track of the animal, whose keenness of hearing obliges him to be as noiseless as possible. Arrived within proper distance, he launches the spear, which, striking the seal, leaves the harpoon-head sticking, and away go line, buoy, and prey. The buoy prevents the seal from sinking too low, or swimming to any distance. If the wound be not fatal, the animal quickly rises to the surface to breathe, and, the spot being indicated by the buoy, the ready hunter, adroitly darting another spear, ultimately succeeds in his object. It is then hauled on the top of the kajak, or fastened alongside. The hunter is often content with killing one; but should he meet with any piece of floating ice, knowing the propensity of the seal to bask and rest on these, he paddles up to them. The white jumper now stands him in good stead. The animal, aroused by the plashing of the paddle, rises on its hind flippers, gazes with its large, lustrous eyes at the kajak; seeing the white surface, mistakes it for a piece of ice, and resumes its former position. The hunter now balances himself as well as possible, and, taking a good aim, fires, often killing the seal, but occasionally inflicting mere flesh wounds, or even missing his aim. In the first case only he obtains the object of his pursuit.

In Middle Greenland, the Eskimos add the pursuit of the deer, in the spring and autumn, to the two descriptions of hunting mentioned above. The hunters resort to the passes and valleys frequented by the deer; then, lying in wait for the herd, they single out their game, and either get it at once, or, wounding it, stalk as is done in Scotland. The numbers which are daily destroyed in this manner, during the season, are so great, that the natives often do not encumber themselves with anything but the skin and the tongue, the latter being considered a delicacy; they leave the bodies to go to waste. At times, however, the deer are very scarce.

In North Greenland, besides seal-hunting and deer-stalking, the Eskimos are occasionally engaged in the chase of the walrus and the narwhal (or sea-unicorn); but as the danger is great, the natives are loath to attack either single-handed. In one of the settlements I met a man whose brother, having harpooned a walrus, was at once turned upon by the infuriated beast, who, in the sight of my informant, struck him in the back with his tusks, and killed him at one blow. This same man had another brother drowned in his kajak, after having harpooned a walrus. The line not being clear, the animal, in sinking, dragged the canoe under water.

Sometimes a gale off the land springs up whilst the hunter is out at sea. His only chance then is to make for the nearest ice, and, hauling his canoe upon it, to drift with it till the gale be over. This ice has at times, though rarely, drifted more than half way across Davis Strait. In case of such accident befalling the hunter, he subsists by seal-hunting till he reach the western shore, that being the land towards which he then steers his course. One instance I have myself met, and it may not be a singular one, in which an Eskimo was lost sight of for four to five years, his family believing him dead. At last, however, he was brought home by a whaling ship from England, whither he had been taken, after being picked up on the western shore of Davis Strait, where one of these gales had drifted him.

The perils of such a life can hardly be appreciated, however, by the inhabitants of these islands, scene following scene of danger and privation. Even the ordinary conditions of existence in Greenland would be considered fearful hardships by those "gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease."

THE WORSE THE BETTER.

This is a paradox, the universal truth of which I would, of course, by no means venture to affirm; but I think that, within rather wide limits, it will be found correct. When we contemplate either the ills which we are compelled individually to endure, or those by which society at large is afflicted, we feel that we need all the encouragement and consolation that can be derived from any and from every source; and I think that the maxim, "the worse the better," is capable of affording us some relief under a variety of annoying, troublesome and painful circumstances.

Few of us, I suppose, are very partial to a severe winter. Such a season is, to multitudes, a source of great distress; thousands of working men are thrown out of employment; the price of coals rises; poor people are half-starved; the number of applicants for parochial relief is augmented; old persons are cut off; weakly and consumptive persons cannot stand before the cold; sheep are buried in the snow; the tires of railway carriage-wheels snap; and not a few bones are broken by falls upon the icy streets. It would be very easy to show that a good many evils attend a severe winter. But, on the other hand, an old proverb reminds us that "a green Yule makes a fat kirkyard." This may not be quite correct; possibly a severe winter is more fatal than a mild one; still many of us do feel greatly invigorated by a sharp, cold season; where there really is robust health, such a winter seems to be of great service. And, whatever be the effects of a severe winter upon the human constitution, it is generally believed that, unless it be very severe indeed, it has a good effect upon the land—

> "If the grass grow in Janiveer,
> It grows the worse for't all the year."

If, however, the physician can prove that a severe winter is detrimental to the public health, and the

agriculturist can show that it is injurious to his operations, I will nevertheless draw this consolation from such a season, viz., that it makes the spring all the more welcome. It strikes me that the inhabitants of tropical countries have not much in their climate whereof to glory over us. If they know nothing of the severity of winter, it is impossible for them to experience the exquisite enjoyment which thrills our hearts when we can say —"Lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." And so our paradox, "the worse the better," may help to cheer us in the cold wintry weather.

Sometimes this paradox is true of great public calamities. The fire of London, in the year 1666, burned down five-sixths of the city, covered with ruins a space more than a mile long and half a mile broad, and destroyed property worth from ten to twelve millions sterling. To many individuals that catastrophe was commercial destruction; but it is now tolerably clear that no piece of good-fortune that ever gladdened the hearts of the citizens was of so great and valuable service as that furious fire. The city was soon rebuilt, not exactly in the best style possible, but in a style that was a great improvement upon the previous state of things; the streets were not made wide enough, but they were made wider than they had been before; and instead of the mean and wretched hovels of lath-and-plaster, which had been such ready fuel for the flames, substantial houses of brick were erected, which rendered the occurrence of anything like so great a calamity all but impossible. But this was not the only advantage; the city, as reconstructed, was much more healthy than it had ever been before. In the very year before the fire the Plague destroyed nearly one-third of the inhabitants; from that time until the present day the Plague has been all but unknown in London. Had no such conflagration occurred, it is difficult to imagine how a great and thorough improvement of the metropolis would ever have been effected; and had the fire been confined within a small area no large improvement would have resulted. The fact is, that the great fire of 1666 was just exactly what London wanted to save it from becoming the most inconvenient and most pestilential city in Europe, if not in the world.

And what the great fire did for London, cholera has done for many other towns. This frightful malady has been a very useful teacher. In many of the places that were almost decimated by it we have learned to adopt sanitary measures, and so have considerably raised the value of life, and prolonged its average duration. If the cholera had not been severe, and the deaths from it frightfully sudden, as well as very numerous, we should have gone on temporizing and dawdling, thinking about expenses, and no great reform would ever have been attempted; the streets would have remained imperfectly sewered, or not sewered at all; houses would still have been crowded with people from the cellar to the garret. Happily the cholera struck hard, and struck people of every class, and thus thoroughly frightened us, and compelled us to make our towns more cleanly. The work is not effectually done yet, and therefore it will not be a matter greatly to be deplored if cholera, or some other pestilence, should again give us the admonition that we need, and teach us once more that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

I do not know but that even to a railway accident we might apply this paradox, and say, "the worse it is the better." On the thousands of miles of railway in Great Britain, a fatal accident is unhappily a very common occurrence; and accidents on a small scale, though in the aggregate, fatal to large numbers, do not attract much attention. But if a severe collision or break-down took place, involving the deaths of two or three hundred persons, then the public feeling would be so mightily aroused that inquiries would be stimulated to the most extraordinary exertions to make railway travelling as safe as it is expeditious. The more severely the necessity for increased security is felt, the more likely are those inventions which will produce it to be forthcoming.

Of many a political injustice and abuse, we may say, "the worse the better." Things must, generally, become very bad indeed before anything is likely to be done to cure them. It was the Old Sarums that stirred us up to Reform; and it is, to a great extent, the fact that there are no Old Sarums now, that renders it impossible, at all events difficult, to get up a Reform agitation at the present time. Small grievances people will endure, without much impatience, from one generation to another; but get a grievance that is a grievance indeed, and then see how things will go! Had the Stuarts been a little more moderate than they were, they might have retained the throne, and prolonged, for some time at least, much of their despotic power. Happily they had not good sense enough to temper their administration with mildness; happily James II. was a thorough-going tyrant, and to that prince's bad qualities, as much perhaps as to the virtues of the Prince of Orange, we owe the Revolution of 1688. Indeed, as confirmatory of the paradox which I am endeavouring to illustrate, history reveals cases of which it *must* be said—"the better the worse." "Evil for evil," says John Stuart Mill, in his Considerations on Representative Government,—"a good despotism in a country at all advanced in civilisation, is more noxious than a bad one; for it is far more relaxing and enervating to the thoughts, feelings, and energies of the people. The despotism of Augustus prepared the Romans for the despotism of Tiberius. If the whole tone of their character had not been prostrated by nearly two generations of that mild slavery, they would probably have had spirit enough left to rebel against the more odious one."

Our paradox is illustrated by the Protestant Reformation. It seems far from improbable that if the Church of Rome had manifested common prudence, if it had checked the multiplication of superstitious rites, if it had not been quite so barefaced in the sale of Indulgences, if its priests and monks had, as a rule, led chaste and sober lives, and if it had dealt mildly and reasonably with heretics, it might have retained its authority and influence longer than it did. Not for a small matter would whole nations have left its communion; not under a light and easy yoke would they have proved restive and unmanageable. But the Pa-

pacy was infatuated; it scouted the idea of moderation; it set at defiance common sense by its superstitions, common decency by its licentiousness, common humanity by its cruelties; and so the Reformers found a sympathizing audience, and the Reformation was achieved. Sometimes the last feather breaks the camel's back; but sometimes it causes the top-heavy load to tumble over, and so the camel is relieved.

I think that our motto is also applicable to infidelity. If we are to have infidelity at all, I give my vote for a thorough-going, out-and-out infidelity, that halts not in its march until it reaches absolute scepticism; until it doubts everything, denies everything, and can go no further. As long as infidelity pays a dubious respect to Scripture, expresses its admiration of the character of Christ, exhorts men to follow his example, argues for the immortality of the soul, and maintains a theistic belief, so long it is a rather formidable foe to vital Christianity. Happily, however, it cannot, with any show of consistency, act in this moderate manner. The Scriptures demand that they be received as the Word of God, or repudiated as the fabrication of wilful impostors; the character of Christ can be respected only as long as he is recognised as the Son of God and the Saviour of men; his death cannot be resolved into a mere martyrdom, nor his life into a mere example; he is what he professes himself to be,—a Divine Redeemer of men, or he is a person convicted of dishonesty and most shameful untruthfulness. Infidelity, if true to itself, must give up every great principle of religion; it must lead us down from one depth of darkness to another, until it leaves us nothing to believe in. "The worse the better;" for from such a state of dark, cold, absolute negation, the human soul instinctively recoils with horror. Therefore, it seems to me that in what is called Secularism there is not much that should give uneasiness to the friends of Christian truth. Its bold avowal that we know nothing, and can know nothing, and need to know nothing of a future state, is very startling; but by all means let it make this avowal; let it tell men that death is the final extinction of conscious being, that there is nothing to fear, nothing to hope, that there is no God, no heaven, no hell; let the avowal be made—"the worse the better." Give this system rope enough, and it will hang itself; let no man stay it, let no man seek to moderate its tone; let it go on, denying every principle that we hold dear, denouncing every character that we admire, blaspheming every name that we consider sacred; be it so; so much the worse for itself, so much the better for us. The best, the most encouraging fact about Scepticism is this—that its logical terminus is Atheism.

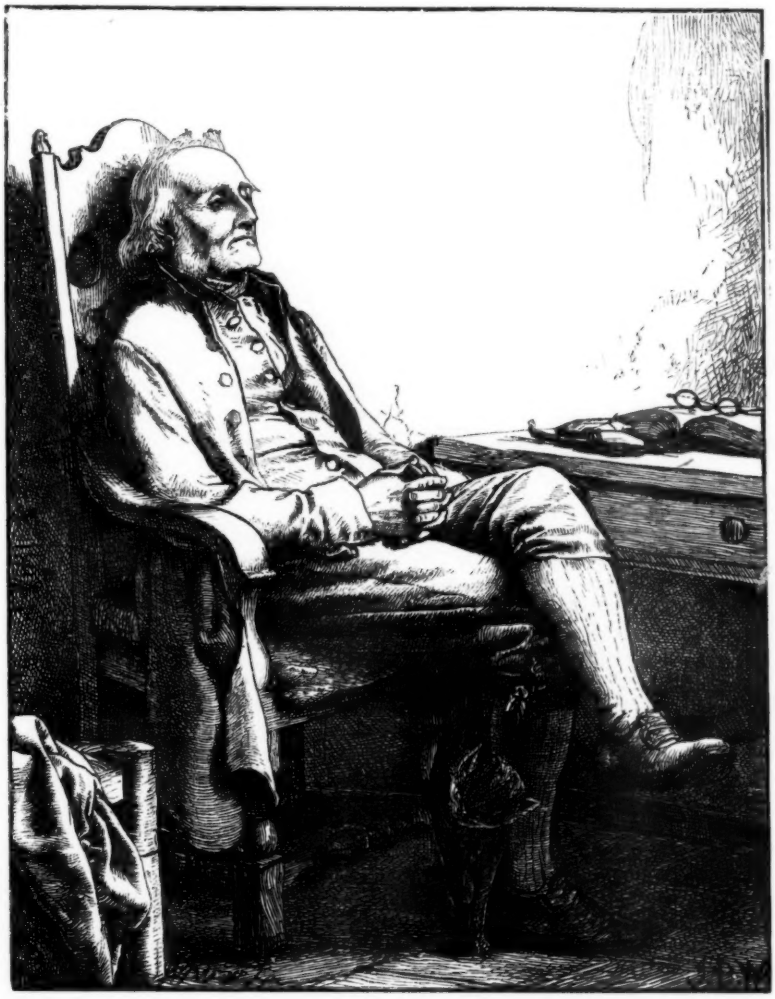
Many persons will find, on reflection, that this paradox has been verified in their own experience. For example, if some one has unjustly assailed your character, and slandered you very shamefully, then "the worse the better." If, while you and your friends know that you are an upright, sober, generous man, your detractor has spoken of you as a rogue, a drunkard, or a miser, you need not be in the least annoyed. Had your enemy been moderate, had he censured you mildly, then you might find it necessary to adopt active measures of self-defence; but, as the case stands, you are saved the trouble of making any reply or taking any notice. The more unjustly you have been treated, the stronger is the reaction in your favour. Indeed, I think that if a cunning fellow wished to rise to popularity, his best plan would be to hire, not some flatterer who should try to write him up, but some detractor, who should do his best to write him down. Or he might do the thing himself; he might write severe, cutting, unfair criticisms upon his own sermons, speeches, and books; he might anonymously hold himself up to scorn and contempt; all the world would then feel interested to know something about him, and finding him undeserving of such treatment, they would deeply sympathize with him. But to speak seriously; in the great struggle of life our paradox is often exemplified. It is not always an advantage to begin the world with money in one's pocket, and friends at one's back, and a business ready-made to one's hand. Favourable as such circumstances may appear, and favourable as they prove to some, they have been the ruin of thousands. Whereas, on the other hand, many men have lived to rejoice in the fact, to thank Divine Providence for the fact, that they commenced their life-battle penniless and friendless. For when a young man is so circumstanced, if he has any pluck in him, the difficulties of his position will prove an invaluable stimulus, will call into exercise all his powers. Don't pity him; down to a very low degree in the scale of what are called advantages, we may safely say, for many men, "the worse the better."

And so, my indulgent readers, unless I am very much deceived, there is, for many of us, some consolation under the troubles of life, in this paradoxical expression. There are limits beyond which it is not true, and there are cases, of a moral character, in which it is not true at all. Far be it from me to lend the shadow of an encouragement to the utterly vicious maxim—"Let us continue in sin that grace may abound," which is a perverted application of "the worse the better." No! let us have none of this vile doctrine. I speak not of evils which we bring upon ourselves, but of those which are inflicted upon us, and which are not under our control. Of these, at least of many of them, I am audacious enough to say, "the worse the better." I have often found the paradox true. I have often been greatly helped through difficulties by the paradox, and I believe that you, my readers, may also find in "the worse the better," a motto which will enable you to set some evils at defiance, and to endure others in a patient and a hopeful spirit. Paul says something very like "the worse the better," when he says, "We glory in tribulations also;" and when he makes this assertion, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Depend upon it, that great man had learned to say, in his own way, concerning many things, "THE WORSE THE BETTER!"

H. STOWELL BROWN.

VESPER.

BY THE COUNTESS DE GASPARIN, AUTHOR OF "THE NEAR AND HEAVENLY HORIZONS."



II.—OLD CUSTOMS, OLD FOLK.

THE farm joins on to the manor-house. Properly speaking, farm and manor are one. In bygone days there were children in that manor-house; and in the farm and the village, old women and old men.

What quantities of old-fashioned things, to be sure, the walls of the manor-house enclosed! Whenever, with furtive step, the children glided towards its uninhabited rooms, when they opened a little bit of the shutters, and a slender ray of light coming through lit up the tapestried medallions, what an odour of antiquity emanated from the furniture around!

The subjects represented on this tapestry, with which the walls were hung, were repeated in oil-painting beneath the pier-glass on the chimney: two foxes discreetly seated—their noses high in air, their tails erect, and between them a bunch of grapes that must have been gathered in the land of Canaan; or else a startled bird of the bustard family pursued by a white greyhound; and in her

forsaken nest, amidst reeds of which the shortest must have been thirty feet, eggs as large as those of an ostrich. A damask canopy spread its pavilion above the spiral bed-posts. On the dressing-table the patch-box, the powder-puff were still to be found, and when little hands shook the latter, the white cloud sent out a subtle perfume.

But the chief admiration of the manor-house children, the darling objects of their desire, were the great mother-of-pearl buttons on the old satin waistcoats. What profuseness of gold! what diamonds! Each tiny spangle, each paste ornament conjured up before their eyes the enchantments of an era of marvels.

Every now and then, too, an odd volume of Madame de Sévigné would throw some light on that unknown world of which these were the vestiges. Our children made as much out of it as they possibly could. To be sure the chain of events was not always unbroken, the characters not always preserved. But, for all that, never has any course of history since that time taught them what those chance pages, those old-world scents, and those hours of reverie revealed.

In the granaries one came upon another epoch—other manners and customs. There, a small fresco-painted turret was seen to rise, the refectory or *belvedere* of the monks of the sixteenth century; the narrow windows of this turret opened out upon the leafy branches of the tallest walnut-trees. All day long, linnets, wrens, and blackbirds carolled there.

When one looked about carefully, one discovered at the far end of the dark niches made by the vagaries of the roof, sometimes a carved-oak bas-relief, some pilgrim of the Holy Land wending his way beneath palm-trees very like cabbages, accompanied by dogs very like elephants; sometimes gigantic paintings, black as ink—Claude Lorraine's, no doubt!

Up in the corners leaned several carved chests. The ornamented locks, the fine trefoil-handled keys, with triple wards which opened with a loud report,—every bolt and bar a proof of mechanical genius; our children examined all these—not one richly-wrought ring, not one grotesque head, not one unicorn's horn, which is not faithfully recorded in their memory.

And then these expeditions had such a delicious touch of fear about them too! Not the fear of ghosts indeed, but of a much more practical danger. In the secret drawers of a wondrous piece of furniture, terrible engines of war were known to be hidden. Balls full of grape-shot; nameless articles covered with pitch, stuffed with gunpowder, with yellowish matches,—Greek fire—nothing short of that! Accordingly, how quick one had been to discover the secret of the mystery, and how one kept returning to it again and again, and with what a timid hand one meddled and re-meddled with that deadly machinery!

Crusades, chivalry, the whole middle ages were there.

Then, besides the manor-house, there were the barns. One stole away there on every holiday that came.

On Sundays one ran thither at break of day. As for getting up early on week-days, one did not care for that—but on Sundays!

The shutters had little square holes, through which the first rays of day-light came. What palpitations these occasioned! Was it the new-born dawn or the rising moon? One dared not stir. One's parents were asleep close by.

Come!—the light grows stronger. Moonlight would not have so warm a tint. The sun is rising, that is certain. Nay, he is risen, for I hear the swallows.

Then one rose on tiptoe, feeling softly round for one's clothes,—finding them, putting them on anyhow. One advanced; the first step—the second; never did thief turn a handle so discreetly. Take care of the hinges—the door-step! Some one has coughed. Silence! the hand upon the latch. It was a false alarm. The passage—here I am; the great door—here. . . . A hand is laid on my shoulder!

"Where in the world are you going?"

"I—I—"

"It is only three o'clock! Go back to your room."

Reinstated in my prison cell till six!—*till six!* And the beams come streaming in; a ladder of gold, through the chinks in the shutter. Would I were that small gnat dancing up and down in the luminous streak, he has got out! How the fountain is leaping in its basin! There is the blackbird whistling away in the box-tree hedges. Oh! what a pleasant puff of wind: it smells of roses. They are getting up at the farm. Granny is calling to the hens. Are not they happy, that's all!

But generally one succeeded in making one's escape. Then one hurried to the farm, to find the old farmer and his wife and three sons, grown men themselves. Above them lived the gardener's wife, with her mother, both well stricken in years. I do believe the daughter was the elder of the two.

A lamentable creature that daughter. She was called *La Jeannottette*, after Jean her husband.

One fine morning, to escape from the eternal whining of La Jeannottette, the poor man had decamped,—to *the Russias* said some, to *the Americas* reported others,—for good and all, at all events. La Jeannottette was left to console herself

as best she could. Indeed, misfortune was less oppressive to her than happiness.

Did the sky happen to be clear in April—Clear moon, frost soon, sighed Jeannottette. Was the fine winter matter of rejoicing—Who doffs his coat a winter day, will gladly put it on in May. Did the crops come up thick—Blades too near, empty ear. Was there a wandering cloud, large as a man's hand, visible on the horizon, La Jeannottette presaged hail-storms destroying the vineyards; if it thundered, a fire; if it rained, a flood. But as for fine weather, bright seasons, meadows laden with hay, barns full of grain, fruit in abundance, flourishing flocks, and the land flowing with milk, why, that was to her the very abomination of desolation.

In this way La Jeannottette went through life, shaking her head, dragging her limbs slowly along, the corners of her mantle drooping, her eye dull, shrugging her shoulders at the folly of mankind, —a worthy woman, after all, and compassionate to sorrow. Indeed, human woe was her very element. Whoever laughed offended her, but he who wept confessed by implication the accuracy of her previsions. So she went on, announcing small misfortunes to the young, heavier calamities to the old, and just stirring the garden beds like a mole. To see her was enough to set any one yawning. You may be sure the children had not much to do with her. All the cheerfulness she lacked had taken refuge with her mother, an octogenarian with a radiant face and eyes of black velvet.

When she bestirred herself in her kitchen—back bent indeed, but more alert and lively than many a girl of fifteen—she kept humming a little song about a bird in the greenwood, a youthful smile playing around her furrowed lips, a smile of indelible innocence.

As for her, the children followed her every step. Their eyes delighted to rest upon her pure forehead, and to catch the simple words that fell like pearls from that old and delightful mouth.

She did all the work of the house. Gay as a lark, and quick-witted, everything seemed cheerful to her, even death.

"Here he comes," she would say to us children.

"Where, granny, where?"

"Behind me, there; *quite close.* Don't you see?"

The children opened wide their eyes, without a shade of fear, and the little old woman kept calling out, "Look well, look well."

When she was at her wheel (she span beautifully), her hand no longer trembled, the silken hemp lengthened out under her fingers, the wheel flew, and an even thread rolled itself round the shuttle.

"What easy work it must be!" cried the children.

"Try."

"Will you let us, granny?"

"There; your foot on the board, the hemp in your left hand. Now for it; gently!"

Crack goes the thread, the wheel stops, and granny bursts out laughing.

"Children, children, the gosling does not fly far the first day it is hatched!"

She did not talk much, this dear granny; she liked singing better, especially when her daughter scolded. Just a few words, her eyes full of clear light, and I don't know why, but you began at once to think of God.

The lower storey was the domain of the farmer and his wife. They occupied the fine large kitchen and the best room. The swallows hung their nests to the beams of the passage. They kept flying in all day long, and as soon as the young brood heard them, each opened its beak wider than the other. One used to spend many a five minutes there, contemplating those ivory beaks with their yellow rims, listening to the twittering of the mother bird, her little lectures intermingled with joyous cries.

After that one went in to see the farmer. Such as he was, he bore an ancient name of France. It is not unusual to find such, slightly modified by the provincial *patois*, at the foot of our mountains. The political convulsions of past times have scattered them along the frontiers. The good man wore his name without pretension, he knew nothing of its lofty origin; but there was about him that inherent nobility which nothing can efface when it is in the blood. A grand bearing, a grizzling beard, a proud face in the style of Francis the First, he managed his four sons with a glance of the eye. It was one of those aspects that are always serious without being sad, and somewhat unsocial, because out of place in a common sphere; you might read a whole chivalrous genealogy there. Whether he threw his scythe across his shoulder, or held the plough, you could never come across him without thinking of gentlemen in satin doublets. His sons had the same dignified bearing. Haughty spirits below their obedient demeanour, taciturn like their father, grave, reserved.

Their mother, a strongly-built woman, the very soul of honour, managed all household affairs with a high hand.

There was little laughter amongst them, and as little singing. There were no quarrels, and no bursts of joy. A serious patriarchal life theirs, where everything got accomplished in due season. But there was an ineffable charm about that house; the fascination of a native refinement and a reserved kindliness. The more rare the smiles, the better they lit up the faces.

And then that paved kitchen had a mantel-piece

of a width you rarely meet with now-a-days. Jugs and ewers of obsolete shape were displayed on the rack. Great carved chests held the flour, and when the farmer's wife lifted their heavy lid, the children would peep in full of curiosity, half expecting to see some monkish relics of former times emerge.

In the best room was a well-waxed sideboard, and an enormous bed of green serge. There were prints all round the walls; ladies in sacks, powdered marquises, all, even down to the pussy-cat, tricked out in top-knots. The highly-coloured box in which the farmer's wife kept her lace coifs, was displayed on the old bandy-legged table. The worms that had been working away at the oak wainscot for generations, had pricked its carvings into patterns of their own. Here and there the wall receded into niches, in which at evening the *crozet** was wont to be placed. Chairs that resembled canonical stalls, were ranged against the panels. In the middle of the room projected the rotund stove, supported by four griffin's feet, with its little recess, in which in winter one might hear the hissing and spluttering of roasted apples. This stove alone took up about a third of the best room. Greek temples intermixed at random with Chinese pagodas; Dutch housewives busy trying to catch their ducks beneath the arches of a Venetian palace, drawbridges, cottages, hanging gardens of Babylon! everything was to be found there.

One day in the year, or more correctly one evening, this grave family circle departed from its usual routine. That evening not only laughter, but even singing was to be heard among them. This happened on a November eve—the *Eve of the Walnuts*, as it was called.

About six o'clock the lads and lasses began to assemble. The tables were ranged around the best room, baskets full of walnuts were heaped upon them. The father sat apart near the stove, the mother beside him. The father resembled the King of Thule, an imposing figure, especially when, about to drink his first glass of wine, standing, he silently touched the glass with his lips, then, with a courteous gesture, passed it on to his aged companion, the whole room crying out a loud *vivat* with one voice. After which away went the hammers, such cracking on the part of the youths, such peeling on that of the damsels, and when some luckless lad chanced to rap his own fingers, I leave you to imagine the peals of laughter.

The little ones who were not entitled either to crack or to peel, kept running round and round picking up the shells, with a pretty good chance of finding a fragment of kernel every now and then. They swell into heaps, these beautiful white kernels, *grumeaux* as they are called. The wine goes round with the brown bread and the cheese, they are hardly touched, such is the haste all are in. As the night wears on, the tongues unloose. From those rustic lips come phrases in which the true old Burgundian spirit, full of caustic raillery beneath an apparent simplicity, is to be found in full perfection. Meanwhile the couplets of the plaintive provincial songs are strung one after another in melancholy cadence. And when midnight strikes, then one o'clock, and the well-filled sacks stand straight in rows along the wainscot, and the last stroke of the hammer has sounded, then the shells are collected into heaps and thrown upon the kitchen fire. How they crackle, how they flare! Again, again! The flames rise, light up the circle of laughing faces; then they fall, they die down; nothing remains but purple cinders. Then with their hands under their aprons the young girls make their way home shivering through the cold night air, the lads betake themselves to the stable. And this eve of the walnuts will be talked of long.

In those times I speak of, the watchman used to go his rounds on winter nights. His iron-shod shoes resounded on the court-yard pavement. His lugubrious voice used to set its words to two notes, —one major, one minor. "Struck ten! Struck ten!"—we children shuddered beneath the bedclothes. But when the watchman in the same doleful tone went on to add the truly benevolent exhortation—

> "Rest safe from harm
> And keep you warm,"

no words can convey the terrors that froze up our spirits.

The most daring among us had actually seen the watchman by the light of a frosty moon; seen him in his greatcoat, with its hood thrown back, his lantern swinging, held out at arm's length. Yes, they had seen him glide along the range of farm-buildings, look through the windows of the stables, then approach the house slowly, cry the hour, and vanish into the gloom.

But there was one evening when the watchman's cry had nothing sinister about it. That night we used to watch for his return with quick beating, impatient hearts. One, two, three—the New Year is about to begin.

Midnight! In the courtyard a cheerful sound of wooden shoes. Courage! ghosts do not wear wooden shoes. Quick to the window! Beneath the falling snow a group of village boys. Would you like to know what they are singing? Here are the verses, such as they are, in their original simplicity.

> "The first day of the year,
> In bidding you good day,
> God send you happy years
> Throughout your life, we pray.

* A little iron lamp of antique form.

"Oh, Christians, be not chary,
But give us of your wealth;
You'll only be the richer
In happiness and health.

"Oh, Christians, we advise you,
Seek to amend at last,
And better do in future
Than you've done in the past.

"Wake up, wake up, fair sleepers,
Enough of slumbering;
Come, look out of the window,
The lads are come to sing.

"They've fiddles brought and bass
To wish sweet ladies luck;
Here comes the New Year by,
For twelve o'clock has struck."

In those days we had a remarkable old woman living in the village (though it is hardly correct to designate her thus; for, in truth, she was still in all her autumnal vigour) named amongst us *The* Salome.

Whenever I turn the corner, and see that little house with carved galleries and sharply-pointed roof that was Salome's, a thousand sweet recollections, sweet but sad also, lay siege to my heart.

Formerly one saw on that wooden gallery, father, mother, and ten children. Now one only sees strangers there.

The Salome had a jovial sort of countenance, and broad square shoulders. She was the very essence of common sense and compassion. Salome fed and cherished all hungry creatures, animals and people alike. And, moreover, she was bone-setter to all the neighbours round.

Sprained arms, twisted limbs, started muscles, all cases that the regular faculty looked down upon, Salome would set to rights. She felt about, she decided—"this should go like that." And with a turn of her thumb—a good large strong thumb it was—she would push back a bone into its place.

Never did she receive one penny for her pains. On the contrary, she would often give a thimbleful of wine to her patients. She had *re-made*, as she phrased it, about a third of the village population. When one wanted to know how she had attained such skill, "God Almighty put it into my head," would be her reply.

As to any theoretical explanation, you might as well have expected such from the Sphinx itself. Language and definitions, it must be owned, were not Salome's strong point. Her *this way* and *that way*, her cause and effect, got quite inextricably entangled. Never mind, the dislocated folk that she had put to rights were not particular about theories.

The Salome had one weakness, that of stuffing children with cakes. In justification of this weakness she had a favourite axiom,—"What pleases does not hurt." Fortunately, she only applied this proverb in the matter of cakes, and on *oven-days*. On these high festivals, *salées* (the favourite cake of our district), as large as full moons, used to blossom out in her kitchen. Butter fizzed on them, they were so hot; the golden eggs puffed themselves up. Salome would cut sections which we had to take both hands to lift. "Eat that up," she would say. For her there were no little gentlemen and little ladies; *the* Salome petted and spoiled all children alike, *be they what they may*, as she said. Oh, how we loved her!

In Salome's house, too, animals swarmed from top to bottom.

In the cellar there were guinea-pigs at the bottom of an old chest—the master-piece of the clever ones amongst us children.

Oh, the saws that we had blunted, the planes that we had spoiled! The consultations, the calculations necessary to execute that prodigious labyrinth, that dwelling-place destined to the guinea-pigs! As to whether they liked their palace or not, who knows? we never asked them! But to have found fault with it after the profound cogitations, the sleepless nights it had cost us, would have been black ingratitude on their part. There must have been about a thousand nails laid out there! And then the passages and gateways, and halls and side-chambers, to say nothing of the straw! The fact is, that once inside it, one never saw anything more of the guinea-pigs than just the tips of their noses. Generations accumulated in that chest. They themselves must soon have lost the thread of their genealogies.

At all this Salome would laugh. "What would you have; they are but young things?" she would say.

Then, next to the guinea-pigs came the rabbits. No chest for them; but a charming little stable, in company with the cow, the goat, and the kid. The cow lowed, the goat butted, the kid leaped, while the rabbits, snug in a corner, their ears laid back on their sides, swarms of young around them, with wide-staring eyes, nibbled away at the delicate hearts of freshly-gathered cabbages.

In the gallery, *Zai*, the black cat, took up her position, with eyelids half closed over her sea-green balls, a quivering tail, a purr melodious as the cooing of ring-doves.

In the garret, the pigeons sat in a row on the little plank like a string of pearls. As for the hens, they laid their eggs in the hay-loft. We used to go to look for them. The exquisite delight of this was that the whole place was so tumble-down. The staircase shook, the boards cracked, the beams bent, underneath the hay were holes, through which Salome herself, who was by no means a slight figure, might have fallen.

"Children, you'll break your necks!"

One made one's-self light, one crept on hands and feet, one was deliciously aware of danger on the right hand, on the left. And there, amidst the fragrant hay, in a corner all tapestried with spiders' webs, the hen sat with ruffled feathers. *Burr!* she flies away frightened; one slips one's hand in—a nest full of eggs, and all are warm.

Poor old house, what poetry, true poetry, there was beneath thy roof! what contemplation of God's creatures! and when, half smothered beneath the sheaves, perched as high as possible in those far regions, where neither Salome nor her husband ever ventured, how free and far our glance hovered! It lingered awhile lovingly on the oak-tree tops, then it lost itself quite in the fathomless depths of the great blue sky.

In those times I am speaking of, just as the twelve o'clock bell was swinging to and fro against the azure background, you might have seen advancing along the meadows an old man with a pannier on his back. *Advancing*, though, is hardly the right word. I do believe that a cricket, if he had happened to be at all in a hurry, would easily have left Lois—*the good Lois*, as he was called—behind.

The good Lois, quite lame, and almost one-handed, was the postman of the district. He wore on his head a fabulous hat, of straw, tied together with packthread; black straw, yellow, white, green, red, all colours of liberty and despotism both, in horrible confusion. Under this hat lengthened out a pair of hollow cheeks, a grizzling chin, with eyes of China blue, a courteous mouth, an innocent expression, that reminded you of the flowers of the field.

Such was the bearer of our good and evil tidings.

Between the moment when the children first discerned him at the end of the shrubbery, and that in which Lois entered the manor-house court-yard, a good half hour at least intervened. Those who were anxious for letters ran to meet him; but usually he was leisurely waited for.

Very placidly, very deliberately, Lois moved his crutch along the path, then up the steps, then through the gate, then across a bit of grass-plot. Then he leant his staff against the basin of the fountain, and took off his hat.

"Here you are, Lois!"

"Here I am; here I am!"

"What do you bring us?"

"Oh, as for that—whatever pleases God."

Then, but not without help, Lois took off his pannier. He placed it with utmost precaution on the bench. When once it was placed, he steadied it; eyes, bright with childish impatience, sometimes, too, with tears and suspense, were greedily fixed upon the old portfolio. A leather portfolio it was, strongly corded, half hidden by miscellaneous packages. Lois plunged his one hand to the very bottom of the pannier.

"Would you like me to unfasten the string, good Lois?"

Good Lois shook his head, placed the portfolio between his head and his chest, squeezed it very tight, then with his paralysed fingers caught hold of the end of the string; one turn, two, three turns. At last then, the letters. You think so? The good Lois would lift the first with one finger—not that; the next—not that; the third—not that either. . . .

Yet, in truth, the heart was neither more nor less exercised; anxieties were neither more nor less consuming than they are now. In the very air were currents of peace, so to speak, that one inhaled in large draughts, that gave great moral courage and calmness. In our day, our locomotive agitations produce a high fever, followed by a great prostration. Here each day, as it came, brought its own burden, a burden proportionate to human strength.

We had no electric telegraphs, no railroad's delirious rush, fraught with whirlwinds of glad or gloomy tidings, to crush the soul with excess of pressure. The mental springs were not strained, the energies not worn out; the intellect, the nerves, moved freely, because they retained longer their inherent force. With less visible action perhaps, it seems to me that more was accomplished; less dust raised, more work done. What one did, one did with a quiet spirit and a merry heart. One was conscious of that ready, cheerful predisposition for one's task which is the concomitant of perfect moral health. Lois, placid and persevering, was the typical character of those times.

During the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, Lois, invalid as he was, having to contend with old age, and with the inclemency of a climate which alternately brought to bear upon him blasts from the north-east and snow from the south, gales sufficient to uproot a forest, and a sun worthy of the tropics, he went on his way, equal to his task.

This post, that now-a-days uses up one of our cotemporaries in four or five years, was held for fifteen by Lois, without his being the worse for it.

"Are there still old people in your village?" you ask. Yes, and children too. But not the same; the children of to-day are, I think, less young than we were. If you want spring-tide grace, if you delight in cheerful songs and bright memories, go seek them from the old.

Your father! They were his elders! Your mother! They remember her arrival as a bride in the flower of her beauty. Your grandparents, those whose faces you yourself never knew, still live and move before their eyes. Great-grandpapa's ways;

the very words he had a trick of repeating; his ivory-headed cane, and the passion he got into on one occasion, and the manner in which the house was managed; the pantry, the coachman, the housekeeper; and how, on account of a certain wild freak, the octogenarian aunt—whom you dimly discern in your memory's background—received five good fillips at the hand of her venerable grandmother; the great coach that held ten; the bailiff, the castellan; the ancient social life vanished; all rise once more out of the dust.

Are you weary?

I have a great mind to take you to *the* Marguerite *to* Jean-Pierre, one of the old women of our present day.

Jean-Pierre is in his ninetieth year; Marguerite in her eighty-seventh; they have been married sixty-two years.

Their room is a cheerful one; a geranium spreads out on the window-sill; puss rubs her glossy sides against the leg of Jean-Pierre, he meanwhile dozes with his elbows on the table.

The Marguerite is just gone to the Planches. By and bye we will join her there. She has left her black-letter Bible open; her brass spectacles shine in the sun-light.

Jean-Pierre raises his head, looks into vacancy, and asks who goes there. He is blind. He has felt darkness descend upon him without a murmur, for all he loved the daylight well.

Do not go and fancy though that Jean-Pierre is gloomy. Only look at that plump, round face, and forehead free from care. "*The* Marguerite sees for both," says Jean-Pierre.

"Do you find the day long?"

"Not very; I keep thinking of Paradise, and then of good old times too. All the same; it's a fine thing to see for those who can." Jean-Pierre turns his clouded eyes towards the window: "God Almighty, who reigns above, preserve my Marguerite, and take me first."

"But what would become of Marguerite, all alone?"

"Oh! she'd do well enough. As for me, look you, I'm soft. Just think; since the year ninety-five, that we've been together. When I hear her on the stairs, it's just like sunshine. She scolds me sometimes, does Margaret; she's wicked.* Then I banter her:

'Marguerite, my darling,
Marguerite, my pretty love.'

She laughs, she does. Your worshipful grandfather used to go on so; only your lady grandmother was not much given to joking."

And so, from one reminiscence to another, Jean-Pierre forgets the hours.

* In the idiom of our village *wicked* means lively.

When evening comes, Jean-Pierre feels his way to the outside gallery, and seats himself there. His poor eyes no longer see the meadows he has so often mown; the vines he has so often pruned; the forests where, in autumn, he was wont to cut the fir-trees down. But the wind from the mountain blows on him as it did then; he hears the same songs from the passers-by. And when Marguerite's step falls upon his ear, a step still alert in spite of years, Jean-Pierre, with trembling hand, follows the bannister, goes down the first steps, gets quietly scolded for having ventured so far, then hums under his breath:—

"Marguerite, my darling,
Marguerite, my pretty love."

At which Margaret smiles; a robust, energetic, little old woman, with a curt, original way of speech, who cannot suffer any one but herself about her old man.

"They put one out, do those young ones." (The young ones, her sons, will never see forty again.) "They don't know how to do things; they've no notions."

Very early in the morning, the room is put in order. The Bible chapter spelt through; Jean-Pierre settled near the window, puss on one side, his pipe and tobacco-box on the other; Marguerite briskly—though she is a little bent, to be sure—makes her way up to the Planches.

These Planches are an extensive common—formerly covered with wood, under cultivation now—on the slope of the mountain, just below the first pine-trees.

Many a breeze, laden with resinous perfume, wanders there; flowers grow that you do not find in the plain,—the orchis, the heath, the golden broom. The tall grass waves amongst the rocky boulders, the wild bird that loves solitary places starts out of the juniper bushes, with a sharp short note. The mountain seems quite near, the hardly defined paths are almost always untrodden. The character of the spot is wild,—the isolation all but complete; and this is why Marguerite likes it so much. She thinks of the time when she walked as a young girl beneath the oak-wood trees, arms filled with the sheaves she had gleaned. She thinks of the time when, Jean-Pierre at her side, they first turned up their little bit of ground. She stops, she looks over the country; nothing is changed,—nothing *there*. Then she takes up her spade, and digs hard that she may not cry. She is more *soft* this Marguerite than Jean-Pierre supposes. Without any help she fills her basket, lifts it on her back, totters a little, steadies herself, and sets out homeward.

This evening the fire will burn brightly in that little room; Jean-Pierre will have his potatoes, will have his coffee, will have his Marguerite. When

they were younger, these were stouter-hearted indeed. Did they love each other better? Had they the same tender happiness, so akin to tears—so near to heaven?

You who press close together to the hearth which will soon go out, you who join your wasted hands in the same prayer, you whom one flight will bear to the better country, answer me.

March comes and thaws the ground, the tufts of grass in moist spots grow green, there is a tear trembling at the end of every branch; a penetrating odour of sap comes from the branches that are still leafless. A beautiful night; a festival throughout our district.

On the summit of the mountain, on the crest of the rocks, at the foot of the forest, on the brow of the hill, low down in the valley, far off towards the Alps, fires are gleaming—the fires of our Lady.

Were these sparkling sheaves first sown by Ceres when she wandered on the earth looking for her daughter? I do not know. Indeed it is no affair of mine.

Exquisite this balmy night with breezes wandering at their will, and the sky full of stars. When I lean out of the open window, I see the fires scattered on all sides. Those of our village, lit on the hill, rise high and wide; before them, black against the red glow, flit the shapes of children, their arms full of dead branches. Torches move fantastically along the hill's crest. Distant cries lengthen out till the last waves of sound break against our garden wall. Everywhere the bonfires now brighten, now fade, till at the extreme horizon you see only crimson specks that appear and disappear and appear again, dotting far-off peaks lost in the gloom of night.

Night of illumination, immensity of the skies, star-spangled to your furthest depths, how you thrill those who sigh for eternity!

THE BATTLE OF GILBOA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KELAVANE."

THE armies of Achish are pouring from Gath,
From Gaza, and Askelon, low by the shore;
And the people are crush'd in their wine-press of wrath:
There is ruin behind them, and terror before.

Their triumph the cities of Benjamin fills,
From Dan to Beersheba in sackcloth is clad;
Even Judah and Simeon weep on their hills,
Like the Ammonite valleys of Reuben and Gad.

And strong in his sorrows, the worst and the last,
Stands the mighty King Saul, like a rock of the flood,
Towering o'er the dark surge of the host heaving past,
With the storm on his breast ever breaking in blood.

All in vain rides young Jonathan, bravest and best;
In the fore-front of death, rides the loved of the land;
All in vain o'er the foe, gleams the war-batter'd crest
Of great Abner, who fights at his master's right hand.

And the battle rolls on, ever redder each wave
Falling broken, in blood, from the sword of the King;
But the hand is withheld that is mighty to save,
And still closes the foe, and still reddens the ring.

In his woe, God-forsaken, and hopeless his host,
In the day of the Lord, when His judgments befell,
He hath wept o'er the grave where all hope lieth lost,
With the Ancient of Ramah who loved him so well.

He hath call'd forth the visions of death from the tomb,
When his bold heart grew faithless, and feeble his sword;
But his legions reel back in the shadow of doom,
For the Urim is still in the Ark of the Lord.

And the battle rolls on, and the battle rolls on,
Where the vineyards of Jezreel lie crush'd in their pride;
Where the streams of Gilboa are black in the sun,
And the blood-fringe of Jordan runs red at its side.

And as hopeless as fearless, his crown on his brow,
With his host scatter'd far o'er the war-stricken field,
Stands the wounded old King, with his face to the foe,
And their spears falling thick on the boss of his shield.

No longer he hears the brave Jonathan's call,
In the death-front beholds not the plume that he wore;
Ah! the bravest, the best, the beloved one of all!
He will scatter the foe on Rock Rimmon no more.

Anon, and great Abner, all reeking and red,
With his saddle-girths dripping, and death in each spring,
Rushes down on the foe, cleaving dead upon dead,
Through the iron-clad phalanx that closed on the King.

And the battle rolls on, and the battle rolls on,
Through the blood-mist that hangs o'er the war-trodden plain,
O'er the merciless riot of slaughter, where none
Hath a thought for the living, a care for the slain.

"I am wounded full sore," said the King where he lay,
"But not yet unto death, and the heathen is nigh:
Press thy sword through my breast, since my sons are away,
Ere the heathen behold God's anointed one die."



In the silence of death, in the shadow of night,
Has their glory gone down through the woe of the land,
In the doom that has broken the sword of their might,
In the pride of their days, and the strength of their hand.

Their swords lay all broken, their bows were all strung,
Where they lay, in their love, round the kingly old man;
And their arms in the House of Ashteroth were hung,
And their bones laid to bleach on the walls of Beth-shan.

THE BLESSINGS OF THOSE WHO WEEP.

BY THE LATE REV. EDWARD IRVING.*

It is written by the apostle Paul, in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, that the sorrow of the world worketh death; meaning thereby, that the worldly form of sorrow hath no better effect than to destroy the natural cheerfulness of the spirit, to undermine the health of the body, and hasten the approach of death. To which agree the words of the wise man, when he says, "By sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken; the spirit of man may bear its infirmities, but a wounded spirit, who can bear?" This sorrow of the world, whose end is death, is carefully to be distinguished from that other sorrow whereof the apostle speaketh in the same place, in these words, "There is a godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of;" and which James counteth it all joy to fall under, and which our Lord blesseth, because it shall produce laughter in the end.

What that sorrow is which worketh death, and which is never blessed in the Holy Scriptures,—because truly it is not a blessing, but a curse, the arch-curse and mother-woe of all the earth, "In sorrow shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life until thou go down unto the dust,"—any one may discover who reflecteth upon his own history and experience; for short indeed must have been his life, and happy the lot of his inheritance, if he have not tasted of it in large variety and plentiful abundance. All the preludes of death are a sorrow, be they the diseases of the inward or outward man; all the ways of sin are a sorrow, sweet in the mouth, but in the belly as gall and wormwood. All the faith which we repose in the unstable world endeth in sorrow, when in its fluctuating moods the world forsaketh our trust. All the affections which nature conjoineth to the dear friends and kind kinsmen who are around us, grow up in doubt and mistrust, are continued in fear and trembling; and then, when they have been most firmly and most closely bound together, are sure to be dissolved in grief and great sorrow. So that the natural estate of man is full of sorrow, and every heart of man is full of grief; and, as the wise man hath said, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

The brood of sorrow which so thickly infesteth our present state are all the ministers of death. They are the signs of death in our constitution; they are death's harbingers; they are also the ministers of death, and serve his sovereign mandate. And as Jesus, with allusion to his destruction of death, is called the Prince of life, the quickening spirit, the resurrection and the life, so, in allusion to them, the precursors of death, he is called the chief physician of soul and body, who beareth our griefs and carrieth our sorrows; who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. For all these ailments of body and soul which prefigure death, there is therefore balm in Gilead and a physician there; but without this balm and physician they are not goods, but evils, not blessings, but curses; and the old Stoics did but manifest their proud contempt of all things, even of themselves, when they pronounced that pain was not an evil. It is not an evil, the evil of evils under the sun. As death is the king of terrors, so is sorrow and pain of body or soul the king of evils.

Be it understood, therefore, that our Lord doth not bless these the natural griefs and sorrows of our estate which God cursed at the fall.

While yet we grieve for the goods of the present life abstracted, for our friends spirited away by death, for our hopes defeated of their promise; for our desires unsatisfied, our joys disappointed, our ambition uncrowned, our faith and trust betrayed; for the frustration of any of the delights which life contained; or while yet we writhe with pain and agony under racking disease, or go broken-hearted with affliction, or are poisoned in our spirits by some chronic disorder, and grow melancholy and misanthropical,—so far from viewing the dispensation as any sign of grace or forerunner of blessing, we are to view it as a sign of our worldliness, as a proof of our ignorance or disbelief of the things visible and eternal, as the fruit of sin present in our members, and the absence of salvation, the assurance of death temporal as well as spiritual; and, for all these reasons, a summons to repentance, faith, and new obedience.

It is not until we grieve for these griefs until our griefs have passed into another form, and taken spiritual relations altogether different, that they become a blessing. They must first lift up their complaining voice to God, and seek consolation from his Holy Spirit before they bear any fruit of life. And the seed of death must be taken out of them, and a seed of life implanted in its stead by Him who hath life in himself to give it to whomsoever he pleaseth. Yet, as there is more hope of a fool than of a man proud in his own conceit, so

* I feel very grateful to the family of Mr. Irving for putting this unpublished paper from his early writings at my disposal for insertion in *Good Words*.—Editor.

is there more hope of a man under the cloud of worldly affliction, than of a man under the laughing smiles of worldly prosperity. To the one, the stage-curtain of life is dropped, and the scene hath no activity before his eye or interest in his mind, and his inspiration is carried inward upon himself; to the other, the stage-curtain of life is up, and displayeth a busy, joyous scene, wherewith his faculties being engrossed, he hath no time for meditation of himself, or of the things invisible and eternal. Therefore, though these natural griefs have in them no reality of salvation, they have in them a hope of salvation, by demonstrating the necessity of it, and somewhat removing obstruction to it out of the way, as a disease which telleth its presence by racking pain is more likely to be attended to and healed, than one which steals its course through the circulating stream of life, and gives no notice till it hath seized upon a vital part. One shipwreck is worth a thousand sermons to demonstrate the instability of fortune; one death in a family is worth a thousand homilies to prove the transitoriness of earthly blessing; the hiding of our patron's countenance will sooner blanch the cheek of ambition than the tragedy of Wolsey's fall; one falsehood detected will read a better lesson upon truth; one hypocrisy uncovered, one stratagem outwitted, one crime punished in our own person will do more to put the soul to shame and confusion, and prepare it for reason and reflection, for faith and repentance, than many sermons and many prayers. Therefore, inasmuch as these visitations of grief and occasions of tears do disenchant the soul from the world's many charms, and reveal to the heart its own misery, they are good for preparing the way of salvation. But until salvation come and offer itself, and be accepted, and prove the occasion of other and deeper tears, there is no salvation in any form of natural grief, but there is a warning of death and a taste of the bitterness of death. But if, upon the other hand, these natural griefs and troubles of man's estate do alight upon minds of an irritable and ungoverned temper, they act upon them like a rock in the midst of a violent stream, which still more diverteth the onwardness of its course, troubling its purity, and increasing its violence and perturbation. Such men are chafed by disappointment, incensed by opposition, tortured by affliction, distracted by bereavements, and, by a succession of adversities, they are lashed into madness, or, if they retain their senses, they are unfitted for large communion with reasonable men, and must be treated in a gentle and soothing way upon those subjects where their temper hath prevailed against their reason. In these men the sorrow of the world hath already produced a death of those sweet dispositions which alone can inherit heaven, or, indeed, inherit the earth; and there have arisen in their stead, rage and fury and ungovernable passion which dwell in the regions of the pit, and are ever feeding the worm which dieth not, and the fire which is not quenched. The tears of such men (if indeed they shed any tears, for such men are not accustomed to the melting mood) do signify the commotion which is passing in another region, like the slow and heavy drops which sometimes drop sullenly to the earth, when the lightning and the thunder are agitating in the upper regions of the air. They are signs and accompaniments of an inward storm, but they are no signs of a tender or broken heart; they prove how the demon of discord hath the government and excludeth the prince of peace. Such troubled spirits desire no comfort, and will take none, their only comfort is to have their will and pleasure, which, not obtaining, they are vexed; being resisted, they are grieved; being defeated, they are in anguish and misery. There must be a perception of the inward parts, the strong and stubborn will must subject itself to the will of God, and, being itself governed, must govern the tempers of the mind, before they can be blessed by affliction and grief. There is a calm, indeed, which follows the storm, when the violence of the soul is spent, in which, if you can approach them with a still, small voice, you may do them service; but, oh! what delicacy, what wisdom, what long-endurance, it requireth to deal with intractable men. I would sooner undertake to soothe the pains and passions of a little babe, who understandeth neither words nor smiles, than undertake to bring to reason those fretful spirits who, though they understand both, are, by the evil possessions to which they yield themselves, whirled away out of the hearing of words of counsel, out of the sweet influence of tender and gracious acts. And they mourn and they repent; they see the wounds which they inflicted in their madness, and the wreck which in the tempest of their rage they have made, which is a new misery and a new grief, and the occasion of an inward agitation, so that either outwardly or inwardly they are in war, and their only hope is to remove them from their troubled waters, and give their spirit a resting and a breathing time to recover from the mangled condition into which its own hands have reduced it.

Very different from the tears which are shed over outward goods which have departed, or inward desires which have been disappointed, are those tears which our Lord blesseth, when he saith, Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. Those are the tears of repentance which Peter shed when he went out and wept bitterly; the tears with which Mary Magdalene washed her Lord's feet, wiping them with the hairs of her

head. They are the tears which burst from our hearts when we looked upon him whom we have pierced, and weep as a mother that weepeth for an only son; the tears which Christ wept over Jerusalem, fallen and impenitent, foreseeing its relentless doom; the tears of compassion which he wept over the sorrows of the house of Lazarus; the tears which Paul shed when in the city of Ephesus he went, by night and by day, from house to house, entreating the people to be reconciled unto God. Not the bitter and disappointed mood of Jonah when he was exceedingly displeased and very angry because the Lord had relented of his threatenings against Nineveh, and entreated God, saying, Take, I beseech thee, my life away from me, for it is better for me to die than to live, but the mood of Jeremiah the prophet, when he exclaimed, Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the daughters of my people. Not the tears of pride, which come reluctant from the steeled heart, like water dropping from the flinty rock, but the tears of pride humbled and convinced by the power of God, which flow copiously, like the stream which issued from the rock when it had been smitten by the wand of Moses, the messenger of God. Not the tears of natural desire after a worldly good, nor the tears of natural sorrow for a worldly good removed, but the tears of spiritual desire after spiritual good, or the tears of sorrow when God hath hidden his countenance or removed our candlestick out of its former place. This is the godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of; these are the mourners who shall hereafter laugh.

As the sorrows of the world are but the prelude of death, the hints and notices of everlasting grief, the first-fruits of sin, whose full harvest is reaped in another world, so is there another kind of sorrows, which are, as it were, the pains of a new life conceiving within the soul, and the pangs of a new birth, and the trials of the new creature which hath been born into an uncongenial clime. These sorrows of the spiritual man consist in the giving up of his former idolatries, in the sacrifice of his former desires, in the change of his pursuits, the restraining of his passions, and the subduing of his former self. The seed is not quickened unless it be cast into the earth and rot. Neither is the new man quickened unless the old man be mortified with his affections and lusts. And these affections and lusts, out of whose mortification new affections and desires must spring, are each as due to the soul as a member is to the body, and cost in the dying as much pain as the plucking out of a right eye or the cutting off of a right hand. O wretched man that I am! who will deliver me from the body of this death? There is a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and leading me into captivity to the law of sin and death. Who shall tell the inward grief of the soul when it discovereth all its transgressions, and its sin is ever before it, when the waters have come over it, and the great billows of the Lord's indignation hath buried it in despair? Who shall tell the horror of the soul when it hath parted from all its former trusts and refuges, and findeth itself tossed to and fro by the tempest of its remorse, without a ray of hope, when all its firm-built and world-defying timbers break up and yawn, and its glorious bravery is wrecked and wasted, and strewn about in desolation? When the honest man discovereth that he is a deceitful knave before the Lord, and the honourable man that he is a false hypocrite, and the self-righteous man that he offendeth in everything, and in everything cometh short of the glory of God; when the rich man discovers that he is poor, and the happy man that he is miserable, and the man of knowledge that he is blind, and whatever he is, or whatever the world may hold him, he is an abject, miserable wretch in the sight of God—a worm, and no man—a slave of Satan, and a captive in his house of bondage; then it is that rivers of tears flow down the cheek, and that the harp is hung upon the willow. There is grief and great sorrow when the arrow of the Lord hath pierced our heart, and his mighty hand hath laid our glory in the dust; and the weeping which is made at such a season and for such a cause is blessed. In such weeping is the seed of the gospel sown, and through such mortification the harvest groweth up abundantly.

And when the hope cometh by which we are saved through the faith that is in Christ Jesus, though it doth dissipate the gloom, and show us whitherward to steer our course, yet full of trials, of sorrow, and of tears, is our voyage. The Captain of our salvation was made perfect by suffering, and the cloud of witnesses with whom we are surrounded were each tried with sore trial, and resisted unto blood; and though, in our times, the blood of the body be not required in testimony of our faith, the soul hath sore trials to undergo. Even we ourselves, saith Paul, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, do groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, viz., the redemption of of the body. Our Lord's life is the type of a Christian's life, with which the life of the world is at war. Its joys are not his joys, and he weepeth in secret over its merry-makings. He riseth early in the morning, like Job, and offereth sacrifice for his sons and his daughters, lest in their last night's amusements they may have sinned, and cursed God

in their hearts. Yea, he hath oft, like David, a house full of rebel children, or a table surrounded with ungodly men. He cannot escape out of the world; and if he could he would not, being drawn to them with bonds of fervent charity, and eager longing after their salvation. And his conscience beareth him witness in the Holy Ghost that he hath great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart for his brethren, for his kinsmen according to the flesh.

Space would fail me to set forth the occasions which a spiritual man hath for sorrow and tears, with none of which the world is made acquainted by all its tragedies; tears of sorrow for his own sinfulness, and tears of pity for the world's impenitence; tears of sympathy with the members of Christ, and tears of nature for the unremedied distresses of the natural man. The heart of a Christian is very soft, and he is ready to weep with those that weep. The devotion of a Christian doth not, like the heroism of the world, seal his sympathies and dry up the fountain of his tears; and when his high resolutions and unrestrained purposes of self-denial and self-devotion maketh his friends and kindred to weep for the loss of his well-beloved company, while he holdeth on his steadfast course, he is oft constrained to cry out, What, mean ye to weep and to break my heart? for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus. It is in the softening of the hardened heart, and the melting of the stubborn spirit; in the opening of the flood-gates of sympathy which selfishness had closed; in the life of charity which malice had put to death—of the charity which beareth all things, which is not easily provoked, and which thinketh no evil, which suffereth long, and is kind,—in these soft and tender aspects of the soul consisteth the daily, hourly experience of the renewed life. And many are the tears which it sheddeth secretly, and many are the lamentations which it maketh in its prayers, and manifold its causes of sorrow.

Theirs is the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, out of which cometh the fellowship of his resurrection. They suffer with him, and they shall also rejoice with him. They are crucified with Christ, yet live, or rather Christ liveth in them. They bear his cross, and they shall wear his crown. They follow him through bad report, and with him they shall be exalted to honour and glory. The same Spirit which wrought mightily in him to raise him from the dead, shall work in them newness of life. They are like Paul sorrowing yet rejoicing, troubled on every side yet not distressed, perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed. They are passing through great tribulation, they are washing their robes and making them white in the blood of the Lamb. And hereafter shall they be before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

This is the life which awaits those mourners in Zion, in the Jerusalem which is above, and here on earth the preludes of that life are shown. Theirs is humility and meekness and gentleness, to which the Lord hath promised to reveal himself. Theirs is the contrition of heart, with which the Lord hath promised to dwell, and the downcast spirit, which he hath promised to revive. He will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, but bring forth judgment unto truth. The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, to pour the oil of joy into the wounded spirit, to give the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and to comfort all that mourn. To the lowly the lowly Jesus cometh, to the sad in heart the Comforter cometh; theirs is the faith of Christ, who turn from their sins with godly sorrow. And blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. When the Lord turneth again their captivity they shall laugh, and their mouths shall be filled with singing. Theirs is the sadness of the countenance, by which the heart is made better.

GIFTS.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE. BY MRS. GATTY.

One—two—three—four—five; five neatly-raked kitchen-garden beds, four of them side by side, with a pathway between; the fifth a narrow slip, heading the others, and close to the gravel walk, as it was for succession-crops of mustard and cress, which are often wanted in a hurry for breakfast or tea.

Most people have stood by such beds in their own kitchen-gardens on soft spring mornings and evenings, and looked for the coming up of the seeds which either they or the gardener had sown.

Radishes in one, for instance, and of all three sorts—white-turnip, red-turnip, and long-tailed.

Carrots in another; and this bed had been dug very deep indeed—subsoil digging, as it were; two spades' depth, that the roots might strike freely down.

Onions in another. Beets in the fourth; both

the golden and red varieties: while the narrow slip was half mustard and half cress.

Such was the plan here, however; and here, for a time, all the seeds lay sleeping, as it seemed. For, as the long smooth-raked beds stretched out dark and bare under the stars, they betrayed no symptom of anything going on within.

Nevertheless, there was no sleeping in the case. The little seed-grains were fulfilling the law of their being, each after its kind; the grains, all but their inner germs decaying; the germs swelling and growing, till they rose out of their rotten cradles, and made their way, through their earthen coverlid, to the light of day.

They did not all come up quite together, of course, nor all quite alike. But as to the time, the gardener had made his arrangements so cleverly, that none was very far behind his neighbour. And as to the difference of shape in the first young leaves, what could it signify? It is true the young mustards were round and thick; the cresses oval and pointed; the carrots mere green threads; the onions sharp little blades; while the beets had an odd, staring look. But they all woke up to the same life and enjoyment, and were all greeted with friendly welcome, as they appeared, by the dew, and light, and sunshine, and breezes so necessary to them all, children of one mother, dependent on the same influences to bring them to perfection.

What *could* put comparisons, and envyings, and heart-burnings into their heads, so filling them either with conceit or melancholy misgivings? As if there was but one way of being right or doing right; as if every creature was *not* good after its kind, but must needs be good after somebody else's kind, or not be good at all!

It must have been some strolling half-informed grub, one would think, who had not yet come to his full senses, who started such foolish ideas.

It began with an inquiry at first, for no actual unkindness was meant.

"I find I get deeper and deeper into the soil every day," remarked the carrot. "I shall be I don't know how long, at last. I have been going down regularly, quite straight, for weeks. Then I am tapering off to a long point at the end, in the most beautiful proportions possible. A traveller told me, the other day, this was perfection, and I believe he was right."

(That mischievous vagabond grub, you see!)

"I knew what it was to live near the surface in my young days," he went on; "but never felt solid enjoyment till I struck deeply down, where all is so rich and warm. This is really being firmly established and satisfactory to one's-self, though still progressing, I hope, for I don't intend to limit myself. Pray tell me," added he, good-naturedly enough, "how it fares with all the rest of you. I should like to know that your roots are as long, and slim, and yellow as mine; doing as well, in fact, and sinking as far down. I wish us to be all perfect alike. Perfection is the great thing to try for."

"When you are sure you are trying in the right way," exclaimed some voices from the neighbouring radish-bed (for the red and white turnips would always talk together). "But if long, slim, yellow roots, striking deep into the earth, are your idea of perfection, I advise you to begin life over again. Dear me! I wish you had consulted us before. Why, we stopped going down long ago, and have been spreading out sideways and all ways, into stout, round, solid balls ever since; close white flesh throughout inside, and not yellow, but red without."

"White, he means," shouted another.

"Red, I call it," repeated the first. "But no matter; certainly not yellow!"

And "Certainly not yellow!" cried they all.

"So," continued the chief speaker, "we are quite concerned to hear you ramble on about growing longer and longer, and strongly advise you to keep your own counsel, and not mention it to any one else. We are friends, you know, and can be trusted; but you really must leave off wasting your powers and energy in the dark inside of the ground, out of everybody's sight and knowledge. Come to the surface, and make the most of it, as we do, and then you'll be a credit to your friends. Never mind what travellers say. They've nothing else to do but walk about and talk, and they tell us we are perfection too. Don't think about them, but about what we tell you, and alter your course at once. Roll yourself up into a firm round ball as fast as you can. You won't find it hard if you once begin. You have only to—"

"Let me put in a word first," interrupted one of the long-tailed radishes in the same bed; "for it is of no use to go out of one extreme into another, which you are on the high road to do if you are disposed to take Mr. Roundhead's advice, who ought to be ashamed, by the way, of forcing his very peculiar views upon his neighbours. Just look at us. We always strike moderately down, so we know it's the right thing to do, and that solid round balls are the most unnatural and useless things in the world. But, on the other hand, my dear friend, we have learnt where to stop, and a great secret it is, but one I fear you know nothing about at present; so the sooner you make yourself acquainted with it the better. There's a limit to everything but folly—even to striking deep into the soil. And as to the soil being better so very deep down, nobody can believe it; for why should it be? The great art is to make the most of what is at hand, as we do. Time enough to go into the

depths when you have used up what is so much easier got at. The man who gathered some of us yesterday, called out, 'These are just right.' So I leave you to judge whether some other people we know of must not be wrong."

"You rather overwhelm me, I own," mused the Carrot; "though it 's remarkable you do not agree together. Is it possible, however, that I have been making a great mistake all my life? What lost time to look back upon! Yet a ball; no, no, not a ball! I don't think I could grow into a solid round ball were I to try for ever!"

"Not having tried, how can you tell?" whispered the Turnip-Radish persuasively. "But you never will, if you listen to our poor old-fashioned friend next door, who has been halting between two opinions all his life, will neither make an honest fat lump of it, as I do, nor plunge down and taper with you. But nothing can be done without an effort: certainly no change."

"That is true," murmured the Carrot, rather sadly; "but I am too old for further efforts myself. Mistake or no mistake, my fate is fixed. I am too far down to set up again, that's certain. But some of the young ones may try. Do you hear, dears? Some of you stop short, if you can, and grow out sideways and all ways, into stout, round, solid balls."

"Oh, nonsense about round balls!" cried the long-tailed Radish in disgust; "what will the world come to, if this goes go! Listen to me, youngsters, I beg. Go to a moderate depth, and be content; and if you want something to do, throw out a few fibres for amusement. You're firm enough without them, I know, but the employment will pass away time."

"There are strange delusions abroad just now," remarked the Onions to each other; "do you hear all this talk about shape and way of growth? and everybody in the dark on the subject, though they seem to be quite unconscious of the fact themselves. That fellow chattered about solid balls, as if there was no such thing as growing layer upon layer, and coat over coat, at all.

"Of course the very long yellow gentleman, with his tapering root, is most wrong of the party; but I doubt if Mr. Roundhead is much wiser when he speaks of close white flesh inside, and red, of all ridiculous nonsense, without. Where are their flaky skins, I should like to know? Who is ever to peel them, I wonder? Poor things, I can't think how they got into such ways. How tough and obstinate they must be! I wish we lived nearer. We would teach them a little better than that, and show them what to do."

"I have lived near you long enough," grumbled a deep-red Beet next door; "and you have never taught me; neither shall you, if I can help it. A pretty instructor you would be, who think it ridiculous to be red! I suppose you can't grow red yourself, and so abuse the colour out of spite. Now I flatter myself I am red inside as well as out, so I suppose I am more ridiculous than the other fellow who contrived to keep himself white within, according to his own account; but I doubt the fact. There, there! it is a folly to be angry; so I say no more, except this: get red as fast as you can. You live in the same soil that I do, and ought to be able."

"Oh, don't call it red," exclaimed the golden variety, who were of a gentle turn of mind; "it is but a pale tint after all, and surely rather amber than red; and perhaps that was what the yellow gentleman meant by the yellow he talked of."

"Perhaps it was; for perhaps he calls red yellow, as you call it amber," answered the other; "anyhow he has rather more sense than our neighbour here, with his layer upon layer, and coat over coat, and flaky skin over all. Think of wasting time in such fiddle-faddle proceedings! Grow a good honest fleshy substance, and have done with it, and let people see you know what life is capable of. I always look at results. It is something to get such a body as I do out of the surrounding soil. That is living to some purpose, I consider. Nobody makes more of their opportunities than I do, I flatter myself, or has more to show for their pains; and a great future must be in store."

"Do you hear them? oh, do you hear them?" whispered the Cress to her neighbour the Mustard (there had been several crops, and this was one of the last). "Do you hear how they all talk together of their growth and their roots, and their size, and colour, and shape? It makes me quite unhappy, for I am doing nothing like that myself. Nothing, nothing, though I live in the same soil! What is to be done? What do *you* do? Do you grow great white solid balls, or long, yellow tapering roots, or thick red flesh, or layer upon layer, and coat over coat? Some of them talked of just throwing out a few fibres as a mere amusement to pass away time. And this is all I ever do for business. There will never be a great future in store for me. Do speak to me, but whisper what you say, for I shame to be heard or thought of."

"I grow only fibres too," groaned the Mustard in reply; "but I would spread every way and all ways if I could. Downwards and upwards, and side ways and all ways, like the rest. I wish I had never been sown. Better never be sown and grown than sown and grown to such trifling purpose! I am wretched indeed. But there must be injustice somewhere. The soil must give them what it refuses to us."

"Or we are weak and helpless, and cannot take

in what it offers," suggested the Cress. "Alas! that we should have been sown only to be useless and unhappy!"

And they wept the evening through. But they alone were not unhappy. The Carrot had become uneasy, and could follow his natural tastes no longer in comfort, for thinking that he ought to be a solid round ball, white inside, and red without. The Onion had sore misgivings that the Beet might be right after all, and a good honest mass of red flesh be more worth labouring for, than the pale, coat-within-coat growth in which he had indulged. It did seem a waste of trouble, a fiddle-faddle plan of life, he feared. Perhaps he had not gone down far enough into the soil. Some one talked of growing fibres for amusement,—he had certainly not come to that; they were necessary to his support; he couldn't hold fast without them. Other people were more independent than he was, then, perhaps wiser,—alas!

And yet the Beet himself was not quite easy; for talk as he would, what he had called fiddle-faddle seemed ingenious when he thought it over, and he would like to have persuaded himself that he grew layer upon layer too. But it wouldn't do.

Perhaps, in fact, the bold little Turnip-Radishes alone, from their solid, substantial growth, were the only ones free from misgivings, and believed that everybody ought to do as they did themselves.

What a disturbance there was, to be sure! And it got worse and worse, and they called on the winds and fleeting clouds, the sun, and moon, and stars above their heads, to stay their course awhile, and declare who was right and who was wrong; who was using, who abusing his gifts and powers; who was making most, who least, of the life and opportunities they all enjoyed; whose system was the one the rest must all strive to follow,—the one only right.

But they called and asked in vain, till one evening, the clouds which had been gathering over the garden for days began to come down in rain, and sank swiftly into the ground, where it had been needed for long. Whereupon there was a general cry, "Here comes a messenger; now we shall hear!" as if they thought no one could have any business in the world but to settle their disputes!

So out came the old inquiries again:—who was right—who was wrong—who had got hold of the true secret? But the Cress made no inquiry at all, only shook with fright under the rain; for, thought she, the hour of my shame and degradation is come, poor useless creature that I am, I shall never more hold up my head.

As to the Carrot, into whose well-dug bed the root found easiest entrance, and sank deepest, he held forth in most eloquent style upon the whole affair;—how it was started, and what he had said; how much he had once hoped; how much he now feared.

Now, the rain-drops did not care to answer in a hurry; but as they came dropping gently down, they murmured, "Peace, peace, peace!" all over the beds. And truly they seemed to bring peace with them as they fell, so that a calm sank all around, and then the murmur proceeded:—"Poor little atoms in a boundless kingdom—each one of you bearing a part towards its fulness of perfection, each one of you endowed with gifts and powers especially your own, each one of you good after its kind—how came these cruel misgivings and heart-burnings among you? Are the tops of the mountains wrong because they cannot grow corn like the valleys? Are the valleys wrong because they cannot soar into the skies? Does the brook flow in vain because it cannot spread out like the sea? Is the sea only right because its waters only are salt? Each good after its kind, each bearing a part in the full perfection of the kingdom which is boundless; the plan which is harmony—peace, peace, peace upon all!"

And peace seemed to fall more soothingly than ever upon the ground as the shower continued to descend.

"How much more, then," resumed the murmur, "among you, to whose inner natures gifts and powers are given, each different from each; each good in its kind; each, if rightly carried out, bearing a part in that kingdom, which needs, for its full perfection, that there shall be hills to rise into the skies, valleys to lie low at their feet; some natures to go deep into the soil, others to rejoice on its surface; some to lie lightly upon the earth, as if scarcely claiming a home, others to grasp at it by wide-spread roots, and stretch out branches to the rivers; all good in their kind, all bearing a part towards the full perfecting of that kingdom, whose children are countless as their nations are various; none useless, none in vain.

"Upon one, then, upon all—each wanted, each useful, each good after its kind—peace, peace, peace, peace, peace!" . . .

The murmur subsided to a whisper, the whisper into silence; and by the time the moon-shadows lay upon the garden there was peace everywhere.

Nor was it broken again; for henceforth even the Cress held up her head, she, also, good after her kind.

Only once or twice, that year, when the Carrots were gathered, there came up the strangest growths! thick distorted lumps, that had never struck properly down.

The gardener wondered, and was vexed, for he prided himself on the digging of the carrot-bed. "Anything that had had any sense might have gone down into it," he was sure, he said. And he was not far wrong; but you see the Carrot had had no sense when he began to speculate, and tried to be something he was not intended to be.

Yet the poor clumsy thing was not quite useless after all. For, just as the gardener was about to fling it angrily away, he recollected that the cook might use it for soup, though it could not be served up at table such a shape as it was! . . .

And this was exactly what she did.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER III.

THE Christmas holidays ended, and Ascott left for London. It was the greatest household change the Misses Leaf had known for years, and they missed him sorely. Ascott was not exactly a loveable boy, and yet, after the fashion of womankind, his aunts were both fond and proud of him; fond, in their childless old-maidenhood, of any sort of nephew, and proud, unconsciously, that the said nephew was a big fellow, who could look over all their heads, besides being handsome and pleasant-mannered, and though not clever enough to

set the Thames on fire, still sufficiently bright to make them hope that in his future the family star might again rise.

There was something pathetic in these three women's idealization of him—even Selina's, who though quarrelling with him to his face always praised him behind his back—that great, good-looking, lazy lad; who, everybody else saw clearly enough, thought more of his own noble self than of all his aunts put together. The only person he stood in awe of was Mr. Lyon—for whom he always protested unbounded respect and admiration. How far Robert Lyon liked Ascott even Hilary could never quite find out; but he was always very kind to him.

There was one person in the house who, strange to say, did not succumb to the all-dominating youth. From the very first there was a smouldering feud between him and Elizabeth. Whether she overheard, and slowly began to comprehend his mocking gibes about the "South Sea Islander," or whether her sullen and dogged spirit resisted the first attempts the lad made to "put upon her"—as he did upon his aunts, in small daily tyrannies—was never found out; but certainly Ascott, the general favourite, found little favour with the new servant. She never answered when he "hollo'd" for her; she resisted blacking his boots more than once a day; and she obstinately cleared the kitchen fire-place of his "messes," as she ignominiously termed various pots and pans belonging to what *he* called his "medical studies."

Although the war was passive rather than aggressive, and sometimes a source of private amusement to the aunts, still on the whole it was a relief when the exciting cause of it departed; his new and most gentlemanly portmanteau being carried downstairs by Elizabeth herself, of her own accord, with an air of cheerful alacrity, foreign to her mien for some weeks past, and which even in the midst of the dolorous parting, amused Hilary extremely.

"I think that girl is a character," she said afterwards to Johanna. "Anyhow, she has curiously strong likes and dislikes."

"You may say that, my dear; for she brightens up whenever she looks at you."

"Does she? Oh, that must be because I have most to do with her. It is wonderful how friendly one gets over saucepans and brooms; and what reverence one inspires in the domestic mind when one really knows how to make a bed or a pudding."

"How I wish you had to do neither," sighed Johanna, looking fondly at the bright face and light little figure that was flitting about, putting the schoolroom to rights before the pupils came in.

"Nonsense—I don't wish any such thing. Doing it makes me not a whit less charming and lovely." She often applied these adjectives to herself, with the most perfect conviction that she was uttering a fiction patent to everybody. "I must be very juvenile also, for I'm certain the fellow-passenger at the station to-day took me for Ascott's sweetheart. When we were saying good-bye, an old gentleman who sat next him was particularly sympathetic, and you should have seen how indignantly Ascott replied, 'It's only *my aunt!*"

Miss Leaf laughed, and the shadow vanished from her face, as Hilary had meant it should. She only said, caressing her—

"Well, my pet, never mind; I hope you may have a real sweetheart some day."

"I'm in no hurry, thank you, Johanna."

But now was heard the knock after knock of the little boys and girls, and there began that monotonous daily round of school-labour, rising from the simplicities of c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog,—to the sublime heights of Pinnock and Lennie, Télémaque and Latin Delectus. No loftier: Stowbury being well supplied with first-class schools, and having a vague impression that the Misses Leaf, born ladies and not brought up as governesses, were not competent educators except of very small children.

Which was true enough until lately. So Miss Leaf kept contentedly to the c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog, of the little butchers and bakers, as Miss Selina, who taught only sewing, and came into the school-room but little during the day, scornfully termed them. The higher branches, such as they were, she left gradually to Hilary, who, of late, possibly out of sympathy with a friend of hers, had begun to show an actual gift for teaching school.

It is a gift—all will allow; and chiefly those who have it not, amongst whom was poor Johanna Leaf. The admiring envy with which she watched Hilary, moving briskly about from class to class, with a word of praise to one and rebuke to another, keeping every one's attention alive, spurring on the dull, controlling the unruly, and exercising over every member in this little world that influence, at once the strongest and most intangible and inexplicable—personal influence—was only equalled by the way in which, at pauses in the day's work, when it grew dull and monotonous, or when the stupidity of the children ruffled her own quick temper beyond endurance, Hilary watched Johanna.

The time I am telling of is now long ago. The Stowbury children, who were then little boys and girls, are now fathers and mothers—doubtless a large proportion being decent tradesfolk in Stowbury still; though, in this locomotive quarter, many must have drifted off elsewhere—where, Heaven knows! But not a few of them may still call to mind Miss Leaf, who first taught them

their letters—sitting in her corner between the fire and the window, while the blind was drawn down to keep out, first, the light from her own fading eyes, and secondly, the distracting view of green fields and trees from the youthful eyes by her side. They may remember still her dark plain dress and her white apron, on which the primers, torn and dirty, looked half ashamed to lie: and above all, her sweet face and sweeter voice, never heard in anything sharper than that grieved tone which signified their being "naughty children." They may recall her unwearied patience with the very dullest and most wayward of them: her unfailing sympathy with every infantile pleasure and pain. And I think they will acknowledge that whether she taught them much or little, in this advancing age it might be thought little—Miss Leaf taught them one thing—to love her;—which, as Ben Jonson said of the Countess of Pembroke, was in itself a "liberal education."

Hilary too! Often when Hilary's younger and more restless spirit chafed against the monotony of her life: when instead of wasting her days in teaching small children, she would have liked to be learning, learning—every day growing wiser and cleverer, and stretching out into that busy, bright active world of which Robert Lyon had told her—then the sight of Johanna's meek face bent over those dirty spelling-books, would at once rebuke and comfort her. She felt, after all, that she would not mind working on for ever, so long as Johanna still sat there.

Nevertheless, that winter seemed to her very long; especially after Ascott was gone. For Johanna, partly for money, and partly for kindliness, had added to her day's work four evenings a week, when a half-educated mother of one of her little pupils came to be taught to write a decent hand, and to keep the accounts of her shop. Upon which, Selina, highly indignant, had taken to spending her evenings in the school-room, interrupting Hilary's solitary studies there by many a lamentation over the peaceful days when they all sat in the kitchen together and kept no servant. For Selina was one of those who never saw the bright side of anything till it had gone by.

"I'm sure I don't know how we are to manage with Elizabeth. That greedy"—

"And growing," suggested Hilary.

"I say, that greedy girl eats as much as any two of us. And as for her clothes—her mother does not keep her even decent."

"She would find it difficult upon three pounds a year."

"Hilary, how dare you contradict me? I am only stating a plain fact."

"And I another. But, indeed, I don't want to talk, Selina."

"You never do, except when you are wished to be silent; and then your tongue goes like any race-horse."

"Does it?—Well, like Gilpin's,

'It carries weight, it rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound!'

—and I only wish it were. Heigho! if I could but earn a thousand pounds!"

Selina was too vexed to reply: and for five quiet minutes Hilary bent over her Homer, which Mr. Lyon had taken such pleasure in teaching her, because, he said, she learnt it faster than any of his grammar-school boys. She had forgotten all domestic grievances in a vision of Thetis and the water-nymphs; and was repeating to herself, first in the sonorous Greek, and then in Pope's small but sweet English, that catalogue of oceanic beauties, ending with

'Black Janira and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.'

"Black, did you say? I'm sure she was as black as a chimney-sweep all to-day. And her pinafore"—

"Her what? Oh, Elizabeth, you mean"—

"Her pinafore had three rents in it, which she never thinks of mending, though I gave her needles and thread myself a week ago. But she does not know how to use them any more than a baby."

"Possibly nobody ever taught her."

"Yes; she went for a year to the National School, she says, and learnt both marking and sewing."

"Perhaps she has never practised them since. She could hardly have had time, with all the little Hands to look after, as her mother says she did. All the better for us. It makes her wonderfully patient with our troublesome brats. It was only to-day, when that horrid little Jacky Smith hurt himself so, that I saw Elizabeth take him into the kitchen, wash his face and hands, and cuddle him up and comfort him, quite motherly. Her forte is certainly children."

"You always find something to say for her."

"I should be ashamed if I could not find something to say for anybody who is always abused."

Another pause—and then Selina returned to the charge.

"Have you ever observed, my dear, the extraordinary way she has of fastening, or rather, not fastening her gown behind? She just hooks it together at the top and at the waist, while between there is a"—

"*Hiatus valde deflendus.* O dear me! what shall I do! Selina, how can I help it if a girl of fifteen years old is not a paragon of perfection: as of course *we* all are, if we only could find it out."

And Hilary, in despair, rose to carry her candle and books into the chilly, but quiet bedroom, bit-

ing her lips the while lest she should be tempted to say something which Selina called "impertinent," which perhaps it was, from a younger sister to an elder. I do not set Hilary up as a perfect character. Through sorrow only do people go on to perfection: and sorrow, in its true meaning, this cherished girl had never known.

But that night, talking to Johanna before they went to sleep—they had always slept together since the time when the elder sister used to walk the room of nights with that puling, motherless infant in her arms—Hilary anxiously started the question of the little servant.

"I am afraid I vexed Selina greatly about her to-night; and yet what can one do? Selina is so very unjust—always expecting impossibilities. She would like to have Elizabeth at once a first-rate cook, a finished housemaid, and an attentive lady's-maid, and all without being taught! She gives her things to do, neither waiting to see if they are comprehended by her, nor showing her how to do them. Of course the girl stands gaping and staring, and does not do them, or does them so badly that she gets a thorough scolding."

"Is she very stupid, do you think?" asked Johanna, in unconscious appeal to her pet's stronger judgment.

"No, I don't. Far from stupid; only very ignorant, and—you would hardly believe it—very nervous. Selina frightens her. She gets on extremely well with me."

"Any one would, my dear. That is," added the conscientious elder sister, still afraid of making the 'child' vain, "any one whom you took pains with. But do you think we ever can make anything out of Elizabeth? Her month ends to-morrow. Shall we let her go?"

"And perhaps get in her place a story-teller—a tale-bearer—even a thief. No, no; let us

'Rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of;'

and a thief would be worse than even a South-Sea Islander."

"O yes, my dear," said Johanna, with a shiver.

"By the bye, the first step in the civilisation of the Polynesians was in giving them clothes. And I have heard say that crime and rags often go together; that a man unconsciously feels he owes something to himself and society in the way of virtue when he has a clean face and clean shirt, and a decent coat on. Suppose we try the experiment of dressing Elizabeth? How many old gowns have we?"

The number was few. Nothing in the Leaf family was ever cast off till its very last extremity of decay; the talent that

"Gars auld claes look amaist as gude's the new"

being especially possessed by Hilary. She counted over her own wardrobe and Johanna's, but found nothing that could be spared.

"Yes, my love, there is one thing. You certainly shall never put on that old brown merino again; though you have laid it so carefully by, as if you meant it to come out as fresh as ever next winter. No, Hilary, you must have a new gown, and you must give Elizabeth your brown merino."

Hilary laughed, and replied not.

Now it might be a pathetic indication of a girl who had very few clothes, but Hilary had a superstitious weakness concerning hers. Every dress had its own peculiar chronicle of the scenes where it had been, the enjoyments she had shared in it. Particular dresses were special memorials of her loves, her pleasures, her little passing pains: as long as a bit remained of the poor old fabric, the sight of it recalled them all.

This brown merino—in which she had sat two whole winters over her Greek and Latin by Robert Lyon's side, which he had once stopped to touch and notice, saying what a pretty colour it was, and how he liked soft-feeling dresses for women—to cut up this old brown merino seemed to hurt her so, she could almost have cried.

Yet what would Johanna think if she refused? And there was Elizabeth absolutely in want of clothes. "I must be growing very wicked," thought poor Hilary.

She lay a good while silent in the dark, while Johanna planned and re-planned—calculating how, even with the addition of an old cape of her own, which was out of the same piece, this hapless gown could be made to fit the gaunt frame of Elizabeth Hand. Her poor kindly brain was in the last extremity of muddle, when Hilary, with a desperate effort, dashed in to the rescue, and soon made all clear, contriving body, skirt, sleeves, and all.

"You have the best head in the world, my love. I don't know what ever I should do without you."

"Luckily, you are never likely to be tried. So give me a kiss; and good-night, Johanna."

I misdoubt many will say I am writing about small, ridiculously small, things. Yet is not the whole of life made up of infinitesimally small things? And in its strange and solemn mosaic, the full pattern of which we never see clearly till looking back on it from far away, dare we say of anything which the hand of Eternal Wisdom has put together, that it is too common or too small?

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE her anxious mistresses were thus talking her over, the servant lay on her humble bed and slept. They knew she did, for they heard her heavy breathing through the thin partition-wall. Whether, as Hilary suggested, she was too ignorant to notice the days of the week or month, or, as Selina

thought, too stupid to care for anything beyond eating, drinking and sleeping, Elizabeth manifested no anxiety about herself or her destiny. She went about her work just as usual; a little quicker and readier, now she was becoming familiarized to it; but she said nothing. She was undoubtedly a girl of silent and undemonstrative nature.

"Sometimes still waters run deep," said Miss Hilary.

"Nevertheless, there are such things as canals," replied Johanna. "When do you mean to have your little talk with her?"

Hilary did not know. She was sitting rather more tired than usual by the school-room fire, the little people having just departed for their Saturday half-holiday. Before clearing off the *débris* which they always left behind, she stood a minute at the window, refreshing her eyes with the green field opposite, and the far-away wood, crowned by a dim white monument, visible in fair weather, on which those bright brown eyes had a trick of lingering, even in the middle of school-hours. For the wood and the hill beyond belonged to a nobleman's "show" estate, five miles off,—the only bit of real landscape beauty that Hilary had ever beheld. There, during the last holidays but one, she, her sisters, her nephew, and, by his own special request, Mr Lyon, had spent a whole long, merry midsummer day. She wondered whether such a day would ever come again!

But spring was coming again, anyhow: the field looked smiling and green, specked here and there with white dots which, she opined, might possibly be daisies. She half wished she was not too old and dignified to dart across the road, leap the sunk fence, and run to see.

"I think, Johanna—Hark, what can that be!"

For at this instant, somebody came tearing down the stairs, opened the front door, and did—exactly what Hilary had just been wishing to do.

"It's Elizabeth, without her bonnet or shawl, with something white flying behind her. How she is dashing across the field! What can she be after? Just look!"

But loud screams from Selina's room, the front one, where she had been lying in bed all morning, quite obliterated the little servant from their minds. The two sisters ran hastily upstairs.

Selina was sitting up, in undisguised terror and agitation.

"Stop her! Hold her! I'm sure she has gone mad. Lock the door—or she'll come back and murder us all."

"Who? Elizabeth! was she here? What has been the matter?"

But it was some time before they could make out anything. At last they gathered that Elizabeth had been waiting upon Miss Selina, putting vinegar-cloths on her head, and doing various things about the room. "She is very handy when one is ill," even Selina allowed—

"And I assure you, I was talking most kindly to her: about the duties of her position, and how she ought to dress better, and be more civil-behaved, or else she never could expect to keep any place. And she stood in her usual sulky way of listening, never answering a word—with her back to me, staring right out of window. And I had just said, 'Elizabeth, my girl'—indeed, Hilary, I was talking to her in my very kindest way"—

"I've no doubt of it—but do get on"—

"When she suddenly turned round, snatched a clean towel from a chair-back, and another from my head—actually from my very head, Johanna—and out she ran. I called after her, but she took no more notice than if I had been a stone. And she left the door wide open—blowing upon me. Oh, dear! she has given me my death of cold." And Selina broke into piteous complainings.

Her elder sister soothed her as well as she could, while Hilary ran down to the front-door and looked, and inquired everywhere for Elizabeth. She was not to be seen on field or road; and along that quiet terrace, not a soul had even perceived her quit the house.

"It's a very odd thing," said Hilary, returning. "What can have come over the girl? You are sure, Selina, that you said nothing which"—

"Now, I know what you are going to say. You are going to blame me. Whatever happens in this house, you always blame me. And perhaps you're right. Perhaps I am a nuisance—a burden—would be far better dead and buried. I wish I were!"

When Selina took this tack, of course her sisters were silenced. They quieted her a little, and then went down and searched the house all over.

All was in order; at least in as much order as was to be expected the hour before dinner. The bowl of half-peeled potatoes stood on the back-kitchen "sink;" the roast was down before the fire; the knives were ready for cleaning. Evidently Elizabeth's flight had not been premeditated.

"It's all nonsense about her going mad. She has as sound a head as I have," said Hilary to Johanna, who began to look seriously uneasy. "She might have run away in a fit of passion, certainly; and yet that is improbable; her temper is more sullen than furious. And having no lack of common sense, she must know that doing a thing like this is enough to make her lose her place at once."

"Yes," said Johanna, mournfully, "I'm afraid after this she must go."

"Wait and see what she has to say for herself,"

pleaded Hilary. "She will surely be back in two or three minutes."

But she was not, nor even in two or three hours.

Her mistresses' annoyance became displeasure, and that again subsided into serious apprehension. Even Selina ceased talking over and over the incident which gave the sole information to be arrived at; rose, dressed, and came down to the kitchen. There, after a long and anxious consultation, Hilary, observing that "Somebody had better do something," began to prepare the dinner, as in pre-Elizabethan days; but the three ladies' appetites were small.

About three in the afternoon, Hilary, giving utterance to the hidden alarm of all, said—

"I think, sisters, I had better go down as quickly as I can to Mrs. Hand's."

This agreed, she stood consulting with Johanna as to what could possibly be said to the mother in case that unfortunate child had not gone home, when the kitchen door opened, and the culprit appeared.

Not, however, with the least look of a culprit. Hot she was, and breathless; and with her hair down about her ears, and her apron rolled up round her waist, presented a most forlorn and untidy aspect; but her eyes were bright, and her countenance glowing.

She took a towel from under her arm. "There's one on 'em—and you'll get back—the other—when it 's washed."

Having blurted out this, she leaned against the wall, trying to recover her breath.

"Elizabeth! Where have you been? How dared you go? Your behaviour is disgraceful—most disgraceful, I say. Johanna, why don't you speak to your servant?" (When, for remissness in reproving others, the elder sister fell herself under reproof, it was always emphatically "*your* sister"—"*your* nephew"—"*your* servant.")

But, for once, Miss Selina's sharp voice failed to bring the customary sullen look to Elizabeth's face; and when Miss Leaf, in her milder tones, asked where she had been, she answered unhesitatingly—

"I've been down the town."

"Down the town!" the three ladies cried, in one chorus of astonishment.

"I've been as quick as I could, missis. I runned all the way, there and back; but it was a good step, and he was some'at heavy, though he is but a little 'un."

"He! who on earth is *he?*"

"Deary me! I never thought of axing; but his mother lives in Hall Street. Somebody saw me carrying him to the doctor, and went and told her. Oh! he was welly killed, Miss Leaf—the doctor said so; but he'll do now, and you'll get your towel clean washed to-morrow."

While Elizabeth spoke, so incoherently, and with such unwonted energy and excitement, Johanna looked as if she thought her sister's fears were true, and the girl had really gone mad; but Hilary's quicker perceptions jumped at a different conclusion.

"Quiet yourself, Elizabeth," said she, taking a firm hold of her shoulder, and making her sit down, when the rolled-up apron dropped, and showed itself all covered with blood-spots. Selina screamed outright.

Then Elizabeth seemed to become half conscious that she had done something blamable, or was at least a suspected character. Her warmth of manner faded; the sullen cloud of dogged resistance to authority was rising in her poor dirty face, when Hilary, beginning with "Now, we are not going to scold you; but we must hear the reason of this," contrived by adroit questions, and not a few of them, to elicit the whole story.

It appeared that, while standing at Miss Selina's window, Elizabeth had watched three little boys, apparently engaged in a very favourite amusement of little boys in that field, going quickly behind a horse, and pulling out the longest and handsomest hairs in his tail, to make fishing-lines of. She saw the animal give a kick, and two of the boys ran away; the other did not stir. For a minute or so she noticed the black lump lying in the grass; then, with the quick instinct for which nobody had ever given her credit, she guessed what had happened, and did immediately the wisest and only thing possible under the circumstances, namely, to snatch up a towel, run across the field, bind up the child's head as well as she could, and carry it, bleeding and insensible, to the nearest doctor, who lived nearly a mile off.

She did not tell—and they only found it out afterwards—how she had held the boy while under the doctor's hands, the skull being so badly fractured that the frightened mother fainted at the sight: how she had finally carried him home, and left him comfortably settled in bed, his senses returned, and his life saved.

"Ay, my arms do ache above a bit," she said, in answer to Miss Leaf's questions. "He wasn't quite a baby—nigh up on twelve, I reckon; but then he was very small of his age. And he looked just as if he was dead—and he bled so."

Here, just for a second or two, the colour left the big girl's lips, and she trembled a little. Miss Leaf went to the kitchen cupboard, and took out their only bottle of wine—administered in rare doses, exclusively as medicine.

"Drink this, Elizabeth; and then go and wash your face and eat your dinner. We will talk to you by and by."

Elizabeth looked up with a long, wistful stare

of intense surprise, and then added, "Have I done anything wrong, missis?"

"I did not say so. But drink this; and don't talk, child."

She was obeyed. By and by Elizabeth disappeared into the back kitchen, emerged thence with a clean face, hands, and apron, and went about her afternoon business as if nothing had happened.

Her mistresses' threatened "talk" with her never came about. What, indeed, could they say? No doubt the little servant had broken the strict letter of domestic law by running off in that highly eccentric and inconvenient way; but, as Hilary tried to explain by a series of most ingenious ratiocinations, she had fulfilled, in the spirit of it, the very highest law—that of charity. She had also shown prompt courage, decision, practical and prudent forethought, and, above all, entire self-forgetfulness.

"And I should like to know," said Miss Hilary, warming with her subject, "if those are not the very qualities which go to constitute a hero."

"But we don't want a hero; we want a maid-of-all-work."

"I'll tell you what we want, Selina. We want a *woman;* that is, a girl with the making of a good woman in her. If we can find that, all the rest will follow. For my part, I would rather take this child, rough as she is, but with her truthfulness, conscientiousness, kindliness of heart, and evident capability of both self-control and self-devotedness, than the most finished servant we could find. My advice is—keep her."

This settled the matter, since it was a curious fact that the "advice" of the youngest Miss Leaf was, whether they knew it or not, almost equivalent to a family ukase.

When Elizabeth had brought in the tea-things, which she did with especial care, apparently wishing to blot out the memory of the morning's escapade by astonishingly good behaviour for the rest of the day, Miss Leaf called her, and asked if she knew that her month of trial ended this day?

"Yes, ma'am," with the strict formal curtsey, something between that of the old-world family domestic—as her mother might have been to the Miss Elizabeth Something she was named after—and the abrupt "dip" of the modern National school girl; which constituted Elizabeth Hand's sole experience of manners.

"If you had not been absent, I should have gone to speak to your mother to-day. Indeed Miss Hilary was going, when you came in; but it would have been with a very different intention from what we had in the morning. However, that is not likely to happen again."

"Eh?" said Elizabeth, inquiringly.

Miss Leaf hesitated, and looked uneasily at her two sisters. It was always a trial to her shy nature to find herself the mouthpiece of the family; and this same shyness made it still more difficult to break through the stiff barriers which seemed to rise up between her, a gentlewoman well on in years, and this coarse working-girl. She felt, as she often complained, that with the kindest intentions, she did not quite know how to talk to Elizabeth.

"My sister means," said Hilary, "that as we are not likely to have little boys half-killed in the field every day, she trusts you will not be running away again as you did this morning. She feels sure that you would not do such a thing, putting us all to so great annoyance and uneasiness, for any less cause than such as happened to-day. You promise that?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

"Then we quite forgive you as regards ourselves. Nay"—feeling in spite of Selina's warning nudge, that she had hardly been kind enough—"we rather praise than blame you, Elizabeth. And if you like to stay with us and will do your best to improve, we are willing to keep you as our servant."

"Thank you, ma'am. Thank you, Miss Hilary. Yes, I'll stop."

She said no more—but sighed a great sigh, as if her mind were relieved—("so," thought Hilary, "she was not so indifferent to us as we imagined,")—and bustled back into her kitchen.

"Now for the clothing of her," observed Miss Leaf, also looking much relieved that the decision was over. "You know what we agreed upon; and there is certainly no time to be lost. Hilary, my dear, suppose you bring down your brown merino?"

Hilary went without a word.

People who inhabit the same house, eat, sit, and sleep together—loving one another and sympathizing with one another, ever so deeply and dearly—nevertheless inevitably have momentary seasons when the intense solitude in which we all live, and must expect ever to live, at the depth of our being, forces itself painfully upon the heart. Johanna must have had many such seasons when Hilary was a child: Hilary had one now.

She unfolded the old frock, and took out of its pocket, a hiding-place at once little likely to be searched, and harmless if discovered, a poor little memento of that happy midsummer-day—

"*Dear Miss Hilary. To-morrow then I shall come. Yours truly, Robert Lyon.*"

The only scrap of note she had ever received; he always wrote to Johanna; as regularly as ever, or more so, now Ascott was gone; but only to Johanna. She read over the two lines, wondered where she should keep them now, that Johanna might not notice them; and then recoiled, as if the secret were a wrong to that dear sister who loved her so well.

"But nothing makes me love her less; nothing ever could. She thinks me quite happy, as I hope I am; and yet—oh, if I did not miss him so!"

And the aching, aching want which sometimes came over her, began again. Let us not blame her. God made all our human needs. God made love. Not merely affection but actual *love*, the necessity to seek and find out some other being, not another but the complement of one's-self—the "other half," who brings rest and strength for weakness, sympathy in aspiration, and tenderness for tenderness, as no other person ever can. Perhaps, even in marriage, this love is seldom found, and it is possible in all lives to do without it. Johanna had done so. But then she had been young, and was now growing old; and Hilary was only twenty, with a long life before her. Poor child, let us not blame her!

She was not in the least sentimental, her natural disposition inclining her to be more than cheerful, actually gay. She soon recovered herself, and when, a short time after, she stood, scissors in hand, demonstrating how very easy it was to make something out of nothing, her sisters never suspected how very near tears had lately been to those bright eyes, which were always the sunshine of the house.

"You are giving yourself a world of trouble," said Selina. "If I were you, I would just make over the dress to Elizabeth, and let her do what she could with it."

"My dear, I always find I give myself twice the trouble by expecting people to do what they can't do. I have to do it myself afterwards. Prove how a child who can't even handle a needle and thread, is competent to make a gown for herself, and I shall be most happy to secede in her favour."

"Nay," put in the eldest sister, afraid of a collision of words, "Selina is right; if you do not teach Elizabeth to make her own gowns, how can she learn?"

"Johanna, you are the brilliantest of women! and you know you don't like the parlour littered with rags and cuttings. You wish to get rid of me for the evening? Well, I'll go! Hand me the work-basket and the bundle; and I'll give my first lesson in dress-making to our South Sea Islander."

But Fate stood in the way of Miss Hilary's good intentions.

She found Elizabeth not as was her wont, always busy, over the perpetual toil of those who have not yet learned the mysterious art of arrangement and order, nor, as sometimes, hanging sleepily over the kitchen-fire, waiting for bed-time; but actually sitting—sitting down at the table. Her candle was flaring on one side of her; on the other was the schoolroom inkstand, a scrap of waste paper, and a pen. But she was not writing; she sat with her head on her hands; in an attitude of disconsolate idleness, so absorbed that she seemed not to hear Hilary's approach.

"I did not know you could write, Elizabeth."

"No more I can," was the answer, in the most doleful of voices. "It bean't no good. I've forgotten all about it. T' letters wonna join."

"Let me look at them." And Hilary tried to contemplate gravely the scrawled and blotted page, which looked very much as if a large spider had walked into the ink-bottle and then walked out again on a tour of investigation. "What did you want to write?" asked she, suddenly.

Elizabeth blushed violently. "It was the woman, Mrs. Cliffe, t' little lad's mother, you know; she wanted somebody to write to her husband as is at work in Birmingham, and I said I would. I'd learned at the National, but I've forgotten it all. I'm just as Miss Selina says,—I'm good for nowt."

"Come, come, never fret;" for there was a sort of choke in the girl's voice. "There's many a good person who never learnt to write. But I don't see why you should not learn. Shall I teach you?"

Utter amazement, beaming gratitude, succeeded one another, plain as light, in Elizabeth's eyes; but she only said, "Thank you, Miss Hilary."

"Very well. I have brought you an old gown of mine, and was going to show you how to make it up for yourself, but I'll look over your writing instead. Sit down, and let me see what you can do."

In a state of nervous trepidation, pitiful to behold, Elizabeth took the pen. Terrible scratches resulted; blots innumerable; and one fatal deluge of ink, which startled from their seats both mistress and maid, and made Hilary thankful that she had taken off her better gown for a common one, as, with sad thriftiness, the Misses Leaf always did of evenings.

When Elizabeth saw the mischief she had done, her contrition and humility were unbounded. "No, Miss Hilary, you can't make nothin' of me. I be too stupid. I'll give it up."

"Nonsense!" And the bright, active little lady looked steadily into the heavy face of this undeveloped girl, half child, half woman, until some of her own spirit seemed to be reflected there. Whether the excitement of the morning had roused her, or her mistresses' kindness had touched Elizabeth's heart, and—as in most women—the heart was the key to the intellect; or whether the gradual daily influence of her changed life during the last month had been taking effect, now for the first time to appear,—certain it is that Hilary had never perceived before what an extremely intelligent face it was; what good sense was indicated in the well-shaped head and forehead; what tenderness and feeling in the deep-set grey eyes.

"Nonsense," repeated she. "Never give up anything; I never would. We'll try a different plan, and begin from the beginning, as I do with my little scholars. Wait, while I fetch a copy-book out of the parlour press."

She highly amused her sisters with a description of what she called "her newly-instituted Polynesian Academy;" returned, and set to work to guide the rough, coarse hand through the mysteries of caligraphy.

To say this was an easy task, would not be true. Nature's own laws and limits make the using of faculties, which have been unused for generations, very difficult at first. To suppose that a working man, the son of working men, who applies himself to study, does it with as little trouble as your upper-class children, who have been unconsciously undergoing education ever since the cradle, is a great mistake. All honour, therefore, to those who do attempt, and to ever so small a degree succeed in, the best and surest culture of all, self-culture.

Of this honour Elizabeth deserved her share.

"She is stupid enough," Hilary confessed, after the lesson was over; "but there is a dogged perseverance about the girl which I actually admire. She blots her fingers, her nose, her apron, but she never gives in; and she sticks to the grand principle of one thing at a time. I think she did two whole pages of a's, and really performed them satisfactorily, before she asked to go on to b's. Yes! I believe she will do."

"I hope she will do her work, at any rate," said Selina, breaking into the conversation rather crossly. "I'm sure I don't see the good of wasting time over teaching Elizabeth to write, when there's so much to be done in the house by one and all of us, from Monday morning till Saturday night."

"Ay, that's it," answered Hilary, meditatively. "I don't see how I ever shall get time to teach her, and she is so tired of nights when the work is all done; she'll be dropping asleep with the pen in her hand—I have done it myself before now."

Ay, in those days when, trying so hard to "improve her mind," and make herself a little more equal and companionable to another mind she knew, she had, after her daily house cares and her six hours of school-teaching, attempted at nine P.M. to begin close study on her own account. And though with her strong will she succeeded tolerably, still, as she told Johanna, she could well understand how slow was the "march of intellect" (a phrase which had just then come up) among day-labourers and the like; and how difficult it was for these Mechanics' Institutions, which were now talked so much of, to put any new ideas into the poor tired heads, rendered sluggish and stupid with hard bodily labour.

"Suppose I were to hold my Polynesian Academy on a Sunday?" and she looked inquiringly at her sisters, especially Johanna.

Now the Misses Leaf were old-fashioned country-folk, who lived before the words Sabbatarian and un-Sabbatarian had ever got into the English language. They simply "remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" they arranged so as to make it for all the household a day of rest; and they went regularly to church once,—sometimes Selina and Hilary went twice. For the intervening hours, their usual custom was to take an afternoon walk in the fields: begun chiefly for Ascott's sake, to keep the lad out of mischief, and put into his mind better thoughts than he was likely to get from his favourite Sunday recreation of sitting on the wall throwing stones. After he left for London, there was Elizabeth to be thought of; and they decided that the best Sabbath duty for the little servant was to go and see her mother. So they gave her every Sunday afternoon free; only requiring that she should be at home punctually after church-time, at eight o'clock. But from thence till bed-time was a blank two hours, which, Hilary had noticed, Elizabeth not unfrequently spent in dozing over the fire.

"And I wonder," said she, giving the end of her long meditation out loud, "whether going to sleep is not as much Sabbath-breaking as learning to write? What do you say, Johanna?"

Johanna, simple, God-fearing woman as she was, to whom faith and love came as natural as the breath she drew, had never perplexed herself with the question. She only smiled acquiescence. But Selina was greatly shocked. Teaching to write on a Sunday! Bringing the week-day work into the day of rest! Doing one's own pleasure on the holy day! She thought it exceedingly wrong. Such a thing had never been heard of in their house. Whatever else might be said of them, the Leafs were always a respectable family as to keeping Sunday. Nobody could say that even Henry—

But here Selina's torrent of words stopped.

When conversation revived, Hilary, who had been at first half annoyed and half amused, resumed her point seriously.

"I might say that writing isn't Elizabeth's week-day work, and that teaching her is not exactly doing my own pleasure; but I won't creep out of the argument by a quibble. The question is, *What* is keeping the Sabbath-day 'holy?'* I say—and I stick to my opinion—that it is by

* The author of this tale wishes distinctly to state, that she alone must be held responsible for the opinions it expresses. To any earnest, honest Christians who differ from her, she need only say, that to write otherwise than as one religiously and conscientiously believes, is simply impossible.

making it a day of worship—a rest day—a cheerful and happy day—and by doing as much good in it as we can. And therefore I mean to teach Elizabeth on a Sunday."

"She'll never understand it. She'll consider it 'work.'"

"And if she did, work is a more religious thing than idleness. I am sure I often feel that, of the two, I should be less sinful in digging potatoes in my garden, or sitting mending stockings in my parlour, than in keeping Sunday as some people do—going to church genteelly in my best clothes, eating a huge Sunday dinner, and then nodding over a good book, or taking a regular Sunday nap, till bed-time."

"Hush, child," said Johanna, reprovingly; for Hilary's cheeks were red, and her voice angry. She was taking the hot youthful part, which, in its hatred of shams and forms, sometimes leads—and not seldom led poor Hilary—a little too far on the other side. "I think," Miss Leaf added, "that our business is with ourselves, and not with our neighbours. Let us keep the Sabbath according to our conscience. Only, I would take care never to do anything which jarred against my neighbour's feelings. I would, like Paul, 'eat no meat while the world standeth,' rather than 'make my brother to offend.'"

Hilary looked in her sister's sweet, calm face, and the anger died out of her own.

"Shall I give up my academy?" she said, softly.

"No, my love. It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, and teaching a poor ignorant girl to write is an absolute good. Make her understand that, and you need not be afraid of any harm ensuing."

"You never will make her understand," said Selina, sullenly. "She is only a servant."

"Nevertheless, I'll try."

Hilary could not tell how far she succeeded in simplifying to the young servant's comprehension this great question, involving so many points—such as the following of the spirit and the letter, the law of duty and the compulsion of love—which, as she spoke, seemed opening out so widely and awfully, that she herself involuntarily shrank from it, and wondered that poor finite creatures should ever presume to squabble about it at all.

But one thing the girl did understand—her young mistress's kindness. She stood watching the little delicate hand that had so patiently guided hers, and now wrote copy after copy for her future benefit. At last she said—

"You're taking a deal o' trouble wi' a poor wench, and it's very kind in a lady like you."

Miss Hilary was puzzled what answer to make. True enough, it was "kind," and she was "a lady;" and between her and Mrs. Hand's rough daughter was an unmistakable difference and distinction. That Elizabeth perceived it, was proved by her growing respectfulness of manner—the more respectful, it seemed, the more she herself improved. Yet Hilary could not bear to make her feel more sharply than was unavoidable, the great gulf that lies and ever must lie—not so much between mistress and servant, in their abstract relation—(and yet that is right, for the relation and authority is ordained of God)—but between the educated and the ignorant, the coarse and the refined.

"Well," she said, after a pause of consideration, "you always have it in your power to repay my 'kindness,' as you call it. The cleverer you become, the more useful you will be to me; and the more good you grow, the better I shall like you."

Elizabeth smiled,—that wonderfully bright, sudden smile which seemed to cover over all her plainness of feature.

"Once upon a time," Hilary resumed by and by, "when England was very different from what it is now, English ladies used to have what they call 'bower-women,' whom they took as girls, and brought up in their service; teaching them all sorts of things—cooking, sewing, spinning, singing, and, probably, except that the ladies of that time were very ill-educated themselves, to read and write also. They used to spend part of every day among their bower-women; and as people can only enjoy the company of those with whom they have some sympathies in common, we must conclude that—"

Here Hilary stopped, recollecting she must be discoursing miles above the head of *her* little bower-maiden, and that, perhaps, after all, her theory would be best kept to herself, and only demonstrated practically.

"So, Elizabeth, if I spend a little of my time in teaching you, you must grow up my faithful and attached bower-maiden?"

"I'll grow up anything, Miss Hilary, if it's to please you," was the answer, given with a smothered intensity that quite startled the young mistress.

"I do believe the girl is getting fond of me," said she, half touched, half laughing, to Johanna. "If so, we shall get on. It is just as with our school-children, you know. We have to seize hold of their hearts first, and their heads afterwards. Now, Elizabeth's head may be uncommonly tough, but I do believe she likes me."

Johanna smiled; but she would not for the world have said,—never encouraging the smallest vanity in her child,—that she did not think this circumstance so very remarkable.

MY PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM.

I THINK it is about two years since I first heard mention made in a letter from Paris, of a custom newly introduced there, of leaving, instead of an ordinary card, your "counterfeit presentment" photographed on a small scale, at the door of your acquaintance. At the present time there is hardly a drawing-room table in England, upon which you may not see the gay binding and bright clasps of an album, containing a whole series of these *cartes de visite*. Photography occupies a large proportion of our most attractive shop-windows; it is the delight of countless amateurs, the puzzle and provocative of men of science; in one way or other, it is a prominent feature in our modern life.

Like everything else this photographic *furor* has its two sides. Most pleasant to have one's friends conveniently at hand in that pretty volume; but disappointing to have them so often misrepresented there. Pleasant to have so fertile a subject of discussion as a friend's album affords; not always pleasant to be pressed to contribute one's own effigy towards it. By no means pleasant either to have it instantly recognised, however scowling, however smirking, however (we fondly believe) unlike. True, one's well-bred acquaintance may simulate a little uncertainty, but when did the unsophisticated eye of child or servant ever fail to detect the likeness. That grim visage—by the way, how does so small a space find room for every incipient wrinkle—eyes, *nil!* mouth—oh, impossible! The lens was evidently in fault there. As I prepare to put the obnoxious object into the fire, my little nephew bursts in, "That's you, aunt Ann; how jolly!" My maid entreats for it. "It 's your living self, ma'am." Well, well! She shall keep it then in some old envelope of her own, but no one else shall. I am either too vain, or not vain enough, to figure in a Photographic Album.

But I dismiss that ruffling personal reminiscence, and return impartially to the subject. I turn over the leaves of my own album; one dear image comes before me after the other. True, this one has not her best look—that not his characteristic attitude. This sweet young face can no more be truly rendered in black and white than could the half-opened bud of the blush moss-rose; these middle-aged features have been robbed of all the beauty of form that years have left, and that other beauty of thought and feeling years have given, is but very dimly hinted here. Yet recalling other faces, put far out of my sight,—faces that smiled upon my childhood, my youth—benign, beloved, whose every line I once knew so well—faces which flash on me sometimes yet in waking hours, and often in dreams, but will never stay when I bid them; what would I not give to have them preserved for me here, even as well as the worst of these, with each familiar detail of dress, each peculiarity, even were it defect, as accurately laid down! So it is with us always! We need a regret to teach us the true value of a possession.

My Photographic Album, when I exhibit it to morning callers—one grand function of such albums being to promote casual conversation—does not, I must confess, elicit many flattering remarks. There are no proud names in it, no public characters, no beauties rare enough to show through photography—with one exception, not even any grotesque figure. I am aware that strangers receive a general impression of my friends as an exceedingly commonplace set. And yet there is hardly one face in the book of which I could not tell some strange history, certainly not one personality represented there that does not appear to me marked and notable. Perhaps this is only saying in other words that I know all these people intimately. What indeed is there that does not repay an intimate knowledge? It is only a superficial glance that disappoints us. Pass rapidly by that straggling white-dotted growth on the hedge-bank, mere tangle you would say of a common weed; stop, stoop down and gather; hold the tiny sprig close, look at it against the full light, and you will wonder at the symmetry, the delicateness, the dainty finish of the flower.

One of the photographic pictures, however, in my book, no one does turn over without a smile of pleasure. It is that of a child of two or three, a boy, chubby, intelligent, a little defiant, and exquisitely natural, as indeed children's photographs invariably are. You see the picture on a following page, but the engraver could not catch all the delicacy and spirit of the little face. Every mother's eye moistens when I tell her that this child was the only child of his mother, and that he is dead. That is all I can tell in a few passing words. But to me the very sight of the small creature, with its look of resolute babyhood about the dark eyes and pouting mouth, as he sits there nursing his long feather, and wondering what the man opposite him can be playing at; recalls so much of rapture and of agony, and of God's great mercy bringing good out of all, that I should like to dwell upon these reminiscences at greater length than hitherto, and to seek to concentrate your sympathies for a little while on the story of the short life of this Only Child.

. . . . .

No biography should ever begin with its immediate subject. We need some knowledge of the parents to explain the child. Perhaps of the grandparents, the great grand-parents too, for the matter of that. However, in the present case, I will not attempt to carry you back beyond my own school-days, when I was a steady-going girl of thirteen, to whom Minnie Gordon at the age of nine was made over as child—according to the pleasant custom of the place. For some time I was anything but satisfied with the allotment, for Minnie was singularly unmanageable, and did my influence very little credit. The daughter of an Indian officer, her early childhood had been spoiled as only *ayahs* can spoil, and then subjected to the rules and restraints of a methodical English household, governed by two worthy aunts who liked everything in order, and children and dogs in their proper places! They soon found that they could make nothing of their little niece, and were glad to

transfer the responsibility of her education to our school-mistress, who, experienced as she was, found the charge no sinecure. For, though so truth-speaking and affectionate a child as Minnie could hardly be called naughty, she was unreasonable and impracticable. There was no moderation in her likes and dislikes, and often no ground for them that we could discover. Why, for instance, we wondered, should she have so abhorred M. Pecqueux, our dancing-master, dapper, debonnair, and a general favourite, and attached herself devotedly to our sallow German music-master, irritable as he was? It was the more irrational because Minnie, practise as she might, had really no aptitude for pianoforte playing, whereas she could have danced remarkably well, would, when alone with us girls, bound with a grace, and shuffle her small feet with a rapidity, that would have transported M. Pecqueux, could he but have beheld it. But, alas! at the very first scrape of his violin, at his shrill cry, *Allons, Mesdemoiselles, serrez les reins, rentrez la ceinture!* Minnie was as stiff and hopeless a subject as the poker. And so too with her schoolfellows. Some of the very brightest and pleasantest among them she would positively hate, no one knew why; others she would delight to cling to, associate with, and wait on in her own little way. I was one of those favoured ones.

For several years after this I lost sight of my little school-fellow, till one evening, when we met accidentally at a London party. It was difficult to believe in the transformation of the little Minnie I remembered, into the beautiful creature I then saw. Yet there were the same long black eyes, with their alternate fire and languor, and there was the same lithe supple movement—something graceful indeed, but sudden and peculiar, which reminded me now, as it always used to do, of a wild animal. (Of other girls you would have said that they sat or walked; of Minnie, that she had a tendency to crouch or spring.) The great change I observed was in her complexion. The sallow skin had changed to the rich creamy whiteness so dazzling by candle-light, into which the colour came and went so varyingly that hardly for two moments together did she look quite the same. She was leaning, when I first caught sight of her, on the arm of an intelligent-looking man, apparently some ten or fifteen years older than herself. The moment she discovered me she bounded from him. "Ann, dear old Ann!"—"My little Minnie!" We forgot the crowd around, talking of our school-days. "I am going to be married," she said. "Yes—that is he," she went on, following the direction of my eyes; and then, as if answering some slight expression of wonder in my glance, "He is not so much older than I am—only twelve years. And I like him all the better. Aunts made such a fuss about it. But I would have him." "You love him, Minnie?" "Oh, yes, to be sure. He is so clever. He is a great chemist. At first, I thought he would never care for anything but his books and experiments. But he does. Come and be introduced to him."

There could indeed be no doubt about it. Mr. Trevor *did* care for the lovely girl. One glance at his earnest eyes as they fastened, fed on her changing face, showed how deeply and tenderly. But did she care equally for him? To be sure, Minnie always was unaccountable, and so why should I feel any degree of surprise at his being her choice? Perhaps it was only because he stooped a little, because his hair was rather thin on the top of his head, because there was an indefinable approach to the quizzical about the tie of his cravat,—a girl's estimate is too often a mere thing of shreds and patches such as this. But I think it was something in Minnie's own manner that prompted my uneasy doubt. She seemed so thoroughly at home with him, so unconstrained, so careless. Her eyes met his as easily as mine, and all the passionate worship she read there had neither power to arrest the changing colour in her cheek, nor to drive it suddenly back to her heart.

I did not see Minnie again till five years after her marriage. Her husband and she were then living in a charming villa near Richmond. We were not regular correspondents, but she wrote to me every now and then, pretty, unequal letters, a strange medley of eloquence and childishness, very like her own self. I knew therefore that she had suffered a good deal from delicate health, and had more than once been disappointed in her hope of being a mother. At the time I called upon her, that hope was again renewed. Her beauty was a good deal faded, but to me she was more interesting than ever, as she sat there leaning in her arm-chair quietly embroidering the tiny crown-piece of a baby's cap. I inquired for Mr. Trevor. Oh, yes! he was well; he was in his own study—his laboratory; he was always there, indeed. She hardly ever saw him till the evening, and then ten to one he went to sleep. She laughed carelessly, not merrily as she said this. I spoke of Mr. Trevor's increasing celebrity in the scientific world, of the pride she must feel in it. She shrugged one naughty shoulder, just as she used do when a child at the obnoxious Pecqueux: "Really Ann," she replied, "I don't believe I do care much about it. He is quite taken up with those experiments of his. Horrid gases, and long-named things I know nothing about. At first it used to vex me. I don't care now." Then, after a pause, during which I had been premeditating a wholesome suggestion as to the duty of sharing her husband's interests,—"Oh Ann," she burst out; "he is very good and kind, but he does not fill my life. One can do so little for a full-grown busy-minded man; he does not depend upon one,—does not want one even, for hours and hours together. It is the mother's love that seems as if it would consume me. This time, don't you think it *will* be? I pray to God so. Pray too, dear Ann. The doctor says I am going on as well as possible, but it seems too much joy," and she covered the little round of embroidery with kisses. I spoke hopefully and calmly; tried to lead her away from the exciting topic to the charm of her home, the gay garden, the tall trees, the winding river. She smiled very languidly. "One gets used to all that," she said; "one tires of it all so soon, just as I did in old times of those stupid ready-made toys, Aunts thought I might amuse myself with all day long. But a *child*, Ann! A little, little child, all one's own! I envy the poorest woman I meet who carries a ragged

baby in her arms. I would change lots with her if I might. Surely Ann, you are not going to tell me that this is wrong. Who but God has put this feeling into my heart? Is it not only natural?"

For several years after this interview the circumstances of my life led me away from England, and all intercourse with Mrs. Trevor. But I knew before I left, that the little cap I had seen her so eagerly working had never been worn. And when, after a long interval, I chanced to meet on the Continent with some mutual friends, it was but a melancholy account of her that I heard. She had grown listless,—a little soured they thought, by her repeated disappointments—seemed to care for nothing very much—certainly not for Mr. Trevor. He, for his part, appeared absorbed in his scientific pursuits, in which his wife avowedly took no manner of interest. Her health was delicate, her spirits uncertain. One of these mutual friends—the mother herself of a large family—told me she always contrived to get her little children out of the room when she expected a call from Mrs. Trevor, from an instinctive feeling that the sight of them was a trial to her.

It will therefore be readily imagined that when after a further interval of years, during which I had heard nothing from or of my early friend, my eye fell one day upon the following announcement in the columns of *Galignani*:—"At the Elms, Richmond, the wife of Henry Trevor, of a son;" I rejoiced with no common degree of sympathy. I instantly wrote to congratulate, and received a brief rhapsody in return. And when a few months later the changes and chances of my own life led me back to London, one of the first things I did was to go and see the Trevors. As I walked up the shrubbery that led to the house, my thoughts full of Minnie and her rapture, I encountered Mr. Trevor walking hurriedly along. At first, he had not an idea who I was, but when I gave my name he remembered it quite well. He too was a good deal changed, by the way. He stooped much more; he looked quite an elderly man. I congratulated him with all the fervour I really felt. Was the child well; how did Minnie bear the intensity of her happiness? There was something in Mr. Trevor's tone that made me feel my own pitched too high. The child was a remarkably fine fellow, he said, and Minnie must be stronger than had been supposed, to bear fatigue and loss of sleep so well. He thought things might be better managed, but then he was a perfect ignoramus in such matters. Perhaps all healthy children *did* cry in this way, and turn a house upside down. If I would kindly excuse him he would not return with me just then. I should be most gladly admitted he knew. I went on, and rang at the open door of the pretty house. The screams of an infuriated baby rang through and through it. They overpowered the servant's voice, or took away his self-possession, for in answer to my inquiry whether Mrs. Trevor was at home, he mumbled something perfectly unintelligible. I did not know whether he meant to admit me or not. "Take in my card," I said, a little peremptorily. In a few minutes Minnie's arms were round my neck. She looked thin, flushed, and anxious, but proud and happy through it all. "Come this way, dear Ann. I can't leave him just now. Dear fellow, he does not like having his cloak and hat put on. He *is* so intelligent, Ann. We always have this little difficulty when he is going out. This way. We have taken him into his papa's room. Sometimes the electrical machine will amuse him when everything else fails."

I followed Mrs. Trevor, and this is the scene I saw in the laboratory of the scientific man:—

A table covered with manuscripts had been hastily rolled aside (some of them had fallen on the floor). In the large reading-chair was seated the head nurse—a kind old woman, whose notions of the management of infancy one saw at a glance resembled Mrs. Trevor's. On nurse's knee was the small tyrant of the household — a superb baby of six months—sometimes sitting up for a moment, attracted by what was going on, then thrown stiffly back in very convulsions of rage and resistance at every fresh attempt made to tie his feathered hat under his chin. Nurse drummed on the reading-desk, the nursery-maid kept wildly turning the great glass wheel of the electrical machine. Mrs. Trevor was on her knees kissing the little plunging feet, and pouring out the usual incoherent appeals by which mothers and nurses seek to soften the heart of offended babyhood. A large Newfoundland was walking about, sniffing at bottles and tubes in corners of the room. Would darling baby look at his own, own poor mammy? Would a little king let old nursey tie his hat only this once? So they went on all together, glass wheel flashing, sudden pretences of scolding the dog; fond words in abundance; not a hope for any one of them! Their enchantments prevailed till the obnoxious hat was raised, then baby routed them by a renewed roar. I came forward. "Baby," I said, in a very firm, clear voice. The little fellow, arrested by the strange tone, looked up. I fixed my eyes steadily on his. "Baby must be good." His great brown eyes met mine wonderingly. I smiled; he smiled too, through his tears. "I am going to put baby's hat on, and take him out," I went on. "Lord have mercy!" whispered the nurse, the nursery-maid ceasing to turn the wheel in her amazement, as I boldly took the hat and tied it on well under the firm and dimpled double chin, the child making no resistance whatsoever. But I am bound to confess that I spoiled the charm of my achievement to the lookers on, by saying, "You really should not spoil him so." I am not quite sure that any of them quite forgave it me for some time after.

I have given this seeming trivial scene at some length, because it is a type of the manner in which Harry Trevor's infancy was managed. His adoring mother believed it to be bad for the boy to cry, and sought to avert the catastrophe by giving him whatever he wished for. Alas! there is no keeping pace with even a baby's wishes. Content will never come that way, even at six months old. Each day some new device had to be tried. There were times when Mr. Trevor, exasperated beyond bearing by the uproar, would

intrude upon the scene, and try the effects of a loud voice, and a little bluster about a birch-rod. A most miserable failur he made of it! Minnie's tears and reproaches soon drove him back to his own study, half suspecting he must be the unnatural father she and nurse plainly thought him. To this evil of inordinate indulgence was added that of morbid anxiety on Mrs. Trevor's part respecting the child's health. Dr. Worthington, who had ushered the little fellow into the world, was sent for at all hours alike of night and day to mitigate the mother's causeless alarms. God had given her her heart's desire; but looking at her worn and eager face, you could hardly have called Mrs. Trevor a happy woman. Her cup was full to the brim; her hand seemed too feeble to carry the full cup steady.

Years went on, and Harry Trevor was a noble-looking boy of seven. There is no likeness of him at this age; his parents often wished for one, but the day never came when the boy himself wished to sit, and that decided the matter. The photograph from which the engraving is taken, is itself a copy from one of Claudet's, done when he was only three. But at seven his beauty was even more marked than in infancy. When he was in a sunny mood, no one ever passed him by without turning to look again at the bright bewitching face. Strangers invariably pronounced him the most promising child they had ever known,—so frank, so intelligent, so noble. Some of us, however, who were behind the scenes, had gloomy forebodings enough concerning him. His fits of passion were fearful to behold; the tyranny he exercised unbounded. What was to become of him, poor boy, growing up thus?

It was not long after Harry's seventh birthday that Mrs. Trevor took him for the first time to the sea. He had had a little cough—hooping-cough his mother had feared. One day Dr. Worthington, sent for as usual for some quite trifling cause, said to Mrs. Trevor, in the child's presence, "My dear madam, you alarm yourself about this little cough, and Master Harry, on his side, refuses my harmless cough-mixture. Now, I'll prescribe something that will do you both good. Go to the sea. Go to the sea at once. You'll enjoy that, my little man—picking up shells—going out in a boat. Fine fun, I can tell you." And the good man took his departure, little guessing the dismay his half-random speech occasioned the mother's heart. The vision conjured up before the boy's mind was not to be dispelled by the most skilful manœuvres. The little pertinacious spirit was roused to the utmost. There would be no peace for any member of the family till the move was made. Mr. Trevor, foreseeing a few weeks of unwonted quiet, seconded the idea. It was decided that they should go to the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Trevor, who sometimes found the convenience of my comparative power of managing Harry, invited me to accompany them; this I declined, but I promised to follow in a week's time, and to take a lodging near.

I had a letter from Harry before the week was over, written in a fine bold hand, and spelt according to his own phonetic system, from which I gathered that he liked Jack Medway very much, that he was going to go in a boat with Jack, that Jack went into the sea shrimping, and he and Neptune into the sea too with Jack, that there never was such fun, and, finally, that he meant, when he was a little older, to be a sailor like Jack. Added to this spirited effusion were a few hurried lines from his mother, urging me to come as soon as ever I could, for that neither Nurse nor she could persuade the darling boy not to dabble on the shore all the day long with a rough sailor, wetting his feet through and through, and indeed that she much feared he had caught cold already, for that he certainly looked much paler than usual. To this impression I attached not the slightest value. Arrived at my lodging at Shanklin, my landlady told me she feared there was some trouble at Myrtle Lodge (the house taken by Mrs. Trevor), for that Mr. Burnet, the doctor, had been there twice since the morning. Even this did not alarm me—so used was I to her nervous apprehensions—though I am glad to think that I went at once to my friends. Nurse looked very grave as she met me at the door.

"I don't like the look of the blessed child," she said. "He's more patient than is natural. And I don't think the doctor likes it either."

"What is it, nurse?" I asked, with a presentiment of ill at my own heart.

"The Lord above only knows, ma'am; but it's something uncommon sudden. Master Harry was as lively last night as ever I see him in his life, going on about being a sailor. This morning he got up quite early, to wash some shells Jack Medway had brought him last night, when all of a sudden he gave a sharp scream, that went all through the house. Jane and me, ma'am, heard it in the room above, and went down, all in a flutter, just as we were. There was poor Missus on her knees by him, as white as her night-dress, and Master Harry crying sadly, and bent double, holding his little hands just so. We got him into bed, and put hot flannels to his stomach and his little feet, which were as cold as stone, and we sent for the doctor. I thought Missus would have died, she was that frightened. When the gentleman came he asked what had the child eaten? And sure enough there were some of those horrid crab-apples in his little pocket. There is a tree full of them close to the house, and Missus and I knew he *would* eat them, do all we could. But what frightens me most, ma'am," poor nurse went on, the tears beginning to run down her cheeks, "is the way in which Master Harry took the doctor's stuff, with never a word against it, for all it was so yellow and smelly. I never thought to live to see such a thing as that. But I'm keeping you talking. Please go in, ma'am, and see him; and keep a cheerful face before poor Missus."

I went in. Harry lay in his mother's large bed, his face a little flushed, his lips a little parched, but he seemed no longer in any pain. His mother was sitting on the bed close beside him. The child smiled when he saw me, and seemed pleased, and soon after fell off into a gentle doze.

The next morning found me early there. This time the nursery-girl opened the door for me. Her face all swollen and blistered with tears told me the child was no better, but I did not dare to

speak to her, fearing an explosion of grief that might be heard in the sick-room near. Mrs. Trevor was crouching on the bed close beside her boy. His head and one little arm were thrown wearily across her. Nurse was standing by with a cup of untasted tea. I did not dare look at the mother, but nurse's face was gloomy enough. I went up to the other side of the bed, and said as cheerfully as I could, "How is my dear little Harry to-day?" The child looked at me fixedly, but he did not smile. His skin had the dark flush of fever; his eyes an unearthly beauty. "Take me, oh, do take me out of this bed; I do not like it; I cannot die here." *Die* here! Yes, that was the word. Had his mother heard it? Nurse evidently had not. "Master Harry is lying nicely across his own mamma's knee; he likes that, I am sure." The little sufferer slightly moaned as he raised his listless hand to his mother's face.

Mr. Burnet, when he came, looked very grave. His medicines had not had the result he expected. "If sickness set in," he whispered to me aside, "the case is desperate." Mrs. Trevor's eye did not question mine as I dreaded it might. She was speaking to her boy. "My precious one will like to see kind Dr. Worthington, will he not? I think he will be coming to see us some time to-day." She had sent for him, then. I rejoiced at that. He knew the boy's constitution better than a stranger could. "And papa too; I should like to see papa," was the reply. "Papa shall come, my own Harry. Ann, will you go at once and see to this?" she said, addressing me, but never for an instant looking away from the child. Surely she must guess his danger, I thought; yet if she does, her calmness is nothing less than a miracle. Later this miracle was explained. Mr. Burnet, in the course of his second visit, had impressed upon her the necessity of composure, lest the child, excitable and precocious as he appeared, should become alarmed.

Late that evening Dr. Worthington arrived. Mr. Trevor and he travelled down together. The two medical men had a long consultation. Both agreed, they said, perfectly as to the nature of the case, the propriety of the treatment hitherto. Of the inevitable issue neither spoke to us, though the dreaded sickness *had* set in.

But the little sufferer's patience, the mother's calmness, these were the marvels,—these wrung our hearts with very agonies of tenderness, that almost overpowered our gratitude to God for such unexpected blessings. Mr. Trevor, to whom the boy had comparatively been as nothing, could not command his feelings for ten minutes together. The mother spoke to none of us—never left, never looked away from her child.

The night wore through—a night of much suffering from constant nausea, not from any other pain. But never an impatient word. Whatever we did for him—if but the smoothing of some fold in the coverlet, the drawing up and down of the blind (his mother left us so little that we could do), he thanked us for it with a most touching courtesy. Between his mother and him there were often whispers of endearment exchanged, sometimes longer sentences—generally too low for us to distinguish; but once we heard the childish voice saying something about Jesus; and in the mother's reply, we caught the word Heaven.

When the dawn came, the dawn of a cloudless July day, the child's face looked more drawn and wan, the eyes more wondrously deep than ever. You felt at once that on the great mysteries of death and immortality that child knew more than you. Yet we none of us spoke of the solemn thoughts that filled our hearts. For my part, I feared to say one word that might break down the courage of the mother. Dr. Worthington himself, indeed, had begged us not to speak to her. "She knows how things stand," he said; "but if not, let God and the child prepare her." The doctor was a wise and a good man, and had himself lost young children.

Very early the morning of that last day, Harry began to repeat a little hymn his nurse had taught him. It ran thus—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children like lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then."

Then he stopped: "I am going to Him," he said. A pause in which each of us heard the beating of his own heart,—*How* would the mother be able to bear it? "I *like* going to him," the child went on. —"Only," and he stroked his mother's face, "I wish you were coming too. Mammy, read me about those children and Jesus." Old nurse, who always had her Testament in her pocket, rose, and reverently gave it, opened at the familiar place, into the mother's hands. She read out the tender words distinctly, read them twice over, with her own kisses between, "*Took them up in his arms,—laid his hands upon them,—and blessed them.*" A heavenly smile settled on the child's face. The room would have been quite still but for Mr. Trevor's convulsive sobbing. Mr. Burnet led him away. Nurse and I, on our knees at the foot of the bed, fancied that this was one of the short intervals of rest that had before been granted, and that we should again hear the sweet little voice. But Dr. Worthington's eye noted a change. "Hold him firmly," he said to the mother. She pillowed the head softly, she wound her arms round the child's form, as she had done a thousand times, only with a stronger pressure. There might be some struggle to sustain him through before *this* sleep came?

Ah, well! I dwell at too great length upon the simple story. But were we not blind in our previsions? It was *life* we had feared for this only child—he was so full of energy and will, we had never dreamed that God might rescue him by an early death! Could we have anticipated this, we should have shuddered at the prospect of his impatience, his resistance to treatment during illness; at that of his mother's frenzy of despair. So much for our human judgment. But this child had been given her in mercy as well as taken away. The great craving of Minnie Trevor had been satisfied. She *had* known the proud pangs and joys of motherhood. That crown of woman's nature had struck its thorns, and cast its glory round her brow. Nay, she was a mother still.

Up in heaven, surely very fair, even among those that follow the Lord always, her child lives and waits for her. No need now that considerate friends should hide their little ones from Mrs. Trevor. She loves *all* children dearly for Harry's sake.

And oh, with what a new love she loves *Him* with whom Harry is now! Those days and nights of speechless communion between the creature's anguish and the Creator's mercy (a communion with which we none of us intermeddled) have left the calm of perfect resignation behind; nay more, they seem to have wrought a conviction that this early departing was "far better." He is *safe* now, the treasure for whom she had trembled so much—in wiser keeping, ay (she can even believe this), in *tenderer* too. Between her husband and herself there is renewed



affection. She loves him for his uncontrollable grief when his boy died, more than ever she loved him for his early devotion to herself. They have separate pursuits still; but if she does not understand, she at least has learned to respect his; and he is full of interest in hers, which are mainly connected with such charitable undertakings as have for their object the good of little children. Their home is a very quiet one, but it is not dreary. I never go there without a deepened sense that He who gave and took away *ordereth all things well!*

ANN WARRENDER.

THE USES OF THE MOON.

M. Comte, while forced to admit that we do derive some benefit from the moon, scouts the idea that there was any anterior design to make it useful to us. His views on the religious aspect are given in the following passage:—"To those who are strangers to the study of the heavenly bodies, although frequently masters of the other parts of natural philosophy, astronomy has still the reputation of being an eminently religious science, as if the famous verse, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' still preserved all its value. To minds early familiarized with true philosophical astronomy, the heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, of Kepler, of Newton, and of all those who have aided in establishing their laws. It is, however, certain, as I have shown, that all real science is in radical and necessary opposition to all theology, and this characteristic is more decided in astronomy than anywhere else, just because astronomy is, so to speak, more a science than any other. No other has given more terrible shocks to the doctrine of final causes, generally regarded by the moderns as the indispensable basis of every religious system, although, in reality, it has been the consequence of them. The simple knowledge of the movement of the earth must have destroyed the prime and real foundation of this doctrine, the idea of the universe subordinated to the earth, and consequently to man. Besides, the accurate exploration of our system could not but dispel that blind and unlimited wonder which the general order of nature inspired, by showing, in the most sensible manner, and in various respects, that the elements of this system are *certainly not disposed in the most advantageous manner, and science permits us easily to conceive a happier arrangement.*"

We shall not stop to notice the tone of arrogant assumption in the statement that every philosophic astronomer must be an Atheist. We mean only to advert to the argument here employed to banish a Divine intelligence from the universe. It amounts to this—that, as we can conceive a better arrangement, there could have been no intelligence in the original adjusting of the arrangement. Let us take the moon for illustration. Laplace fancied he could improve on the solar system by placing the moon differently. He endeavours to show that if the purpose of the moon was to give light to the earth, this could be accomplished far more effectually if the moon was so situated that it revolved round the earth in the same time that the earth revolved round the sun. In that case, she would be always full, and her light would be enjoyed every night, instead of only occasionally. The conclusion is, that she was not ordained to rule the night, seeing that, by a different arrangement, this could be more effectually accomplished. But with all his skill in celestial mechanics, Laplace would not, by the suggested arrangement, improve matters. If the moon's orbit were situated where he proposed, her light would be sixteen times less than at present, and, what is more, the arrangement would not be a stable one. The moon would not only be at first a very dim lamp, but it would be in danger of going out altogether.

Sir David Brewster, in maintaining the habitableness of the moon, questions the doctrine that her use is to give light to the earth; and he does this on the ground that she would give a much better light if her surface was all of a chalky whiteness, and not studded over, as it is, with dark spots. Now, granting that there might be a happier arrangement, if the use of the moon was to give light—granting that it would be better to have a wider orbit, and a more uniform disk, are we to conclude that a use cannot be proved, unless we can show that it is the best possible contrivance for the use intended? Let us take the case of Paley's watch on the heath. Would the inference of design be legitimate, only on the supposition that the watch had the most faultless scapement, and the most artistic finish? Would not some rude, old crown and verge movement, dropped by some boor as he crossed the common, quite as irresistibly lead to the inference of design? And in dealing with the mechanism of the heavens, the real question at issue is not—Is the intelligent contriver perfect? but, Is there a contriver at all? No doubt, the ultimate aim of the Theist is to prove a perfect intelligence, but the first is to prove that there is an intelligence—that the use necessarily implies a designing mind. He knows that the Atheist must be forced to surrender all, if he admits that mind, in any form, is necessary to account for material laws and arrangements. When it is therefore held that the design of the moon is to give light, or the eye to see, it is not necessary at all to prove that the moon is the best possible lamp, or the eye the best possible lens.

But is the Atheist to be permitted to maintain his position that any given arrangement is imperfect? Are we to concede to Laplace that he can improve the mechanism of the solar system? By no means. We may not be able to prove the absolute perfection of the arrangement, but we can show the probability that the caviller is far more likely to be at fault, than that there should be a defect in the machine. A skilful mechanician may, on ex-

amining the works of a watch, say, without presumption, that the scapement is imperfect, and that he could suggest an improvement; and the reason simply is, that the tools formed by man for useful purposes have their object clearly defined. It is easy to see what the one requirement of a good scapement, for example, is, and there is no presumption in suggesting how this one well-defined object is to be attained in a more satisfactory manner. But the instruments of nature are not like human tools. The extent of their uses cannot be defined. All nature is one great whole; and it would require omniscience itself to say whether any given arrangement is the best possible for the innumerable uses it may subserve. To give light is one use of the moon, but we know not the many other uses it may serve. It is not, however, necessary to discover all these uses in order to maintain the position that it is ordained to give light, and we are not entitled to criticise its efficiency till we know all its functions.

Although we cannot prove the absolute perfection of any contrivance, yet, when increased research invariably discovers new points of excellence, we are warranted to conclude that, did we know all, we would be forced to acknowledge that all is perfect. We see only a few of the spokes of a revolving wheel, and it accords more with the modesty of true science, to ascribe the apparent imperfection to our point of view, than to conclude that the circle is defective. The more we enlarge our view the more complete does the circle become; and it is but the doctrine of inductive philosophy to conclude, that if our vision were entirely unobstructed, the machinery would appear in all its perfection. But Laplace and M. Comte would project their own imperfection on the perfect works of God.

To appreciate the usefulness of the moon as a source of light, we must view man in his least civilized state. The refinements of civilisation have, to a great degree, contracted the usefulness of the moon in this respect. City life, too, is not favourable to a grateful spirit for the service of the moon. In towns lighted by gas, little depends on the state of the moon; but in the country, the moon is consulted in the fixing of all social and religious meetings, and country people in general are able to inform you as to the quarter in which the moon is. This mixing up of the moon with the daily thoughts of the people in rural scenes, shows that her usefulness is fully appreciated.

In savage life, especially in high latitudes, the moon is an ever-present power. When the Red Indian speaks of moons, as measures of time, he speaks in the tone of affection and reverence for the benign luminary that guides his steps through the trackless forest. The Oriental bows to the sun, but the Red Indian nurtures his grand and impassive nature in the mild beams of the moon. In hunting and trapping, the moon is his ever-faithful ally, and he would as soon think of doubting its use, as he would the use of his spear or his traps.

But the use of the moon is not confined to light-giving. As a mechanical power, the moon is of much service. The sun is the grand source of power on the face of the earth, but still, some little work is left to the moon. To her chiefly is assigned the task of raising the tides of the ocean. The tides are of incalculable benefit to man. In a sanitary point of view, the moon may be regarded as the great scavenger of our globe. Twice every day she flushes, with sea water in abundance, the rivers on which our towns are situated, and keeps them comparatively pure. Again, by her mechanical power, she bears ships on the crest of the tidal wave, deep into the heart of the country, where the centres of commerce are often found. Insignificant streams are thus rendered navigable, and cities brought into immediate connexion with the ocean—the highway of commerce. By the convenience afforded by the moon, London is at the same time, connected with the ocean, and in the heart of the country, where it can be best protected from any invasion. In an island of such limited extent as Great Britain, the rivers must necessarily be small, but the tidal wave compensates for the defect, and gives us the advantages of river navigation. The mechanical power of the tide is made available by means of the tide-mill. The rise and fall of the tide can be utilized as well as the fall of the river. This source of power has not been very generally turned to account, though there is no mechanical difficulty in applying it.

One of the most useful purposes served by the moon is that of a time-ball. When the time-ball falls at Greenwich, all within range of seeing have the opportunity of knowing that it is precisely one o'clock at Greenwich. But its utility would be vastly increased if the mariner far out at sea could also see the signal, for it would at once give him his longitude. He has the means on shipboard of ascertaining the local time, and at sea the clock in the saloon is put right every day at noon. If the ship is sailing westwards, the hands must be put back in proportion to the speed of the ship. The longitude of a ship is simply the difference between her own clock and a clock at Greenwich. If, for example, the ship's clock shows twelve o'clock at the moment the time-ball falls at one o'clock at Greenwich, her longitude is one hour west. The great object, then, is to see the time-ball at Greenwich, or something equivalent to it. The moon admirably serves the purpose. Suppose it is pre-

viously ascertained, by calculation, that the moment the ball falls, the moon, in its progress through the sky, will touch or occult a certain star; then, though the mariner cannot see the ball, it is enough if he can watch the moment when the moon comes in contact with the star. The nautical almanac tells when he may expect the contact, and if he succeeds in observing it, it is as serviceable to him as if he had the time-signal itself. It is not necessary, however, that the moon should actually come in contact with some star. It may happen that the moon is still some little distance from the star at the moment the ball falls, but this serves the purpose equally. If it is known from the almanac, that the moon will be so many degrees from the star when the ball falls, it is only necessary to watch the instant when the moon comes within the precise distance in order to know when it is one o'clock at Greenwich. But there is no need to limit the signal to one o'clock. It is only necessary to know from the almanac the time by the Greenwich clock when the moon will arrive at any point in her track across the heavens, in order to ascertain what the time at Greenwich is. To people living along a line of railway, the trains are so many time-signals. The time-table shows the Greenwich time when the trains should arrive at each station, and if they be regular they serve the purpose of a clock. If a person wishes to know the longitude of the station, he has only to ascertain the local time from a sun-dial, and the difference between this and the railway time gives the longitude. What the railway train is to the landsman, the moon is to the mariner, and while the landsman uses a dial to ascertain the local time, the sailor uses a sextant. The sailor may adopt the obvious plan of carrying a chronometer set to Greenwich time, and which, by comparison with the local time, at once gives him the longitude; but no chronometer can equal the moon as an indicator of time. The captain may forget to wind up the chronometer, some parts of the works may give way, the rate of going may change, and many other accidents may occur to render the chronometer useless; but the moon can ever be relied on. No winding up is needed, no danger of the mainspring of gravitation breaking. She no doubt changes her rate of motion, but the rate of change can be calculated so that her precise position at any moment can be predicted with absolute accuracy.

The moon would be useful to man for the division of time, though it was only monthly periods that she marked off, and though she only met the necessities of savage life; but the usefulness becomes more apparent when she serves to give the minutest divisions of time to meet the increasing necessities of man as he advances in civilisation. It is this development of adaptation, running parallel with the development of the human intellect and the social advance of the human race, that most clearly indicates the exercise of Divine intelligence. No doubt the illustrations of direct adaptation of the material world to man's physical constitution are striking enough, and it is these that are usually appealed to in support of a Divine intelligence; but the secondary adaptations to man as a moral, intellectual, and social being, are still more striking and convincing. These adaptations, being progressive, also recognise the progressive nature of man and his higher destiny.

It may appear straining the argument too much to speak of the usefulness of the moon in developing poetical sentiment, but we have an æsthetic element in our nature which requires suitable appliances, as much as the functions of digestion and respiration. The material universe, in the midst of which we are placed, is not adapted merely to gross utilitarian purposes. It is equally fitted to cherish refined and lofty sentiment, and when a want of our nature is supplied we have a use. And how useful in this respect is the moon! Volumes might be filled with the poetry of the moon; and yet the theme is ever fresh. The poet and the painter find the subject to be inexhaustible. The aspect of nature in moonlight is so different, that we have, by the gift of the lesser light, virtually two worlds for our abode. The gorgeous sunlit scene gives way, like a dissolving view, to the milder radiance of the moon, and, as by a magic spell, a new scene, with its own characteristic beauty, starts out from nature's canvas. The picturesque effects of moonlight are infinitely varied; but how many are lost simply because we do not look for them with æsthetic fondness. In crossing the Atlantic we had once the opportunity of witnessing the effect produced by a moon-picture which was new to the whole ship's company, and to which we do not remember any allusion in the pages of the poet or the *savant*. The attention of the captain was called to a dark pillar rising from the horizon and terminating in the full moon, which was about thirty degrees above the horizon. It assumed the form of an elongated pyramid, the moon being at the apex. He had, no doubt, seen this hundreds of times before, but he had never really observed it. But now that his attention was called to it, he was filled with wonder at the magnificence of the phenomenon, and the distinct manner in which the pillar stood out in relief from the sky. The officers gathered round the captain, and it was also new to them, as they gazed in admiration. The passengers, who lingered on the deck, swelled the crowd of admirers, and to all the spectacle was perfectly novel. After all were filled with the beauty of the spectacle, the spirit

of philosophy arose, and the captain was appealed to for an explanation. His solution was one characteristic of the sailor—it was a sign of bad weather. This tentative effort at a theory was negatived by simply shading the eye from the bright wake of the moon in the sea. The instant this was done the majestic pillar vanished, showing that it was the counterpart of the wake, and merely the effect of contrast. This simple solution did not divest the object of its beauty, and during successive nights the same effect was watched with increased interest, and all tacitly acknowledged that the moon had a use in thus giving a new charm to the ocean scenery, and helping to while away the hours of the long voyage.

The moon has a use, too, in reference to the religious element in man's nature, not merely by furnishing an argument for design, but by directly cherishing the religious spirit. Its adaptation to this purpose is shown in the almost universal adoration paid to this luminary. The idolatry of the heathen is only the perversion of a native instinct of the human heart, and is a testimony to the fact that the object of adoration has a natural tendency, in the pure and enlightened spirit, to lift the heart up to God. When the Psalmist considered the heavens, and contemplated the luminaries in detail, the moon had the first place, as declaring the glory and goodness of God. The moon is the most familiar symbol of God's providence; we feel that she is nearer to us than any other heavenly body, and that her special duty is to wait upon us. She accompanies us like a guardian angel, bearing a lamp before us, in the darkness of the night. She circles round us like the parent bird round the nest of her helpless young. She is the first round in the ladder that leads up to the throne of God—the first link in the chain that binds us to the universe of worlds. The moon is thus specially fitted to be useful in bringing home to us the presence and the providence of God.

It was undoubtedly the feeling that the moon was our nearest neighbour, that led man to ascribe fanciful functions to the moon. While the sun was supposed to preside over the heart, the moon was believed to have supreme power in controlling the brain—the characteristic part of man's organization. Hence, any crisis in mental phenomena was always connected with the phases of the moon, and paroxysms of insanity were long believed to be regulated by the maxima and minima of the moon's illuminated disk. It is strange that such a delusion should have so long clung to the human mind although contradicted by innumerable facts. This is explained by the principle of an anterior bias, and the love of coincidences. The passion of tracing coincidence has its use in prompting to scientific inquiry, but we often find it indulged in for its own sake. How many examine their barometer daily to see whether it is rising or falling, simply for the pleasure of marking the coincidence between the weather and the indications of the barometer. They may be neither mariners nor sailors, and have no immediate interests at stake. They may have no pretensions to scientific inquiry. And whether their theory is that the barometer influences the weather, or the weather the barometer, the pleasure is still great of tracing a coincidence. So, in regard to the moon, the human mind has derived great pleasure in tracing the coincidence between the moon's phases, and the mental and physical phenomena on the surface of the globe. From the bias of this love of coincidence, the many adverse facts were overlooked, and the few favourable ones were allowed to have more than their due weight. The influence of the moon in insanity is now entirely discredited, but many cling to its influence on the weather. Many who have a half conviction that their belief is a mere superstition, still have a pleasure in speaking of a change of weather at the new or full moon. And there are always a sufficient number of coincidences to give colour to their belief. Almost every different country has its own rules for prognosticating the weather from the phases of the moon; but however different they may be, they all serve equally well to cherish the conviction that there is some real influence. Many scientific researches have been made to settle the point, but no decisive result has been arrived at.

There is no *a priori* reason why the moon should not influence the weather. It is simply a question of fact, and as yet no appreciable effect has been detected. Perhaps the only effect for which there is tolerable probability, is the influence of the full moon in dispelling light fleecy clouds. This is effected by the heat of the moon which is expended in the higher strata of the air—the heat being employed in converting the clouds into invisible vapour.

While science is lessening the influence of the moon in one direction, it is extending it in another. The moon is now found to be a magnet, and to exercise an influence on the magnetic elements of our globe. The oscillations of the barometer are found to be slightly affected by the phases of the moon. The rays of the moon are found to have a chemical influence like those of the sun, and its heat, though insignificant, has at last been measured. These physical effects render it not improbable that the moon may influence the weather and the human constitution, but the precise effects are yet to be discerned. The effects hitherto ascribed to the moon have been shown to be either fanciful, or, when real, produced by other causes. But admitting all this, there is a wide enough margin for the undoubted uses of the moon.

WILLIAM LEITCH.

THE NEWSPAPER.

WHAT should we do without our newspaper? What should we read, think, talk about? What should we wrap our parcels in, or kindle our fires with, if there were no newspapers? The newspaper is the grand climax of our age; steam and electricity are but the Caliban and Ariel to this Prospero. Historians tell of the magnificence and power of mighty empires,—of the wisdom, the achievements, the glory of ancient kings. What were they worth?—they had no newspaper!! Every Muggleton that publishes its daily—every Smith, Brown, or Jones who purchases that same daily for the small charge of one penny—may look with compassionate contempt on the proudest nations—the sublimest monarchs of olden times.

The newspaper, too, like air, or light, or any other of heaven's best gifts to man, is common to all, and is appreciated by all. In meanest lodging-house, in royal hall you find it. From Regent Street to the lonely shingle hut or grass warrie of far Australian wilds—from the Grampians to the Himalayas—from Windermere to Lake Nyassa, it is the milk and honey of life to the children of men. Could we by some magic process behold in succession all the newspaper readers of this day, with all the differences of mood, of circumstance, and of scene belonging to each, our view would be almost as extensive as the world—varied as the human race. The thought flashes on us with almost the force of omniscience. Lo! passing before us the happy fireside group, the solitary grief-worn man, the village politician;—but it is vain to point to a few figures in an endless panorama.

What charm then—what weird power lies in these straight lines of letters, that they should find the way to every house, and stir up a peculiar interest in every heart? They simply record the life and doings of our race. They give rude etchings and photographs of man in all the varying phases of his character—character developed in every possible condition—under every conceivable form of trial; and thus they appeal to our sympathies and desires in every way. The struggles and aims, the fears, ambitions, hopes, cares, passions, crimes and virtues of man, are here set down faithfully in shorthand. The newspaper makes Shaksperes of us all. It furnishes us with an outline—it may be of some fireside tragedy—we can at will fill up the sketch with details of the most romantic interest; the materials are given, we can weave them into a web, hued and patterned as gorgeously as we please. It supplies us with a few bald facts relative to some mysterious occurrence; straightway we are absorbed in the exciting process of completing the imperfect story, our minds pursuing a thousand probabilities, yet still left unfettered in a boundless universe of conjecture. The details of some strange scheme or deed are laid before us—at once all the faculties of the mind are engaged in the work of tracking out the hidden motives; unravelling the complications; developing the secret source or agency; in short, solving the mystery in whatever form it may present itself. Most people laugh at the countryman who wished a newspaper "wi' plenty o' guid murders in't." But the "guid murders" doubtless meant those which the utmost ingenuity of concealment had shrouded in thorough mystery; and the desire probably indicated—not a weakness—not an unnatural gloating over the most brutal form of guilt, but the strong, though morbid, working of high quality of mind. True, there is, even beyond the revolting character of these crimes, an atmosphere of horror surrounding them, a lurid hell visibly opening beneath the feet of such sins. Yet however painfully this may affect us, it only strengthens the force of attraction in the mystery, by investing it with the terrible grandeur of the supernatural world. We must probe the darkness. We must detect and drag to the light the passions and motives which thus summed themselves up. The Creator, in His wisdom, has planted a law in our nature which compels us to this work, and in prosecuting it, should we arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, the pleasure, the sense of power and victory which it gives us, is akin to that felt by all great discoverers—by Lord Rosse, for instance, when the nebulæ and orbs before unknown shone out in their true forms, full and clear, in the vast regions of space.

The feeling of power evoked by the newspaper is another element of attraction in it; it sets before us all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them; by it we sit in the councils of kings, and take part in those deliberations by which the destinies of nations are controlled; by it we stand in the assemblies of the wise, while genius displays all her dazzling treasures; and by it we can, with the disciples of science, explore, investigate, and acquire new riches of knowledge in every direction where the Creator's own hand has written the exhaustless wonders of his wisdom. All that ingenuity, ambition, and energy can accomplish, it brings to us and makes us in a sense actors and sharers therein; be it those marvellous contrivances which lighten the primal curse, wiping the sweat from the brow of the toiler; or by which seas are bridged, mountains levelled, space annihilated, and all the nations of the world brought within speaking distance of each other; or those weightier and more stirring matters in which the honour and fate of empires are involved. And the sense of power thus wrought within us in entering into all these things is heightened by the fact that we do so without participating in the accompanying cares and fears of the real actors.

The newspaper also ministers abundantly to our love of variety. What an irresistible charm is there, to the unbroken monotony of most lives, in being made intimate with the ever-shifting scenery of the world, all its stir and action, the when and where and how of all things taking place on the face of the earth. And if we become tired of fixing our attention on man and his works, we are here introduced to all the phenomena of nature.

The thunder or avalanche pealing down Alpine gorges; the storm which has lifted the strongest ships in its Titanic arms, and dashed them down on rock-bound coasts in unavailing fragments; the earthquake, the flood, the eclipse, the comet—that wild Arab among stars—are all pictured out, and their peculiarities familiarly handled in the newspaper.

But the newspaper does not confine itself to records or themes such as these. It is not contented with being the world's eye and ear and every other organ of sense; it must also think for us; it reasons, criticises, decides on all manner of subjects; it constitutes itself both judge and jury, sifts the evidence, reviews the pleadings, and acquits or condemns at pleasure; it often rises above judges and juries, amending or reversing their decisions peremptorily. With equal competency it discusses the merits of every question, be it the cleansing of a gutter, or the laws that will revolutionize the world. And its opinions on sanitary regulations, political changes, philanthropic and benevolent schemes, on all movements affecting the vital interests of the State, are received by the great mass of its readers with unquestioning deference. On every point of debate it has an arsenal full of all weapons of offence and defence at command, and by wit, satire, eloquence, pathos, or ridicule, it will bear the brunt of battle, and come off victorious. Oh! Leviathan in the midst of the seas, when in rage thou liftest up thyself, thou art terrible to all the children of pride. "Lay thine hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more." He casts down the mighty from their seats, and abases the proudest mortals upon earth. Dare any one rouse his indignation or kindle the fury of his wrath, he will make him the scorn and mockery of the world, were he the mightiest emperor within its bounds.

Sitting then in this seat of the gods, exercising functions so varied and extensive, daily wielding a power which gives impress and impetus to an incalculable mass of mind,—does this arbiter and ruler among men always exhibit such wisdom, such high pure spirit as become his place and authority? Are his counsels to be followed without hesitation, and his dicta on all points to be received as beyond doubt or denial? If these questions are audacious, their importance justifies audacity. Their importance also forbids the fear of avowing our convictions even when adverse to so mighty a potentate. While, then, we give the newspaper all honour for the true and noble work of enlightenment which it has wrought, and for its leal service in the cause of freedom and progress, we must also aver that it is sometimes of the earth earthy; that its opinions, like those of common mortals, are liable to be marked and made worthless by prejudices and ignorance. It sometimes yields up its Samson strength to the degradation of serving the Philistines. In the ignoble strifes of sects and parties, it has been known to descend to subterfuge and artifice; it has not hesitated to resort to all the tricks of sophistry, and even to the utterance of rash and unfounded assertions, for the purpose of gaining a momentary triumph. This must necessarily have an evil corrupting influence in the social system. Yet seeing it is an influence put forth only occasionally, in connexion with passing topics, there may be no permanent disease produced by it; only an influenza, or a fever,—prostrating for a time, but to be overcome by a little medicine, or the sure, though sometimes slow reactionary processes of nature. We will gladly balance these evils against the greater benefits conferred by our newspaper. We will accept with all thankfulness these rich harvest stores of intellect, given forth so freely for the growth and sustenance of ever-craving minds, although they contain a due admixture of tares; seeing that sublunary things have all a mixed character, that every life, from that of the lowest fungi to the most blessed amongst mankind, is a prey to some enemy or other. The sunlight is not the less glorious that it often breaks to us through sullen masses of cloud, and is ever haunted and pursued by shadows and darkness.

There is an evil in our newspaper, however; an evil deliberately chosen, and doggedly, nay sometimes boastfully maintained, for which none of its merits can atone, and none of its excuses be held valid, that is, its negation of, if not hostility to, religion. Whatever panacea it may recommend for mankind, religion, which has an antidote for every poison, a balm for every wound, a cure for every malady, is with the newspaper a thing of nought. Whatever it may delight to honour and blazon forth to the admiration of the world, religion, more glorious than morning spread on a thousand hills, is scrupulously hidden from our eyes. Whatever it may set forth and advocate for the purifying, ennobling, and advancement of humanity, religion, a river of life flowing free and full from a Divine fountain-head, for the healing of the nations, is avoided, shrunk from, as if it were that once bloody Nile which rolled its red death-billows through Egypt. That which is most needed in every relation of life, in everything we are called upon to be, to do, or to suffer, that which is grandest, most prominent, most necessary in the course and evolution of human affairs, is taken no account of by our newspaper. Religion, the inspirer of purest ambitions and noblest purposes, which gives stability and efficacy to our generous impulses, which endows the weakest worker with faithfulness and energy; which has been the invincible panoply of warriors, the highest inspiration of painters and poets, and the truest, most enduring wisdom of kings and statesmen; which is the sweetness, the strength, the light, the consolation of life—the one subtle silver harmony threading its way through and overcoming all the discords of time; the mighty gravitating force which binds us to the great central sun of the moral universe, preserving us through all the cycles of human development, and through the awful spaces of eternity, within reach of His vivifying, fructifying, joy-giving influences, preserving us from rushing to utter destruction—this religion is a thing not to be spoken of.

It may be asked, ought the newspaper to undertake, in addition to its other work, the duties of the pulpit? No! But there is a wide enough distinction between a simple steadfast avowal or recognition of the principles and sanctions of religion, and the ignoring of them altogether, to render such a

question unnecessary. It is just such a recognition which is desirable from our newspaper. Look, for instance, at the man who, while working diligently at his calling, busy as the busiest of his neighbours, and taking a due interest in all the affairs of life, can yet impress on all those around him a sense of invisible things, of the powers of the world to come, of the solemn momentous interest eternity has for every one. He does not accomplish this by preaching. No! but only by speaking now and then a quiet opportune word—a word often mighty as a stone from David's sling; by never shrinking when occasion presents itself from giving "a reason of the hope" within him, even though it be in the face of scepticism and scorn; and by an unobtrusive testimony as to the objects of his faith and love. Men of this stamp confer greater benefits on society than we can estimate. They diffuse the fragrance of heaven around them. The fire from God visibly descends on these living sacrifices, and the glory of that fire compels the reverence of all beholders. Now, if our newspaper manifested the same spirit, the same faith and love, in the same unobtrusive way, who could calculate the results? or, rather, could we not as surely anticipate the results as we can the day from the dawn, or the harvest from the seed-time? For while the man has but his own little sphere to work in, our newspaper has the world. The one is like a bird filling its own native grove with melody; the other has the power of

"An angel song,
That bids the heavens be mute."

The man has only occasional and limited opportunities of intercourse with his fellows, but the newspaper is in every house a daily companion and adviser, and is received without suspicion by a class of persons who voluntarily renounce and avoid all religious influences—a class never reached by sermon or tract, for they are not found in churches; and though they may take your tracts with civility, consider them useful only in the way of lighting a cigar or tobacco-pipe; yet who are, nevertheless, thank God! not beyond the reach of conviction and conversion too. Our newspaper at present, by abjuring all notice of religion—thus banishing it, as it were, from the life of mankind, holding it bound within the strong prison walls of silence—only confirms the madness of these persons, ay, and confirms it more thoroughly than all the arguments or sneers of the infidel could do; for these might rouse and alarm, while this, by a seeming endorsement of their conduct, soothes them into a sense of security. On the other hand, by adopting the course indicated, our newspaper would be the most effective means conceivable of reclaiming these persons. By incidental acknowledgments of our obligations to God, by allusions to religious duty rising naturally out of the subjects under notice, it would furnish a powerful protest against their godless lives. At the same time, all its readers would be benefited. The infusion of religious life into the newspaper would act like those strong under-currents in the ocean, which bring the warmth and vitality of the latitudes from whence they come, to shores and climates that would remain frozen and sterile without such genial influences.

What are the objections, then, which so effectually bind up this power for good? They must be worthy of special consideration. Let us look at them a little, take some gauge of their force and weight, and mark what spirit they are of.

Religion, it has been said, is a thing of creeds and sects, and these creeds and sects at irreconcilable feud with each other; continually belching out the volcanic fires of controversy; their one aim and ambition being to subvert or burn up each other. Were our newspaper to give them scope and utterance, it could only be as a partisan; the possible result being its utter ruin in the fiery depths of the contest. This objection is adopted, and passes current among a great number of readers. Thus and thus only it receives importance, and calls for a clear, unmistakable declaration of the truth. True religion, then, has but one creed, Christ; but one sect, Christians. Christ, the Son of God manifest in the flesh; Christians, the saved by Christ, the followers of Christ. This comprehends the whole elements, sums up all the details of religion; and thus Christians are of one kin, of one blood throughout the world. Their hopes, their desires, their love, their life, are one. True, there are "diversities of gifts," "differences of administrations," "diversities of operations;" but one Lord, one Spirit, one body. All Christians are alike created anew in Christ, and grow up in his image to the stature of perfect men. Here, then, is an impregnable basis of union. Yet as one man is made on the same plan and likeness as another, while each is stamped by the Creator's hand with an individuality, a presence of his own; so in religion, there must be essential unity, while by the very laws of life and being, there is infinite variety of development. And it can be shown that this variety of development is not adverse to unity of purpose; that it does not retard or diminish, but gives additional vigour to the power of united action.

It is quite sufficient for our purpose to have shown the essential oneness of religion, and that whatever differences may arise among her professed disciples, she is responsible only for the zeal, the energy with which she opposes these differences. But we would for a moment give these objectors the full weight and benefit of their argument. It is strife which they deprecate. We ask, then, do men not differ in their views on any other subject? Are there no opposing parties in the state? Is there a single political or social question which is not disputed and wrangled over? Should our newspaper avoid discussing these things because of dissensions?

If this objection cannot be retained, another is immediately put in its place, and this next one, for the sake of contrast possibly, assumes quite a different character. It proceeds thus:—If religion is mixed up with our everyday affairs; if it is paraded in streets and market-places, and jostled about among dirty, greasy crowds, it will be effectually divested of all its sacredness; we shall no longer approach it with holy awe and veneration; in its worn, soiled garments it will become a thing lightly esteemed among mankind; and

being thus dethroned, its high place will be usurped by those insufferable arch twin-traitors, cant and hypocrisy. Does not that sound well? Has it not a well-simulated appearance of humility and reverence? We might fully endorse it if we could only once believe that disregard, neglect, avoidance, were ever meant to guard the holy temple of religion from desecration, or protect her heavenly presence from the impious abuse of the wicked. We might hold these opinions worthy of all honour, if we could only believe that He in whose person religion was incarnated, was supremely wrong in coming to this fallen world, and in mingling with such wretched outcasts of heaven. Is He to be condemned for making known the holiest doctrines of religion, not in churches only, but in the chief places of concourse in the cities, on hillsides, in wildernesses, in ships, in the houses of the people; alike to hardened, hating Pharisee, and to the no less hating because mocking Sadducee? Was He wrong in engaging in common labours, or in taking part in wedding festivities? Was He wrong in making the commonest labours, such as shepherds tending their flocks, farmers husbanding their crops, merchants in pursuit of business, fishermen with their nets, women at their household work, illustrative of the most sacred truths? Was He wrong, in short, in spending His whole life on earth, in mixing up religion with everyday affairs and everyday life? We turn from these questions with the conviction that a false humility may claim nearest kinship to the most arrogant presumption.

Let it be observed, this objection assumes that the position or circumstances in which religion is placed invest her with sacredness, and call forth reverence and awe towards her, while we all know that these are but the necessary accompaniments of her intrinsic qualities. Unless you divest her of her very nature, you cannot place her in a position where she will be less pure, less sacred, less awful in holiness, than she is. To imagine that she cannot live except in an atmosphere of state and ceremony, is an evidence, not of genuine humility or reverence, but of that dwarfed, paltry, *parvenu* spirit which values externals merely, the badges and insignia, the outer robing and garniture, and quite overlooks the solid worth, the eminent capacities, the native majesty, without which all the ceremonial splendours of the world, are but meaningless mockeries, the toys of fools. Let us know once for all that religion may be invested with as much sanctity, may exhibit as fully its inherent power and dignity by the firesides of the people as in stateliest cathedrals, where priests minister in gorgeous vestments, where peerless choirs pour forth all the rolling grandeurs—the magnificent, boundless inspirations of music—where the very lights and shadows are taught to do vassal homage, where all that art and genius can bring to heighten the effect is lavishly expended. Beneath such outward show and pomp hypocrisy may find as free scope, as secure a resting-place, as in the common abodes, the plain unvarnished everyday appearances of men.

But we may safely leave this matter to the decisive tests and renovating processes of time. Time is represented as a mower. The idea is too narrow. He carries the balances and sword of justice. He weighs all things, and whatsoever is found wanting he rejects. He judges all things, and whatsoever is found guilty must perish. He carries also an urn of life, and continually pours out its vivifying waters on the world, and thus the places of those things that are cut down and destroyed, are constantly filled up by higher and better forms of life. Time is but another name for the development of God's providence in the world. We confidently anticipate, then, the coming hour when these objections shall have lost their influence on men's minds; when they shall be counted as worthless as the empty chaff which is tossed about in wintry winds. We confidently anticipate the time when our newspaper shall be not only the champion and inspirer of freedom, progress, right, and justice, but in some measure the beacon, guardian, and guide of immortal souls to a better inheritance.

M. B.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

SPEED, speed upon thy way!
I send thee on a gentle errand,—fly
And work my bidding ere the parting ray
Fades from the western sky:

The summer woods are dark,
And murmur lovingly, yet pause not thou
That bearest tokens onwards to thine ark
More sure than leaf or bough!

In sunshine bathe thy breast;
Stay not within the swift and glancing rill
To dip thy wing—for thee a sweeter rest
Is waiting, onwards still!

Forth from the casement, there
SHE leans to gaze upon the sky, and now
The evening light lies golden on her hair,
Lies warm on cheek and brow;

She looks unto the west;
It is for thee she watches—thou wilt be
Soon by her hand, her gentle hand caress'd,
How softly, tenderly!

Yet first beneath thy wing
It trembles, while she seeks my letter; well
She knows, ere yet her light touch frees the string,
All that it hath to tell.

And yet the heart would hear
The words it loves the best repeated; fain
To set them to its music soft, nor fear
To weary of the strain;

Like Childhood's ear that drinks
Some oft-told story, some remembered rhyme,
It knows each word before it comes, yet thinks
Them sweeter every time;

It welcomes them before
They cross the threshold, as, with greeting soft,
One flies to meet a foot-fall at the door,
That cannot come too oft!



Ah! would that to *her* heart
She chanced but once to press the folded line,
Then all the warmth to sudden life would start,
I breathed on it from mine!

The love, the tenderness,
That found in words no kindred language, *there*
Would seek a fond Interpreter to guess
All they may ne'er declare!

I do but stay thy flight,
Speed on thy way! the summer heavens are wide,
Yet through their broad and untrack'd fields of light
Thou wilt not need a guide;

My thoughts before thee fly,
Thou needest but to follow where they lead;
They have *one* way—Ah! would that with thee, *I*
Might also follow—speed!

DORA GREENWELL.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF 1862.

FIRST EVENING—THE FATHER'S CARE.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 PET. v. 7.

HERE a command rests on a reason;—a reason is adduced to enforce a command. These two things God hath joined in his own administration; and we should never put them asunder in ours. When orders are issued to intelligent beings, sufficient grounds, implied or expressed, should ever accompany them. As well might you expect to move a rock by means of a well-constructed lever, without a fulcrum on which it can rest, as to influence men permanently and beneficially by mere authority, while you do nothing to satisfy their judgments or win their hearts.

There are no marrowless things among the works of God: wherever he has created one of a pair, there he creates also its complement or helpmate. If he has constituted animal life with the appetite of thirst, he has provided in the material world an abundant supply of water. In like manner, having made man, after his own image, a reasonable being, he supplies the reasoning mind with appropriate food. Why and Wherefore are words of much meaning and of frequent use in human language: they are the external embodiment of an inextinguishable appetite that lives unseen in the soul. He who feeds the young ravens when they cry, does not leave that craving unsatisfied in the spirit of man. Even in the deep things of the Covenant, the method of redemption, he invites us to his council: "Come and let us reason together," is the style of his address, even when the subject in hand is the pardon of sin. If the command "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways," is addressed to the "House of Israel" through the tender yet stern prophet of the captivity, the ground of it is immediately added in the melting interrogation, "For why will ye die?" Again, in the New Testament, if Paul and Silas bid the alarmed jailer of Philippi "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," they instantly supply him with a strong reason for compliance in the short yet great promise, "Thou shalt be saved." Whether or not we be always ready to give to every one that asketh, a reason for the faith which we exercise, the Father of our spirits is ever ready to give a reason for the faith which he demands.

We shall consider first the ground on which the command rests; and next, the command which rests on that ground.

I. The GROUND on which the command rests: "*For he careth for you.*" Unless we firmly lay hold of this reason, we shall never, in point of fact, obey this injunction that rests upon it. Unless we are convinced that he careth for us, we will not cast our cares upon him. The suspicion, if it lies in our hearts, that he does not care for us, will freeze the filial confidence as soon as it begins to flow. Man's Maker and Redeemer knows what is in man: he knows in particular the dark suspiciousness of himself that hides under the many folds of a hypocritical profession, in the inmost heart of the guilty: he knows this disease of our spirits, and here he has sent forth his word to heal it,—"He careth for you."

We know when a fellow-creature cares for us by certain sure evidences, which when observed by the senses and understanding, produce conviction with all the quickness of an instinct, and all the power of a faith. Glance at some obvious and well-defined examples. On a bright calm evening, a fisherman has gone far out to sea in his tiny boat, intending to toil all night for the next day's bread. Suddenly a great storm comes on, so that his life is not safe at sea; and a great darkness, so that he knows not in what direction lies the land. Abandoning his nets, and setting all the sail that his craft will carry, he would fain head for the harbour, if he knew how. As he sweeps the horizon, and anxiously strains for some land-mark, a feeble twinkling light bursts into view, where a moment before all was darkness: turning the boat's head in that direction, and giving way, he makes for the beacon with all his might, cheered meanwhile by knowing that wife and children who set that lamp in his cottage window, were in the drear hour of midnight with sleepless eyes and beating hearts caring for him. A crew of explorers penetrate far within the Arctic circle in search of other explorers that had gone before them,—gone and not returned. Failing to find the missing men, and yet unwilling to abandon hope, they leave supplies of food, carefully covered with stones, on some prominent head-lands, with the necessary intimations graven for safety on plates of brass. If the original adventurers survive, and on their homeward journey, faint yet pursuing, fall in with these treasures, at once hidden and revealed, the food when found, will seem to those famished men the smaller blessing. The proof which the food supplies, that their country cares for them, is sweeter than the food.

The evidence that God cares for man has been written in two great books—the World and the Bible.

The world, like an Egyptian obelisk, is covered all over with a hieroglyph, which, though unintelligible at first to infant eyes, is easily understood when the key is found. The clouds as they fly, and the rivers as they run, engrave on heaven and on earth the tender lesson, He who made us cares for man. Water in one condition is a heavy fluid, by its weight pressing ever downwards, and by its fluidity always finding its way, so that it becomes a river, and flows into the sea. Water in another state is a light fluid, by its lightness rising into the upper strata of the air, and there carried by currents to the mountain-tops again, that it may feed the springs of infant rivers. Observe how much of wisdom and kindness glances from these natural

laws. By its tendency to alternate between a state in which it flows beneath our feet, and a state in which it hovers high above our heads, water becomes a useful servant to man; if its tendency had been to assume a condition intermediate between these two, it would have become the world's scourge and man's destroyer. But the same lesson is written everywhere on earth and sea and sky. To enumerate the evidences of our Father's care, were to write the history and the laws of nature. Don't permit any one to cheat you out of a rational being's birthright, by a set of phrases about inevitable changeless law. According to law, indeed, all these beautiful and beneficent operations are performed; but law has not performed them. There never was a law in heaven or in earth that did not owe its origin to a lawgiver, and its operation to a presiding executive. A father has provided appropriate food for his child every day without fail, during a period of fifteen years; a foolish child he, if he concludes at the close, that Regularity has fed him all the time, and that he owes no special gratitude to his father. They do equal violence to reason who ascribe all the wise and kind arrangements of Providence to law, ignoring the existence, the personality, and the love of the omniscient Legislator. The poor heathen, notwithstanding the extreme and variegated stupidity exhibited in their efforts to reduce their conceptions to practice, have never wholly put out the eye of man's inborn instinct, to recognise in the bounties of nature the gifts of God. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches: so is this great and wide sea." "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord" (Ps. civ. cvii.) Man, who walks erect on earth and looks toward the sky, misses the "chief end" of his being, if he hold intercourse only with matter and its laws, neither admiring the wisdom of the Creator, nor reciprocating the eternal Father's love.

But the other book, the Bible, is at once more easily understood by beginners, and charged with deeper mysteries to occupy and exercise the most advanced inquirers. He who knows least may read it with profit: yet he who knows most will find in it ample room and verge enough for the outlay of all his talents.

The man Christ Jesus, God with us, the Saviour of sinners, stands in the expanse of the Scriptures, as the sun stands in the expanse of heaven. The whole Book has been spread out like a firmament, in which the Sun of righteousness might be set; and from that Sun in its midst radiate the rays to Genesis on the one side, and Revelation on the other, which bathe the whole in light. It is Christ crucified, the just for the unjust, that gives meaning to the sacrifices at the beginning of the Bible, and the prophecies at its close, as the sun in the sky gilds with golden light both the eastern and western horizon,—both the morning and the evening of the day. If, therefore, we would know God, in any of the revealed aspects of his character, we must look unto Jesus.

Look accordingly unto Jesus for evidence that the Father of our spirits cares for us. The "unspeakable gift" should melt the dark suspicion from our hearts. The whole case—both its logic and its love—is given in a nutshell by that great master of sentences, the apostle Paul: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. viii. 32.) When a narrow distrustful heart suggests in secret that God will grudge any good to you, look unto Jesus, and say to the tempter within you, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God."

But besides looking to the Son as the Father's gift, we should follow the steps, and listen to the words of the man Christ Jesus during his ministry on earth; for there we shall find additional proof of the Divine beneficence. While the Man of sorrows bore his people always on his tender heart, his compassionate grief broke forth, on two occasions, in distinct specific manifestation. Twice, according to the evangelic history, he wept outright;—once at the grave of Lazarus, and again on the brow of Olivet, as he looked on the city that lay below. These things were done, and recorded for our sakes. He never acted as a private person; in every step, and every word, and every action he was the Redeemer of men, the Saviour of the ends of the earth. Those tears that fell from the eyes of Jesus were meant to be the glass in which we should see his heart, and learn the love to men that was glowing, and will glow for ever there. He wept with the sisters of Bethany when they were sad; and for the inhabitants of Jerusalem because they were sinful. He meant, brother, by these acts, to teach you to-day that he grieves *with* you when you suffer, and *for* you when you sin.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it" (Luke xix. 41). They did not care for him, but he cared for them. He knew at that moment that those who did think of him in the multitude of the great city's inhabitants were plotting how they might shed his blood. He grieved not for himself but for his enemies. It would have filled his heart with joy to accept and forgive them; but they would not come to him that they might have life. His tears were shed because the men of Jerusalem were rejecting God's mercy, and courting their own doom. Now we shall miss the meaning of these Scriptures unless we understand them as written for ourselves to-day. Reader, these tears were shed in order to melt thy heart, and convince thee that thy soul is precious this hour in the Redeemer's sight. If thou art neglecting it, he is not. "Be of good comfort; rise, he calleth thee."

Listen now to another word of Jesus; for never man spake like this man: hear his question from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The question is recorded, but the answer is not. Oh, thou loving Sufferer! heaven and earth were dumb when thus interrogated. This agonizing "Why" received no answer then. But we can answer it. We find the answer not in one verse, but in the whole marrow of the Bible. Thy God and our God forsook thee then, thou compassionate Redeemer, because he cared for us. Out of this great mystery comes evidence, keen and bright as the lightning that bursts from the

bosom of a black thunder-cloud—evidence that God our Father has an unspeakable, inconceivable interest in us the sinful children of men. The Father left his well-beloved to suffer, because he was suffering for us. Learn, therefore, from those deeply mysterious words of the Son in the hour of his agony, that we are objects of interest to God who made us; that our prayer, when it is poured out, falls on open ears; and that when we arise, like the prodigal, and go to the Father, already the Father is on his way to meet us, ready to clasp us to his bosom, and lead us into his happy home.

SECOND EVENING—THE CHILD'S TRUSTFULNESS.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 PET. v. 7.

II. CONSIDER now the COMMAND which rests on that strong reason: "Casting all your care upon him."

Two little boys plan and practise mischief together. They are caught in the fact, and led to their respective homes. The messenger who brought them retires, after leaving information of the facts in either household. One of the boys is an orphan, and although he is supplied with food and clothing, his habits and character are abandoned to the chance influences of the street. Regarding the transgression of the day, no question is asked and no punishment inflicted. The other child is summoned at night into his father's presence. He listens to grave reproof, and smarts under the correcting rod. While he writhes under the pain, he counts himself very unfortunate, and envies his lucky companion who has got off with flying colours. Ah, these strokes are precious! They are the fruit of a father's wise love. This child is cared for; and the preciousness of the correction which "he knows not now, he will know hereafter."

It is of great practical use, in this duty, to realize and meditate upon the absolute omniscience and omnipotence of God. You do not add to his burden by casting your cares on him. Suppose a meadow in which a million of daisies open their bosoms all at one time to the sun. On one of these, while it was yet a bud, a little stone has fallen. At once crushed and overshadowed, it still struggles bravely against all odds to expand its petals like the rest. For many days this effort is continued without success. The tiny stone, a mighty rock to the tiny flower, squats on its breast, and will not admit a single sunbeam. At length the flower-stalk, having gathered strength by its constant exertion, acquired force enough to overbalance the weight, and tossed the intruder off. Up sprang the daisy with a bound; and in an instant another floweret was added to the vast multitude which in that meadow drank their fill of sunlight. The sun in heaven was not incommoded by the additional demand. The new comer received into its open cup as many sunbeams as it would have received although no other flower had grown in all the meadow—in all the earth. Thus the sun, finite though it be, helps us to understand the absolute infinitude of its Maker. When an immortal being, long crushed and turned away by a load of sin and sorrow, at length through the power of a new spiritual life, throws off the burden, and opens with a bound to receive a heavenly Father's long-offered but long-rejected love, the Giver is not impoverished by the new demand upon his kindness. Although all his alienated children should now turn in confiding faith to him, and satiate themselves with his mercy, there would be enough for all, and all would be supplied as easily as one. Although all the inhabitants of the world, a thousand millions, should this day arise and go to the Father, each would receive as much of that Father's love, as if he alone of all fallen creatures had come back reconciled to God.

Nay, more; when we point out that our Father in heaven is not more burdened by receiving the cases of a world-full, than by receiving the cares of one regenerated and trustful man, we tell only one half of the truth. In order to comprehend the other half we must look unto Jesus, for it is through him only that we can rightly know the Father. When many come at his bidding and cast their care on him, so far from increasing his burden, they thereby make it light. There is a grand paradox here which is charged with obvious and glorious truth. When we cast all our care on the Lord, he is relieved from its burden: when we retain it on ourselves, then he feels it lying heavy on his heart. By keeping our weight, we burden him: by laying it on him, we make him light. Jesus was sad when he looked down from the Mount of Olives and wept for Jerusalem. Although they were not casting their burden on the Lord—nay, *because* they were not casting their burden on the Lord, he was crushed by its weight. Had the inhabitants of Jerusalem that day come out with one accord, and cast themselves and their sins confidingly on Jesus, that Man of sorrows would have wiped away his tears—he would have rejoiced with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Even now while the Redeemer reigns over all, in each sinner who comes and casts himself confidingly on his love, he sees of the travail of his soul, and when he sees of the travail of his soul he is satisfied. "There is joy," says the Scripture, "in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The angels themselves, doubtless, rejoice over the fact as soon as they know it; it is not, however, one of their number, but One in their presence, who rejoices most, and makes his joy manifest to the ten thousand times ten thousand who minister before him.

Even here, while our immediate object is to enforce practically the duty of casting all our care on him, we must keep our eye steadily on that mighty yet tender motive whereby he is drawing us to himself. He careth for us, we know; but how? The government, or wealthy benevolent citizens in the capital, may care for the clans in the Scottish Hebrides, or the helpless peasants of Connaught, when the staff of their life has been blasted, and a general famine is ravaging the land. A father and mother, now of advanced age, care too

for their first-born son, who has disappointed their hopes, wasted their substance, and is now a dishonoured exile, they know not where. These two cases are different in kind. The famished peasants of a distant province are pitied, but scarcely loved, by the class who exercise authority and possess wealth. The poor, on the one hand, have never inflicted on the rich any specific injury; and, on the other, are not regarded with a personal individual love. The rich men exert themselves to save the lives of human beings; but when the crisis is past they entertain no desire to meet again with the objects of their compassion. They will be happier if they never hear of them again. Not such is the regard of those broken-hearted parents towards their prodigal son. On the one hand he has done them a great specific injury; and on the other, they long after him with a fond inextinguishable love. Their fireside on winter evenings seems not so bright, because he is not one of the circle that surrounds it. While the younger voices of the family are loud and merry, their hearts are sad, and their thoughts are wandering in foreign lands, chasing their lost son in unknown deserts. You could not make them happy by telling them that their boy has food and clothing. Such information would have soothed them, if compassion had been the head and front of their affection, but it does very little to satiate the demand of love. These parents love their son: although they loathe his wickedness, he is still their son. They long to have him in their arms again. If he do not return repentant, they will go down to the grave in sorrow. Now, reader, it is this latter species of affection, in as far as human things may be compared to Divine, wherewith the Lord Jesus regards you and me. It is compassion; but it is more. It is a greater, deeper, closer thing than compassion: it is love.

It is cold comfort merely to be pitied: that is not the comfort which the Son of God gives to the children of men. It is true that he pities; but it is a more tender truth that he loves. It is true that for their sakes he desires that lost sinners should be saved; but it is a higher and more commanding truth that for his own sake he desires to have them redeemed that they may be his own portion for ever. Indeed, the Lord's love to his ransomed people is, in the prophetic Scriptures, compared to the love with which a mother cherishes her infant. That love, we know, has respect to the mother as much as to the child. See how she clasps it to her bosom when danger is near! Why? In compassion for the infant lest it should be hurt? Nay, verily, but in personal fondness that she may not be deprived of her treasure. So Jesus longs for the lost; so he cherishes the saved.

We have concerned ourselves hitherto, mainly with the exposition and illustration of the principle, believing that when it is clearly understood and firmly grasped, each may easily apply it to the details of his own experience. The injunction is universal, "casting *all* your care on him." There is absolutely no limit to its operation. Cares for time, and for eternity; cares for yourself, and your family; cares for your house at home, and your business abroad; cares for the Church, and for the world—all are included, and all alike. But here the danger lies near the privilege; and therefore the warning should accompany the exhortation. In this matter there is a *must* as well as a *may*. We must cast all our cares on God; and if we do not in simplicity cast all, we do not, in his judgment, cast any.

You pray: you pray to God in the name of Christ; you pray in secret, and with earnestness. Well: and what sort of matters find a place in your petitions? Is your secret prayer in substance, though not in words, only a slice of the larger public prayers that you are accustomed to hear? Ah, it is not true: it is not real. You are separated from your child; a letter, addressed in his well-known handwriting, is left by the postman at your house. You open it eagerly; and, lo! it consists of some pages of a printed book, and no more. The matter in these pages is very good, but you loathe it: what you expected was not a very unexceptionable essay, common to you and all the world, but specific thoughts and things peculiar to your child and you. In secret prayer cast your own affairs on God's care,—your sorrows, joys, hopes, fears, as they lie in your heart at the moment. It is not lawful to pick and choose;—it is not lawful, for example, to give a place in the prayer to your desire for the spread of the gospel, or the cessation of a pestilence, while you keep back an envious dislike of a neighbour that rankles in a dark heart, or the pleasures of some expected vanity that flicker on a light one. How could we dare to put such wicked or trifling things into our prayer? you ask me. That is your own matter, I reply. The things that lie in your heart should go into your prayer; and the things that will not go into it, should not be tolerated in your heart.

THIRD EVENING.

THE FAITH, A REVELATION FROM GOD, SUITED TO A CAPACITY, AND SATISFYING A WANT IN MAN.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."—1 PET. v. 9.

BOTH in the works of God, and in the works of men, wherever a great strain is expected, a great resisting force is prepared.

We observe and admire the tenacity with which sea-weed or sea-shells grasp the rock. Provision is made in nature for resisting the violence of the waters when they are agitated by a storm. The same law may be seen in operation on the dry land. An oak, especially if it stands alone in an unsheltered position, pushes out roots of amazing strength, and pushes them far; they strike deep into the ground, or spread themselves over the surface, or twist their fibres round the rock, according to the character and capabilities of the soil. In the strength of its roots beneath, the tree makes provision for a conflict with the tem-

pest which its branches must encounter in the sky. These adaptations which abound in nature, are imitated indefinitely by human art. Science nicely calculates the force of the expected strain, and provides an adequate support. This principle lies at the root of all mechanical engineering.

From the vegetable and animal the same principle rises and penetrates also into the spiritual life. The "new creature in Christ" is exposed in this world, to severe trials; and in the economics of "the kingdom of heaven," a force is provided sufficient to meet and overcome them, according to the scriptural promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest." This world and its god rage like the sea in a storm; the tender plants of righteousness which grow beneath its tide-mark are rudely tossed and torn. If they be not rooted into the rock, by the skill and might of their Maker, those surging waves will one day wrench them off. Yet these soft, feeble offshoots withstand the tempest, remaining on the spot green and growthful after its fury has been spent. You might have thought as you looked on the foaming, smoking waves, crushing and rasping along the rocky shore, that none of the frail submarine vegetation could survive the conflict; but when a calm succeeds, and the tide retires, you may step down to the water's edge, and see them all still safely moored to the rock on which they first grew. If you have the curiosity to test the tenacity of their grasp, you will probably find that though you may break them through the middle, you cannot tear out their roots.

Behold a specimen of God's wise care! It is thus that he makes the feeble safe in higher kinds of life!

In the short text which stands at the head of this exposition, I see a single stem of submarine vegetation, violently lashing from side to side with the advancing and receding waves; and yet maintaining its place unhurt after the waves have exhausted themselves, and the sea has settled down into a calm. In our examination of this plant so tossed, and yet so triumphant, we must begin at the root, and follow the growth in its natural order upward. The root of the plant lies lowest—lies at the bottom. Begin, not at the beginning of the text, but at the end, and trace it upward, word by word to its issue. See first how the new creature adheres by its root to the Rock of ages; and see last how the new creature, so secured, resists and overcomes all the strain of temptation to which the world and its god can subject a Christian.

1. Faith.—It is sometimes useful to contemplate the word and the act which it designates in a more general point of view, before taking in the specific characteristics of the Christian system. To think a little about faith, may help us afterwards to attach a more definite idea to *the* Faith.

When you see the cattle browsing soberly, calmly contented, on the green pasture, you know that no conception of the unseen, of the spiritual, of the future, can have place in their thoughts. There is no to-morrow for them; no right and no wrong; no conscience now; no judgment to come. Their senses are acute, but they have nothing more. With them faith is impossible. They are as completely incapable of having faith in the unseen or future as of living under the water; for that mixture of habit and instinct which serves them instead is not of the same nature. On the other extreme, although we know little of purely spiritual beings, we may conclude that faith, in the sense that man exercises it, cannot consist with their nature. The objects which we hold by faith, are the objects in which they live and move.

The birds preparing in spring for their young; the fishes making way at the appointed season to the appropriate place for their brood,—these expectations and preparations in irrational creatures are followed by the corresponding facts. If such instinctive longings and preparations should appear in any creature, or class of creatures, and afterwards prove unfounded and abortive, it would be an anomaly in creation, which no naturalist has ever yet observed. From analogy, all but infinite in extent, we know certainly that such a case will never be found.

In the same manner, the instinctive natural apprehension of a spiritual, unseen, future state, in which himself will be, which is evidently a characteristic of man, is proof that such a state really exists and awaits him. If there were the expectation in nature, and not the realization in fact, it would show some want of truth in the Creator. "God is not a man that he should lie," either in his word, or in his work. God is true, though every man should be a liar. "Hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?"

Now faith, in its general aspect, is man's apprehension or expectation of God a spirit, and a spiritual eternal state. While we have a side that lies towards things seen and temporal, we have also a side that lies towards things unseen and eternal. Sense is exercised in this direction; faith in that. Faith is the exercise of a human spirit, while it is still confined in the body, towards spiritual things which sense cannot distinguish. There is a faculty in human nature for holding intercourse with the unseen. Faith is that faculty in exercise. We in our guilty fear might desire that there were no future state awaiting us; but we cannot wish our immortality away. The most violent infidelity cannot blot out from a human soul the inherent capacity of faith, or arrest the tendency to exercise it.

2. The Faith.—Faith, in general, is human capacity for receiving spiritual things; *the* Faith, in particular, is the revelation of spiritual things which God has made in the gospel of his Son. The one indicates that man may have a faith; the other indicates that Christianity is the faith which God has given him. That tells us that human nature might exist in the kingdom of God, if there were a way; this tells us that the way is Christ. Faith is a constitutional capability in man; *the* faith is an express revelation and gift of God.

The systems of philosophy and superstition which in ancient or modern times have prevailed in the world, show how little man makes of his inherent power to grasp in the unseen, unless the arm of the Lord revealed be the support on which he leans. Blessed are they that hunger, if the promise can be made good that they shall be filled; but hunger is a dreadful thing if the hungerer has

nothing to eat, or only a stone instead of bread. The systems of philosophy, although by their great swelling words they showed the spiritual capacity of human nature, showed that capacity running waste. It was the outstretched arms of a strong Samson, whose eyes had been put out, clutching thin air. They were always vigorously stretching forth their arms and closing their hands, but they never got hold of anything substantial. It might make an observer weep to see the blind giants falling, and convulsively grasping at blue space as they fell. The men of Athens built an altar to the unknown God; there was *Faith* as a human appetite for the spiritual: Paul preached "Jesus and the resurrection,"—"Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you;" there is *the* Faith, as the way of salvation revealed by God.

All the superstitions, including the one at Rome, which has so often received what seemed a mortal wound, and yet refuses to die, exhibit faith as an appetite in man, missing the bread which God has sent from heaven to satisfy it. Every image and every picture; every payment for masses, and every pilgrimage to a celebrated shrine; every weary hour of bead-counting, and every sleepless night spent on a bed of stone,—is the outstretching of a strong arm for help in the region of the unseen and eternal, and always in vain. The failure springs specifically not from want of force in the effort put forth, but from want of a solid support in the direction to which the effort points.

FOURTH EVENING.

THE FAITH IN EXERCISE, A BELIEVER'S STRENGTH FOR RESISTING AND OVERCOMING TEMPTATION.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."—1 PET. v. 9.

GOD offers, and his people accept, salvation through Christ. The same term, the Faith, is applied alternately, both to the truth believed, and the belief of the truth. We have spoken of the faith as an object presented *to* the man; we now proceed to speak of it as an exercise going on *within* him.

3. IN the faith.—In the regeneration there is a personal union to Christ. Although the salvation revealed in the Scriptures is great, it is not able to save those who neglect it. It is true that mercy is freely offered to the sinful; but those only who accept it are saved. The lower link of a chain, with all that depends on it, will be supported in safety, not if it be near, but only if it is *in* the upper link. It is no disparagement to the gospel that it does not carry into heaven those who have lived and died despising it. If those of human kind who do not accept the gospel were saved, the fact would prove that the gospel is useless. The terms are not, Live, believers and unbelievers alike; but, Believe, and live.

While Noah was engaged in building the Ark, probably his neighbours looked in from time to time, to see what he was doing. You may easily conceive that some who possessed a mechanical turn, were interested in the plan and its execution. They might admire the capacity of the vessel, and the strength of its timbers. They might be able to compute the weight which it could carry, and the draught of water which it would require. Yet the Ark and their knowledge of it did not save these men. When the water overflowed their foothold they perished, although they knew all about the Ark. It did not save those who remained out. It was not made for that. It was made for saving only those who were within. The doom that fell on Noah's neighbours argues no defect in the construction of his Ark; they were lost because they delayed or refused to go in.

Such is the redemption that Christ has promised. It does not save everybody. According to the Scriptures, "he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him" (Heb. vii. 25); but even this most precious promise conveys the clearest intimation that those who do not come unto God by the Redeemer are not saved. Christ casts out none who come, but he leaves out all who don't. Those who are in the faith will be kept steadfast; but the apostle's words mean—and they express nothing if they do not mean—that those who remain out of the faith are left to fall. It is not the possession of a Bible or the sound of a sermon that will avail: it is the same old call, "Follow thou me;" and the same old answer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

4. STEDFAST in the faith.—Faith is the secret in which a Christian's great strength lies; wanting it, he would be weak like another man. For evidence and illustration of the fact see that grand hymn on heroes, the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Read the story of the Syrophenician woman who clung to the Saviour, and, in spite of every discouragement, refused to let him go: in the end she got all she asked, and a commendation for her constancy from the Lord's own lips, which stands at this day in the firmament of the Scriptures a pole-star to guide the course of perplexed voyagers on the troubled sea of time. Mark that poor diseased woman, as she creeps timidly through the crowd and touches the hem of Christ's garment; and that confirmed paralytic stretching out his withered hand, all its vigour restored, and all its muscles again obedient to his will. All these being in themselves feeble became "steadfast in the faith." By simply believing in the Son of God, they were linked to omnipotence. Now, no longer their own, they became instruments in God's hand—willing instruments on their part, but wielded by his power.

Mark, too, how unsteady were even great and loving disciples of the Lord at the moment when their faith failed. When Peter was sinking in the sea, and denying Christ in Jerusalem, he had for the time let go his hold. As soon as he was left to himself—to his natural courage and impetuosity, he stumbled and ignominiously fell. The disciples in a body, when their Lord required of them to forgive a repenting offender up to seventy times seven, felt the strain too great. Their footing was

not firm enough. They could not stand. But even then, although they had not strength, they at least knew the reason of their own weakness and the means of cure: they cry, accordingly, "Lord, increase our faith."

Faith, both in ancient and modern times, has uprooted many trees and removed many mountains. The history of the Church is a series of its prodigies. The triumphs which it has won in the fires of persecution have been more celebrated; but its triumphs in secret over unrecorded sorrows have been as great, and much more numerous. Many a widow, many an orphan, has stood alone unshaken, "steadfast in the faith," under tempests that tear strong men up by the roots. "He that believeth shall not make haste:" this Scripture quietly intimates, by implication, that in sudden emergencies those who depend on their own strength and wisdom are thrown into a great flutter, while those who habitually walk by faith, knowing that everything is in good hands, are able to possess their souls in patience. The Psalmist's ideal of a just man is,—"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

5. "WHOM RESIST, steadfast in the faith." Well may the apostle tell them of the enemy's strength, and encourage them to resist his onset, when he has given them an Almighty arm to lean upon. He tells them plainly in the eighth verse, "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour." We know where Peter learned both the danger and the deliverance. He speaks from experience here. He is teaching us the lesson which he learned from the Lord: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 31, 32). Poor Peter, when temptation assailed him, was like the chaff which the wind drives away. He had no more power to withstand than the chaff has, when it is borne on the bosom of the blast: and yet he stood. How? By getting his faith made strong through the special intercession of his Saviour. He who knows what is in man determines at a glance the weak point to which a support must be applied. A true diagnosis is the first and greatest part of the physician's art. When the ailment is exactly known, the cure is more easy. Peter was about to fall under pressure. The disciple's weakness was a failing faith: to this point, accordingly, the master's help was applied. His faith was made strong. At the same time, he was instructed to employ his restored strength in helping needy neighbours. True to that trust, Peter, in this epistle, warns the "scattered strangers" of that day, and this, that the enemy is powerful; and that, in order to resist him, we must be "steadfast in the faith." He boldly charges his brethren with the weakness which himself had felt, and tenderly directs them to the source in which himself had found supply.

Indeed, a comparison of the incident in Peter's history, with the corresponding clause in Peter's letter, constitutes one of those incidental and undesigned marks of internal pervading truthfulness, which all intelligent students of the Scriptures greatly appreciate and enjoy.

Believers are made strong at the root, because their branches are in the world, exposed to a strain like that of the tempest which assails the oak, or that of the tide which sweeps over the sea-weed. To make heaven sure at last, is not the only use of faith in the Saviour now; for the struggle of this life, faith is necessary and precious. Hope is the root of holiness; and holiness rests on hope. It is when the church or its members are linked by a life-band to their Omnipotent Head, that the "gates of hell" shall not be able to prevail against them. The conclusion of the whole matter is, "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Observe the consolatory limit that is set upon the Adversary's power. Although the tempter wields the resources of this world as its god,—although this Spiritual Wickedness is incarnate in "the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life,"—he has not power to hurt any little one who has fled for refuge to the hope set before him. Peter personally felt the force of the adversary, when he miserably fell before it; and he is consequently predisposed to magnify the danger. Yet even he, under the ministration of the Spirit, affirms no more than that, "as a roaring lion, he walketh about seeking whom he may devour." No enemy of man, embodied or unembodied, has power to devour whom he will. The worst that all our foes can do is to seek whom they may devour.

Paul's paradox—"When I am weak, then am I strong,"—a many-sided truth, throws an interesting side-light upon our subject. Those who count their own strength sufficient, do not lean for all on Jesus. Caught by sudden currents, when they are out of the faith, they are carried away like withered leaves on a swollen torrent. But those who are conscious of weakness, fondly betake themselves to the Saviour's strength. Their felt emptiness becomes the immediate means of their safety. It is thirst that draws living water from the wells of salvation; it is weakness that grasps Almighty strength; it is emptiness that satisfies itself out of the fulness of the Godhead, as it is treasured up in Christ.

Some living creatures maintain their hold by foot or body on flat surfaces, by a method that seems like magic, and with tenacity that amazes the observer. A fly marching at ease with feet uppermost on a plastered ceiling, and a mollusc sticking to the smooth water-worn surface of a basaltic rock, while the long swell of the Atlantic at every pulse sends a huge white billow, roaring and hissing, and cracking and crunching over it, are objects of wonder to the on-looker. That apparently supernatural solidity is the most natural thing in the world. It is emptiness that imparts so much strength to these feeble creatures. A vacuum, in the one case, within a web foot, and in the other within the shell, is the secret of their power. By dint of that emptiness in itself, the creature quietly and easily clings to the wall or the rock, so making all the strength of the wall or the rock its own. By its emptiness it is held fast; the moment it becomes full it drops off.

Ah! it is the self-emptiness of a humble trustful soul, that makes the Redeemer's strength his own, and so keeps him safe in an evil world!

W. ARNOT.

WHAT IF CHRISTIANITY IS NOT TRUE?

BY THE EDITOR.

Is the Christian religion true or false? In other words, is there really such a person as Jesus Christ, who righteously claims our whole heart, and who will assuredly, now and for ever, redeem from evil and bring to God all who cordially believe in Him and love Him? This is the grand question of fact we have to deal with. Christianity is Christ. As a revelation *to* us, it is a revelation of our Father through His eternal Son, our Brother and Lord. As a revelation *in* us, it is a revelation of the Son in our souls, through the Spirit; or supreme love to God and man, in Jesus Christ.

But if there is no such person as Jesus Christ, "whom not having seen we love,"—if the faith of the Christian Church has been faith in a fancy; if our supposed personal knowledge of Jesus has been a delusion;—if the deep devoted love of eighteen centuries, which, from every portion of the Church catholic, has been poured forth like the precious ointment on Jesus Christ, the unseen yet ever-present Saviour, is a mere sentiment, without any real person to draw it forth, receive it, and return it; if all the life, strength, and joy which millions have derived, as they believed, from knowing Christ, has been the result of only a pious fraud practised on themselves,—then, but not till then, is Christianity false! For Christianity, we repeat, is not a mere system of morals or of doctrines, apart from a living Person; but is Jesus for us, Jesus to us, Jesus in us, Jesus ours, and with Him all things, now and for ever!

Christianity is false if there is no such person as Jesus; but to disprove the evidences of Christ's life and power, derived from history and from the experience of the universal Church, is by no means the easy task which some people appear to imagine. We will not presume to assert, that all who oppose what they call Christianity hate Christianity itself. They may be protesting only against a false representation of it; or against false arguments in support of what is true. Such persons may be actually nearer the kingdom of heaven than many who are too indifferent to doubt, and therefore really to believe. But without wishing to pass any judgment upon the motives or standing before God, who alone knows us, of those who, from whatever cause, seem resolved to destroy the only Christianity we know of, we may express our joy in knowing, that up till this moment their attempt has not succeeded! For, in whatever way we may account for it, the fact is undeniable, that Christianity not only survives, but that in no age of the world's history was it so strongly rooted in the convictions and affections of men, nor did it ever give such promise of filling the whole earth. Millions of Christians are ready solemnly to declare before God that they believe in Jesus Christ; that they trust their own souls to his keeping for time and eternity, and desire nothing better or more earnestly than that those they most dearly love should do the same; and they are willing at any moment to dispense with all they possess on earth, and risk life itself rather than part with Him!

Let us suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that by some process hitherto undiscovered, Christianity, as the religion of supreme love to this living Person, Jesus Christ, shall at last be proved a fiction; that the millennium of infidelity has come,—that the religion taught by Christ and his apostles has become as dead to the world as that of Buddh or Confucius is now to the mind of Europe; that our Christian churches, like the heathen temples of Greece or Rome, remain but as monuments of a superstition long ago exploded by the light of science and philosophy,—that all these supernatural Christian facts and truths, which, like a mighty firmament of stars, now cluster around the name of Jesus, shall have departed as lights from the visible universe,—that Jesus Christ is proclaimed as one who was dead, but is not alive; until even the wailing cry has ceased of the last desponding and disconsolate believer on earth,—"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where to find him;" and that Christian truth is as silent before the world as Christ himself was when he stood before Herod, and answered him nothing! Well, then, the work is done! The energetic teachers of the propaganda of unbelief have accomplished their long-cherished purpose, and the professors of an earnest and devoted faith in Christ have departed, leaving no memorial behind them except their "curious books," or their hoary tombstones, which record the old faith in him as the resurrection and the life.

When such a crisis as this has at last arrived, the world will surely pause, and count the fruits of victory. Wise men will then doubtless consider with an earnest spirit what has been gained to humanity by this tremendous revolution, in all those opinions and ideas cherished during so many ages; and the well-wishers of mankind will examine the spoils which the conquerors have ready for enriching the poor and needy as the result

of this triumph over a religion that was clung to by the best and noblest men with a tenacity overcome only when earth was old, and time was well-nigh ending. But may we not now anticipate such a solemn review, by asking those who are wishful to destroy Christianity, what they intend to put in its place when it is gone? If they have anything to give us, let us know what it is. Let us know it, and see if it is better than the old religion; if it is better suited to meet the wants of man in every period and condition of his varied life; if it is likely to do better work on earth, and produce better fruit; if its truth rests on better evidence, and if, in short, it is such a gift from heaven that angels with songs of joy might announce this new peace on earth, and this new message of good-will to man. Such questions, though often asked, have not hitherto received any reply. If there be a something better in store for us than Christianity, the blissful secret has not yet been revealed. Infidelity, often so loud in attacking Christianity, is silent as a god of iron or brass when we ask at its shrine, What wouldest thou have me to be and do, and how live and rejoice as an immortal being? What, then, we again ask, would be lost and gained on both sides after the war, in the event of Christianity being destroyed? We Christians know full well what we would gain and lose! We would gain nothing, but lose everything;—we would lose all which we most love in the universe of God,—all which makes us rejoice in existence,—all which enables us to look at the past, present, and future with perfect peace! In simple and earnest truth we say it, that were it possible to disprove the existence of Jesus Christ as our life here and for ever, we would be, of all men, most miserable.

It is true that, in regard to many an object of affection, it may be said—

> "Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all!"

But not so in regard to our love of Jesus Christ! Better never to have seen that glory filling the heavens and earth, and making life a constant thanksgiving and praise, than, after having seen it, to be persuaded by any witchery that it was all a dream—a fiction of the imagination—a ghostly superstition—and that, if we are wise men, we will seek for it no more, but contentedly fall back upon our own being, and live on "without Christ in the world!" And are we in those circumstances to be told that we may still have comfort in "religion without the supernatural," and rejoice in "the eternal and essential verities of morality!" Only think of it, Christians! The living man, the light and hope of the family, is murdered; but a disciple of pure science and calm philosophy enters it, and tells its agonized members that he has on conscientious principles been compelled to help in committing the murder, but that it is folly and ignorance to indulge in such grief, for science has analysed their friend, and preserved in a series of neat phials, which they may easily carry about them, all his constituent elements, his "essentials," his carbon, his silica, this and that gas—everything whatever which made up all they were accustomed to touch and handle; therefore they may "comfort one another with those words!" And thus would the enemy of Christianity presume to comfort us with his "essentials," when he has slain our living Lord! Comfort indeed!

> "Comfort? comfort scorn'd by devils! this is truth the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow, is remembering happier things!"

If Christianity then is false, we who believe it have gained nothing, but lost everything, and are "of all men most miserable!"

But what can the unbeliever himself expect to gain by its destruction? "I have nothing to do with consequences," may be his reply, "but with truth only; let every lie be tested and exposed, whatever may be the real or imaginary gain or loss to myself or others." Brave words! with which we have the deepest sympathy; for if they are the utterance of a truly sincere heart, they evidence belief, and not unbelief; they assume that there is an order and government in the universe, which is on the side of truth, and that we may therefore, at all hazards, discover what is true, and cling to it in the full assurance of faith, that ultimately the right and true are in harmony with all that is worth loving and worth living for. Amen! we say from our heart. At the same time, it is well to look at some of the consequences which the destruction of Christianity would involve even to him who destroys it. It is obvious, for example, that should it cease to exist to us as a reality, other realities would remain irrespective of our belief. Existence would remain, and it *may* be one as eternal as the life of God; sorrow and suffering would remain, in all their endless forms, to gnaw the heart, darken the world, and cast deep shadows over a life, which must end with that event death, and the passing away of ourselves and of all we have from the memories of mankind as if we had never been; and whither? Worst of all, *sin* must remain—dark, mysterious, and terrible sin! And "obstinate questionings" must remain to disturb and perplex the mind in moments of earnest and silent thought. Men will still ask, What if we are responsible to God for this whole inner and outer life of ours, with its beliefs, purposes, and actions? What if sin and its consequences continue beyond the grave, with no remedy there unless found here? What if there is no possible hap-

piness but in fellowship of spirit and character with God; and what if this is morally impossible for us to attain without a Saviour and Sanctifier? What, in short, if all the evils which Christianity professes to deliver us from remain as facts in our history, just as diseases remain though the aid of the physician, who reveals their nature, and who offers to cure them, is rejected? or, as a vessel remains a wreck in the midst of the breakers after the life-boat which comes to save the crew is dismissed? or, as the lion remains after the telescope is flung aside which revealed his coming, and revealed also the only place of safety from his attack? For let us but remember what is so obviously true, that Christianity does not create the evils and dangers from which it offers to deliver us, and that these must remain as facts should it be proved a fiction. So far, then, the infidel has gained nothing by the overthrow of our religion. "Except truth!" does he exclaim? Yet we again repeat it, truth in its negative form, only as destroying supposed falsehoods, but not in its positive form as establishing something to rest upon.

Is there any other conceivable gain then which would accrue to the unbeliever by his supposed success? Does he wish, for example, to relieve oppressed souls of some great burden which crushes them? But what alleged truths or doctrine of Christianity, if blotted out to-morrow from the circle of belief, would ease a single soul, while it would unquestionably be an irreparable loss to millions? Would a God be more acceptable, and appear with greater moral beauty, who was different from the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? Would he be more attractive to our hearts if he did not forgive our sins fully and freely, or if forgiveness was not offered through such divine self-sacrifice? Would it be a relief to our moral being to be freed from the privilege or duty of supremely loving Jesus Christ? Would it lighten our hearts to be freed from the burden of having communion with him in prayer? Would we have more security for light, life, strength, holiness, peace, or comfort, if there was no such Person revealed as the Spirit of God, who freely imparts his aid to all? Would it be glad tidings to hear that men were not to be born again, nor to repent, nor to deny themselves, nor to do God's will, but their own? What is there which a good man would gain by the destruction of the Christian religion?

We have one question more to suggest with reference to the duty of an unbeliever towards us as Christians, and it is this, Why should he disturb our faith, or as he might term it, our superstition? If he retorts by asking why we should disturb his unbelief, our answer is ready—because we wish with our whole soul to share with him the blessings which God our common Father has for him as well as for us; because we truly lament the loss to our brother who refuses the eternal good which he may now enjoy with the whole family of God; because we love our God, and his God and Saviour, and desire our brother to know and to love them too; because it is so unjust, so selfish, so hateful, not to love and obey such a glorious person as Jesus Christ, who knows us, loves us, and has died to gain our hearts! These are some of the reasons, rudely and roughly stated, why we desire, with all our heart, that every man should believe in Jesus Christ. But if any man, for any reason which may be beyond our understanding or sympathy, desires to destroy this faith in all that is most precious to us, then we ask, not in Christ's name,—for it is unnecessary to appeal to him,—but in the name of common sense and common philanthropy, Why he should not only labour to do this, but to do it without apparently any apprehension of the untold misery which he must occasion if he succeed in his attempt? Do not tell us, with a boast, that "the truth must be spoken, come what may!" Be it so; but surely the *kind* of truth which must be spoken must ever regulate the manner in which it is spoken? Again, we bid you to picture to yourselves a person entering a family whose members were rejoicing in the thought of a father's return, and announcing the intelligence of that father's death, with a smile of pity or a sneer of contempt at their ignorant happiness! Imagine such an one professing to be actuated by a mere love of truth! Oh! if the terrible duty has been laid upon any one with a human heart, of announcing to others intelligence which, if true, must leave a blank to them in the world that can never be filled up, what tender sympathy, what genuine sorrow becomes him who breaks the heavy tidings! And such *ought* to be the feelings of every man who, from whatever cause, feels called upon to announce that the Christian religion is false. If he *must* make known that terrible fact to believers in Jesus; if he *must* tell them that the supposed source of all their life and joy has no existence, and that their faith in him is vain, then, we say, let this be done with the solemnity and the sorrow which a true brotherly sympathy would necessarily dictate. If the missionaries of Christianity are warranted in preaching their gospel with joy, the missionaries of an infidelity which professes only to destroy and not build up, should go forth on their dreadful vocation with the feeling of martyrs, and with no other notes of triumph than sounds of lamentation and woe! For if Christianity were false, we would be yet in our sins, all who have fallen asleep in Christ must have perished, and therefore we would be of all men most miserable!

THREE LIVES WORTH KNOWING ABOUT.

In the year 1770, two young men met at the Jesuit School at Landsberg as novices of that Order. They were of the same age, of the same stamp of character, both sprung from the poor, both eager students, they lived in the same house, and became fast friends.

Michael Feneberg was born in February 1751 at Oberdorf in Bavaria. The son of peasant parents, he had few advantages and few opportunities. To his parents' discomfort he declared he must be a student. They had strong objections. The "learned handicraft," as the country-folk phrased it, was uncertain; every other handicraft had a golden floor. It took up time, moreover, and it was so many years before it brought in any return. And then it cost florins upon florins; and at the bare thought of that scandalous waste, all to make a man speak Latin, the honest couple declared against the student. A fire, which left them nothing but their lives, conspired to crush the boy's hopes. But in some way it happened that he became a scholar; was somewhat stupid at his first school, an average pupil at the second, and then rose to be first of his class.

Michael Sailer was born in November 1751, also in Bavaria. His father was a shoemaker, and a devout man in his way. Of his mother nothing is known, but the touching picture in the preface to one of Sailer's books, written forty years after her death. The memory of the slightest detail of her life—the glance of an eye, the touch of a hand, any household work—quickened in him a religious sense, that "no distance of time, or press of sorrows, or even sin itself could weaken." It is the strong expression of a profound feeling that does equal honour to mother and son. The village schoolmaster taught him what he could, and the chaplain grounded him in Latin, until, what with his own application and his teacher's enthusiasm, it was plain he should go to college. His father viewed it hopefully, but always with this conclusion: "From all they tell me about that craft, it is too costly for us." Rieger, the carpenter, was of another opinion. "I am as poor as you," he would say, "and my son is a student in Munich. As for life, neighbour, God gives that, and good men give the rest." It was a sanguine view of the world, and an imperfect theology; but it so far impressed the shoemaker, that when Michael was ten years old, his father took him to Munich. Passing a gamekeeper's on the way, Rieger solemnly adjured his neighbour to buy a brace of snipe, and the other from some whim or impulse obeyed. Arrived at Munich, the snipe and the gracious words of the shoemaker opened the schoolmaster's heart; young Sailer was introduced to a wealthy family, became companion to their son, and obtained board and schooling for more than six years, and a friendship for life. He used to go back with peculiar pleasure to this epoch. When his school-fellow, long after, entertained him at dinner, "next to God and the two snipe," he said, I owe my entire literary existence to you." For the snipe were never forgotten. He used to say meditatively among his friends, "It was by two snipe that God made me what I am." His seal was two snipe with the legend, *Under God's guiding*. And when the art-loving King of Bavaria raised him a statue, he ordered two snipe to be carved on the pedestal. In due time the snipe also led him to Landsberg,—a clever, thoughtful, hard-reading student of nineteen; and at Landsberg the two peasants met.

Sailer wrote of Landsberg that it was a paradise. Notwithstanding, in 1773, it was suppressed, with every other Jesuit institution in the country. Probably the Government had no adequate notion of a paradise of Jesuits; probably the student saw in his teachers only kindly, intellectual, genial men, and cared and knew little of a world outside his books; perhaps there is some truth in what he said afterwards: "In the origin of their Order there was much that was divine; in its spread much that was human; in its suppression much that was neither human nor divine." But, being suppressed, even enthusiastic pupils submitted to the new order of things; and the two friends went to study canon law at Ingolstadt.

Ten years have passed, and we catch a glimpse of these friends again. Sailer is professor at the University of Dillengen, reading lectures on pastoral and popular theology, and discoursing on religion. Feneberg is also at Dillengen, professor at the gymnasium. For ten years more the gymnasium prospers; students crowd the University classrooms; Dillengen rises into note; men come to it from remote angles of the kingdom, and even foreigners matriculate; and the professors work with a harmony which has passed into a proverb. There is some power and attractiveness growing silently up within the queer little cloistered place; something that is not in the established routine; some independent interest. Rumours spread about the teaching. The dogmatic positions of the church, it is said, are thrown lightly aside. Christ and Divine love are spoken of more than the canons, and indeed without much regard to canons. Students return home quoting Lavater and Stilling, and deep in the writings of Fénélon and Tauler. They even profess to reverence and believe the Bible, against the free assertions of the philosophers. Dillengen becomes to the ex-Jesuits "a dangerous place;" they warn against it; "a young man may lose his faith there." Hints are thrown out that the professors belong to the *Illuminati;* they are called mystics, and Jansenists, and Protestants; the *Illuminati* themselves league against them; secret influences are brought to bear upon the government; Feneberg is removed from the gymnasium, and Sailer and his friends are crushed out of the University. Feneberg retired to the vicarage of Seeg; Sailer wandered to Munich. "What brings you here?" said his old friend Winkelhofer. "They have dismissed me." "Oh! Then come and rest with me. My room, my table, my bed, my goods, my heart,—all mine is thine."

In this matter the sagacity of the Jesuits did not play them false. They were right in tracing up to Dillengen "a dangerous tendency;" they were

right in fixing on the two friends as its real strength. Sailer and Feneberg were the most eminent men of the place. They were men of the purest and simplest lives, loving, loveable, and blameless. They had rare gifts of teaching; they loved it for its own sake. When Feneberg, in an early curacy, found leisure time hanging on his hands, he set up school in his house, and was, he says himself, "head-master and usher, *rector magnificus*, bedell *housefather*, and often housemaid;" he composed hymns, and sung them with his pupils; walked, and played gymnastics with them; studied them and studied with them. It was his pleasure, his holiday. One of those fifteen pupils has written how his master shrewdly cured him of ghost-fears, bringing him up to the spectre pretty much as you would a shying horse. And there lingers still another tradition of cure, quaint if not graceful, by which he reconciled two boys who would not speak, setting them down to their porridge with but one spoon between them. Sailer, also, was never so happy as in the professor's chair; and one of the best books he wrote was on education. He knew what was passing in young men's minds; the vague speculative thoughts that rise up, at which they are half proud, half startled; their struggles with the past and with tradition and with all beliefs, through which they often pass by fiery ordeal. By his gentle wisdom he disarmed them of the proud sensitiveness with which they cling to thoughts that oppose them to the rest of the world. By his sympathy he deprived them of that chivalrous despair that has sometimes forced a man on into positive scepticism, because every man's hand was against him. His frankness, mildness, purity won them rapidly over to his confidence; and men of the wildest natures, restless, lawless, defiant minds, were often noticed to yield to him after a single interview. And the two men were not only gifted with singular power over others, but were in the best position to use it. The High School was the feeder of the University; and the boys who were for years under Feneberg, went with minds ready, softened and plastic, to be moulded into men under Sailer. The one prepared the way for the other, and the tendency of both was the same.

Before Feneberg was long at Seeg he had won the hearts of his people; and, successful as he was in the High School, perhaps the pastorate was his proper sphere. One winter evening, however, as he was returning from preaching on the patience of the saints, his horse fell on the slippery forest path, and Feneberg's leg was broken. A clumsy country doctor tried to set it; two stout peasants were ordered to push the bone into its place. A surgeon came at last, and, after tedious waiting, amputation became necessary. "The Lord hath visited me!" was his simple exclamation when his leg was broken. When they told him of the surgical decision his prayer was as simple:—"Lord! Thou givest faith, but mine is very weak, even as this foot. Yea, it is Thou who plantest faith, and causest it to grow. Give me faith. Nature would willingly keep the limb; but not my will, Thine be done." The leg was taken off and buried; a wooden one supplied its place; and henceforth Feneberg signed his letters, "the one-legged vicar," or—for no other word comes so near the strong idiom—*timber-toes*. There was a deep humour in the man, that came out, as it usually does with quiet natures, in his misfortune. "Dear heart," he would exclaim, "I used to be melancholy when I had two feet. I can say now, a broken leg is good medicine." And many a hymn of Claudius, and other favourite poets, made the sick-room cheery. "Happily," he wrote to Sailer, "the nag was a neighbour's; so the credit of *my* old nag is saved." Weber in Dillengen used to say, that having been nearly drowned he had got a new idea; and Feneberg chuckled over that meditative professor that the wooden leg gave him new ideas every day. He used to boast of its uses:—"There is the *economical*, for I only need one stocking and one shoe; there is the *social*, for I need go no more to court, for which nature never meant me; there is the *religious*," and so on, counting them up upon his fingers as he lay wearily upon the sofa. As he got better, and his trusty chaplain, Bayr, would take the crutches to show how easily one might walk with them after all,—"Ay, ay," he would laugh, "if you have two sound legs, and go on a pair of crutches besides, no doubt you will go bravely." Nor even when the leg was buried had it performed all its functions. It was dug up some years after, and placed on the study-table, and honoured with an inscription. "Has not the Apostle said," he once appealed to an angry married couple, "that 'a man will no more hate his own wife than his own flesh?' Why, there is my leg, a dead bone, and yet I love it still, for it is part of my body. And you would hate each other! That leg will plead against you at the last day!" "Perhaps," he addressed the soldiers as they were marching to the wars, "you may have a leg shot off in battle. What matter? Don't you see by me that you can get on in the world with a wooden one?"

But the lesson he was learning most was this: "Oh that I could draw nearer to thee, Lord, and I would cheerfully give thee not one foot but two; yea, my hands and my head!" Up till this time he had been drawing *himself* nearer by self-denial, patience, diligence, devotional thoughts. His knowledge of the truth was more outward than inward, what it should be and not what it really was in himself; his relation to Christ was still legal, and he had but the dullest sense, and that only at times, of justification by faith; even the Bible, he complained, was to him a book sealed with seven seals. The complaint ceased before his illness left. Instead of dead letters, the words came to him like a living and searching spirit. But in proportion as he felt that, he felt as if he were drawn away from Christ. Sin became to him an awful terror and guilt; it started up among the purest thoughts of his life; it fronted him at every memory; it spoiled his virtues. And this feeling, startling to himself and growing in intensity, threw a darkness over his life. He was restless and peaceless, and day and night he poured out through his tears one cry, *Lord, save me, I perish!*

Meanwhile, Sailer was passing through much the same struggle, but with less of spiritual intensity. From his boyhood, his devotional habit and his intellect had been at war. At Landsberg, at Ingol-

stadt, at Dillengen, he had been a doubter. Under the strong, calm exterior, the wise and patient words, the brilliant and eager lecturer, there lay at times unspeakable anguish, that terrible anguish to a devout temper of intellectual scepticism. "You believe in Christ, because the apostles declare him," it whispered once; "but what if the apostles were deceived and deceiving?" He opened his mind to an Indian missionary. Father Pfab talked with him for hours about his travels, and the country, and the people. After some days, he asked, "Can you believe what I have said? Do you think is it true?" "I do not doubt it for a moment." "But I might have deceived you." "But a man who left his country for the sake of the gospel will not lie, and he will not deceive." "And you believe that of me, and not of the apostles!" It struck home, and Pfab urged it with great skill and power. Yet, what could it do beyond what it did, bring Sailer to his knees for a little, crying out, *My Lord! my God!* Intellectual doubt goes deeper down than the intellect; nor will intellectual clearness cast it out. Unless the heart be settled in Christ, the intellect may go on doubting for ever. Unless the spiritual atmosphere be clear, it matters little what is the character of the intellectual. It is that spiritual kingdom that gives laws to all the rest; they depend upon it, not it upon them. And as long as a man's spiritual relations are uncertain, he is liable to be tormented by the cruellest, and what perhaps his reason would call the foolishest doubts. Sailer was pacified for a little. But fresh agony returned; fresh and ugly questions leapt up in his soul: they came to him in silence and the night; they haunted him in dreams;—behind that face from which so many took courage, and those clear, earnest words that throbbed in the hearts of his scholars, what darkness and misery!—a death's-head, how cunningly concealed! Nor is Sailer the first to wear the mask, nor does he carry it more bravely than another. Behind, what quiet, placid looks, what courteous and kindly ways, what thought and affection for others, what firm show of energy, what busy or vacant or smiling face,—the agony of the soul may be acted out as a mere every-day matter, the battle of life and death raging within, while the man is counselling a neighbour, or the woman spinning at her wheel.

Now, at this time, Sailer was more than commonly agitated by the tidings of a sudden movement in a distant parish; a movement of a profoundly spiritual character, that was getting talked about with great warmth and suspicion; but that he felt concerned himself, and his deepest and still unsatisfied want, and in which he was an unconscious agent.

Among the students at Dillengen, there had been one too noticeable to be forgotten. Martin Boos had been dropped into the world apparently by mistake. He was the fourteenth child of a small farmer—a "Christmas-child," yet born in so cold a night, that the water in the room froze. An orphan at four, his eldest sister's first thought was how to dispose of him with due regard to economy. Being a sturdy girl, she set him on her shoulders, and started for Augsburg; but, getting tired, she flung him into a corn-field by the way, where he soon cried himself asleep. However, in the afternoon she returned, laid him at an uncle's door in the city, and went her way. The lonely child managed to grow up in some fashion in this surly uncle's house, saved himself by his scholarship from becoming a shoemaker, and went to Dillengen, where a brilliant, handsome student, he carried off the first honours. Sailer's teaching had more influence than he knew. And when his uncle had celebrated his first mass by giving a three days' shooting-party, he thankfully subsided into a quiet parish priest, cultivating, in thorough Romish fashion, holy affections, and yearning after that calm, mystic relation to Christ that had been pointed out in the lectures. "I lay," he says, "for years together upon the cold ground, though my bed stood near me. I scourged myself till the blood came, and clothed my body with a hair-shirt; I hungered, and gave my bread to the poor; I spent every leisure moment in the precincts of the church; I confessed and communicated every week." He "gave himself an immense deal of trouble to lead a holy life," and was unanimously elected a saint; but the saint was miserable, and cried out, *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?* Going to see a pious old woman on her deathbed, he said wistfully, "Ah! you may well die in peace!" "Why?" "You have lived such a godly life." "What a miserable comforter!" she said, and smiled; "if Christ had not died for me, I should have perished for ever, with all my good works and piety. Trusting in Him, I die at peace." And from this time the light fell in upon his soul; the dying woman had answered his miserable cry. He stayed some months with Feneberg, at Seeg, as voluntary chaplain; with Sailer, was one of those who accompanied the good man on the first Sunday he went out with his wooden leg; then received a curacy at Wiggensbach, near Kempten, and began preaching Christ. "Flames of fire darted from his lips, and the hearts of the people burned like straw." He declared their sins, and when they cried, "What shall we do?" he gave them no answer; "repent?" no answer; "confess?" no answer; "good works?" no answer; until the question was driven deep into their souls, and then they knew how vain was any answer but one—*Christ*.

Moreover he had a terse, original way of putting things, and a power of homely, some may think too homely illustration. One or two examples may be given at hazard. "They are dearer to God that seek something from him than they that seek to bring something to him." "He that says he is pious is certainly not." "The most read their Bibles like cows that stand in the thick grass, and trample the finest flowers and herbs." "People think it a weakness to forgive an insult. Then God would be the weakest in heaven and on earth, for no one in heaven or on earth forgives so much as he." "Death strips us of this world's glory, as a boot-jack draws off your boots. Another wears my boots when I am dead, and another wears my glory. It is of little value." "The most learned declare they know nothing, and the most pious that they have nothing; therefore the profoundest learning is in knowing nothing, and the profoundest sanctity in having nothing." "A gentleman passed through to-day, and the people said, 'He

wore the cross of St. Theresa; he must be some great man.' A cross was once a disgrace. Now, the larger the cross, the greater the man."

A preacher of this stamp would make himself be heard anywhere; and it is little wonder that great excitement gathered about the little country chapel in Bavaria. Many found the Saviour when he preached; persons came long journeys to hear so strange and blessed a doctrine; and the chapel was thronged with men and women who had gone about anxious, heavy laden, and hopeless for years. Feneberg heard of it, longed for more than he had yet found, and wrote that he was like Zacchæus, waiting in the tree till Christ should pass by. "Then wait quietly in the tree," Boos wrote back; "Christ will soon enter thy house and thy heart." This was in the autumn of 1796, when Feneberg was bitterly crying for light. In December, Sailer came to him on a visit, much disturbed by the news from Kempten. "Let us send for Boos, and hear it from himself," he said. Boos came, and brought with him some of the awakened, to speak to their own experience.

According to one of Feneberg's poems, his vicarage was

> "Lean and ugly, all decaying,
> And a haunt of loneliness;"

but it received the guests genially, and a more singular Christmas party has seldom met. There was the vicar himself, with his two curates, Bayr and Siller; Sailer, Boos, and the converts—five Romish ecclesiastics, met to hear about an evangelical revival, begun by the evangelical preaching of one of their number. A peasant girl from Boos' parish whispered him, almost as soon as she saw his old professor, "That man has much that is childlike, and a good heart, but he is still a Scribe and a Pharisee, and must be born again of the Spirit." Boos was startled, and assured her she must be mistaken. But before the evening was over, she said openly before them all, "Sir, you have the baptism of John, but not the baptism of the Spirit and of fire; you have drunk out of the river of grace, but not yet plunged into the sea. You are like Cornelius, and have done and suffered much for the truth, but you have not yet received Christ." There was an awkward pause; no one knew well what to say. But finding Sailer silent, Boos himself urged the truth with great earnestness. Sailer, still silent and much disconcerted, withdrew. He had left the next morning before the house was astir, but one of the peasants said he had met him, and had repeated out of John, *He came unto His own, and His own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God;* and that he had replied, "Good, good;" but his face was troubled, and he rode away. They blamed themselves, fearing they had offended him, and the woman wept; but presently she lifted up her eyes, and said joyfully, "Be comforted: grace has met him on his way. God works wonders with him. The Lord will appear to his heart." She had scarcely spoken, when a messenger came to the door with some lines written by their friend on horseback. "Dearest brethren," they ran, "God has given me an unspeakably quiet mind. I do not doubt that He has come to me in soft whispers; yea, is already in me. I believe that John baptizes with water, but Christ with the Spirit. Pray, brethren, that we may not fall into temptation. The rest we will give over to God. Farewell." "Blessed be God!" exclaimed the vicar, who had never ceased to pray, *Lord, if thou wilt come to us, come first of all to him.* Before the Christmas party broke up, Feneberg was also filled with joy, and Bayr and Siller received Christ.

Boos returned to Wiggensbach. This awakening spread more widely than ever; and on new year's day 1797, a hot persecution broke out on every side. The "Jesus preachers," as they were called, were hunted from their cures; the converts were mocked, stoned, imprisoned, thrust out of their homes. Boos himself was obliged to flee, and found refuge with Feneberg, but a decree of the Inquisition was issued against them, the vicarage was ransacked in their absence, all their papers were taken, and they themselves brought up in custody.

One of Feneberg's answers throws some light on his position. "Do you know why you have been cited here?" "Yes. Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, has fulfilled to me, a poor sinner, and more than a hundred others, His precious word that He spoke at the Last Supper: *He that loveth me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.*" Union with Christ had been always his dream, but till now he had never known the way. Union with Christ from this time became the distinguishing feature of his preaching and spiritual history. *Christ for us,* and *Christ in us,* were the leading points of Boos' doctrine, and of the movement that began with him. With Feneberg the *Christ for us* sinks somewhat out of sight; his stress and happiness are laid upon the presence of Christ in the heart; this communion, often mystically and dimly expressed, and perhaps at the best somewhat mystically seen, expresses the rest of his quiet life, and explains his contentedness with his Church. Released from his persecutions, and placed at Vöhringen, he continued his faithful ministrations, edified his friends, prayed daily for divine light and knowledge, and died peacefully at sixty-one. The continued suspicion and malice that followed him did not seem to touch his calmness of communion; blindness threatened him, and passed away; his friends were true. It was a gentle, simple life; a fresh, pure, innocent nature. *Nathanael* he was called; he was frank and righteous, unable to utter a compliment or hide the truth; a man of great confidence and childlikeness before God. "If I could not call Thee, *Thou,*" he was once heard to pray, "O Father, we could never get on." "It is a fine thing," wrote Sailer, "if you can say a man lived and never lifted up a stone against his neighbour, but it is finer far if you can say also, he took the stones out of the path, that would have caught his neighbour's feet. So did Feneberg, and this his doing was his life."

Boos was driven from place to place. Through the best part of his life he may be recognised in swift and anxious and perilous flight. At last, at Gallneukirchen, in Austria, he seemed to be settled; the scenes of Wiggensbach were repeated on a larger scale; and this time he was accused

at Vienna. "Dear children," said the Emperor, to the peasants who crowded round him on his way through the parish, "your pastor is no teacher of error." It was the impulsive testimony of a man who had a finer spirit than his counsellors, but it did not avail; and Boos had to leave the Austrian shelter, and commence his wandering anew. In 1817, the Prussian Government appointed him Professor in the gymnasium at Düsseldorf; but it was not his gift to teach, and they exchanged it for the living of Sayn on the Rhine. He lived for some years unmolested in this retired and lonely spot, visited by many friends, writing noble letters, guiding and inspiring the movement in his own country, and seeing more clearly the breadth and grandeur and all-important necessity of the truths for which he suffered. He lamented the unfruitfulness of his ministry. "There is scarcely a spot on these hills where I have not flung myself down and wept, and prayed that the Lord would give me again the grace to open my mouth with joy, and to preach his Word to the awakening of the heart." This also was given him, and in 1825 he died.

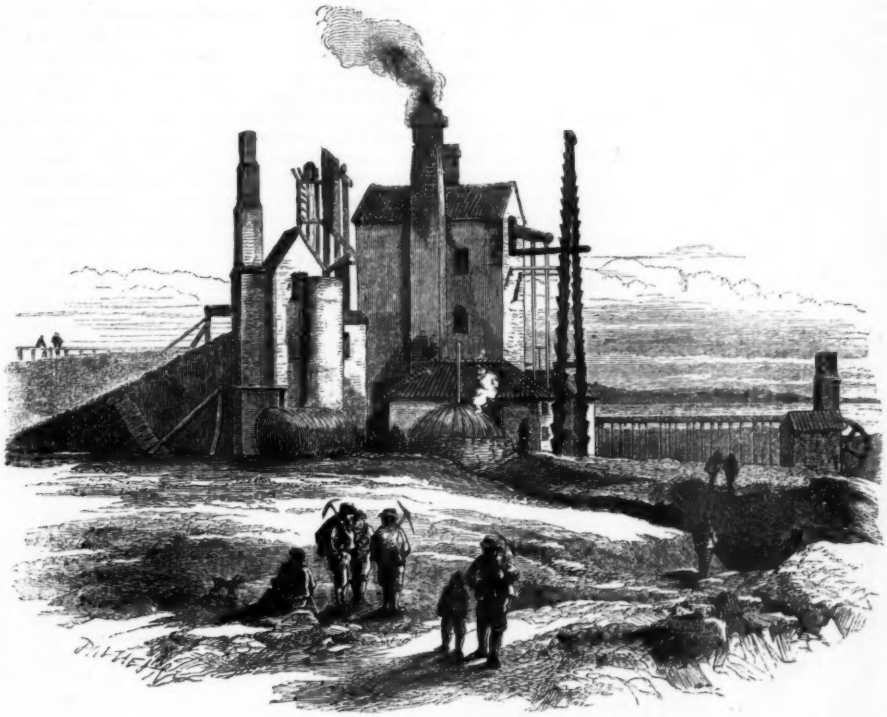
Sailer lived the longest, and alone reached to any honour. The persecution fell lightest upon him. From 1802 till 1821 he was professor at Landshut and Munich. Besides his old subject, he lectured on morals and homiletics; on liturgies, catechizing, and education; he had a class for the study of the Bible, and was university preacher. It was the most brilliant period of his life. Students came from every part of Germany, and his fame was carried back by them to their own lands; he was called to one university after another, and at last to be archbishop of Cologne. But he refused every offer that would lead him out of his native country, while it was just there that hostile influences were used against him in the most opposite ways. He could be identified with no party, and was hated by each. Napoleon prevented his promotion at one time by assuring the king he was a mere hanger-on to the Roman Court. the Pope refused it at another, because he suspected his attachment to the Church. At last he was appointed Bishop *in partibus*, and died in 1832, as Bishop of Regensburg.

His character was of the same class as Feneberg's, but it exchanged much of his childlike spirit for shrewdness. He was one of the mildest and most tolerant of men, mild to excess. It is told that having preached one morning near Saltzburg, the parish clergyman rose up, and said he would preach himself in the afternoon, as Sailer had made the doors of heaven too wide. "You are excellent at bandages," said one of his friends, "but a bad operator." "Very possible," he replied; "in my life I have seen more wounds healed by a good bandage than by the knife." He was humble, patient, easy of access, sweet tempered under every trial, and a tried friend. His religious views wanted the fervour of Feneberg's, and the depth of Boos'. He never thoroughly understood the first of the two propositions, Christ *for us*, but took it up in some purely mystical sense. His unrest returned after the Christmas of '96. Often twelve times in the day he withdrew to give himself up to God, crying, "Lord, I will not let thee go, until Thou bless me." Doubts hitherto unknown swept over him and crushed his spirit. He found an answer on which he relied to the end, yet it would not have satisfied his friends. He was to look into his heart, and see if the thought of God pleased him more than any other. It was a poor, uncertain tenure of peace; it was the Catholic doctrine still. A feeling that he must do something, give something, bring something, be something, ran through his theology, and weakened it. And as he grew older he seemed to turn more to the Church, abjured "all pseudo-mysticism," submitted himself "with filial piety" to Rome, and apologized for any inadvertent error, anything inconsistent with Romish teaching. Yet his testimony to Boos remains on the other side. "Boos is a spiritual, Catholic Christian. I would rather die than condemn a man possessed of so many extraordinary spiritual gifts, and who has led so many thousands to repentance and faith, for the sake of a few expressions, which, after all, are susceptible of an orthodox meaning. I am now in my sixtieth year, and I would tremble to appear before the judgment-seat of God if I did not loudly confess before my death that this great work of the pious Boos is of God."

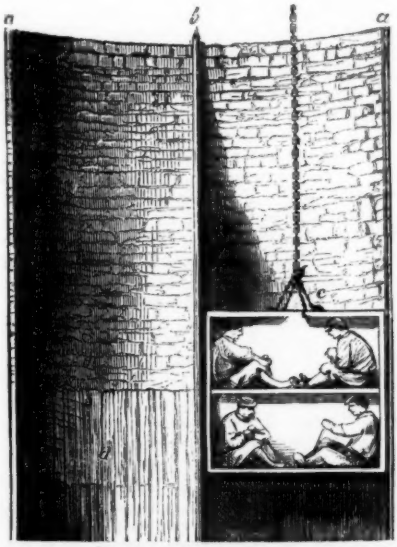
There are points of great importance at which the limits of such a paper forbid even a glance. The narrative of the conversions is profoundly interesting, rich in every variety of spiritual incident. The persecutions—on so large a scale that twenty-four priests were at one time involved in them, and a minister of state led the assault—are not without a sad and tragic interest. The awakening presents features of striking resemblance, even in remarkable psychological facts, to the recent revivals in Great Britain and America. As for the entire movement, it may be asked, what became of it? Was there any permanent influence? Beyond the time it would seem scarcely any. Hundreds of the clergy must have come under Sailer's influence, but he founded no school of religious thought; and the explanation will probably be found in this, that his religious views wanted distinctness, that the power he wielded was one of personal character. He met, indeed, a wild young lad at dinner at a friend's house; in an hour's conversation the youth became quiet and thoughtful, soon after he studied for the Church, and died recently as Archbishop of Breslau. In Melchior Diepenbrok, Sailer's influence seems to have exhausted itself—a kind of genial, tolerant prelate, like the well-known J. K. L., but without even Sailer's pietism. At Feneberg's table also there sat a young priest who bore a name honoured now in Protestant Germany and in far mission fields, the only one of the party that left the Romish communion, the venerable Gossner. These two bring down the links into our own generation, and there seems no further link to carry on the chain. Yet, if the story of many hearts in Bavaria were known, it might be found that there is still a spiritual seed there, that the light still shines in dark places, and men and women are walking by faith in the blessed words, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*

W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

CAUSES AND REMEDIES OF COLLIERY CALAMITIES.



General View of Colliery Works at the Surface.



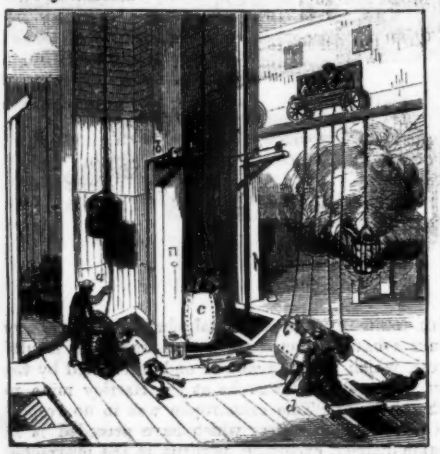
Section of a (bratticed) divided Shaft:—*b*, the brattice running down; *a*, *b*, the half for pumping apparatus; *b*, *a*, half for traffic of the pit: *c*, iron cage in two compartments, holding pitmen,—the improved mode of descending; *d*, wood-work, above which is walling.

THE frequency and the fatal character of colliery calamities have attracted to them a deep and painful interest, which is now renewed and intensified by the recent lamentable catastrophe at the Hartley mine in Northumberland. This catastrophe was in no respect more terrible than others which have preceded it in the same district, excepting, perhaps, in the protracted agony of the victims, and the hopes once entertained, but suddenly destroyed, of recovering them to life and to their families. But if not more terrible than others, it was peculiar in its cause, and happened, as it were by an unexpected closing of the door of the mine, as the shaft of a pit may be designated. This mine was entered by a *single* shaft, of twelve feet diameter. In order to adapt this one opening to the purpose of ventilation, as well as other purposes, the single shaft was made to answer for two shafts, by the erection, for its whole length, of a wooden partition, technically called a "brattice." The effect would be equal to that of dividing a huge chimney by a wooden board running entirely through it. One division would serve as a "downcast," or channel for the air to descend by, and the other for the returning air, after ventilation had been accomplished, to ascend by, and carry off the accompanying impurities of the pit. How pit ventilation is managed in detail, we shall presently attempt to explain.

In the Hartley shaft thus divided, movable carriages, termed "cages," were made to slide up and down upon

four vertical rails, in the manner of an upright railway. These cages contained the men, and tools, and coals, and were worked in the downcast division, while pumping gear operated in the other division, called the "upcast." The pit being very wet, large pumping apparatus was required, and the pumps in use were capable of lifting one hundred and eighty tons of water at each stroke.

The steam-engine affording power to the pumps was close to the pits, and, as in all similar erections of steam-engines for pumping, a huge iron beam projected over the upcast half of the shaft. To this were attached the rods or "spears" which moved the pumps. Every visitor to the north knows the appearance of these gigantic beams, which first plunge down, and then press up the pumping apparatus of the coal-pits. These arms seem to move regularly by a painful effort, and to be groaning under their ceaseless labour night and day. They weigh many tons; but, strange to say, have never broken before. The Hartley beam was the first to fail of the many which have exhausted thousands of gallons of water in this great colliery district.



Top of a shaft:—*a*, workmen unhooking the coal-baskets; *b*, the clapper for signals from below; *c*, iron tub with pitmen descending; *d*, unloading coals for screening.

The effect of the fracture of the beam was of course to allow the broken portion to fall into and stop up that division of the shaft (the upcast) over which it had hitherto been suspended, and towards which it had continually descended, whenever it worked the pumps. The breakage is not to be accounted for by any apparent defect in the iron of the beam, and some other cause for the accident must be sought. As yet, nothing but conjecture can be offered. Probably one of the pump-rods broke, and caused a stoppage in the action of the pumps, whereby a sudden tension strained the chief rods, which snapped. By this, or some means, the equilibrium of the huge beam was destroyed. The weight of the "spears" and the column of water lifted was about forty tons; and if this were suddenly disconnected from the beam, of course the previous equilibrium, contrived to bear their weight, would be destroyed at once, and the mass of unbalanced metal might have snapped at the axis. This, indeed, appears to be the solution which the most experienced engineers give of the problem.

It is not perhaps easy for an uninstructed reader to understand how such a fall would block up all access to the miners below, but this will be more intelligible when it is explained that such a fall brought total ruin into the shaft, slackening all the pumping-gear, the brattice, the woodwork, and, to use a common word, jamming the whole together into a densely confused mass. The men who were in the movable cage at the time, either descending or ascending in the other or downcast division, were instantly killed. But it does not follow that the others would have lost their lives, had there only been a second shaft, or another exit from the pit. In this *one*-shaft system lay the principal cause of the death of the the majority. The one door to the mine being barred, there was no further hope unless it could be broken in. And this one entrance was probably not in the most perfect state.

The observations made in some journals at the time render it apparent that this one-shaft system is an exception, and that the Hartley owners are chargeable with guilty negligence. But the truth is, the one-shaft system is prevalent over the entire district in minor collieries,—and the Hartley owners stand only in the common category with others around them. Mines are commenced with single shafts, and other shafts are added when the extent of excavation requires them. Very unwise observations are made respecting remedies when accidents like that under notice occur. Nothing appears easier than to say, "render it legally necessary to have two shafts;" yet few things would be more difficult to enforce. It is extremely doubtful whether any law ought to interfere with modes of mining, and if two shafts were obligatory from the first, many mining enterprises might be shunned or abandoned. Then the expense of a shaft in some circumstances is very considerable. I have descended one single shaft (Monkwearmouth pit) near Sunderland, which was said to have cost £80,000. Of course this is an extreme case.* But when the subject was much discussed some years ago (for it is an old subject of dispute), colliery managers declared the expense rendered two shafts in all cases impracticable. On the other side, it was sought to be shown that a shaft might generally be sunk to a moderate depth for about £10,000. Admit that it could, and then would the Legislature be justified in enforcing such an outlay in every case? If it would, let the law be passed, but such a project probably would be resisted and opposed to the uttermost.

* It appeared in the evidence given at the inquest on the Hartley accident, that the shaft at that pit cost £3600 in sinking. But this shaft was only 600 feet deep, whereas many others are from 1000 to 1500 feet deep. In the Hartley mine, *two* shafts like the one (though less) could have been sunk for about £4500. But had the *walling*, or brick-lining, been properly continued to the bottom, they would have cost more. The shaft in use was particularly *wet*, as 600 gallons of water had to be pumped up every minute. It is important to notice that the "staple" or mode of communication between the lowest seam and the surface could have been made for £300.

The real and apparently inexcusable fault is the leaving of the underground workings without ample communication with each other. In this very Hartley pit there are three coal-seams, and between the lower and middle one (a distance of 160 feet) there was a communication by means of an elongated narrow passage, up which the men retreated from the lower to the middle seam, where they were at work at the time of the accident. This was suitable enough for the incipient stages of mining; but there does not appear to have been any communication for the 180 feet lying between the middle and the upper seam. Had such a channel existed, it has been affirmed that all the men might have emerged to the surface in a quarter of an hour. On all such topics, however, we require the fullest and fairest information before we attach blame to parties who may be able to exculpate themselves. One thing is manifest in this Hartley catastrophe, namely, that the shaft was so completely shivered and battered, that an immense mass of shale and sand came down from the sides, and to pierce through this speedily was impracticable.

Blame must not be hastily thrown on the Government inspector of the district. His powers are not unlimited, his time is fully occupied, and he may not have inspected this particular pit, seeing that it was not "fiery," or gaseous, and was comparatively a contracted work.

That 205 poor fellows were hurried into eternity by this catastrophe, is acknowledged on all hands to be inexpressibly shocking. Never before has a colliery accident awakened such wide and deep public sympathy. A kind and gentle voice from the throne has spoken words of noble sympathy. The Royal Widow has expressed her compassion for the widows of pitmen. Money is not wanting, and doubtless a goodly sum will in the end be raised from all classes of the community, to succour, as far as money can, the widows and the fatherless. It is a desolate district that Hartley; we remember it well, for there we passed a night after the fatigues of visiting some neighbouring mines. The sea is close by, and one may imagine how solemnly and sorrowfully it now seems to moan for those whose eyes lately beheld it, but shall never more look upon its spreading waters. We hear of shipwrecks, and talk familiarly of the dangers of the sea, but the recent catastrophe has now attracted attention to the dangers of the mine. There are mine-wrecks as well as shipwrecks, nor do the horrors of the latter often exceed those of the former. It might seem strange that while shipwrecks have been the themes of song and sermon, the subject of public inquiry and public report, the deaths and disasters of mines have, until of late years, been so unfrequently noticed, and hidden in a darkness as thick as the mine itself. But this will hardly be strange, when we remember the remoteness of the localities, their isolation from the great centres of congregating humanity, and the fact that until about twenty-two years ago, when the Assistant-Commissioner of the Children's Employment Commission, personally visited and explored the principal British mining districts, not a public inquirer had ever set foot underground. That Commission, or rather the Reports of the visiting Commissioners, brought a whole underground world to light, and from that time the public eye has been occasionally directed towards the regions of coal and darkness.

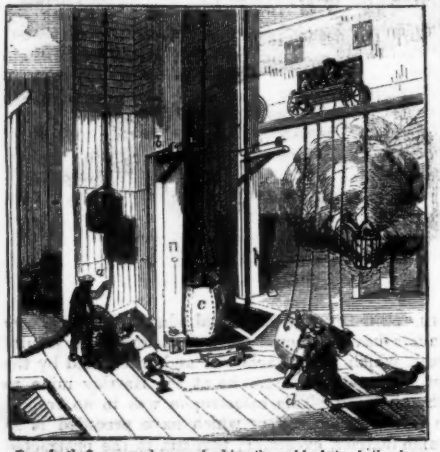
Having devoted much time and thought to the subject of accidents in coal-mines, we think a popular explanation of the causes and results of such disasters, derived from our own personal investigations and observations, may be acceptable to the readers of *Good Words*, and enable them to form some well-grounded opinion upon the fatalities which annually *destroy about one thousand of our miners*. A thousand healthy workmen swept off every year, upon an average, and never below nine hundred, is a calamity only requiring to be known in order to secure the attention of the people to the possibility of considerably diminishing the number. Speaking from a knowledge now extending over some years, of what our coal-miners are, and what the mines are in which they work, while at the same time we have no personal interest in, or expectations from, any mining undertaking, we may be at least regarded as impartial witnesses, and as free from any undue bias towards employers or employed. We have conversed repeatedly and for days together with both parties. We have visited both in their homes and their cottages, and we have endeavoured to form independent opinions on what we have heard and seen.

It may be desirable upon another occasion to describe the exterior of a coal-pit and of the people who work in it; but, for the present purpose, we shall at once introduce our readers to the interior of the mine, and come directly to the dangerous part of pit-life.

To enable those who have never visited a coal-pit, or even inspected a model of one, to form a conception of its form and plan of excavation, we may adopt some plain and merely approximate explanations. A large Newcastle coal-pit, if wrought upon modern principles, is, in fact, an extended piece of *panel-work*, the whole area being divided into quadrangular portions, each of which is termed a panel, and contains an area of from eight to twelve acres. A solid wall of coal, of from forty to fifty yards thick, defines and separates each such division, and through this wall are driven roads and air-courses by which the coal in the panel may be brought forth. Four such panels, being connected together by roads made through the separating walls, would make a complete coal-mine upon the Newcastle system of working. Each panel would be itself crossed and intersected with road-ways and air-passages, and ultimately become an epitome of the whole mine. By thus subdividing the mass of strata into squares, a tolerably regular set of solid pillars and open passages alternate together, and all the passages communicate with one another, and with the great main-ways of the mine which lead directly to and from the shaft. Some idea of the whole may be formed from the plan of a small portion given below, as an illustration of the modes of ventilation. The shaft is, as it were, the eye of the mine, and where there are two shafts, the two eyes of an animated body are represented. They let in all the sunlight which the mine can receive, and they radiate forth all its humanity and meaning.

four vertical rails, in the manner of an upright railway. These cages contained the men, and tools, and coals, and were worked in the downcast division, while pumping gear operated in the other division, called the "upcast." The pit being very wet, large pumping apparatus was required, and the pumps in use were capable of lifting one hundred and eighty tons of water at each stroke.

The steam-engine affording power to the pumps was close to the pits, and, as in all similar erections of steam-engines for pumping, a huge iron beam projected over the upcast half of the shaft. To this were attached the rods or "spears" which moved the pumps. Every visitor to the north knows the appearance of these gigantic beams, which first plunge down, and then press up the pumping apparatus of the coal-pits. These arms seem to move regularly by a painful effort, and to be groaning under their ceaseless labour night and day. They weigh many tons; but, strange to say, have never broken before. The Hartley beam was the first to fail of the many which have exhausted thousands of gallons of water in this great colliery district.



Top of a shaft:—*a*, workmen unhooking the coal-baskets; *b*, the clapper for signals from below; *c*, iron tub with pitmen descending; *d*, unloading coals for screening.

The effect of the fracture of the beam was of course to allow the broken portion to fall into and stop up that division of the shaft (the upcast) over which it had hitherto been suspended, and towards which it had continually descended, whenever it worked the pumps. The breakage is not to be accounted for by any apparent defect in the iron of the beam, and some other cause for the accident must be sought. As yet, nothing but conjecture can be offered. Probably one of the pump-rods broke, and caused a stoppage in the action of the pumps, whereby a sudden tension strained the chief rods, which snapped. By this, or some means, the equilibrium of the huge beam was destroyed. The weight of the "spears" and the column of water lifted was about forty tons; and if this were suddenly disconnected from the beam, of course the previous equilibrium, contrived to bear their weight, would be destroyed at once, and the mass of unbalanced metal might have snapped at the axis. This, indeed, appears to be the solution which the most experienced engineers give of the problem.

It is not perhaps easy for an uninstructed reader to understand how such a fall would block up all access to the miners below, but this will be more intelligible when it is explained that such a fall brought total ruin into the shaft, slackening all the pumping-gear, the brattice, the woodwork, and, to use a common word, jamming the whole together into a densely confused mass. The men who were in the movable cage at the time, either descending or ascending in the other or downcast division, were instantly killed. But it does not follow that the others would have lost their lives, had there only been a second shaft, or another exit from the pit. In this *one*-shaft system lay the principal cause of the death of the the majority. The one door to the mine being barred, there was no further hope unless it could be broken in. And this one entrance was probably not in the most perfect state.

The observations made in some journals at the time render it apparent that this one-shaft system is an exception, and that the Hartley owners are chargeable with guilty negligence. But the truth is, the one-shaft system is prevalent over the entire district in minor collieries,—and the Hartley owners stand only in the common category with others around them. Mines are commenced with single shafts, and other shafts are added when the extent of excavation requires them. Very unwise observations are made respecting remedies when accidents like that under notice occur. Nothing appears easier than to say, "render it legally necessary to have two shafts;" yet few things would be more difficult to enforce. It is extremely doubtful whether any law ought to interfere with modes of mining, and if two shafts were obligatory from the first, many mining enterprises might be shunned or abandoned. Then the expense of a shaft in some circumstances is very considerable. I have descended one single shaft (Monkwearmouth pit) near Sunderland, which was said to have cost £80,000. Of course this is an extreme case.* But when the subject was much discussed some years ago (for it is an old subject of dispute), colliery managers declared the expense rendered two shafts in all cases impracticable. On the other side, it was sought to be shown that a shaft might generally be sunk to a moderate depth for about £10,000. Admit that it could, and then would the Legislature be justified in enforcing such an outlay in every case? If it would, let the law be passed, but such a project probably would be resisted and opposed to the uttermost.

* It appeared in the evidence given at the inquest on the Hartley accident, that the shaft at that pit cost £3600 in sinking. But this shaft was only 600 feet deep, whereas many others are from 1000 to 1500 feet deep. In the Hartley mine, *two* shafts like the one (though less) could have been sunk for about £4500. But had the *walling*, or brick-lining, been properly continued to the bottom, they would have cost more. The shaft in use was particularly *wet*, as 600 gallons of water had to be pumped up every minute. It is important to notice that the "staple" or mode of communication between the lowest seam and the surface could have been made for £300.

The real and apparently inexcusable fault is the leaving of the underground workings without ample communication with each other. In this very Hartley pit there are three coal-seams, and between the lower and middle one (a distance of 160 feet) there was a communication by means of an elongated narrow passage, up which the men retreated from the lower to the middle seam, where they were at work at the time of the accident. This was suitable enough for the incipient stages of mining; but there does not appear to have been any communication for the 180 feet lying between the middle and the upper seam. Had such a channel existed, it has been affirmed that all the men might have emerged to the surface in a quarter of an hour. On all such topics, however, we require the fullest and fairest information before we attach blame to parties who may be able to exculpate themselves. One thing is manifest in this Hartley catastrophe, namely, that the shaft was so completely shivered and battered, that an immense mass of shale and sand came down from the sides, and to pierce through this speedily was impracticable.

Blame must not be hastily thrown on the Government inspector of the district. His powers are not unlimited, his time is fully occupied, and he may not have inspected this particular pit, seeing that it was not "fiery," or gaseous, and was comparatively a contracted work.

That 205 poor fellows were hurried into eternity by this catastrophe, is acknowledged on all hands to be inexpressibly shocking. Never before has a colliery accident awakened such wide and deep public sympathy. A kind and gentle voice from the throne has spoken words of noble sympathy. The Royal Widow has expressed her compassion for the widows of pitmen. Money is not wanting, and doubtless a goodly sum will in the end be raised from all classes of the community, to succour, as far as money can, the widows and the fatherless. It is a desolate district that Hartley; we remember it well, for there we passed a night after the fatigues of visiting some neighbouring mines. The sea is close by, and one may imagine how solemnly and sorrowfully it now seems to moan for those whose eyes lately beheld it, but shall never more look upon its spreading waters. We hear of shipwrecks, and talk familiarly of the dangers of the sea, but the recent catastrophe has now attracted attention to the dangers of the mine. There are mine-wrecks as well as shipwrecks, nor do the horrors of the latter often exceed those of the former. It might seem strange that while shipwrecks have been the themes of song and sermon, the subject of public inquiry and public report, the deaths and disasters of mines have, until of late years, been so unfrequently noticed, and hidden in a darkness as thick as the mine itself. But this will hardly be strange, when we remember the remoteness of the localities, their isolation from the great centres of congregating humanity, and the fact that until about twenty-two years ago, when the Assistant-Commissioner of the Children's Employment Commission, personally visited and explored the principal British mining districts, not a public inquirer had ever set foot underground. That Commission, or rather the Reports of the visiting Commissioners, brought a whole underground world to light, and from that time the public eye has been occasionally directed towards the regions of coal and darkness.

Having devoted much time and thought to the subject of accidents in coal-mines, we think a popular explanation of the causes and results of such disasters, derived from our own personal investigations and observations, may be acceptable to the readers of *Good Words*, and enable them to form some well-grounded opinion upon the fatalities which annually *destroy about one thousand of our miners.* A thousand healthy workmen swept off every year, upon an average, and never below nine hundred, is a calamity only requiring to be known in order to secure the attention of the people to the possibility of considerably diminishing the number. Speaking from a knowledge now extending over some years, of what our coal-miners are, and what the mines are in which they work, while at the same time we have no personal interest in, or expectations from, any mining undertaking, we may be at least regarded as impartial witnesses, and as free from any undue bias towards employers or employed. We have conversed repeatedly and for days together with both parties. We have visited both in their homes and their cottages, and we have endeavoured to form independent opinions on what we have heard and seen.

It may be desirable upon another occasion to describe the exterior of a coal-pit and of the people who work in it; but, for the present purpose, we shall at once introduce our readers to the interior of the mine, and come directly to the dangerous part of pit-life.

To enable those who have never visited a coal-pit, or even inspected a model of one, to form a conception of its form and plan of excavation, we may adopt some plain and merely approximate explanations. A large Newcastle coal-pit, if wrought upon modern principles, is, in fact, an extended piece of *panel-work*, the whole area being divided into quadrangular portions, each of which is termed a panel, and contains an area of from eight to twelve acres. A solid wall of coal, of from forty to fifty yards thick, defines and separates each such division, and through this wall are driven roads and air-courses by which the coal in the panel may be brought forth. Four such panels, being connected together by roads made through the separating walls, would make a complete coal-mine upon the Newcastle system of working. Each panel would be itself crossed and intersected with road-ways and air-passages, and ultimately become an epitome of the whole mine. By thus subdividing the mass of strata into squares, a tolerably regular set of solid pillars and open passages alternate together, and all the passages communicate with one another, and with the great main-ways of the mine which lead directly to and from the shaft. Some idea of the whole may be formed from the plan of a small portion given below, as an illustration of the modes of ventilation. The shaft is, as it were, the eye of the mine, and where there are two shafts, the two eyes of an animated body are represented. They let in all the sunlight which the mine can receive, and they radiate forth all its humanity and meaning.

If we may take a homely and approximate verbal illustration of such a mine, let us conceive St. Paul's and the Monument of London to represent the two shafts, and ourselves and the streets we traverse the workmen and the interior of the pit. St. Paul's Churchyard and the Monument-yard shall be the busy spaces at the bottom of the shafts; Cheapside shall be the main-way of the pit, and the numerous streets branching off right and left from it—as Bread Street, Queen Street, etc.—may be the side passages. The streets crossing these again give us an idea of the narrow continuous excavations of the smaller dimensions; and if we could make these in both cases regular, we should in both have a system of panel-work. The blocks of houses in the city would be as pillars in the pit, and could we but suddenly let down a thick covering over the roofs, and exclude light and air, we should have the counterpart of a northern coal-pit, even as we have it very nearly upon a foggy November or December day. More than twice or thrice recently we have thought our comparison not inapt as we tramped along Cheapside and by St. Paul's: city and coal-pit were equally dark, equally miry, and equally perilous; for the dangers of the road, arising from omnibuses and careering cabs, are hardly much less in a city mist than the dangers from falls and fire-damp in a coal-pit.

The distance from St. Paul's to the Monument, however, conveys no adequate notion of the extent of a large coal-mine. We ourselves have paced along some four miles underground in direct lines, and some five miles in winding and intersecting passages. Yet, as we have been informed, we had but entered into the far interior, had but trod the suburbs of the vast howling wilderness of pit-waste, had but passed through the great main passages, and a few side passages, leaving miles upon miles of close and damp darkness untrodden. Tracing our progress afterwards upon a colliery map, we have come to understand how little we had explored; and there is one old pit, not many miles from Newcastle, in which, if all the passages had to be passed through by a human being, he would be required to travel more than fifty miles. There is, indeed, a saying current in the North, that the pits at Killingworth have more than a hundred miles of excavation; this, however, we doubt, not from actual knowledge, but from the very magnitude of the space. Remembering how difficult it is to cut through even one mile of solid and dense coal strata, we can hardly credit that any one mine has more than one hundred miles of gallery excavation! In the process of working out the strata for fifty or sixty years, of course vast hollows would be made, and a mile a year would certainly not be an excessive estimate for a very busy mine.

It must be remembered that the whole of these excavations have been, and are being made by human hands. No coal-cutting machinery has yet been brought into operation below the surface, at least to any extent; and we might well be astonished if we could reckon the entire aggregate of coal-mining excavation in the north of England. That it exceeds by much *one thousand miles* we have no doubt. Twenty or thirty of the older and larger collieries could make up this amount of mileage, and if we should add together all the excavations in the vicinity of the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, we should probably be quite safe in assuming the subterranean streets and ways as extending in all over *fifteen hundred* miles; that is, by piecing together every hollow way from first to last, and from Tyne to Tees. Think, then, of these fifteen hundred miles as the handiwork of thousands of human beings who have wrought in darkness, not because they loved the darkness rather than the light, and not because their deeds were evil, but simply because there alone, far from sunbeam and flowers and glittering streams, could they earn their honest wages, and hardly win the bread that should support home and family.

In the counties of Durham, Northumberland, and Cumberland alone there are some thirty or forty thousand of our fellow-creatures dependent upon the wages derived from this kind of work, including all that is associated with it at the surface and around the pit. Each principal colliery is itself a little town or village, around which, as a centre, are gathered all the operators and mechanisms needful for getting and sending the valuable mineral fuel to market. To depict the lives, manners, modes of thought and behaviour of these people at home and in the mine, may be our chosen task on some future occasion. At present we confine our remarks to their subterranean perils.

In every such large excavation as we have described, there is this important difference between what is above ground and what is below ground—the latter demands the air which the former naturally has. When we have shut two or three hundred men and boys seven hundred or a thousand feet underground, and sometimes fourteen or fifteen hundred feet, we have sent them away from the prime necessity of life—pure atmospheric air. The farther they penetrate into the interior of the pit, the farther they recede from their natural support, and unless we can send that after them and to them, all attempts to get coal are hopeless. They must have air, or die. There is a *natural ventilation* produced by the mere communication of two shafts; the air will descend one and ascend the other, or partly descend and ascend both, unless a vacuum is created in one of the two. Yet in all natural ventilation the air will take the shortest course from shaft to shaft, and therefore only ventilate a passage or two of the mine, and even those inefficiently. But the men are distributed over most of the passages, and as the pit enlarges, they proceed to greater and greater distances from the shafts and the main-way or Cheapside of the underground city. No air, of purity or amount, will reach them there, unless compelled to go to them. Then when we come to estimate the quantity of air required by each man, and collectively by the whole number of men in the pit, we have a new element, viz., the explosive gases which exude from the coal in what are termed "fiery mines"—that is, those which are particularly subject to explosions. This redoubles the necessity for efficient ventilation. The naturally deleterious state of a limited space in which human beings breathe for some eight or ten hours together is bad enough, but this deleteriousness, increased by the exuda-

tion of gas, renders the place perfectly intolerable. The interior recess of an imperfectly ventilated pit is, as we can testify from painful recollections, one of the most pestiferous places conceivable. No tongue will ever tell what terrible sufferings have been endured in such places in years that are past, before good ventilation was understood and practised. An old pitman here and there can remember something of the oppression of head and heart which accompanied his working hours in darkness; but the old have died off, and the tales of "bad air" have died out with them. Many a "black hole" has held human beings besides that at Calcutta, and many a miner has gone out of the mine and out of the world, with asthma or pulmonary complaints, long before the natural term of his life. It was of no use to complain; upon the old plans good air was not to be had, though good workmen were, and dozens of new men filled up the places of those who did not live out half their days. One aged pitman described to us a state of things some forty years before, that would scarcely be credited if now detailed. The effect, however, of these evils, though now abolished, is visible in the deteriorated physical condition of the present and rising generation of pitmen.

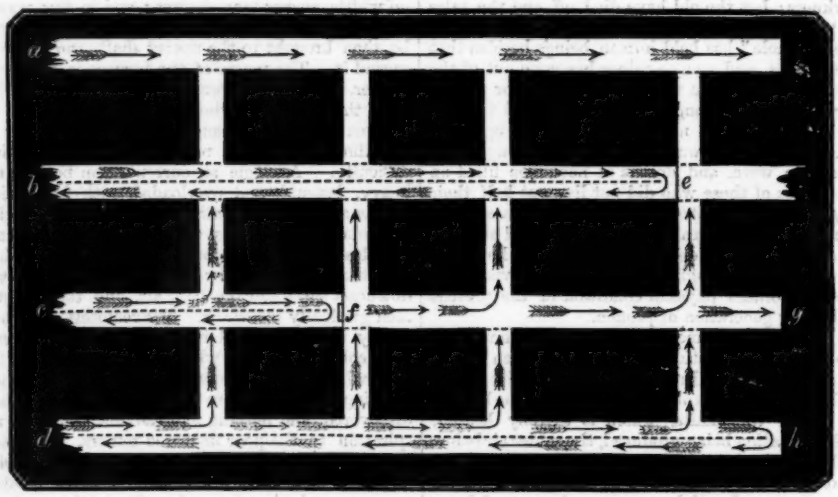
Obviously some mechanical means of increasing the natural ventilation between two open shafts must be devised. In small pits an open iron grate is filled with coal, kindled, and fixed at the bottom of one of the shafts, which is thereby heated, and rarefaction being produced, the colder air below rushes up the heated vacancy. This method will produce a circulation of a thousand feet of air per minute. In all larger pits a furnace of large size takes the place of the small grate, and fulfils all the most important requisites of a ventilating motive power by its rarefying efficiency, its uniform action, and the easy control of which it admits. A broad, glowing, fiery mass of coals is kept ever burning at the bottom of one shaft, which then takes the place of a vast chimney or flue to the furnace, and technically forms the "upcast shaft." The other, or "downcast shaft," then stands as the inlet of all pure air to the mine, while the upcast is the outlet of all that has become impure. Thus the circulation of air in the pit originates in its expansion by heat, and is partly maintained by it, but the air must not be overheated, otherwise it becomes a drag instead of an impelling power, and ceases to perform its full duty.

Still the great difficulty remained of compelling the air to visit every quarter of the mine. Naturally the heat of the furnace would only quicken its attempts to escape by the shortest transit between the two shafts. If the temperature in the upcast shaft be raised to fifty or eighty degrees, by so much is the speed of the air-current accelerated, but not its ventilating and distributive efficacy.

How is this to be secured? How is the air-current to be forced to visit every man in the mine, as if the overseer were going his rounds of inspection? This problem has been practically solved by what may now appear a simple mechanical arrangement, but which for several years remained unknown and unapplied. The arrangement is this:—Air is as ductile as water, and for ventilating purposes can be rendered equally subservient to man's guidance. By erecting milldams and stoppings we can divert a stream from its direct course, and we can in like manner divert air. By placing barriers of brick, stone, or wood in every desirable position in the pit, we can stop the air-current in all such positions, and divert it into others; can compel it to advance first up a portion of the main passage, and then to turn to the right hand or to the left at pleasure. It may turn off at every corner, and go whithersoever man desires; and in this way a single air-current can be taken round the whole pit, be then brought to the upcast shaft, and made to ascend it. The power of the furnace is its secret master, dragging it onward evermore, and making itself the end of the whole aërial journey.

Even with this arrangement and attracting or impelling force, there remained a great practical difficulty. A single air-current soon became too heavy, languid, and overloaded with impurities. It was as sensible to fatigue and laxity of motion towards the end of its work as a human being. The last visited, therefore, were far less refreshed than the first set of the colliers. Those nearest the downcast shaft had the best air, and the remoter men gradually the worst. The remotest of all had a very indifferent and impure supply. The eminent colliery engineer who devised the remedy for this evil, explained it personally to me underground. Nothing could be more beautifully simple when discovered, and nothing more advantageous for respiration to the poor immured miners. The plan is to *split the air*, to divide a single, largely voluminous column of air into two or three smaller currents, and to make each split do the work of the entire column under previous arrangements. The original column can be divided as easily as water, merely by erecting a longitudinal division of woodwork or wall-work in the centre of a passage. The air impinging upon the edge of this wall splits itself into two currents. Place a carving-fork on your table, and conceive of the single column as first represented by the handle and its continuation. Then conceive of the split current, as represented by the two prongs of the fork, and you have an idea of the principle. But the nearest representation upon the surface of the earth, is that of an irrigated meadow, where the stream is seen to flow into every little channel cut out for it, and speedily to fill up the whole. Just so is the coal-pit aired in every part, and the air-currents may be split into as many subdivisions as are necessary. Commonly three or four splits will answer all demands, and by this method the whole pit may be benefited with almost simultaneous ventilation, and allowance being made for unequal depths, irregular lengths of air-courses and other inequalities, we can approximate to a simple relation between the quantity of coal consumed in the furnace, and the quantity of air passing through the mine and up the shaft. It is, however, found in the larger mines, that the effective results are small in proportion to the motive power employed; and the furnace power measured by the consumption of coal, by the heat imparted to the upcast shaft, or by the pressure of the air current upon the stoppings and wooden doors, is equal to the production of aërial currents three or four times as swift as those now generally

obtained. About 100,000 cubic feet of air are now passed every minute through the largest northern mines, such as Hetton. From this maximum downwards, the amounts of air poured down vary in accordance with the demand of each mine. The annexed illustration may serve to show how the currents of air circulate in a portion of a coal-mine, in accordance with the arrangements just explained. The dark portions of this ground-plan of the pit, represent the solid pillars left for support, and the long passages *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, show the waggon-ways and galleries in the long direction, while the short transverse passages are the means of communication between the long galleries. All these longitudinal and transverse passages are presumed to have free inter-communication, the only obstacles being the partial stoppages set up for directing or diverting the current of ventilating air.



In the illustration, dotted lines represent such stoppages, and these are here employed arbitrarily in order to explain the different devices. In the first long passage, *a*, no stopping is shown in the length, and therefore the air, signified by arrows, rushes straight onward to the end. In the second long passage, *b*, a dotted line runs along to *e*, where there is a full stopping, and where, therefore, the arrows turn round the dotted line, and show the air-current (which had been split by the partition or dotted line into two currents) returning to *b*. In the passage *c*, the same kind of longitudinal division, or dotted line, is carried as far as *f*, and there the split current of air turns round towards *c*. But at *f* there is a door, which, when shut, drives the air round the dotted line, and when open permits the air to rush onward to *g*. Such doors are frequent in pits, and answer the purpose of allowing the transit of coal or waggons and men, and of driving back the in-rushing air immediately afterwards, and making it go back towards *c*. In the fourth passage, *d*, a longitudinal division is erected for the whole length, and therefore causes the divided current to start from *d*, and when it arrives at *h* to turn round and come back to *d*. As there are no stoppings in the transverse passages on its left, a portion of air runs up those passages, and would go on but for the stoppages (dotted lines) at their ends.

It will now be manifest how a large pit (which is but a multiplication of such portions as that here annexed) may be thoroughly ventilated in every part by the device of stoppings and doors, and other longitudinal and transverse obstacles. In the ventilation of an extensive mine, the regulation of the air-currents and their splits is a complicated business, but the principle is the same in every case; wherever there is no line drawn, the air-current will rush on; wherever there is a stopping it will take the speediest course away from such stopping.

The division of a single shaft by a longitudinal "brattice" has a similar object. It does not split the air-current, but it makes one air-passage perform the part of two.

A larger amount of air than the average is necessary for fiery pits. A "fiery pit," in mining language, is one peculiarly liable to explosions of the fiery gases. Of the inflammable gases which infest mines, the most prevalent and the most dangerous is light carburetted hydrogen. Look at the thousands of gas-lights illuminating any civic street at night, and remember that every one of those glimmering, artificially conducted stars, is an illustration of the fearful fires that slumber in coal-seams. Those gas-lights are chemically *heavy* carburetted hydrogen gas; the *fire-damp* of coal mines is of a kindred nature, but *light* instead of heavy.* A fiery coal-

* Carburetted hydrogen is in modern chemical language a *hydro-carbon*, a term used to denote those bodies which consist of carbon and hydrogen only. When ordinary coals are distilled at very high temperatures, as in the production of gas, a certain order of hydro-carbons is produced; when distilled at a low heat, they yield other and fluid hydro-carbons.

pit therefore is a kind of natural gasometer, and as the exposure of a naked light causes an explosion underground, so we have its analogue on the surface in the explosions which have frequently occurred by introducing a lighted candle into cellars and rooms where street gas has escaped. Some years ago, the windows were blown out, and the walls shattered, in the lower part of a house in Albany Street, Regent's Park. This was merely a house explosion instead of a coal-pit explosion, from a like cause, the chemical difference of the gases being of no popular moment.

The precise condition in which fire-damp exists in the coal itself has never been scientifically determined. It is, however, known to exist therein in a high state of tension. Some seams, and those commonly the best for household consumption, contain it in large quantities. The old Wallsend pit, now closed, was a terribly fiery one. A good coking and brightly burning coal is such, partly in consequence of its fiery character. Hence it happens that the fiery seams are the most wrought, and that particular pits have a succession of explosions in them. In the history of these calamities it will be found that they do not originate promiscuously in mining districts, but almost always in mines already distinguished by previous disaster. This fact, not generally known, has an important bearing upon the possible cures of these calamities.

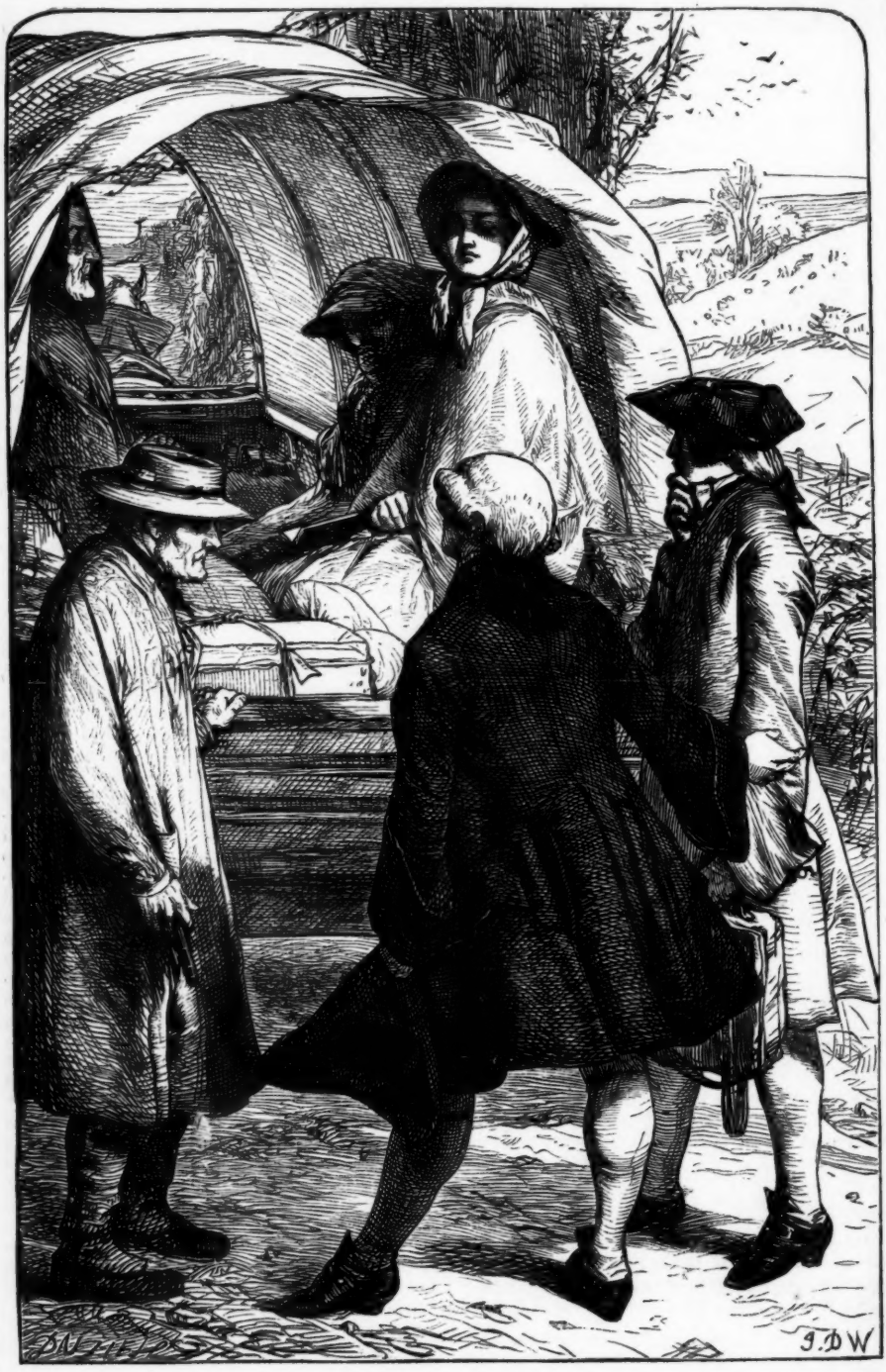
The quantity of fire-damp exuding from fiery seams is unequal and inconstant. It may be small with a high barometer, and with careful management; it will probably be large with a low barometer and carelessness in working. When the atmosphere presses heavily upon the coal-seam, it will serve the more securely to imprison the gas; when the atmosphere presses less heavily, the gas has more chance of escape. The most serious cases are those in which the imprisoned gas dislodges a loosened block of coal or stone from its place, and then rushes suddenly and overflowingly into the pit, fouling all the passages, and loading the air-currents with its volume. It has been known in this way to spread over a large space in five minutes, and in ten or fifteen minutes to derange the ventilation for a considerable distance. In any such condition the introduction of a flame for one second produces an explosion co-extensive with the gaseous derangement. All human beings who are within this area will be subjected to burning and death at the first or perhaps the second blast. A few charred lumps, very like a mass of charcoal, will be all that remains of them. Some few may escape singed or scorched in one or more limbs. We have talked with men thus marked or maimed, and shuddered to hear their accounts of their narrow escapes from the raging flame.

The gaseous coal must and will be wrought. Thousands have wrought it at the expense of their lives, and thousands of charred corpses have been committed to graves in the northern churchyards, or even yet sleep unrecovered from the recesses of the exploded pits. To diminish, and if possible prevent, these numerous and dreadful deaths, Sir Humphry Davy invented his miners' safety-lamp, commonly called the Davy-lamp. Its precise principle belongs to the refinements of science, but its operation may be easily understood. It consists of an oil-lamp, enclosed in a cylinder of very fine wire-gauze, of which the apertures should be 480 in number to a square inch of surface. In such case the flame of the oil-lamp will not pass through the wire-gauze, though the light will, and thus a moderate illumination and ordinary safety are combined in a portable lamp. It was never declared to be *absolutely safe* under all contingencies—though vulgarly supposed to be so—but it was presented to the miners as a help, a partial remedy for a dreadful danger. The cases where it will prove insufficient are manifest. A fall from the roof may break the gauze, or an extraordinary outburst of fire-damp may fill the interior of the lamp with a fierce flame which will speedily melt the wires; but for ordinary circumstances, and with fair usage, it is now generally accepted as a sufficient friend in need. It has been greatly improved by subsequent additions and modifications, and the latest lamps are admirable instruments, reasonably safe, and invaluable companions in the depths of coaly darkness. It should be universally known that although the original Davy-lamp is not infallible, yet it is safe in *ordinary mining*, and that if a nearer approach to absolute infallibility is required, it may be obtained in one or more of the improved mining-lamps employed abroad and at home, particularly in the lamps of Muesseler, Glover, Mackworth, and some others.

Taking all the causes of accidents into consideration, we entertain a firm conviction that it would be possible to reduce the annual average of deaths by colliery accidents to nearly one-half their present amount. In one district an extensive colliery development has taken place without any additional increase of deaths. That explosions will occasionally happen is but too probable, owing to the enormous and irrepressible eruptions of fire-damp which sometimes burst forth from roof and floor of coal strata; but that explosions may be rather exceptional, than evils of regular recurrence in one or other fiery mine, most practical men are ready to admit. Competent, unbiassed, and systematic inspection, having authority to enforce the adoption of well-founded rules and precautions, would save hundreds of lives every year, and even the sparing of one hundred lives annually would warrant all the precautionary measures we should demand.

Let public opinion be brought to bear upon this melancholy but most momentous topic. To take a fair estimate in round numbers, think of from at least *thirty to forty thousand lives having been lost in Britain during the present century, in peaceful labour*, in imparting warmth at home, and sustaining commerce abroad; and then we may be disposed seriously to reflect how far we are, as a great, humane, and Christian nation, guiltless of the past, how far responsible for the future.

J. R. LEIFCHILD.



A CAST IN THE WAGGON.

A CAST IN THE WAGGON.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS."

CHAPTER I.—DULCIE'S START IN THE WAGGON, AND HER COMPANY.

OLD and young were clamouring hoarsely and shrilly by daybreak one September morning round a little girl, one of a cloth-worker's numerous family. She had been rather a tender lass, and change of air was thought good for her full growth. Though she was still small, she was close on her one-and-twenty years, and her friends held it was high time for her to see the world. It was seeing the world to go with a late mayor's daughter, an orphan and an heiress, who had been visiting the cloth-worker's family, and would have Dulcie to live with her for a while in her neighbouring town as a friend and companion.

Mind these worthy warm-hearted relatives of Dulcie's had no idea of her returning to her parent's nest in a hurry, though the two towns Fairfax and Redwater were within a day's journey by waggon of each other. Dulcie would see the world, and stay in her new abode in the next country town, or lose her character for dignity and spirit; and girls were fain to be thought discreet and decided a hundred years ago or so. She might as lief marry as not, when she was away on her travels. Girls married then with far less trouble than they accomplished such a journey. They ran down to Richmond and married on a Saturday, to save a talk and a show; they walked out of the opera where Handel might be performing, and observant gentlemen took the cue, followed on their heels, and had the knot tied by a priest waiting in the house opposite the first chair stand. Indeed, they contracted the alliances so unceremoniously, that they went to Queen Caroline's, or the princesses' drawing-room, without either themselves or the world appearing quite sure whether they were maids or wives. Dear! dear! what did come of these foolish impulsive matches? Did they fulfil the time out of mind adage, "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing?" or was it that other old proverb, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure?"—which was the truth?

It is a pity that you should see Dulcie, for the first time, in tears. Dulcie, who only cried on great occasions, in great sorrow or great joy—not above half-a-dozen times in her life. Dulcie, whom the small-pox could not spoil, with her pretty forehead, cat's eyes, and fine chin. Does that description give you an idea of Dulci—Dulcie Cowper, not yet madam, but any day she liked Mistress Dulcie? It seems expressive. An undersized, slight-made girl, with a little face so clearly, so very clearly cut, but round in all its lines as yet; an intelligent face, an enthusiastic face, a face that could be very shrewd and practical, and, at the same time, a face that could be lavishly generous. The chief merit of her figure lay in this particular, that she "bridled" well. Yes, it is true, we have almost forgotten the old accomplishment of "bridling" the head up and the chin in, especially where the pliant knees bent in the low curtsey. Dulcie "bridled" as she prattled to perfection. She had light brown hair, of the tint of a squirrel's fur, and the smoothness of a mouse's coat, though it was twisted and twirled into a kind of soft willowy curls when she was in high dress. Ah! no wonder that Kit Cowper, the cloth-worker, groaned to see that bright face pass from his nine-pin alley; but it was the way of the world, or rather the will of Providence to the cloth-worker, that the child should fulfil her destiny—so Dulcie was launched on the sea of life, as far as Redwater, to push her fortune.

No wonder Dulcie was liked by Clarissa Gage. Clarissa was two years younger than Dulcie, but she was half-a-dozen years older in knowledge of the world, and therefore fell in love with Dulcie for the sake of variety. Clarissa had the bones of a noble woman under her pedantry and affectation; she was a peg above Dulcie in station, and a vast deal before her in the world's estimation. She was indeed "a fortune;" and you err egregiously if you suppose a fortune was not properly valued a hundred years ago. Men went mad for fair faces and glib tongues, but solidly and sensibly married fortunes, according to all the old news-prints. But Clarissa was also a beauty, far more of a regular beauty than Dulcie, with one of those inconceivably dazzling complexions that blushed on like a June rose to old age, and a stately height and presence for her years; and then she had dark brown curls of the deep brown of mountain waters, with the ripple of the same, which hung down in a wreath of tendrils on the bend of the neck behind. With all her gifts Mistress Clary had the crowning bounty which does not always accompany so many inferior endowments: she had sense under her airs, and she was good enough to like Dulcie instinctively, and to think how nice it would be to have Dulcie with her and Mrs. Cambridge in their formal brick house, with the stone coping and balcony, at Redwater. Besides, credit to her womanhood, Clarissa did reflect what a fine thing it would be for Dulcie Cowper getting up in years, really getting up in years, however young in spirit, to have the variety

and the additional chance of establishing herself in life. Certainly, Redwater was a town of more consideration than Fairfax, and had its occasional assemblies and performances of strolling players; and Clarissa, in right of her father's family, visited the vicar and the squire, and could carry Dulcie along with her, since the child's manners were quite genteel, and her clothes perfectly presentable.

It was a harmonious arrangement, to which not only Clarissa, but Mrs. Cambridge was agreed. Mrs. Cambridge was one of those worthy, useful persons, whom nobody in those strangely plain but decidedly aristocratic days—not even Clarissa and Dulcie, though they sat with her, ate with her, hugged her when they wanted to coax her, ever thought or spoke of otherwise than "Cambridge, a good sort of woman in her own way." The only temporary drawback to the contentment of the party was the shower of tears which fell at Dulcie's forcible separation from her relatives. It was forcible in the end; all the blessings had been given in the house—don't sneer, they did her no harm—no harm, but a vast deal of good; and only the kisses and tears were finished off in the street.

After all this introduction, it is painful to describe how the company travelled. It was in a stage waggon! But they could not help it. We never stated that they were out and out quality, and it was not all the quality who could travel in four coaches and six, with twelve horsemen riding attendance, and an unpaid escort of butchers, bakers, and apothecaries, whipping and spurring part of the way for the custom. What could the poor Commons do? There were not stage coaches in every quarter of the great roads; and really if they pocketed their gentility, the huge brown waggons were of the two extinct conveyances, the roomier, airier, safer both from overturns and highwaymen. The seats were soft, the space was ample, and the three unprotected females were considered in a manner incognito, which was about as modest a style as they could travel in. Of course they were not in their flowered silks, their lutestrings, their mantuas. We are assured every respectable woman travelled then in a habit and hat, and no more thought of hoops than of hair powder. The only peculiarity was that beneath their hats they wore mob-caps, tied soberly under the chin, and red or blue handkerchiefs knotted over the hat, which gave them the air of Welsh market-women, or marvellously clean and tidy gipsies. Clarissa was spelling out the words in *Pharamond*—a French classic; Dulcie was looking disconsolately straight before her through their sole outlet, the bow at the end of the waggon, which completed as pretty and fresh a circle of common and corn-field, with crimson patches of wood and the blue sky above, as one might wish to see. Occasionally the crack of a sportman's gun was heard to the right or left, followed by a pheasant or a string of partridges darting across the opening of the canvas car; but as yet no claimant had solicited the privilege and honour of sharing the waggon and the view with our fair travellers.

CHAPTER II.—TWO LADS SEEK A CAST IN THE WAGGON.

"Hullo, Joe! we want a lift," cries a brisk voice, and the couple of great steeds—they might have been Flanders mares, or Clydesdale horses, so powerful were they over the shoulders, so mighty in the flanks—almost swerved out of their direct line and their decorum. Two fellows suddenly started up from a couch, where they had lain at length on a hay-stack, slid down the height, crashed over an intervening bit of waste land, and arrested the waggoner in his smock-frock and clouted shoes.

"Get in, Will, and take possession. Ha! hum! here are ladies: where will we stow our feet? I declare that Will is on their skirts already, with more green slime than is carried on the breast of a pond. I believe he thinks them baggage—lay figures, as they've turned aside their heads. Gentlefolks, for a wager! duchesses in disguise! I must make up to them, anyhow. Ladies, at your service; I humbly beg your pardon for having so much as thought of incommoding you, but indeed I was not aware of your presence. Come, Will, tumble out again instantly, and do not let us be so rude as to plague the ladies."

Poor Will! very stiff and tired, stared about him, disturbed and discomforted, and prepared to perform the behest of his more energetic companion.

Dulcie did a little of her "bridling," but said never a word; Clarissa lifted her large, rather languishing eyes, let them fall again on her mittens, and remained dumb. They speak before they were spoken to! Not they; they knew better. At the same time, when Will stumbled as he alighted on his weary feet, they were guilty of an inclination to titter, though the accident was excusable, and the point of the joke small.

"You are very polite, sirs," protested Cambridge, making round eyes, and reddening and blowing at being constituted the mouthpiece of the party on any interest save that of victuals. "I vow it is very pretty behaviour; but as it is a public carriage, I don't think we are at liberty to deprive Joe of his money, and you, sirs, of your seats. What say you, Mistress Clary?"

"I decline to give an opinion," answered Clarissa with great dignity; in which she broke down a

little by adding hastily, in half audible accents, "Be quiet, Dulcie!" for Dulcie's risible faculties had been excited in a lively degree. She had been crying so lately that there was a hysterical turn in her mirth, and having once given way to it she could not restrain herself, but was making all sorts of ridiculous faces and spasms in her throat without effect. You see, these were two ordinary, happy young girls; and the stiff starch of their manners and pretensions only brought out in a stronger light, and with a broader contrast, their youthful frolicsomeness.

"I think, sirs, you may come in—that is, if you keep your distance," Mrs. Cambridge decided, with solemn reservation; and with a multitude of apologies and thanks the two young men, more considerate and courteous in their forward and backward fashion than many a fine gentleman of the time, clambered up, and coiled themselves into corners, leaving a respectful void between them and the original occupants of the waggon.

Tranquillity settled down on the travellers—a tranquillity only broken by the drowsy rumble of the waggon-wheels, and the perennial whistle of the stooping, grizzled waggoner. Dulcie was just thinking that they might have been Turks, they were so silent, when Mrs. Cambridge stirred the still atmosphere by the inquiry,—

"Pray, sirs, have you happened to fall in with any stubble chickens in your walk;—I think you said you had been walking hereabouts?" affording Clarissa an opportunity of complaining afterwards, in the retirement of the little inn's private room, that these young fellows would judge them a set of gluttons or farmers' daughters abroad for a holiday, aping gentlewomen, instead of being duchesses in disguise.

Although the girls never lifted their eyes, yet, by a magic only known to such philosophers, they had taken as complete an inventory of the young men, beginning at their wardrobes, as if they had looked at them coolly from head to foot for a whole half-hour. They were aware that the fellows were in plain suits, though one of them was not without the air of being fine on occasions. Their coats were cloth, not brocade or velvet; their ruffles were cambric, not lace; their shoe-buckles were only silver; their hats were trimmed with braid, and neither with gold nor silver edging. They were not my lords; they were not in regimentals; they did not rap out oaths; they had not the university air; they showed no parson's bands; they were not plain country bumpkins,—what were they?

After all, it was scarcely worth inquiry whether the new-comers belonged to law or physic; for the young women in their pride and petulance felt bound not to consider the investigation worth the trouble. The lad who was the leader, and who was unquestionably of gentle enough nurture, was a plain little fellow, sallow and homely-featured, although a good-natured person might suppose from his smiling sagacity that in animated conversation it would be quite possible to forget his face in his countenance. The other was ruddy, with a face as sharply cut as a girl's, and delicate features not fitting his long limbs—clearly he was no better than a nincompoop. Yes, the girls were perfectly justifiable in whispering as the waggon stopped to bait at the "Nine Miles House," and they got out to bait also,—

"What a pair!"

"Such a fright, the little fellow, Clary!"

"Such a goose, the tall fellow, Dulcie!"

It is a sad truth that foolish young women will judge by the exterior, leap at conclusions, and be guilty of rude and cruel remarks.

> "Nor make a scruple to expose
> Your bandy leg and crooked nose."

What would come of it if the silly, sensitive hearts were in earnest, or if they did not reserve to themselves the indefeasible right of changing their opinions?

At the "Nine Miles House" the wayfarers rested, either in the sanded parlour, or the common kitchen of the ale-house. Mrs. Clarissa and her party had the sanded parlour for themselves; the young men, with their cramped legs, stumbled into the flitch-hung kitchen, the more entertaining room of the two, and had plates of beans and bacon, and a toast, and a tankard; for the day was in September, and the wind was already bracing both to body and appetite. Mrs. Clarissa carried her private stores, and Cambridge laid out her slices of roasts and broils, plates of buns and comfits, and cruets with white wines; but when did a heroine remain in a sanded parlour in an inn, when she could stroll over the country and lose her way, and get run at by wild cattle, and stared at by naughty gentlemen? Clary was not so mean-spirited, though she was physically lazier than Dulcie; she was mentally wild to scamper across the stubble fields (where Cambridge expected chickens to roam in flocks), and to wander, book in hand, by yon brook with the bewitching pollards.

Dulcie could not accompany her. Dulcie being a practical woman, a needle in innocent sharpness, had peeped about the waggon to inspect their luggage, and had found to her horror that one of her boxes had burst its fastenings—that very box with her respected mother's watered tabby, and her one lace head on the place of honour on the top. So she and Cambridge had an earnest consultation on the accident, which resulted in their proceeding to tuck up their skirts, empty the receptacle with the greatest care and tenderness, and repack it

with such skill that a rope would replace its rent hinges. Dulcie was not for walking.

Clarissa was thus forced to saunter alone, and after she had got to the brook and the pollards, she sat down, and leant her arms on the bars of an old farm gate. Soon tiring of looking about her, staring at the minnows and the late orange coltsfoot and white wild ranunculus, and the straw-coloured willow leaves dropping into the water, she took out of her pocket that little brown French classic *Pharamond*, and started again to accompany the French story-teller, advancing on the very tallest of stilts that story-teller ever mounted. It was a wonder truly that Clary on her mossy bank, and by her rustic stile, had not preferred the voices of the winds and the waters, the last boom of the beetle, the last screech of the martin, the last loud laugh of the field-workers borne over a hedge or two on the breeze, to the click and patter of these absurd Frenchmen's tongues.

At last Clarissa bethought her of the hour, sprang up, carefully put away her volume—volumes and verses were precious then—and began to pick her steps homewards. Ah! there had been a wretch of a man looking at her—actually drawing her in his portfolio—the ugly fellow in the waggon. Thank goodness he could not have recognised her as his fellow-traveller; he had copied the old farm-gate from the other side, and he could only have got a glimpse of her figure through the bars with not so much as the crown of her hat above them. He had only put her in faithfully by a line or two, and three dots, and he did not observe her now as she passed behind him and scanned his performance ere she scampered off. But what a risk she had run of having her likeness taken without her knowledge or consent, and carried about the country by a walking gentleman!

It was quite an adventure; yet how could Clary think so when an earthquake and a whole town burnt to ashes were nothing in her French novels; but still true to the instinct of personality which causes us to think a mole-hill, in reference to our dear selves, a world more momentous and interesting than a mountain in reference to a princess of the blood-royal—stately Clarissa flew off like a lapwing to tell Dulcie that she had just had such an escape, and hit on such a discovery—she had found out all about the two fellows; they were a couple of painters. Marry! it was a marvel to see the one so hearty, and the other so rosy. Doubtless they did not have an odd penny in their purse between them.

Clarissa came too late; she encountered Dulcie running out to meet her, all alive with the same news, only gathered in a more orthodox manner. The fair, soft lad, whom they had reckoned a nincompoop, had shaken himself up in his companion's absence, and had offered his landlady a drawing for his share of the dinner, "if you will score the value off the bill." And the landlady had repeated the story to Cambridge and Dulcie when she showed the picture to them, and expressed her conviction that the lad was far gone in the spleen—he seemed always in a brown study; too quiet-like for a lad. She should have no peace in her mind about him if she were any way related to him. Bless her heart! he would sell another for something much less than a crown.

Dulcie had actually been chaffering with the painter, all in a glow for one of those wonderful groups of luscious peaches, mellow pears, July flowers, and striped balsamine, singing birds and fluttering insects, full of extravagant beauty. In the business, too, Dulcie had been by far the more overcome of the two. The painter roused to a job, had not cheated her; on the contrary, he had been as usual a conscientious spendthrift of his powers. He had conducted the negotiation in the plainest, manliest spirit, looking the eager girl in the face with his blue eyes, and receiving her crown-piece in his hand, which was nobler than his face, inasmuch as it was seamed with the action of his paints and tools, without a notion of anything unbecoming or degrading.

The brother painter shook his head when he returned, and found what Will had been about in his absence.

"Man, man, didn't I bargain that I was to pay for your company, and haven't I put you in the worst bed, and allowed you the burnt meat and the sodden bread, and the valise to carry twice as often as I took it myself, to satisfy your plaguy scruples; and you could go and scurvily steal a march upon me the moment you were out of my sight! But," brightening immeasurably, and bowing low, "you have certainly contrived what I had not the face to attempt—an introduction to the ladies, although, no doubt, it was very simply done, and you are a very modest man, as I do not need to tell them. Ladies, I am Sam Winnington, son of the late gallant Captain Winnington, though I should not call him so; and this is Will Locke, the vagrant child of an excellent man, engaged, I believe, in the bookselling and stationery trade. We are painters, if it please you, on a tour in search of sketches and commissions. I beg to assure you, that I do portraits on a great scale as well as a small, and Will sometimes does lions in the jungle, besides larks in a tuft of grass."

Cambridge was more posed than ever by the fresh advance included in this merry speech; but the girls were quite of another mind, and took the matter forthwith into their own hands, as is usual with the class, and bore down caution and experience, particularly when it proceeded from their

housekeeper. They liked the young man's congenial sense and spirit, they secretly hankered after his vivacity, they were, with their dear woman's romance, all afire in three minutes about pictures, gods and goddesses, historic scenes, and even scratches in Indian ink. A true woman and a painter are hand and glove on a moment's warning in any age. Cambridge could but drop naturally into the background, and regard the constant puzzle.

"How girls can talk with fellows!"

The chance companions were once more packed into the waggon, pleasantly mixed together this time, and away they trundled yet many weary miles by the sunset and the light of the moon. The boughs in the horses' collars dangled brown, Cambridge and the waggoner nodded drowsily, but, divine privilege of youth, the spirits of the lads and lasses only freshened as the long day waned and they neared the goal. They were *dramatis personæ* on a moving stage, jesting like country folks going to a fair. Even Will Locke was roused and lively as he answered Dulcie's pertinacious, pertinent questions about the animal and vegetable life he loved so well; while Dulcie, furtively remembering the landlady's suggestion, wondered, kind heart, if she could use the freedom to mention to him that ground ivy was all but infallible in early stages of the spleen, and turnip broth might be relied on to check every incipient cough. Clarissa was coquettish, Sam Winnington was gallant. With all the girls' mock heroism, and all their arrogance and precision, trust me, girls and lads formed a free and friendly company in the end.

CHAPTER III.—REDWATER HOSPITALITY.

Clarissa and Dulcie did do the young men service in their calling. They said it would be a shame not to help two such likely fellows (you know they had undauntedly settled them a fright and a goose in the morning), they were assured they were industrious and worthy, they would give bail for their honesty. So they spoke right and left to the few influential families who were at Redwater of the two young painters, who had come by good luck with them in the waggon, had put up at the Rod and Fly, and were waiting for commissions. Had the Warrens or the Lorimers not heard of them? They would come bound they were a couple of geniuses, from their conversation.

The old world grinned, and said to the girls' faces that the lasses had better not be too zealous for the lads; let them manage their own business—they were generally fit for that, and something more into the bargain. Uncle Barnet would not care to have his niece Clary fling away herself and her tidy fortune on a walking gentleman, though he were a genius.

The result was that Dulcie "bridled" in a twitter of wounded faith and anger. Clarissa was superb and scornful. She ordered a full-length portrait, and fixed the hour for the sitting within the week. Dulcie set off alone with Master Will Locke—Dulcie, who knew no more of Redwater than he should have done, if his wits had not been woolgathering—to find the meadow which was beginning to purple over with the meadow saffron.

But for all the town's people laughed at Mrs. Clary's and Mrs. Dulcie's flights, they never dreamt of them as unbecoming, or containing a bit of harm. Fine girls like Clary and Dulcie, especially an accomplished girl like Clary, who could read French and do Japan, besides working to a wish in cross-stitch, and tent-sketch, were not persons to be slighted. The inhabitants saw for themselves that the painters had coats which were not out at elbows, and tongues, one of which was always wagging, and the other generally at rest, but which never said a word fairly out of joint. They needed no further introduction; the gentlemen called for the young men, the ladies curtsied to them in the bar of the Rod and Fly, in the church-porch, in the common shop, and began conversations with them while they were chaffering at the same counter for the same red ribbons to tie up the men and the women's hair alike; and they felt that their manners were vastly polite and gracious,—an opinion which was not far from the truth.

The Vicar lent the painters books. The Mayor invited them to supper. The nearest Justice, who was a family man, with a notable wife, had them to a domestic party, where they heard a little girl repeat a fable, and saw the little coach which the justice had presented to his son and heir, then in long clothes, in which he was to be drawn along the smooth oak-boarded passages of the paternal mansion as soon as he could sit upright.

Lastly, Clarissa Gage, under the sufficient guardianship of Cambridge, treated the strangers to a real piece of sport—a hop on the washing-green, under her mulberry-tree, which commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and ended with dusk and the bats, and a gipsy fire, and roasting groats and potatoes in the hot ashes, in imitation of the freakish oyster suppers which Clary had attended in town.

Clary took care to have her six couples well assorted, and not to be severed till the merry-making was over; she did not mind uniting herself to Master Sam Winnington, and Dulcie to Master Will Locke—mind! the arrangement was a courteous compliment to the chief guests, and it

gave continual point to the entertainment. The company took a hilarious pleasure in associating the four two-and-two, commenting openly on the distribution: "Mistress Clary is mighty condescending to this jackanapes." "Mistress Dulcie and t'other form a genteel pair."

To be sure the two young men heard the remarks, which they might have taken as broad hints, and the girls heard them too, uttered as they were without disguise; but so healthy were our ancestors, that nobody was put out—not even soft, mooning Will Locke. Nothing came of it that evening, unless a way Dulcie had of pressing her red lips together, throwing back her little brown head, shaking out the powder from her curls, and shaking down the curls themselves, with a gleeful laugh, which appeared to turn her own "bridling" into derision; and a high assertion of Clary's that she was determined never to wed a man beneath the rank of a county member or a peer. Now, really, after Clary had danced fifteen dances, and was about to dance other five, without stopping, with a portrait painter, of her own free will, this was drawing a longish and very unnecessary bow. But then Sam Winnington did not take it amiss or contradict her. He said she was right, and he had no doubt she would keep her word, and there was a quick, half-comic, half-serious gleam from the depths of his grey eyes which made Clarissa Gage look more bashful and lovelier than any man had ever yet beheld her. Pity the member or the peer could not have been that man!

Imagine the party after Mrs. Cambridge had provided them with some of her favourite chickens, and more substantial Dutch beef, with wet fruit and dry, cold Rhenish and sugar, and mulled wine against the dew and the damp feet, collecting merrily round the smoky fire, with little jets of flame shooting up and flashing out on the six couples! Sam Winnington in his silk stockings and points neatly trussed at the knee, was on all fours poking the blue and red potatoes into the glowing holes. Another man with rough waggishness suddenly stirred the fire with an oak branch, and sent a shower of sparks like rockets into the dark blue sky, but so near that it caused the women to recoil screaming and hiding their faces on convenient shoulders, and lodged half-a-dozen instruments of ignition and combustion in Sam Winnington's hair, singeing it and scorching his ears. Had Sam the painter not been the best-natured and most politic fellow in the world, he would have dragged the aggressor by the collar or the cuff over the smoking, crackling wood, and made the ladies shriek more simultaneously and in greater earnest.

There was the strange ruddy light now on this face, now on that, on Will Locke's as he overturned a shovel of groats at Dulcie's feet, and on Dulcie's as she was so eager to cover his blunder, that she quite forgot the circumstances of the case, and never came to herself till she had burnt all the five tips of her rosy fingers catching the miller's pearls. Then Will Locke was so sorry, stroked the fingers so daintily, hung upon Cambridge so beseechingly, imploring her to prepare a cool mash for Mistress Dulcie's finger-points, the moment they were all gone—that Dulcie could have cried for his tenderness of heart, and quickness and keenness of remorse.

Conjure up the whole fourteen—the Vicar and Cambridge of the number, when the fire had sunk white in ashes, when they could scarcely see each other's faces, and only guess each other's garments, having a round at "Puss in the corner," running here and rushing there, seizing this shoulder-knot, holding tight like a child by that skirt, drawing up, pulling back, whirling round all blowsy, all panting, all faint with fun and laughter, and the roguish familiarity which yet thought no evil. Very romping, was it not? very hoydenish? yes, certainly. Very improper? by no means. It was practised by dignitaries of the Church, still more classic than the Vicar scuttling and ducking after Cambridge (you never saw the like), and by the pink and pride of English womanhood.

Redwater was hospitable to these painter lads, as we understand hospitality, unquestioningly, ungrudgingly hospitable; but it was more than hospitable to them, it was profitable to them in a pecuniary sense, without which great test of its merits they could not long have tarried within its bounds. They were neither fools nor hypocrites to pretend to be clean indifferent to the main chance.

The Vicar fancied a likeness of himself in his surplice, which his parishioners might buy and engrave if they had a mind to preserve his lineaments when he was no longer among them. The Justice took a notion to have his big girls and his little girls, his boy and nurse, his wife, and himself as the sheltering stem of the whole young growth, in one canvas. Only grant, O Justice! that the doors be wide enough to admit the treasure, and we will not quarrel with the quantity of diamonds on your wife's stomacher.

But the great achievement was Sam Winnington's picture of Clarissa, "not as a crazy Kate this time," she told him saucily, "but myself in my hair and brocade, to show what a grand lady I can be." Thus Clarissa dressed herself out in one of those magnificent toilettes all in the autumn mornings, and sat there hours in state, for the sole benefit of posterity, unless Sam Winnington was to reap a passing advantage by the process. Clarissa in her brocade, with the stiff body and the skirt standing on end, her neckerchief drawn through the straps of her boddice, her bouquet pinned "French

fashion" on her side; surely that picture was a masterpiece. So speaking was the copy of her deep brown hair, her soft proud cheek, the wave of her ripe red lips, that a tame white pigeon accustomed to sit on her shoulder flew into the window right at the canvas, and, striking against the hard, flat surface, fell fluttering and cooing in consternation to the ground. If that was not an acknowledgment of the limner's fidelity, what could be?

Clary, in person, played my lady very well, reclining in her father's great chair. Clary's hall was roomy enough; it had its space for Sam Winnington's easel as well as Clary's harpsichord, and, what was more useful, her spinning-wheel, besides closets and cupboards without number. Sam Winnington entertained Clarissa; he was famous in years to come for keeping his sitters in good-humour. He told her of the academy and the president's parties, the public gardens and the wild beast shows; how the princesses had their trains borne as they crossed the park. He asked her what quality in herself she valued the most; and owned that he was hugely indebted to his coolness When his colours were not drying fast enough, he read her a page or two of grand heroic reading from Pope's *Homer* about Agamemnon and Achilles, Helen and Andromache; when she tired of that he was back again to the sparkling gossip of the town, for he was a brilliant fellow, with a clear intellect and a fine taste; and he had soon stored up and arranged elegantly on the shelves of his memory all the knowledge that was current, and a little more besides.

When he was gone, Clary would meditate what powers of conversation he had, and consider rather glumly how she would miss the portrait painter when he migrated to his native air, the town; how dull Redwater would be; how another face would soon supplant hers on his canvas! He had shown her others in his portfolio quite as blooming and dignified, though he had tumbled them carelessly over, and so he would treat hers when another's was fresh before him. Clary would be restless and cross at her own suppositions: for where is the use of being a beauty and a wit if one must submit to be either forgotten or beaten, even by a portrait painter?

In the meantime, the Vicar also wanted a *facsimile* of his hay-field, as it looked when the haymakers were among the tedded grass, the Dutch clover, the red sorrel, or under the Redwater ash-trees, to present him with a pleasant spectacle within, now that the bleak autumn was coming on, and there would be nothing without but soaked or battered ground, dark skies, muddy or snowy ways. The Mayor desired a pig-sty, with the most charming litter of little black and white pigs, as nice as guinea-pigs, and their considerably coarser grunting mamma, done to hand. He was a jolly, prosaic man, Master Mayor, very proud of his prosaicness, as you rarely see a real man of his poetry: he maintained, though Mrs. Mayor nearly swooned at the idea, that he would sooner have a pig-sty than a batch of heroes: perhaps the heroes of Master Mayor's day had sometimes wallowed in the mire to suggest the comparison. And Clarissa Gage would have her bower done—her clematis bower before the leaves were brown and shrivelled, and there only remained the loving spindle-shanked stems clinging faithfully to the half-rotten framework which they could no longer clothe with verdure.

What a bower Will Locke made of Clary's bower! as unique as Sam Winnington's portrait o Clary herself. It was not the literal bower, it would not have suited Master Mayor or the Justice, though it might have had a charm for the Vicar. We will go with the Vicar; although he also had his bombast, and, when elevated by company and cheer, denominated Cambridge a goddess, and raised in the poor woman's breast expectations never to be realized. We don't altogether approve. but we like that wonderful bit of work. There never were such deep damask roses as hung over the trellis, there never were such flaming sunflowers, or pure white lilies as looked in at the sides. Squirrels don't frequent garden bowers unless they are tamed and chained by the leg. Our robin redbreasts are in the fields in summer, and do not perch on boughs opposite speckled thrushes when they can get abundance of worms and flies among the barley. We have not little green lizards at large in England; the only one ever seen at Redwater was in the apothecary's bottle—still what a bower that is! What a blushing, fluttering bower, trilling with song, glancing and glowing with the bronze mail of beetles and the softened glory of purple emperors! What a thing it was to examine; how you could look in and discover afresh, and dwell for five minutes at a time on that hollow petal of a flower steeped in honey, on that mote of a ladybird crawling to its couch of olive moss.

Dulcie was speechless with admiration before this vision of Clarissa's bower. Heigho! it was an enchanted bower to Dulcie as it was to Will Locke. It was veritably alive to him, and he could tell her the secrets of that life. What perfume the rose was shedding! he smelt it about his palette. What hour of the clock the half-closed sun-flower was striking, whence the robin and the thrush had come, what bean fields they had flown over, what cottage doors they had passed, of what the lizard was dreaming in south or east as he turned over on his slimy side—all were plain to him.

Ostensibly Dulcie was taking lessons from Will

Locke in flower-painting, for Dulcie had a delicate hand and a just eye for colours, and the sweetest, natural fondness for this simple, common, beautiful world. And Will Locke was a patient, indulgent teacher. He was the queerest mixture of gentleness and stubbornness, shyness and confidence, reserve and candour. He claimed little from other people, he exacted a great deal from himself. He was the most retiring lad in society, backward and out of place; he was free with Dulcie as a girl of her own stamp could be. He had the most unhesitating faith in his own ability, he relied on it as on an inspiration, he talked of it to Dulcie, he impressed it upon her until he infected her with his own credulity, until she believed him to be one of the greatest painters under the sun. She credited his strangest imagination, and that quiet lad had the fancy of a prince of dreamers.

In the end Dulcie was humble and almost awed in Will Locke's presence. Now here comes the sign of Dulcie's innate beauty of character. Had Dulcie been a commonplace, coarse girl, she would have been wearied, aggrieved, fairly disgusted by Will Locke in three days. But Dulcie was brimful of reverence, she was generous to the ends of her hair, she liked to feel her heart in her mouth with admiration.

The truth of the matter was, Dulcie would have been fain to lift up Will Locke's pencil as they pretend Cæsar served Titian, to clean his palette, gather flowers for him, busk them into a nosegay, preserve them in pure water, and never steal the meanest for her own use, as another woman would never pluck a blossom from a votive wreath, or lift a bud from a garland laid before an altar. Will Locke was her saint, Dulcie was quite ready to be absorbed in his beams. Well for her if they did not scorch her, poor little moth!

Oh! Dulcie, Dulcie, your friends could not have thought it of you,—not even Clary, tolerably misled on her own account, would have believed you serious in your enamourment, though you had gone down on your knees and sworn it to them. It was nothing but the obliging humour of Mistress Dulcie and the single-heartedness of the youth; still even in this mild view of the case, if their friends had paid proper attention to them, they would have counselled Dulcie to abide more securely by her chair covers, and my simple man to stick more closely to his card or his ivory, his hedges or his hurdles.

Sometimes, late as the season was, Will Locke and Dulcie went out picking their steps in search of plants and animals, and it was fortunate for Dulcie that she could pull her mohair gown through her pocket-holes, and tuck her mob-cap under her chin beneath her hat, for occasionally the boisterous wind lifted that trifling appendage right into the air, and deposited it over a wall or a fence, and Will Locke was not half so quick as Dulcie in tracing the region of its flight, neither was he so active, however willing, in recovering the truant. Why, Dulcie found his own hat for him, and put it on his head to boot one day. He had deposited his hat on a stone, that he might the better look in the face a dripping rock, shaded with plumes of fern and tufts of grass, and formed into mosaic by tiny sprays of geranium faded into crimson and gold. It was a characteristic of Will that while he was so fanciful in his interpretation, the smallest, commonest text sufficed him. The strolls of these short autumn days were never barren of interest and advantage to him. The man carried his treasures within himself; he only needed the slightest touch-stone from the outside world to draw them out. A field mouse's nest was nearly as good to him as an eagle's eyrie, an ox-eyed daisy as a white rose, a red hemp nettle as a foxglove. He put down his hat and stood contemplating the bit of rock, until every morsel of leaf told him its tale, and then proceeded to fill his pockets and hands with what the poorest country boy would have deemed the veriest weeds; and at last he would have faced round, and marched home, unconscious that his fair hair, bleached like a child's, was undefended from a pitiless shower impending over his head. Dulcie lingered dutifully behind, picked up that three-cornered hat timidly, called his attention to his negligence, and while he stooped with the greatest ease in life, and she bashfully turned her eyes another way, finally clapped the covering on his crown, as a mother bonnets her child.

(*The remainder in next Part.*)

RUNG INTO HEAVEN.

I.

ONE moonlit Yuletide, long ago:
When all the land was wrapt in snow,
The merry bells rang to and fro.

II.

Snow ribbed the tower from base to vane;
Bright shone the little belfry pane:
The bells rang on with might and main.



III.

Three children stood beside a door,
Counting the bells,—one, two, three, four;
Catching the flakes that downward pour.

IV.

The parson, hurrying, homeward goes;
Calls them the fairest three he knows—
Stout Alan, Frank, and little Rose.

V.

"Now let us climb the steeple-stair,
And see the bells a-swinging there,"
Said Alan: Frank thought he would dare.

VI.

But little Rosie dropped a tear:
"If we must see the bells so near,
I think that I shall die for fear."

VII.

Straightway it chanced the leader bade
Rest in the belfry; all obeyed:
And every bell was deftly stayed;

VIII.

The slouching ringers lounge at ease:
Nor any sound came on the breeze
But whispers in snow-muffled trees.

IX.

And now the little children dare
Unseen, unheard, to climb the stair,
And gaze on all the marvels there;

X.

Where, as if bound by wizard's spell,
Yawned roofward every wide-mouthed bell,
On stays of iron balanced well.

XI.

And ever as the moonlight streams
They see dark wheels and massy beams,
Like dens of torture in our dreams.

XII.

Not long their little heads were strained
Within the door, with courage feigned,
When all the terror was unchained.

XIII.

Unknowing, the stout ringing men
Rose to the ropes, and whirled amain
The grim, dark-waisted bells again.

XIV.

Ten thousand clamours seem to rise
And struggle outward to the skies;
The swift wheels daze the children's eyes.

XV.

Alan and Frank, though trembling, bore
The horror of that deafening roar:
But little Rose dropped on the floor.

XVI.

Down the dark staircase Alan gropes,
He yet may be in time, he hopes:
He stands before the dancing ropes.

XVII.

The ringers ceased and stared. He said,
"My little sister Rose is dead:
The bells have killed her overhead."

XVIII.

They found her on the belfry floor:
She spoke and moved not any more:
One gentle sigh and all was o'er.

XIX.

But, lo! when now the little maid
In everlasting rest was laid,
And the good parson, sorrowing, prayed,—

XX.

Soft sounds of bells the valley fill,
And reach the churchyard on the hill;
So very distant, calm, and still.

XXI.

"These are the sweet and distant bells
Of Heaven; she sits by springing wells
Of joy, and to an angel tells

XXII.

"Her little tale of life, and sings
Half-folded in that seraph's wings,
And rapt on all his golden strings."

XXIII.

These things they whispered soft and low:
Then laid the tender corpse below
The hallowed turf, and turned to go.

XXIV.

Thenceforward, if in children's sight
Across a storm-cloud dark as night
The gilded vane may glimmer bright,

XXV.

"'Tis Rosie's ghost!" the children cry,
And hold their listening heads awry
To hear the bells beyond the sky,

XXVI.

Where Rose's little soul is blest,
By holy angels' arms caressed:
Rung through wild snows to heavenly rest.

HORACE MOULE.

CONCERNING ATMOSPHERES: WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON CURRENTS.

I AM not going to write an essay on Ventilation, important as that subject unquestionably is; nor am I about to enter into any discussion of the various elements of which the air we breathe is made up. I am aware, indeed, that for the maintenance of animal and intellectual energy in their best state, it is expedient that the atmosphere should contain a certain amount of ozone; but what ozone is I do not know, and neither, I believe, does any one else. And on the matter of material currents, whether ocean currents, atmospheric currents, or river currents, I am not competent to afford the scientific reader much information. I know, indeed, as most people know, that it is well for Britain that the warm Gulf Stream sets upon our shores. I read in the newspapers how bottles thrown into the sea turn up in distant and surprising places. I am aware that the Trade Winds blow steadily from west to east. And I have sat tranquilly, and looked intently at the onward flow of streams; from the slow and smooth canal-like river that silently steals on through the rich level English landscape, to the wild Highland torrent that tears down its rocky bed, in white foam and thunder.

But what I wish, my reader, that you and I should do at present, is to take a large view of the case, not needing any special knowledge of physical science. Let us remember just this, that the atmosphere in which we live is something that touches and affects us at every inch of our superficies, and at every moment of our life. It is not to say merely that we breathe it; but that it exerts upon every part of us, inner and outer, an influence which never ceases, and which, though possibly not much marked at the time, produces in the long-run a very great and decided effect. You draw in the air from ague-laden fens, and you do not find anything very particular in each breath you draw. But breathe *that*, and live in *that*, for a few weeks or months, and see what will come to you. Or you go in the autumn, weak and weary with the season's work and worry, jaded and nervous, to the seaside, and the bracing atmosphere in a little while insensibly does its work; your limbs grow strong and active again, and your mind grows energetic and hopeful. And you have doubtless felt for yourself how the heavy, smoky air of a large city makes you dull and stupid, and how the sparkling draughts you draw in of the keen, unbreathed air of the mountains, exhilarate and nerve anew. And as for currents, without going into details, we know this general fact: If you cast a floating thing upon a current, it will insensibly go along with the current. There may not be a stronger or a more perceptible push at one moment than at another; but there is an influence which in the main is unceasing, and there is a general drifting away. Slowly, slowly, the log cast into the sea, out in the middle of the Atlantic, comes eastward, week by week, till it is thrown somewhere on the outer coast of Ireland or of the Hebrides. And when the thing cast upon the current is more energetic than a log, still the current affects it none the less really. The Mississippi steamer breasts that great turbid stream, and makes way against it; but it makes way slowly. Let the engines cease to work, and the steamer drifts as the log drifted. Or let the engines work as before, and the vessel's head be turned down the stream; and then, going with the current, its speed is doubled.

Now, the atmosphere I mean in this essay is the atmosphere in which the soul lives and breathes; and the currents, those which carry along the moral and spiritual nature to developments better or worse. Shall we say it, for the most part to worse? In this world, in a moral sense, we generally drift towards evil, if we drift at all. You must warp up the stream if you would advance towards good. It seems to be God's purpose that anything good must be attained by effort: if you slothfully go with the current, it will be only to ill.

I am not able, just now, to give you a definition of either moral atmospheres or moral currents which satisfies me. You will gradually see my meaning, if you do not see it yet. Let it be said, generally, that to follow inclination within, or to yield to the vague influence of the things and people around you, is to drift with the moral current. And sensitively to feel the moral influences amid which you live—the moral influences arising from external nature, or from the dwelling in which you live, or from the people with whom you associate, or from the books, and newspapers, and magazines, and reviews you read—is to feel the moral atmosphere. And a very great part of the influence which moulds human character, and decides human destiny, is of this vague, yet pervading kind. A tree, I am told, draws the chief part of its nourishment from the air: very much more than it draws from the earth through its roots. The tree must have roots, or it would not live or grow at all: yet the multitude of leaves draw in *that* by which it mainly lives and grows. And it seems to me to be so with human beings. We must be morally rooted and grounded, as it were, by direct education, and by directly getting principles fixed in our minds. But after this is done, we mainly take our tone from the moral atmosphere. We are mainly affected by moral currents; and just as really when we strive against them as when we yield to them.

I am sure you know that a great many of the things we read—books, periodicals, and the like, —affect us not so much by the ideas they convey, as by the general atmosphere with which they surround us. If you read, week by week, a clever, polished, cynical, heartless publication, it will do you harm insensibly. It will mould and colour your ways of thinking and feeling much more than you would think. You like its talent, you know: but you disapprove, sometimes very keenly, its general

character and tone; and you think you are so on your guard against these, inwardly protesting against them each time you feel them, that no effect will be produced by them upon you. You are mistaken in thinking so. You breathe and live in a moral atmosphere, which is quite sure to tell on you. You are cast on a current; and it needs constant pulling against it to keep you from drifting with it. And your moral nature is not (so to speak) ever on the stretch with the oars; ever in an attitude of resistance to the malaria. Yes, that clever, heartless, cynical paper will leave its impress on you by degrees. And on the other side, you know that the influence of writings which are not obtrusively instructive, may sink gently into our nature and do us much good. There is not much formal teaching in them; but as you read them, you feel you are breathing a general healthy atmosphere; you are aware of a quiet but decided and powerful current, setting steadily towards what is good, and magnanimous, and true.

No doubt, friendly reader, you feel that what I have said is true. In talking to people, in living in places, in reading books, you feel the atmosphere; you are aware of the current. I do not speak to people whose moral nature is callous as the hide of the rhinoceros; and who never feel the moral atmosphere at all. You might endeavour to prick a rhinoceros with a pin for some time, without awaking any sensation in that animal. And there are human beings who, it is quite evident from their conversation and their doings on various occasions, are as little sensitive to the moral atmosphere, and the laws and proprieties which arise out of it, as the rhinoceros is to the very bluntest pin. They are not aware of any influence weaker than a physical push: as you remember the man who would take no hint less marked than a kicking. But *you* know, my friend, that in talking to different people, you insensibly take your tone from them; and you talk in a way accommodated to the particular case. There are people to whom, unawares, and without purpose prepense, you find yourself talking in a loud, lively manner, which is far from your usual one. There are others to whom you insensibly speak in a quiet, thoughtful way. And you cannot help this; it is just that you feel the atmosphere, and yield to it. It is as when you go out on a crisp frosty day; and without any special intention to that effect, find yourself walking smartly and briskly along. But if it be a still, sunshiny October afternoon, amid the brown and golden woods, you will unconsciously accommodate yourself to the surroundings: you will (if there be no special call for haste) walk pensively and slow. Now, some may unjustly fancy, as they remark how different your demeanour is in the society of different people, that you are an impostor,—a hypocrite,—not to say a humbug; that you are falsely assuming a manner foreign to your own, that you may suit the different people with whom you converse. It is not so. There is no design in what you do. You are not desiring to please the loud man by assuming a loud manner, reflecting his; as I have heard of some one who was regarded as having paid a delicate but effective compliment to a great man who wore a very odd waistcoat, by presenting himself in the presence of the great man, clad in a waistcoat exactly like his own. There is nothing of that kind; nothing insincere; nothing flunkeyish. It is only that you have a sensitive nature, which feels the atmosphere in which it is placed for the time. You know how mercury in frost feels the cold, and shrinks; it cannot help it. Then in warm weather it expands by the necessity of its nature. It always appeared to me in my childhood, that Dr. Watts effectually justifies the most offensive deportment on the part of dogs, by suggesting that it is their Maker's intention that they should exhibit such a deportment. There is a passage, not much known, in a lyric by that poet, which runs to the effect: "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for God has made them so." If the fact be admitted, the principle is sound; but as judicious discipline can greatly diminish the tendency of these animals to bark and bite, I doubt whether the words of Dr. Watts are to be construed in their full meaning. But there can be no question that mercury, which is a substance not accessible to moral considerations, deserves neither blame nor praise for expanding and shrinking according to its nature. And while I admit that any doings of human beings, partaking of a moral element, are (in the main) so under the control of the will, that the human beings may justly be held responsible for them, I hold that this sensitiveness to the moral atmosphere is very much a matter of original constitution, and that the man who feels it may fairly plead that his Maker "made him so." And very many people—shall we say the most exquisitely constituted of the race?—discern the moral atmosphere which surrounds some men, by a delicate and unerring intuition. There are men who bring with them a frosty atmosphere; there are men who bring a sunshiny. You know people whose stiffness of manner freezes up the frankest and most genial. You know there are people to whom you would no more think of talking of the things which interest you most, than you would think of talking to a horse; or, let us say, to a donkey. Do you suppose that I should show my marked copy of *In Memoriam* to either my friend Dr. Log, or my friend Mr. Snarling?

I daresay some of my readers, going to see an acquaintance, have walked into his study, and found themselves, physically, in a choky, confined, hot-house atmosphere. And on entering into conversation with the man in the study, they have found, morally, the same thing repeated. The moral atmosphere was just the physical over again. You remember the morbid views, the uncharitable judgments, the despondency of tone. And I think your inward exclamation was, Oh, for fresh air, physically and morally! And, indeed, I can hardly believe that sound and healthy judgments are ever come to, or that manly and truthful thoughts are produced, except when the physical atmosphere is pure and healthful. I would not attach much importance to the vote, upon some grave matter of principle, which is come to by an excited mob of even educated men, at four o'clock in the morning, in an atmosphere so thoroughly pestilential that it might knock a man down. And there are houses, on entering which you feel directly the peculiar moral atmosphere. It is oppressive. It catches

your throat; it gets into your lungs; it (morally) puts a bad taste into your mouth. There are dwellings which, even in a physical sense, seem never to have fresh air thoroughly admitted; never to have the lurking malaria that hangs in corners and about window-curtains thoroughly cleared out, and the pure fresh air of heaven let in to fill every inch of space. There are more dwellings where this is so in a moral sense. You enter such a dwelling; you talk to the people in it. You at once feel oppressed. You feel stupid; worse than that, you feel sore and cantankerous. You feel you are growing low-minded. Anything like magnanimity or generosity goes out of you. You listen to wretched sneers against everything that is good or elevating. You find a series of wretched little doings and misdoings dwelt upon with weary iteration and bitter exaggeration. You hear base motives suggested as having really prompted the best people you know to their best doings. Did you ever spend an evening in the society of a cynical, sneering man, with some measure of talent and energy? You remember how you heard anything noble or disinterested laughed at; how you heard selfish motives ascribed to everybody; how some degrading association was linked with everything pure and excellent. Did you not feel deteriorated by that evening? Did you not feel that (morally) you were breathing the atmosphere of a sewer or a pigsty? And even when the atmosphere was not so bad as that, you have known the houses of really excellent folk, which were pervaded by such a stiffness, such an unnatural repression of all natural feeling, such a sense of constraint of soul, that when you fairly got out of the house at last, you would have liked to express your relief, and to give way to your pent-up energies, by wildly dancing on the pavement before the door like a Red Indian. And, indeed, you might very probably have done so, but for the dread of the police; and for the fear that, even through the dark, you might be discerned by the eyes of Mrs. Grundy.

Some people are so energetic and so much in earnest, that they diffuse about them an atmosphere which is keenly felt by most men. And it often happens that you are very much affected by the moral influence of people, from almost all whose opinions you differ. I have no doubt that human beings who differ from Dr. Arnold and Mr. Hughes on almost every point of belief, have been greatly influenced, and influenced for the better, by these good men. There is something in the atmosphere that breathes from both of them that tends to higher and purer ways of thinking and feeling; that tends to make you act more constantly from principle, and to make you feel the solemnity of this life. And without supposing any special good-fortune in the case of the reader, I may take for granted that you have known two or three persons whose presence you felt like a constant rebuke to anything mean or wrong in thought or deed, and like a constant stimulus to things good and worthy. You have known people, in the atmosphere of whose influence the evil in your nature seemed cowed and abashed. It seemed to die out like a nettle in frost; that clear, brisk, healthy atmosphere seemed to kill it. And you may have known men, after reading whose pages, or listening to whose talk, you felt more of kindly charity towards all your brethren in the helplessness and sinfulness of humanity. Of course, to diffuse a powerful influence, whether towards evil or good, a man must possess great force and earnestness of character. Ordinary mortals are like the chameleon, which takes something of the colour of any strong-coloured object it is placed near. They take their tone very much from the more energetic folk with whom they are placed in contact. I daresay you have known a man who powerfully influences for good the whole circle of men that surrounds him. Such a one must have a vast stock of vital and moral energy. Most people are like the electric eel, very much exhausted after having given forth their influence. A few are like an electric battery, of resources so vast that it can be pouring out its energy without cease. There are certain physical characteristics which often, though not always, go with this moral characteristic. It is generally found in connexion with a loud, manly voice, a burly figure, a very frank address. Not always, indeed; there have been puny, shrinking, silent men, who mightily swayed their fellow-men, whether to evil or to good. But in the presence of the stronger physical nature, you feel something tending to make you feel cheerful, hopeful, energetic. I have known men who seemed always surrounded by a healthy, bracing atmosphere. When with such, I defy you to feel down-hearted, or desponding, or slothful. They put new energy, hopefulness, and life into you. Yes, my reader, perhaps you have found it for yourself, that to gain the friendship of even one energetic, thoughtful, good man, may suffice to give a new and healthier tone to your whole life. Yes, the influence of such a one may insensibly reach through all you think, feel, and do; as the material atmosphere pervades all material things. And such an influence may be exerted either through a fiery energy, or by an undefinable, gentle fascination. I believe that most men felt the first of these, who knew much of Dr. Chalmers. I believe that many have felt the second of these, in their intercourse with Dr. Newman or Mr. Jowett. Possibly, we might classify mankind under two divisions: the little band whose pith or whose fascination is such that they give the tone, good or bad; that they diffuse the atmosphere: and the larger host, whose soul is receptive rather than diffusive; the great multitude of human beings who take the tone, feel the atmosphere, and go with the current. It is probable that a third class ought to be added, including those who never felt anything, particularly, at all.

When you first enter a new moral atmosphere, you feel it very keenly. But you grow less sensitive to it daily, as you become accustomed to it. It may be producing its moral effect as really; but you are not so much aware of its presence. Did you ever go to a place new to you, of very unusual and striking aspect; and did you wonder if people there live just as they do in the commonplace scenes amid which you live? Let me confess that I cannot look at the pictures of the quaint old towns of Belgium, without vaguely asking myself that question. In a lesser degree, the fancy steals in, even as one walks the streets of Oxford or of

Chester. You feel how fresh and marked an atmosphere you breathe, in a visit of a few days' length to either town. But of course, if you live in the strangest place for a long time, you will find that life there is very much what life is elsewhere. I have often thought that I should like to do my in-door work in a room whose window opened upon the sea; so close to the sea that looking out you might have the waves lapping on the rock fifteen feet below you; and that when you threw the window up, the salt breeze might come into the chamber, a little feverish perhaps with several toiling hours. Surely, I think, some influence from the scene would mingle itself with all that one's mind would there produce. And it would be curious to look out, before going to bed, far over the level surface in the moonlight: to see the spectral sails passing in the distance; and to hear the never-ceasing sound, old as Creation. I do not know that the reader will sympathize with me; but I should like very much to live for a week or two at the Eddystone Lighthouse. There would be a delightful sense of quiet. There would be no worry. There would be plenty of time to think. It would be absolutely certain that the door-bell would never ring. And though there would be but limited space for exercise, there would unquestionably be the freshest and purest of air. No doubt if the wind rose at evening, you might through the night feel the lighthouse vibrate with the blow of the waves: but you could recall all you had read of the magnificent engineering of Smeaton; and feel no more than the slight sense of danger which adds a zest. I am aware that in a little while one would get accustomed to the whole mode of life. The flavour of all things goes with custom. When you go back to the seaside, how salt the breeze tastes, which you never remarked while you were living there! And sometimes, looking back, you will wish you could revive the freshness and vividness of first impressions.

We have been thinking of the atmosphere diffused by books and by persons: let it be said that the thing about a book which affects your mind and character most, is not its views or arguments: it is its atmosphere. And it is so also with persons. It is not what people expressly advise you that really sways you; it is the general influence that breathes from all their life. A book may, for instance, set out sound religious views; but in such a hard cold way that the book will repel from religion. That is to say, the arguments may push one way, and the atmosphere the opposite way: and the atmosphere will neutralize the arguments and something more. And you will find people, too, whose advices and counsels are good; who often counsel their children or their friends to duty, and to earnestness in religion; but who neutralize and reverse the bearing of all these good counsels by the entire tone of their life. The words of some people say, Choose the good part, Give your soul to your Saviour, Ask for the blessed Spirit's guidance and influence day by day; but their atmosphere says, Anything for money,—for social standing,—for spitefulness,—for general unpleasantness. You will find various Pharisees now-a-days who loudly exclaim, "God be merciful to me a sinner:" but woe betide you if you venture to hint to such that anything they can do is wrong!

Let me say, that you may read and you may hear religious instruction, which without asserting anything expressly wrong, still deteriorates you. It lowers you; you are the worse for it. There is an undefinable, but strongly-felt lack of the Christian spirit about it. Its views are mainly right; but somehow its atmosphere is wrong. I do not say this is any narrow spirit: it is not against one party of religionists more than another that I should bring this charge. Perhaps the teaching which is soundest in doctrine, is sometimes the most useless, through its want of the true Christian life; or through merely giving you the metaphysics of Christianity, without any real bringing of the vital truths of Christianity home to the heart, and to the actual case of those to whom they are told. I have read a book—a polished, scholarly tale, the leading character in which was a clergyman—but in reading the book you felt a strong smack of heathenism. I do not mean the savage, cannibal heathenism which still exists in the islands of the South Pacific; but the polished heathenism which was many centuries since in Greece and Rome. The clergyman was sound in dogma, I daresay, if you had asked him for a confession of his faith; but his Christianity was an outside garment, while his whole nature was saturated with the old literature and mythology of that ancient day. Then you may find a book, a religious book, containing nothing on which you could well put your finger as wrong: yet you were left with a general impression of scepticism. *That* was the atmosphere. The views and arguments are as the solid ground: but you touch the solid ground but at a single point;—the circumambient ether is all around you, and within you. I have read pages setting out somewhat sad and discouraging views; yet as you turned the pages, you were aware of a general atmosphere of hopefulness and energy. And I have listened to what might have made pages, if it had been printed (pages which assuredly I should not have read), setting out the sublimest and most glorious hopes of humanity, in a way so dreary, dull, wearisome, and stupid, that the atmosphere was most depressing. You felt as though you were environed by a damp, thick fog.

It would be an endless task to reckon up the moral atmospheres in which human beings live; or even the moral atmospheres which you yourself, my friend, have breathed. But there are some that one remembers vividly; they did not come often enough, or continue long enough, to lose their freshness. Such is the atmosphere which surrounds all operations relating to the sale and purchase of horses. You remember how, when you went to buy one of those noble animals, you found yourself surrounded by a new and strongly-flavoured phase of life. Was there not a general atmosphere as of swindling? You were surprised to hear lies, the grossest, told, even though they were sure to be instantly detected. You felt that your ignorance and capacity of being cheated were being gauged with great skill. It is a singular thing, indeed, that one of the most useful and

beautiful of God's creatures should diffuse around him a most unhealthy moral atmosphere. You may have remarked that the noble steed is not merely surrounded by an ether filled with falsehoods; but that a less irritating, though still remarkable, ingredient, mingles with it, like ozone —it is the element of slang. I have remarked this with great interest, and mused much on it without succeeding in satisfactorily accounting for it. Why is it that to say a horse is a good horse should stamp you as a green hand; but that to say the animal is no bad nag, or a fairish style of hack, should convey the idea that you know various things? And wherefore should it be, that a shallow nature should be indicated by your saying you were willing to pay fifty pounds for the horse, while untold depth and craft shall be held to be implied by the statement that your tether was half a hundred?

A very disagreeable atmosphere, diffused by various persons, is that of suspicion. Some one has done you a kind turn, and your heart warms to the doer of it. But Mr. Snarling comes in; and you tell him, in hearty tones, of the kind turn, and of your warm feeling towards the man that did it. Mr. Snarling doubts; hints; insinuates; suggests a deep and traitorous design under that kind act: perhaps succeeds in chilling or souring your warm feeling; till, on the withdrawal of the unhealthy atmosphere, your better nature gets the upperhand again. And when next you meet the kind, open face of the friend who did you the kind turn, your heart smites you as you think what a wicked, suspicious creature you were while within the baleful atmosphere of Snarling. You have seen, I daresay, very shallow and empty individuals, who fancied that it made them look deep and knowing, to say that beggars, for the most part, live in great luxury, and have money in the bank. *That* may be so in rare cases; but I KNOW that the want of the poor is often very real. It comes, doubtless, in some measure, from their own sin or improvidence; and as, of course, you and I never do wrong, let us throw a very large stone at the poor creature who is starving to-day, because she took a full meal of bread and butter and tea four days since. I have heard a man, with great depth of look, state that a certain cripple known to me could walk quite well. I asked the man for his authority. He had none, but vague suspicion. I told the man, with some acerbity (which I do not at all regret), that I knew the poor man well, and that I knew he was as crippled as he seemed. It looks knowing to declare of some poor starved creature that he is more rogue than fool. Whenever you hear *that* said, my reader, always ask what is the precise charge intended to be conveyed, and ask the ground on which the charge is made. In most cases you will get no answer to the second question; in very many no intelligible answer to the first. It would be a pleasant world to live in, if the people who dwell in it were such as they are represented by several persons known to me. I remember an outspoken old Scotch lady, to whom I was offering some Christian comfort after a great loss. I remember how she said, with a look as if she meant it, "If I did not believe all *that*, I should take a knife and cut my throat!" It was an honest confession of her faith, though made in unusually energetic terms. And I might say for myself, if I had not some faith in my race, it would be better to be off to the wilderness at once, or, like Timon, to the desolate shore. The wants of beggars, even of the least deserving, are, for the most part, very real. As for their luxuries, they are generally tea and buttered toast. Sometimes fried ham may also be found. Poor creatures! These things are the only enjoyments they have; and I, for one, am not ready with my anathema maranatha. I have known very suspicious and uncharitable persons who were extremely fat; doubtless they lived enti ely on parched peas. And *all* the sufferings of the poor are not shams, paraded to the end of obtaining pence. I look back now, over a good many years, to the time when I was a youth at college. I remember coming home one night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, along a quiet street in a certain great city. I remember two poor girls standing in the shelter of the wall of a house, leaning against the wall, from the drenching rain. Neither noticed me. I see yet the deadly white face of one,—the haggard, sick look, as she crouched by the wall, and leant on the other's shoulder, as if just recovering from a faint. I hear yet the anxious, despairing voice with which the other said to her, "Are you better now?" The words were not spoken at me, or spoken for the ear of any passer-by. All this was on the dark midnight street, amid the drenching rain. It was a little thing; but it brought home to one the suffering that is quietly undergone in thousands of places over Europe each day and night.

Probably you have known people, who were placed in a sphere where the atmosphere, moral and physical, was awfully depressing. They did their work poorly enough; and many blamed them severely. For myself, I was inclined to wonder that they did so well. Who could be a good preacher in certain churches of which I have known? I think there are few men more sensitive to the moral atmosphere than the preacher. There are churches in which there is a hearty atmosphere; others, in which there is a chilly atmosphere; others, with a bitter, narrow-minded, Pharisaic; others, with an atmosphere which combines the pragmatic, critical, and self-sufficient, with the densely stupid. But passing from this, I say that most men, even of those who do their work in life decently well, have only energy enough to do well if you give them a fair chance. And many have not a fair chance: some have no chance at all. There are human beings set in a moral atmosphere in which moral energy and alacrity could no more exist than physical life in the chokedamp of the mine. Be thankful, my friend, if you are placed in a fairly healthful atmosphere. You are doing fairly in it; but in a different one, you might have pined and died. You are leading a quiet Christian life, free from great sin or shame. Well, be thankful; but do not be conceited: above all, do not be uncharitable to those for whom the race and the warfare have been too much.

I have said that it is the more energetic of the race that diffuse a moral atmosphere; the ordinary members of the race feel it. The energetic

give the tone; the ordinary take it. There are minds whose nature is to give out; and minds whose nature is to take in. But most men have energy enough, if rightly directed, to affect the air somewhat; and though the moral ingredient they yield may not be much in quantity, it may be able to supply just the precious ozone. Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant; all self-denial and exertion, easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh, for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty,—and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.

You see, my reader, I have spoken of atmospheres and currents together. For every moral atmosphere is of the nature of a moral current. As you breathe the atmosphere, you feel that there is an active force in it: that you are beginning to drift away. It is not merely a present sense of something, that comes over you; but you know that it sets you floating onward to something beyond your present feeling. The more frequent tendency of a moral atmosphere is to assimilate your moral nature to itself. Perhaps all atmospheres, if you live in them long enough, tend to this. But there are some atmospheres which, just at first, are so very disagreeable, that their effect is repellent; they tend to make you wish to be just as different from themselves as you can. But the refined person, at first revolted by a rude and coarse atmosphere, will, in years, grow subdued to it; and the pure young soul, shocked and disgusted at the first approach of gross sin, comes at last to bear it and to exceed it. Yes, the ultimate tendency of all moral atmospheres upon all ordinary people, is to assimilate them to the element in which they live. Let men breathe any atmosphere long enough, and this will follow; save in the case of an exceptional man here and there. It is a very bad thing for a young person to be much among thoroughly worldly people, or among mere money-making people. Let us not cry down money; it is a great and powerful thing. You remember, it was not money, but the over love of money, that was "the root of all evil." But it is most unhappy to live among those from whose entire ways of thinking and talking you get the general impression, that money is the first and best thing; and that the great end of life is to obtain it; and that almost any means may be resorted to for that end. All this is not said in so many words, but it pervades you unseen; you breathe it like an unwholesome malaria. You take it in, not merely at every breath, but at every pore. And the result of years of this is, that the warm-hearted, generous youth grows into the sordid, heartless old man; and that the enthusiastic young Christian is sometimes debased into a very chilly, lifeless, and worldly middle age.

And now, before I end, let me say this. There is a certain blessed influence which can mingle itself with every moral atmosphere that a human being can honestly breathe; and which can make every such atmosphere healthful. You know what I mean. It is the influence of that Holy Spirit, whose presence the Redeemer said was more valuable and profitable than even his own; and who is promised without reservation to all who heartily ask His presence. And you know, too, that we have a sure promise, that if we build on the right foundation, the current of our whole life will tend towards what is happy and good. There may be a little eddy backwards here and there, and sometimes what seems a pause, but it is in the direction of these things that the whole current sets; it is towards these that "all things work together." I firmly believe that the natural tendency of all moral currents, apart from God's grace, is downwards. Apart from *that*, we shall always grow worse: with it, we shall always grow better. Believe me, my reader, when I say, that if all your life and all your lot be not hallowed by the presence in all of the Blessed Spirit, you may be sure that you are breathing a moral atmosphere which wants just the precious ozone that is needful to true health and life. And if you have not, penitently and humbly, confided your soul to the Saviour, you may know that you are drifting with a current which is certainly bearing you on towards all that is evil and all that is woful. It is sad to see the poor little pale and sickly children of some dark, stifling close in a large city; poor little things who never breathed the free country air; who are living in an unwholesome atmosphere within doors and without, in which they are pining, and growing up weak and nerveless: but it is more sad to see the immortal soul stunted, emaciated, and distorted, through the unhealthy moral air it breathes. It must have been a miserable sight, the little boat with the man in it asleep, drifting smoothly and swiftly along, beyond human reach, towards the tremendous cataract: but it is more miserable, if we saw it rightly, to see a human soul, in spiritual sleep, drifting day by day towards the fearful plunge into final woe. Let us pray, my reader, for both of us; that God would be with us by his Spirit, and keep us in all ways that we go: that in all our life we may breathe the Atmosphere of His presence; and by the Current of all our life be brought nearer to Himself!

A. K. H. B.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER V.

A HOUSEHOLD exclusively composed of women has its advantages and its disadvantages. It is apt to become somewhat narrow in judgment, morbid in feeling, absorbed in petty interests, and bounding its vision of outside things to the small horizon which it sees from its own fireside. But, on the other hand, by this fireside often abides a settled peace and purity, a long-suffering, generous forbearance, and an enduring affectionateness, which the other sex can hardly comprehend or credit. Men will not believe what is nevertheless the truth, that we

can "stand alone" much better than they can: that we can do without them far easier, and with less deterioration of character, than they can do without us; that we are better able to provide for ourselves interests, duties, and pleasures; in short, strange as it may appear, that we have more real self-sustaining independence than they.

Of course, that the true life, the highest life, is that of man and woman united, no one will be insane enough to deny; I am speaking of the substitute for it, which poor humanity has so often to fall back upon, and make the best of; a better best very frequently than what appears best in the eyes of the world. In truth, many a troubled, care-ridden, wealthy family, torn with dissensions, or frozen up in splendid formalities, might have envied that quiet, humble, maiden household of the Misses Leaf, where their only trial was poverty, and their only grief the one which they knew the worst of, and had met patiently for many a year, —poor Selina's "way."

I doubt not it was good for Elizabeth Hand that her first place—the home in which she received her first impressions—was this feminine establishment, simple and regular, in which was neither waste nor disorder allowed. Good, too, that while her mistresses' narrow means restricted her in many things enjoyed by servants in richer families, their interests, equally narrow, caused to be concentrated upon herself a double measure of thought and care. She became absolutely "one of the family;" sharing in all its concerns. From its small and few carnal luxuries, such as the cake, fruit, or pot of preserve—votive offerings from pupils' parents, up to the newspaper and the borrowed book, nothing was either literally or metaphorically "locked up" from Elizabeth.

This grand question of locking-up had been discussed in full conclave the day after her month of probation ended; the sisters taking opposite sides, as might have been expected. Selina was for the immediate introduction of a locksmith and a key-basket.

"While she was only on trial, it did not so much signify; besides, if it did, we had only buttons on the press-doors; but now she is our regular servant, we ought to institute a regular system of authority. How can she respect a family that never locks up anything?"

"How can we respect a servant from whom we lock up everything?"

"Respect a servant! What do you mean, Hilary?"

"I mean, that if I did not respect a servant, I would be very sorry to keep her one day in any house of mine."

"Wait till you've a house of your own to keep, Miss," said Selina crossly. "I never heard such nonsense. Is that the way you mean to behave to Elizabeth? leave everything open to her—clothes, books, money; trust her with all your secrets; treat her as your most particular friend?"

"A girl of fifteen would be rather an inconvenient particular friend! and I have happily few secrets to trust her with. But if I could not trust her with our coffee, tea, sugar, and so on, and bring her up from the very first in the habit of being trusted, I would recommend her being sent away to-morrow."

"Very fine talking; and what do you say, Johanna?—if that is not an unnecessary question, after Hilary has given her opinion."

"I think," replied the elder sister, taking no notice of the long familiar innuendo, "that in this case Hilary is right. How people ought to manage in great houses, I cannot say; but in our small house, it will be easier and better not to alter our simple ways. Trusting the girl—if she is a good girl—will only make her the more trustworthy; if she is bad, we shall the sooner find it out and let her go."

But Elizabeth did not go. A year passed; two years; her wages were raised, and with them her domestic position. From a "girl" she was converted into a regular servant; her pinafores gave place to grown-up gowns and aprons, and her rough head, at Miss Selina's incessant instance, was concealed by a cap,—caps being considered by that lady as the proper and indispensable badge of servant-hood.

To say that during her transition state, or even now that she had reached the cap era, Elizabeth gave her mistresses no trouble, would be stating a self-evident improbability. What young lass under seventeen, of any rank, does not cause plenty of trouble to her natural guardians? Who can "put an old head on young shoulders?" or expect from girls at the most unformed and unsatisfactory period of life that complete moral and mental discipline, that unfailing self-control, that perfection of temper, and everything else,—which, of course, all mistresses always have?

I am obliged to confess that Elizabeth had a few—nay, not a few—most obstinate faults; that no child tries its parents, no pupil its schoolteachers, more than she tried her three mistresses at intervals. She was often thoughtless and careless, brusque in her manner, slovenly in her dress; sometimes she was downright "bad," filled full —as some of her elders and betters are, at all ages—with absolute naughtiness; when she would sulk for hours and days together, and make the whole family uncomfortable, as many a servant can make many a family, small as that of the Misses Leaf.

But still they never lost what Hilary termed

their "respect" for Elizabeth; they never found her out in a lie, a meanness, or an act of deception or dishonesty. They took her faults as we must take the surface-faults of all connected with us, —patiently rather than resentfully, seeking to correct rather than to punish. And though there were difficult elements in the household, such as there being three mistresses to be obeyed, the youngest mistress a thought too lax, and the second one undoubtedly too severe, still no girl could live with these high-principled, much-enduring women, without being impressed with two things, which the serving class are slowest to understand, — the dignity of poverty, and the beauty of that which is the only effectual law to bring out good and restrain evil—the law of loving-kindness.

Two fracas, however, must be chronicled, for, after both, the girl's dismissal hung on a thread. The first was when Mrs. Cliffe, mother of Tommy Cliffe, who was nearly killed in the field, being discovered to be an ill sort of woman, and in the habit of borrowing from Elizabeth stray shillings, which were never returned, was forbidden the house; Elizabeth resented it so fiercely, that she sulked for a whole week afterwards.

The other, and still more dangerous crisis in Elizabeth's destiny, was when a volume of Scott's novels, having been missing for some days, was found hidden in her bed; and she lying awake reading it, was thus ignominiously discovered at eleven P.M. by Miss Selina, in consequence of the gleam of candle-light from under her door.

It was true, neither of these errors were actual moral crimes. Hilary even roused a volley of sharp words upon herself, by declaring they had their source in actual virtues; that a girl who would stint herself of shillings, and hold resolutely to any liking she had, even if unworthy, had a creditable amount of both self-denial and fidelity in her disposition. Also, that a tired-out maid-of-all-work, who was kept awake of nights by her ardent appreciation of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," must possess a degree of both intellectual and moral capacity, which deserved cultivation rather than blame. And though this surreptitious pursuit of literature under difficulties could not of course be allowed, I grieve to say that Miss Hilary took every opportunity of not only giving the young servant books to read, but of talking to her about them. And also that a large proportion of these books were—to Miss Selina's unmitigated horror—absolutely fiction! stories, novels, even poetry—books that Hilary liked herself—books that had built up in her her own passionate dream of life; wherein all the women were faithful, tender, heroic, self-devoted; and all the men were—something not unlike Robert Lyon.

Did she do harm? Was it, as Selina and even Johanna said sometimes, "dangerous" thus to put before Elizabeth a standard of ideal perfection, a Quixotic notion of life—life in its full purpose, power, and beauty—such as otherwise never could have crossed the mind of this poor working girl, born of parents who, though respectable and worthy, were in no respect higher than the common working-class? I will not argue the point: I am not making Elizabeth a text for a sermon; I am simply writing her story.

One thing was certain, that by degrees the young woman's faults lessened; even that worst of them, the unmistakable bad temper, not aggressive, but obstinately sullen, which made her and Miss Selina sometimes not on speaking terms for a week together. But she simply "sulked;" she never grumbled or was pert; and she did her work just as usual,—with a kind of dogged struggle not only against the superior powers, but against something within herself, much harder to fight with.

"She makes me feel more sorry for her than angry with her," Miss Leaf would sometimes say, coming out of the kitchen with that grieved face, which was the chief sign of displeasure her sweet nature ever betrayed. "She will have up-hill work through life, like us all, and more than many of us, poor child!"

But gradually Elizabeth, too, copying involuntarily the rest of the family, learned to put up with Miss Selina; who, on her part, kept a sort of armed neutrality. And once, when a short but sharp illness of Johanna's shook the household from its even tenor, startled everybody out of their little tempers, and made them cling together and work together in a sort of fear-stricken union against one common grief, Selina allowed that they might have gone farther and fared worse, on the day they engaged Elizabeth.

After this illness of his aunt, Ascott came home. It was his first visit since he had gone to London; Mr. Ascott, he said, objected to holidays. But now, from some unexplained feeling, Johanna in her convalescence longed after the boy,—no longer a boy, however, but nearly twenty, and looking fully his age. How proud his aunts were to march him up the town, and hear everybody's congratulations on his good looks and polished manners! It was the old story—old as the hills! I do not pretend to invent anything new. Women, especially maiden aunts, will repeat the tale to the end of time, so long as they have youths belonging to them on whom to expend their natural tendency to clinging fondness, and ignorant, innocent hero-worship. The Misses Leaf, ay, even Selina, whose irritation against the provoking boy was quite mollified by the elegant young man, were no wiser than their neighbours.

But there was one person in the household who still obstinately refused to bow the knee to Ascott. Whether it was, as psychologists might explain, some instinctive polarity in their natures; or whether, having once conceived a prejudice, Elizabeth held on to it like grim death;—still there was the same unspoken antagonism between them. The young fellow took little notice of her, except to observe, "that she hadn't grown any handsomer;" but Elizabeth watched him with a keen severity that overlooked nothing, and resisted, with a passive pertinacity that was quite irresistible, all his encroachments on the family habits, all the little self-pleasing ways which Ascott had been so used to of old, that neither he nor his aunts apparently recognised them as selfish.

"I canna bear to see him" ("*cannot*," suggested her mistress, who not seeing any reason why Elizabeth should not speak the Queen's English as well as herself, had instituted *h*'s, and stopped a few more glaring provincialisms). "I cannot bear to see him, Miss Hilary, lolling on the arm-chair, when Missis looks so tired and pale, and sitting up o' nights, burning double fires, and going upstairs at last with his boots on, waking everybody. I dunnot like it, I say."

"You forget; Mr. Ascott has his studies. He must work for his next examination."

"Why doesn't he get up of a morning, then, instead of lying in bed, and keeping the breakfast about till ten? Why can't he do his learning by daylight? Daylight's cheaper than mould candles, and a deal better for the eyes."

Hilary was puzzled. A truth was a truth, and to try and make it out otherwise, even for the dignity of the family, was something from which her honest nature revolted. Besides, the sharp-sighted servant would be the first to detect the inconsistency of one law of right for the parlour and another for the kitchen. So she took refuge in silence, and in the apple-pudding she was making.

But she resolved to seize the first opportunity of giving Ascott, by way of novelty, the severest lecture that tongue of aunt could bestow. And this chance occurred the same afternoon, when the other two aunts had gone out to tea, to a house which Ascott voted "slow," and declined going to. She remained to make tea for him, and in the meantime took him for a constitutional up and down the public walks hard by.

Ascott listened at first very good-humouredly; once or twice calling her "a dear little prig," in his patronizing way,—he was rather fond of patronizing his aunt Hilary. But when she seriously spoke of his duties, as no longer a boy but a man, who ought now to assume the true manly right of thinking for, and taking care of, other people, especially his aunts, Ascott began to flush up angrily.

"Now—stop that, Aunt Hilary; I'll not have you coming Mr. Lyon over me."

"What do you mean?"

For of late Ascott had said very little about Mr. Lyon,—not half so much as Mr. Lyon, in his steadily persistent letters to Miss Leaf, told her about her nephew Ascott.

"I mean, that I'll not be preached to like that by a woman. It's bad enough to have to stand it from a man; but then Lyon's a real sharp fellow, who knows the world, which women don't, Aunt Hilary. Besides, he coaches me in my Latin and Greek; so I let him pitch into me now and then. But I won't let *you*; so just stop it, will you."

Something new in Ascott's tone—speaking more of the resentful fierceness of the man than the pettishness of the boy, frightened his little aunt, and silenced her. By and by, she took comfort from the reflection that, as the lad had in his anger betrayed, he had beside him in London a monitor whose preaching would be so much wiser and more effectual than her own, that she determined to say no more.

The rare hearing of Mr. Lyon's name—for, time and absence having produced their natural effect, except when his letters came, he was seldom talked about now—set Hilary thinking.

"Do you go to see him often?" she said at last.

"Who?—Mr. Lyon?" And Ascott, delighted to escape into a fresh subject, became quite cheerful and communicative. "Oh, bless you! he wouldn't care for my going to him. He lives in a two-pair back, only one room, 'which serves him for kitchen and parlour and all;' dines at a cook-shop for ninepence a day, and makes his own porridge night and morning. He told me so once, for he isn't a bit ashamed of it. But he must be precious hard-up sometimes. However, as he contrives to keep a decent coat on his back, and pay his classes at the University, and carry off the very best honours going there, nobody asks any questions. That's the good of London, Aunt Hilary," said the young fellow, drawing himself up with great wisdom. "Only look like a gentleman, behave yourself as such, and nobody asks any questions."

"Yes," acquiesced vaguely Aunt Hilary. And then her mind wandered yearningly to the solitary student in the two-pair back. He might labour and suffer; he might be ill; he might die,—equally solitary, and "nobody would ask any questions." This phase of London life let a new light in upon her mind. The letters to Johanna had been chiefly filled with whatever he thought would interest them. With his characteristic Scotch reserve, he had said very little about himself, except in the

last, wherein he mentioned that he had "done pretty well" at college this term, and meant to "go in for more work" immediately.

What this work entailed—how much more toil—how much more poverty—Hilary knew not. Perhaps even his successes, which Ascott went on to talk of, had less place in her thoughts than the picture of the face she knew, sharpened with illness, wasted with hard work and solitary care.

"And I cannot help him—I cannot help him!" was her bitter cry; until, passing from the dreamland of fancy, the womanly nature asserted itself. She thought if it had been, or if it were to be, her blessed lot to be chosen by Robert Lyon, how she would take care of him! what an utter slave she would be to him! How no penury would frighten her, no household cares oppress or humble her, if done for him and for his comfort. To her brave heart no battle of life seemed too long or too sore, if only it were fought for him and at his side. And as the early-falling leaves were blown in gusts across her path, and the misty autumn night began to close in, nature herself seemed to plead in unison with the craving of her heart, which sighed that youth and summer last not always; and that, "be it ever so humble," as the song says, there is no place so bright and beautiful as the fireside of a love-ful home.

While the aunt and nephew were strolling thus, thinking of very different things, their own fire, newly lit—Ascott liked a fire—was blazing away in solitary glory, for the benefit of all passers-by. At length one—a gentleman—stopped at the gate, and looked in, then took a turn to the end of the terrace, and stood gazing in once more. The solitude of the room apparently troubled him; twice his hand was on the latch before he opened it, and knocked at the front-door.

Elizabeth appeared, which seemed to surprise him.

"Is Miss Leaf at home?"

"No, sir."

"Is she well? Are all the family well?" and he stepped right into the passage, with the freedom of a familiar foot.

("I should ha' slammed the door in his face," was Elizabeth's comment afterwards; "only, you see, Miss Hilary, he looked a real gentleman.")

The stranger and she mutually examined one another.

"I think I have heard of you," said he, smiling. "You are Miss Leaf's servant—Elizabeth Hand."

"Yes, sir," still grimly, and with a determined grasp of the door-handle.

"If your mistresses are likely to be home soon, will you allow me to wait for them? I am an old friend of theirs. My name is Lyon."

Now Elizabeth was far too much one of the family not to have heard of such a person. And his knowing her was a tolerable proof of his identity; besides, unconsciously, the girl was influenced by that look and mien of true gentlemanhood, as courteous to the poor maid-of-all-work as he would have been to any duchess born; and by that bright, sudden smile, which came like sunshine over his face, and like sunshine warmed and opened the heart of every one that met it.

It opened that of Elizabeth. She relaxed her Cerberus keeping of the door, and even went so far as to inform him that Miss Leaf and Miss Selina were out to tea, but Miss Hilary and Mr. Ascott would be at home shortly. He was welcome to wait in the parlour if he liked.

Afterwards, seized with mingled curiosity and misgiving, she made various errands to go in and look at him; but she had not courage to address him, and he never spoke to her. He sat by the window, gazing out into the gloaming. Except just turning his head at her entrance, she did not think he had once stirred the whole time.

Elizabeth went back to her kitchen, and stood listening for her young mistress's familiar knock. Mr. Lyon seemed to have listened too, for before she could reach it, the door was already opened.

There was a warm greeting—to her great relief: for she knew she had broken the domestic laws in admitting a stranger unawares,—and then Elizabeth heard them all three go into the parlour, where they remained talking, without ringing for either tea or candles, a full quarter of an hour.

Miss Hilary at last came out: but much to Elizabeth's surprise, went straight up into her bedroom, without entering the kitchen at all.

It was some minutes more before she descended; and then, after giving her orders for tea, and seeing that all was arranged with special neatness, she stood absently by the kitchen fire. Elizabeth noticed how wonderfully bright her eyes were, and what a soft happy smile she had. She noticed it, because she had never seen Miss Hilary look exactly like that before; and she never did again.

"Don't you be troubling yourself with waiting about here," she said; and her mistress seemed to start at being spoken to. "I'll get the tea all right, Miss Hilary. Please go back into the parlour."

Hilary went in.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH got tea ready with unwonted diligence, and considerable excitement. Any visitor was a rare occurrence in this very quiet family: but a gentleman visitor—a young gentleman too—was a remarkable fact, arousing both interest and curiosity. For in the latter quality this girl of seventeen could scarcely be expected to be deficient

—and as to the former, she had so completely identified herself with the family she served, that all their concerns were her concerns also. Her acute comments on their few guests, and on their little scholars, sometimes amused Hilary as much as her criticisms on the books she read. But as neither were ever put forward intrusively or impertinently, she let them pass, and only laughed over them with Johanna in private.

In speaking of these said books, and the questions they led to, it was not likely but that mistress and maid—one aged twenty-two, and the other seventeen—should occasionally light upon a subject rather interesting to women of their ages, though not commonly discussed between mistresses and maids. Nevertheless, when it did come in the way, Miss Hilary never shirked it, but talked it out, frankly and freely, as she would to any other person.

"The girl has feelings and notions on the matter, like all other girls, I suppose," reasoned she to herself: "so it is important that her notions should be kept clear, and her feelings right. It may do her some good, and save her from much harm."

And so it befel that Elizabeth Hand, whose blunt ways, unlovely person, and temperament so oddly nervous and reserved, kept her from attracting any "sweetheart" of her own class, had unconsciously imbibed her mistress's theory of love. Love, pure and simple, the very deepest and highest, sweetest and most solemn thing in life: to be believed in devoutly until it came, and when it did come, to be held to, firmly, faithfully, with a single-minded, settled constancy, till death. A creed, quite impossible, many will say, in this ordinary world, and most dangerous to be put into the head of a poor servant. Yet a woman is but a woman, be she maid-servant or queen; and if, from queens to maid-servants, girls were taught thus to think of love, there might be a few more "broken" hearts perhaps, but there would certainly be fewer wicked hearts;—far fewer corrupted lives of men, and degraded lives of women; far fewer unholy marriages, and desolated, dreary, homeless homes.

Elizabeth, having cleared away her tea-things, stood listening to the voices in the parlour, and pondering.

She had sometimes wondered in her own mind that no knight ever came to carry off her charming princess—her admired and beloved Miss Hilary. Miss Hilary, on her part, seemed totally indifferent to the youth at Stowbury: who indeed were, Elizabeth allowed, quite unworthy her regard. The only suitable lover for her young mistress must be somebody exceedingly grand and noble—a compound of the best heroes of Shakspere, Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Maria Edgeworth, and Harriet Martineau. When this strange gentleman appeared—in ordinary coat and hat, or rather Glengarry bonnet, neither particularly handsome nor particularly tall; yet whose coming had evidently given Miss Hilary so much pleasure, and who, once or twice while waiting at tea, Elizabeth fancied she had seen looking at Miss Hilary as nobody ever looked before,—when Mr. Robert Lyon appeared on the horizon, the faithful "bower-maiden" was a good deal disappointed.

She had expected something better; at all events, something different. Her first brilliant castle in the air fell, poor lass! but she quickly built it up again, and, with the vivid imagination of her age, she mapped out the whole future, ending by a vision of Miss Hilary, all in white, sweeping down the Terrace in a carriage and pair—to fortune and happiness; leaving herself, though with a sore want at her heart, and a great longing to follow, to devote the remainder of her natural life to Miss Johanna.

"Her couldna do without somebody to see to her,—and Miss Selina do worrit her so," muttered Elizabeth, in the excitement of this Alnaschar vision relapsing into her old provincialisms. "So, even if Miss Hilary axes me to come, I'll stop, I reckon. Ay, I'll stop wi' Miss Leaf."

This valorous determination taken, the poor maid-servant's dream was broken by the opening of the parlour door, and an outcry of Ascott's for his coat and gloves, he having to fetch his aunts home at nine o'clock, Mr. Lyon accompanying him. And as they all stood together at the front door, Elizabeth overheard Mr. Lyon say something about what a beautiful night it was.

"It would do you no harm, Miss Hilary; will you walk with us?"

"If you like."

Hilary went up-stairs for her bonnet and shawl; but when, a minute or two after, Elizabeth followed her with a candle, she found her standing in the centre of the room, all in the dark, her face white, and her hands trembling.

"Thank you, thank you!" she said, mechanically, as Elizabeth folded and fastened her shawl for her,—and descended immediately. Elizabeth watched her take, not Ascott's arm, but Mr. Lyon's, and walk down the Terrace in the starlight.

"Some'at's wrong. I'd like to know who's been a-vexin' of her," thought fiercely the young servant.

No, nobody had been "a-vexing" her mistress. There was nobody to blame; only there had happened to Hilary one of those things which strike like a sword through a young and happy heart, taking all the life and youth out of it.

Robert Lyon had, half-an-hour ago, told her—and she had had to hear it as a piece of simple news, to which she had only to say, "Indeed!"—that

to-day and to-morrow were his two last days at Stowbury—almost his last in England. Within a week he was to sail for India.

There had befallen him what most people would have considered a piece of rare good fortune. At the London University, a fellow-student, whom he had been gratuitously "coaching" in Hindostanee, fell ill, and was "thrown upon his hands," as he briefly defined services which must have been great, since they had resulted in this end. The young man's father—a Liverpool and Bombay merchant—made him an offer to go out there, to their house, at a rising salary of 300 rupees a month for three years; after the third year to become a junior partner, remaining at Bombay in that capacity for two years more.

This he told to Hilary and Ascott in almost as few words as I have here put it,—for brevity seemed a refuge to him. It was also to one of them. But Ascott asked so many questions that his aunt needed to ask none. She only listened, and tried to take all in, and understand it, that is, in a consecutive, intelligent, business shape, without feeling it. She dared not let herself feel it, not for a second, till they were out, arm-in-arm, under the quiet winter stars. Then she heard his voice asking her,—

"So you think I was right?"

"Right?" she echoed mechanically.

"I mean, in accepting that sudden chance, and changing my whole plan of life. I did not do it—believe me—without a motive."

What motive? she would once unhesitatingly have asked,—now she could not.

Robert Lyon continued speaking, distinctly and yet in an under-tone, that though Ascott was walking a few yards off, Hilary felt was meant for her alone to hear.

"The change is, you perceive, from the life of a student to that of a man of business. I do not deny that I preferred the first. Once upon a time to be a Fellow in a college, or a professor, or the like, was my utmost aim; and I would have half killed myself to attain it. Now—I think differently."

He paused, but did not seem to require an answer, and it did not come.

"I want, not to be rich, but to get a decent competence, and to get it as soon as I can. I want not to ruin my health with incessant study. I have already injured it a good deal."

"Have you been ill? You never said so."

"Oh, no, it was hardly worth while. And I knew an active life would soon set me right again. No fear! there's life in the old dog yet. He does not wish to die. But," Mr. Lyon pursued, "I have had a 'sair fecht' the last year or two. I would not go through it again, nor see any one dear to me go through it. It is over, but it has left its scars. Strange! I have been poor all my life, yet I never till now felt an actual terror of poverty."

Hilary shrank within herself, less even at the words than at something in their tone—something hard, nay fierce: something at once despairing and aggressive.

"It is strange," she said; "such a terror is not like you. I feel none: I cannot even understand it."

"No, I knew you could not," he muttered; and was silent.

So was Hilary. A vague trouble came over her. Could it be that he, Robert Lyon, had been seized with the 'auri sacra fames,' which he had so often inveighed against and despised? that his long battle with poverty had caused in him such an overweening desire for riches, that to obtain them he would sacrifice everything else, exile himself to a far country for years, selling his very life and soul for gold?

Such a thought of him was so terrible—that is, would have been were it tenable—that Hilary for an instant felt herself shiver all over. The next she spoke out—in justice to him she forced herself to speak out—all her honest soul.

"I do believe that this going abroad to make a fortune, which young men so delight in, is often a most fatal mistake. They give up far more than they gain—country, home, health. I think a man has no right to sell his life any more than his soul, for so many thousands a year."

Robert Lyon smiled—"No, and I am not selling mine. With my temperate habits I have as good a chance of health at Bombay as in London—perhaps better. And the years I must be absent I would have been absent almost as much from you——I mean they would have been spent in work as engrossing and as hard. They will soon pass, and then I shall come home rich—rich—Do you think I am growing mercenary?"

"No."

"Tell me what you do think about me."

"I—cannot quite understand."

"And I cannot make you understand. Perhaps I will, some day when I come back again. Till then, you must trust me, Hilary."

It happens occasionally, in moments of all but intolerable pain, that some small thing, a word, a look, a touch of a hand, lets in such a gleam of peace, that nothing ever extinguishes the light of it: it burns on for years and years, sometimes clear, sometimes obscured, but as ineffaceable from life and memory as a star from its place in the heavens. Such, both then, and through the lonely years to come, were those five words, "You must trust me, Hilary."

She did; and in the perfectness of that trust her own separate identity, with all its consciousness of pain, seemed annihilated: she did not think of herself at all, only of him, and with him, and for him. So for the time being, she lost all sense of personal suffering, and their walk that night was as cheerful and happy as if they were to walk together for weeks and months and years, in undivided confidence and content, instead of its being the last—the very last.

Some one has said that all lovers have soon or late to learn to be only friends: happiest and safest are those in whom the friendship is the foundation—always firm and ready to fall back upon, long after the fascination of passion dies. It may take a little from the romance of these two, if I own that Robert Lyon talked to Hilary not a word about love, and a good deal about pure business; telling her all his affairs and arrangements, and giving her as clear an idea of his future life as it was possible to do within the limits of one brief half-hour.

Then casting a glance round, and seeing that Ascott was quite out of ear-shot, he said with that tender fall of the voice that felt, as some poet hath it—

"Like a still embrace,"—

"Now, tell me as much as you can about yourself."

At first there seemed nothing to tell; but gradually he drew from Hilary a good deal. Johanna's feeble health, which caused her continuing to teach to be very unadvisable; and the gradual diminishing of the school—from what cause they could not account—which made it very doubtful whether some change would not soon or late be necessary.

What this change should be, she and Mr. Lyon discussed a little; as far as in the utterly indefinite position of affairs was possible. Also, from some other questions of his, she spoke to him about another dread which had lurked in her mind, and yet to which she could give no tangible shape—about Ascott. He could not remove it, he did not attempt; but he soothed it a little, advising with her as to the best way of managing the wilful lad. His strong, clear sense, just judgment, and, above all, a certain unspoken sense of union, as if all that concerned her and hers he took naturally upon himself as his own, gave Hilary such comfort, that even on this night, with a full consciousness of all that was to follow, she was happy—nay, she had not been so happy for years. Perhaps (let the truth be told, the glorious truth of true love, that its recognition, spoken or silent, constitutes the only perfect joy of life, that of two made one), perhaps she had never been so really happy since she was born.

The last thing he did was to make her give him an assurance that in any and all difficulty she would apply to him.

"To me, and to no one else, remember. No one but myself must help you. And I will, so long as I am alive. Do you believe this?"

She looked up at him by the lamp-light, and said, "I do."

"And you promise?"

"Yes."

Then they loosed arms, and Hilary knew that they should never walk together again till—when and how?

Returning, of course he walked with Miss Leaf; and throughout the next day, a terribly wet Sunday, spent by them entirely in the little parlour, they had not a minute of special or private talk together. He did not seem to wish it,—indeed almost avoided it.

Thus slipped away the strange, still day,—a Sunday never to be forgotten. At night, after prayers were over, Mr. Lyon rose suddenly, saying he must leave them now; he was obliged to start from Stowbury at daybreak.

"Shall we not see you again?" asked Johanna.

"No. This will be my last Sunday in England. Good-bye!"

He turned excessively pale, shook hands silently with them all—Hilary last—and almost before they recognised the fact, he was gone.

With him departed, not all Hilary's peace or faith or courage of heart, for to all who love truly, while the best beloved lives, and lives worthily, no parting is hopeless and no grief overwhelming; but all the brightness of her youth, all the sense of joy that young people have in loving, and in being beloved again,—in fond meetings and fonder partings, in endless walks and talks, in sweet kisses and clinging arms. Such happiness was not for her: when she saw it the lot of others, she said to herself, sometimes with a natural sharp sting of pain, but oftener with a solemn acquiescence,—"It is the will of God; it is the will of God."

Johanna, too, who would have given her life almost to bring some colour back to the white face of her darling, of whom she asked no questions, and who never complained nor confessed anything, many and many a night when Hilary either lay awake by her side, or tossed and moaned in her sleep, till the elder sister took her in her arms like a baby,—Johanna, too, said to herself, "This is the will of God."

I have told thus much in detail the brief, sad story of Hilary's youth, to show how impossible it was that Elizabeth Hand could live in the house with these two women, without being strongly influenced by them, as every person—especially

every woman—influences, for good or for evil, every other person connected with her, or dependent upon her.

Elizabeth was a girl of close observation and keen perception. Besides, to most people, whether or not their sympathy be universal, so far as the individual is concerned, any deep affection generally lends eyes, tact, and delicacy.

Thus when on the Monday morning at breakfast Miss Selina observed, "What a fine day Mr. Lyon was having for his journey; what a lucky fellow he was; how he would be sure to make a fortune, and if so, she wondered whether they should ever see or hear anything of him again,"—Elizabeth, from the glimpse she caught of Miss Hilary's face, and from the quiet way in which Miss Leaf merely answered, "Time will show;" and began talking to Selina about some other subject,—Elizabeth resolved never in any way to make the smallest allusion to Mr. Robert Lyon. Something had happened, she did not know what; and it was not her business to find out; the family affairs, so far as she was trusted with them, were warmly her own, but into the family secrets she had no right to pry.

Yet, long after Miss Selina had ceased to "wonder" about him, or even to name him—his presence or absence did not touch her personally, and she was always the centre of her own small world of interest—the little maid-servant kept in her mind, and pondered over at odd times, every possible solution of the mystery of this gentleman's sudden visit; of the long wet Sunday when he sat all day talking with her mistresses in the parlour; of the evening prayer, when Miss Leaf had twice to stop, her voice faltered so; and of the night when, long after all the others had gone to bed, Elizabeth, coming suddenly into the parlour, had found Miss Hilary sitting alone over the embers of the fire, with the saddest, saddest look! so that the girl had softly shut the door again without ever speaking to "Missis."

Elizabeth did more; which, strange as it may appear, a servant who is supposed to know nothing of anything that has happened, can often do better than a member of the family, who knows everything, and this knowledge is sometimes the most irritating consciousness a sufferer has. She followed her young mistress with a steady watchfulness, so quiet and silent that Hilary never found it out,—saved her every little household care, gave her every little household treat. Not much to do, and less to be chronicled; but the way in which she did it was all.

During the long dull winter days, to come in and find the parlour-fire always bright, the hearth clean swept, and the room tidy; never to enter the kitchen without the servant's face clearing up into a smile; when her restless irritability made her forget things, and grow quite vexed in the search after them, to see that somehow her shoes were never misplaced, and her gloves always came to hand in some mysterious manner,—these trifles, in her first heavy days of darkness, soothed Hilary more than words could tell.

And the sight of Miss Hilary going about the house and schoolroom as usual, with that poor white face of hers; nay, gradually bringing to the family fireside, as usual, her harmless little joke, and her merry laugh at it and herself,—who shall say what lessons may not have been taught by this to the humble servant, dropping deep-sown into her heart, to germinate and fructify, as her future life's needs required?

It might have been so—God knows! He alone can know, who, through what (to us) seem the infinite littlenesses of our mortal existence, is educating us into the infinite greatness of His and our immortality.

THE EYE—ITS STRUCTURE AND POWERS.

Although every part of the human frame has been fashioned by the same Divine hand, and exhibits the most marvellous and beneficent adaptations for the use of man, the human eye stands pre-eminent above them all as the light of the body, and the organ by which we become acquainted with the minutest and the nearest, the largest and the most remote of the Creator's works.

Of the five "Gateways of Knowledge" by which we acquire all our information respecting the external world, the sense of *Sight* is the most important, whether we regard it in the structure of its organs, the value of its lessons, or the extent of its range. The organs of *Touch* and *Taste* have no wider range than the surface of the tissues which compose them. With the sense of *Smell* we can take cognizance only at a short distance of the offensive odour or of the grateful perfume. The organ of *Hearing* is the centre of a wider, though still a narrow, sphere. The sound of the troubled ocean, and of the gale which chafes it, the howl of the waving forest, or of the life which it shelters, and the peals of the thunder-storm, are all heard, indeed, from afar; but the eye carries us to the very limits of our planet-home,—to the mountain or ocean horizon, where the blue ether, with its drapery of clouds, bounds its unassisted view. Within this magic circle it revels amid the glories of nature and the grandeur of art; it lingers amid the beauties of lake and sea, of glade and forest, of cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces, and weeps, perchance, over the crowded haunts of life, and labour, and crime. Nor has it less delight when it returns to the domestic hearth, and surveys its household gods, and receives looks of love from the inmates of its happy home.

But though the blue firmament, with its "greater and its lesser lights," is the boundary of unassisted vision, the genius of man has disclosed to the human eye regions far beyond it, and given it powers of research denied to the other organs of sensation. With the *Telescope* it explores the universe of stars, insulating its own planetary system,—surveying, and measuring, and weighing the worlds which compose it, and descrying amid their mountains and valleys the seats of life perchance more noble than its own. With the same guide it pierces into the sidereal heavens, discovering new suns and systems of worlds,—penetrating the depths of space, and receiving the last and feeblest ray which glimmers from the very boundary of creation.

Nor is the gateway of light less attractive when it leads us into the microscopic world, and displays to us the functions and organizations of atomic life, and the elementary structures of the larger creations around us. The gateway of sound is impervious to the cry of that life which we crush beneath our feet, and to the joyous utterances of the living myriads which sport in the sunbeam. The senses of taste and smell teach us nothing respecting the animalcular kingdom, and could the human hand by its touch deal with the invisible organism, it would fail to disclose either its form or its functions. The sight alone pierces into the dwellings of the animalcular community,—expands the material atom into a world, lays open the prolific cells of vegetable and animal organization, and displays to the admiring observer the structure of those wonderful tissues which cover the seats of intellectual and animal life.

It is not difficult, for the poet has done it, to describe the state of our own world, or of the universe, were "the sun extinguished, the stars to wander darkling in the eternal space," and "the icy earth to swing blind and blackening in the moonless air;" but it is difficult to comprehend the condition of a world inhabited by a sightless population, or revolving in a medium through which no ray can pass. Were our nectar and ambrosia tasteless, and no perfume breathed from plant or flower, hunger and thirst would still be assuaged, and the lily and the rose would delight the eye. Were the chords of the lyre struck in vain, and the voice which soothes or alarms us mute for ever, the harmony of colour would replace, however imperfectly, the harmony of sounds, and the expression of the human face would still utter, however inarticulately, the language of reproof or of love. Without the ear man could have held communication and interchanged his labour with his fellow, however distant he might be. Though the rattle of the iron wheel were inaudible, and the watchman deaf to the shriek of the steam-pipe, the coloured beacon would guide him in his flight, and the pilot might conduct his ship round the globe, though he hears not the howl of the gale which shatters his rigging, nor the roar of waters which threaten to engulf him.

It would be more difficult still to imagine the condition of a world in space impervious to light, or with inhabitants insensible to its impressions. In "a world without a sun," the poet might well exclaim, "O what were man!" Ignorant of the form and size of his own planet, and of the worlds around it, he might, like the Proteus of the subterranean waters, or the mole working in the dark, subsist on the spontaneous productions of the soil, gathering the seed which he did not sow, and plucking the fruit which he did not plant; but his

sustenance would have been more precarious than that of the world of instinct as it now exists under his dominion. With the cunning of his fingers, the grasp of his hand, the power of his arm, and the vigour of his intellect, man might have sheltered himself from the elements even within walls of stone, and defended himself against enemies rational and irrational, and equally helpless with himself. His dwellings might have been grouped into cities, his cities into communities, and his communities into nations. His Reason would have given him some knowledge of the great first cause; and though he had neither sun, nor moon, nor stars to represent the beneficence which surrounded him, he might have deified the most gifted of the community who had pierced deepest into the darkness around, or whose genius or industry had procured new powers or new luxuries to their race. But whatever might have been his advance either in material or intellectual progress, the useful arts would have been slowly developed, and his highest pleasure would have been derived from the luxuries of music, and the productions which administer to the senses of Taste and Smell.

The superiority of the sense of light, and its value as a source of moral and physical enjoyment being thus established, we shall now proceed to give a popular account of the organ by which it carries on its operations, and of the processes by which the mind takes cognizance of its pictures on its retina, gives an external locality to the objects they represent, and in a state of health or disease, gives us visions of the past or foreshadows of the future.

The human eye, and that of all other animals, has always been regarded as the most beautiful, as well as the most important portion of their corporeal frame. In man it occupies a commanding position in the region of intellect, and its shape, and size, and colour are all made to harmonize with the other features by whose ever-varying expression we give utterance to the conceptions of the mind and the emotions of the heart. Over this noble combination the eye predominates, but its form, and colour, and movements, are its only fascination. In itself it has no expression. It neither smiles nor weeps. It opens its curtains in joy. It looks upwards in devotion, and downwards in sorrow, and sidewards in research. It closes its windows in sunshine, and opens them in twilight, and in the depth of joy or of grief, it is bathed from the fountains around it; but in all these conditions it derives its expression from the casket in which it is incased, and the drapery in which it is clothed. But though the eye is dependent upon other forms for its smiles and its frowns, it exercises over them a despotic sway, appropriating their peculiar expressions, and concentrating them on the foe whom it fears or the friend whom it loves.

In order to give some idea of the exquisite mechanism of this organ, and of its singular adaptation to the various purposes which it subserves, we have given in the figure at the end (Fig. 8) a very fine representation of it in section according to the most recent anatomical dissection.* The figure is a section, from before backwards, through the eyeball of a child at birth, magnified fifteen times in diameter. The ball of the eye, which in the adult is about nine-tenths of an inch in diameter, is formed by a very dense, tough, and opaque white fibrous membrane B B called the *sclerotic coat*, the blood-vessels of which are seen in the diagram. Into the front of the eyeball thus formed is inserted a circular transparent portion like a very small watch-glass, joining the white sclerotic coat at the points B, B, and forming its anterior part. This portion is called the *cornea*, which, together with the *sclerotic coat*, forms the eyeball, the cornea being, as it were, the window of the spherical chamber. It is nearly half an inch in diameter, and consists of three adhering layers,—the conjunctival membrane, which is the outer one; the proper cornea, which is the middle one and the thickest; and the membrane of Descemet. The proper cornea is fibrous, and exceedingly tough. Within the *cornea*, and in contact with the membrane of Descemet, is the aqueous chamber P, containing the *aqueous humour*, which consists of water and a little albumen. Above and below P will be seen a section of the *Iris*, which is a flat, or slightly convex, circular membrane, dividing the interior of the eyeball into two very unequal parts, called the *anterior* and *posterior* chambers. The iris has an opening in its centre, shown on the right-hand side of P, which contracts, in strong light, from about one-fourth of an inch, which is its width in ordinary light, to one-eighth of an inch, or even less, and expands again when the light is diminished. This membrane has a different colour in different eyes, and the pupil always appears as a black or dark spot in its centre, unless in some particular position of the observer, when a red light may be seen in the interior of the eye, like that which is more easily observed in cats or other animals. On the whole posterior surface of the iris is a layer of cells called the *uvea*, densely filled with a black pigment, and on its anterior surface there is another layer of roundish cells considerably flattened. The colour of the iris in *blue* eyes is produced solely by the black pigment seen through the iris; but in *black*, *brown* and *yellowish-brown* eyes, the colour is produced by a special pigment irregularly distributed through the iris. The anterior chamber of the eye contains

* This drawing by Dr. Löwig is taken from Reichert's *Studien des Physiologisches Instituts zu Breslau*. Leipzig, 1858.

only the aqueous humour, but the posterior chamber contains the *crystalline lens* L L, and the *vitreous* humour L E D E L. This humour resembles the white of an egg, and contains much albumen. It occupies, as the figure shows, a large part of the eyeball, keeping it in a distended state, and resisting pressure, like a bladder containing water. The humour or fluid is contained in a capsule or bag divided into several compartments, as shown by the curved lines. There is reason to believe that these compartments are subdivided into cells which communicate with one another by a small opening, and it is quite certain that these cells contain transparent filaments which float in them, and form themselves into knots which appear as black spots, called *muscæ volitantes*, and which are often a source of unnecessary alarm to persons with the soundest eyes. An able French writer, M. Vallée, on very slight experimental grounds, supposes that the vitreous humour is not homogeneous, but diminishes in density from the crystalline lens to the back of the humour at D. The vitreous humour is enveloped by the hyaloid membrane, an extremely fine transparent pellicle, about 0.002 of a line in thickness.

The *crystalline lens* is a piece of mechanism of singular beauty, and is the principal agent in giving us a distinct picture of external objects. When seen in the eye, or even when taken out of it, immediately after death, it is as pure and transparent as a drop of water, and like a lens of glass, it does not show the slightest appearance of being composed of numerous parts, each singularly formed, and all as singularly arranged. It is suspended in a transparent capsule or bag, fixed at its margin to the sclerotic coat, and consists of numerous concentric laminæ, like the coats of an onion, several of which are shown in the figure. These laminæ are composed of innumerable fibres of equal length, tapering to both ends. In the human lens these are from 0.0025 to 0.005 of a line broad, and from 0.0009 to 0.0014 thick, and are delicate tubes containing a clear albuminous fluid. The sides of these tubes are ragged, like the teeth of a fine saw, so that the teeth of one fibre enter into the spaces between the teeth of the adjacent fibres, and bind them together. These fibres or tubes are so combined that the centre of the lens is more dense than the outer parts, the density gradually diminishing outwards. The mode in which the fibres are arranged, and their structure, is less distinctly seen in the human lens than in that of quadrupeds and fishes, and therefore we shall describe their structure and arrangement in these animals.

The structure and arrangement of the fibres in a lens is well seen in that of a cod-fish, which is a spherical ball about four-tenths of an inch in diameter. When boiled it is perfectly white, and when the soft parts are removed, the inner laminæ are transparent, and may be separated by the point of a knife, and examined by the microscope. In this fish, and in the turbot, haddock, herring, and many other fishes, and in birds, the fibres are arranged like the meridians in a globe terminating in two opposite poles, an arrangement which renders it necessary that each fibre should be thickest at the equator, and taper to a point at the poles. This arrangement is shown in Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.

If these fibres were round like wires, they could not be packed into laminæ, and if their sides were smooth they could not adhere so as to form a film or plate. They are therefore flat, and have teeth like those of a wheel or rack, by which one fibre, *a m n b*, is joined to *b p q c*, the one next to it. This is shown in the annexed figure (Fig. 2).

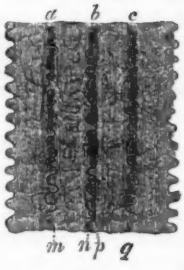


Fig. 2.

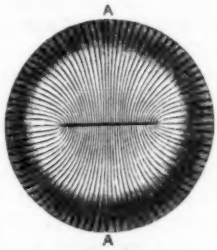
A very curious and instructive experiment may be made by separating one of the laminæ from the lens when dry, and looking through it at a small bright flame. On each side of the white flame we shall see three or more coloured flames, the distance of which, from the white flame and from one another, is inversely proportional to the breadth of the fibre, that is, it is smallest with broad fibres, and greatest with small fibres. The coloured images will therefore separate from one another, when the part of the laminæ through which we look is near the pole. The same coloured spectra may be seen by reflection from the surface of the laminæ, and hence we have been able to trace the fibres to their terminations in poles or lines, by observing the separation of the coloured images. This line or row of coloured images is always perpendicular to the length of the fibres; but if the light is bright enough, we may observe other and more distant coloured images, the line joining which is parallel to the fibres. These fainter spectra are produced by the parallel edges of the teeth, and, what is important, we can measure the breadth of the fibres and the breadth of the teeth, by measuring the angular distance of these coloured images. In this manner the following estimate has been made of the number of fibres and teeth in the lens of a cod, four-tenths of an inch in diameter:—

Fibres in each lamina,	2,500
Teeth in each fibre,	12,500
Teeth in each lamina,	31,250,000
Fibres in the lens,	5,000,000
Teeth in the lens,	62,500,000,000

That is, the lens of a small cod contains five millions of fibres, and sixty-two thousand five hundred millions of teeth, forming a sphere as clear and pure as a drop of water!

In the lenses of other animals, the fibres are differently arranged. In the *salmon, shark, skate, porpoise, alligator,* and many other fish, and in the *hare, rabbit,* and some *serpents,* the fibres are arranged as in Fig. 3, where the fibres are shown as inserted in a line which is horizontal on the front of the lens, but vertical on the back of the lens. The consequence of this is that the fibres in passing from the horizontal line (which consists of what is called *two septa*, one on each side of the centre) to the vertical line, must have the curvilineal form shown in Fig. 4. In some fishes the lens has *two* septa on one side, as in Fig. 3, and *one pole* on the other side, as in Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.



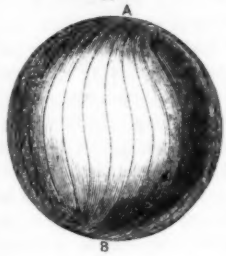


Fig. 4.

In the lenses of almost all quadrupeds, the *horse,* the *lion,* the *tiger,* etc., there are *three septa*, as shown in Fig. 5, but the three on the other surface are not parallel to those in the figure, but bisect the angles of 120° which they form.

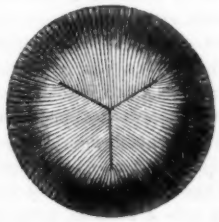


Fig. 5.

In some fishes the lens has *three* septa on one side, and *two* on the other. In the *whale* there are *four* septa at right angles to one another, and in the elephant there are *nine*, namely, *three* central ones, and *two* at the extremity of each of the *three*.

Such is the structure of the crystalline lens, a piece of mechanism of which the genius of man cannot produce the rudest imitation. We have said that it is denser at the centre than at the margin, the density gradually diminishing outwards. This property, which was necessary in order to make it give a more perfect image, and which art cannot impress upon its productions, shows itself when the human lens is examined in polarized light, by four quadrants of polarized light separated by a black cross, as shown in the central part of Fig. 6. This light has a particular character, which has been found to be *positive* when the density increases inwards, and *negative* when it decreases inwards. In the human lens, and in others where there is only one series of these quadrants, it is positive; but in examining the lenses of horses, and several other quadrupeds, we have found *three* series of luminous quadrants,* separated by a black cross, indicating in the clearest manner that the central part of the lens has its density diminishing outwards, the next portion its density increasing outwards, and the other portion diminishing outwards! The cause of a structure so strange and unlike what science could have anticipated, has not even been conjectured by philosophers. This remarkable structure is shown in Fig. 6, where the rings marked + have their density *increasing inwards*, and the ring marked — its density *diminishing inwards*.

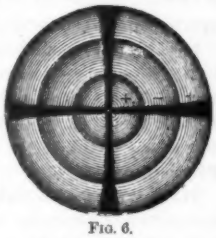


Fig. 6.

Another curious property of the lenses of several animals, and perhaps of all, is, that when they are kept in distilled water, the rings or quadrants of polarized light change their form and even their colour, as if the lens was assuming a new and more complex structure. After a certain time, the lens bursts from the breaking of the capsule or bag which encloses it. The distilled water had been absorbed in such a quantity as at first to stretch and then tear the capsule, and the effect of its expansion was to give it a polarizing structure, which modified the polarizing structure of the lens itself. This experiment is of some practical value, as it shows that the disease of *soft cataract* in the human eye may be produced by the lens absorbing too much water, from an excess of water in the aqueous humour, and that *dry cataract* may be produced by the lens not receiving a proper supply of water, in consequence of the aqueous humour containing too much albumen.

The crystalline lens, thus marvellously constructed, is capable of forming distinct and perfect images of external objects upon any membrane fitted to receive them. This membrane is called the *retina*, and is shown in Fig. 8, at the back of the vitreous humour, as formed by several rings

* In the lens of a cow fifteen years old, we found *four* series, two positive and two negative, alternating with each other.

of different degrees of brightness. Till recently, it was regarded by optical writers, and even by anatomists, as a single membrane, like a sheet of white paper, or a surface of ground glass, which, in the Camera Obscura, receives and shows the images of external objects, either when we look at the paper or the ground glass; but, as we shall presently see, it is a compound membrane, consisting of several strata variously formed. One stratum of it, however, receives the images of external objects, and transmits the sensation to the brain by means of the *optic nerves* D O, of which the retina is an expansion. The truth of this may may be shown by paring away, till it is exceedingly thin and transparent, the sclerotic coat of a fish or a quadruped. When the eye is thus prepared, an inverted image of external objects will be seen distinctly painted on the retina. That the optic nerve conveys a view of this picture to the brain, is proved by the fact, that blindness is produced by any injury done to that nerve.

In order to give an idea of this singular membrane, we have represented in Fig. 7, a section of it, near the entrance of the optic nerve, as magnified 170 times, according to the observations of H. Müller and Kolliker, published in Ecker's *Icones Physiologicæ*.

The retina is a delicate and perfectly transparent membrane, varying in thickness from 0.06 to 0.10 of a line. It consists of five layers. No. 1 is the *first*, or bacillar layer, or the layer of rods and cones, or Jacob's membrane, consisting of "strongly-reflecting bodies, cylindrical and conical in form." The layer varies from 0.028 to 0.036 of a line. Every rod is a cylinder, 0.0008 of a line broad. Nos. 2, 3, and 4, forming the *second*, are the outer granular, the intermediate granular, and the inner granular layer. The granules are round or oval bodies, reflecting the light strongly, and from 0.002 to 0.004 of a line in diameter. The *third* layer shown at 5, is a layer of grey cerebral substance, terminating interiorly in a layer of nerve cells at 6, and extending between the granular layers and the fibres of the optic nerve. The *fourth* layer, No. 7, is the expansion of the optic nerve or "optic bundles," the Mullerian fibres "forming their laminæ between the optic bundles." The *fifth* layer is the limiting membrane.

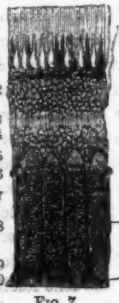


FIG. 7.

The yellow or golden-yellow spot is an elliptical part of the retina, 1.44 long, and 0.36 of a line broad, and from 1.0 to 1.2 of a line from the centre of the entrance of the optic nerve at D, Fig. 8. In the middle of it is a colourless depressed spot, the *foramen centrale*, from 0.08 to 0.10 in diameter.

On the outside of the retina, in contact with the layer No. 1. in Fig. 7, is the *choroid coat*, which is a layer of hexagonal cells, 0.006 to 0.008 of a line in diameter, and 0.004 thick, "disposed in the manner of a mosaic," and containing a black pigment, which lines the whole inner surface of the choroid membrane. In the eye of Albinos the black pigment is absent, so that the hexagonal cells are perfectly pale.

When we look at the retina in front, in a dead eye, or in a living eye, which may be done by an ingenious instrument called an *opthalmoscope*, we observe the small hole in it, about one-fortieth of an inch in diameter, called the *foramen centrale*, directly opposite the pupil P, and a little to one side of this, a slight elevation at D, where the optic nerve enters the eye. These two circular portions have peculiar properties. The *first*, which is found only in the eye of man, monkeys, and some lizards, is the spot of distinct vision, the vision being less distinct on every other part of the retina. The *second*, though sensible to light, does not give us the vision of any object whose image falls upon it. This is shown by two curious experiments easily made. Lay down a small speck of white paper upon a green or any dark cloth, and three or four inches from a narrow strip of paper two or three inches long. Look steadily at the white speck for a little while, and the white strip of paper, seen obliquely or indirectly, will disappear and reappear, the eye being unable to keep up a sustained vision of it. The white speck seen distinctly will never disappear in ordinary light; but if it is so faintly illuminated as to be hardly visible, it will disappear and reappear like the strip of paper seen obliquely. This inability of the eye to maintain a continuous vision of faintly illuminated objects is often alarming in the dark to the timid and the credulous, and has frequently been the cause of a particular class of apparitions which are seen at night by the young and the ignorant. The experiment is more curious when we use a luminous object. If we place two candles at the distance of a few inches, and look distinctly and steadily for some time at the right-hand candle, the left-hand candle will not disappear, but will expand into a mass of nebulous light, the centre of which is *blue*, surrounded with a ring of *yellow* light, the candle seen distinctly suffering no change.

But though the eye cannot see objects distinctly by indirect vision, it sees faint objects *more easily* than when they are seen directly or distinctly. Astronomers have found that when they desire to see a faint star, such as one of the satellites of Saturn, they can discover it by looking away from the place where they know it to be. When the eye is turned full upon the star, it disappears.

We have already stated that an *inverted* image of every external object is painted on the retina. How an object is seen *erect* by means of an *inverted* picture of it, is a problem that has often puzzled even grave philosophers. Considering the mind as placed behind the retina, and looking at the inverted pictures, some writers have believed that children see all things inverted, and that they learn to see them erect by comparing what they see with what they touch. Other writers, equally ignorant of the true law of vision, suppose that the inverted picture is made erect by some change which takes place at the entrance of the optic nerve into the brain. The truth is, that in place of its being necessary to convert, by any mechanism, the *inverted* image into an *erect* one, an inverted image is absolutely required, in order to obtain an erect one by the laws of vision.

In order to understand this by means of an experiment which anybody may make, let us suppose a man placed opposite a window, in the shutter of which there is a small hole. An inverted picture of the man will be formed on a sheet of paper held one or two feet behind it. The picture is inverted because the rays from the man's *head*, moving in straight lines, as light does, fall on the *lower* part of the paper, and the rays from his *feet* on the *upper* part of the paper. If the hole is a little larger than a pin hole, this inverted picture will be very distinct, though faint; and if the man is dressed in a white dress, strongly illuminated by the sun, a photograph might be taken of him, by receiving the image upon a proper sensitive ground.

Let us now suppose that when the eyelids, FC, FC, Fig. 8, are opened, an inverted picture of a man is formed upon the spherical retina, EDE. The rays which paint it fall in different directions on the retina, but it is a law of vision, called *the law of visible direction*, and one determined experimentally, that whatever be the direction of a ray falling upon the retina at any point, it gives us the sensation of vision in the direction of a line perpendicular to the retina at that point. As the rays, therefore, which proceed from the *head* of the man fall upon the *lower* part of the spherical retina, below D, and as a line perpendicular to that part passes upwards through the pupil P, it must show us the man's head *above* a horizontal line; and as the rays which proceed from the feet of a man fall upon the *upper* part of the spherical retina, above D, and as a perpendicular to that part passes downwards through the pupil P, it must show us the man's feet *below* a horizontal line. The inverted image, therefore, of the man upon a spherical retina EDE, must necessarily give us the view of a man in an erect position. We know that the sensation is carried to the brain by the optic nerve acting as the wire of a telegraph, but we are entirely ignorant of the process by which the mind takes cognizance of the sensation thus conveyed. A very singular proof that an impression from any object upon the lower part of the retina gives us the upward vision of that object, that is, shows us the object in the direction of a line perpendicular to the lower part of the retina, we accidentally obtained in the following manner:—In opening the seal of a letter, a small part of the wax, with a fine specular reflecting surface flew off from the wax, and lodged itself in the upper eyelid to the right hand of F, Fig. 8. This piece of wax reflected the candle and other objects upon the table down upon the bottom of the eye, between D and F. The consequence of this was, that the candle and these objects were actually seen *above the head of the observer!*

Several difficult questions will be made plain by considering all objects as delineated by points like a stippled engraving. Every point will have its image on the retina. Those in the upper part of the object will have their image on the lower part of the retina; and those in the lower part of the object will have their image in the upper part of the retina. The direction, therefore, in which we see any point with our eye will be that of a line drawn from the point of the retina, through the centre of curvature of that membrane.

Physiologists, or optical writers, have found great difficulty in understanding how we see objects single with two eyes. If we look at a candle with one eye, we see it single. If we open the other, and either squint, or press it a little to a side with the finger, we see two candles, but if we cease squinting, or withdraw the finger, the one image will move towards the other, and cover it, so that a single image is formed by the one eye placing its image of the candle exactly upon the image of the candle formed by the other. Hence it follows that if we had a hundred eyes, the hundred images which they form would be seen when the muscles of the different eyes place all the images which are of the same size exactly above one another.

The superior and inferior recti muscles by which the eye is turned upwards and down, are shown surrounding the sclerotic coat EDE, into which they are inserted, and cut off at G, G. The other recti muscles, which turn the eye from right to left, and from left to right, are not shown in the figure on account of its being a vertical section.

Our limits will not permit us to say much of the eyes of animals. The eyes of quadrupeds are, generally speaking, similar in structure to that of man. In the larger herbivorous animals, such as the elephant and the rhinoceros, the eyes are small; while in the carnivorous races, the eye is larger, in order to have better vision in twilight

or at night, by the admission of a greater quantity of light through the pupil. But while beasts of prey are thus enabled to pursue their victims, the animals which they pursue are endowed with powers of vision, which enable them to descry their enemies at a distance, and escape from danger. The eyes of the smaller animals are exceedingly minute; but whatever be the size of the eye, whether that of the elephant or of a mouse, all objects are seen by them of exactly the same size. The image on the retina of the mouse is, no doubt, smaller than that on the retina of the elephant, but when they are transferred to an external locality by the law of visible direction, their magnitude is the same.

Perfect insects are endowed with eyes of a very remarkable kind. Each eye consists of a great number of separate cylinders, or, rather, hexa-

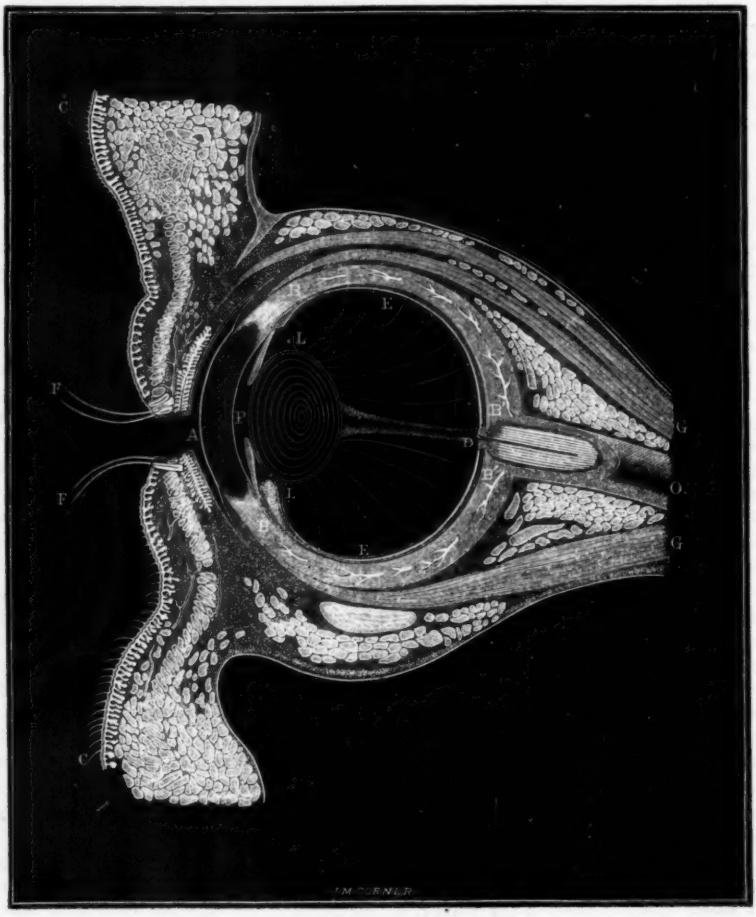


FIG. 8.

gonal tubes, which are finely shown in the grey dragon-fly. Each of these tubes has its outer end convex, and its inner end concave, so that it is a meniscus lens, which converges the rays through a pupil, behind which is a tube containing a viscid humour, which carries the rays to form an image on the retina behind it. The rays passing along each hexagon are prevented from interfering with one another, so that each tube forms an image on the retina of a separate part of the object. The great number of hexagons, or separate eyes, render unnecessary the muscular apparatus which is given to other animals for moving their eyes, and extending the sphere of vision.

In another article we propose to give an account of some remarkable properties of the eye, and of certain abnormal phenomena of vision, such as colour-blindness, spectral illusions, etc.

DAVID BREWSTER.

A YEAR OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES (1859-60).

By J. M. LUDLOW.

The great question of the day, for the once United States of America, is visibly whether or not the slaves are to be emancipated? The difficulties of such emancipation are confessedly, and have always been known to be, enormous. Many of our public instructors, from the *Times* downwards, so insist upon those difficulties, set them forth in such detail, with such relish, as to lead many of their readers to the conclusion that they are well-nigh insuperable. But there is another question, which our said public instructors do not dwell upon,—whether it is possible *not* to emancipate? Whether the difficulty and danger of perpetuating slavery are not greater than those of abolishing it?

To solve this question with any accuracy, let us put aside the consideration of the present war, taking for the purpose a volume, the record of a period closing nearly a twelvemonth before Secession,—the 27th Annual Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the year ending May 1, 1860, entitled, "The Anti-slavery History of the John Brown Year." A one-sided authority, I shall be told. Certainly; so one-sided that it has not eyes to see what tells against itself in its own statements. Do we not all know these cases, in which the speaker tells everything without reserve, because he sees everything from the point of view of his own prejudices, and cannot conceive that any one else should see from any other? My readers shall judge for themselves whether such is is not here the case.

The first thing which the volume in question (or any of its fellows) clearly shows, is that for many years prior to Secession there was in the Free States of the American Union an organized conspiracy against one branch at least of the supreme law of the land. The Constitution, and the laws to be made in pursuance thereof, are declared by it to be that supreme law. The Constitution enacts that persons "held to service in one state" and "escaping into another" (*i.e.*, fugitive slaves), "shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." The Fugitive Slave Law (1850) afforded means of rendering this provision effectual. But it is patent that any attempt to put this law into execution at the North was always liable to open resistance. On the 27th April 1859, a fugitive from Virginia, twice arrested, at Troy, New York, and again on the other side of the river, at West Troy, was twice rescued by a crowd, numbering many of the "most respectable citizens" of the town, "lawyers, editors, public men, and private individuals." In October 1859, a fugitive from Missouri was similarly arrested at Ottawa, Illinois, by a crowd, "including some of the best and most respectable people of the place." The rescuers might be punished, but their conduct was always sure to be openly countenanced, sometimes in high quarters, often by the population at large. In the Supreme Court of Ohio, on the trial of "the Oberlin rescuers," two of the five judges held the Fugitive Slave Law to be unconstitutional; and eventually the prisoners, all but one or two, who underwent a trifling term of imprisonment, were released, and received splendid ovations, in which professors, judges, etc., took part.

Rescuing fugitives when arrested, however lawless, is yet in some sort a defensive proceeding. But it is equally patent that an organization exists, termed "the Underground Railway," for facilitating the escape of slaves. In June 1859, the *Detroit Advertiser* (Michigan) declared that "the Underground Railway was never before doing so flourishing a business," mentioning the landing in Canada, in the course of a week or so, of ninety-four fugitives in four parties, one of seventy at once. From Troy (New York) in or about October,—in February 1860, from Albany (New York), from Newcastle (Pennsylvania), came similar news. The name of the "superintendent"—Stephen Myers—is published without concealment. Officers of the Federal Government played into his hands. At Utica (New York), a fugitive "called on a United States deputy-marshal, for assistance in journeying northwards, and he actually sent the guilty, ungrateful chattel to a well-known agent of the Underground Railroad."

All this took place under the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan,—elected as the candidate of the Southern party, and who endeavoured to fasten slavery on Kansas even after senators from the slave states themselves admitted that the attempt was hopeless. But the men even of his own party kicked party principles overboard for the sake of aiding the conspiracy. "One gentleman who is ranked among the high-toned conservative democrats—a sustainer of the Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska Bill, and the Pierce and Buchanan administrations, on principle—is regularly called on for his subscription, when funds are needed. His sober and invariable reply is this:—'Give money to help a fugitive slave to escape? not a cent! it's illegal, and against the compromises of the Constitution! send him back to Virginia! send him back—and here's a V (five-dollar note) to help pay the expenses of sending him back to his master." It is impossible to help laughing over the dry humour of this story. Yet think of the utter corruption of public morality on the subject of slavery which is implied in such a device to do what a man visibly deems right under the cloak of what he visibly feels to be wrong.

But this organized conspiracy is not simply, as that of any gang of thieves or coiners, one *against* the law,—one which proves the law by the breach, as much as obedience does by the observance of its provisions. It is one which in some cases seeks the colour of law for its proceedings, in others sets itself distinctly *above* the law, absolutely denying its validity. To the former type of feeling belongs the action of those who would nullify the Fugitive Slave Law by state legislation. In New Hampshire, in Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, "Personal Liberty" Bills declaring that no person in

the state should be treated as property, and inflicting penalties on any who should arrest, imprison, or carry out of the state any person on the ground that he or she owed similar labour as a slave, or other measures to defeat the Fugitive Slave Law, were pressed upon the respective Legislatures; passing in New Hampshire to a second reading, but eventually postponed.

Even such a course, however violative of the Constitution, was held superfluous by a more advanced section. The doctrine held by a class of "Radical Abolitionists" is, "that man cannot annul the law of God; that therefore, slavery being an immorality, no law to authorize it can bind the conscience; that wicked statutes should be disobeyed." Carrying these principles into action, little communities were formed in four separate counties of the border slave state of Kentucky, in avowed opposition to the local law as respects slavery. True, the doctrine of this particular set of "Radical Abolitionists" involves non-resistance, teaching that the "unrighteous penalties" of wicked statutes are to be "meekly borne, if rulers are unjust enough to execute them." But who would expect that the principle of the paramount unlawfulness of slavery, once admitted, will draw to itself in indissoluble union that of non-resistance? Who would not rather expect that its primary, general result would be, on the contrary, that of deeming that the evil was one which justified and called for the use of force for its extirpation?

Accordingly, instances are openly recorded of rescues of slaves by force. "A placard, announcing that a woman in Missouri was soon to be sold at auction, to go south, fell under the eye of a man in Kansas, who resolved to rescue her. With a pair of horses, a covered carriage, and two or three trusty companions, he hastened to the master's house; went in alone, and found him sitting, and the woman standing near. Pointing a cocked pistol at the master's head, he kept him sitting, while the woman, at his suggestion, took from her mistress's closet a shawl and shoes for herself, and blankets for her two children, and got, with the children, into the waggon. He then retired backward, keeping his pistol in steady aim till he reached the carriage, when he drove rapidly off across the Kansas line."

Again:—"Half-a-dozen slave-hunters from Missouri, pursued a fugitive into Kansas. At a tavern, on their journey, some Free-State men met them, bringing the fugitive; introduced him to his master, and, his hat and coat being shabby and ragged, invited the master to exchange with him, which he cheerfully did, and was then persuaded to lend him money enough to defray his expenses to Canada, and also to furnish him his horse, to lessen the fatigues of the journey. They then parted; the coloured man went north, and the slave-holder and his friends back to their homes."

Here, again, it is impossible to help laughing over the dry humour of the latter narrative especially, with all that one feels to be implied in it. But it is evident that the anti-slavery conspiracy has in such instances come to be directed, not only against slave-property, but against property itself as connected with slavery. The slave-owner is, in plain English, robbed of shawl, shoes, blankets, hat, coat, money, horse; and the robbers glory in the tale.

No blood was shed in either of the above two instances. But it was otherwise in that undertaking which constitutes for the period the leading result of the principles in question, John Brown's attempt on Harper's Ferry. This, as is well known, was an endeavour by force of arms to set free a large number of slaves in Virginia. It took place on October 16, 1859; but long before this, a "provisional constitution" has been adopted, which distinctly contemplated slave insurrection, military officers appointed, arms and munitions of war collected. A little after ten one Sunday night, with twenty-one followers, sixteen white and five coloured, Brown took possession of an armoury, not even belonging to the particular slave state (Virginia) in which it was situate, but to the Federal Government, thereby plainly levying war against the United States themselves. Watchmen were taken prisoners, telegraph wires cut, rails torn up. A detachment sent to the house of a slave-owner four miles off, made him prisoner, took his carriages and horses, and whatever arms were found, and proclaimed liberty to his slaves; taking other prisoners on their return, and freeing more slaves. A railway train was stopped for some hours, and a porter who refused to obey the order to stop, shot at and mortally wounded. As day dawned, workmen coming to the arsenal, and all who appeared in the streets, were arrested. Shortly after day-break resistance was experienced; a Virginian citizen was killed by Brown's men, two of his own men were killed or mortally wounded. About noon the place began to be regularly invested by a force of citizens and militia, afterwards joined by United States marines, with two pieces of artillery; and after a conflict which lasted till the Tuesday, costing the lives of some five on the side of the assailants (including the mayor of the town, who had ventured unarmed within the range of fire), and of almost all the besieged, the engine-house, where four of them, with some rescued slaves who took no part in the fight, still held out, was stormed. The remainder of the band, with some who had been sent on detachment, were taken prisoners, and after trial, not, as might have been expected, for treason before the United States Court, but for murder before that of the state of Virginia, were hung.

Thus the anti-slavery conspiracy, in the year 1859-60, looked at in a legal point of view,—besides being a legal offence in itself, and involving other legal offences of minor character,—had for results, in certain cases, the offences of (legal) robbery, burglary, murder, and treason. What made the danger of this organized conspiracy greatest was, that it took its origin mainly, not in self-interest, but in a moral principle. There is no evidence, for the most part not even a probability, that in any of the instances quoted the violators of the law sought any personal advantage from what they did. The act of the "Radical Abolitionists," with their no-resistance principles, in settling here and there in Kentucky, was one of sheer self-sacrifice. As to John Brown's attempt, it is impossible to conceive of anything more utterly unselfish. Set

aside the fact of the undertaking being against law, and the whole compass of history contains nothing more beautiful than the spirit which breathes throughout it. The "Provisional Constitution" is from the first designed to hold both freemen and insurgent slaves who should join the expedition "under such strict control as to restrain them from every act of wanton or vindictive violence, all waste or needless destruction of life and property, all indignity or unnecessary severity to prisoners, and all immoral practices." After the final decision for action, Brown has "one thing" to press on his companions' minds. "You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your families; and in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you; do not, therefore, take the life of any one, if you can possibly avoid it; but" (he adds in true Cromwellian fashion) "if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it." The latter part of the counsel was the only one he did not himself act up to. Even after stopping the train, he allowed it to pass on, "only," as he said, "to spare the feelings of those passengers and their families, and to allay the apprehensions that you had got here, in your vicinity, a band of men who had no regard for life and property, nor any feelings of humanity." He could easily have escaped; he ought, according to his original plan, to have retreated to the mountains. "But I had thirty odd prisoners, whose wives and daughters were in tears for their safety, and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill." During all his trial, his one anxiety was to make these words good by evidence. His instructions to his counsel were: "We gave to numerous prisoners perfect liberty; get all their names. We allowed numerous other prisoners to visit their families, to quiet their fears; get all their names. We allowed the conductor to pass his train over the bridge with all his passengers, I myself crossing the bridge with him, and assuring all the passengers of their perfect safety; get that conductor's name, and the names of the passengers, so far as may be. We treated all our prisoners with the utmost kindness and humanity; get all their names, so far as may be. Our orders, from the first and throughout, were, that no unarmed person should be injured, under any circumstances whatever; prove that by all the prisoners. We committed no destruction or waste of property; prove that." And his prisoners did prove accordingly, one, that he had "no personal fear of Brown or of his men during his confinement,"—that "Brown promised safety to all descriptions of property, except slave property;" another, that "he did not appear to have any malicious feeling;" another, that he "honestly endeavoured to protect his hostages, and wished to make peace more for their sake than for his own safety," etc. In his speech after condemnation, one passage in particular shows fully the spirit of the man:—

"I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavoured to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave-country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done."

Brown's comrades, white or coloured, showed the same spirit as himself. "If I am dying for freedom," said Copeland (a coloured man), "I could not die for a better cause. I had rather die than be a slave." Cooke, a white man, was prepared to die in such a cause, and thought he had done nothing to regret, so far as principle was concerned. "If I had 10,000 lives," wrote Hazlett, another white, the day before his death, "I would willingly lay them all down for the same cause. My death will do more good than if I had lived."

After the first conviction in the trials for the Harper's Ferry attempt, "barns, stacks, and other property to a large amount, belonging to several of the jurors," were burnt. Nearly 3000 soldiers, cannon loaded with grape-shot, the railroad taken possession of for military purposes, a threat of martial law, such were some of the preparations which were deemed requisite for the day of John Brown's execution. An actual panic prevailed indeed far and wide at the South.

We have now seen what a state of things had been produced by slavery at the North. There is only one word to describe it,—that which is used in John Brown's provisional constitution,—war. Slavery he there declared to be a "most barbarous and unprovoked war, by one portion of the citizens against another, the only conditions of which are perpetual imprisonment and servitude, or absolute extermination." Whether the term be correctly applied by them to slavery or not, there can be no doubt that it was in a war against it that the Abolitionists were engaged, and that by the laws of war John Brown and his companions alone deemed themselves bound, and alone sought to be justified. I repeat it, in 1859-60, abolitionism meant already, in the minds of many at least of its adherents, civil war.

Let us now turn to the other side of the question.

If the law of the United States for the recovery of fugitive slaves be express, if its penalties for impeding such recovery be positive, there exists a far larger body of legislation for the prevention of the African slave-trade, sanctioned by far severer penalties, since this is expressly declared to be piracy. But not only is the feeling largely spread at the South that all laws against the slave-trade ought to be repealed—not only did Mr. A. H. Stephens of Georgia, now the President of the Southern Confederacy, addressing his constituents in July 1859, tell them that "it is useless to wage war about abstract rights, or to quarrel and accuse each other of unsoundness, unless we get more

Africans,"—not only was the law declaring the slave-trade piracy denounced as unconstitutional by conventions and the press, but that law was practically, constantly, and openly violated. The *Mississippian*, copying an announcement that several cargoes of Africans had been landed in the South, headed it, "Speed the Pirates," and invoked "prosperous gales" to "speed the honest pirates in their noble mission to augment the supply of Southern labour, and to obey the injunction to feed the hungry and clothe the naked." In July and August 1859, according to the *New York Herald* (a Southern organ at the North), "large cargoes of imported 'savages' had been lately landed on the coast of Florida;" there were said to exist "depôts of 'savages' in over twenty large cities or towns at the South;" a "trustworthy informant" had seen altogether, in Charleston, Memphis, and Columbus, "about 900 imported blacks;" it had been "notorious throughout Georgia and Alabama . . . that quite a fleet of slaves was expected to land cargoes within a month or two, in one of the Florida inlets;" "a person interested, whose name is known throughout the Union," had boasted "that twelve vessels would discharge their living freight upon our shores within ninety days from the 1st of June last, and had estimated the number of cargoes successfully transported into the interior, within eighteen months, at between sixty and seventy, by which more than 15,000 native Africans must have been added to the slave population of the South." In Texas, the sale of "400 likely African negroes, lately landed upon the coast," was advertised in a newspaper (14th May 1859). Farther inland, the sale and purchase of such, in smaller numbers, was equally referred to in the public prints. The *Memphis Observer* (Tennessee) quoted the prices paid for "three of the six native Africans . . . part of the cargo of the yacht "Wanderer." The United States marshal in Florida was perfectly cognisant of the landing of a cargo of 600, but had no means of preventing it. In those cases where the law was still obeyed, it was only under protest. In indicting some alleged slave-traders, the grand jury of Savannah "unhesitatingly" advocated "the repeal of all laws . . . which directly or indirectly condemn the institution of slavery, or those who have inherited or maintain it."

Beside the 15,000 Africans thus added in eighteen months to the slave population of the South, the few hundreds of slaves yearly abstracted from their masters, by the Underground Railway or otherwise, were but a drop to a bucket. Beside the open piracy which, in defiance of the law, landed cargoes of Africans by hundreds at a time, the petty *émeutes* which brave fine and imprisonment for the sake of a rescue were but as a ripple to a storm-wave. The true parallels to individual cases of forced enfranchisement or rescue were to be found in the abundant instances of kidnapping, often of whites. A slave girl in New Orleans (May 1859) claimed and gained her pardon on the ground that she was white and free-born, and had been kidnapped from Arkansas about two years before. In Abbeville, Alabama (August), a "poor white" woman and her child, from Georgia, were set free. A scoundrel, named Wilson, had fallen ill at the grandmother's house, decoyed the daughter away, and sold her to a "Rev. John Guilford," then returned, decoyed away her brother of fifteen, and sold him likewise. It is not stated whether the lad was rescued from bondage, like his poor dishonoured sister. The kidnappings of coloured men in free states were of course far more frequent. The instances of such in Illinois were "absolutely too numerous to mention." Sometimes they were effected by force, in others by fraud. In one case the victim was captured "after a chase of about eighteen miles, during which he was several times fired upon." Another was "dragged from his home at night." A forged bill of sale, by a father, of his children, was used in another case, but was defeated by the exhibition of free papers given them. On the 2d March 1859, four men went to the house of a free coloured man in Pennsylvania, pretending they had come to take him before a magistrate on a charge of robbery. Confident in his innocence, and recognising two of them as his neighbours, he went with them. They took him to a carriage in the woods, drew pistols, and compelling him to silence, took him to Baltimore, and lodged him in a slave-pen, where fortunately he was recognised and released. In the county of Delaware "negro stealing and selling out of the state" was said to be extensively carried on. At a single session, "indictments were found against two men for imprisoning a free negro, with intent to kidnap, and against one man for kidnapping and assisting to kidnap."

Cases of kidnapping from free states were likely at least to be heard of; much less so those of free coloured men arrested and thrown into slavery while passing through slave states,—including notoriously the district of Columbia, seat of the Congress. Torture, such as "a scourge of sheet-iron jagged with sharp points," is alleged to have been practised in such cases, to make the prisoners confess to being slaves.

It may be said that such kidnappings as I have mentioned, however atrocious, are only individual crimes, which do not touch the validity of the law itself which they violate. But the treatment by the South, especially after the John Brown attempt, of all whom it could suspect of favouring Northern views, shows an utter disregard of law. "We regard," said a Georgian newspaper, "every man in our midst an enemy to the institutions of the South, who does not boldly declare that he believes African slavery to be a social, moral, and political blessing. Any person holding other than these sentiments, whether born at the South or North, is unsound, and should be requested to leave the country." Faith in slavery is thus erected into a creed, absolutely obligatory on all the inhabitants of the South.

Instances in which this creed appears to have been enforced by the mildest means are those in which agents of Northern houses at the South, business men on their way thither, were compelled to return. When a book-agent, arrested in Alabama, while soliciting subscriptions for a *Life of Christ*, published at the North, was marched off by the military, a teacher of music, nine years a resident in Georgia and Alabama, who had always

spoken in favour of slavery, because he refused to head the march with his flute, on the ground that the book-agent had not deserved expulsion, received a written warning to leave the state immediately, under penalty of tar and feathers, and by advice of his wife, a Southern woman, started before daylight for the North, "abandoning a thriving business."

So much for threats. Let us come to actions. Among the mildest of these I may reckon the wrecking, by a mob in Newport, Kentucky, of the offices of the *Free South*, the press and printing materials of which, to the value of about 3000 dollars, were thrown into the Ohio river. What is remarkable about this case is the legal upshot of it. The victim appealed to law, and true bills were found against many of the rioters. But the State attorney argued that the *Free Press* constituted a nusiance which the citizens had a right to abate. The judge decided accordingly, and the indictment was quashed. In Amherst county, Virginia, one Nuchols, who was ducked for using seditious language, was bold enough to procure a warrant for the arrest of the offenders; "but instead of its being executed, the magistrate who issued it narrowly escaped a ducking himself."

Power, a young Irish stone-cutter at Columbia, South Carolina, for saying that slavery "caused a white labourer at the South to be looked upon as an inferior and degraded man," was, by order of the vigilance committee to the police, arrested, locked up for three days in a cell, then taken before the mayor, when the treasonable words were proved, sent back to prison for six days, then taken out again, dragged about through the streets and State-House yard (where he had been at work) through the mud and puddles, in the presence of thousands, including members of the Legislature; then marched three miles out of the city, and after receiving thirty-nine lashes, covered to the waist with tar and feathers, thrust without shirt or coat into the negro-car on the railroad, and sent to Charleston, the engineer at every station whistling a mob together to insult him, whilst a citizen of Charleston who gave him a cup of coffee and a biscuit was threatened with vengeance by the mob. At Charleston he was again put in prison for a week, but was more kindly treated, although the mob repeatedly threatened to wrest him out of the jail, until finally he was shipped off to New York.

A Northern man, "supposed to be an agent of some Abolition Aid Society or Underground Railway," was arrested by a mob in Pulaski county, Virginia, and, "one of the most influential and worthy citizens of the county acting as judge, jury, and executioner," was hung by the neck till nearly dead, then taken down, and when restored enough hung again, and so on, five times over, in memory of John Brown and his four chief companions. He was then sent off, under warning, "that if ever caught in Virginia again, he would have to take the sixth and fatal leap."

In all the foregoing cases (and in various others which might be quoted), some pretext, however baseless, connecting them with slavery, is observable. But this was by no means necessary. A Maine lumber brig, the "B. G. Chaloner," was loading on the Statilla river, in December 1859. Mr. Morrissey, a wealthy planter, invited the captain and his wife and the mate to take their Christmas dinner with him. The crew rowed them to Mr. Morrissey's landing-place, about five miles from the plantation, and remained behind at the house of an acquaintance of the captain's. Six armed men, headed by one David Brown, came to the house, professedly to take them to jail. The sailors, conscious of their innocence, went with them. They were taken to the wood, tied to a tree, and a negro was made to give three of them fifty lashes each, and the fourth and strongest, one hundred, after which they were sent back to their vessel. On the return of the captain and his party the next day, they were stopped in like manner, and each of the men received also fifty lashes, the captain's wife, on her interceding, being told to "stop her crying," or she would be served in like manner. Here the only ground assigned for the act was that the men were Northerners.

Observe that the outrages recorded constitute but a mere fraction of those actually committed. "Dead men tell no tales," and probably the worst of all have remained secret. Of the large scale upon which many were committed, of which we have yet no details, let the following serve as an indication:—"A despatch from New Orleans, on the 13th September 1859, says that 'the planters residing in the parish of Lafayette, in this state, having been seriously annoyed by outside persons tampering with their slaves, formed a vigilance committee a few days since, and expelled *a large number* of obnoxious persons from the parish, after administering to them *a severe punishment*.'" Let the reader decide for himself what slave-owners are likely to mean by "severe punishment." After cases like the above, the mere violation of the mails, the stoppage and burning of newspapers and other documents supposed to be tinged with abolitionism, cannot arrest our attention.

The general aim of the South was, moreover, to extirpate coloured freedom. An attempt to procure an act for the enslavement or expulsion of the free coloured men failed indeed in the border slave states of Maryland, Kentucky, and in Tennessee. Such an act was passed in North Carolina (a state which Mr. Olmsted, nevertheless, observes to be *more* liberal than its neighbours towards the negro), failed to become law in Florida only for want of the Governor's signature, in Mississippi through the vote of the senate, was much called for in Alabama. An act was passed in Georgia enacting perpetual slavery for a second conviction of a free negro for vagrancy, idleness, or profligacy. Louisiana had enacted penalties of imprisonment with hard labour for all free coloured persons not natives of the state who should fail to leave it on five days' notice, craftily supplementing the act by another for encouraging voluntary enslavement. Tennessee enacted heavy fines on railway authorities and conductors who should allow free negroes to travel except under the care of white citizens, vouching for their character in a bond for 1000 dollars. Arkansas had already passed an expulsive or enslavement act, which took effect on the 1st January 1860. Missouri tried to pass one for prospective enslavement, which failed through the Governor's veto.

Thus, if at the North we find a party which, on the subject of slavery, deliberately sets itself above the law, and deems itself justified in violating it, at the South we meet with the far graver spectacle of well nigh a whole people in full possession of a legislation in agreement with its own sentiments, or, at all events, of the political power required to shape it into such agreement, but quite without respect for the provisions of the law, always greedy for greater severities than it may happen for the time being to allow, lawless for sheer lawlessness' sake. Whilst the abolitionism of the North appeals from the law to a higher law, the South, in all that touches its "peculiar institution," deems a mere selfish interest a sufficient ground for barbarism, such as a wild Tartar of the steppes would be ashamed of.

All this lawlessness, at North or South, be it observed, centres round the fact of slavery. But wherever a source of lawlessness is opened at any point by legislation, that source is sure to overflow in all manner of offences. And when, as in the case of American slavery, the source of lawlessness is one not local or occasional in its operation, but intermingled with the whole polity of the country, with the whole life of nearly one-half of its citizens, there comes a time when it becomes a matter of national life and death to leave that source open any longer.

This was visibly the case at the time I am speaking of. The slave-owners insisted, not only on maintaining, but on extending slavery. "The South," said Mr. Singleton of Mississippi in Congress, "have made up their minds to sustain slavery. We don't intend to be prescribed by present limits; and it will not be in the power of the North to coerce the 3,000,000 of freemen at the South, with guns in their hands, and prevent their going into the surrounding territories. Gentlemen must remember that a gallant son of the South, Jefferson Davis, led our forces into Mexico, and, thank God, he still lives, perhaps to lead a Southern army." In other words, the South was determined that the source of lawlessness should have new channels opened to it on all sides.

Now there are only three ways in which such a state of things could be put an end to:—1. Suppression of the Anti-Slavery Movement; 2. Secession; 3. Suppression of Slavery.

The first was hopeless, for after wielding almost without interruption for some thirty years the whole powers of the Union, and playing fast and loose whenever convenient with the Constitution, the pro-slavery party had been obliged to give up the attempt to put down the anti-slavery movement, and to adopt the next means, Secession.

That experiment we now see in progress. But in principle it is already a failure. I do not here use the word "principle" in any moral sense. No one who believes in a righteous Judge and Ruler of the world, can believe also that a polity which deprives the bulk of the labouring population of the most sacred rights of human nature, the rights of marriage, of fatherhood, of self-improvement, of the free use of God's Word—which legally prostitutes the female to her master (since the slave code does not acknowledge as an offence any violence done by the master to the honour of his slave), is capable of success. But I say that the political principle, in virtue of which secession took place, as set forth in the above-quoted speech of Mr. Singleton's,—that of the extension of slavery to the yet uncolonized territories of the American Union,—has gone to wreck already. In spite of a few surprises of posts at the first, the territories have mainly gone with the Federal Government. Utah, deemed at first disaffected to the North, has applied for admission into the Union. Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, have each furnished their contingent of troops to the Federal army. In New Mexico, for some years past the dearest hope of the South,—New Mexico, the proximate slave state, into which slaves were introduced by subscription for the very purpose of declaring slavery perpetual within it, the frontier forts have been retaken by the Federal commander, who deemed the country so secure behind him that he was proceeding thence farther south to Arizona, excepting the "Indian territory" the last remaining land in debate between the contending parties throughout the territories.

The South is thus hemmed round, except upon one foreign frontier, by soil free or destined to freedom, as by a wall of fire. It cannot (as a slave state) extend itself except by foreign conquest. It cannot avoid foreign conquest except by re-opening the slave-trade. It cannot re-open the slave-trade without discontenting whatever portion of the slave-breeding states still adhere to it, exciting the jealousy of all states whose tropical colonies have passed under the *régime* of free labour, and rendering itself a nuisance to the world. If once let alone by the North, it may no doubt subsist for some time upon an open slave-trade, as is the case already in the Spanish islands. But that will be a new principle of political existence, adopted in consequence of the failure of the present one.

Meanwhile, its territory, instead of being, as was originally hoped, co-extensive with the legal area of slave soil, has fallen far short of it. Delaware, Maryland, the district of Columbia, Western Virginia, almost all Kentucky and Missouri (to say nothing of Eastern Tennessee, or of the lodgments of Federal troops in North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana) are gone. Supposing the contest to terminate at the present moment, the frontier of the projected Confederacy has been driven, on almost every point, many miles farther south, and has become, for the most part, a mere geographical line, powerless to oppose any physical barrier to the exit of those whom the South may want to keep in, to the entrance of those whom it may want to keep out. With such a frontier, it would have to face the vicinity of a nation already in rapid process of constituting itself on directly opposite principles to its own, and which would then openly and legally carry out the process. If, with the legislative and judicial power of the Union in its favour, it had to secede from that Union for fear of the anti-slavery feeling; what will it do when legislation and Supreme Court are remodelled? How powerful the restraint of law upon the anti-slavery propensities of the North has been till now, any one can judge by the struggles made hitherto to carry on the war without infringing upon the privileges, at least of

loyal slave-owners. Suppose the weight of the law thrown on the other side, what will not be the strength of those propensities? The South could tar-and-feather and drive out Northerners, as we have seen, with impunity. Will it venture to do so when every such expulsion will be a *casus belli*? But if they were too dangerous to be suffered to remain while there was a Union, how much more dangerous will they be when there is none? Is the South, then, prepared to make itself a Paraguay or a Japan to the North? Is it ready to lay waste a whole broad strip of frontier-line, in order to keep out the unclean thing—freedom? Is the great water-highway of the Mississippi to be closed against Northern commerce, because that unclean thing might be carried under its flag? Are the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and other streams, to flow unavailable for Southern trade itself, because, having their outlet in free waters, they might carry down to them and away chattels, seeking to be men,—or lest the contagious atmosphere of the Ohio should ascend their course? Such remedies are the only conceivable ones, if the South would remain true to slavery. But is there a sane man who believes them to be possible? Can two peoples of the same speech, in the main of the same blood, bound together by so many ties of history, politics, religion, literature, geography, and trade, remain thus isolated from each other? Can the great West permanently submit to be deprived of the Mississippi as an outlet? to say nothing of the numerous rivers farther west, less familiar to us in name, which, having their source in the centre of the continent, debouch into the Gulf of Mexico?

American secession, therefore, on the ground of slavery, is doomed to failure. I do not say when —whether in months or years. I do not say that it will take place by force of arms from the North. I leave on one side the foreign relations of the Confederacy,—the probabilities, every day greater, of its being by degrees permanently excluded from the cotton-market and other sources of supply. I do not dwell upon the ravage by the Southerners of their own coasts, the destruction by them of their own corn, their own cotton, the recommendations by various of their newspapers to cultivate no more cotton, the fall in the value of slaves which such steps imply, the social changes which must follow from them; nor yet upon that rapidly increasing dearth of comforts and necessities which has reduced one Virginian newspaper to be printed on brown paper, stopped the publication of another, the consequent application, noticed by President Davis, of the population to manufactures, and the series of equally vast changes which must flow from these causes also. I say simply that the slave republic, surrounded already, permeated as it must be, in spite of itself, by freedom, will be as the fabled scorpion in the midst of the living embers, doomed to self-destruction.

For the only real solution to the difficulty lies in the abolition of slavery. Only by rooting out that which, even under a nominal union, set the whole South against the North, and much of the North against the South; which, in a state of separation, must be a chronic cause of international war,—can South and North co-exist peaceably once more, if not as one, then as two separate States. In spite of the Constitution, in spite of itself, the North is even now carrying out that abolition. That the slaves are not, as a mass, disposed for insurrection—for active co-operation with the invader—is evident. That they are quite ready to escape from slavery, was proved eleven years ago, by the very demand for a fugitive slave law; is proved now by the cumbering masses of "contrabands" which hang about every advance and lodgment of Federal troops. Suppose every Federal soldier removed to-morrow from Hatteras, and Beaufort, and Key West, and Ship Island, the recollection of their visit will not be lost. The most brutalized of black field-hands will have seen things which will have brought out in him twice as much of the man as ever woke up before. Let a few years more elapse, and another war occur, and other expeditions be sent down from the North, this time with a clearer purpose and a more certain tone, and they will be no longer for the slave population strange visitors, but the eagerly-looked for deliverers and avengers.

The one means which the South would have to avert forcible emancipation—to set itself right with history, with mankind, and with God—would be, as has been recently suggested by a French writer, to undertake the work of emancipation itself. In doing so, it would only be returning to the policy of its ancestors, that of the illustrious group of Virginian Presidents who for so many years ruled the youthful years of the Great Republic. As late as 1831, emancipation was discussed in the Virginia Legislature. Most of the early anti-slavery societies comprised or were formed of slave-holders. If the South persists in its wicked pro-slavery policy, emancipation must sooner or later be effected forcibly by the North. Tremendous as may be the difficulty of doing so, it is less tremendous than the difficulty of perpetual non-intercourse, and the danger of perpetual warfare with the South, which are the only substitutes for it. But I am inclined to think the question is likely to settle itself to a great extent. President Lincoln and Congress may talk about purchasing territory for the settlement of enfranchised Africans; but the simple fact is, that the Africans won't go, and no machinery in modern times that I am aware of has ever been found sufficient to carry away four or five millions of men at once, against their will, from one country to another. There is certainly not one negro too many in the Southern States for the proper cultivation of the soil and the development of its resources: the climate suits the coloured population; their home is there; they want simply to be left where they are. Emancipate them, and so far from their leaving the South, there will, on the contrary, be a rush thither from the North of its whole free coloured population, including men of very high character, capacity, and attainments, and whose average education is actually higher already than that of the whites at the South—the proportion of children attending school amongst the Northern free-coloured men being one-ninth, against one-tenth amongst the Southern whites; a population, consequently, admirably fitted to lead and train the newly enfranchised.

Over a large extent of seaboard at least, emancipa-

tion is being already practically effected. The most energetic part of the white population is at the war; of their families whom they left behind, most of the wealthiest have fled into the interior; those who remain, awed by the proximity, or the rumoured approach, of the men of the North, are utterly powerless to coerce the coloured population. Not near Beaufort alone, but throughout a large portion of South Carolina, I am assured that the slaves are actually in possession of their master's houses and plantations; and the reason why they do not rise, is simply that they have nothing to gain by rising. They have no reason for particular sympathy with the North as yet, since it can only talk of transporting them as a reward for their assistance; whilst North and South are cutting each other's throats, "their strength is to sit still." They are not idle; 3000 of them, as we have heard lately, are employed at wages by one contractor, gathering cotton in the sea-islands.

Whether the North desire it or no, therefore, Emancipation will work itself out, through every bloody struggle that may take place between Federals and Confederates. The sooner it is completed, the better will it be for all parties. It has been hinted already that the Confederate commissioners offered, in exchange for immediate recognition, the emancipation of all slaves to be born after a given date. I do not believe that they were authorized to make such an offer. I do not believe, considering the character of the body which they represent, founded as it is on the negation of the very principle of national unity, that the offer, if made, could be trusted. But the rumour itself shows what is in the bottom of men's minds,—the secret instinct which tells them that a revolution, accomplished for the very purpose of extending slavery, must end in the emancipation of the slave.

LOVE IN DEATH.

[A woman perished in a snow-storm while passing over the Green Mountains in Vermont; she had an infant with her, who was found alive and well in the morning, carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing.]

On the death-darkened air,
Through the wild storm, amid the drifting snows,
A voice of murmured soothing blent with prayer,
Solemn in trustful tenderness, arose.
A mother's spirit in its parting clung
Unto her child—a mother's soul was stirred
Through all its depths—a mother's fondness hung,
And trembled on each faint and faltering word
Of blessing and farewell; and, as the bird
Plucks the soft plumage from its downy breast
To shield its young, and cowers with quivering wing
More closely o'er them, to her side she prest
Her babe, and strove, with warmth and sheltering
To frame within her clasping arms a nest:
"Sleep! oh, my baby, sleep! the night draws on.
Sleep once again on thy poor mother's breast;
Ere yet the morning dawns I shall be gone,
And thou no more wilt know such place of rest;
Colder and yet more cold,
Dark with the storm the wild winds round us sweep,
Yet still above thy slumber, as of old,
Thy mother watches. Sleep, thou dear one, sleep!
Closer and closer still
Nestle unto me, darling, safe from harm;
Cold, cold, is all without, and deathly chill,
Only the heart—thy mother's heart—is warm.

"Yet there it will be cold,—
Yes, even there, my child! and, oh, how soon.
The snow drifts thickly round us—fold by fold
Around the sinking form, the weary feet
That may no longer bear us o'er the wild,
Silent and swift, a wreathèd winding-sheet
Is closely drawn: but not for thee, my child!
No, not for thee! my parting soul hath striven
With Him, the merciful—unto this hour,
Unto its love, its anguish, hath been given
A spirit of prevailing and of power;—
And I have borne it from thee! To his breast
Death folds me close as I fold thee to mine;
Cold kisses are upon my cheek—to rest,
To sleep they woo me, soft and deep as thine:
A heavy mist steals on—I feel my breath
Drawn slowly from me; yet my love shall keep
Its watch above thee still, and thou shalt sleep,
Sleep safely, sweetly, in the arms of Death,
And wake to life once more! Kind eyes shall weep,
And kindly hearts be troubled, when they see
The sweet unconscious smiling of thy face;
For thou wilt smile, and bear no thought of me.
Too young art thou for grief,
Too young for Love, my child, for Memory!
Yet not less fond the last, the lingering kiss,
Yet not less fervent from the heart the prayer;
Because I know thou wilt not, darling, miss
Thy mother in her fondness, in her care!

"But he will think of me—
Thy Father. Thou wilt grow up by his side,
And ever bring the thought of her that died
Lonely, but loving, blessing him and thee.
The flower, the flower may fall
When it hath shielded in its folded breast
The bud of promise, loveliest,
Most dear of all.
And he will not be lone
In sorrow or in joy. *Thy* voice shall fill
The silence of his soul with many a tone
That once was mine, and whisper to him still
Of things long past, and I shall look at him
Through thy sweet eyes—young, loving eyes, that shine
In light and tenderness when these are dim,
Shall answer his with smiles that once were mine.
Sleep, dearest! in the night
Of death thy mother's arms around thee twine
More closely, that her spirit in its flight,
May send a message of its love on thine.

"The snows will melt away,
And green leaves rustle light o'er hill and plain;
Through the sweet scent of hidden waters stirred,
And the clear shining after summer rain,

The blade will spring; then on strong wing the bird
Will rise to the blue heaven, ascending slow;
The fisher will go forth upon the lake,
The hunter to the forest with his bow;
But far beyond the flight
Of Indian arrow, far beyond the ken
Of mountain eagle in his soaring might,
I shall have passed, returning not again:
These ancient Hills shall wake
Like giants from their slumber at the breath
Of Spring, and from their lofty summits shake
The icy chains of stillness and of death;
But not till they shall hear
A sound, and move in trembling from their place,
Not till the mountains and the rocks in fear



Shall flee, and leave where they have been no trace,
May I arise. O Saviour! earth and heaven
Shall pass, but Thou endurest. Unto Thee
I yield my spirit; Father, bless thou me!
Bless with Thy love the child that Thou hast given!"
And in that prayer her fervent spirit pass'd.
The deep night fell, the keen and hurrying blast
Sang her wild dirge; the straining clasp grew cold,
Yet pressed the little one with rigid hold
Still to her heart; when morning came the child
Woke peaceful in its mother's arms and smiled.

DORA GREENWELL.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF MARCH.

FIRST EVENING.—SOBERNESS.

"I am not mad."—Acts xxvi. 25.

Long, long ago, a native Egyptian, whose cottage stood near one of the slave settlements, might have observed a family of the captive Hebrew race bringing a lamb to the house one night, and after mysteriously sprinkling the door-posts with its blood, assembling to eat it in a strange and inexplicable fashion, with their loins girt, and sandals on their feet, and each holding a staff in his hand, as if the poor bond brickmakers had any liberty to plan or execute a journey. The people are mad, thinks the Egyptian, as he quietly eyes from his own door their eccentric and unintelligible movements. Not so thought he at next morning's dawn, as he bent o'er the bed on which his first-born lay a corpse, and heard in the distance the marching music of the emancipated Hebrews as they gathered to the rendezvous. No: those poor Hebrews were not mad when they sacrificed and ate their first passover: and he who thought them mad at night, observes and owns their wisdom in the morning.

The valley of the lower Jordan was a rich plain, studded with thriving cities, when Lot looked down upon it from the brow of the neighbouring hill, and chose it for his home. A lucky man was he. All his expectations were fulfilled. Soon he became a chief citizen of the chief city. His sons were rising men; and his daughters were introduced into the best society. His house was one of the most substantial in the city, and his agricultural wealth enabled him to maintain it on a scale of princely hospitality. One day three angels came to this prosperous man, on an errand from their Master. They advised him to abandon all, and flee with his family to the mountains. As he lingered, not absolutely refusing obedience, but unable to make up his mind to the costly sacrifice, they laid hold of his hand and hurried him away. Are not the angels mad to tear a prosperous and respectable man so rudely from so warm a berth; and is not he mad himself for consenting to go? When Lot paused, panting for breath, half way up the hill-side, and saw the smoke covering the doomed cities as with the pall of death, he well knew that the words which warned him away to a refuge in the rock were words of truth and soberness.

In a high latitude on the southern ocean, far from the track of the world's commerce, a noble ship, well found and well manned, is spreading her sails to the breeze and bounding lightly through the waves, her rough exploring work completed, and her head turned homeward at last. All suddenly the whole ship's company congregate astern; some hasty words are spoken; the nearest boats are lowered; with only a bit of bread for their next meal, and not a scrap of clothing except what they wore, they hurry over the ship's sides, stow themselves away in the boats, and cut adrift on an unfrequented sea. The men are mad, are they not? No; for a smouldering fire deep in the ship's hold beyond their reach, has wormed its way to the magazine, and it is but a reckoning of minutes to the time when the ship will be blown into a thousand fragments. The men are wise men. "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." They have given away all that they had for their life; and they have made a good bargain. Had you been there, you would have applauded their counsel, and joined in their act.

A few years ago, in the United States of America, a young woman of taste and genius burst into sudden and great celebrity as a brilliant writer in the periodical literature of the day. After a youth of constant and oppressive struggle she found herself at length an object of admiration and envy throughout her native land. The world was all before her; the ball was at her foot. Fanny Forester's troubles were over, and her fortune made. She has reached the throne at last, and may now sit as a queen in the highest circles of American society.

The fashionable world had no sooner recognised and accepted their favourite, than rumours began to spread, muffled at first, but anon breaking out in clear tones and distinct articulation, that their chosen heroine had consented to become the wife of Judson, now far advanced in life, and to plunge with him into the darkest heart of heathendom, there to burn her life-lamp down to the socket learning a barbarous language, taming a cruel race, and contending with a pestilential climate,—all that she might make known the love of Jesus to an uncivilized and idolatrous nation. To Burmah she went; did and bore her Saviour's will there till life could hold out no longer; and then came home to die. "The woman is mad," rang from end to end of America, echoing and re-echoing through the marts of trade and the salons of fashion,—"the woman is mad." Herself caught the word and the thought, and like the liberated Hebrews in the wilderness, consecrated what she had borrowed from the Egyptians to the service of the Lord. She wrote and published an essay on "The Madness of the Missionary Enterprise," in which she effectively turned the money-making and pleasure-loving world of her own people upside down. The missionary cleared herself and her cause, leaving the imputation of madness lying on the other side.

As long as there are persons in the world who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and other persons living close at hand who seek that kingdom in the second place, and in subordination to the claims of gain or fashion, there must necessarily be a strongly-marked opposition of sentiment between the two classes. They can-

not both be right. Wherever convictions are keenly felt, and the consequent conduct is distinctly outlined, both parties will observe the difference, and each will frame his own judgment regarding it. Where the principles and conduct of two persons are opposite in regard to the chief aim of life, each must necessarily think his neighbour in the wrong. If two are sleeping in one bed, and if one arise at midnight and flee to the fields from a conviction that the house is tottering to its fall, while the other though wide awake lies still in bed, the one who remains at ease within the house thinks his companion a fool for his pains. And he must think so. If he did not think so, he could not lie still another moment. For him only two alternatives are possible; either he must think that the man who fled is a fool, or he must arise and flee too with all his might. As long as he lies there he cannot afford to admit a belief of his neighbour's wisdom, for to admit that neighbour's wisdom is to convict himself of suicidal madness. Accordingly, he holds fast by his creed that the other man is a fool; and the moment that creed fails him, he arises and flees too for his life.

Poor Festus could not think,—could not speak otherwise to Paul,—unless, like the jailor of Philippi, he had on the instant become a Christian, and made profession of his faith. The subject was obviously the greatest; the case had been clearly stated; this story of a divine Saviour, the just giving himself for the unjust, is either true or false. If it is true, Paul is right; but if Paul is right, Festus is wrong. Not being prepared to confess this, and yield to its consequences, he took the only other alternative that remained. Festus, knowing well that on this point,—the turning point of an immortal for all eternity,—where two hold opposite opinions, there must be madness somewhere, determined to throw the imputation from himself. Festus said, "Thou art mad, Paul." Paul replied, "I am not mad, Festus;" and the two men parted, perhaps never to meet again on earth.

What then? Is it another case in which two men entertain different opinions, and in which each may safely hold his own? Alas! it cannot be. One of the two is mad, and in his madness throws himself away. Paul is sober; Festus is the fool.

To make perishing treasures the true centre to which the soul gravitates, and round which the life revolves, while the things that pertain to eternity are left to follow as they may in a secondary place, is abnormal and mischievous. The wrench is as fatal as would be the revolution in the material universe, if the sun, by external violence, were compelled to move round the earth, or the earth to move round the moon. In the practical question which every one must once in his life decide for himself,—the question whether he shall be his own master, or accept with all his heart and soul the gospel of salvation by Jesus Christ,—there are only two sides. One side is right and safe; the other side is wrong and ruinous. "O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."

SECOND EVENING.—THE UPPER CLASSES.

"Most noble Festus."—ACTS xxvi. 25.

SIXTY years since, a certain attached domestic, presuming on the privilege that was frequently in those days tacitly accorded to his class, roundly reproved his master, a great Scottish proprietor, for the sin of profane swearing. Although no record remains of the argument, it is evident that John had taken a leaf out of the great Apostle's book, and besides speaking of righteousness and temperance, had given a broad hint about the "judgment to come;" for the laird feeling that he had not a leg to stand on, cut the matter short by the remark, "It has pleased Providence to place our family in a superior position in this world, and I trust he will do the same in the next." This is a real case; but it is an extreme, and perhaps we may add, at least in our own day, a rare one. On the other side there are, not here and there one, but everywhere many, who wear coronets and pray. In this respect the lines of our generation have fallen in a pleasant place. For present privilege we should "thank God," and for future prospects "take courage." But between the two extremes of evil and good, of gross stolid earthliness, and humble, intelligent, strong faith, in the upper ten thousand of British society, how many diversities in constitutional character and external circumstances! How wide is the field, how difficult the culture, and how vast the product, if it were made fruitful over all its breadth!

It was an outstanding feature of Paul's character to appreciate correctly another man's difficulties, and to sympathize tenderly with those whose position magnified the offence of the cross. There is strength, no doubt, in this preacher, but there is sensibility too. He cannot be weak; but neither is it in him to be rude. "Most noble Festus," said he. Oh, I love the great missionary for that word. I think I hear his voice thrilling as he utters it. Right well he knew that, other things being equal, it was harder for the Roman governor than for a meaner man to obey the gospel, and cast in his lot with the Christians. He will not flatter the august stranger; he will not suggest that the elevated and refined may have a private door opened to admit them into heaven, and so escape the humiliation of going in by the same gate with the vulgar throng. This missionary is faithful, but he is never harsh. He makes allowance for every one's temptations, and becomes all things to all men, that he may gain some. In the polite respectful address of the Christian apostle to the Roman magistrate lies a principle that is permanent, precious, practical. Let us endeavour to understand and apply it.

We speak of the aristocracy here in no narrow or technical sense. The subject concerns the whole human race, and bears directly on their eternal destiny. We speak at present of the

uppermost strata of human society, whether birth, wealth, energy, intellect, or learning may have been the more immediate cause of their elevation. We speak of those who stand highest among men, without pausing to inquire what has raised them. Now, while it is true of all this upper class, that they need the salvation of Christ, and get the offer of it on precisely the same terms as those who stand on a lower platform, it is also true that, over and above the temptations common to all men, some temptations peculiar to themselves stand in the way of the highest, increasing the difficulty of accepting the gospel. They are the wisest missionaries, and the best successors of the apostles who own this peculiarity, and make allowance for it in their methods.

One of our Lord's sayings, in reference to the species of aristocracy which is constituted by wealth, may throw light across our whole theme: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" (Matt. xix. 23, 24). Of this wonderful word it is generally one side, and that the harsher that men take to themselves, or present to their neighbours. Would that we could enter into the tender spirit of the Lord Jesus when he uttered this pungent warning! Assuming that the needle's eye represents the low narrow door through the wall of a fortified city by the side of the principal gate, for use by night or in time of war when the great entrance must be shut,—you have here a passage from danger into safety, not impracticable in its own nature, but impracticable in point of fact to a camel, because of its own huge bulk. The foe is pursuing, the fortress is near, a gate stands open, but this low door-way through the wall cannot be enlarged, and if the fugitive who seeks an entrance carry a high head by nature, how shall he be saved? Thus the elevation of the highest class makes their entrance into Christ's kingdom more difficult. Of this difficulty Jesus speaks with tenderness. Let all his servants in this matter follow his steps. "Most noble Festus," said the preacher, observing that the habitual dignity of the Roman and the official hauteur of the governor were holding high the head of a poor sinful creature, and hindering him from bowing before the Cross of Christ;—Most noble Festus, respectfully and politely said that fervent, eloquent Jew, doing what in him lay to gratify the great man's feelings, and so get the lost man saved.

From the style of the Apostle's address at this critical moment, two lessons flow; or rather in it one lesson shines, sending out its light—beams in two opposite directions, and teaching wisdom to two opposite classes of men.

For ardent Christians of every rank, and especially Christians of humble station and moderate attainments, there lies a lesson here. If you are true disciples, none will dispute the patent of your nobility. If you are born again, you are high-born, how low soever your place may be in the registers of earth. But that is not the point in hand at present. Beware of presuming upon your place and your privilege. Be conscious of your defects, and meek in your deportment. Be all things to all men, that you may gain some. In particular, beware of throwing a stumbling-block in the way of the noble, the rich, or the refined, by any species of rudeness. Take care lest you mistake vulgarity for faithfulness, and your own ignorance for the simplicity that is in Christ. You have been reconciled unto God through the death of his Son; you have joy and peace in believing: well; there are some men near you who have not yet submitted to the gospel. They stand high, some on wealth, some on birth, some on intellect: in these matters they stand higher than ever you stood. That elevation makes it harder for them to bow down and go in by the strait gate. Had you stood on an equal height, perhaps you would not have been within the gate to-day. Be tender, careful, watchful, prayerful, regarding them. What if they should turn away from Christ because of some rude incrustations of character that they saw in you, and mistook for veritable features of the gospel which you profess! Think of their peculiar difficulties; do not make them greater; take some of them out of the way if you can. He that winneth souls is wise; ay, and he must be wise that would win souls.

For the "most noble" of every class there lies a lesson here. We frankly own that there are nobles among men. We address the chiefs of our tribe as Paul addressed the Roman governor of Judæa, and in good faith we give to each the title of respect which is his due. Sirs, you cherish a high sense of honour, and hold in abomination every mean sneaking thing wherever it may appear; you have by education and habit cultivated a refined taste, and everything rude grates upon your nerves, like rusty iron rubbing on your flesh. You have exercised your understanding, and cannot pay any deference to mere assertion, when it is backed by no proof. These attributes you possess and exercise. We appreciate their worth, and extend to you our cordial sympathy in regard to them. Well, and what follows? Great and good though these attainments be, what is a man profited if he gain them all, and a whole world besides, if he lose his own soul? These are very good, but "one thing is needful;" and it is by sitting like Mary at the feet of Jesus that any man can attain that needful thing. Strive to enter by the strait gate into the kingdom, for your attainments, though in themselves good, may be so worn that they shall greatly increase the difficulty of the process.

Finally, beware of allowing the rudeness and other defects of those who are or seem to be Christians, to scare you away from Christ. It may be true that some are hypocrites altogether, and some who are really Christians retain many repulsive faults; but oh, my most noble brother, it will be no consolation to you if you are not forgiven, renewed, and saved, that you are able to convict professing Christians of many faults. You are not asked to believe in Christians, but to believe in Christ.

THIRD EVENING.—ABOUT HATING.

"But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate."—REV. II. 6.

THE feature of character described in this verse is given with unequivocal marks of approval. Immediately after the administration of a sharp reproof for recent backsliding, it is set down as a redeeming quality of the Church at Ephesus, that they hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes. This interesting clause of a divine message addressed to those ancient Christians, suggests three distinct but closely allied themes:—

1. About hating in general: "this thou hast, that thou hatest."

2. About the particular object which the Christians at Ephesus hated: "The deeds of the Nicolaitanes."

3. About the heart-harmony between Christ and the Ephesian Church, in that they both hated the same thing; "which I also hate."

I. Hating in general: this thou hast, that thou hatest. Hate! We must not weakly startle at the word. It is a shallow, childish prejudice to shrink from the name and the thing which it signifies, as if it were all and only evil. To hate is a very necessary and very useful thing in this world. The Lord Jesus hated; and we must hate too, if we expect to be like him now, and see him as he is at last.

We must not run away with the notion that those who love are good, and those who hate are bad. The haters are as good as the lovers:—No, that is not the state of the question. There is not one set of people who love, and another set of people who hate: the same persons do both, and all persons do both in a greater or less degree.

Farther, these two emotions hang for their life on each other. You cannot love—at least in this world of commingled good and evil—without also hating; and you cannot hate without also loving. Setting aside the various intermediate shades of light and dark in colour, and assuming only the extremes of black and white in order to render the illustration more distinct, you cannot paint a white figure without a black ground to relieve it; and you cannot paint a black figure without a white ground to relieve it. In like manner, while good and evil in point of fact remain mingled in human life, your love must lean on a background of hatred, and your hatred must lean on a background of love. Either emotion is impalpable and unreal, unless its opposite stand behind it. Suppose a thief is prowling round a dwelling, and watching for an opportunity of stealing or forcing his way in; the man then and there loves and longs for the darkness, but at the same time, and necessarily by the laws of his being, he also hates the light, and from the bottom of his heart wishes it were away. On the other hand, suppose a ship's crew in a storm at midnight,—Paul and his fellow-passengers in the Mediterranean, for example,—hanging by creaking cables, within hearing of the breakers on an unknown shore, they love and long for the day; they love it with a gnawing, burning love, unknown to us who sleep on soft beds till the sun be high. But mark; they loathe the darkness as much as they love the dawn.

They who expect heaven while they do not hate sin, in themselves as well as in their neighbours, do but idly dream of impossibilities. They who fondly imagine that God loves a great deal but hates none, dream deeply, dangerously, daringly. The heathen made many gods, but those who hold fast the Scriptures as the symbol of their faith, and refuse to believe in a divine anger, err as widely on the other side. They make less than one;—they make half a god, and then worship their own workmanship. Their god loves very much, but he cannot hate. It would be vulgar and unphilosophic to admit that God could hate. Did he not frame and furnish this beautiful world? Has he not scattered marks of fatherly tenderness over heaven and earth and sea? Thus by a few questions they demonstrate their case. But suppose we should give an affirmative answer to all these questions, and to ten thousand more of similar import,—what then? You have not proved your own case; you have proved mine. The more of this heavenly light you throw upon the exposed side of your picture, the deeper grows the darkness of the side which lies in shade. It may be said of a moral as well as a material being, if he has not two sides, he has not one that is living and true. In the sufferings which sin even now inflicts, both in material ruin and spiritual terror in the conscience, evidence that God hates is written on his own world, as clearly as evidence that he loves.

No hate, no love.

The relation between God our Redeemer, and his ransomed people is frequently, in the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, compared to the closest of all earthly relations, the marriage bond. Take it up in that form and try thereby the present question. A wife has treacherously departed from her husband. She had been treated with justice and tenderness; but she became weary of a pure peaceful home, and wantonly followed other lovers. After a long time she became weary also in her wickedness, and returned to her husband's house. So far from humbly confessing her offence, and pleading on her knees for pardon, she held her head aloft, and boldly brought the companions of her guilt into her former home. The injured husband permits her and them to go in and out without punishment, without reproof. He shows her the same kindness as at the first; no rebuke ever drops from his lips, no frown ever gathers on his brow. Now, what is your opinion of that husband? Is he a man after your own heart, because he manifests no hatred? Ah! he shows no hatred, *because he has no love!*

In such a case love cannot be exhibited,—love cannot be, unless a hearty hate of evil lie beneath, as the foundation on which it may lean. In this respect man was made, and notwithstanding the fall continues to exist, in the image of God. His moral being, like his living body, consists of two sides. As well might you expect his right side to

live and move wanting the left, as expect any love worthy of the name to glow in his heart, if he is destitute of the faculty of hating. To be all love, in such a world as this, is equivalent to having no love. Love and hatred are not separate, independent characteristics, the first belonging to one man, and the second to another: they are twin attributes of the same spirit. To love the holy and to loathe the vile are not distinct acts of even the same man; they are rather the two sides of one sublime emotion,—the upper and the under edges of a character formed anew by the Spirit's ministry, after the image of God. The upper side lies bathed in the light of heaven, and the under side is thrown into the shade. They are not equally lovely to look upon, but they are equally necessary as constituent elements in the new man. The exercise of the one is pleasant, the exercise of the other is painful; but the mixture of the two in just proportions, like the union of sweet and acid to the palate, makes life not a dull insipid passing of time, but a vivid, balanced, joyful activity.

FOURTH EVENING.—WHAT WE SHOULD HATE.

"Deeds of the Nicolaitanes."—Rev. ii. 6.

II. The particular object which the Christians at Ephesus hated, was "the deeds of the Nicolaitanes." I do not certainly know who and what these Nicolaitanes were; and I do not greatly care. It is enough for us that their creed was erroneous, and their life impure. It is the express testimony of the Lord that the men of Ephesus who held the truth in those troubled times, hated the deeds of that ancient sect.

Mark here a distinction of first-rate importance in regard to the whole question of hating and loving, both in its speculative and practical aspects. The evil deeds of the heretics, and not the heretics themselves, were the direct objects of displeasure. The turning-point between the right and the wrong lies here. To hate the evil deeds of a neighbour is lawful, is needful, is like Christ; but to hate that neighbour is sin. The Christians of that famous Asiatic city, it seems, had their senses exercised to discern between good and evil in this important matter in those ancient times; for the Spirit speaketh expressly, and speaks with commendation of the fact, that they hated the deeds of the Nicolaitanes. If the hate had fallen promiscuously on the evil men and their evil deeds, it would not have been approved. They had been led by the Spirit in the truth, for the truth at this point of a man's path is not easily discerned, and even when discerned, is not easily kept. Oh, how hard it is to hate the evil deeds, and yet love the evil-doer! It seems as difficult as the task which, according to the Swiss patriot story, was imposed by the tyrant on William Tell—to cleave with his arrow from a distant spot an apple balanced on the bare head of his own boy, and yet not hurt the child. A keen eye is needed and a steady hand, to love persons and hate sins, while sins and persons lie so near each other in the world.

The emotions of hate and love, moreover, not only flow from the same heart, but they often flow together in one commingling stream, as colour-rays and heat-rays together constitute the sun-beam. God's work is perfect in both worlds. While the different rays travel in company, and to human eyes seem one, the colour-ray produces one effect and the heat-ray another, when they fall in unison upon a flower. So, in wisdom infinite our covenant God, while his love and anger flow out together, smites the sin with his anger and at the same time bathes the sinner in his love. "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions" (Psalm xcix. 8).

In the 15th verse of the same chapter a feature of the Church in Pergamos is recorded which extends our view at this point, and enables us to take a more comprehensive grasp of the subject. "So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which thing I hate." The "doctrine" of these sectaries was evil, it seems, as well as their deeds. We learned first that the fruit was bad, and now we discover that the tree is corrupt in its root. It is a common but mischievous error to suppose that, in matters of religion, it is of small moment what a man's opinions may be provided his life is good. There are, indeed, many subjects on which different men may entertain different opinions and yet be equally honest, equally safe. There are some subjects on which a man may hold one opinion to-day and another to-morrow, and revert on the third day to his original belief, and be none the worse a man on account of his vibrations. But these are subjects which are in their own nature of subordinate importance; some questions of politics, or philosophy, or human history, that are obscure in themselves, or of trifling value in their results upon conscience or life. When the question regards sin and holiness, the way of pardon and renewing, the person and sacrifice of Christ, our heart's state now, and our destiny when life is done,—doctrines are all-important for good or evil.

Doctrines are the roots from which the life grows. If the root be corrupt, the fruit cannot be wholesome. The Lord hates indeed the poisonous fruit of a wicked life; but he sees beneath the surface, and hates also the corrupt root from which that wickedness springs.

How far the Christians of Ephesus understood and condemned the false creed of the Nicolaitanes we cannot tell. It is possible that they may not have known precisely what were the doctrines of the sect, for it seems not to have sprung up at all in their own church or their own city. But one thing is clear: the conduct of the sectaries was open to the inspection of all, and the Ephesians were capable of forming their own judgment regarding it. As the life of those men was contrary to the Scriptures, and dishonouring to the Gospel, they heartily hated it.

When doctrines manifestly contrary to the truth

of the Gospel are openly professed, we may be able to form our own judgment regarding them, each for the guidance of his own conduct, and under responsibility to God. It is our duty to hate all untruth, in as far forth as we know it to be untruth; but inasmuch as opinions in their essence are unseen thoughts that struggle and flutter within a soul, they lie in that form beyond our reach. In all cases of difficulty we must fall back on the general rule which the facts recorded in this chapter seem to suggest, that deeds fall under our cognizance, doctrines and deeds both under God's. Let us hate all evil acts, by whomsoever they may be performed, and leave secret thoughts between the thinking man and the judging God.

But while we vindicate the duty of hating evil, we ought also to warn our readers, that though the path affords firm footing to those who keep it, the path itself is narrow, and dreadful pitfalls yawn on either side. Hating is not an operation that may be rashly and lightly performed, even when it is a wicked thing against which your displeasure is directed. William Tell clave the apple and left the child unhurt; but a clumsier archer would have missed the apple and killed the boy. Let those who hate evil watch and pray that they enter not into temptation. If the act comes often, and comes easily, you have good cause to suspect yourself and pause. It may be hatred of a neighbour, disguised as zeal for righteousness: it may be an unclean spirit possessing you, assuming the form of an angel of light.

If on examination you see cause to doubt the purity of your own anger, and so fear to let it flow upon your neighbour's sin, lest it should guiltily strike against your neighbour, there is still no necessity for allowing this vigorous and useful emotion to lie dormant for want of exercise. I can direct you to a multitude of evil deeds, sufficient to occupy and absorb all the righteous wrath that may be generated in your heart, where thre is absolutely no danger of spilling any of it illegitimately upon the person of a brother. Make your own sins the target for exercising yourself in the grace of hating evil. If it is dangerous to strike a brother's misdeeds with this sharp sword, you may safely smite your own. Here, self-love in nature will defend the person, and all the anger will fall upon the deeds. Strike home; crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts; wage an internecine war against those enemies within you, which war against your soul.

FIFTH EVENING.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANS HATE THE SAME THING.

"Which I also hate."—Rev. ii. 6.

III. The heart harmony between Christ and Christians, inasmuch as both hate the same things: "Which I also hate."

Men have been spiritually dislocated by the fall, and they know not what ails them. They do not believe that all their bones are out of joint. Their locks have been shorn while they slept, and they think that all is well. They will arise and shake themselves; alas! their great strength has departed, and their eyes are out. Humanity is out of harmony with God, and is not aware of its loss.

A small slender wheel has been formed for acting with a great and powerful one. It has been set in, and set agoing. The great wheel goes into it, touches it gently at every point, and moves it quickly, sweetly round. But in process of time, in some great convulsion, the small wheel starts out. Being near the great wheel, and yet not in it, the small one is racked, and bruised, and broken all over.

When the broken wheel is renewed, and brought back and fixed, if you insert one tooth in its place, you insert all. They were made for each other; and therefore harmony restored at one point is harmony restored at every point. This is the thing we need;—to get into harmony again with God. For this end the Son of God came into the world. Remaining one with the Father, he became one with us. Laying his hand upon both, he takes the enmity away, and heals the breach. He removes guilt from the conscience, and doom from the judgment-book. We love him because he first loved us. Found in him, we are at peace with God, and rejoice in the hope of eternal life. This love which God has shown to sinners in the gift of his Son, begets a returning love in every heart that receives it. Again the reconciled and renewed attain the place and exercise the spirit of sons and daughters; again the prodigal walks about without uneasiness through the mansions of his Father's house; again the new heart is in harmony with the Holy One, loving what he loves, and hating what he hates.

Suppose in a family one little child with a morbid appetite for all manner of poisonous things, and an instinctive loathing of wholesome food. The poison which he loves, but which would destroy him, his father will not permit him to taste; the food that would nourish him his father supplies in abundance, but the wayward child puts it away from his lips with every mark of aversion. The life of that child is a life of misery; his short span of existence is little more than a sickly passage to the grave. As long as the father's judgment and the child's tastes remain as they are, the two forces are in continual conflict. There can be no peace until they are harmonized. But the father's judgment cannot change, for it is truth: the harmony must be sought by an operation on the other side. There cannot be any change for the better until the child's taste is changed. If a sheer reversal of his evil instincts could be effected, all might yet be well; but no partial remedy is capable of meeting the case, or even of palliating its symptoms. The world in this little one must be inexorably turned upside down ere he can be saved. He must be, as it were, created again; he must become a new creature. When he loathes the poison which his father forbids, and loves the food which his father supplies; then he will be happy and healthful, but not till then.

It is thus that sin and misery go together in the lot of men. With wonderful precision and transparency of language, the Scripture declares: "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace: because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 6-8). As long as the tastes of the human spirit are instinctively opposed to the character and law of God, so long will the creature, by every movement that it makes, break and bruise itself against Omnipotence. No confession that the alienated may make in fear—no profession of religion that the alienated may make in hypocrisy—can administer the slightest real relief. A man cannot by a word or a wish reverse all the likings and dislikings of his nature. Oh, brother! if you once fairly hated what the Holiest hates, the victory were already won; for then you would also love what he loves. If the prodigal's whole moral being were brought to beat again in unison with the Father's heart, his life would be new from the root, and what remains of earth would be like heaven begun. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." He who desires it, has already begun to get it. The cry for a new heart is the crying of a new heart, already begun to quiver in the suppliant's breast. "Ask and ye shall receive." The Lord, says the Scripture, loves a cheerful giver; and that which he loves in his creatures he is in himself. He loves a cheerful giver, because he is a cheerful giver.

When the two wheels that had been driven asunder by a shock are interserted again at one place, they fall into each other at all places. To be reconciled to God through the Mediator is to be one with him on all sides and in all things.

Love and hate live and grow together in the heart. When they wax, they wax together; when they wane, they wane together;—I mean real love of good and real hate of evil. If you increase in love of good, you will also, and by the same act, increase in the loathing of evil; if you learn to loathe sin more, you have also at the same moment learnt to rejoice more heartily in holiness. Might we not find here a specific for that very common complaint among the spiritually earnest, "I am not sufficiently sorry for my sin?"

You see the shadow of the heavens in a lake. But the heavens that look out of that placid water do not seem very deep. The shadow of heaven is shallow; because the heaven which is shadowed there is low. Look up and see these clouds that fill the canopy; they are bending down as if they would touch your head. When this low cloudy heaven has passed away, and you see in the zenith streaks here and there of fleecy vapour lying still at a dizzy height; when beyond them the blue opens up, and seems to the eye an embodied visible Infinite,—look now into the lake and tell what sight you see; the heaven shadowed in the water is deep like eternity now!

Precisely so; when your joy in the Redeemer's love does not rise high, your grief over the sins that crucify him does not sink very deep. Hate of evil in yourself is shallow, because love to him that bought you is low. Ah, when the heaven over me grows high, the shadow of it under me will grow deep. When I learn more by looking unto Jesus, what he has done for me, I shall grieve more over the plagues of my own heart, and the sins of an unbelieving world.

It is a very bold figure that Paul employs, when, in order to manifest the fervour of his affections for certain Philippian converts, he exclaims, "How greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ!" But although the language is metaphorical, the sense is not obscure. He is in the regeneration spiritually one with Christ as a member in the living body, and the compassion which he felt for the brethren seemed Christ's love throbbing in his heart. It is in this way that Christians may attain a humble, pure, thoroughgoing hatred of sin in themselves and others. "Christ in you the hope of glory" is one form of Scriptural phraseology; and we may safely frame another on the same key: Christ in you the hate of evil. When his love of holiness glows in our hearts, we shall inherit and exercise also his hatred of sin. When on these cardinal points of character we become like the Lord, we shall be like him in all the circumference of our life. And if we be like him here, we shall be with him soon.

But does some reader, secretly unwilling to be shut up to the necessity of a change so complete, still murmur, God is gracious, and hate of every kind is contrary to his nature? Well; take it all your own way. God does not hate, you say; but he loves. Yes, he loves, more than any tongue can tell. He loves as a Father loves. He loves his children. What has he done for them? He has done for them all things well; and among others has prepared a place for them,—a house of many mansions. Well; but the wicked,—where are they? In the many mansions too? Then where is God's love for his own children? If the same house is the home for good and bad alike, what is the worth of that house as a home for me? If it is heaven, the unholy are not in it; if the unholy are in it, it is not heaven.

W. ARNOT.

SUNDAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is not my object in this paper to discuss what is termed "The Sabbath question." I leave all the arguments which have been adduced in so many treatises and tracts to prove its divine origin, whether derived from the Decalogue, from apostolic example, or from any other source, to exercise their legitimate influence.

There are, however, certain undisputed facts connected with this very remarkable day which force themselves on our notice.

It cannot, for example, be denied that one day in seven is more or less marked throughout universal Christendom by rest from bodily labour, and by social worship. We who are alive did not certainly originate this day, with its peculiar customs, but found it among the other days of the week when capable of distinguishing one day from another. Our Christian ancestors did the same during the last eighteen centuries, back to the glorious morning when Christ rose from the dead. It is equally certain, moreover, that the Church of God, from the days of Moses until the coming of Christ, had a similar custom of keeping one day in seven holy; for these words were "written by the finger of God," and were embodied in the institution of the Sabbath: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it."

Considering these undisputed facts, the question naturally arises, Whether there is any valid reason for our now abrogating such a day as this which has floated down on the stream of the Church along so many teeming centuries? Or, to put our question in another form, Whether this institution is not so manifestly adapted in its spirit to meet the wants of man's whole being, as to commend itself to conscience in the sight of God as a most precious boon to be received with thanksgiving and preserved with care?

Let me briefly notice some of those adaptations of the Sabbath to our wants as men.

The Christian Sabbath, as a day of rest from bodily labour, is suited to meet the wants of man's *physical* being. This fact of rest from labour upon one day of the week is a very remarkable one, especially in an industrious, busy, money-making, commercial country, where "time is gold." Some invisible power, then, lays an arrest upon busy traffic. The noisy Exchange is silent; the rich warehouses are shut; the crowded mart is quiet as a churchyard; the wharfs along the harbour are deserted; and something has more or less changed the whole aspect of the active world. I once lived in an elevated part of Glasgow overlooking the Clyde, and was much impressed by the contrast presented between the early morn of working days and the day of sacred rest. Shortly before the hour of labour struck, everything was still as during the silent watches of the night, except the birds whose chirping was heard from the stunted shrubberies, as they gathered their morning meal. But no sooner did six o'clock strike, than suddenly, as if so many batteries were opened on a fortress, or a great army began to move, the swinging hammers were heard thundering out of the dusky atmosphere that hovered over the river, and one knew that boilers and steam-engines were being fashioned for the proud navy of Britain, or for the merchant navy of the world. A roar of carts and waggons poured along the streets, and the city, like a waking giant, began to stir for another day of toil. But on Sunday morning, the birds sang on, and the silence was unbroken until the bells rang for worship, and then the streets were crowded by thousands of men and women in their best attire proceeding to the house of God; and when worship began in God's temple of the church within, all was silent as before in the world without, while the sun's rays were no longer, as on other days, clouded by dark smoke hanging like a funeral pall over the city, but poured down their uninterrupted glory on street and square, as on rural field and hamlet, and all looked pure and gladsome on the day of the Lord!

If, according to the judgment of God, this day was needed for the Jew when on his wilderness journey, and while pasturing his flocks amidst the valleys of Sinai, or when settled in the rich land of Palestine, surely it is at least as equally required by the toiling and over-wrought millions in our busy cities and towns, by the labourer in our fields, and by the mechanic in London, Glasgow, or Birmingham, as much as by those who once worked in Jericho, Nazareth, or Jerusalem?* God who cares for every living thing, so considered the necessities of

*Some time ago I had occasion to make inquiries in Paris as to the practical working of Co-operative Societies. I found their members highly intelligent, and both morally

the beasts that perish, as that, in the days of Moses, he added this as one of the reasons for appointing the Sabbath, "that thine ox and thine ass may have rest as well as thee." But has He, I ask, changed in his benevolent wishes towards those dumb sharers of our toil, or have their burdens been so much lightened in our day as to make a day of rest for them unnecessary?

It is impossible to estimate the blessed effect produced upon a nation's health and happiness when, on the return of each Sunday, millions are thus set free from toil; when the ledger is closed on the desk; when the hammer rests upon the anvil, and the wheel in the factory; when the mine sends forth its crowds into the light and glory of this new-born day; and when men can rest their wearied frames, or tread the green earth or hoary mountain and breathe the fresh air, and look calmly upon the blue sky overhead, or listen to the sounding stream or beating sea-wave; and when the very dumb cattle partake of the universal blessing, though as unconscious as many of their masters of the loving Hand which has bestowed it. On this day that Saviour, who was himself so often wearied, who as a man knows what is in man, and who sympathizeth with his every want, seems yet to address all his brethren with the gracious invitation, "Come here, and rest a while."

The Christian Sabbath is adapted to man's *social wants*. This is seen more especially in the case of those who are compelled to labour in the sweat of their brow during the other six days of the week. The want of social intercourse among the members of a working man's family is a great trial, and entails upon them greater loss of good and happiness than is generally thought of. The early morning (for many months in the year long before break of day) summons each to his or her scene of toil, and scatters them in different directions. One goes to the field, another to the factory; one to build as a mason, another to work as a mechanic. In very many cases their meals are taken with them, or taken to them, so that there is no meeting till late at night, and then all are wearied and longing for early rest to prepare for the early start, in order to pursue the same round of incessant toil. It not unfrequently happens that the nature of their employment obliges some of the family to be absent all the week until Saturday evening. Neither are these necessities of labour confined to what are termed the lower classes, but, in a greater or less degree, are rigidly imposed upon men of every trade and profession. The tendency of this state of things is to make the hard-wrought "strangers at their own firesides," and thus weaken the ties between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and hinder the growth of those tender, social affections among near kindred which soften the heart, and are a constant sunshine in our lives. The day of rest is therefore an unspeakable blessing, as re-uniting the scattered members of the household, when the distracting cares of the week are, to some extent, banished, its heavy burdens laid aside, and when, in the peace and quiet of home, its members can cultivate the religion of domestic love. Many other opportunities are also afforded by the Sunday rest for cultivating the social affections. This, for example, is almost the only day when the working man can visit a sick or aged neighbour, who is confined to his home, and to whom the journey from the bed to the large arm-chair beside the fire is fatiguing. The kind personal inquiry; the brotherly intercourse of good-will and sympathy; the news conveyed from the outer world to the invalid about the doings of mutual friends; and often, too, the reading of what may refresh the soul of the pained, the weary, and the solitary one;—all this kind intercourse does good to the hearts of both, and is blessed to him who gives, and to him who receives.

The Christian Sabbath is calculated to meet the wants of man's *intellectual being*. It is a great means of educating all who avail themselves of its peculiar exercises. In Protestant countries especially, a vast amount of instruction is given upon this day from the pulpit to assembled thousands. For, after making full allowance for what is called "bad preaching,"—the "dry," the "dull," the "prosy," the "uninteresting," the "mystical," or the "unintelligible," there still remains an incalculable amount of good preaching on every Lord's day, which cannot but aid in moulding and strengthening the mental, as well as the moral faculties of the hearers. No subject of human study presents such a range and inexhaustible variety of mighty thoughts, fitted to stir our whole being to its lowest depths, and to affect the imagination, the in-

and socially far superior to anything I had expected to find among the working classes in that great capital. Their testimony, which came out incidentally in conversation, regarding labour upon Sunday, is worth recording. It was to the following effect: "We used to work on Sunday, but we found it too much for our strength, and that we could produce the same results, in the long-run, by abstaining from work, or at all events doing very little on the first day of the week." These men, let me add, were professed Deists. They had rejected Popery, as represented by the priesthood, with contempt, but had as yet found nothing better. They did not possess a Bible; yet they seemed to me, from their whole spirit and character, to be the most likely men of all I had met in France to receive the truth, if rightly presented to them. Their testimony as to the Sunday is of some value, from its being unbiassed by any "religious" system.

tellect, the affections and conscience, as the revelation of God's will to man. The Bible, with its condensed history of the human race, of nations, of cities, and of the Christian Church, with its truthful biographies of remarkable men and women, its sublime poetry, far-seeing prophecies, pure moral precepts, and glorious doctrines,—above all, with its life and history of Jesus Christ, furnishes the grandest conceivable topics for public instruction; and these, when combined with their practical application to our ever-changing circumstances, give an advantage to the pulpit, above every other existing institution, as a means of educating the masses. One of our greatest gains from the Reformation is this preaching of the Word to the people. To this must be added the reading of useful books at home on Sundays: for we have no hesitation in saying, that more pages are read on this day tending to enlighten the mind, purify the heart, and elevate the spirit of man, than during all the other days of the week put together! This is assuredly the case among the middle and working classes. Sunday is, in truth, almost the only day in which thousands can open a book at all, so engrossed are they with the demands of labour for their daily bread. Neither must we overlook, as a means of educating the people, the amount of teaching given upon this day by parents to their children—the most impressive of all—and by tens of thousands of ministers, missionaries, and Sunday-school teachers, to millions of children from among the poor and the outcast, who are wholly dependent upon this instrumentality for any knowledge they possess of their duties to God or man. To accomplish such ends, it is absolutely necessary that there shall be a day consecrated to rest and worship.

But the Christian Sabbath is most of all loved by the Christian Church as an institution which is peculiarly adapted to meet the *wants of man's spiritual nature.* The physical rest which it secures is to be valued, not for its own sake only, but chiefly as affording the time necessarily required for so cultivating our spirit that we may obtain true rest for our whole being in God. Let us never forget the glorious truth, that man, who was made by God after his own image, is made *for* God, and must be renewed after that image: in the words of the Catechism of the Church of Scotland, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever." The Sunday rest thus becomes a witness of the spiritual "rest that remains for the people of God," and an invitation to all on whom the day dawns to enter into this rest *now.* The great fundamental fact of Christianity, our Lord's resurrection from the dead, of which this day is the standing memorial, is to us an assurance that our living Head has "entered into his rest" in the full enjoyment of God; and also that he, the resurrection and the life, has obtained for us that living Spirit through whom he rose, that he might dwell in us, and so enable us to rise to newness of life, and share with him his own rest in the knowledge and love of our Father and his Father. Would that men heard the sermon which is so eloquently preached by the very silence of every day of the Lord, from this blessed text, "Come to me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" This holy day is accordingly recognised by the whole Christian Church as one hallowed for social worship. It is very true that the Christian esteems it to be his duty and privilege to worship in private, to enter into his closet, and there to pray to his Father who seeth in secret; but it is also Christ's will that individual Christians should "assemble themselves *together*" as members of the holy brotherhood of the Christian Church; that in their corporate and social capacity they should worship, and together confess their common faith, express their common joy in knowing God by the singing of psalms and hymns of praise, and pour out their prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings for themselves and for all men.

This characteristic feature of the first day of the week is one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. In mountain recesses, in rural hamlets, in hoary cathedrals and humble chapels, in ships far off on the sea, in the distant wilderness settlement, amidst the most civilized nations and amongst the rudest barbarians, wherever the Christian community exists, there, as a rule, is found Christian worship upon this day. From the snows of Labrador in the north to the Coral Islands in the south, from the plains of India in the east, across Africa and Europe, and on to the rocky mountains of the far west, when the sun ushers in this day of the Lord, it ushers in a day of worship for all ranks and conditions of men. On this day tens of thousands of Christian ministers read from the Bible, and offer up prayer in the midst of millions who gather around them, listening to their words or joining in their devotions, while angels bear the mighty hallelujah chorus of praise rising from the earth to the throne of God. It is not too much to say, that without the Sunday, the Church of Christ could not as a visible society exist on earth.

But our thus claiming one day as "holy" does not surely involve the condemnation of the other days of the week as profane. Nor do the peculiar duties which specially become us on Sunday imply that our week-day work is worldly in the sense of its being "irreligious." "Six days shalt thou labour" is as much God's command as that on the seventh we

should rest and worship. He who works as a Christian on Monday, is fulfilling the end of his being as well as when he worships as a Christian on Sunday. Jesus Christ was God's own Son, with whom he was as well pleased in the workshop of Nazareth when engaged at his trade, as in the synagogue of Nazareth when he expounded the Scriptures. But it by no means follows that every man who works six days is necessarily actuated by any sense whatever of his responsibility to God, any more than the animal who pursues its prey to satisfy its own cravings, or those of its young, for food. Nay, more, the tendency of severe and constant daily toil is to engross the thoughts with the transitory only—to withdraw them from the invisible God—to make men forget their high calling as immortal beings—to make them seek their life only "in the abundance of the things which they possess," and to "lay up treasure for themselves" without being "rich toward God." Now, it is just in order to dignify labour, to transform it into real "worship," to accept it as God's will, and to perform it as in his sight; in one word, to bring the spirit of the Sunday into every day of the week, that we feel the immense and paramount importance of not bringing the work of every day of the week into the Sunday. It is in perfect harmony with this view that a holy day of rest seems to have been appointed for man's good before the fall as well as after it. For Adam was made for labour, "to keep the garden and dress it," and hence he too, as a man, required a special day to be set apart for the cultivation of his spiritual being, and for enjoying more undisturbed communion with his God.

After this very brief review of the Christian Sabbath, I am the more emboldened to ask again every man who loves his Father in heaven and his brethren on earth, and who wishes to increase in the love of both through Jesus Christ, what conceivable motive could induce him to wish this day either abrogated, or altered in its spirit and design? Let any one endeavour to realize, if he can, the good which has been accomplished in the sight of God and in the souls of men on this holy day during the last 3000 years—the triumphs which the truth of God has won—the advances which his kingdom has made—the light, strength, comfort, and peace, which the Church has obtained from its holy services, and then say whether it could have originated in any other mind than that of the holy, and loving, and wise God, who knew the wants of man, whom he made to glorify Him, and to enjoy Him for ever! One thing is certain, that the Christian Church will never part with so precious a boon. So long as a church exists on earth, her ministers and members will rest from labour, and assemble for worship on the Christian Sabbath—until the Sabbaths of earth end in the enjoyment of the social, intellectual, and spiritual rest of the Church of the redeemed in glory.

There is much about the Christian Sabbath which I have left unsaid for want of space. But I cannot conclude this article without replying to some questions, and noticing certain observations regarding the Sunday, which have been from time to time addressed to me, both as a minister and as an editor, by known and unknown correspondents.

"What rules can be laid down for keeping the Sabbath holy?" None, I reply, beyond what are necessarily suggested by good common sense, and honest Christian principle. He who really sympathizes with the good which God designs to bestow on this day, will have no difficulty in obtaining it. But if he dislikes the good he will dislike the day, and then rules would be as useless to him as spectacles to the blind.

"The Lord's day is a weariness to me." Very possibly it is. So also may be the Bible, and prayer, and public worship, and everything which makes a demand upon conscience, and is thought to come to you from the living God, and interfere with your own self-will. But no blame to those heaven-sent privileges, but only to the spirit that does not relish them.

"What advice can you give as to Sunday reading?" One thing is clear, that any rule which applies to reading applies equally to talking. Whatever we may converse about, we may read about. Let both be in harmony with the *chief* end of the day, which is to make us more Christian men.

"What say you about cabs, railways, travelling, etc.?" I say this: do to others as you would have them do to you. Lay no burdens upon other men to which you would not submit if in like circumstances they were laid upon yourself by them. Love to your neighbour will solve this difficulty in so far as your own personal acts are concerned.

"What restrictions would you lay on children?" None, except those with which they can, as well principled *children*, sympathize. "When I was a child," said Paul, "I spake as a child, I thought as a child." Do not lay the burdens of men on such shoulders. Let all your teaching tend to make the Sunday helpful to their growth, not as strong men but as children in Christ. Beware of training them to hypocrisy by making them false and unreal, to hatred of religion and of Sunday by moroseness and severity, or to self-indulgence and unprincipled selfishness, by unchecked self-will. Good sense and sympathy will supply the rules.

"I hate a Scotch Sabbath." Only? yet possibly you never saw one, and are but repeating what I must call a stereotyped myth upon this subject. If you did see one, I hardly know what any Christian man can see in it to hate. I have seen the keeping of the Sabbath, east and west, and in most parts of Christendom, and I do not think Scotland has any cause to be ashamed of her Sundays, but to thank God for them. We have, no doubt, weaknesses and evils mingled with our strength and our good. So have "religious people" south, as well as north, of the Tweed. I am free also to confess that when men, for example, needing air and exercise, are condemned for enjoying both on this day; when "not working" is pushed to the extent of not drawing water from a well, nor shaving (!), and the like absurdities; or when we deny ourselves the good of instrumental sacred music, in public and private worship on Sunday, we certainly lay ourselves open to rebuke as being both Judaical and Pharisaical. But it would be a miserable reform to fly from such ex-

tremes to the thoughtlessness, the dissipation, the mere amusement, and utter worldliness of a Continental Sabbath. Nay more, the error, arising from false judgment, which induces a Scotchman of the extreme school, or an Englishman either, to make the Lord's day one of formal dulness and senseless punctilios, is less blameworthy than the error of religious indifference, which induces thousands to make the Sunday a holiday, but not a *holy* day, and to mark it only by idleness and excitement, without any thoughts of even religious worship. But instead of exposing the evils of any country, let Christians in every country strive together by their example to keep the Sabbath in a right spirit, as the day specially designed for the good of *man*—the *whole* man—soul, spirit, and body.

One word more. The working classes ought, above all, to value and to preserve this blessed day. To them it is especially precious as securing for them the physical rest they so much require; as helping them to enjoy those social blessings which the necessities of labour tend to deprive them of; as providing for them information and instruction which the hard work of other days render it almost impossible for them to obtain; and, above all, as affording them an opportunity of assembling in the House of God, and realizing their position and dignity as children of God, brothers of Jesus Christ, members of His church, and heirs of immortality.

SHORT PAPERS.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

I.—OF HOPE AND FEAR.

Are men disposed to overrate or underrate their own good luck? Adam Smith says the former; and he adduces lotteries, mining-schemes, fisheries, and many such things, in which men are aware that the *total* losses exceed the gains. An eminent political economist says the contrary, and adduces insurances, in which a person knowingly pays more than the amount of the risk, for the sake of being secured from loss; for the insurers receive as much as compensates the risk, besides a profit, and the tax to Government is as much more. It may be doubted, however, whether, in many cases, a man does pay more than the risk is practically worth *to him*. A risk may, by fair computation, be £50 per annum; and to be insured for it I may pay £100, not from overrating my own risk, but because the £100 per annum may be but a very trifling deduction from my enjoyments, while the loss might involve total ruin. £100 is, no doubt, the $\frac{1}{200}$th part of £20,000; but it does not follow that the evil of losing £100 is $\frac{1}{200}$th of that of losing £20,000, or anything near it.

To explain the whole matter I should adopt the language of the Craniologists, though not so as to imply the least shadow of truth in their speculations concerning the brain. They say there is an organ of Hope, and another of Cautiousness or Apprehensiveness; the former excited by, and dwelling on, bright prospects of futurity; the other, dangers and anticipated evils. This language does not exactly correspond with the ordinary; but I think it is more precise. In common discourse Hope and Fear are always understood to imply each other; *i.e.*, any diminution of the confident anticipation of good is called Fear; as the lover fears he may lose his mistress, and when he is free from this fear, it is called, not Hope, but Confidence. So also apprehension of evil is called Despair, when there is no limitation of it, *i.e.*, no hope of escape. But it is plain, first, that Hope and Fear cannot, *both* of them at least, be *mere* negations or limitations of each other, else they would be like the two cats which ate each other all but the tails, or Duncan's horses, which are not recorded even to have left the tails. (*Vide* Macbeth.) There must be such a thing as a cheering anticipation of positive good; and I think it is a very different sensation from the mere abatement of a dread of positive evil. So also, *vice versa*. Then, some persons have more, they say, of the one organ, others, of the other. But how is it with the generality? Those in whom Hope predominates will overrate their own good luck, and those who stake the best part of their property in mining and such speculations, are plainly of the number. Hope says, you will make your fortune; Cautiousness, you will lose your fortune. Now, if the latter be in itself the more likely, it is plain that such as do take their chance are dazzled by the bright pictures drawn by a predominant Hope. On the other hand, the case of insurance does not prove that the insurers must have a predominant cautiousness; because in this case Cautiousness is left to *act alone*, without having the antagonist-muscle of Hope to counteract it. Suppose I have a richly-freighted ship at sea: Cautiousness says, it may be lost; you had better insure; Hope does not forbid this; for though she may be drawing splendid pictures of the wealth coming in this ship, insuring does not destroy this wealth, only a small portion of it. Whereas in the other case, Hope not only draws a splendid picture of the wealth to be drawn from the mine, but requires that we should shut our ears against our Cautiousness, if we would realize the picture: the gain cannot be had but by running the risk.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that some lottery-speculations, etc., do not imply a predominance of Hope; for where the outlay is very inconsiderable (to him who makes it), and the possible gain great, we have the converse of the case of insuring. *Hope* is here acting without an antagonist-muscle; she says, Venture! and Cautiousness has in such a case little to say against it. All this is quite independent of any speculations about the brain.

II.—INFLUENCE.

WHAT is the proper meaning of *Influence?* Originally, it certainly was used to denote some subtle mysterious agent *flowing in* upon some person or thing, something in the way that we conceive of an electric current, etc. Since, its meaning has been greatly extended; but still, we do not extend it to *every* cause. As we should never speak of the *influence* of a stream carrying a man off, or of men who drag him to prison by physical force, so, neither should we speak of a man's being "*influenced*" by the demonstrations of Euclid. But in moral concerns we do speak of his being influenced by *arguments;* though we should oftener speak—and should consider ourselves as speaking more strictly—of the influence of various *passions.* But we always use the word, I think, in those cases to which our ancestors *confined* it, viz.: when we speak of one man having gained an *influence* over another of which no account can be given: when he sways him independently of the amount of love, fear, respect, etc., felt, and beyond what can be referred to his reason, or to regard for his interest, or to any intelligible motive. I think there must be a certain mesmeric power possessed by some people in reference to some others. Some can thus influence one, or a few; some, a great many; and some, none at all.

Mr. Phillips, my schoolmaster, had a wonderful influence over his boys; and it was this that has long since led me to speculate on the subject. He was not at all above par in point of ability; nor was he thought so by the boys. He was, though not contemptible in point of learning, far from eminent. He was not skilful in conveying knowledge; and in speaking to the boys, his style was laboured, stiff, pedantic, and such as often to excite ridicule. His kindliness of character would account for his being greatly beloved, and his indomitable firmness, for his being feared. But the unaccountable thing was the power that he had over the minds of the most dissimilar characters. He brought them to think with him, and to feel with him; to honour whatever he honoured, and to regard as contemptible whatever he despised. Had he been a man of superior judgment, he might have done wonders. But he was like a child intrusted with a magician's wand. He used his influence sometimes very foolishly, and seldom in the way to produce the most important and best results.

His son-in-law, Parsons, for a time assisted in the school. In good judgment, in scholarship, and in skill as a teacher, he was vastly superior; and if Mr. Phillips would have consented to act in conformity to his wishes,—to be the steam-engine of the carriage, and let Parsons be the driver, it might have been made such a school as was seldom seen. But Mr. Phillips was quite unconscious of his own inferiority of judgment, and was self-confident and utterly obstinate. He never would take any advice from any one. And Parsons not liking to be a mere agent to follow the directions implicitly of a man of inferior qualifications, left him, and set up a school of his own. It was a good and successful one; but with all his high moral and intellectual qualifications, he never came near Phillips in the *influence* he exercised over the minds of the boys.

I have heard Hinds (who was at Phillips') remark—as one proof of the unaccountable character of that influence—that any one who (seeing him succeed so well, in this or that) attempted to *imitate* him, was sure to fail. It was as if any one seeing you lift up a piece of iron with a magnet, should exactly copy your action, only employing an *un*magnetic bar, to all appearance perfectly similar.

I myself never had, in the strict sense of the word, any influence at all with any one. Whenever I have induced any one to think or to act in any way, it has always been by some *intelligible* process; either by his seeing the force of the reasons given, or (which is not at all less of a logical process) by his thinking that I was to be trusted for knowledge or judgment on such and such points, on which he had good reason for so trusting me. I may perhaps have convinced some persons who have been themselves influential; but I have never had any *direct* influence; that is, I have never produced any effect that could not be *clearly accounted for.*

I remember a very early occasion of the subject having been brought before my mind; a subject on which I have often reflected at various times since. When I was about thirteen, the boys at my school had a fancy for playing at soldiers, hoops being the representatives of horses; and they performed beautifully many of the evolutions of cavalry. The colonel of the regiment was a very stupid boy, and I don't think any one thought him otherwise: but they obeyed all his commands with readiness. I, who acted as major, had to instruct him, *in the presence of the boys,* what to do and to say; and when he had had it beat into his dull

brain, he *repeated the very words* they had heard me *dictate to him*, and all went on well. But if *either* of us was absent, nothing could be done. When *I* was away, the boys were indeed as ready as ever to obey him; but he was utterly at a loss to give a word of command. If *he* was absent, none of the boys would mind the word of command from *my* mouth, and all fell into confusion!

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

Old Winter blows, and whistles hard
To keep his fingers warm; while I
Shut out the cold night, frosty-starred,
Bleak earth and bitter sky;
And to the Fireplace nestle nigher,
And gaze on pictures in the Fire.

It has a soft, blithe, murmuring glow,
As if it crooned a cradle-song;
Yet whispers of some awful woe
Are on each flaming tongue
That may have licked up human life,
Quick, ruddy as a murderer's knife!

I see the Dead Men underground,
Just as they found them rank on rank;
Old Mothers—Young Wives—red-eyed round
The Corpses brought to bank;
I see the mournful phantoms flit
From out the mouth of Hartley Pit;

And that poor Widow above the rest
So eminent in Suffering's crown,
Who wearing sorrow's loftiest crest
Is bowed the lowliest down;
Poor Widow with her Coffins seven,
Look down on Her, dear God in Heaven!

I hear that crash with sinking heart—
Eternity has broken through!
I see him play His Hero part,
That leader tried and true,
Who faithful stood to his last breath
And fell betwixt them and their death.

I see the strong man's agony,
That seeks to rend his ghastly shroud;
The touch of solemn radiancy
That kindles in the cloud;
The trust that earned a nobler doom
Than such a death in such a tomb;

The valour that invisibly
Lifted the bosom like a targe;
The hidden forces that did lie
Ready for Life's last charge!
And all the bravery brave in vain,
And all the majesty of pain:

Visions of the old Home that flash
With all the mind's last mortal power;
The tears that burn their way, to wash
A soul white in an hour,
When thoughts of God go deeper than
The Devil at His utmost can.

I hear the poor faint heart's low cry
That sickens at the sight of Doom;
The prayer of those that feel it nigh,
And groping through the gloom!
They cower together hand-in-hand,
At the dark door of the dark land.

Ghostly and far-away life seems
To one returning from a swound;
And sharp the sorrow comes in dreams
When we are helpless bound;
But deathliest swoons, or ghastliest nights,
Have no such sounds, or spirit-sights.

The waiting human world is near,
Yet farther off than Heaven for them
Who bow the doomèd head, to bear
Death's cruel diadem,
With farewell words of solemn cheer
And love for those who cannot hear:

Old heads with hair like spray above
A tossed and troubled sea of life;
Young hearts, just kissed to the quick by Love,
That leave a one-day wife!
O pathos of a hopeless fate!
O pain of those left desolate!

'Tis brave to die in Battle's flash,
For the dear country we adore—
Struck breathless 'mid the glorious crash,
When banners wave before
The fading eyes, and at the ears
We are caught by following Victory's cheers!

And sailor-blood that on the waves
Can feel the Mother's heaving breast—
True sailor-blood no wailing craves
Over *its* place of rest,
When souls first taste eternity
In those last kisses of the Sea:

And Death oft comes with kind release
To win a smile from those who lie
Where they may feel the blessed breeze,
And look up at the sky,
And drink in, with their latest sigh,
A little air for strength to die:

But, 'tis a fearful thing to be
Instantly buried alive, fast-bound
In cold arms of eternity
That clasp the breathing round,
And hold them, though their Comrades call
And dig with efforts useless all.

A tear for those who, in that night,
Went down so unavailingly;
A cheer for those who fought our fight,
And missed the victory!
Peace to the good true hearts that gave
A moral glory to that grave!

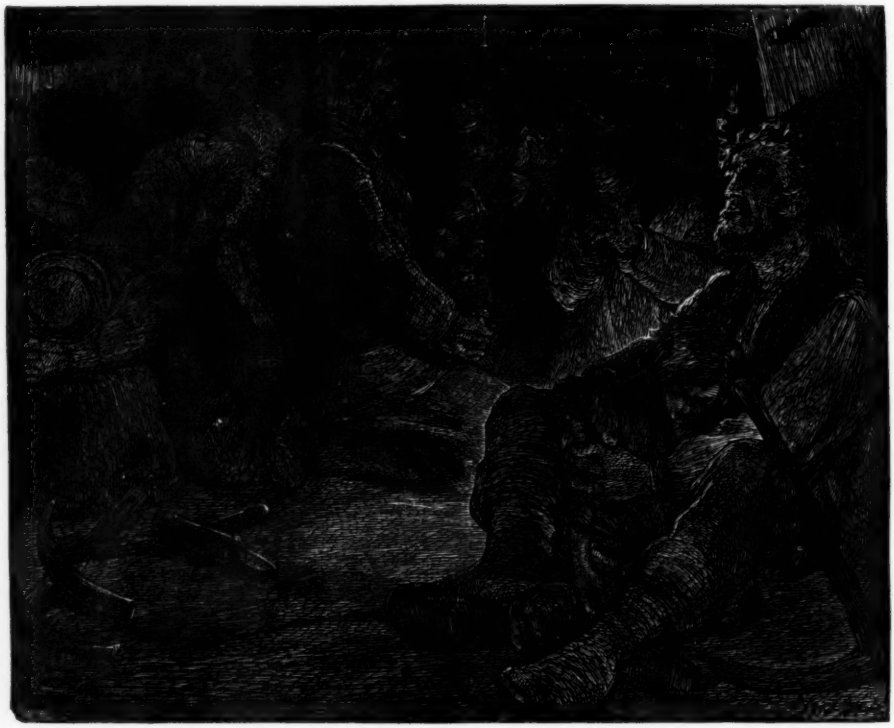
We know not how amid the gloom
Some jewel of the just outshone;
With precious sparkle lit the tomb
And led the hopeless on
To hope, and showed the only way
To find God's hand and reach his day.

We know not how in that quick hour
Some poor uncultured human clod
May have put forth its one sweet flower,
Acceptable to God;
Or how the touch of Death revealed
Some inner beauty life concealed:

We know not how the Dove of peace
Came brooding on the fluttering breast,
To make the fond life-yearnings cease,
And fold them up for rest:
And into shining shape the soul
Burst, like the flame from out the coal:

We only know the watchfires burned
Long in their eyes for human aid,
And failed, and that to God they turned,
And all together prayed,
And that the deepest Mine may be,
For Prayer, God's whispering Gallery!

That Christ still hangs upon the tree
To smile beneath His thorns, and say
"This night, Soul, thou shalt sup with me,"
In His old loving way:
And suffering men get back to God
By that same path the Saviour trod.



Deep, dark the deathly River is,
But on before still walketh Christ!
His Brightness over that abyss
Is moving in the mist.
If they who pass the Bridge of Dread
Look up, He goeth overhead.

Dear God, be very pitiful
To these poor toiling slaves of men:
Be gracious if their hearts be dull
With darkness of their den.
'Tis hard for flowers of heaven to grow
Down where the earth-flowers cannot blow!

Their lives are as the candle-snuff,
Black in the midst of its own light!
Let hard hands plead for spirits rough—
They work so much in night.
Be merciful, they breathe their breath
So close to danger, pain, and death.

The love-mist in a Father's eye
Will rise, and soften much that's rude
In his poor Children—magnify
The least faint gleam of good!
O find some place for human worth
In Heaven, when it has failed on Earth.

GERALD MASSEY.

A CAST IN THE WAGGON.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS."

CHAPTER IV.—OTHER CASTS FOLLOWING THE CAST IN THE WAGGON.

Clary and Dulcie were slightly censured for their officiousness in the affairs of these painter fellows; but it is in the nature of women not to take well with contradiction: it is in the nature of good women to fly furiously in the face of whatever crosses their generosity, or thwarts their magnanimity.

The crisis came about in this way: Will Locke had finished his work long before Sam; not that Will was more industrious, but he had not got half the commissions at half the price, and that was about the usual division of labour between them. The two men were born to it. Sam's art took the lucrative shape of portrait-painting; Will's, the side of flower and fruit and landscape painting, which was vilely unremunerative then; and allegorical painting, which no one will be at the pains to understand, or, what is more to the purpose, to buy in this enlightened nineteenth century. Sam, who was thriving already, fell in love with Clarissa Gage, with her six thousand pounds' fortune: there was no premeditation, or expediency, or cunning in the matter; it was the luck of the man. But Will Locke could never have done it: he, who could never make a clear subsistence for himself, must attach himself to a penniless, cheery, quick little girl like Dulcie; and where he could not well maintain one, must provide for two at the lowest estimate. Will Locke was going, and there was no talk of his return; Dulcie was helping him to put up his sketches with her orderly, ready, and respectful hands.

"When we are parted for good, I shall miss you," he said, simply.

Her tender heart throbbed with gratitude, but she only answered,—

"Are we to be parted for good? Will you never come back to Redwater?"

"I cannot come back like Sam," he affirmed, sadly, not bitterly; "I am not a rising man, Dulcie, though I may paint for ages."

A bright thought struck Dulcie, softening and warming her girlish face, till it was like one of those faces which look out of Fra Angelico's pictures, and express what we are fond of talking about—adoration and beneficence.

"Could I paint for the potteries, Master Locke?" For, in his noble thriftless way, he had initiated her into some of the very secrets of his tinting, and Dulcie was made bold by the feats she had achieved.

"What should set you labouring on paltry porringers?—you are provided with your bit and sup, Mistress Dulcie."

"I thought it might be fine to help a great painter like you," confessed the gentle lass; very gently, with reluctance and pain, for it was wrung by compulsion from her maidenliness.

"Do you think so? I love you for thinking it," he said directly: but he would never have done so, brave as he was in his fantasies, without her drawing him on.

However, after that speech, there was no further talk of their parting for good: indeed, Dulcie would do her part, and slave at these "mugs and pigs" to any extent; and all for a look at his painting before he quitted the easel of nights,—a walk, hanging upon his arm, up Primrose Hill,—a seat by his side on the Sundays in the city church where he worshipped. Dulcie did not care to trouble her friends at home with the matter: instead, she had a proud vision of surprising them with a sight of—her husband. "They would be for waiting till they could spare money to buy me more clothes, or perhaps a chest of drawers; they could not afford it: no more could Will find means to fly up and down the country. Father dear will be pleased to see him so temperate: he cannot drink more than a glass of orange-wine, or a sip of cherry brandy; he says it makes his head ache: he prefers the clear, cold water, or at most a dish of chocolate. Mother may jeer at him as unmanly: she has a fine spirit, mother, and she may think I might have done better; but mother has grown a little mercenary, and forgotten that she was once young herself, and would have liked to have served a great genius with such a loving heart and such blue eyes as Will's. Ah! the girls will all envy me, when they get a glance from Will's blue eyes: and let them, for he is too good a fellow to look at anybody but his poor ordinary silly wife, and if he did, the odds are that he would not see them; could not tell whether their hair were black or red. Ah me! I am not sure whether Will always sees me—poor me—and not one of his angels from paradise."

But Dulcie did mean to tell Clary, to ask her what she would advise her to wear for her wedding-gown, and whether she and Sam Winnington would be best maid and best man. But Clary put her foot through the plan neatly. Clary was in

one of her vapourish moods when she inquired one night, "Is Will Locke coming down again, Dulcie?" Oh! what ever is he seeking here? What more can we do for him? Nobody wants any more sheep or goats (were they sheep or goats, Dulcie?), or strawberries or currants, unless as mutton, and kid, and preserves. And, Dulcie, you must not stand in your own light, girl, and throw away any more notice upon him; it is wasting your time, and the word of him may keep away others. A match with him would be purely preposterous; even Sam Winnington, who is a great deal more of a scamp, my dear, treats him as a sublime simpleton."

What induced Clary to attempt to lock the stable after the steed was stolen? What drove her off all of a sudden on this dreadfully candid and prudent tack? She only knew. Possibly it was to ease her own troubled conscience; but with Sam Winnington constantly dangling about her skirts, and receiving sufficient encouragement too, it was hard for Dulcie to bear. She was in a fine passion; she would not tell Clary, after that round of advice; no, not a word. How did she know what Clary would do next? Perhaps forbid Will the house, when he came back from London with the licence, lock her into a room, and write an evil report to her friends? No, Dulcie could keep her own counsel: she was sorry to live in Clary's house, and eat the bread of deceit, but she would not risk Will's happiness as well as her own.

Will Locke reappeared on the scene within a fortnight. The lad did not tell Dulcie, though, that he had walked the most of the way, and that he had rendered himself footsore, in order to be able to count out Dulcie's modest expenses up to town, and perhaps a month's housekeeping beforehand: for that was the extent of his outlook. Will Locke appointed the Vicar to meet him and a young woman in Redwater Church, the very morning after his return: there was no use in delay, except to melt down the first money he had hoarded; and Will and Dulcie were like two children, eager to have the business over and done with, and not to do again by the same parties. The Vicar was quite accustomed to these sudden calls, and he submitted to them with a little groan. He did not know who the young woman might be, and he did not care: it might be Mrs. Cambridge, it might be Mistress Clarissa herself, it might be the still-room maid, or the barmaid at the "Rod and Fly;" it was all one to him. As for the young painter fellow, the quiet lads were as likely to slip into these scrapes as the rattles; indeed, the chances were rather against them: the Vicar was inclined to cry, "Catch Mr. Sam Winnington in such a corner." But the Vicar was in no way responsible for a youth who was not even his own parishioner; he was not accountable for his not having worldly goods, wherewith to endow the young woman whom he was to lead to the altar. Oddly enough, though worldly goods are undoubtedly introduced into the service, there are no accompanying awkward questions: such as, "What are your worldly goods, M.?" or, "Have you any worldly goods, M.?" The Vicar did not care at all, except for his incipient yawns, and his disordered appetite: he was a rebuke to gossips.

When the hour came, Dulcie was distressed: not about wrong-doing,—for the girl had no more idea that she was doing wrong than you have when you write a letter on your own responsibility, and at your own dictation; not at the absence of friends, for in Dulcie's day friends were considered very much in the way on such occasions. Indeed, the best accredited and most popular couples would take a start away from their companions and acquaintances, and ride ten miles or so to be married privately, and so escape all ceremony. Dulcie was troubled by the want of a wedding-gown: yes, a wedding-gown, whether it is to wear well or not, is to a woman what a wig is to a barrister, what a uniform is to a soldier. Dulcie's had no existence, not even in a snip; no one could call a half-worn sacque a wedding-gown, and not even her mother's tabby could be brought out, for fear of observation. Only think! a scoured silk: how could Dulcie "bridle" becomingly in a scoured silk? There was a certain appropriateness in its shabbiness with regard to one who had done with the vanities of this world: but a scoured silk beside bridal blushes!—alas, poor Dulcie!

In every other respect, there appears something touching as well as humorous in that primitive marriage-party on the grey October morning, with the autumn sunbeams, silver not golden, faintly brightening the yellowing vine, over the sexton's house, and the orange and grey lichens, the only ornaments outside the solid old church, with its low, heavy Saxon arches. The Vicar bowed with ceremony, and with a dignified and deliberate air, as he recognised Mistress Dulcie; the old clerk and his wrinkled wife stumbled into an apprehension that it was Mistress Clarissa Gage's friend who was to have the knot tied all by herself so early: but it was nothing to them either; nothing in comparison with the Christmas dole. The lad and lass so trustful, so isolated, making such a tremendous venture, deserved to have the cheery sunshine on their lot, if only for their faith and firmness.

When it was over, Dulcie plucked Will's sleeve, to turn him into the vestry. One must be the guide if not the other, and "it's main often the woman," the old clerk would tell you, with a toothless grin.

Then Dulcie went with Will straight to the "Rod and Fly;" for such was the established rule. These occurrences were so frequent, that they had their etiquette cut out for them. From the "Rod and Fly," Will and Dulcie sent the coolest and most composed, the most perfectly reasonable and polite of messages, to say they had got married together that morning, and that Mistress Cambridge need not have the trouble of keeping breakfast for Mistress Dulcie. A separate apology was sent from Dulcie for not having procured the water-cresses which she was to have sought for Cambridge. Further, Mr. and Mrs. Will Locke would expect all of their friends who approved of the step they had taken, to come to the "Rod and Fly," and offer their congratulations and drink their healths, that morning without fail; as the young couple had to start by the very waggon in which they had first set eyes on each other. "Think of that, Will!" Dulcie had exclaimed, breathlessly, as if she was calling his notice to a natural phenomenon. They had now to ask and receive Dulcie's parents' blessing before they began housekeeping, in Will's lodgings in London, on the merits of a month's prices with future orders and outwork from the potteries. Oh! these old easy beginnings! What have we gained by complicating them?

Will Locke and Dulcie had cast the die, and on the first brush of the affair, their friends at Redwater took it as ill as possible: Clarissa was hysterical,—Sam Winnington was as sulky as a bear. If this treatment were to be regarded as a foreshadowing of what the behaviour of the authorities at Fairfax would prove, then the actors in the little drama might shake in their shoes. But Will Locke placidly stood the storm they had brewed, only remembering in years to come some words which Dulcie did not retain for a sun-down. Dulcie was now affronted and hurt, now steady as a stepping-stone and erect as a sweet pea, when either of the two assailants dared to blame Will, or to imply that he should have refrained from this mischief. Why, what could Will have done? What could she have done without him? She was not ashamed to ask that, the moment they reflected upon Will Locke, though she had not borne his name an hour. Oh! child, child!

Notwithstanding, it was very trying to Dulcie when Clary protested that she never would have believed that Dulcie could have stolen such a march upon her; never. Dulcie to deceive her! Dulcie to betray her! Poor Clary! Whom could she turn to for affection and integrity, in the days that might remain to her in this wicked world? She had walked all along the street with its four or five windows in every gable, turned to the thoroughfare,—her handkerchief at her eyes, while the whole town was up, and each window full. She was so spent now, with her exertions and her righteous indignation, that she sat fanning herself in the bar; for Will and Dulcie could not even afford a private room to receive their wedding company so summarily assembled. Never was such a business, in Clary's opinion; not that she had not often heard of its like,—but to happen to a kind, silly, credulous pair, such as Dulcie and Will Locke! Clary sat fanning herself, and casting knots on her pocket-handkerchief, and glancing quickly at Sam Winnington's gloomy, dogged face, so different from the little man's wonted bland, animated countenance. What on earth could make Sam Winnington take the wilful deed so much to heart? Hear him rating Will, whom he had been used to patronize in a careless, gracious style, but upon whom he now turned in strong resentment. These reproaches were not unprovoked, but they were surely out of bounds; and their matter and manner rankled in the breasts of both these men many a day after they had crossed the Rubicon, and travelled far into the country on whose borders they were still pressing.

"You have disgraced yourself and me, sir! You have gone far to ruin the two of us! People will credit us of the same stock: a pair of needy and reckless adventurers!"

"Master Winnington, I was willing: I could do what I liked with myself without your leave; and I suppose Will Locke was equally independent," fired up Dulcie.

"We'll never be mistaken for the same grain, Sam Winnington," declared Will Locke, with something like disdain. "I always knew we were clean different; and the real substance of the wood will come out more and more distinctly, now that the mere bark is rubbed off."

Clary was mollified at last; she kissed and sobbed over Dulcie, wished her joy sincerely, half promised to visit her in town, and slipped a posey ring from her own hand to the bride's, on the very finger where Will Locke had the face to put the marriage-ring which wedded a comely, sprightly, affectionate young woman to struggles and disappointments, and a mad contest between spirit and matter. But Sam Winnington would not so much as shake hands with Will; though he did not bear any malice against Dulcie, and would have kissed her fingers if she would have allowed it: and the young men, erstwhile comrades, looked so glumly and grimly at each other, that it was a universal relief when the great waggon drew up at the inn door.

Dulcie, in another character now, and that before the fall of the russet leaves—half ashamed but very proud, the little goose! of the quick transformation—stepped into the waggon; the

same boxes were piled beside her; Will leapt in after her, and away they rolled. There was nothing more for Dulcie to do but to wave her hand to Clary and Cambridge, and the women of the inn (already fathoms deep in her interest), and to think that she was a married woman, and had young Will Locke the great painter in his chrysalis state, to look after.

But why was Sam Winnington so irate? He had never looked sweet on Dulcie for half a second. Was it not rather that a blundering dreamer like Will Locke had anticipated him, marred his tactics, and fatally injured his scientific game? Sam came dropping down upon Redwater whenever he could find leisure, when the snow was on the ground, or when the peaches were plump and juicy, for the next two or three years. If he had not been coming on finely in his profession, heightening his charges five guineas at a time, and if Clary had not possessed that nice six thousand pounds' fortune, they would have done off the matter in a trice, like Will Locke and Dulcie Cowper. Poor Sam! poor Clary!—what an expenditure of hours and days and emotions, they contrived for themselves! They were often wretched! and they shook each other's faith: it is doubtful if they ever quite recovered it. They were so low occasionally that it must have been dreadfully difficult for them to get up again; they were so bitter that how they became altogether sweet once more, without any lingering remains of the acrid flavour in their mouths, is scarcely to be imagined. They were good and true in their inmost hearts; but it does appear that some of the tricks of which they were guilty left them less honest human creatures. There was a strong dash of satire in Sam's fun afterwards; there was a sharpness in Clary's temper, and a despotism in her dignity. To be sure, Clary always liked Sam's irony a thousand times better than another man's charity, and Sam ever thought Clary's impatient, imperious ways far before the cooing of any turtle-dove in the wood; but that was only an indication that the real metal was there, not that it was not smirched and corroded with rust.

The first effect of Will and Dulcie's exploit was extremely prejudicial to the second case on the books. Uncle Barnet, a flourishing London barrister, a man with strong lines about his mouth, a wart on his forehead, and great laced flaps at his coat pockets, and who was supposed to be vehemently irresistible in the courts, hurried down to Redwater on purpose to overhaul Clary. What sort of doings were those she presided over in her maiden house at Redwater? Not the runaway marriage of a companion; that occurred every day in the most polite circles; Clary could not fairly be called to account for such a trifle; besides, a girl without a penny might do as she chose. But there was something a vast deal more scandalous lurking in the background: there was word of another fellow of the same kidney buzzing about Clary—Clary with her six thousand pounds' fortune, her Uncle Barnet, her youth, her handsome person, her what not? Now, as sure as Uncle Barnet's name was Barnet, as he wore a wig, as there was justice in the country, he would have the law of the fellow. Don't tell him the man was advancing rapidly in his profession. What was a painter's profession?—or the son of a gallant Captain Winnington? If a gallant Captain Winnington could be nothing more than gallant, he did not deserve the name; it was a piece of fudge to cheat foolish women with. Yes; he would have the law of the fellow if he buzzed about his niece; he would have the law of Clary if she encouraged him.

What could Clary do? She had been taught to look up to Uncle Barnet; she had seen polite society under his wife's wing; she had obeyed him at once as her Mentor and her Mæcenas,—as her father and prime-minister. She cried and kissed his hand, and promised not to forget her position, and to be a good girl; and as she was not engaged to Sam Winnington, and did not know for certain that he would return to Redwater for the grass-mowing or the hop-gathering, she thought she might be free to promise also that she would not see him again with her will. Of course she meant to keep her word if she might; but there are two at a bargain making: and observe, she said, "with her will;" she made no reference to Sam Winnington's pleasure. And yet, arrogant as Clary could be on her worst side, she had found her own intentions and purposes knocked down by Sam Winnington's determinations before now.

When Sam Winnington did come down next, Clary had such honour and spirit, that she ordered the door to be shut in his face; but then she cried far more bitterly than she had done to Uncle Barnet, in the same hall where Sam had painted her and jested with her; and somehow her affliction reached Sam's ears, living in a little place like Redwater at the "Rod and Fly" for several days on end.

At last another spice entered into the dish; another puppet appeared on the boards, and increased the disorder of the former puppets. The county member did turn up. Clary was a prophet: he came on a visit to his cousin the Justice, and was struck with tall, red and white, and large-eyed Clary; he furbished up an introduction, and offered her the most marked attention.

Mrs. Clarissa was in ecstasy, so her gossips declared, and so she almost persuaded herself, even after she had certain drawbacks to her pleasure, and certain cares intruding upon her exultation;

after she was again harassed and pestered with the inconvenient resuscitation of that incorrigible little plain, vain portrait painter, Sam Winnington. He was plain,—he had not the county member's Roman nose, and he was vain—Clary had already mimicked the fling of his cravat, and the wave of his white hands. Clever, smart fellows, like Sam Winnington, are generally parcel coxcombs. Oh, Sam! in order to serve your own turn now, where be your purple shadows, your creamy whites, your marvellous reading of people's characters, and writing of the same on their faces, their backs, their very hands and feet, which should leave the world your delighted debtor long after it had forgotten yon member's mighty services?

Clarissa had never danced so many dances with one evening's partner as with the smitten member, at the assembly given on the spur of the moment in his honour, whereat Sam Winnington, standing with his hat under his arm, leaning against the carved door, was an observant spectator. He was not sullen as when Will Locke and Dulcie tumbled headlong into the pit of matrimony; he was smiling and civil;—but his lips were white and his eyes sunken, as if the energetic young painter did not sleep of nights.

Clary was not sincere; she gave that infatuated, tolerably heavy, red-faced, fox-hunting member, own cousin to the Justice, every reason to suppose that she would lend him the most favourable ear, when he chose to pay her his addresses, and then afforded him the amplest provocation to cry, "Caprice—thy name is woman." She had just sung "Tantivy" to him after supper, when she sailed up to Sam Winnington, and addressed him demurely,—

"I have come to wish you good-night, sir."

"And I to wish you farewell, madam."

"Farewell is a hard word, Master Winnington," returned Clary, with a great tide of colour rushing into her face, and a gasp as for breath, and tracing figures nervously on the floor with her little shoe and its brave paste-buckle.

"It shall be said though, and that without further delay, unless three very different words be put in its place."

"Sir, you are tyrannous," protested Clary, in a tremulous voice.

"No, Mrs. Clarissa, I have had too good cause to know who has been the tyrant in this business," declared Sam Winnington, speaking out roundly, as a woman loves to hear a man, though it be to her own condemnation, "You have used me cruelly, Clarissa Gage; you have abused my faith, wasted the best years of my life, and deceived my affections."

"What were the three words, sir?" asked Clary, faint and low.

"'Yours, Sam Winnington;' or else, 'Farewell, Clarissa Gage!'"

"Yours, Sam Winnington."

He caught her so sharp up by the arm at that sentence, that some persons said Mistress Clarissa had staggered and was about to swoon; others, that the vulgar fellow of a painter had behaved like a brute, pulled her to his side as she was marching past him, and accused her of perjury before the whole ball-room. Bold men were apt at that time to seize aggravating women (especially if they were the wives of their bosoms) by the hairs of their heads, so that a trifling rudeness was little thought of. The county member, however, pricked up his long ears, flushed, fiercely stamped to the particular corner, and had a constable in his eye to arrest the beggarly offender; but before he could get at the disputants, he had the mortification to see them retreat amicably into a side room, and the next thing announced to him was, that Mistress Clarissa had evanished home, before anybody could get rightly at the bottom of the mystery.

Very fortunately, the county member ascertained the following day, before he had compromised his pride another hair's-breadth, that the fickle damsel had accepted the painter's escort the previous evening, and had admitted the painter at an incredibly early hour the subsequent morning. After such indiscretion, the great man would have nothing more to say to Mistress Clarissa, but departed in great dudgeon, and would never so much as set his foot within Redwater again; not even at the following election.

Uncle Barnet was forced to come round and acknowledge, with a very bad grace, that legislation in heiresses' marriages—in any marriage—is out of the question. No man knew how a marriage would turn out; you might as well pledge yourself for the weather next morning: certainly there were signs for the wise; but were weather almanacs deceptive institutions or were they not? The innocent old theory of marriages being made in heaven was the best. Clary was not such a mighty catch after all: a six thousand pounds' fortune was not inexhaustible, and the county member might never have come the length of asking its owner's price. People did talk of a foolish engagement in his youth to one of his yeomen's daughters, and of a wealthy old aunt who ruled the roast; though her well-grown nephew, not being returned for a rotten burgh, voted with dignity for so many thousands of his fellow-subjects in the Commons. Uncle Barnet, with a peculiarly wry face, did reluctantly what he did not often advise his clients to do, unless under desperate premises—he compromised.

Clary was made a wife in the height of summer, with all the rites and ceremonies of the church, with

all the damasks, and laces, and leadings by the tips of the fingers, and lavishings of larkspurs, lupins, and tiger-lilies proper for the occasion, which Dulcie had lost. Nay, the supper came off at the very "Rod and Fly," with the tap open to the roaring, jubilant public; a score of healths were drunk upstairs with all the honours, the bride and bridegroom being king and queen of the company: even Uncle Barnet owned that Sam Winnington was very complaisant; rather exceeded in complacency, he supplemented scornfully: but surely Sam might mend that fault with others in the bright days to come. It is only the modern English who act Hamlet *minus* the Prince of Denmark; sitting at the bridal feast without bride or bridegroom.

They say hearts are often caught on the rebound, and if all ill-treated suitors spoke out warmly yet sternly like Sam Winnington, and did not merely fence about and either sneer or whine, more young fools might be saved, even when at touch and go with their folly, after the merciful fate of Clary, and to the benefit of themselves and of society.

CHAPTER V.—DULCIE AND WILL AT HOME IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

While Sam and Clarissa were fighting the battles of vanity and the affections down in the southern shire in quite a rural district, among mills and ash-trees, and houses with gardens and garden bowers, William and Dulcie were combating real flesh-and-blood woes—woes that would not so much set your teeth on edge, as soften and melt your tough, dry heart—among the brick and mortar of London. These several years were not light sunshiny years to the young couple. It is of no use saying that a man may prosper if he will, and that he has only to cultivate potatoes and cabbages in place of jessamine and passion-flowers; no use making examples of Sir Joshua and Vandyke, and telling triumphantly that they knew their business and did it simply—only pretending to get a livelihood and satisfy the public to the best of their ability, but ending in becoming great painters. One man's meat is another man's poison; one man's duty is not his neighbour's. When shall we apprehend or apply that little axiom? The Duchess of Portland killed three thousand snails in order that she might complete the shell-work for which she received so much credit; Dulcie would not have put her foot voluntarily on a single snail for a pension.

It was Will Locke's fate to vibrate between drudgery and dreaming; always tending more inevitably towards the latter, and lapsing into more distant, absorbing trances, till he became more and more fantastic and unearthly, with his thin light hair, his half-transparent cheek, and his strained eyes. To prophesy on cardboard and canvas, in flower and figure, with monster and star, crescent and triangle, in emerald green and ruby red and sea blue, in dyes that, like those of the Bassani, resembled the clear shining of a handful of jewels, which he seemed to have brought also from another region—to prophesy in high art, to be half pitied, half derided, and to starve: was that Will Locke's duty?

Will thought so, in the most artless, unblemished, unswerving style; and he was a devout fellow as well as a gifted, bowed to revelation, and read nature's secrets well before he forsook her for Heaven, or rather Hades. He devoted himself to the sacrifice: he did not grudge his lust of the eye, his lust of the flesh, his pride of life: he devoted Dulcie, not without pangs; he devoted his little sickly children pining and dying in St. Martin's Lane. He must follow his calling, he must fulfil his destiny.

Dulcie was not quite such an enthusiast: she did love, honour, and obey Will Locke, but she was sometimes almost mad to see him such a wreck. It had been a seen evil, and she had looked down into the gulf; but she had missed the depths: never seen its gloomy, dark, dreary nooks, poor lass! in her youthful boldness and lavishness; and our little feminine Curtius in the scoured silk, with the powdered brown curls, had not merely to penetrate them in one plunge, she had to descend, stumbling and groping her way, and starting back at the sense of confinement, the damp and the darkness. Who will blame her that she sometimes turned her head and looked back, and stretched up her arms from the desert to the flesh-pots of Egypt? She would have borne anything for her husband; and she did work marvels: learned to engrave for him, coloured constantly with her light, pliant fingers, and drew and painted from old fresh memories those articles of stoneware for the potteries. She clothed herself in the cheapest and most lasting of printed linen sacques and mob caps, and hoods and aprons, fed herself and him and the children on morsels well nigh miraculously, and even swallowed down the sight of Clary in her cut velvet and her own coach, whose panel Sam Winnington himself had not thought it beneath him to touch up for Clary's delectation and glory. If Will would only have tarried longer about his flowers and bees, and groves and rattlesnakes; if he had even stopped short at faces like those of Socrates, Cæsar, Cleopatra, Fair Rosamond—what people could understand with help—and not slid off faster and more fatally into that dim delirium of good and evil, angels and archangels, the devil of temptation and the goblin of the flesh, the red fiend of war, and the pale spirit of peace! And

poor Dulcie had scarcely clothes for her back, or meat for her board, and no respite for her withering children. But Dulcie could have forgiven the infatuation which she shared; and would have been pleased, at least resigned, if Will had not stood so far aloof from his kind,—if he would have suffered her to receive the assistance which she could have procured for herself and him. Women are rarely the rebels in these cases; they are meeker, the most high-spirited of them; they are truer in the main; they can separate between begging from a stranger and asking aid of a brother; they can endure to give a father, a sister, an old friend, the privilege which they would have used kindly themselves. Dulcie knew there was a great deal of goodness beneath Clary's pride, and that she was entitled to be allowed credit for constancy and tenderness, though she wore cut velvet, and point lace instead of "Brussels heads." Dulcie was sure that if they would but make the appeal all would come right; the stiffness would melt, the old friendliness and sympathy would be at work for her and Will forthwith: and Clary and Sam Winnington had patronage and influence and grand friends, besides guineas coming in to them in heaps. But Dulcie dared not: the difference originating at Will and Dulcie's marriage had ended in alienation. Dulcie thought that Sam Winnington would have bridged it over at one time, if Will would have made any sign of meeting his overtures, or acknowledged Sam's talents and fortune: nay, even if Will had refrained from betraying his churlish doubts of Sam's perfect deserts.

But no, this Will would not deign to do. The gentle, patient painter, contented with his own estimation of his endowments, and resigned to be mis-judged and neglected by the world, had his own indomitable doggedness. He would never flatter the world's low taste for commonplace, and its miserable short-sightedness; he would never pay homage to Sam Winnington which he did not deserve—a man very far from his equal—a mere clever portrait-painter, little better than a skilled stone-mason. Thus Sam Winnington and Will Locke took to flushing when each other's names were mentioned,—sitting bolt upright and declining to comment on each other's works, or else dismissing each other's efforts in a few supremely contemptuous words. Certainly the poor man rejected the rich not one whit less decidedly than the rich man rejected the poor, and the Mordecais have always the best of it. If we and our neighbours will pick out each other's eyes, commend us to the part of brave little Jack, rather than that of the belligerent Giant, even when they are only eyeing each other previous to sitting down to the ominous banquet.

But this was a difficulty to Dulcie, as it is to most women. No one thinks of men's never showing a malign influence in this world; it is only good women who are expected to prove angels outright here below. But it does seem that there is something more touching in their having to stifle lawful instincts, and in their being forced to oppose and overcome unlawful passions, covetousness, jealousy, wrath, "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness."

Dulcie, with the sharpness of her little face, divested of all its counterbalancing roundness—a keen, worn little face since it had smiled so confusedly but generously out of the scurvy silk in the church at Redwater—was a sweet-looking woman under her care-laden air. Some women retain sweetness under nought but skin and bone; they will not pinch into meanness and spite; they have still faith and charity. Though their chins are acute peaks, their cheek-bones fleshless, and their foreheads unnaturally developed, they are sweet, giving women still; they have the expression, "We give, we give," though their laps are vacant, their hands empty, and little beyond bread and water, a bite of the scraggy neck of mutton, or a mouthful of parsnip tea, crosses their lips. One would not wonder though Dulcie afforded more vivid glimpses of *il Beata's* angels after the contour of her face was completely spoilt.

You can fancy the family room in St. Martin's Lane, some five or six years after Will Locke and Dulcie became one, with its strange litter of acids and aquafortis, graving tools and steel plates. Will and Dulcie might have been some of the abounding false coiners, had it not been for the colours, the canvas, and the vessels from the potteries, all huddled together without attention to effect; but not without order, for they were too busy people to be able to afford to be purely disorderly; Will at the table facing the light, and Dulcie catching it on her stool. They could not have had the curtain less scant, for the daylight was precious to them; they had not space for more furniture than might have sufficed a poor tradesman or better sort of mechanic; only there were traces of gentle birth and breeding in the casts, the prints and portfolios, the Dutch clock, and the great hulk of a state-bed hung with the perpetual dusky yellow damask, which served as a nursery for the poor listless little children. Well for them, yet, alas for Dulcie! there were never more than two living at a time. On that platform, too still to incur any danger of toppling over its steep sides, and breaking their dangling little necks, sat the pale-faced children, playing with their father's sketches and their mother's broken bits of porcelain, on which she tried over her old patterns.

Presently Dulcie looked after the sops, and surreptitiously awarded Will the Benjamin's portion,

and Will ate it absently with the only appetite there; though he, too, was a consumptive-looking man—a good deal more so than when he attracted the pity of the good wife at the "Nine Miles Inn." Then Dulcie crooned to the children of the milk-porridge she would give them next night, and sang to them as she lulled them to sleep, her old breezy, bountiful English songs, "Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window," and "I met my lad at the garden gate," and brushed their faces into laughter with the primroses and hyacinths she had bought for Will in Covent Garden Market. Will asked to see them in the spring twilight, and described the banks where they grew, with some revival of his early lore, and added a tale of the fairies who made them their round tables and galleries, which caused the eldest child (the only one who walked with Dulcie in his little coat to the church where he was christened) to open his heavy eyes, and clap his hot hands, and cry, "More, father, more." Will and Dulcie looked gladly into each other's eyes at his animation, and boasted what a stamping, thundering man he would yet live to be—that midge, that sprite, with Dulcie's small skeleton bones, and Will's dry, lustreless, fair hair!

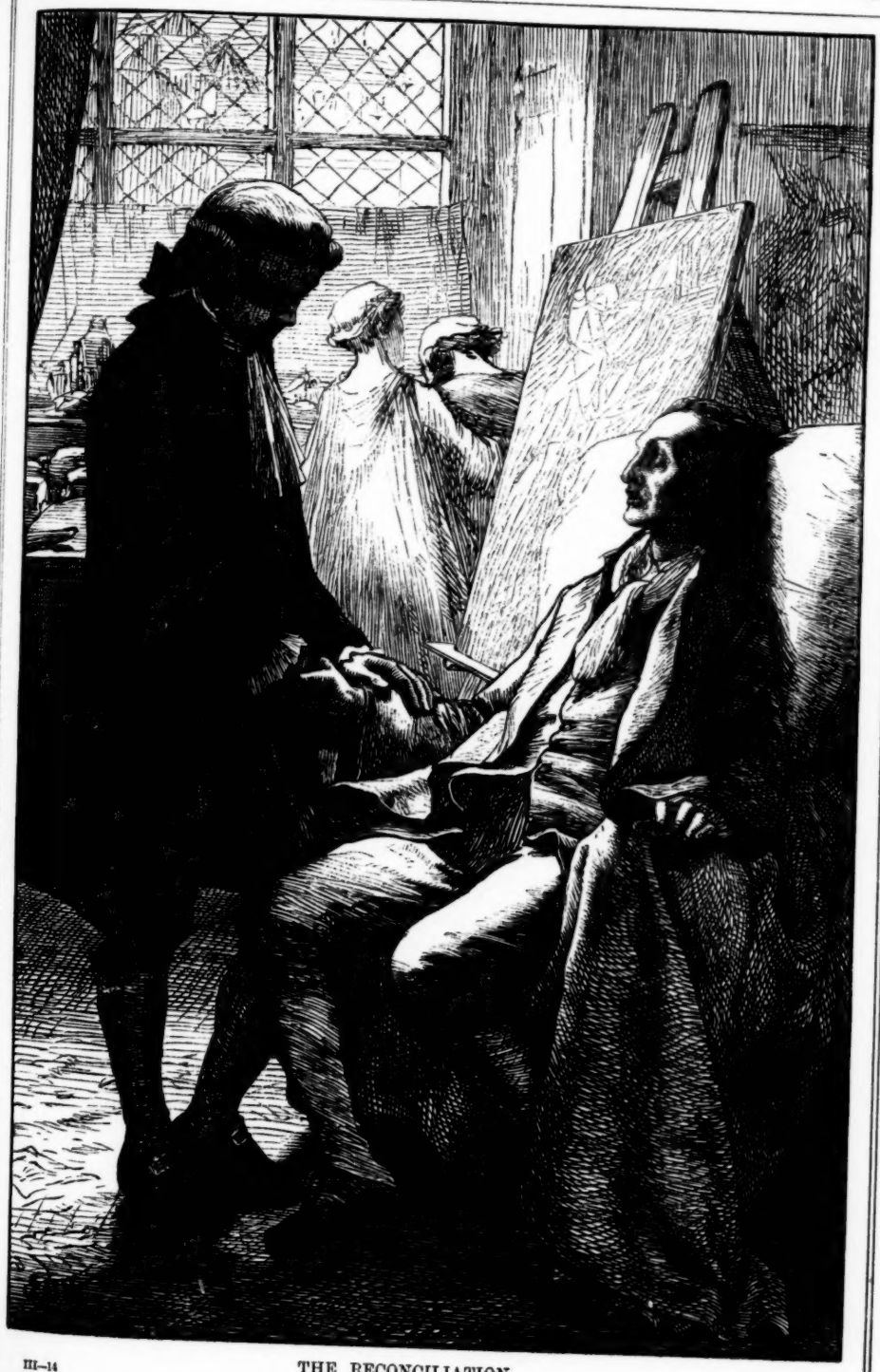
Anon while Dulcie was still rocking one of these weary children moaning in its sleep, Will must needs strike a light to resume his beloved labours; but first he directed his candle to his canvas, and called on Dulcie to contemplate and comprehend, while he murmured and raved to her of the group of fallen men and women crouching in the den,—of the wind of horror raising their hair,—of the dawn of hope bursting in the eastern sky, and high above them the fiendish crew, and the captains of the Blessed still swaying to and fro in the burdened air, and striking deadly blows for supremacy. And Dulcie, open-eyed and open-mouthed as of old, looked at the captives, as if listening to the strife that was to come, and well-nigh heard the thunder of the captains and the shouting, while her eye was always eagerly pointed to that pearly streak which was to herald the one long, cool, calm, bright day of humanity. No wonder Dulcie was as demented as Will, and thought it would be a very little matter though the milk-porridge were sour on the morrow, or if the carrier did not come with the price in his pocket for these sweet pots, and bowls, and pipkins: she believed her poor babies were well at rest from the impending dust, and din, and danger; and smiled deep, quiet smiles at Clary—poor Clary, with her cut velvet, her coach, and her black boy. Verily Will and Dulcie could afford to refer not only pleasantly but mercifully to Sam Winnington and Clary that night.

"It is contemptible to lose sight of the sublimity of life even to enjoy perfect ease and happiness." That is a very grand saying; but oh, dear! we are poor creatures; and though Dulcie is an infinitely nobler being now than then, the tears are fit to start into our eyes when we remember the little brown head which "bridled finely," the little feet which pranced lightly, and the little tongue which wagged, free from care, in the stage waggon on the country road yon clear September day.

CHAPTER VI.—SAM AND CLARISSA IN COMPANY IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

Sam and Clarissa were worshipful people now; people whom Uncle Barnet no longer invited to his second-rate parties, whom Uncle Barnet was really proud to visit in their own home: for Sam Winnington was a discerning mortal; he had a faculty for discovering genius, especially that work-a-day genius which is in rising men; and he certainly had bird-lime wherewith he could fix their feet under his hospitable table. The best of the sages and wits of the day were to be met in Sam Winnington's house; the best of the sages and wits of the day thought Clary a fine woman, though a little lofty, and Sam a good fellow, an honest chum, a delightful companion, and at the same time the prince of portrait-painters. What an eye he had! what a touch! How much perception of individual character, and at the same time, what sober judgment and elegant taste to preserve his sitters ladies and gentlemen, as well as men and women! Cavillers would have it, the ladies and gentlemen, like Sam's condescension at his wedding-feast, overtopped the mark; but it was erring on the safe side. Who would not sink the man in the gentleman? After all, perhaps the sages and wits were not altogether disinterested: almost every one of them filled Sam Winnington's famous sitter's chair, and depended on Sam's tasteful pencil handing down their precious noses and chins to posterity.

Sam and Clary were going abroad, in that coach, which had made Dulcie Locke look longingly after it, and ponder what it would be for one of her frail children to have "a ride" on the box as far as Kensington. They were bound for the house of one of the lordly patrons of art and letters. They were bound for my Lord Burlington's, or the Earl of Mulgrave's, or Sir William Beechey's; to a destination where they were a couple of mark and distinction, to be received with the utmost consideration. Sam reared smartly his round but not ill-proportioned person in his rich brocade coat, and Clary towered in the corner with her white throat, and her filmy ivory-coloured laces. There they were on their arrival handed out by Clary's own black boy; lit up the flight of stairs into the portico by the attentive linkmen



THE RECONCILIATION.

(though it was so early), escorted on the staircase by more plush and cockades; received at the door of the great drawing-room with the most courteous of bows and curtsies, and the most friendly of hand-pressures from the noble owners of the mansion, who were creditably desirous of descending to future generations as liberal and enlightened members of the quality; then finding their way to the tea-room, or the crowded card-tables, or the settees, or the favourite lounge right under the candelabra, they were equals among the notables, and no small notables either.

We won't see many more distinguished men and women than the members of the set who frequented the old London tea-parties; and Sam Winnington and Clary were in it and of it, while Will Locke and Dulcie were poverty-stricken and alone with their bantlings in the garret in St. Martin's Lane. What becomes of the doctrine of happiness being equally divided in this world, as so many comfortable persons love to opine? Possibly we don't stand up for it; or we may have our loophole, by which we may let ourselves out and drag it in. Was that illustrious voyage all plain sailing? Sam Winnington used to draw a long sigh, and lay back his head and close his eyes in his coach, after the rout was over. He was not conscious of acting; he was not acting, and one might dare another, if that other were not a cynic, to say that the motive was unworthy. He wanted to put his sitters on a good footing with themselves; he wanted to put the world on a good footing with itself: it was the man's nature. He did not go very far down: he was not without his piques, and like other good-natured men—like Will Locke, for that matter—when he was once offended he was apt to be vindictive; but he was buoyant, and that little man must have had a great fund of charity about him somewhere to be drawn upon at first sight. Still this popularity was no joke. Besides, there were other rubs: a handsome, clever fellow, but brusque and headlong as any clown, was presuming to find fault with Sam's draperies, and the flattered Sam was knitting his eyebrows, even while he smiled broadly and argued volubly in his own defence. Again, Sam heard that "the Irish bully and beggar" Barry, was at his old trick of disdaining private pictures and the trade of limning common men and women; and though Barry was forced to wear a baize coat and cook his own steak, Sam could not be independent of his magniloquent applause. The keen love of approbation in the little man, which was at the bottom of his suavity, was galled by the least condemnation of his work and credit; he was too manly to enact the old man and the ass, but successful Sam Winnington was about as soon pricked as a man who wears a fold of silk on his breast instead of the old plate armour.

And Clary, she had heard some of the conversation which had worried her Sam, though he would not allow it to her; the little man was game, only he would be up at six o'clock the next morning, carefully studying and finishing off these draperies; and he would commit the glaring inconsistency, for which he could have bitten his tongue out the next moment—he, the cool, pleasant, prosperous man—of cutting Barry short in a professional discussion, and snarling at him viciously, to the edification of the students. Clary had her own aggravations: with all her airs Clary was not a match for the indomitable, unhesitating, brazen (with a golden brazenness) women of fashion. Poor Clary had been the beauty at Redwater: she had been the heiress, the most modish woman, the best informed woman there; and here, in this world of London, to which Sam had got her an introduction as well as the county member or the peer could have done, she was a nobody; scarcely to be detected among the host of ordinary fine women, except by Sam's reflected glory. This was a doubtful boon: this was an unsatisfactory rise in the social scale. Then Clary had nobody beyond Sam to look to, and hope and pray for: she had not even sickly children to nurse, like Dulcie. Sam would only live to future generations in his paintings. Ah, well! it was fortunate that Sam was a man of genius.

You may believe, for all the grand company, the coach, the cut velvet, the laces, and the black boy, that this world was but a mighty sorry, uneasy place to Sam and Clarissa as they rolled home over the pavement, while Will and Dulcie slept with little betwixt them and the stars.

CHAPTER VII.—STRIPS SOME OF THE THORNS FROM THE HEDGE AND THE GARDEN ROSES.

Will Locke lay dying. One would have thought, from his tranquillity, confidence, and love of work, even along with his spare diet, that he would have lived long; but dreamland cannot be a healthy region for a man in the body to inhabit; at least, Will was going where his visions would be as nought to the realities. Will Locke lay dying; the most peaceful, the happiest fellow, as he had been all his life; babbling of the pictures he would paint in another region, as if he were conscious that he had painted already, in a former age, when he who ran could read them—those wild groups—without a key. It seemed, too, that the poor fellow's spiritual life, apart from his artist career, took sounder, cheerier substance and form, as the other life grew dimmer and wilder. There is an old, old story of God's goodness to each wandering child of man, that when he holds up his

fettered, bleeding hands to Him, and rises up and goes to Him at last by the simpler, better way, the only true way, the Father sees him and has compassion, and runs and falls on his neck, and kisses him. Dulcie was almost reconciled to let Will go; for he would be more at home in the spirit-world than here, and she had seen sore trouble herself—trouble which taught her to acquiesce in the earthly end of all, when there were a Father and a Friend seen glimmeringly but hopefully beyond the gulf. Dulcie moved about, with her child holding by her skirts, resigned and helpful in her sorrow.

The most clouded faces in the old room in St. Martin's Lane—with its old litter, so grievous to-day, of brushes, and colours, and graving tools, and wild pictures which the painter would never touch more—were those of Sam Winnington and Clary. Will had bidden Sam and Clary be sent for to his deathbed; and, offended as they had been, and widely severed as they were now, they rose and came trembling to obey the summons; Sam with the stain of paint on his hand, Clary with her dormeuse hanging behind her. Clary gave one look, put her handkerchief quickly to her eyes, and then turned and softly covered the tools, lifted the boiling pot to the side of the grate, and took Dulcie's fretful, wondering child in her lap; not a fine lady now, but a woman in distress. Sam stood immoveable and uncertain, with a man's awkwardness, but a face working with suppressed emotion.

Will felt no restraint; he sat up in his faded coat with his cravat open to give him air, and turning his wan face with its dark shadow towards Sam Winnington in his velvet coat, with a diamond-ring sparkling on his splashed hand, and his colour which had grown rosy of late years, heightened with emotion, addressed his old friend.

"I wanted to see you, Sam; I had something on my mind, and I could not depart with full satisfaction without saying it to you; I have done you wrong."

Sam raised his head, startled, and stared at the sick man: poor Will Locke! were his wits utterly gone? they had always been somewhat to seek: though he had been a wonderful fellow, too, in his own way,—wonderful at flowers, and birds, and beasts, if he had but been content with them.

"I called you a mere portrait-painter, Sam," continued the dying man; "I refused to acknowledge your inspiration, and I knew better: I saw that to you was granted the discernment to read the human face and the soul behind it, as to me it was given to hold converse with nature and the subtle essence of good and evil. Most painters before you have painted masks; but yours are the clothings of immortals: and your flesh is wonderful, Sam—how you have perfected it! And it is not true what they tell you of your draperies: you are the only man alive who can render them picturesque and not absurd, refined and not stinted. You were ever a man in all your inches, Sam, though they were not many; but you were always ready to mend your height with a handy sycamore tree. You were a genteel fellow, too, from the beginning, and would no more do a dirty action when you had only silver coins to jingle in your pockets, than now when they are stuffed with gold moidores."

"Oh, Will, Will!" cried Sam, desperately bowing his head; "I have done little for you."

"Man!" cried Will, with a kingly incredulity, "what could you do for me? I wanted nothing. I was withdrawn somewhat from my proper field, to mould and colour for daily bread; but Dulcie saved me many a wasted hour, and I could occupy the period of a mechanical job in conceiving—no, in marshalling my visions. Mine was a different, an altogether higher line than yours, Sam; you will forgive me if I have told you too abruptly," and the poverty-stricken painter, at his last gasp, looked deprecatingly at his old honoured associate.

But he was too far gone for ceremony; he was too near release for pain. He had even shaken hands with the few family cares he was capable of experiencing, he had commended Dulcie to Sam Winnington without a single doubt. He felt, like Gainsborough, that they were all going to heaven, and Vandyke was in the company. Where was the room for misunderstanding now? Here was the end of strife, and the conclusion of the whole matter. Without a blush he could openly declare his conviction of his superiority as a painter (as a man he was as lowly a sinner as ever trusted with a little child's trust to divine grace), and without remonstrance or protest the successful man might hear it. Some other sentences Will spoke before his parting breath; and when his hearers heard him murmuring the word "garment," they fancied he still raved of his calling—on to the end. But his mind had turned and taken refuge in another calling, and it was in reference to it that he quoted the fragment of a verse, "And besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment; and as many as touched him were made whole." "Sam, have you put forth your hand?"

Thus Will Locke departed, rejoicing; and Dulcie, a thin forlorn widow woman in the crowd, talked with a lingering echo of his elevation, of her Will's being beyond lamentation, of herself and her boy's being well off with their faith in the future, with the husband and father's good name and merited reputation, which would surely find his memory out in this world yet—Dulcie had a proud, constant presentiment in the recesses of her woman's

heart. She had no material possessions save a few of his gorgeous, gruesome, hieroglyphical pictures, and what she had borrowed or inherited of his lower cunning in tinting, a more marketable commodity in the present mind of society.

Dulcie disposed of Will's paintings, reluctantly, to an astonishing amount; astonishing, unless you take into account the fact that his companions and contemporaries were not so sure that he was a mere madman now that he had gone from their ranks; and that they wished to atone for their dislike to his vagaries by preserving some relics of the curious handling, the grotesque imagination, the delicate taste, and the finely accurate knowledge of vegetable and animal forms which had passed away.

Then Dulcie went back in the waggon to her old friends at Fairfax, and, by so doing, probably saved her sole remaining child. Dulcie did not know whether to be glad or sorry when she found that Will's boy had no more of his father's genius than might have been derived from her own quick talents, and neat and nice fingers; and which would not be thrown away on mingling dyes, and designing warps and woofs, any more than Dulcie's in painting for the potteries. And she was comforted: not in the sense of marrying again—oh, dear, no! she cherished the memory of her Will as a sacred thing, and through all her returning plumpness and rosiness—for she was still a young woman—never forgot the honour she had borne in being a great painter's wife and companion for half a dozen years. Perhaps, good as she was, she grew rather to brandish this credit in the faces of the cloth-workers and their wives; to speak a little bigly of the galleries and the Academy, of chiaroscuro and perspective, of which the poor ignoramuses knew nothing; to be obstinate on her dignity, and stand out on her gentility far before that of the attorneys' and the doctors' wives;—and all this though she had been, as you may remember, the least assuming of girls, the least exacting of wives. But women have many sides to their nature, and are puzzles: puzzles in their virtues as in their vices; and if Dulcie were ever guilty of ostentation, you have not to dive deep to discover that it was out of respect to her Will—to her great, simple, single-hearted painter.

No, Will Locke's was not a wrecked life, wrecked on the rocks of adversity, any more than Sam Winnington's was stranded on the sand-banks of prosperity. The one did a little to mellow the other before the scenes closed, and Will Locke was less obliged to Sam Winnington than Sam to Will in the end. Will's nature and career were scarcely within the scope of Sam's genial, material philosophy; but the thought of them grew to cross Sam's mind often during his long work-hours: and good painters' hours are mostly stoutly, steadily, indefatigably long. He pondered them even when he was jesting playfully with the affable aristocrat under his pencil; he spoke of them often to Clary when he was sketching at her work-table of an evening; and she, knitting beside him, would stop her work and respond freely on the generous Dulcie she had brought with her from Fairfax, and the fair absent lad, whom his forward fellow had pushed into the waggon; and all the while the tears like pearls hailing down her cheeks. Then Sam would rise, and, with his hands behind his back, go and look at that lush, yet delicate picture of the Redwater Bower which he had got routed out, framed, and hung in Clary's drawing-room. He would contemplate it for many minutes at a study, and he would repeat the study scores and scores of times with always the same result—the conviction of the ease and security resulting from spiritualizing matter, and the difficulty and hopelessness of materializing spirit. And after these long looks into the past, Sam would be more forbearing in pronouncing his verdicts on his brethren, worsted in the effort to express what was inherent in their minds; would not decide quite so dogmatically, that all a man had to do was to be sound and diligent, and keep himself far apart from high-flown rubbish, like a commonsense, sober-minded Englishman. And Sam came to be less feverishly anxious about his own monopoly of public esteem; less nettled at art-criticism; perhaps less vivacious in his talents and well-doing, but more manly and serene in his triumph, as Will Locke had been quite manly and serene in his failure.

Will Locke's life and death, so devoid of pomp and renown, might be beyond lamentation, after all.

COLLIERS IN THEIR HOMES AND AT THEIR WORK.

In a preceding article I have endeavoured to render some of the chief causes of fatal accidents in coal-mines generally intelligible, and to hint at the sources of prevention. I now proceed to treat of the colliers as a singular and little-known body of men, and to take note of them as I have seen them both at home and at work.

It is a question which our sociologists may discuss and solve to their own satisfaction, how it happened that so numerous and remarkable a class of labourers could have settled, grown, intermarried, increased, lived long or briefly, and died, without the recognition of their usually inquisitive fellow-countrymen? Antiquarian research acquaints us with allusions to coal itself in early periods; and we have incidental historical allusions to coal-mining at Newcastle from the fourteenth century; but in all the notices of coal which I have discovered, I have never met with a single allusion to the colliers. The mineral we can trace, the men who got it are as though they had never breathed: no word that they spoke, no deed of darkness they did, no suffering they endured, no rough humour they displayed, have ever engaged an author's pen; and they have gone down by thousands to their unmarked graves, alike unknowing and unknown.

Xenophon composed a whole treatise upon ten thousand Greeks, and surely some modern writer might make a whole volume out of the thirty-eight or forty thousand pit-people of the north of England. How much more readily of the one hundred and fifty thousand colliers (or more) who are dispersed in subterranean districts throughout the kingdom! It would, indeed, be a mining instead of a military history, and a record of advances and retreats underground instead of above; but we may be sure that though great events do not come to pass in the coaly counties, many most curious incidents could be recorded from the lives, habits, and customs of all those odd, rough, remote, and often humorous men and women and young persons; and, as I have shown in my previous paper, Death has been as busy there in the midst of peace, as elsewhere during the dominion of war. Here are thousands of men and lads who are now extracting sixteen millions of tons of coals from the depths beneath them. They are sending to the surface every year materials enough to build a small pyramid, or to cover one of the ample garden spaces of a large London square, or, when kindled, to warm and light three or four great cities; and have the men who do this, in the confines of darkness and in the regions of silence, no worthy annals? There is, doubtless, a rich mine of curiosities in the midst of those abundant mines of coal. Men and women are there, and the human heart is ever the same, whether in the crowded haunts of a populous town, or a thousand or fifteen hundred feet underground, or in low-roofed pitmen's cottages, lying far away in the unvisited tracts of coaly counties.

Trusting that I have awakened some interest in the reader for the mass of his fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen alluded to, I shall propose to him to accompany me in imagination to the scene of mining labour in the North. Of which pit village to make choice is the only question; for you may select one of twenty or thirty; and as they are all pretty much alike, there seems no determining motive towards any one in particular. It will be as well, however, first of all to repair to Wallsend, a name as well known in every parlour and kitchen of the United Kingdom as any other of any district or country in Britain.

Jumping into a Shields railway carriage, we find ourselves in a brief space of time at Wallsend. Quitting the railway station, we proceed along a coaly, black, and bemired track towards the colliery. Being an old and long-worked mine, its outworks and attached buildings are begrimed with the coal-dust of many years of gainful mining. Men of short stature cross our path, and glance at us askance with peering eyes. What can persons of our cloth and style want here? Certain it is at one glance that we are neither "Fitters," nor "Viewers," nor medical men. Perhaps the pitmen set us down as methodist parsons; and it is well if so honourable a distinction is allotted to us. There was a time when no such person as a methodist parson would have been permitted to pass unmolested through a file of pitmen.

In an old colliery like this one, we cannot see the true style of a genuine and unmixed pit village, as the old cottages, broken and battered, were patched up into abodes for the colliers; and not being originally designed for such tenants, they exhibit no specific adaptations to them. To see a pure and simple pit colony, we must go either higher up or lower down the country. Let us go higher up, to Cramlington and Seghill, and thence to Seaton Delaval. How shall we journey thitherwards, seeing that we have no carriage, and there is no public conveyance? Only one way offers itself; it is rather rough, and not a little perilous; but we must avail ourselves of it, and put on a courageous appearance. It is, in other terms, the train of coal-waggons which runs from Cramlington Colliery, down four miles beyond us. Permission being obtained, let us mount to the edge, and descend into the hollow of this empty coal-waggon. Are you safely in? Then make yourself as comfortable as you may on the iron bottom of the wagon, without seat, or holdfast, or anything to keep you from what medical men call "utter prostration."

Yonder is Cramlington village, and yonder again Seghill, and just above, Seaton Delaval,—all being good specimens of the kind of colony we are in search of. We are approaching a pit village, and soon we shall be in its main street. From this one judge of all. You see that the cottages are built in long rows, and consist of two or three classes. The first-class cottages contain two rooms on the ground floor; the second, one ground-floor room and a loft above. Sometimes the houses are arranged in double lines on the sides of a square, leaving a waste and dreary vacancy in the

middle. In some of them, a series of small extra little houses is added to the side, in the fashion of a "lean-to," and these make the whole buildings appear larger than they really are. Commonly, however, they are built in pairs as well as in rows, and the front doors of the houses face each other. The space between each two rows of back-doors contains one long central ash-heap and dunghill, and this forms the play-ground for the children. A coal-heap and a pigsty are the side ornaments of nearly every door, while each block or row of houses possesses a large oven, which is common to the entire occupants of that series of cottages. Opposite to the doors on either side of every row, small detached buildings are seen, with a roof sloping only one way, and these form the pantries and larders for the provisions of the industrious tenants.

Such dwellings as these can afford but scanty and insufficient accommodation for large families; the most spacious of them containing but two good habitable rooms, and the other being mere lofts under bare tiles. The two-roomed buildings fall to the lot of only about one-third of the mining population. The villages belong in general to the owners of the collieries, and are erected (when modern) by contract, to meet the notions of the coal-owner, rather than the necessities of the colliers. When a pitman ventures to marry another pitman's daughter, and both are joined in the bands of matrimony, the owner of the houses sends the new-married couple to one of the back or lean-to houses above described. Only when a little family appears do the happy pair obtain promotion to a larger room and an attic. The lads, however, grow up, and go down the pit to work, and the lasses can stand at the wash-tub. Then another promotion takes place to the largest class of dwellings. Families composed exclusively of females, or old and childless couples, go back in the scale, and often, perforce, make way for the thriving and working family, who once looked up to them, and return to a single room and attic, or a mere "lean-to." The capacity for work, and the numbers who will and can work, are the master's tests for tenantry. Hence it happens that more than half the pit-people live each family in a room, a condition which tends to anything but comfort, cleanliness, or high-toned morality.

Just in proportion to the newness of the erections, is their character for comfort and space. Go over to Seaton Delaval, and you will find sets of spacious and really convenient cottages, such as even methodist parsons, as we were supposed to be, might inhabit, when turned off as "supernumeraries." But the majority of the older pit-villages are really unsightly and unsavoury. On a wet day, a stream of black water pours down the lanes, and by reason of the absence of efficient sanitary arrangements, the effluvia arising out of the pluvial disturbances and deluges, assail the visitor with anything but spicy gales. Neglected gardens and fields, subdivided into cultivable patches, lie all around. Pigsties abound, and every half-green thing succeeds in becoming half-green only by dint of a vegetative perseverance which is but illiberally rewarded.

Inside of the houses, however, things are not so bad. In truth, in the best and most spacious cottages, there is a remarkable contrast between the without and the within. In nearly all such, the furniture is of a very superior order. The bedsteads are pretty sure to be of mahogany. In the larger tenements, a rather imposing four-poster stands in the front room, with white or gay furniture, and a quilted coverlet. In the same room, a large chest of drawers, also of mahogany, well polished, fills up no small portion of the vacant space. Conspicuously admonitory of the flight of time is a tall, old-fashioned eight-day clock, in good case. This usually stands by the side of the grand four-poster, as if to warn the somnolent couple of the swift passage of time during sleep. All the other available spaces are filled with chairs, china, bright brass candlesticks, and chimney-ornaments. Every one of these items, from the four-poster to the flat candlestick, is kept scrupulously clean, at least once a week, if the housewife have any proper pride in the dignity of a pit family. Let us complete this sketch of an interior, by noting, that on the top of a little side-table, or on the window-seat, is frequently found a folio or quarto Bible, covered, it may be, with green baize or Holland, and flanked by a "Wesley's Hymns" and a "Life of the Reverend John Wesley." If you are permitted to examine the contents of the little shelf, high up on the wall, you may find specimens of the mental aliment of the younger folks, in the shape, not of a Life of Wesley, but probably a "Life of Jack Sheppard;" and a poetry book, not Wesley's Hymns, but "The Little Warbler," or the "North-Country Song-book."

In one or two houses amongst all this village you shall find a class of books you would have little expected. Here, in this neatly furnished cottage, if you step in, lives Peter Joblyn, and his delight is in mathematics, in proof whereof there lie upon the window-seat Emerson's Mechanics, Maclaurin's Algebra, Simpson's Fluxions, and sundry other works of the same class, which Peter has purchased as the fruits of many a visit to Newcastle on holidays. The townsfolk may despise these books as being out of date; and if we study mathematics at all, we procure our Hind's Algebra, or Whewell's Mechanics, or De Morgan's Differential Calculus. But what we cast off the remote pitmen greedily secure; and it is well known that no class of books are so saleable on the street-side boards of Newcastle on market-days as cheap mathematical books. The volumes that may be purchased for a shilling at a London stall will be appraised at double or treble that sum to a northern pitman. We were once introduced to a washed mechanic in his cottage, who, after his underground labour, was refreshing himself with that most arid of all literary aridities, Simpson's Fluxions, and we found that his progress therein was by no means despicable.

As to the literature of the mass of these mining labourers it is just what might be expected, common, cheap, entertaining, harrowing, and sometimes unholy. Only we must say that we have noticed fewer objectionable publications among them than in the houses of other orders of our working population. We have found even such serious and useful works as the Lives of the Reformers,

Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, and Hume and Smollett's History of England, while the cheap serials of the day, such as *Chambers's Journal*, and several penny and twopenny weeklies, are as welcome to the workers in coal as to the workers in cotton, and iron, and steel.

While we are thus wandering from cottage to cottage the day wears on apace, and some of the hewers and other work-people will be returning from the pit to their homes. Let us go forth to meet them, and accompany them to their own doors, for by this means we shall note the pitman as we cannot otherwise observe him. Here are a little knot of hewers coming across the field. Observe how the outward man distinguishes the pitman born and bred, from every other operative you will meet. Diminutive in stature, disproportionate in figure, rather protruding in the chest, having arms rather oddly suspended, and legs sometimes a little bowed, his *tout-ensemble* is such as you cannot match. Nor is his countenance less decidedly distinctive than his general figure; his cheeks are rather hollow, his cheek-bones rather high; his forehead low, and his brow overhanging. You may occasionally find an agricultural labourer, or blacksmith, or carpenter, or engineer, to whom the familiar term "jolly" might be applied, but I never saw a *jolly* pitman; and a signboard bearing such a superscription would seem to be rather solemnly satirical than true and natural. The northern pitman is a working man *sui generis*. He was not, indeed, originally made for his work, but his work was made for him, and has now made him what you see him. He is not to be despised because he is undersized, nor to be smiled at for any of his physical distinctions. The high probability is, that if you and I had derived our present existence from mining ancestors, and laboured by candle and lamp light, and in constrained positions, for six hours a day, for twenty or thirty years, we should present a similar configuration, and display similar outward characteristics.

The pitmen of the north of England collieries differ in this respect from those of other coal-mining districts. They are principally hereditary pitmen, almost cradled in collieries, and finding the highway of their lives chiefly in the mainway of the mine. In other coal counties the labourers have been drawn from the refuse of society; and though there are now many colliers of laudable lives, and sometimes of religious habits, yet any visitor to numerous coal-mines in our land will be impressed with the wide difference between the northern and the midland pitman, between the skilful and practised hewer of Durham and Northumberland and the rougher, ruder, and inferior coal-getter of Staffordshire, and parts of Wales, and also some parts of Scotland.

While old folks in general are disposed to say, "The former days were better than these," the old pit-people are apt to affirm just the contrary. It would now be difficult to put in all the colours which would be necessary to display the full flush and glow of old colliery life, in its rough hilarity and joyous lawlessness. The men who could describe it have nearly all died off, or are rapidly dwindling away. I have met with a few who, in strong and unpolished verbiage, narrated what they had suffered in boyhood, as well as what they delighted in when young men. The latter, indeed, may be inferred from a verse or two by one who knew what he sung from his own observation. The words are put into the mouth of a pitman, who is describing, in pit *patois*, his youthful habits and holiday attire when he went a-courting:—

"I now began te corl maw hair
(For corls and tails were all the go),
Te clean maw een wi' greater care,
And smarten up frae top te toe.

"Maw shinin' coat o' glossy blue,
Lapelled, and lined wi' breet shalloon;
Maw posy jacket,* a' bran new,
Just figured like maw mother's goon.

"Maw breeks o' bony velveteen,
Maw stockins' clock'd a' up the leg,
Maw nice lang-gaiter'd shoon se clean,
And buckles real tyuth-an-egg †—

"Ga' me the shape and air o' yen
O' raither bettermer condition,
And gar'd the jades a' goin' agyen—
A glance from me war quite sufficien."

Perhaps it is hardly gallant to confine our retrospective glance to the males. Let us then listen for a verse or two to the strangely bedizened youthful collier of former days while he depicts also the *tournure* and attire of his fair charmer. The second verse might, perhaps, be appropriate even now-a-days.

"At church o' Sundays, smartly drest,
She often gar' wor hearts a warmin',
For nowt could stand her length o' wyest,
And all her woman's ways were charmin'.

"Her twilted pettikit se fine,
From side to side a fathom stretchin';
A' stitch'd wi' mony a fancied line,
Wad stan' itsel', and was bewitchin';—

"Her high-heel'd shoon, with buckles breet—
Her head-gear a' in fearful order—
Her topping pinn'd and padded neat—
Her lappets and her three-ply border;—

"Just set my heart a pitty pat,
And put me in a fearful swither;
But when her 'Robin Gray'‡ she gat,
She carried heart and a'thegither.

"Aw then could had ne langer out,
And Sall's consent was blythely granted,
But yit aw wasn't free frae doubt,
As still there was the awd boy's wanted."

The "awd boy" must be besieged and wheedled into a consent, so the dubious and hesitating youth seeks him out, and finds that

"Awd Jack was dozin' in his chair,
His stockin's lying o'er his knee;
His wig hung up with greetest care,
His neet-cap thrawn on all aglee."

The wooer manages to explain the state of his heart, and

"The awd folks lik'd my tyel, aw fand,
And Sall, aw's sure, thowt it a topper;
But when aw said, if they stood need,
Aw'd share wi' them the hinmost copper,

* *Posy, i.e.*, ornamented with figures of flowers.
† *Tutenague*, a white metallic compound.
‡ A fashionable bonnet of the time, so named.

"Wi' hearts, poor things, it now was clear,
Ower full by far, owt much te say,
They wip'd away the fallin' tear,
And wish'd us mony a happy day.

"The day was won, maw fears were dune,
The happiest man o' Wear or Tyne;
Wi' pleasure aw was ower the mune,
Aw else was caff and sand to mine."

It will be readily imagined that the old sports amongst such men partook of their own rough and rollicking character. I have been told sad tales of degrading delight in cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and donkey-racing, amongst the former generation of colliers. These were the pursuits of some, while others betook themselves to quoits and bowls, the latter being played with huge stone-balls on the roads, and increased zest was imparted to the game if any stray traveller happened to be driving in gig or carriage along the road. Instantly the heaviest balls were balanced in hand, and poised so as to be hurled with fearful violence at the poor horses' feet, when within bowling distance. Loud was the laugh if horse, or rider, or driver, were disabled or dismounted, and away flew every bowler into a convenient hiding-place. Law and justice were in vain threatened to such reprobates. Where could the constable catch them? If he came in the day-time they were all away down the pit. If he sought to identify them when they came up, every one was black, and safely disguised.



No. 1.—The bottom of the shaft and entrance to the interior, with Working Colliers.

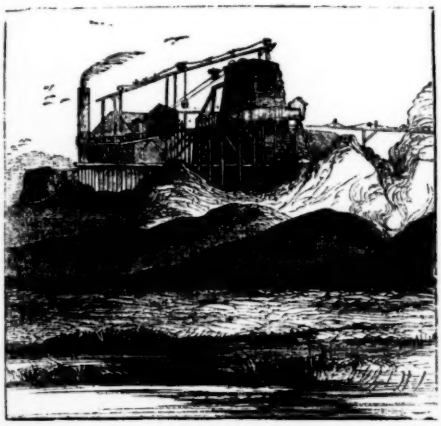
Ministers of religion were almost afraid to attempt to preach and settle amongst such people. They were, therefore, to all intents and purposes, heathen colonies in the midst of a Christian country. The Methodists determined to make their way even here, and when they determine they are seldom daunted. After many vain efforts they succeeded in getting a footing in one or two villages, and having impressed a few with their tenets, and infected them with their zeal, their future career was easy to be predicted. Some of the pitmen began to be local preachers, and then they laboured most diligently amongst their fellow-workmen. Unmoved by scorn, undeterred by stone bowls aimed at them as they travelled the roads, undaunted by opposition and persecution, they persevered, increased, and multiplied, and erected chapels here and there, in highroads and corners. And now rude lads began to grow respectful, pitmen attentive, and their wives dutiful; their children became frequenters of the Sunday-school, and soon odd costumes, public-house brawls, domestic disquietudes, rude sports, and riotous living, all became less and less, and gradually disappeared. Now you may spend as quiet and profitable a Sunday in some pit-villages as in manufacturing towns, and though you may not fervently admire the local brother's eloquence or refinement of thought in the pulpit, still he suits the congregation, and they would probably pronounce your favourite preacher very dry and unsavoury.

"This chap ben't worth naught; he couldn't

hold a Davy (miner's lamp) to our Peter Joblyn," was the verdict of a pit-auditor after he had listened to a highly-cultivated clergyman. And it is true enough that Peter Joblyn would do more good at Cramlington than even a Robert Hall, or a John Foster, or a Thomas Chalmers. We ought not to quit this topic without naming John Reay of Wallsend, one of the truest benefactors of the pit-folk at that colliery. A mere subordinate officer in the colliery counting-house, he has laboured abundantly at Sunday-school and chapel, and has abundantly prospered with his pious helpmate. We have enjoyed an hour or two's conversation at his cottage, and his name will long be remembered with Christian gratitude by the humble labourers at the celebrated pit on the banks of the Tyne.

Evening ablutions and changes of garments being now completed, we may as well visit one or two of the colliers' cottages. Yonder lives Richard Fenwick, whom I have seen at work down the pit; he is a decent shrewd fellow, in his way; and we will step in, and have a word or two with him. This is the door; let us turn the handle gently, and address him courteously.

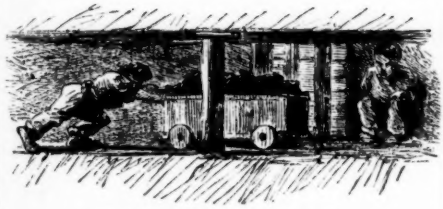
"Good evening, Dick; how do you find yourself after your day's work? Well employed at your tea and dinner table, both in one. I am glad to see you have a hearty appetite."



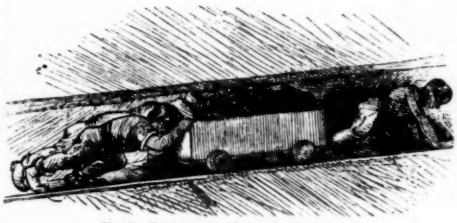
No. 2.—Outside of Pit.



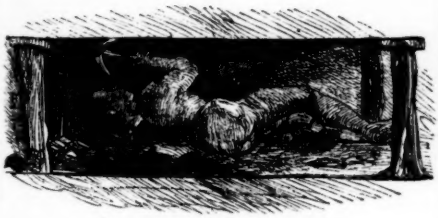
No. 3.—Engine House.



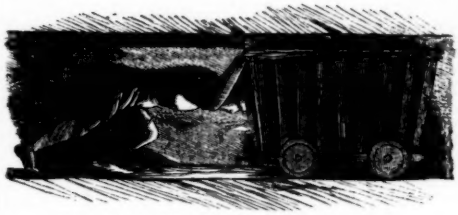
No. 4.—Trap-door, Trapper, and Putter.



No. 5.—Putters or pushers of coal-waggons.



No. 6.—Hewer of a thin seam of coal.



No. 7.—"Hurrying" or propelling coals.

"Ah, Maister L., is that you, sir? Walk in, tak' a chair now. Get up, lad, and let the gemman have a seat. There, Maister, sit thee down; and, Tom, bring t'other mon a chair. Now, mon, sit thee down, and be just what you are at home."

"Go on with your meal, Dick; we will wait. Don't talk to us yet awhile—work to eat, and eat to work—that is pit-life, I know."

"Ah! Mrs. Fenwick, how do you do? I hope the children are all well?"

In such free and courteous style of interlocution, we may spend an hour here and pick up much pit-lore. See, the kind housewife is handing to us a piece of her culinary triumph. "Wilt thee tak' a bit of singin' hinnie, Maister, and t'other mon too?"

Now the "singing honey" is always a sore trial to my weakly and student-like digestion. Take a bit if *you* can swallow it, it would half kill me, though it is nothing but a rich dough cake, kneaded up with abundant fat, and baked on a girdle or gridiron, whereupon, in course of baking, the fat exudes with a *singing* or simmering noise, from which its title is derived. A good "singing hinnie" is to a pitman a treat which nothing can excel, and to prepare one for his meal after work, is the proof of a good, kind, and attentive wife. It seems so churlish to refuse it, that I have once or twice bit off a fragment from an offered slice. Dyspeptic martyrdom has been the result, but possibly you may fare and feel better after it than I did.

Now, let us take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick, and the seven little Fenwicks, one above another, some aspiring to, or rather descending to promotion in the pit, and others—the girls—learning how to darn and sew, and knead singing-honey—in the not improbable event of their becoming the industrious wives of neighbouring sons of colliers. You see clearly enough, as we pass the other cottages, that the evening amusements are going forward. Sundry men of mature years are lounging about the lanes, or digging potatoes in the patches of garden-ground, or dropping into the public-house at the sign of the "Colliers' House of Call," or, being more seriously inclined, are wending their way to Salem and Ebenezer. At the latter is a love-feast this evening, and there pallid pitmen will recount remarkable experiences. A few are sitting at the doors, poring over newspapers, or, better still, Emerson's Mechanics. One or two musically-minded men are practising on the flute or scraping on the violoncello; and down yonder lane some unmusically-minded lads are mismanaging a horn or trumpet, and maltreating a dog or donkey. There, at that corner, youths are playing pitch-and-toss, boys are bending over marbles, and everywhere mothers are pouring out deluges of soapsuds, maidens are sewing and looking askance at lads, while a select company of juvenile athletes and pugilists are disporting themselves in rougher and more boisterous modes.

Soon the shades of evening thicken into night, and become black as coal itself. Nine o'clock arrives, and is struck out leisurely and wheezingly by many an upright clock—upright yet rather asthmatic. Now fiddles and flutes begin to sound very inharmoniously, famous songs and favourite psalms and tunes die away in broken snatches; fists are unclosed, fights are ended, disputes are settled; "Experiences" in Ebenezer have been narrated and improved upon; lads have lounged indoors, and boys have pocketed their marbles; persecuted dogs and belaboured donkeys have regained freedom; men have studied newspapers and books till study has become a weariness of the flesh, and small print has grown dim before cleverest readers; wives and daughters have washed up their things, bedded little babes and boys, darned stockings and finished village scandal;—one day's work and one evening's amusements have come to a quiet end, and shortly all doors are closed, many lights are extinguished, and finally, only one or two glimmer in remote casements. Walk down Quality Row or Shiney Row awhile after, and you hear nothing but snorings and low grumblings. You have only the watchful stars to guide your uncertain steps past dust-heaps, and puddles, and big stones and pit-falls. Should you tumble down, no exclamation of yours will disturb the deep slumbers of the pitmen. Nothing short of an earthquake can awaken them before the caller goes his accustomed round in the early dawn. They are sleeping the sleep of hard and honest labour, of men who have no nerves, no dreams of ambition, no fears, and few desires beyond those of the day.

What strange sound is that disturbing our slumbers so untimely! Is it a human voice? Is the house on fire, or the pit exploded, or have the French landed on the coast? None of these; but the Caller is going his rounds, or "calling his course" in the village; the labourers are to be roused at dawn, or before it, and as we have engaged to accompany them, it behoves us also to be up betimes. Four o'clock! well, that is early indeed, and it is not yet light. Yet, what does that matter to men who will descend to darkness? We will not be late, we are up, we are ready, the door is opened, and we stand in the open darkness of the night, seeing nothing but a feeble glimmer or two in cottage windows, hearing nothing but the retreating footsteps and the now distinct voice of the Caller.

We make for the pit in company with Dick Fenwick, who now joins us. The shortest way lies across the village and over the fields. As we proceed, our little party is increased by one and another of the hewers who emerge from narrow doors, and pace with hasty step and grave mien to the place of work. How they seem to steal upon us out of the surrounding darkness! Augmented from time to time by one and another in flannel jackets, with bags of *bait* (provisions), and picks and spades upon their shoulders, and frequently pipes in their mouths, our once little company has now become a long file of stragglers, and words of mutual recognition are passing from lip to lip. You are known as my friend, and as I have been so long in the neighbourhood, and have descended so many pits, I am now almost regarded as one of the fraternity.

Here we are at the pit's mouth, "the bank," as the pitmen call it; and while the cage is on its way upwards, for us to descend again by it, we may as well glance around us. We have ascended an eminence, and now stand upon the "pit-heap,"

an old and constantly increasing mound of small coal, waste, shale, and general pit-refuse. The illustration No. 2 shows how the colliery works rise from or upon it. Those long, dusky, black-boarded sheds beyond us cover the screens through which all the coals pass, and from which comes all the "Screened Wallsend," so comfortable and profitable in kitchen and parlour. All those wheels and pulleys above us are connected with the winding-machinery of the mine, and indicate by their revolutions when work is proceeding, and coals are coming up or men going down.

Step round this way, and take a look at the old engine-house (see Illustration, No. 3). Observe the beam of the pumping-apparatus, half emerging from an aperture at the top of the house. Listen for a moment to that long-drawn sound, something between that of a powerful suction of air and a heavy yet measured plunge. That is a stroke of the pumping-gear,—a lifting and lowering of the piston of the steam-engine,—one elevation and outpouring of water from nether "feeders" or springs, that supply five or six hundred gallons of never-failing water every minute, without cessation and without diminution. Look curiously but cautiously at the men who have now formed a tolerable throng "on bank." There is the "banksman," a sort of colliery Chancellor of the Exchequer, who keeps account of all the incomings and outgoings of the pit. You can no more escape him than you can the income-tax gatherer, for he has a lynx eye and a long arm. Further off are knots of lads and small boys, who are approaching to be ready for later but yet longer work than their seniors. We might have a word or two with them, but for that rapping sound,—a signal which comes from the clapper just above, and intimates from the bottom of the shaft that coals are coming up; for some of the men have already preceded us, and performed work. Up comes the "cage," and you see that it is an iron framework having two compartments, working on conducting-rods, and forming, in fact, a kind of vertical railway-carriage (see illustration in previous Article). Now the banksman drags out the coal-laden waggons, and signifies that we may enter the cage, and take their place. This time it will be a cage-load of men, and the warning words are shouted down the shaft, in a drawling voice, "Men a' coming down."

In we get, and off we go. This is a most unromantic mode of reaching the depths, for here are we "cabined, cribbed, confined" in a dirty iron frame. The old method of descending by the basket was far the more interesting and exciting, and that by which I have descended not a few times. In the basket you could oscillate, and run the risk of an upset, or a collision with another basket, or a bang against the shaft. In this cage you are safe, and yet, perhaps, if iron be constantly deteriorating in these shafts, not too safe. One day a link may be severed, and the cage become a coffin at the bottom of the shaft. It is designed to hang midway, but use has led to fears of its inefficiency.

Three or four minutes have sufficed to let us down in the world as much as twelve hundred and fifty feet. We are now at the bottom of the shaft, and stepping out upon the floor of the mine, we are sadly perplexed by the darkness,—having eyes but seeing not, and hands, but nothing visible to handle. Groping our way to a prostrate log or stump, we sit still for five minutes, get accustomed to the darkness, find things queer beginning to grow out of it, and feel ourselves less queer than we were five minutes ago. Now for an underground tour. Let us get up, and go on like men who fear nothing, where fearless men have gone before them. Equipped for the interior, and preceded by an inferior officer of the mine, who knows its ways and windings as well as you know those of your own street, we may advance courageously, especially along the mainway, which is to the pit what the High Street is to a town. Mark how amply this long passage is excavated, and how well supported by wood-work, brick-work, or stone-work. No railway tunnel is more completely finished, nor is this pit tunnel so unpleasant as those of the railways when filled with smoke from locomotives. The illustration, No. 1, indicates the mainway in perspective.

We soon meet with the *drivers*, or boys who conduct the laden tubs of coals on long low waggons (rolleys), which are drawn by horses and ponies. The equine race down here have the best of it, for the warm and equable temperature of the mine, the tolerably level run of the roads, and the regular feeds, combine to give them sleek coats, and to insure them a good condition. Horses, then (and mice), are sure to thrive well in these regions; not, indeed, that the boys who drive the beasts do not also thrive well. Their occupation is not unhealthy; they are in perpetual motion in the best-aired parts of the pit, and they sing snatches of characteristic songs as they lash out their short whips, and jump up to or down from their uneasy narrow seats at the head of the coal-tubs. They have neither the lot nor the fate of Phaeton, for they see little of the sun, and their horses never run away; yet they must needs be as cautious as though they were driving the chariot of the sun, since in their falls, though they reach the earth in a second, their maimings and thumps and bruises are neither few nor slight.

But here is a strong wooden door; is there no thoroughfare, and must we go back? Not at all. Stand here one moment, and listen to the low whistling of the ventilating current of air as it sweeps up to this door and impinges upon it. When this noise is audible and continuous, the ventilation is good; for, as the pitmen say, "the doors are singing."

You knock at the door; it is opened by at present invisible agency, as though we had only to cry, "Open, Sesame." Pass on, but notice that the moment the door is open the whistling ceases, because the air-current has gone on unhindered, as we hope to do in a minute. But who opened this door? Yonder, in the dark corner behind it, sits the opener and shutter, in the shape of a little boy of from ten to twelve years of age, well known as the "trapper" (opener of a trap-door) in all the collieries. There he sits ten or twelve hours immersed in darkness, and obeying the calls and knocks of all passengers (see Illustration, No. 4). The waggon-pushers are sometimes rather

hard upon him, as he will piteously deplore; but his work is easy, though his confinement is long. I have met with trappers of from seven to nine years of age in several pits; but, happily, the Act of Parliament which followed upon the revelations of the Children's Employment Commission excludes from coal-mines children under ten, and women altogether, at least from underground labour. They can and do evade the Act, by assuming male attire; but I believe the instances of female subterranean degradation are now very few, and it is enough that they are illegal.

Who and what are those rough, screeching, shouting, and objurgating black lads whom we now encounter in this dim, rather foul and steaming passage? Stand aside, I pray, in this little hollow in the wall, or you may be crushed, for these rough lads neither see you nor care for you. Beware as they pass, for Juggernautism under a coal-waggon would indeed be an inglorious end. These are the *putters* or pushers of coal; the foremost lad (see illustration, No. 5) is dragging the load, and his companions behind are pushing it. This labour is terribly severe, but nothing in severity to what it was when the roads were much inferior, and the tramways unknown. *Then*, it must have been nearly the worst and most exhausting labour to which white people were accustomed. Now it is hard enough, yet not apparently of such a kind that the wonderfully pliant human frame cannot adapt itself to it. Such a record, however, of complaints, and fatigues, and pains of back, and limbs, and head, and occasional serious injuries, I never met with, as I obtained from *vivâ voce* examinations of dozen after dozen of these youths. I should be disposed to believe that there are in this northern coal-field about 8000 putters and boys engaged in the kind of labour we have now witnessed. I will not revert to the juvenile slavery of former years; it would only harrow the feelings, and it is now only a thing of pit history. Yet none but those who have heard its details, and seen the sort of places in which it was endured, when the ground of the pit passages was not laid with metallic plates, can enter into the putter's feelings who gratefully sings—

"God bless the man in peace and plenty
That first invented metal plates!
Draw out his years te five times twenty,
Then slide him through the heevenly gates.

For if the human frame te spare
Frae toil and pain ayont conceivin!
Hae ought te de wi' gettin' there,
Aw think he mun gan strite te heeven."

Now for the main body of pit workmen—the original getters of all the coal we have met with in numerous trains. These men, I believe, now number in the mines of the great northern coal-field no less than from thirteen to fourteen thousand, and possibly fifteen thousand. Their labour is of the severest kind, but they work at it only for about six or eight hours "at a spell;" and it would be impossible to do and endure more. They are amongst the first men in the pit, at three or four in the early morning, and the first out of it. Their workshops are in the innermost recesses of the mine, at the several "faces" or hewing-places of the coal. Step up to this "face" and watch them at work, as best you may, in an atmosphere heavy with half vitiated air, thick with coal dust, and dark with darkness visible—made visible by two or three consumptive candles, stuck heedlessly above; or, where there is fire-damp, by two or three wire-gauzed, light-giving, Davy lamps. See how yonder man squats down, almost frog-like in his attitude, lifts his short pick and drives it straight before him into the seam of coal. He is "nicking out" a line in which to insert a wedge or two, and will then nick out others underneath, so that when the wedges are all driven hard in, the coal is fractured, and easily detached by additional blows. The hardness of the work varies as the hardness of the seam, and the strangeness of the posture with the thickness of the seam. Turn with me into another facing of coal, where the seam is thin, and there you behold the hewer absolutely lying upon his back, supporting his head upon blocks of coal, and using his pick with the utmost constraint, and within the narrowest limits, while he is in constant danger of burying himself in small coal. (See Illustration No. 6). We say nothing about clothing in such places and positions, or rather, the lack of it. Our own sensations at this moment prompt us to divest ourselves of all superfluous vestments. But such attitudes as that just represented are exceptional, and become necessary only in working the thin seams. Still, even under favourable circumstances, hewing is trying and exhausting work; and while you watch the hewers in their constrained positions, you will conjecture how their odd configuration becomes fixed and hereditary. As you see them bathed in perspiration, you understand why they never look "jolly;" and as you yourself inhale coal-dust and cough, and breathe with difficulty, you will know to what may be traced the colliers' "black-spit" and pulmonary diseases. I am sure, from what I saw of the principal Newcastle and Durham mines (particularly the newer ones), that much is done to diminish these evils, yet much that is injurious remains unremedied, and probably is not easily remediable. When, however, the mine visitor inspects collieries in certain inferior and much ruder coal-fields, he will no longer be inclined to discredit the testimonies of local medical men, who have frequently testified that the diseases of colliers are distinctly referable to their work and their working places; that an old collier—unless prematurely old—is a rarity; that fifty years of life bring incipient old age, and that added to this, heart diseases and ruptures (caused by over muscular exertion) are not uncommon affections. The illustration No. 7 shows the mode of "hurrying" or propelling in an inferior district, and will indicate the likelihood of over-exertion. Good pay, good feeding, tolerably regular employment, and plenty of free fuel, with other occasional advantages, are some compensation for these evils. I speak on these subjects cautiously, because many exaggerated statements have been put forth for party purposes; and while I have endeavoured to depict the hardships and toils and trials of life in the pits, I do not forget that it has alleviations which are wanting in the lot of other labourers, especially in the two counties of which I more especially write.

J. R. LEIFCHILD.

WHAT A WORKING MAN SAID THE OTHER DAY AT THE OPENING OF A DISSENTING SCHOOL IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

REPORTED BY HIMSELF IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

So, my dear friend, you really wish to know what it was I said, or stammered out, at the opening of our new School-room, in this remote village of a southern shire. Well, it's very good and kind of you, at your metropolitan height, to take an interest in us lower mortals whom you know to be only poor Dissenters. I will tell you what I said, for I took good care to have it all written down beforehand, like Ebenezer Elliot, who, when he once rose to address a meeting, held his speech in his hand. Some one in the audience mockingly exclaimed, "See, he's going to read his speech;" whereupon Elliot replied, "Yes; do you think I am such a fool as you are, to come here and not know what I am going to say?" This then was my little speech, reported on good authority—my own.

"The only thing," I said, "that I have to urge for standing up here out of my place, is because it has so often happened that in trying to say a word to others something has come unexpectedly to myself. The truth is, I never feel to know anything until I have tried to write upon the subject. Whilst writing, or in thinking, the light will perhaps break in, and you see at least how little you know, which is what you possibly did not suspect before you came to impart it. I imagine that it will be the wisest man after all who, at the end of his life, will look back and think he has been the greatest fool. This was not so very far from Solomon's conclusion, you know.

"I shall not say much; but as we have built our new School-room, and as I own a brick or two in it, I shall say a word or two just to represent my brick or two! Our meeting to-night is partly a crowing-match over what has been done. You have heard some lusty crows,"—[I meant crow a cheerful sound, not a black bird; such a pun would have been fowl-play indeed]—"after which mine will be a very small one, not bigger than that of a bantam-cock." [Of course, I had written this before the meeting took place, and it hit the mark right in the middle.] "But we may be pardoned for crowing on such an occasion. The four bare white walls of a Dissenting Chapel or School-room are not much to be proud of as a matter of art; but, as an illustration of self-helpfulness on the part of a few people who could only club together the mites of poverty, they may be something to look on with a proud pleasure, which culminates in a feeling of humble gratitude and thankfulness. We did not go to the State, and ask it to build us a room, and supply our needs. We set to with a will, and did it ourselves. Therefore, if our building when reared represents exceeding poverty in its barrenness, it is likewise a tiny monument of independence. It symbols a heave of the same free heart that has had many a larger and grander expression. We may look upon it and say, 'A poor thing, Sir, but our own.' You have often heard of the oldest inhabitant. It is not often that he is to be found. But the oldest 'Sunday-scholar' in this village is here to-night." [This is poor old ——. You should hear his aged heart crowing, and see his toothless mouth going whenever we sing the tune "Nativity!" It's better than many a sermon.] "It is now fifty years ago since he went to the first Dissenting Sabbath-school in this place. There were only two or three scholars then, and he is now the last living one;—the last old leaf fluttering on the bough that he has lived to see stir with sap and put forth new buds, which we hope to see crowned with goodly fruit for many a year to come. I think you will agree with me that it is interesting for him to be present to-night to see the opening of our School-room.

"The education given in a Dissenting Sabbath-school, is not in itself much, yet it is often the poor man's all, and in its results it has often been rich in blessings. We have had men in our times, whose earliest education was obtained in this way. And these men have become able to use the English language in such a way as to move the world, and make men of the highest attainments acknowledge their power." [Here I told them the story of the Brothers Bethune, as an illustration of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. How the hard-wrought heroic youths sat down in the gloomy cabin, which was lighted by a single pane of glass, and studied their one or two books, and wrote their tales of Scottish peasant life; trying to get poetry even out of the hardest and most wretched lot.]

"The first great thing in all education is to learn to read. You can neither estimate nor over-estimate the power and possibility of that! Learning to read will throw open to the poorest the portals of the whole rich, wonderful world of books. By the aid of this magic *sesame*, a poor hard-working boy or girl can overstep the narrow boundaries of their daily life and limited lot, forget the four bare walls, the thin winter garment, and the stinted meal, the purse-proud man's contumely, the 'splash

of newly-mounted pride.' In our common every-day world, the world of a poor man's life, and in almost every village, except the one we live in, we may see human nature wearing its shabbier aspects. Persons who belong to different ranks in life, or who only go to different places of worship, often seem to take a delight in showing the worst side of themselves to one another. I suppose it is because in small places, and their populations, there is a greater self-consciousness and sense of personal importance developed. Of course, it must be very hard to be humble when exalted to the height of some local pinnacle, with every eye of the village universe fixed on you! Little places have an especial tendency to foster human nature's littlenesses. I believe it to be a demonstrable fact, that in all villages, except ours, most of the boots may be found to be worn out first at the toes, on account of the wearers each walking as much as possible on tip-toe, trying to look taller than everybody else. And only just observe how silk will sneer as it passes poor cotton! How the mould candles are always trying to put out the sixteen dips! and pig-iron looks down upon tenpenny nails! This is all changed in book-world. There you may walk and talk with the kings and queens of thought on a perfect equality. They do not ask you how much money you possess, what was the cost of your clothing, or what is the size of the house you dwell in. They only want you to bring an understanding heart, seeing eye, and listening ear, and they will make you perfectly at home, giving you a royal welcome there. At home with David the king, sitting on his throne in his gorgeous palace, who can say the very things you want to hear, because he was once a shepherd-boy, and saw and felt what poor men still see and feel. At home with Solomon in that magnificent Temple, like some vast shape of beauty, taking life in Music, and all aglow with precious stones, metals, and colours, for the glory of God! At home with Milton, as he sits telling the marvels that he sees, since God had closed his outer sight. At home with Shakespeare, in whose mind we may see, as in some magic crystal, the many-moving forms of mirrored humanity! At home with Newton—the Shakespeare of astronomy—ranging the starry spaces at will, and reading the laws of the Creator for us! At home with Hugh Miller, piercing the mysteries under our feet, as Newton revealed them overhead! And the little door into this large wealthy world may be very small: just as the little dark door which opens all eternity may be only wide enough to let a narrow coffin through, so the door into this great and lovely world may be none other than our small School-room door! All its treasuries may be thrown open to us sooner or later on condition that we have learned to read. Should the reading of Sunday scholars be limited in after life, there still remains one thing, which is an education in itself. I mean the reading of the Bible. If it were possible to look at that book apart from its divine revelation, it would still be the choice and flower of all books, and have no match in this world. No singer, for example, has since produced the equal of David's Psalms. The reading of this book in childhood lays the best possible foundation for the mind to build on in after life. This is as true in an intellectual as in a spiritual sense. Shakespeare owed some of his proudest thoughts and most pathetic things to his acquaintanceship with the Bible. It leaves impressions that colour the whole life, and never pass away. Take, for instance, its narratives, which constitute the religion of childhood—these become a part of every child's mental life, and mix with all his thoughts and feelings. Do not fancy that these Bible stories are in any case merely the history of one person or one people. They are so filled with humanity and so natural that they come home to all of us. They are eternally true, and their meaning is for every land and tongue. Some of us may think that many things we there read of are not done now-a-days,—that God works no miracles for us! No waking now and finding an Eve at our side, in some lovely garden of God! No prophet's mantle falling out of heaven! No hand-writing in fiery characters on the wall! No walking the seven-fold heated furnace unsinged! No talking with God on Sinai! No Mount of Transfiguration to ascend! No manna raining down from heaven! No lands flowing with milk and honey! No miracles now-a-days. Yet all these things are true, and are being for ever repeated in that inner world of man's life, where the spirit's sight has been unsealed, to open which spirit's sight these things were once done in the outer world, and seen by human eyes! The old tales are for ever new. Humanity is continually repeating the ancient wonders. God never ceases working his miracles for us as well as for the Jews, only we do not all of us recognise the miracles when they do occur, just as the Jews did not recognise the Saviour when he appeared. It is so difficult for us to identify the immortal in its mortal dress. The deaf ear and dim eye are so fatal to the miraculous!

"You think, perhaps, there is no garden of Eden now! Why, every child that has lain in its mother's arms, been nursed on a fond mother's bosom, and looked up in the loving face with its dawning consciousness opening in the mother's sun of a smile, has been in Eden. And all who have ever loved and been beloved worthily, have woke up and found their Eve beside them—beautiful enough to make them almost feel *beside* themselves. Or, to range into the higher meanings, no

one has ever felt a changed heart and purified soul, but what has some time or other been up the Mount of Transfiguration, and as the tears fell like veils from the vision, it was seen that they were walking in lofty company, and felt how good it was to be there. Or take that story of Joseph's brethren, selling him into bondage to get rid of him, and his rising up to save them in their time of dire need, and I will show you something very like it on a national scale now taking place in Russia. The Emperors of Russia have been long accustomed to send some of the noblest and best Russians to Siberia to get rid of them—the flower of the family, as Joseph was—and now we are told that those who were sent into slavery are giving life and freedom back in the shape of ideas and opinions that are being sown broadcast over the whole Russian empire. Then that coming up out of Egypt has a perfect exemplification in that Italian nation, which has lately passed through the Red Sea of much tribulation, and which, we trust, is not doomed to wander in the wilderness for forty years. Or look for a moment at that great tragedy of Job's trial, the pathos of his many sorrows, the load of his sufferings, the heaping up of this world's injustices on the bare bowed head of the man who had been the justest of judges—'broken the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth,' he who was the friend of the poor, and had made the widow's heart to sing for joy—that is not merely the story of something which happened once in this world, never to occur again. That drama is a mirror of humanity. It will be repeated again and again in this theatre of earth, with God, angels, and men, for spectators. The trial may ofttimes be on hidden stages of life, and find no record in the books we print. But there it will be wrestled through and wrought out. The bruised spirit will be as sorely tried. It will be just as much crushed down with the burden of its sorrows and sins. False friends will gather round; it will be urged to curse God and die. The upright man will be bowed down to the dust with his calamity. He will not be able to speak, because of the greatness of his grief. He will be deserted by those whom he most loved. He will grope in the darkness of his perplexity like a blind man, as he tries to seize hold on the skirts of death. There will also be the same triumph of trust in God. He had sent him the good, why should he not send him the evil? And there will be the same cry of final victory, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' And there will be many another Book of Job lived, if not written, in this life, to be published in the next world. So is it of all those Bible stories, they are true once and for ever, from the eternal to the eternal. So long as this world endures, there will be Daniels flung into the lions' den, and Jonahs cast out to the whale, martyrs that walk the furnace, and Pauls that have to fight with the wild beasts at Ephesus. And there will be the same God working his miracles for them. I suppose that few of us could look back upon our past lives without distinctly seeing the finger of Providence interposed and working in some miraculous way or other.

"Let us turn from the Old Testament to the New. I think that all of us sooner or later must come to the conclusion that Christianity was and still is the great want of the world. Christ's life is just what we want to get into our individual, literary, artistic, and national life. Here have we been nibbling at Christianity for 1800 years, and how little of it have we yet assimilated! Christ came to tell us that all men are brothers, but how many people are there that actually believe in that doctrine? Or, to try another text, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' Apply that to the shopkeepers along any of our streets, and I doubt not that the mental attitude assumed by most of them will be that of the right forefinger applied softly to the right side of the nose. Again, Christ said, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' You would scarcely think so to see the pride with which certain people tread the pavement, as though it was pride, not meekness, that was the natural heir. The fact is, so many people do not believe in Christianity more than once a week. They look upon it as a suit for Sundays, and all the week they wear their worldliness. Perhaps they have a just suspicion that their sort of Christianity might not stand the wear and tear of six days' work, and so they treat it tenderly, and lay it up in lavender. Christianity is so often looked upon as a thing apart from business, and every-day life, and human intercourse. Let any one try and work out some literal application of Christ's teachings,—for example, 'He that hath two coats,' etc. Who believes that doctrine? Who dares to practise it? I once heard Charles Kingsley preach it in its startling literality, but no sooner was his sermon ended than the incumbent of the church rose and denounced it altogether. He could not be held responsible for such incorrect and unrespectable preaching. Poor Oliver Goldsmith also enunciated it in his own eloquent Irish way, for, as we are told, he, on one ever-memorable occasion, gave away his only pair of breeches and his last shirt, so that when his friends found him he was sitting naked among the feathers of his bed, having cut a hole in the ticking, and let himself in. But then the world has laughed at him ever since. We look upon that doctrine, together with many other kindred ones, as figures of speech. The Hebrews, as you know, were such a very figurative people. Such, however, was not the meaning of Christ's

life and teaching. There was nothing merely figurative in that life of suffering and death of agony. It was all a solemn, literal, and tremendous earnest. Even so they are literally true now and for ever, and cannot be whittled or refined away. These are as true as anything in those Old Testament narratives, which we saw had continual application and reproduction in the life of humanity. All this, and an unutterable deal more, may be got out of the Bible often, perhaps most surely, by the simplest reading of it. And that Bible may be learned to be read in the poorest Sunday-school by the poorest child. Not that I am speaking, mind you, in favour of limiting a child to the reading of the Bible, for I welcome all pure knowledge, and would have it all free as the air to the poorest. It is not for nothing that God has given us intellectual powers. We are all of us responsible for the loan and interest of an immortal soul. You remember the parable of the ten talents, which shows us plainly enough that your talents are to be put to use, and gain usury for the lender. They must be kept well rubbed with work if they are to shine brightly in their heavenly setting. I do not believe with those people who seem to think that it will be all as one a thousand years hence, whether we cultivate our minds in this life or not, and that it matters nothing how small our knowledge may be. All is good if turned to a right account, and the acquirements of this life may enlarge our spiritual capacities for another! Christ himself very emphatically tells us that the kingdom of heaven is according to what you have done with your talents in this world. We may look upon our present life as the ground-floor of existence. Hell, the dark place under ground. Heaven is overhead. But remember that Christ says, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' There are different degrees of the life above; different chambers overhead in the house of Heaven. I dare say most of us will be very very glad if we can at least secure a place in some humble corner of heaven; but still, if by cultivating those faculties which God has given us, we can climb a little higher in glory, we are bound so to do. We know how it is in this life. The eye sees what it brings with it, the power of seeing according to the life of the spirit which looks through it. Different persons look with different eyes upon a fine sunset, or starry midnight. And I cannot help thinking that, to some extent, our power of seeing and appreciating the hidden things of the next life will depend on the exercise and growth of our faculties in this. Therefore I say, educate all you can in all worthy ways. But to come back, in conclusion, to our new School, as an illustration how the spirit may cling to something we may have loved in this life, permit me to refer to a beautiful legend told in Danish poetry. An angel has just been down to this world to accompany the soul of a little girl up to heaven. As they are going back, the child notices that the angel bears a rose-tree in one of its hands, and asks the meaning of it. The angel tells her that there was lately a poor boy in the city they have just left, who lay for a long time dying, and that rose was very dear to him through all his illness. It brought him the first news of spring, and it filled the close sick-room with its fresh, young fragrance. He loved it next best to his mother. He is now taking this darling rose up to heaven to plant it there. The spirit of the child looks up in the angel's face and asks—

> 'How know'st thou this, Bright Power?'
> Then splendidly he smiled!,
> 'Should I *not* know *my* flower!
> I was that sickly child.'

I think there may be angels now in heaven, and glorified spirits, going to and fro on their missions of mercy, to whom the memory of a Sabbath-school may be as dear as was that angel's rose. And I think they will still wish to help to carry on the good work, and they may be rejoicing to-night over the little building behind us, because it is to be a link betwixt the angels in heaven and the souls of many little children on earth—my own little ones, I trust, among the rest."

You ask me also, my dear friend, for a copy of the trifle which I wrote in verse for the poor children to sing. I may say that it was composed for music which had been originally written to Tennyson's "Riflemen, form!" this will account for the peculiar shape of it. They sang it with great gusto, and with an especial twinkle of appreciation when they came to the line, "Money is round and rolls away." I suppose, however difficult it may be to get money, they find an equal difficulty in keeping it.

GOING HOME.

When He was with us, our Saviour said,
Suffer the children to come unto me;
Still we see Him, with hands outspread,
Waiting to gather us round His knee.
Come! come! come with us, come!
We are going Home; going Home!
Come with us, come with us, come with us, come.

Though here we are poorest of God's poor,
Toiling for bread from day to day;
Laid up in Heaven a treasure is sure,
While Money is round and rolls away.
Come! come! come with us, come!
We are going Home; going Home!
Come with us, come with us, come with us, come.

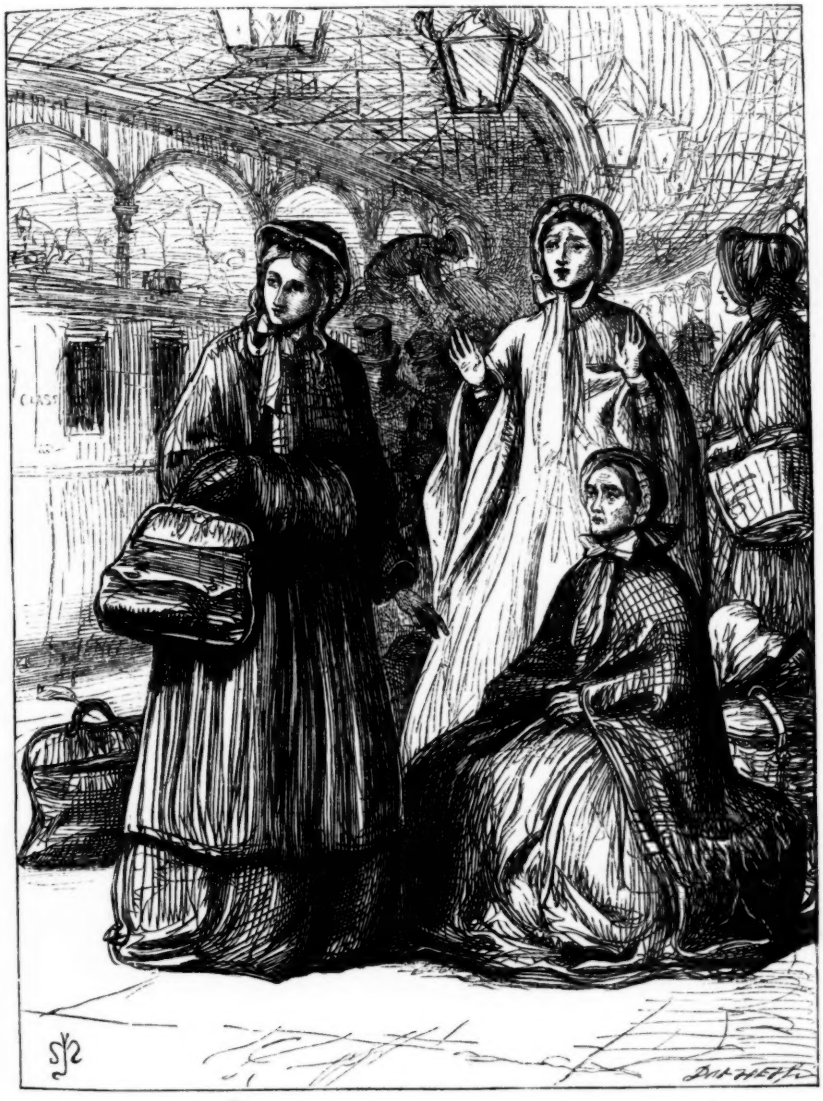
We tread the path the Saviour trod,
Facing the thorns as best we may,
Through sorrow and suffering up to God;
He shall wipe all tears away.
Come! come! come with us, come!
We are going Home; going Home!
Come with us, come with us, come with us, come.

Christ the cold death-river hath crossed,
Making the blackness bright for us;
There shall we meet our Loved and Lost
Bringing the robes of white for us.
Come! come! come with us, come!
We are going Home; going Home!
Come with us! come with us! come with us, come.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER VII.

AUTUMN soon lapsed into winter; Christmas came and went, bringing, not Ascott, as they hoped and he had promised, but a very serious evil in the shape of sundry bills of his, which, he confessed in a most piteous letter to his Aunt Hilary, were absolutely unpayable out of his godfather's allowance. They were not large; or would not have seemed so to rich people; and they were for no more blamable luxuries than horse-hire, and a dinner or two to friends out in the country—but they looked serious to a household which rarely

was more than five pounds beforehand with the world.

He had begged Aunt Hilary to keep his secret —but that was evidently impossible; so on the day the school-accounts were being written out and sent in, and their amount anxiously reckoned, she laid before her sisters the lad's letter, full of penitence and promises :—

"I will be careful—I will indeed—if you will help me this once, dear Aunt Hilary; and don't think too ill of me. I have done nothing wicked. And you don't know London—you don't know, with a lot of young fellows about one, how very hard it is to say No."

At that unlucky postscript the Misses Leaf sorrowfully exchanged looks. Little the lad thought about it—but these few words were the very sharpest pang Ascott had ever given to his aunts.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." "Like father like son." "The sins of the parents shall be visited on the children." So runs many a proverb; so confirms the unerring decree of a just God, who would not be a just God did He allow Himself to break His own righteous laws for the government of the universe; did He falsify the requirements of His own holy and pure being, by permitting any other wages for sin than death. And though, through His mercy, sin forsaken escapes sin's penalty, and every human being has it in his power to modify, if not to conquer, any hereditary moral as well as physical disease, thereby avoiding the doom and alleviating the curse,—still the original law remains in force, and ought to remain, an example and a warning. As true as that every individual sin which a man commits breeds multitudes more, is it that every individual sinner may transmit his own peculiar type of weakness or wickedness to a whole race, disappearing in one generation, reappearing in another, exactly the same as physical peculiarities do, requiring the utmost caution of education to counteract the terrible tendencies of nature—the "something in the blood" which is so difficult to eradicate; which may even make the third and fourth generations execrate the memory of him or her who was its origin.

The long life-curse of Henry Leaf the elder, and Henry Leaf the younger—had been, the women of the family well knew—that they were men "who couldn't say No." So keenly were the three sisters alive to this fault—it could hardly be called a crime, and yet in its consequences it was so—so sickening the terror of it which their own wretched experience had implanted in their minds, that during Ascott's childhood and youth, his very fractiousness and roughness, his little selfishness, and his persistence in his own will against theirs, had been hailed by his aunts as a good omen that he would grow up "so unlike his poor father."

If the two unhappy Henry Leafs—father and son—could have come out of their graves that night, and beheld these three women—daughters and sisters—sitting with Ascott's letter on the table, planning how the household's small expenses could be contracted, its still smaller luxuries relinquished, in order that the boy might honourably pay for pleasures he might so easily have done without! If they could have seen the weight of apprehension which then sank like a stone on these long-tried hearts, never to be afterwards quite removed, lightened sometimes, but always—however Ascott might promise and amend—always there! On such a discovery, surely, these two "poor ghosts" would have fled away moaning, wishing they had died childless, or that during their mortal lives any amount of self-restraint and self-compulsion had purged from their natures the accursed thing—the sin which had worked itself out in sorrow upon every one belonging to them, years after their own heads were laid in the quiet dust.

"We must do it," was the conclusion the Misses Leaf unanimously came to—even Selina; who, with all her faults, had a fair share of good feeling and of that close clinging to kindred which is found in fallen households, or households whom the sacred bond of common poverty has drawn together in a way that large, well-to-do home circles can never quite understand. "We must not let the boy remain in debt; it would be such a disgrace to the family."

"It is not the remaining in debt, but the incurring of it, which is the real disgrace to Ascott and the family."

"Hush, Hilary," said Johanna, pointing to the opening door; but it was too late.

Elizabeth, coming suddenly in,—or else the ladies had been so engrossed with their conversation, that they had not noticed her,—had evidently heard every word of the last sentence. Her conscious face showed it; more especially the bright scarlet which covered both her cheeks when Miss Leaf said "Hush!" She stood, apparently irresolute as to whether she should run away again; and then her native honesty got the upper hand, and she advanced into the room.

"If you please, missis, I didn't mean to—but I've heard—"

"What have you heard—that is, how much?"

"Just what Miss Hilary said. Don't be afeard. I shan't tell. I never chatter about the family. Mother told me not."

"You owe a great deal, Elizabeth, to your good mother. Now go away."

"And another time," said Miss Selina, "knock at the door."

This was Elizabeth's first initiation into what many a servant has to share—the secret burden of the family. After that day, though they did not actually confide in her, her mistresses used no effort to conceal that they had cares; that the domestic economies must, this winter, be especially studied; there must be no extra fires, no candles left burning to waste; and, once a week or so, a few butterless breakfasts or meatless dinners must be partaken of cheerfully, in both parlour and kitchen. The Misses Leaf never stinted their servant in anything in which they did not stint themselves.

Strange to say, in spite of Miss Selina's prophecies, the girl's respectful conduct did not abate; on the contrary, it seemed to increase. The nearer she was lifted to her mistresses' level the more her mind grew, so that she could better understand her mistresses' cares, and the deeper became her consciousness of the only thing which gives one human being any real authority over another—personal character.

Therefore, though the family means were narrowed, and the family luxuries few, Elizabeth cheerfully put up with all; she even felt a sort of pride in wasting nothing and in making the best of everything, as the others did. Perhaps, it may be said, she was an exceptional servant; and yet I would not do her class the wrong to believe so—I would rather believe that there are many such among it; many good, honest, faithful girls, who only need good mistresses unto whom to be honest and faithful, and they would be no less so than Elizabeth Hand.

The months went by—heavy and anxious months; for the school gradually dwindled away, and Ascott's letter—now almost the only connexion his aunts had with the outer world, for poverty necessarily diminished even their small Stowbury society—became more and more unsatisfactory; and the want of information in them was not supplied by those other letters, which had once kept Johanna's heart easy concerning the boy.

Mr. Lyon had written once before sailing, nay, after sailing, for he had sent it home by the pilot from the English Channel: then there was, of course, silence. October, November, December, January, February, March—how often did Hilary count the months, and wonder how soon a letter could come, whether a letter ever would come again! And sometimes—the sharp present stinging her with its small daily pains, the future looking dark before her and them all—she felt so forlorn, so forsaken, that but for a certain tiny well-spring of hope, which rarely dries up till long after three-and-twenty, she could have sat down and sighed, "My good days are done."

Rich people break their hearts much sooner than poor people; that is, they more easily get into that morbid state which is glorified by the term, "a broken heart." Poor people cannot afford it. Their constant labour "physics pain." Their few and narrow pleasures seldom pall. Holy poverty! black as its dark side is, it has its bright side too, that is, when it is honest, fearless, free from selfishness, wastefulnesses, and bickerings; above all, free from the terror of debt.

"We'll starve—we'll go into the workhouse rather than we'll go into debt!" cried Hilary once, in a passion of tears, when she was in sore want of a shawl, and Selina urged her to get it, and wait till she could pay for it. "Yes;—the workhouse! It would be less shame to be honourably indebted to the laws of the land than to be meanly indebted, under false pretences, to any individual in it."

And when, in payment for some accidental lessons, she got next month enough money to buy a shawl, and a bonnet too—nay, by great ingenuity, another bonnet for Johanna—Hilary could have danced and sung,—sung, in the gladness and relief of her heart, the glorious euthanasia of poverty.

But these things happened only occasionally; the daily life was hard still, ay, very hard, even though at last came the letter from "foreign parts;" and following it, at regular intervals, other letters. They were full of facts rather than feelings,—simple, straightforward; worth little as literary compositions; schoolmaster and learned man as he was, there was nothing literary or poetical about Mr. Lyon; but what he wrote was like what he spoke, the accurate reflection of his own clear original mind and honest tender heart.

His letters gave none the less comfort because, nominally, they were addressed to Johanna. This might have been from some crotchet of over-reserve, or delicacy, or honour—the same which made him part from her for years, with no other word than, "You must trust me, Hilary;" but whatever it was she respected it, and she did trust him. And whether Johanna answered his letters or not, month by month they unfailingly came, keeping her completely informed of all his proceedings, and letting out, as epistles written from over the seas often do, much more of himself and his character than he was probably aware he betrayed.

And Hilary, whose sole experience of mankind had been the scarcely remembered father, the too well remembered brother, and the anxiously watched nephew, thanked God that there seemed to be one man in the world whom a woman could lean her heart upon, and not feel the support break like a reed beneath her—one man whom she could entirely believe in, and safely and sacredly trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME slipped by. Robert Lyon had been away more than three years. But in the monotonous

life of the three sisters at Stowbury nothing was changed :—except, perhaps, Elizabeth, who had grown quite a woman ; might have passed almost for thirty ; so solidly old-fashioned were her figure and her manners.

Ascott Leaf had finished his walking the hospitals and his examinations, and was now fitted to commence practice for himself. His godfather had still continued his allowance, though once or twice, when he came down to Stowbury, he had asked his aunts to help him in some small debts—the last time in one a little more serious ; when, after some sad and sore consultation, it had been resolved to tell him he must contrive to live within his own allowance. For they were poorer than they used to be ; many more schools had arisen in the town, and theirs had dwindled away. It was becoming a source of serious anxiety whether they could possibly make ends meet ; and when, the next Christmas, Ascott sent them a five-pound note—an actual five-pound note, together with a fond, grateful letter that was worth it all—the aunts were deeply thankful, and very happy.

But still the school declined. One night they were speculating upon the causes of this, and Hilary was declaring, in a half jocular, half earnest way, that it must be because a prophet is never a prophet in his own country.

"The Stowbury people will never believe how clever I am. Only, it is a useless sort of cleverness, I fear. Greek, Latin, and mathematics are no good to infants under seven, such as Stowbury persists in sending to us."

"They think I am only fit to teach little children—and perhaps it is true," said Miss Leaf.

"I wish you had not to teach at all. I wish I was a daily governess—I might be, and earn enough to keep the whole family ; only, not here."

"I wonder," said Johanna thoughtfully, "if we shall have to make a change."

"A change!" It almost pained the elder sister to see how the younger brightened up at the word. "Where to—London? Oh, I have so longed to go and live in London! But I thought you would not like it, Johanna."

That was true. Miss Leaf, whom feeble health had made prematurely old, would willingly have ended her days in the familiar town ;—but Hilary was young and strong. Johanna called to mind the days when she too had felt that rest was only another name for dulness ; and when the most difficult thing possible to her was what seemed now so easy—to sit down and endure.

Besides, unlike herself, Hilary had her life all before her. It might be a happy life, safe in a good man's tender keeping : those unfailing letters from India seemed to prophesy that it would. But no one could say. Miss Leaf's own experience had not led her to place much faith in either men or happiness.

Still, whatever Hilary's future might be, it would likely be a very different one from that quiet, colourless life of hers. And as she looked at her young sister, with the twilight glow on her face—they were taking an evening stroll up and down the terrace—Johanna hoped and prayed it might be so. Her own lot seemed easy enough for herself ; but for Hilary—she would like to see Hilary something better than a poor schoolmistress at Stowbury.

No more was said at that time, but Johanna had the deep, still, Mary-like nature, which "kept" things, and "pondered them in her heart ;" so that when the subject came up again she was able to meet it with that sweet calmness which was her especial characteristic—the unruffled peace of a soul which no worldly storms could disturb overmuch, for it had long since cast anchor in the world unseen.

The chance which revived the question of the Great Metropolitan Hegira, as Hilary called it, was a letter from Mr. Ascott, as follows :—

"Miss Leaf.

"Madam,—I shall be obliged by your informing me if it is your wish, as it seems to be your nephew's, that instead of returning to Stowbury, he should settle in London as a surgeon and general practitioner?

"His education complete, I consider that I have done my duty by him : but I may assist him occasionally still, unless he turns out—as his father did before him—a young man who prefers being helped to helping himself, in which case I shall have nothing more to do with him.—I remain, Madam, your obedient servant, Peter Ascott."

The sisters read this letter, passing it round the table, none of them apparently liking to be the first to comment upon it. At length Hilary said—

"I think that reference to poor Henry is perfectly brutal."

"And yet he was very kind to Henry. And if it had not been for his common sense in sending poor little Ascott and the nurse down to Stowbury, the baby might have died. But you don't remember anything of that time. my dear," said Johanna, sighing.

"He has been kind enough, though he has done it in such a patronizing way," observed Selina. "I suppose that's the real reason of his doing it. He thinks it fine to patronize us, and show kindness to our family ; he, the stout, bullet-headed grocer's boy, who used to sit and stare at us all church-time."

"At you, you mean. Wasn't he called your beau?" said Hilary, mischievously, upon which Selina drew herself up in great indignation.

And then they fell to talking of that anxious question—Ascott's future. A little they reproached themselves that they had left the lad so long in London—so long out of the influence that might have counteracted the evil, sharply hinted in his god-father's letter. But once away—to lure him back to their poor home was impossible.

"Suppose we were to go to him," suggested Hilary.

The poor and friendless possess one great advantage—they have nobody to ask advice of; nobody to whom it matters much what they do or where they go. The family mind has but to make itself up, and act accordingly. Thus within an hour or two of the receipt of Mr. Ascott's letter, Hilary went into the kitchen, and told Elizabeth that as soon as her work was done, Miss Leaf wished to have a little talk with her.

"Eh! what's wrong? Has Miss Selina been a-grumbling at me?"

Elizabeth was in one of her bad humours, which, though of course they never ought to have, servants do have as well as their superiors. Hilary perceived this, by the way she threw the coals on, and tossed the chairs about. But to-day her heart was full of far more serious cares than Elizabeth's ill-temper. She replied composedly—

"I have not heard that either of my sisters is displeased with you. What they want to talk to you about is for your own good. We are thinking of making a great change. We intend leaving Stowbury, and going to live in London."

"Going to live in London!"

Now, quick as her tact and observation were—her heart taught her these things—Elizabeth's head was a thorough Saxon one, slow to receive impressions. It was a family saying, that nothing was so hard as to put a new idea into Elizabeth, except to get it out again.

For this reason Hilary preferred paving the way quietly, before startling her with the sudden intelligence of their contemplated change.

"Well, what do you say to the plan?" asked she, good-hmouredly.

"I dunnot like it at all," was the brief gruff answer of Elizabeth Hand.

Now it was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines, that no human being is good for much unless he or she has what is called "a will of one's own." Perhaps this, like many another creed, was with her the result of circumstances. But she held it firmly. With that exaggerated one-sidedness of feeling which any bitter family or personal experience is sure to leave behind—a strong will was her first attraction to everybody. It had been so in the case of Robert Lyon: and not less in Elizabeth's.

But this quality has its inconveniences. When the maid began sweeping up her hearth with a noisy angry gesture, the mistress did the wisest and most dignified thing a mistress could do under the circumstances, and which she knew was the sharpest rebuke she could administer to the sensitive Elizabeth—she immediately quitted the kitchen.

For an hour after, the parlour-bell did not ring; and though it was washing-day, no Miss Hilary appeared to help in folding up the clothes. Elizabeth, subdued and wretched, waited till she could wait no longer; then knocked at the door, and asked humbly if she should bring in supper.

The extreme kindness of the answer—to the effect that she must come in, as they wanted to speak to her, crushed the lingering fragments of ill-humour out of the girl.

"Miss Hilary has told you our future plans, Elizabeth; now we wish to have a little talk with you about yours."

"Eh?"

"We conclude you will not wish to go with us to London; and it would be hardly advisable you should. You can get higher wages now than any we can afford to give you; indeed, we have more than once thought of telling you so, and offering you your choice of trying for a better place."

"You're very kind," was the answer, stolid rather than grateful.

"No; I think we are merely honest. We should never think of keeping a girl upon lower wages than she was worth. Hitherto, however, the arrangement has been quite fair—you know, Elizabeth, you have given us a deal of trouble in the teaching of you." And Miss Leaf smiled, half sadly, as if this, the first of the coming changes, hurt her more than she liked to express. "Come, my girl," she added, "you needn't look so serious. We are not in the least vexed with you; we shall be very sorry to lose you, and we will give you the best of characters when you leave."

"I dunnot—mean—to leave."

Elizabeth threw out the words like pellets, in a choked fashion, and disappeared suddenly from the parlour.

"Who would have thought it!" exclaimed Selina; "I declare the girl was crying."

No mistake about that; though when, a few minutes after, Miss Hilary entered the kitchen, Elizabeth tried in a hurried, shame-faced way to hide her tears by being very busy over something. Her mistress took no notice, but began, as usual on washing-days, to assist in various domestic matters, in the midst of which she said quietly—

"And so, Elizabeth, you would really like to go to London?"

"No! I shouldn't like it at all; never said I should. But if you go, I shall go too; though Missis is so ready to get shut o' me."

"It was for your own good, you know."

"You always said it was for a girl's good to stop in one place; and if you think I'm going to another—I aren't, that's all."

Rude as the form of the speech was—almost the first rude speech that Elizabeth had ever made to Miss Hilary, and which under other circumstances she would have felt bound severely to reprove, the mistress passed it over. That which lay beneath it, the sharpness of wounded love, touched her heart. She felt that for all the girl's rough manner, it would have been hard to go into her London kitchen, and meet a strange London face, instead of that fond homely one of Elizabeth's.

Still, she thought it right to explain to her, that London life might have many difficulties, that, for the present at least, her wages could not be raised, and the family might at first be in even more straitened circumstances than they were at Stowbury.

"Only at first, though, for I hope to find plenty of pupils. And by and by our nephew will get into practice."

"Is it on account of him you're going, Miss Hilary?"

"Chiefly."

Elizabeth gave a grunt, which said as plainly as words could say, "I thought so," and relapsed into what she, no doubt, believed to be virtuous indignation, but which, as it was testified against the wrong parties, was open to the less favourable interpretation of ill-humour—a small injustice not uncommon with us all.

I do not pretend to paint this young woman as a perfect character. She had her fierce dislikes, as well as her strong fidelities; her faults within and without, which had to be struggled with—as all of us have to struggle to the very end of our days. Oftentimes not till the battle is nigh over—sometimes not till it is quite over—does God give us the victory.

Without more discussion on either side, it was agreed that Elizabeth should accompany her mistresses. Even Mrs. Hand seemed to be pleased thereat, her only doubt being lest her daughter should meet and be led astray by that bad woman Mrs. Cliffe, Tommy Cliffe's mother—who was reported to have gone to London. But Miss Hilary explained that this meeting was about as probable as the rencontre of two needles in a hay-rick; and besides, Elizabeth was not the sort of girl to be easily "led astray" by anybody.

"No, no; her's a good wench, though I says it," replied the mother, who was too hard worked to have much sentiment to spare. "I wish the little 'uns may take pattern by our Elizabeth. You'll send her home, maybe, in two or three years' time, to let us have a look at her?"

Miss Hilary promised, and then took her way back through the familiar old town—so soon to be familiar no more—thinking anxiously, in spite of herself, upon those two or three years, and what they might bring.

It happened to be a notable day—that sunshiny 28th of June—when the little, round-cheeked damsel, who is a grandmother now, had the crown of three kingdoms first set upon her youthful head; and Stowbury, like every other town in the land, was a perfect bower of green arches, garlands, banners; white-covered tables were spread in the open air, down almost every street, where poor men dined, or poor women drank tea; and everybody was out and abroad, looking at or sharing in the holiday-making, wild with merriment, and brimming over with passionate loyalty to the Maiden Queen.

That day is now twenty-four years ago; but all those who remember it must own there never has been a day like it, when, all over the country, every man's heart throbbed with chivalrous devotion, every woman's with womanly tenderness, towards this one royal girl, who—God bless her!—has lived to retain and deserve it all.

Hilary called for, and protected through the crowd, the little, timid, widow lady who had taken off the Misses Leaf's hands their house and furniture, and whom they had made very happy—as the poor often can make those still poorer than themselves—by refusing to accept anything for the "good-will" of the school. Then she was fetched by Elizabeth, who had been given a whole afternoon's holiday; and mistress and maid went together home, watching the last of the festivities, the chattering groups that still lingered in the twilight streets, and listening to the merry notes of the "Triumph" which came down through the lighted windows of the Town Hall, where the open-air tea-drinkers had adjourned to dance country dances, by civic permission, and in perfectly respectable jollity.

"I wonder," said Hilary—while, despite some natural regret, her spirit stretched itself out eagerly from the narrowness of the place where she was born into the great, wide world; the world where so many grand things were thought and written and done; the world Robert Lyon had so long fought with, and was fighting bravely still—"I wonder, Elizabeth, what sort of place London is, and what our life will be in it?"

Elizabeth said nothing. For the moment her face seemed to catch the reflected glow of her mistress's, and then it settled down into that look of mingled resistance and resolution which was habitual to her. For the life that was to be, which neither knew—oh, if they had known!—she also was prepared.

CHAPTER IX.

THE day of the Grand Hegira came.

"I remember," said Miss Leaf, as they rumbled for the last time through the empty morning streets of poor old Stowbury, "I remember my grandmother telling me that when my grandfather was courting her, and she out of coquetry refused him, he set off on horseback to London, and she was so wretched to think of all the dangers he ran on the journey, and in London itself, that she never rested till she got him back, and then immediately married him."

"No such catastrophe is likely to happen to any of us, except perhaps to Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary, trying to get up a little feeble mirth, anything to pass away the time and lessen the pain of parting, which was almost too much for Johanna. "What do you say? Do you mean to get married in London, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth could make no answer, even to kind Miss Hilary. They had not imagined she felt the leaving her native place so much. She had watched intently the last glimpse of Stowbury church tower, and now sat with reddened eyes, staring blankly out of the carriage window—

"Silent as a stone."

Once or twice a large slow tear gathered on each of her eyes, but it was shaken off angrily from the high cheek-bones, and never settled into absolute crying. They thought it best to take no notice of her. Only, when reaching the new small station, where the "resonant steam-eagles" were, for the first time, beheld by the innocent Stowbury ladies, there arose a discussion as to the manner of travelling. Miss Leaf said decidedly—"Second-class,—and then we can keep Elizabeth with us." Upon which Elizabeth's mouth melted into something between a quiver and a smile.

Soon it was all over, and the little household was compressed into the humble second-class carriage, cheerless and cushionless, whirling through indefinite England in a way that confounded all their geography and topography. Gradually as the day darkened into heavy chilly July rain, the scarcely kept-up spirits of the four passengers began to sink. Johanna grew very white and worn, Selina became, to use Ascott's phrase, "as cross as two sticks," and even Hilary, turning her eyes from the the grey sodden-looking landscape without, could find no spot of comfort to rest on within the carriage, except that round rosy face of Elizabeth Hand's.

Whether it was from the spirit of contradiction existing in most such natures, which, especially in youth, are more strong than sweet, or from a better feeling, the fact was noticeable, that when every one else's spirits went down Elizabeth's went up. Nothing could bring her out of a "grumpy" fit so satisfactorily as her mistresses' falling into one. When Miss Selina now began to fidget hither and thither, each tone of her fretful voice seeming to go through her elder sister's every nerve, till even Hilary said, impatiently, "Oh, Selina, can't you be quiet?" then Elizabeth rose from her depth of gloomy discontent up to the surface immediately.

She was only a servant; but Nature bestows that strange vague thing that we term "force of character" independently of position. Hilary often remembered afterwards how much more comfortable the end of the journey was than she had expected—how Johanna lay at ease, with her feet on Elizabeth's lap, wrapped in Elizabeth's best woollen shawl; and how, when Selina's whole attention was turned to an ingenious contrivance with a towel and fork and Elizabeth's basket, for stopping the rain out of the carriage-roof—she became far less disagreeable, and even a little proud of her own cleverness. And so there was a temporary lull in Hilary's cares, and she could sit quiet, with her eyes fixed on the rainy landscape, which she did not see, and her thoughts wandering towards that unknown place and unknown life into which they were sweeping, as we all sweep, ignorantly, unresistingly, almost unconsciously, into new destinies. Hilary, for the first time, began to doubt of theirs. Anxious as she had been to go to London, and wise as the proceeding appeared, now that the die was cast and the cable cut, the old simple peaceful life at Stowbury grew strangely dear.

"I wonder if we shall ever go back again, or what is to happen to us before we do go back," she thought, and turned, with a half-defined fear, towards her eldest sister, who looked so old and fragile beside that sturdy healthy servant-girl;—"Elizabeth!" and Elizabeth, rubbing Miss Leaf's feet, started at the unwonted sharpness of Miss Hilary's tone—"there; I'll do that for my sister. Go and look out of the window at London."

For the great smoky cloud which began to rise in the rainy horizon was indeed London. Soon through the thickening nebula of houses they converged to what was then the nucleus of all railway travelling, the Euston Terminus, and were hustled on to the platform, and jostled helplessly to and fro—these poor country ladies! Anxiously they scanned the crowd of strange faces for the one only face they knew in the great metropolis—which did not appear.

"It is very strange—very wrong of Ascott. Hilary, you surely told him the hour correctly? For once, at least, he might have been in time."

So chafed Miss Selina, while Elizabeth, who, by some miraculous effort of intuitive genius, had succeeded in collecting the luggage, was now engaged in defending it from all comers, especially

porters, and making of it a comfortable seat for Miss Leaf.

"Nay, have patience, Selina. We will give him just five minutes more, Hilary."

And Johanna sat down, with her sweet, calm, long-suffering face turned upwards to that younger one, which was, as youth is apt to be, hot, and worried, and angry. And so they waited till the terminus was almost deserted, and the last cab had driven off, when, suddenly, dashing up the station-yard out of another, came Ascott.

He was so sorry, so very sorry, downright grieved, at having kept his aunts waiting. But his watch was wrong—some fellows at dinner detained him—the train was before its time surely. In fact, his aunts never quite made out what the excuse was; but they looked into his bright handsome face, and their wrath melted like clouds before the sun. He was so gentlemanly, so well dressed—much better dressed than even at Stowbury—and he seemed so unfeignedly glad to see them. He handed them all into the cab—even Elizabeth, though whispering meanwhile to his Aunt Hilary, "What on earth did you bring her for?"—and then was just going to leap on to the box himself, when he stopped to ask "Where he should tell cabby to drive to?"

"Where to?" repeated his aunts in undisguised astonishment. They had never thought of anything but of being taken home at once by their boy.

"You see," Ascott said, in a little confusion, "you wouldn't be comfortable with me. A young fellow's lodgings are not like a house of one's own, and, besides——"

"Besides, when a young fellow is ashamed of his old aunts, he can easily find reasons."

"Hush, Selina," interposed Miss Leaf. "My dear boy, your old aunts would never let you inconvenience yourself for them. Take us to an inn for the night, and to-morrow we will find lodgings for ourselves."

Ascott looked greatly relieved.

"And you are not vexed with me, Aunt Johanna?" said he, with something of his old childish tone of compunction, as he saw—he could not help seeing—the utter weariness which Johanna tried so hard to hide.

"No, my dear, not vexed. Only I wish we had known this a little sooner, that we might have made arrangements. Now, where shall we go?"

Ascott mentioned a dozen hotels, but they found he only knew them by name. At last Miss Leaf remembered one, which her father used to go to, on his frequent journeys to London, and whence, indeed, he had been brought home to die. And though all the recollections about it were sad enough, still it felt less strange than the rest, in this dreariness of London. So she proposed going to the "Old Bell," Holborn.

"A capital place!" exclaimed Ascott eagerly. "And I'll take and settle you there; and we'll order supper, and make a jolly night of it. All right! Drive on, cabby!"

He jumped on the box, and then looked in mischievously, flourishing his lit cigar, and shaking his long hair—his aunt Selina's two great abominations—right in her indignant face: but withal looking so merry and good-tempered, that she shortly softened into a smile.

"How handsome the boy is growing!"

"Yes," said Johanna, with a slight sigh; "and, did you notice? how exceedingly like his——"

The sentence was left unfinished. Alas! if every young man, who believes his faults and follies injure himself alone, could feel what it must be, years afterwards, to have his nearest kindred shrink from saying, as the saddest, most ominous thing they could say of his son, that the lad is growing "so like his father!"

It might have been—they assured each other that it was—only the incessant roll, roll of the street sounds below their windows which kept the Misses Leaf awake half the night of this their first night in London. And when they sat down to breakfast—having waited an hour vainly for their nephew—it might have been only the gloom of the little parlour which cast a slight shadow over them all. Still, the shadow was there.

It deepened, despite the sunshiny morning into which the last night's rain had brightened, till Holborn Bars looked cheerful, and Holborn pavement actually clean, so that, as Elizabeth said, "you might eat your dinner off it," which was the one only thing she condescended to approve in London. She had sat all evening mute in her corner, for Miss Leaf would not send her away into the *terra incognita* of a London hotel. Ascott, at first considerably annoyed at the presence of what he called a "skeleton at the feast," had afterwards got over it, and run on with a mixture of childish glee and mannish pomposity about his plans and intentions—how he meant to take a house, he thought, in one of the squares, or a street leading out of them; how he would put up the biggest of brass plates, with "Mr. Leaf, surgeon," and soon get an extensive practice, and have all his aunts to live with him. And his aunts had smiled and listened, forgetting all about the silent figure in the corner, who perhaps had gone to sleep, or had also listened.

"Elizabeth, come and look out at London."

So she and Miss Hilary whiled away another heavy three-quarters of an hour in watching and commenting on the incessantly shifting crowd which swept past Holborn Bars. Miss Selina

sometimes looked out too, but more often sat fidgeting and wondering why Ascott did not come; while Miss Leaf, who never fidgeted, became gradually more and more silent. Her eyes were fixed on the door, with an expression which, if Hilary could have remembered so far back, would have been to her something, not painfully new, but still more painfully old—a look branded into her face by many an hour's anxious listening for the footstep that never came, or only came to bring distress. It was the ineffaceable token of that long, long struggle between affection and conscience, pity and scarcely repressible contempt, which, for more than one generation, had been the appointed burden of this family—at least, the women of it—till sometimes it seemed to hang over them almost like a fate.

About noon, Miss Leaf proposed calling for the hotel bill. Its length so alarmed the country ladies, that Hilary suggested not staying to dine, but going immediately in search of lodgings.

"What, without a gentleman! Impossible! I always understood ladies could go nowhere in London without a gentleman!"

"We shall come very ill off then, Selina. But anyhow, I mean to try. You know the region where, we have heard, lodgings are cheapest and best—that is, best for us. It cannot be far from here. Suppose I start at once?"

"What, alone?" cried Johanna, anxiously.

"No, dear. I'll take the map with me, and Elizabeth. She is not afraid."

Elizabeth smiled, and rose, with that air of dogged devotedness with which she would have prepared to follow Miss Hilary to the North Pole, if necessary. So, after a few minutes of arguing with Selina, who did not press her point overmuch, since she herself had not to commit the impropriety of the expedition. After a few minutes more of hopeless lingering about—till even Miss Leaf said they had better wait no longer—mistress and maid took a farewell nearly as pathetic as if they had been in reality Arctic voyagers, and plunged right into the dusty glare and hurrying crowd of the "sunny side" of Holborn in July.

A strange sensation, and yet there was something exhilarating in it. The intense solitude that there is in a London crowd, these country girls—for Miss Hilary herself was no more than a girl—could not as yet realize. They only felt the life of it; stirring, active, incessantly moving life—even though it was of a kind that they knew as little of it as the crowd did of them. Nothing struck Hilary more than the self-absorbed look of passers-by; each so busy on his own affairs, that, in spite of Selina's alarm, for all notice taken of them, they might as well be walking among the cows and horses in Stowbury field.

Poor old Stowbury! They felt how far away they were from it, when a ragged, dirty, vicious-looking girl offered them a moss rose-bud for "one penny, only one penny," which Elizabeth, lagging behind, bought, and found it only a broken-off bud stuck on to a bit of wire.

"That's London ways, I suppose," said she, severely, and became so misanthropic that she would hardly vouchsafe a glance to the handsome square they turned into, and merely observed of the tall houses, taller than any Hilary had ever seen, that she "wouldn't fancy running up and down them stairs."

But Hilary was cheerful in spite of all. She was glad to be in this region, which, theoretically, she knew by heart—glad to find herself in the body, where in the spirit she had come so many a time. The mere consciousness of this seemed to refresh her. She thought she would be much happier in London; that in the long years to come that must be borne, it would be good for her to have something to do as well as to hope for; something to fight with as well as to endure. Now more than ever came pulsing in and out of her memory a line once repeated in her hearing, with an observation of how "true" it was. And though originally it was applied by a man to a woman, and she smiled sometimes to think how "unfeminine" some people—Selina, for instance—would consider her turning it the other way; still she did so. She believed, that, for woman as for man, that is the purest and noblest love which is the most self-existent, most independent of love returned, and which can say, each to the other, equally on both sides, that the whole solemn purpose of life is, under God's service,

"If not to win, to feel more worthy thee."

Such thoughts made her step firmer and her heart lighter, so that she hardly noticed the distance they must have walked, till the close London air began to oppress her, and the smooth glaring London pavements made her Stowbury feet ache sorely.

"Are you tired, Elizabeth? Well, we'll rest soon. There must be lodgings near here. Only I can't quite make out—"

As Miss Hilary looked up to the name of the street, the maid noticed what a glow came into her mistress's face, pale and tired as it was. Just then a church clock struck the quarter-hour.

"That must be St. Pancras. And this—yes, this is Burton Street, Burton Crescent."

"I'm sure missis wouldn't like to live there," observed Elizabeth, eyeing uneasily the gloomy *rez-de-chaussée*, familiar to many a generation of struggling respectability, where, in the decadence of the season, every second house bore the announcement, "Apartments furnished."

"No," Miss Hilary replied, absently. Yet she continued to walk up and down, the whole length of the street; then passed out into the dreary, deserted-looking Crescent, where the trees were already beginning to fade; not, however, into the bright autumn tint of country woods, but into a premature withering, ugly and sad to behold.

"I am glad he is not here—glad, glad!" thought Hilary, as she realized the unutterable dreariness of those years, when Robert Lyon lived and studied in his garret from month's end to month's end—these few dusty trees being the sole memento of the green country life in which he had been brought up, and which she knew he so passionately loved. Now, she could understand that "calenture" which he had sometimes jestingly alluded to as coming upon him at times, when he felt literally sick for the sight of a green field or a hedge full of birds. She wondered whether the same feeling would ever come upon her, in this strange desert of London, the vastness of which grew upon her every hour.

She was glad he was away; yes, heart-glad! And yet, if, this minute, she could only have seen him coming round the Crescent, have met his smile, and the firm, warm clasp of his hand—

For an instant there rose up in her one of those wild, rebellious outcries against fate, when to have to waste years of this brief life of ours in the sort of semi-existence that living is, apart from the treasure of the heart and delight of the eyes, seems so cruelly, cruelly hard!

"Miss Hilary."

She started, and "put herself under lock and key" immediately.

"Miss Hilary; you do look so tired!"

"Do I? Then we will go and sit down in this baker's shop, and get rested and fed. We cannot afford to wear ourselves out, you know. We have a great deal to do to-day."

More indeed than she calculated, for they walked up one street and down another, investigating at least twenty lodgings before any appeared which seemed fit for them. Yet some place must be found where Johanna's poor, tired head could rest that night. At last, completely exhausted, with that oppressive exhaustion which seems to crush mind as well as body after a day's wandering in London, Hilary's courage began to ebb. Oh for an arm to lean on, a voice to listen for, a brave heart to come to her side, saying, "Do not be afraid, there are two of us!" And she yearned, with an absolutely sick yearning such as only a woman who now and then feels the utter helplessness of her womanhood, can know, for the only arm she cared to lean on, the only voice dear enough to bring her comfort, the only heart that she felt she could trust.

Poor Hilary! And yet why pity her? To her three alternatives could but happen: were Robert Lyon true to her, she would be his, entirely and devotedly, to the end of her days; did he forsake her, she would forgive him; should he die, she would be faithful to him eternally. Love of this kind may know anguish, but not the sort of anguish that lesser and weaker loves do. If it is certain of nothing else, it can always be certain of itself.

> "Its will is strong:
> It suffers; but it cannot suffer long."

And even in its utmost pangs is an underlying peace which often approaches to absolute joy.

Hilary roused herself, and bent her mind steadily on lodgings till she discovered one, from the parlour of which you could see the trees of Burton Crescent, and hear the sound of Saint Pancras clock.

"I think we may do here—at least for a while," said she cheerfully; and then Elizabeth heard her inquiring if an extra bedroom could be had if necessary.

There was only one small attic. "Ascott never could put up with that," said Hilary, half to herself. Then suddenly—"I think I will go and see Ascott before I decide. Elizabeth, will you go with me, or remain here?"

"I'll go with you, if you please, Miss Hilary." ("If *you* please," sounded not unlike "if *I* please," and Elizabeth had gloomed over a little.) "Is Mr. Ascott to live with us!"

"I suppose so."

No more words were interchanged till they reached Gower Street, when Miss Hilary observed, with evident surprise, what a handsome street it was.

"I must have made some mistake. Still we will find out Mr. Ascott's number, and inquire."

No, there was no mistake. Mr. Ascott Leaf had lodged there for three months, but had given up his rooms that very morning.

"Where had he gone to?"

The servant—a London lodging-house servant all over—didn't know; but she fetched the landlady, who was after the same pattern of the dozen London landladies with whom Hilary had that day made acquaintance, only a little more Cockney, smirking, dirty, and tawdrily fine.

"Yes, Mr. Leaf had gone, and he hadn't left no address. Young college gentlemen often found it convenient to leave no address. P'raps he would, if he'd known there would be a young lady a calling to see him."

"I am Mr. Leaf's aunt," said Hilary, turning as hot as fire.

"Oh, in-deed," was the answer, with civil incredulousness.

But the woman was sharp of perception—as often-cheated London landladies learn to be. After looking keenly at mistress and maid, she changed her tone; nay, even launched out into praises of her late lodger: what a pleasant gentleman he was; what good company he kept, and how he had promised to recommend her apartments to his friends.

"And as for the little some'at of rent, Miss—tell him it makes no matter, he can pay me when he likes. If he don't call soon, p'raps I might make bold to send his trunk and his books over to Mr. Ascott's of—dear me, I forget the number and the square—

Hilary unsuspiciously supplied both.

"Yes, that's it—the old gen'leman as Mr. Leaf went to dine with every other Sunday, a very rich old gentleman, who, he says, is to leave him all his money. Maybe a relation of yours, Miss?"

"No," said Hilary; and adding something about the landlady's hearing from Mr. Leaf very soon, she hurried out of the house, Elizabeth following.

"Won't you be tired if you walk so fast, Miss Hilary?"

Hilary stopped, choking. Helplessly she looked up and down the forlorn, wide, glaring, dusty street; now sinking into the dull shadow of a London afternoon.

"Let us go home!" And at the word a sob burst out—just one passionate pent-up sob. No more. She could not afford to waste strength in crying.

"As you say, Elizabeth, I am getting tired; and that will not do. Let me see; something must be decided." And she stood still, passing her hand over her hot brow and eyes. "I will go back and take the lodgings, leave you there to make all comfortable, and then fetch my sisters from the hotel. But stay first, I have forgotten something.'

She returned to the house in Gower Street, and wrote on one of her cards an address—the only permanent address she could think of—that of the city broker who was in the habit of paying them their yearly income of £50.

"If any creditors inquire for Mr. Leaf, give them this. His friends may always hear of him at the London University."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied the now civil landlady. "Indeed, I wasn't afraid of the young gentleman giving us the slip. For though he was careless in his bills, he was every inch the gentleman. And I wouldn't object to take him in again. Or p'raps you yourself, ma'am, might be a-wanting rooms."

"No, I thank you. Good morning." And Hilary hurried away.

Not a word did she say to Elizabeth, or Elizabeth to her, till they got into the dull, dingy parlour—henceforth to be their sole apology for "home:" and then she only talked about domestic arrangements: talked fast and eagerly, and tried to escape the affectionate eyes which she knew were so sharp and keen. Only to escape them—not to blind them; she had long ago found out that Elizabeth was too quick-witted for that, especially in anything that concerned "the family." She felt convinced the girl had heard every syllable that passed at Ascott's lodgings; that she knew all that was to be known, and guessed what was to be feared, as well as Hilary herself.

"Elizabeth"—she hesitated long, and doubted whether she should say the thing, before she did say it—"remember we are all strangers in London, and family matters are best kept within the family. Do not mention either in writing home, or to anybody hereabout—about—"

She could not name Ascott; she felt so horribly ashamed.

A DAY IN THE WOODS OF JAMAICA.

It is now nearly sixteen years since I came to the end of that delightful sojourn in the forests of Jamaica, which passed so swiftly, and which now seems like a midsummer night's dream; but often and often I say to myself, as I muse upon the past, and recall the beauteous scenes,—How I should delight to transport myself in a moment, as by an electric telegraph, to the summit of Bluefields Peak, or to the sombre glooms of Rotherwood, or to the sunny glades of the Kepp, and spend just one long day in re-exploring there! I shall never see them again in this body, for those sweet ties that advertisers strangely call "encumbrances" have clustered round me, and grey hairs are peeping out of my head and beard, and mere locomotion has not the charm that it once had; but I sometimes think that, when the Lord Jesus, bringing in the times of restitution of all things, shall clothe this sin-pressed globe with far more than pristine glory and loveliness, and I have put on the resurrection body, fashioned in his likeness, to whose incorruptible, immortal powers time and space will be as nothing, one of the myriad joys reserved for me may be the looking again upon those gorgeous scenes of beauty, which, even as I have already seen them, are so little marred by the sin of man, and retain so much of Paradise,—the mountain-woods of glorious Jamaica.

There may be a few of the numerous readers of this magazine, to whom it will not be disagreeable to accompany me in imagination, while I tax memory, and try to paint, in poor and feeble words, a few of the features and objects that would vividly strike a stranger's fancy, who had never before been out of Europe.

It is our first visit, then, to a tropical land. The

ship that brought us hither, has cast anchor in a bay formed by the coral reef, on which the Wrasses and Parrot-fishes, glittering in green and azure and scarlet, are playing and nibbling, and the little butterfly-like Chætodons, banded with black on golden-yellow, are shooting to and fro. As we sit in the stern-sheets of the gig in which we are pulled ashore, the brilliantly transparent water reveals these and multitudes of other things enjoying themselves beneath us. Those noble Cassides and Conch shells, which are the ornaments of our sideboards at home, are seen gliding on the sand; great purple urchins with enormously long spines, and others with curiously broad flattened pegs of alternate colours; sponges, of forms imitative of umbrellas, and cups, and goblets, and trees, from the size of a dining-table downward; gorgeous sea-slugs crawling on the grass-wrack; madrepores and corals clothed with their bright-hued anemones; snatches and glimpses of these and hundreds of other strange creatures, nourished in the steaming sea beneath a vertical sun, we catch, as the boat shoots rapidly over the glassy wave; and now her keel gently grates upon the glistening beach of coral sand, and we are ashore on Jamaica, the gem of the Caribbean Sea.

The great south road here skirts the shore; and at this little wayside inn we procure horses and a negro attendant for our mountain excursion; for we cannot walk far in this climate with enjoyment. While the steeds are saddling, we stretch ourselves on the sand under the shadow of this sea-grape, whose round, shield-like leaves are veined with richest crimson, and whose long racemes of purple berries tempt the eye and the palate, and admire the tufts of white lilies, having the fragrance of carnations, whose bulbs delight to be washed by the wavelets of the sea.

We are mounted; and now let us rapidly get over the lowland slopes, to reach the loftier regions as early in the day as possible. The sun has not yet risen; and there is a dewy freshness in the air, as the dying land-wind of the night comes off in intermitting breathings, bringing the perfume of ten thousand flowers. Here, between cliffs of limestone, where creepers festoon the rock, and the noble trumpet-blossoms of the Portlandia, snowy-white, and each eight inches long, hang down from the clustering foliage, out of every fissure,—we make our way up a steeply rising track. The cliffs on either hand soon begin to recede, and we emerge on a road between pastures of Guinea-grass, whose brightness never withers under the driest seasons. Orange-trees line the road, loaded with their golden fruit; and sops and custard-apples, and luscious naseberries and guavas, are scattered over the fields. Birds have awaked: the petchary, earlier than the yard-cock, long ago piped from the fronds of the tall cocoa-palm; and yonder we see one continuing his simple song with unabated energy, opening ever and anon, as he shifts from twig to twig, the bright golden coronet upon his head. Ha! he is not doing that for nothing. It is the expression of excitement. He has ceased to sing; watch him! A large beetle is crawling near; which is in the act of spreading its wing-sheaths for flight. Off it sails on drony wing! the petchary instantly makes sail too; catches the heavy prey, and bearing it in triumph to his watch-post, beats it to pieces with his strong hooked beak, and swallows it.

Sweetly from the tangled woods of yonder hill issue the mellow notes, soft and broken, of the merle; you would think it your own familiar blackbird, by the note, and would scarcely be undeceived by a sight of the bird itself; but it is a species peculiar to us. What we here call blackbirds are larger birds, allied to the cuckoo; impudent, clamorous, sociable creatures, with a noisy, intrusive cry, like "Going away! going away! going away!" as they sail along on short, heavy wing, and long, balancing tail, close to the ground. There! we hear of a flock of them now; and yonder they are in the cattle-pasture, blackening the ground. They are cutting the droppings through and through, searching for maggots and worms; and for this purpose they are provided with a very deep, knife-like ridge on their beaks, which serves them as a ploughshare. See, too! on the backs of the patient kine, and clustering around their feet, are other sable attendants; sable they look from hence, but if we were close, we should find them adorned with the richest steely purple and blue-green reflections. With what business-like earnestness each searches among the hair of the cow he has selected to patronize, digging for bots and ticks; or walks round and round, with the ivory-white eye turned up, scrutinizing the grazing beast beneath, and now and then springing upward to seize the insect prey. Away goes one, the boat-shaped tail folded on itself, with a sharp metallic cry, which reminds you of the smitings of a smith upon his anvil. From this sound, we call the familiar bird the Tinkling.

As we proceed we hear the low sweet cooings of hundreds of doves of various species coming from the woods. These sounds are eminently characteristic of the early day, in these wooded slopes. The loud and vehement call of the white-winged turtle-dove, "Two *bits* for two!" is pertinaciously uttered; or now and again exchanged for its stammering cry of eight notes, of which the last is protracted with a moaning fall. The pea-dove shows its plump form of purplish-fawn colour, and its large melting gazelle-eye, on the road before us, dusting itself almost under our horse's feet, or sits in the shadow of the groves, and coos, "Sary coat true-blue!" And ground-doves, no larger than sparrows, congregate in small flocks on the pasture-lands, searching for seeds of grass and weeds, and shout "Meho! meho!" or a loud and hollow "Whoop!"

The birds have their proper regions. We are attaining a considerable elevation, and are passing by a narrow path through a dense copse of small trees—bastard-cedar and logwood, with fiddle-wood and mahogany, much interlaced with briers and twiners. Here we see the beautiful and gentle whitebelly dove walking to and fro in the green-wood shade, picking up fruit-seeds; its light-coloured plumage rendering it conspicuous; while from all sides the mournful sobbing notes of this species resound.

"The negroes delight to ascribe imaginary words to the voices of birds, and indeed for the cooings of many of the pigeons, this requires no great stretch of imagination. The beautiful whitebelly

complains all day, in the sunshine as well as the storm,—'Rain, come, wet me through!' each syllable uttered with a sobbing separateness, and the last prolonged with such a melancholy fall, as if the poor bird were in the extremity of suffering. But it is the note of health, of joy, of love; the utterance of exuberant animal happiness; a portion of that universal song wherewith 'everything that hath breath may praise the Lord.' The plumage, as usual in this family, is very soft and smooth; the expression of the countenance most engagingly meek and gentle. And it is a gentle bird. I have taken one into my hand, when just caught in a springe, full grown and in its native wildness; and it has nestled comfortably down, and permitted its pretty head and neck to be stroked, without an effort to escape, without a flutter of its wings."

A short turn of the path brings us out of the wood upon an open plateau, whence the eye commands a noble view of the coast for many a league, and of the silvery Caribbean Sea stretching away to a far-distant horizon. The sun is just rising out of a bank of refulgent clouds, and shedding a transparent glory, a sort of veil of golden gauze, on every object within reach of his ray. Hundreds of winged songsters tune their throats to welcome his beam; the glittering lizards peep forth, and bask in the crevices of the rocks: and bright-winged butterflies leap into activity, and dance over the blushing flowers.

How gorgeous is sunrise, when viewed from a commanding elevation in the tropics! And perhaps under no circumstances is it more beautiful than when seen from the verdant mountains of an island, where the emergence of the orb from the glittering ocean can be commanded, while the immediate surroundings are those of the forest and the peak, where the effects of the slanting sunlight on the varied foreground, the green and brown trunks of the columnar trees, the broad masses of foliage, and the gloomy recesses between; the many-coloured rocks breaking out, with their festoons of verdure; the gay insects and birds and flowers,—give fine contrasts and harmonies; and where the crowns of the loftier hills, the pointed peaks, lighting up with sudden purple and gold, give an imperial magnificence to the prospect.

Look at this ancient silk-cotton tree! what a fine object is it, illumined in the morning sun! The enormous perpendicular spurs stand out like radiating walls from the huge trunk, looking almost as white as marble in the bright light, and throwing the recesses into dark shadow. Trace up the vast pillar-like trunk! the eye wanders up a hundred feet before it detects a branch to break the uniformity of its column; there the huge boughs spread horizontally, each one a vast tree for bulk and extent. What an aspect of strength in those contorted and gnarled limbs! How far away they carry the umbrageous canopy of foliage! And see, too, what a microcosm is such a tree as this! The hoary trunk is studded at intervals with tufts of parasitic plants of the pine-apple tribe; these are called wild-pines; they do not bear eatable fruit, but their blossoms are often of great splendour. There is one now in flower: from a tuft of rigid arching leaves, which form sheathing cylinders at the base, springs a fine spike of closely-set flowers, of the richest purple and crimson dyes. Another kind has the sheathing leaves more compactly overlapping in a sort of herring-bone or zig-zag fashion, whence projects a longer, looser, and more branched raceme of scarlet and yellow blossoms. There are many not now in flower, for they vary in their season of blooming, but the leaves show that they differ in species, though they possess a general family resemblance. One sort, common enough, is not at all ornamental. The negroes call it "old man's beard;" the stems are very long, and as slender as wire, which form great ragged pendulous tufts of a dull hoary grey hue.

And there, in the forks of the huge limbs, grow enormous matted masses of various vegetation, too remote from our eyes to be identified in detail; but we discern branches of orchideous blooms hanging in the air; and feathery ferns arching out their elegant tracery; and creepers running along the boughs, and what look like tussocks of wiry grass at intervals, but which are small tiny-flowered orchids, and long, long ends of green twine hanging many yards in length, now looped up in a loose bight, now swinging in the wind in mid-air, now almost touching the earth, and dividing at their extremities into three or four smaller threads.

Here we leave our steeds, and penetrate these lofty woods. How solemnly still is the air! A subdued green light, like that of an ancient cathedral, is diffused, to which our eyes are scarcely yet accustomed. The huge old trunks look like the pillars of the Gothic fane, and from far up in the groined roof come dancing beams of bright light, green and yellow and crimson, where the sun's ray falls on a single leaf or flower, that remind one of the stained glass of lofty windows. The butterflies are gaily flitting about the margin of the forest; for they are children of the sun; the flowers too are there; the shrubs are tall and close-leafed, and covered with varied blossom; but neither insects nor flowers venture far within the gloom of these primeval woods, save here and there, where openings in the leafy roof admit the bright sunbeams, and make a little parterre on the floor. But delicately cut Lycopodiums of the tenderest green creep over the ground, like a soft Turkey carpet, thrown over everything; gnarled roots, outcrops of rugged stone, fallen trunks and branches, the trophies of the hurricane,—all are overspread with this verdant cloth which softens all the angles, permitting the general outlines to appear, but concealing the roughnesses.

Ferns, too, delight in this softened light, and they are here by myriads. Here at the base of a giant fig-tree, is a noble crown of the golden Phlebodium, with its elegantly pinnate fronds arching widely over our heads; beautiful are its thick twisted rhizomes, covered with golden hair that glistens with satiny lustre, and the delicately fine rootlets, as slender as thread, that cling to the grey roots of the tree, crossing and re-crossing, and meandering over them like a spider's web. In the crevices of the rocks are tufts of lovely light-green maiden-hair; some more minutely delicate than our own Devonshire species; others with noble trapezoidal pinnæ of large size, which gracefully diminish in regular graduation to the tip of the pointed frond.

And here are ferns which are altogether strange to an European eye. Climbing ferns, whose slender scaly stems, something like the body of a snake, run up the lofty trees, clinging to the bark, fringed throughout their irregular windings with small rigid fronds, like the oval leaves of a cranberry or myrtle.

Stranger still than these are the noble tree-ferns. Here we approach a part of the humid forest where these forms are characteristic. Slender stems, as straight as an arrow, thirty feet high, but no thicker than a man's thigh, covered with the diamond-shaped scars of old fallen leaves, set in regular diagonal arrangement, bear at their summit a gracefully swelling crown of leaf-bases, so compact and so regular as to resemble the elegantly fluted knob of a cast-iron pillar, which narrows again before it expands into a wide umbrella of finely-cut foliage, each frond a fac-simile of one of our familiar lady-ferns, or shield-ferns, or brakes, immensely developed. Other kinds, of somewhat inferior altitude, but of equal expanse, are beset with formidable spines on the upper part of the stem, while the lower part is wholly encased in a coating of wiry rootlets, black, interlaced, and ever wet with the condensed moisture of these humid woods.

Yes, everything here is saturated with moisture. The air has a warm steamy feel, like that of a wash-house; you cannot, indeed, *see* the clouds of vapour, because there is no surrounding cold air to condense it, but you *feel* it, and breathe it,—soft, clammy, heavy. The mosses and lycopodiums, when trodden on, are like soaked sponges; streamlets trickle down the rough trunks, and the great hollow leaves of the arums and caladiums hold water in their hollows, not only in silvery globules, but in cupfuls, clear and sparkling. The sheathing bases of the wild pines that grow everywhere upon these tree-stems are reservoirs of water, in whose genial depths the great painted tree-toads lie all day bathing their naked limbs, and from whence they utter those startling shrieks, or moaning, gurgling objurgations, which by night terrify the superstitious vulgar with visions of the dreaded Duppy.

We cannot proceed far into the heart of the woods without a special provision of hatchets or machettes to hew for ourselves a passage; for the twisted lianes, like cords and cables, stretch from tree to tree, interlacing and forming treacherous loops and nooses; and many of these are so terribly spinous that they cannot be touched with impunity. Fallen trees lie in every direction, presenting thickets of branches; or the trunks are so decayed, that when you have climbed on one to get over, it gives way beneath your feet, and lets you suddenly down into a grave of saturated rotten wood. The duck-ants, or termites, have built their great earthy nests, like barrels, here and there, and you are in perpetual peril of treading on their galleries, and bringing an army of ferocious biting insects upon you; or you sit down to wipe your perspiring brows, and in an instant are covered with a host of great coromantee ants, more furious than lions, the nip of whose immense jaws is enough to throw a man into a fever.

We are not yet at the top of this mountain-range. Let us return to our horses, and go higher yet. Cool, delightfully cool, as contrasted with the parched plains, are these elevated regions, and very pleasant is a ride up this narrow bridle-path, turning and winding to ease the ascent. Now we break out on a new view of the silvery ocean sparkling under a vertical sun; now we obtain a magnificent glance over the mountain-forest, and over successive ranges of hills, range beyond range, far into the interior. Now, again, the prospect is bounded to a few yards, on one side an almost perpendicular limestone cliff, covered with gorgeous-flowered twiners, and gay with butterflies and gilded beetles, with prickly aloes, and dwarf fan-palms growing in the crevices, and on the lower side a wilderness of bush, with here and there the broad flag-like leaves of a banana, or the glorious pyramid of pink blossom of a mountain-pride breaking the uniformity, or the slender stem of a cabbage-palm lifting its shining crown loftily above the mass. Now the forest boughs are meeting over our heads, shutting out the sky, and making a grateful greenwood shade; and now we are passing along one of those pleasant bamboo walks that are so characteristic of the steep mountain roads in this island. These have been planted by man, for the preservation of the roads which are scarped out of the rocky face of the hill. The gradual disintegration of the exterior edge of the road from external causes, such as the weather, and the wear of travelling, would soon destroy its level, and necessitate the cutting of it afresh. To prevent this, it is found sufficient to lay down lengths of green bamboo just below the edge of the road, along the mountain-side, and cover them with earth. These germinate at every joint, roots strike into the earth, binding it firmly, and a rampart of young shoots springs up, which, increasing every year in number and size, effectually prevent the crumbling away of the edge, and by throwing their feathery arches over the road, form beautiful green avenues, under whose grateful shadow the traveller may journey for miles, and scarcely feel the toil of the steep ascent.

Here, where the calcareous rock recedes from the perpendicular and forms a steep slope, allowing the growth of trees, though the ground is covered with irregular blocks of broken stone, elegant species of shelled mollusca, snails, and similar creatures, abound. A limestone region is essential to the abundance of these animals, because it enters so largely into the composition of their shells. As we ride by, we see the beautiful shells, many of them of porcellanous polish, and exquisitely painted in bands and stripes of colour, or most delicately sculptured,—clinging to the leaves of the trees; and if we were to turn over the loose stones we should find them in wonderful variety and number, sheltered from the heat of the sun in those cool and moist retreats; for, as with our own homely kinds, night is the appointed season of their activity.

Yonder floats by a flock of parrots with a most abominable combination of harsh screams. It is the yellow-bill, intent on a new feeding-ground. Like an immense Indian shawl spread in the air, the compact flock speeds by, all on the same level, but undulating; as each bird presents a plumage

of golden green, with azure wings, and scarlet tail-webs,—the sunbeams playing over the array of colours has a charming effect. There the bright cloud settles on a cordia-tree, whose profuse scarlet berries give a ruddy hue to it even at this distance; but which are destined to a speedy dissolution in those greedy gizzards. Silent as death are the squalling birds, now that they are on the food-tree, and if we had not seen them alight, we should not suspect their existence there.

Our steeds are wearied with the six hours' ascent, and here we attain our utmost elevation. Leaving them to regale themselves on the juicy bread-nut leaves which faithful Sambo will pluck for them, and leaving him to enjoy the siesta which he will then gladly take

——"patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,"

or whatever he may consider as the proper equivalent of the classic *fagus*, we will make our way into a sweet glade, so solemn, so still, so lonely, so cool, so bowery, so delightful to every sense, that you will confess it is worth the half-day's ride to have visited it.

It is a narrow ferny lane, shut in by blossoming bushes, with the forest trees growing a few yards back, and screening us with their towering foliage from all but a gleam or two of quivering sunlight. The noble, reed-like leaves of the Indian-shot throw up their scarlet spikes, and bunches of fantastic orchids are drooping from almost every tree. Here is the fragrant Epidendrum, filling the atmosphere with the perfume of its curious white blossoms, which are, too, very pretty, the lip shaped like a deep spoon, and its waxy whiteness picked out within in crimson lines. See too that compact mass of rich violet bloom, that projects from a tuft of leathery leaves low down on the trunk of that small lancewood: it is the Ionopsis, a lovely orchid that affects these dense woods. There also the Lycaste that bears the name of Lady Barrington, whose waxen flowers of creamy white stand out from the plexus of winding roots below the bulb, is seen abundantly on the low trees, hardly aspiring to rise above the ground: while the beauteous crimson Broughtonia, one of the most charming of all our orchids, frequently seats itself among the boughs of some lofty fig or Santa Maria, some eighty or a hundred feet above the spectator.

I called this lane lonely. Nay; for it is populous with gay life. One of the very loveliest of birds, not of Jamaica only, but of the whole world, makes this secluded spot his most chosen resort. Look along the avenue! Why, within a score yards, there are a dozen humming-birds in sight at the same moment; and what humming birds! They are all of the same species —the very gem of our ornithology, Polytmus, the long-tailed. Brighter-coloured kinds you may find in Bolivia or Peru; but for elegance of form, combined with tasteful beauty, I think our little friends here can seldom be excelled. As they flit to and fro, visit the flowers, disappear within the shadowy woods, shoot again into the sunlight, hang on invisible wings over a blossom, probe it for the nectar, cling to its corolla with the tiny purple feet, dart out after a gnat, dash at a rival in the air, whirl round and round in playful combat, return to the flowers, suck and suck again, they give us ample opportunity to approach them, and mark their beauty, their vivacity, and their minuteness. The velvet-black hood, the golden back, the lengthened pair of sable streamers behind, the long coral beak, and, above all, the gorget of the most lustrous emerald radiance, changing to black by the slightest alteration, then flashing back the gemmeous light again—how lovely are these! And the beauteous little creature is so fearlessly familiar, confident, perhaps, in its locomotive powers, that we may come close up to it, as it sucks, without alarming it.

Did you mark that long solemn note? There! another! and another!—each just two notes below its predecessor; each sustained like the notes of a psalm, clear and sweet as the sounds of a flute. There sings one of the most eminent of our woodland vocalists, the Solitaire, rarely heard except in the loneliness of these high elevations. The Spaniards used to say it chants the *Miserere*. So sweet, so solemn, so unearthly are the notes, recurring at measured intervals, and uttered by an almost invariably invisible performer, that the mind is remarkably impressed; and it would require little tendency to superstition to induce the belief, in a stranger who heard it for the first time in these majestic solitudes, that he had heard the voice of an angel.

But evening is drawing on apace: the sun is fast declining, and we must leave these charming scenes. Let us begin to descend. Evening merges quickly into night in these latitudes.

The blue and the bald-pate doves are flying over our heads in little parties, each kind seeking the frequented roosting-tree; the jabbering crow flits along with its strange guttural talk; the great potoo hoots from yonder stump; the white owl shrieks in the sky. Now the loud harsh screams of the aramus pierce the wood, coming down from the stony hill-side; the cracked voice of the gecko proceeds from the hollow tree; and the shrill metallic note of some tree-frog, singularly sharp and penetrating, rises from every part of the woods below us.

The night-blowing cactus is opening its large and beautiful disk of petals like a sun, and its fragrance is almost overpowering. The perfume of a thousand other flowers is now brought out by the falling dew; and large dusky moths are hurrying to and fro to enjoy their nectar. And now, queen of night, the moon arises; and scores of wakeful mocking-birds salute her beam, and begin their rich and varied notes, which are to fill the night with music. Fireflies are shooting through the glooms, making lines of ruddy or green light, or glowing like torches as they sit upon the dewy leaves.

We are again on the shore. Beauteous Jamaica, good-night!

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE.

TIME AND ITS MEASUREMENT.

TIME, which we can neither see, nor feel; smell, taste, or hear; which enters not in directly at any one of the five gateways of knowledge; which has to human perception neither beginning nor end, but spreads abroad on every side, past, present, and future, to an indefinite extent;—time yet produces its effects on all created things, and to man is more valuable than gold, yea than much fine gold.

In itself an essence, an attribute of the Deity, and with Him only infinite; with man how finite! To-day he is, flourishing as the flower of the field; to-morrow he is cut down, and his place knoweth him no more.

Yet God knoweth him, and the same Omniscient Being, who allows not a hair of his head to fall to the ground without caring for it, can so look into that little space of time which he gave man upon earth, that it is magnified before Him into infinite infinity of moments; and the journal of each one of those little moments of time, whether laden with good or evil, in thought or deed, and whatsoever can contribute to show how that soul acquitted itself when in the flesh, is duly recorded, and shall never be forgotten.

There is thus an infinity in time, in whichever direction we look at it. On the grand scale, we can pass beyond the petty length of years this world of ours may have lasted, but recoil in confusion on attempting to comprehend within our human mind's grasp, the idea of that mighty God who has existed from before all things; and are appalled in contemplating a future for-ever-and-ever, with an eternity of glory or pain depending on a short sublunary trial only, and a Heavenly mediation decided on before the world began.

On the small scale, again, time divides and subdivides continually, and is none the less perfect. Savage man, neither has power to penetrate into Nature's mystery of the infinity of moments that are in reality coiled up within an ordinary, so-called, moment of time; nor again, to raise his mind to the contemplation of those grand agglomerations of moments, which form epochs and ages of ages. Yet his rise in the social scale, and still more his realization of being formed in the likeness of his Maker, is inextricably wound up with his advance in the knowledge of both the one and the other; yea, and blessed be God Almighty, who has so framed us, the world we inhabit, and the universe which surrounds us, that, utterly unapproachable as the constitution of time may be, yet precisely in proportion as man does struggle to acquire an acquaintance with it, either on the large or small scale, so does his comprehension of it increase, together with his capacity to appreciate and utilize it to the utmost. As with virtue, so with a knowledge of time, to a certain extent, merely to wish for more *is* to have it.

FIRST STEPS IN MEASURING TIME.

We are Divinely allowed to know something of time, first by its lapse; and that, as indicated by the regular changes or repetitions gone through by some of the glorious works of creation. No man can be so obtuse as not to recognise the alternation of day and night; and the most primitive races of men have ever looked to each successive day as undeniably a new step of time.

But day following day in equal glory would soon confuse the reckoning and dull the admiration of even the warmest-hearted savage; so there we immediately find the extraordinary under-current which pervades even apparent uniformity in nature, and the continually-increasing helps which are everywhere to be found in creation by those who diligently seek after them; for, no two following days, even under a cloudless sky, are precisely alike; and though their difference be so small as not to be at once perceptible to unassisted observation, yet the accumulated effects of many days are soon unmistakeable. Hence, starting with the period of the sun bursting forth in warmth and vigour in spring, passing on through the noontide plenitude of summer-heat, the decreasing light of autumn, and the darkness and cold of winter, to spring again,—as perceptible a cycle of change is obtained as that of day, or from sunrise to sunrise again; and with the advantage of summing up for us, without any possibility of error, 365 of those shorter periods, and carrying them without further tax in men's memory.

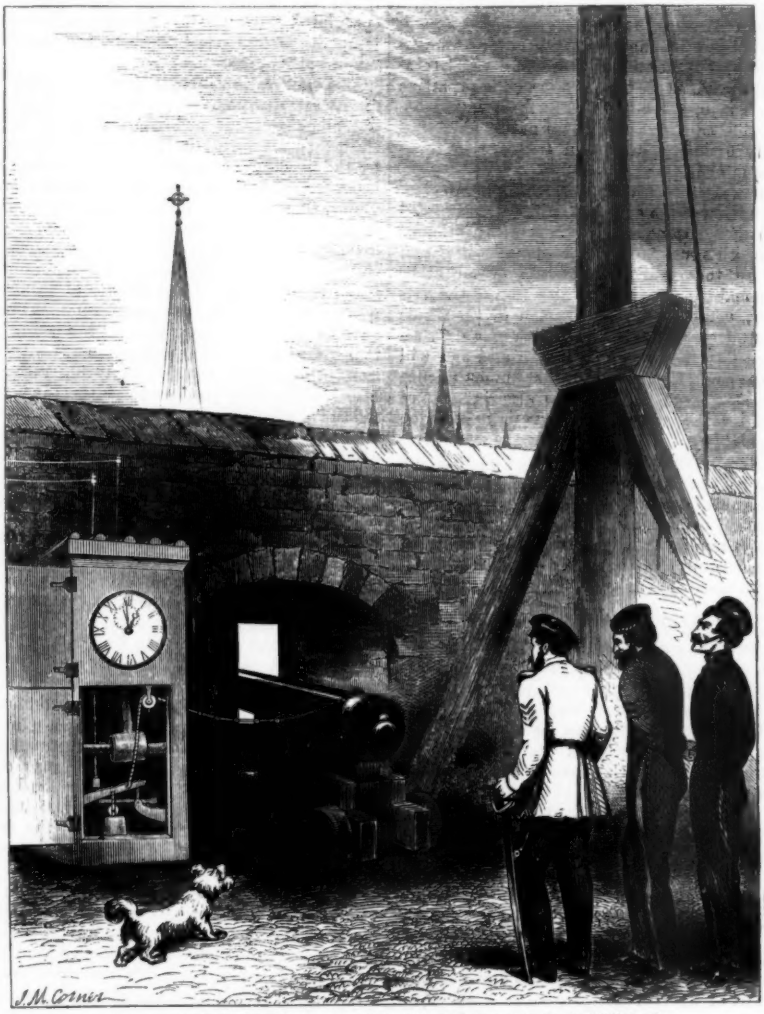
The year and the day are thus soon attained to by primitive man; the former being as large a space of time, and the latter as small, as he generally cares to use; and if the one be rather too numerous a multiple of the other for all his purposes, the gentle moon is ever at hand, with its period of twenty-eight days only, to serve as the scale by which to measure intermediate portions of time.

STEPS OF ACCUMULATION.

Not long did the more inquiring nations of men rest contented with these three first natural cycles for distinguishing the passage of time, and defining the day, the month, and the year; for, captivated by the infinity belonging to grandeur, they perpetually aimed at discovering larger cycles still. Thus it was, that both Egyptians and Greeks before the

birth of Christ, had ascertained an apparent movement of the stars, with reference to the pole of the sky and the path of the sun, since called the precession of the equinoxes, and completing its round in a space of time not less than 25,000 years.

This conclusion, reasoned out from the observation of only a very small portion of the whole revolution, though mysterious to all, and doubted by some of the ancients, yet had the useful effect of enlarging their conceptions of great portions of time, and teaching them something of the wondrous structure of the heavens. It has also been not only fully confirmed by modern observation, and traced by mathematicians to its more imme-



Three seconds before One o'Clock P.M. at the Half-Moon Battery of the Castle of Edinburgh.

diate acting mechanical cause, but the whole heavens are found to be filled with similar "pendulums of eternity," as they have been called; for not a planet revolves about the sun, nor even the sun itself as a star amongst the stars, but it has besides that one comparatively quick or periodical movement of revolution, a series of exceedingly slow or 'secular" changes in the manner, shape, and position of its path of revolution; which changes are for ever oscillating backwards and forwards between certain limits, just as regularly as the vibrations of an ordinary pendulum, but in periods of thousands upon thousands of years; and with a sensibility to perturbing influences from unknown realms of space.

Eminent success in discovery had thus attended

man's earliest efforts to appreciate the grandeur of agglomeration, yet with the undoubted result of showing at every step, that there is a further amount still of that God-like order of the infinity, beyond all which he has yet reached or may reach; and capable of altering the precise value of whatever he has yet deduced as to the periods of the longer cyclical movements of planets, sun, or stars. Whence it comes, in fact, that after all his daring flights into the depths of the starry universe, and amongst cycles of most exalted order, man is obliged to fall back on the simple and short rotation of the earth on its own axis,—or the primitive unit of all men, the day,—as the most invariable phenomenon he has access to in nature, and the only fully understandable and trustworthy measure of true time.

The conclusion seems strange, yet is reasonable, for the rotation of the earth upon its axis is exposed to none of the same causes of slow disturbance which affect its movements of translation in space, and indeed the similar movements of all other spheres; and though even the direction of the axis may alter, yet the time of rotation of the whole mass around that line, or the length of a day, remains sensibly the same from age to age, and will remain the same for any period that human science can well look through. It forms also a species of middle unit amongst all the various units of time; or, the point from which, extending in one direction, we continually accumulate, and look to grand astronomical cycles, for verification of long periods and multiples of days; but, extending in the other, we continually subdivide, and having no astronomical cycle smaller than the day, must then recur to other natural phenomena, or even to artificial devices for assisting our general impressions.

STEPS OF SUBDIVISION.

Now the methods and qualities of mind that can be employed for subdividing the day, are so perfectly different from those for multiplying it,—that there is hardly any more striking characteristic of the old Greek civilisation than its signal want of all those methods, theoretical and practical, for subdividing time, which have become quite a second nature now with every man, woman, and child of the Anglo-Saxon cultivated age.

That the possession of the one quality of mind does not necessarily entail the other, is abundantly shown by the fact, that the best astronomer amongst the Greeks could not indicate the occurrence of any daily phenomenon nearer than about a quarter of an hour. That was his smallest appreciable or certain subdivision of the day; yet he had risen to a conception of that grand and silent movement of all the host of heaven, the precession of the equinoxes. Amongst ourselves we have, on the contrary, met with an eloquent member of the British House of Commons, who had never heard, or if he had heard, did not remember anything whatever of the precession of the equinoxes, and of that slow motion which will in 12,000 years carry the pole of rotation of the nocturnal sky far away from its present polar star,—yet he had in his pocket a watch distinguishing seconds, and true perhaps at the instant to within half a dozen of such very small instants of time.

Let us not, however, think disparagingly or lightly of the Greeks; they worked a work in their day of the highest importance to man; for, living in an early epoch before the full revelation of God, the first and most constant effort of all their better philosophy ever was, to seek to know the greatness of God; and they sought him as diligently as mere unassisted men can do, in everything that was grand and glorious in heaven or on earth, and speculated with all the subtilty of their finely-tempered metaphysical minds on the nature of His mighty attributes.

But we live in different times, and under a different dispensation. God himself taking pity on the blind gropings and the failings of men, has since then revealed Himself in the Scriptures, and by the teaching of his Son. There we may at once learn far more of all the highest attributes of Divinity, than the mere mind of man would in thousands of years have found out for itself. The highest aim of the Greek philosophy was, therefore, transcended in an instant by the teaching of Scripture; a knowledge of the infinite of accumulation was accomplished for us; and from that epoch we have been left free to employ all the inventive and inquiring faculties of our minds in the other direction of scientific aim, on Natural, rather than Moral, Philosophy; and on the hitherto unexplored infinite of subdivision. There, in that department, possibilities are opened up to us which elsewhere would be vain to aspire after. We cannot, if we would, live lives of a thousand years; nay, we cannot add one year to our span: we cannot accumulate for ourselves anything of time; but we can learn to subdivide it; and *if* we come to perceive and savingly feel that there are really two moments of time where we believed that there was only one before, that is a virtual extension of our life, a bettering of our existence, a step, though an infinitely small one, in the direction which God has intended us to tread, in trying to imitate and acquire, by his grace, some approach to his boundless power over time as over all other things.

Of himself, and simply as born into the world, how weak the senses of man! surpassed in each and every one of them by many a lower animal! But then he has a mind given to him, and a desire implanted therein, ever to strive after improving those natural gifts; and, as regards the sense of seeing, what an exaltation of it has he not been permitted to effect!

With others of his senses, however, man is still vastly below many of the animals in delicacy and power of appreciation; and in nothing, perhaps, is he so deficient, compared with some, as in the capacity for appreciating small subdivisions of time. This is a faculty which seems continually to sharpen, the smaller the organized beings; for with them, the voluntary and involuntary muscles all act more quickly; and at last, with the minutest forms of life yet discovered, whether vegetable or animal, they go through all their stages of life, from birth to maturity, death, and decay in a portion of time which is to us a mere moment, to them a whole existence.

It is astonishing what lessons we might thus learn from the lower and smaller of created things, as to the importance and power of short intervals

of time. Such lessons, too, may still be learned, and savingly; though, before the full advantage of them can be drawn forth, some means must be possessed of making up for the necessary irregularity of their occurrence, and the comparative rather than absolute features in their indications. So that what man first and chiefly needs under our present heading, is, to supplement his one and only constant natural unit of time by a series of smaller units, which shall rival the original one in regularity, and form a secure groundwork for the correct education of his faculties, as well as the exact correlation of all his other phenomena of observation.

Hence the mere attainment in mediæval times of nearly *equal* hours, for the first rude subdivision of the day and night into twelve parts each, was something gained in the right direction. This, however, though apparently so simple now, the Greeks, as a people, never reached; for, beginning their hours with sunrise, they assumed twelve of them always to measure the interval to sunset, whether in summer or winter, *i.e.*, in long or short days, and short or long nights. This was a sad stumbling-stone in the way of their advancing further in the subdivision of time; and a stumbling-stone which the Christianized Saxon mind, when the day of its civilisation presently came on, did not allow long to remain; for by removing the beginning of their reckoning of every twelve hours to mid-day and midnight, they at once cut off all disturbing effect of the greater or less seasonal duration of daylight, as depending on the position of the sun north or south of the equator, and on the latitude of the particular place of observation.

Still, these were only *apparent* solar days; and they slightly vary, equally for the whole earth, at different periods of the year. Such days, therefore, would still make slightly unequal hours from month to month, were it not for the theoretical contrivance called "the equation of time," to reduce the variable motion of the apparent sun to the uniform motion of a mean or imaginary sun, with the earth moving about it in a circular, not an elliptical orbit. Hence there results, our ordinary or "mean solar" time, whose hours are perfectly equal all the year through; with such solar time, therefore, and such alone, can be used those incomparable inventions of Christian Europe, clocks and watches, to mark off its admirably equal hours, and subdivide these further into equal minutes, and these further still, whenever required, into equal seconds.

Now large public clocks are, and have long been, a favourite decoration for Christian churches, as opposed to heathen temples; and they are appropriate, showing, as they do, the passage of time, and how man inevitably draws nearer to his latter end. But they have not yet all the impressiveness which they might be endued with, and in a great measure from their usually exhibiting only hour and minute hands; hands which necessarily move so slowly, that the indolent man looking up, and, seeing them apparently stationary, thinks time itself is also sluggish, and that he, the idler, may take another doze without loss of anything for which his soul need care. Yet hold before such a man a common sand-glass, even of ancient and imperfect construction, and its visible momentary running away of the grains of sand, will perchance strike suddenly on that man's conscience, and convict him of the gift of God which he is allowing to pass from him for ever unused, unappreciated, and even unheeded. More, still, would a long and conspicuous seconds' hand, attached to each church clock, and moving through a large and visible angle,—recal the dreamer to his work, and the idler to the activity which God made him fully capable of, and intends to test his performances by on the awful judgment-day.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much," is a text which has already been admirably enlarged on in this publication; and has been well illustrated as indicating, "attend faithfully to the least things, which compose the much, and fear not the result." And again, "*take no heed for the morrow*, but take great heed of each day as it dawns upon you, and each hour of the day as it comes round;" yea too, and take great heed, likewise, to every minute of every hour, and every second of every minute; but then, as a practical aid to these being so improved, let the leaders of the people ordain, that the public timepieces of every Christian church be made to show forth each little second of immortal time, clearly, impressively, unmistakeably.

All this can, and in a Christian country should, be done, as a help to the best interests of the people, and a furtherance of that distinction which is already so manifest between a Pagan-Greek and a Christian-Saxon civilisation. A mere sparing, too, of the expense of carving stocks and stones, and repeating the vain adornments of Corinthian pillars, would generally enable this more ethereal addition to be made at once to every modern church.

Then, however, may arise a question, amongst the souls most anxious to be directed aright, "Granted that a clock shall show the stream of its mechanical imitation of seconds of time running visibly off before every man's eyes,—but what if the seconds it shows at any instant be not the true ones! if they do not coincide with the one and only absolute measure of invaluable time which God has placed it in the opportunity of man to refer to?"

Ay, that is indeed an important question; and one which can never be too frequently asked in connexion with any of the works of mortal man. By all means, therefore, let us consider it here.

ACCURACY OF SUBDIVISION.

That some things there are fully possible to man, but others again where he can never hope to reach perfection, a clock or a watch most abundantly demonstrates. On the face, for instance, there may be twelve divisions called hours; and while one hand is passing from one of these so-marked hours to another, a certain other hand may pass before sixty divisions called minutes; and while this latter hand is passing before one of these minute divisions, a certain other hand still may be contrived so as to pass before yet other sixty divisions called seconds. All this can be accomplished absolutely and perfectly; and it may make the machine by name a clock or a watch, but that is not time; it

is merely a mechanical arrangement, which is so arranged, and has not even any necessary similarity to the time of Heaven.

But if these hands are set in motion, auto-mechanically, and with the intention that the spaces from division to division in the several circles shall be passed over by their respective hands, always in equal lengths of time; and that these lengths of time shall correspond to equivalent subdivisions of the equal natural day,—then there immediately comes into view the difficult and exalted nature of the whole task attempted. For then, it is time itself which is endeavoured to be exhibited; and time is divine and infinite, while clock-work is human and finite.

Clock-work moves by jerks and at intervals; but no man ever yet, even with the aid of a powerful microscope, saw any intervals in the current of time; or could pretend that he had at last caught sight, through ever so much magnifying, of its final molecules and constituent particles.

Dependent chiefly on this infinite capacity for refinement and precision it is, that no matter how nearly a second, or a minute, or an hour, may be performed by a clock, to the proportionate subdivision of the day which these names are intended to represent, there always will be a something of difference really existing; a difference apparent at once to a more perfect existency; and to us becoming evident in the end, upon the continued accumulation of the error, with every repetition of the indicated cycle of time. Age after age have the clock-makers of the Christian world addressed themselves to their really high and solemn task; most often, too, in a spirit of full appreciation of its meaning; endeavouring to attain by the pendulum, or the balance-wheel, to regulate the motion of their chronometers so as to show truly to men the passage of undying time. But never have they laboured in this cause, without infallibly coming to this conclusion, that whatever success they may have attained beyond what their forefathers happily reached, they were still infinitely distant from perfect success; and that as high as is heaven above the earth, so is the nature of time above the power of man. He may be always advancing in his knowledge of it, and so far well; but the end is not of this world, and cannot be attained here. No matter, therefore, what may be the construction of any actual clock or watch, or who amongst skilful horologists was the maker; it has only to be compared with the progress of time in the heavens, and if its error is not apparent in one hour, it will be in a day; or if not in one day, it will be in a week, even to very ordinary observation; but an accurate observer will discover it much sooner.

"My watch goes perfectly," says some countryman, who has never compared its going with anything but his own imperfect senses of the passage of time. "My watch is right," says another, who, on comparing it with some special signal of the true time, finds it within a minute or so of what it should be; for a minute is the smallest quantity of time his watch professes to show, and he is not yet aware that there exist smaller intervals definitely measurable.

Yet not only are there such things as seconds, but it is quite possible in the present state of our civilisation, for those who will take the trouble, to be as certain about a second, as others are about a minute; and to find a second a considerable interval, capable of being divided many times.

The first practical step whereby to gain this end, is, to procure one of the better class of pendulum clocks, usually known to the trade as regulators; clocks with compensation pendulums to insure as much uniformity of going as possible; and a short, sharp tick at every second, that the act of going may be clearly caught by the ear.

The next step to the same end, is to compare the indication of such a clock with the heavens; and ascertain thereby both the amount of error at any instant, and the rate at which that error is accumulating. Such a mode of observing, too, is the only manner in which these things can be really ascertained; for although one man in civilized life may look at another's watch, and he at another's still, and he at all the public clocks of a great city, it is only lengthening a chain of error, and a chain without attachment at the further end; unless, indeed, the last timepiece referred to, should have been compared by some one with the sky. Much better therefore that the first man of the series, or he with the seconds striking clock, should have made the inestimable comparison.

Now the only true way in principle, and decidedly the most efficient in practice, is, to refer the clock hands to the shortest and most uniform of all astronomical cycles, viz., the rotation of the earth on its axis; and this phenomenon is defined by the interval in which a distant star is seen twice on the meridian of the same place—(not by the *sun* coming twice to the meridian, for that would include besides the axial rotation, part of the effect of our earth's revolution in its orbit, a movement which is variable in quantity at different seasons of the year; attaining to 61′ 9.9″ in December, but only to 57′ 11.5″ in June).

Hence, then, every astronomer, anxious for the most correct knowledge of time, begins by observing the stars; and from them obtaining sidereal, not solar, time. To this end he is furnished usually with an optical construction, called a transit-instrument, and consisting of a telescope so mounted as to move on a horizontal axis, and in the plane of the meridian. Thereby it shows each and every star, when pointed to the height at which such star comes on to the meridian, exactly at the moment of its crossing that important circle in the sky. As seen in the telescope's field of view, this motion of crossing is, by high magnifying power, made to appear exceedingly rapid, the star then moving through a sensible space in every second of time; and the observation consists in noting the *audible* whole second, and *visible* fraction of a second, at which the star passes each of several fixed lines placed in the focus of the telescope.

By next taking the mean of all these observed instants of the star's passage at the several wires, and applying small corrections for errors of adjustment of the telescope, the true instant of sidereal time may be determined from such an observation with ease to a tenth of a second; and by observ-

ing several stars throughout the night, the state of the clock with reference to the heavens can be ascertained with certainty to one or two hundredths of a second. And when this is done for any length of time, and day by day, it is found invariably that the clock is never going exactly; and though perhaps for several weeks, or even months of very favourable circumstances, never altering its whole amount of error by more than half-a-dozen seconds, —yet it is during that period, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing, and which of the two it is doing at any particular instant can only be absolutely ascertained by stellar observation. Hence, as correct time is the very first starting-point in every modern astronomical operation, each astronomer keeps up both by night and by day—for his telescopes enable him to see the principal stars by day with comparative ease, if the sky be clear—an unceasing series of observations for time.

Having thus then obtained the state of his sidereal clock with precision, the astronomer can from that, according to certain well-known formulæ, compute the mean solar time at the place, or its equivalent in the time of any leading meridian, as that of Greenwich; and then afford the particular community in the midst of which he lives, and in terms of the sort of time useful to them, the advantage of the last and most accurate result which he has drawn from the heavens.

The usual manner of exhibiting such result, has hitherto been, to have another clock adjusted to go as nearly as possible to such "Greenwich Mean Time;" and then affix to the case of it each day, a note of its then observed and calculated error. Latterly, however, the improved plan has been adopted in the principal observatories, of applying minute accelerating or retarding influences during given intervals, to such mean-time clock's pendulum; so that, if on comparison being made with the sidereal, the mean-time clock is found to be, say two-tenths of a second fast or slow,—the accelerating or retarding influence is brought to bear, for as many minutes as, by trial, are found just sufficient to remove the error; and this principle of correction is so delicate, that a hundredth of a second, fast or slow, in the time which the clock's seconds'-hand shows, can be removed or added with both facility and certainty. With the same accuracy, can the clock going to mean time, be compared with the other going to sidereal time, by the method of "coincidence of beats;" or noticing when the second of one clock, going about four minutes a day faster than the other, just catches up a second's beat of the other, and then passes it; a circumstance that takes place about every six minutes. And with the same accuracy, as already described above, are the transits of the stars observed for correcting the primitive or sidereal clock. This, therefore, completes the chain, together with the trusty suspension thereof; and gives us in the Mean-time corrected clock of each modern observatory, the closest approach that has ever yet been made, to a true and accurate exhibition of the time of Nature.

PUBLICATION OF EXACT RESULTS.

When once an important result has been arrived at, through much watching and labour on the part of one set of men in particular, its immediate and accurate publication for the benefit of the whole community is evidently most desirable.

Hence it came, that the Royal Observatory of Greenwich long ago led the way, and others have since followed its lead, in causing the seconds' hand of their respective daily, and most carefully corrected Mean-time clocks, at the instant of striking the second's tick of the 60th second which defines one o'clock, P.M., each day, to complete an electric circuit, and thereby pull an outside trigger. Whereupon, a large wooden or metal ball, which had previously been raised by hand to the top of a tall and conspicuous mast,—is suddenly caused to fall; and by such fall present to all the surrounding country a sharp and visible indication of the latest astronomical determination of true time.

This so-called "Time-Ball" signal was first inaugurated for the peculiar service of seamen, who need special accuracy in those timepieces with which the longitude of their ships on a voyage has to be ascertained. But of late years, without the system having become at all less useful or necessary to the sailor, it has acquired more appreciation with the community at large; from a growing sense on their part, both of the importance and sacredness of time itself, and from an earnest desire in every thing to enjoy truth rather than error.

Rather indeed with this, than with the sole navigation view, would it seem, that the citizens of Edinburgh recently combined, with some assistance from Government, to establish an *audible* signal of the true time; or, a "Time-Gun," in addition to, and supplementation of, the "Time-Ball," already existing in their city. This work, too, they have accomplished with a degree of accuracy and a completeness of effect in its daily performances, through now nearly ten months, which prove satisfactorily that another step in that important scale for man to tread in, viz., accuracy of subdivision of time, has been truly gained.

The Edinburgh Time-Gun signal, plainly described, consists of a large iron cannon, in the Half-Moon Battery at the Castle; which cannon, having been duly loaded and primed by the soldiers of the Royal Artillery, some time between twelve and one o'clock, is fired off precisely at that latter hour, by an electric influence from the corrected Mean-time clock of the Royal Observatory, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The action of the electricity in producing this effect, is indirect; for, from the Observatory clock, it passes through a long line of open-air wire, not to the *gun*, but to another clock close to the gun; and with the effect of keeping the rate of going of that clock always coincident with the one in the Observatory, and making it, in fact, a sort of local reproduction of all the other's indications, second for second. This method has the advantage that, in the first place, it gives the soldiers at the gun an accurate clock to look to, for the purpose of learning therefrom precisely how the time is progressing, and how their preparations ought to be made; and, in the next place, it enables the trigger, or firing-piece of the gun (in this case a "friction-fuse") not only to be pulled by the *mechanical* action of the clock, a surer sort of force,

under all weathers, than anything electrical, but it enables the pull to be commenced a short fraction of a second *before* one o'clock; whence it comes, that the slight retardation on absolute instantaneity which the train of processes for firing the gun would otherwise have entailed, is completely eliminated. So completely, indeed, that the actual final flash of the exploding gun in the Castle, is found, at every examination that has yet been made, to occur absolutely coincidently with the tick of the sixtieth second of the corrected mean-time clock in the Royal Observatory.

The scene which enacts itself at the Castle each day, just before and at the gun-fire, is worth anyone's while to climb that steep Plutonic rock to see. About ten minutes before one o'clock, the Master Gunner of the Royal Artillery, with his men armed with handspikes, rolls back the heavy gun from its embrasure, and rams in a full charge of powder. The gun is then returned to its former position, and accurately centred as to a definite distance and direction from the clock; after which it is left stationary, with all its dormant power and immense stability of weight. Next, at about two minutes before one o'clock, a chain from a trigger inside the clock is drawn forth, and hooked on to the ring of a friction-fuse placed in the gun's touch-hole, the inside trigger being thereby placed at full cock.

Master gunner and gunners, and every one about on the battery, now draw back, and leave the gun and clock together side by side, apparently for better or for worse. There is the gun, just as represented in our engraving, peering out of the embrasure over the town below, in all its ominous blackness of strength; and there is the delicate white-cased clock by its side, with its fairy-like seconds'-hand lightly yet swiftly treading from one second's stroke to another, in ceaseless, unwearied activity.

When at length the fifty-ninth minute is passed, and the last round of the seconds'-hand has commenced, then come trouble and anxiety to those around, developed in a looking again and again at the gun, and the chain, and the trigger. Are they all correctly placed? Each is glanced at in turn, from one side and from the other, is found correct, and then the seconds'-hand is looked to again. Why, it has hardly come to the seventh second of the sixty yet! Has it been standing still? No indeed! it has, on the contrary, been pacing its seconds as swiftly as ever, but the force of anxiety in the human mind had magnified those few seconds by all the thought and mistrust, the hopes and the longings, the glances of doubt, or the looks of congratulation which it indulged in, and the fear of being tried and found wanting in the end.

The journal of these final seconds of the clock, in truth, would be long to write; and we must rather leave the reader to experience it all in his own proper person. A long interval, therefore, has elapsed—but now, the time approaches, and is even at hand, for only see, the fifty-ninth second has struck its little tick;—yet why such an awful interval of suspense before the thin, blue hand flies on from that division to the sixtieth! It seems an age; the hand sticks there, and we make sure that something has gone wrong, that something was neglected which might have been looked to in time; but in a moment, and before we seem quite prepared for it, a flashing of moving bars in the lower part of the clock-case takes place, the trigger has been pulled, and the gun exploded; then a great roar peals out to the whole country, simultaneously with, but utterly drowning, the faint small tick of the sixtieth second at last.

At the same instant the ground quakes, the heavy weight of metal of the huge gun leaps backward in recoil; the battery itself is enveloped in the suddenly evolved cloud of white smoke; and the voice of the gun, instantaneously pronounced at the place, peals journeying on, on, over palace and cottage, over hill and valley, in widening circles of travelling sound, announcing alike to those who are without and those who are within, to those who are prepared and those who are not prepared at all, that another day is gone.

But the smoke of the explosion blows away again almost as soon as it was formed; and, behold, there is the gun once more perfectly quiescent; the distant Time-ball on the Nelson Monument, which was to be seen mounted up to the very top of its tall mast just the instant before the fire, is now down at the bottom again, and ensconced there as quietly as if it had never left that place of rest; and the seconds'-hand of the trusty gun-clock is beginning to step round another of its lightsome journeys. Just beginning, or at the second second only! why,—what a world of effects must have been, and were indeed, crowded into those two little seconds of fugitive time!

That useful clock-companion of the gun!—how faithful and true, through summer and winter, in rain, sunshine, and snow! The very stones and cyclopean masonry of the great battery crumble and slowly break under the daily effect of the fire; but still steps round and round that thin, weak seconds'-hand of the sensitive clock, without cessation, and without experiencing harm. And why? It is supported from moment to moment by an unseen influence which comes from without, electricity pulsing from the distant astronomical clock, and arriving for ever fresh and for ever new. Type of the faithful servant who lives with God ever present to his soul, and trusts through all the storms and quakings of the world, not so much to the material strength that was years ago implanted in the arm of flesh, as to the hallowed exercise of daily prayer.

Then the doors of the clock on the battery are locked up, and its face is hid from view until a similar hour on the approaching day, for it is employed solely as an adjunct to the Time-gun. Yet though so shortly seen, that interesting time-piece must have sufficiently demonstrated to all who beheld it, how, and by what means, each one of the public clocks of the Christian churches of a great city may now be caused, above and beyond all their present indications, to show forth the stream of never-ending time, with such visible seconds' strokes as should convict the consciences of many; and with a degree of truth according to nature, such as the world at large has never yet participated in.

C. PIAZZI SMYTH.

KING SIGURD, THE CRUSADER.

A NORSE SAGA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARTYRDOM OF KELAVANE."

THE minster bells from morning light
With solemn sweetness rang;
The trumpet-call of every knight,
Gave forth its brazen clang.

And friend with friend, stood hand in hand,
And foes were friends, that day,
When young King Sigurd left the land,
With the knights of Norroway.

And maid and wife, as dear as life,
All beautiful and true,
Stood weeping there, like roses rare,
All drooping wet with dew:

And many a silent prayer was prayed,
And many a heart was sore,
For love of wife, and love of maid,
And fears of Nevermore.

And through the crowd, whose shouts were loud,
While women wept with ruth,
Came the King, the young Crusader,
In the beauty of his youth.

Scarce s nteen suns their summer light,
Upon his cheek had shed;
And his yellow hair was golden bright,
As the crown upon his head.

He passed the loveliest of the land,
The pride of many a hall,
And little maiden Hinda's hand,
He kissed before them all.

"I'm nameless but for Magnus' line,
Unknown but for my crown,
I'll wed thee when its gold doth shine,
In the light of my renown,"

He said, and then with all his men,
He sail'd through Agg'hrus' Bay,
And King Sigurd the Crusader,
Was the King of Norroway.

There's manhood in the mountain land,
There's freedom on the sea—
The might of heart that must command—
The hearts that must be free.

And southward where the summers smile,
Their gilded galleys dance,
They feasted long in England's isle,
And fought the knights of France.

Where'er the Red-cross Banner led
Against the Moors of Spain,
Along the van the Sea-kings' blade
Shower'd round its ruddy rain.

The iron tide of war they turn'd
At Cintra and Seville;
And many a Moorish widow mourn'd
The fair-hair'd Norseman's steel.

As down the Scareberg's trembling void,
Sweep ice-bound floods of snow;
As rolls the Maelstrom's deadly tide,
From Mosky to Meroe;

So broke then war o'er land and sea,
Where Paynim foe was found;
And the Corsairs of brown Barbary
They drove through Nörfa's* Sound.

Red roll'd the wave o'er many a grave,
On Formentura's shore,
With freedom to the Christian slave
Who pull'd the pirate's oar;

And green Minorca's captives free,
Round young King Sigurd cling;
And Roger, Earl of Sicily,
He crown'd and made a king.

In many a tongue the praise was sung,
In many a minstrel's lay,
Of King Sigurd the Crusader,
And the Knights of Norroway.

When first in holy Palestine,
Their pilgrim feet they set,
They knelt and kissed that land divine
Which God's own blood had wet;

They rode like men for war arrayed,
These northern Sea-kings all;
And all their way King Baldwin spread,
With purple and with pall.

"Such pomp our state but seldom brooks;
Our arms are all our store;
But look ye as your leader looks,—
Look ever on before!"

And thus they trod where'er they rode,
O'er royal robes, that lay
Like dust beneath King Sigurd's feet,
And the Knights of Norroway.

King Baldwin sought with treasure brought
To try their strength once more;
They look'd as though they saw it not—
Look'd ever on before.

"Your gold give to yon pilgrim band,"
The young King Sigurd said;
"He wants not wealth by sea or land
Who wears the Norseman's blade."

Then came they where stood miadens fair
In richest raiment dress'd,
Whose loveliness, King Baldwin sware,
Would thaw Pope Sergius' breast.

"See, over them, Jerusalem,
All desolate this day,"
Said King Sigurd, the Crusader,
To the Knights of Norroway.

* The Straits of Gibraltar, so called from the first Scandinavian seaman who passed them.

"See, over them, Jerusalem,
And far, and farther o'er,
Where maid and wife, as dear as life,
Are waiting on the shore!

"Let truth betide the Sea-king's bride,
Whose breast is like the foam;
The maids of all the world beside
Are not like those at home."



He raised his crown from off his head,
But turn'd he not his eye;
As beauteous as a beauteous maid,
As stately pass'd he by.

"These men are men," said Baldwin, then,
"Are kings from head to heel,
To death, to life, to love and strife,
As true as ice-brook steel;

"And blest the clime o'er all the earth,
The land where'er it be,
The mothers all who gave them birth,
These Norsemen of the sea!

And long and well, as minstrels tell,
They fought the Paynim foe,
And Acre's rock-built ramparts fell,
Before the Norsemen's blow.

On Sidon's walls their banner flew
Above the Crescent Star,
And every man the Sea-king knew
Who led the Christian war.

The Red Cross shone on Askelon,
And foremost in the fray
Was the King, the young Crusader,
With the Knights of Norroway.

And many a tongue the praises sung
Of Sigurd and his band;
And the fame of grey old Norroway
Grew great in every land.

Yet many a silent prayer was prayed,
And many a heart was sore,
With love of wife, and love of maid,—
The looked-for evermore.

And sweetly sang the summer gales,
When westward went their prow,
And gaily shone their silken sails
Round stormy Lindesnoe.

Their praise was sung, the bells were rung,
And hearts were full and free,
And maid and wife, as dear as life,
Were waiting by the sea.

Through smiles and tears, and loving cheers,
And trumpet notes of fame,
Came King Sigurd, the Crusader,—
Like a conqueror he came.

There stood the noblest of the land,
The pride of many a hall,
But lovely lady Hinda's hand
He kissed before them all.

He said, while in her downcast eyes
The tears of rapture glow,
And in her blush of sweet surprise
The flowers of beauty blow,—

"If we come back with fame as fair
As we have kept our truth,
Then I may claim right well to wear
The blossoms of thy youth.

"My knights have won the world's renown
In many a deadly day;
But the light that gilds King Sigurd's crown,
Is the love of Norroway."

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF APRIL.

FIRST EVENING.—DEVOTION BEFORE BENEFICENCE.

"Now, when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster-box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head, as he sat at meat."—MATT. XXVI. 6, 7.

In its own place and time, it is both interesting and instructive to examine in detail the circumstances of this significant incident. At present, however, we shall not plunge into historical and topographical inquiries regarding Bethany and the customs of its ancient inhabitants. Our aim is to extract from the history the spiritual truth which it embodies, and to apply that truth to our own circumstances and our own times. This will occupy all the space at our disposal, and therefore no farther notice will be taken of the facts, than is absolutely necessary in order to reach the doctrines.

To the natural historian, the shell which held the kernel while it grew, is as instructive as the kernel itself; but to a hungry man, bent upon a meal, the shell presents no attraction; his thoughts about it and his intercourse with it, extend no farther than to make an opening in its side, whereby he may reach the food which it contains. Without the external history we could not have obtained the spiritual lesson, as without the husk which holds it until the harvest, we could not enjoy the grain; but when the outward frame has served its purpose, we can afford to set it aside, while we live upon the fruit which it bore. Blessed are they that hunger, for a portion of the bread of life lies here.

Jesus, at first the friend of one family in Bethany, had by this time become an object of interest to all the inhabitants of the town. For him and his followers a feast was provided. Probably the house of Lazarus did not afford accommodation sufficient for the entertainment. For this or some other cause, it was arranged that the guests should be entertained on that occasion by Simon the leper, who probably occupied a more spacious mansion, and possessed ampler means. Some have suggested that Simon may have been the husband of Martha. This supposition, though not necessary, will, if adopted, agree with all the circumstances of the narrative. Probably in the society of that small Jewish town, the line was not so sharply drawn, as it is with us, between those who had a right to sit at table, and those who served. All parties seem to have felt very much at home in Simon's house. Martha had volunteered to give aid in serving, for which she had an obvious talent and taste. Lazarus, as was seemly, took his place among the guests: and Mary, perhaps not inquiring whether she was expected to bear a hand with the servants, or take her seat at table, entirely overlooked both the post of honour and the place of toil,—absorbed and occupied with other things.

While the feast proceeded, she came in and poured the contents of a box of very precious ointment on the head and feet of Jesus. The odour filled the whole house. The value of the ointment was well understood by the company. They were accustomed to see it used sparingly and in very minute quantities by those who could afford to purchase it. To pour out the whole at once, and

upon one person, seemed to them an act of extravagance. They might have heard of such an expenditure at the banquets of the rich, but they had never seen such profusion in their own circle. Some of the disciples, instigated by the traitor Judas (John xii. 4), openly complained of this expenditure as a waste of money which might have been employed in buying bread for the poor. Thereupon the Master gently corrected their mistake, and unequivocally sanctioned, by an express approval, the act which they had ventured to condemn.

The two subjects of perennial and universal interest involved in the facts are, supreme and lavish devotion to the Saviour on the one hand, and practical beneficence to needy man on the other. These are singled out and set in the light by Mary's silent act, the disciples' murmuring objection, and the judicial decision of the Lord. The woman's expensive adoration seemed to the half-instructed and prejudiced disciples Devotion *without* Beneficence; with short-sighted wisdom they proposed as a rival method, Beneficence *instead* of Devotion: as a permanent judgment on the case for instruction to his followers in all times, the Lord commended Devotion *and* Beneficence.

Devotion, as exemplified in this woman's self-forgetful and fervid act. Her heart was simple and true. She was full of love. She did not observe,—probably she did not know, the ordinary rules of the world. She did not think of them, and did not know that she was transgressing them. Her eye was not open in that direction at all. Her whole soul looked another way. The spring within her heart swelled and burst and gushed out, making a channel where it did not find one. She was not a woman that sat down to study her acts and attitudes. She did not consider beforehand, What will this one say of me? and, How shall I please that one? Like one who in the darkness carries a light, she sees nobody, and is herself seen by all—seen in her own transparent simplicity. She followed Christ not only in preference to all other things, but almost to the neglect of all other things. We do not present even this most attractive feminine character as in all matters a model to be followed. In giving to different persons different constitutional peculiarities, the Author of our being indicates that he does not intend to make his people all one dead level, any more than the earth on which they dwell. There are diversities of operation in the same Spirit's work. Diversities, and in some sense even contrasts, secure harmony and completeness in the general effect.

Mary's religion was not a set of opinions carefully treasured up, or a round of observances scrupulously practised. It was a flame burning in her heart which must needs have vent, and which found its way out by the nearest opening. She did not know how other people would act in the same circumstances, and did not care. She was an original, without intending to be one: indeed, they who intend to be original seldom succeed. She simply yielded to the impulse that laboured in her breast. It was pure and true. Her instinct was unerring, for it was the instinct of the new creature, framed after the moral image of Christ. Now she sits silent at the feet of Jesus, drinking in the word of life, all forgetful that a dinner must be provided, and the credit of the house maintained; now she opens her box of ointment, and pours it out in honour of the Lord, thinking neither of its great price, nor the displeasure which the lavish outlay would excite in hearts that were narrower than her own. In these acts she gratified the strongest appetite of her being. She was satisfied, and asked nothing more.

You may observe that Mary makes no reply to the reflections that are thrown out against her. She permitted her sister and the disciples to say what they pleased. Nor was there any sullenness in her silence. She had neither talent nor inclination for debate. She was not careful to answer her accusers, because she was otherwise occupied. Probably she scarcely observed what they said: one thing filled her, and, as it were, blinded her to all else,—let her alone, let her lavish honour on the Lord, the Restorer of her brother's life, the Redeemer of her own. She is sustained by an express acceptance of her gift, and an emphatic commendation of her conduct. He who receives the homage, knows the heart that offers it. He knew who touched him, and why she touched him. It was sweet to the sinner saved to honour thus the Lord that bought her; and sweet to the divine Redeemer to receive the fresh glow of gratitude from the heart of a saved one. When ten lepers were cleansed by his word, and one only returned to render thanks for his deliverance, the Good Physician plaintively inquired, "Where are the nine?" When those whom he has healed return to praise him, he does not reckon it a trouble to receive the offering. They were the nine that remained absent, not the one that came back, who troubled the Master that day. It was the same in the case of Mary; it is the same in our case. The offerings of ardent hearts that have tasted his mercy are in all times and all places acceptable to the Lord.

The devotion of this disciple we have seen, did not assume a pre-arranged or appointed form. Rules did not stimulate or guide her affection: it made a rule for itself. When the spring first issues from the ground, it has no prepared channel in which it may flow; by flowing it makes a channel for itself. So sprang love to Christ in that disciple's heart, The love did not lie still until a method for its expression should be found out and prescribed; it burst forth and took a course that such streams had not been wont to follow, to the amazement and consternation of some true but trammelled men.

She had been forgiven, and forgiven much; for, although she was a member of that unblemished house in Bethany which Jesus and the twelve loved to make their resting-place, and altogether distinct from the "woman that was a sinner" who (Luke vii. 37) in similar circumstances expressed her gratitude in a similar way, Mary needed and obtained a great pardon for great sin. She was bought with a price, and counted herself not her own. Her own former righteousness she disowned as filthy rags, and stood indebted to her Saviour for a complete redemption. The animating principle of her conduct, although it did not lie in her way to generalize and express it, was, "We love him, because he first loved us." In this, the

soul of her devotion, every sinner saved follows Mary's footsteps; but it is by no means necessary to clothe our devotion in the body which hers wore that day. The outpouring of precious ointment was the garb, suddenly snatched up, which a woman's love put on in the town of Bethany while Jesus was present in the body long, long ago: that garb is antiquated now, but the love which it clothed "liveth and abideth for ever." That same love glows to-day in the heart of every true disciple, and the loving spirit easily incarnates itself in a body of tangible conduct, honouring to God and profitable to men.

In this history we do not see Mary going forth to find out the naked that she may clothe them, and the hungry that she may feed them. All that is shown here is her deep, strong, outbursting love to the Lord her Redeemer. This is not the whole of the Christian life; but it is of that life the first and chief element.

When you see a great spring bursting from a cleft in the mountain-side in the interior of a continent, you know that it will find or make a channel for itself all the way to the ocean. Henceforth it will flow in that channel, as a river, refreshing every weary thing upon its banks. Thus when a human heart, touched by the forgiving love of Jesus, opens in returning love to him, that love finds for itself a channel on the surface of the earth, and among the habitations of men. Love to the Redeemer cannot lie hid in the breast of a redeemed man; it will and must break forth, a blessing to every needy creature that lies within its reach. Such was Mary's love; but only the opened spring was, in the first instance, visible, and those of the disciples who stood near, not yet fully enlightened and enlarged, and set on the wrong scent by the cunning covetousness of Judas, denounced it as a costly and useless display. They did not see the stream of beneficence actually flowing through Mary's life, for the remainder of that life, being in the future, lay beyond their view; and they rashly concluded that no such stream would flow. Ah, foolish men! desiring to make sure that a river should follow the wanderers all the way through a dreary wilderness, they attempted to seal up the well's eye in the smitten rock at Horeb, whence the living water was already gushing forth. They will yet learn, when delivered from the leading-strings of the earthly-minded Judas, and placed under the teaching of their Lord,—they will yet learn and confess that to quench spiritual devotion to Christ in a believer's heart, is not the best way for getting hearty effective work done in behalf of a needy world.

SECOND EVENING.—BENEFICENCE INSTEAD OF DEVOTION.

"But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor."—MATT. XXVI. 8, 9.

BENEFICENCE *instead of* DEVOTION—a proposal basely suggested by Judas, and ignorantly adopted by the rest of the disciples.

How rudely the act or word of a neighbour grates against your feelings, if it is violently incongruous with your own spirit at the time! If you and your friend are engaged in conversation, sober and sad, on some great calamity that has recently alighted on the land, and if a third person suddenly break in upon the colloquy with loud, uproarious mirth, the intrusion shocks you, not so much by anything absolutely evil in itself, as by its want of harmony with the mood in which at the moment you happen to be. "As vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart" (Prov. xxv. 20). This is eminently true in the religious affections. Whether the incongruity lies between the spiritual and the worldly, or between the more cool and the more ardent of true believers, the discrepancy is keenly and mutually felt. David's ardour, when he laid aside the king, and threw himself body and soul into the popular rejoicings before the returning ark, appeared to his haughty and unimpassioned wife, as she watched him from a window, a shocking impropriety altogether unbecoming the dignity of a king. Many a warm-hearted, single-eyed disciple of Jesus has been denounced as a fanatic by mere formalists, or admonished as extravagant by true Christians, who were constitutionally cool in their tempers and languid in their emotions. Nor should it be, on the other hand, either denied or concealed that ardent Christians have sometimes, by their own improprieties, invited reproof. To err is human; and in no case are all the errors found on one side of truth's straight dividing line. In the meantime, however, we speak here mainly of the errors that lie on one side, for the double reason that they are in themselves the more dangerous, and that to them the lesson of the text is expressly directed.

In the Word of the Lord we find the warning, and address it affectionately to every reader,—Beware of blaming any Christian for the supposed excess of his devotional ardour, because it glows more warmly than your own. We have no right to compress within our approved moulds the bursting emotion of a soul that is bought with a price, and "weary with holding in." It may be quite true that we feel a jar,—that the words and ways of that young and eager convert are not in harmony with our judgment and our taste; but, to say the least, it may admit of question whether the cause of the incongruity be that he is above or that we are below the standard of zeal proper to the redeemed of the Lord. Whenever any extravagance occurs in the name of religious fervour, by all means let sober Christians gently reprove or firmly repress it. In a time of great and miscellaneous development of religious forces like the present, it is lawful, perhaps we should say expedient, to watch carefully, not only deeds and doctrines, but the times, measures, and forms of expressed devotion; but much depends on the attitude of the watcher. If he lie in wait for errors in the path of his neighbour, he will probably mark as vices some things which are already marked as virtues in the Master's book. If, hopeful and liberal, he rejoice in the good that is agoing, and faithfully

rebuke the evil that may occasionally mingle with it, he will serve his generation well. The times are not stagnant; a broad stream of blessing is flowing through the Church. We do not affirm that its whole volume is absolutely pure; but the dry chaff and withered leaves that here and there float upon its bosom disfigure its surface rather than pollute its mass. Rash and short-sighted are those who, at first sight of these excrescences, rush into the river's bed and strive to stop it bodily.

We do not deny the existence of excesses in the spiritual life of the Church; but we believe that, in this country at least, for one who transgresses the bounds of propriety in the manifestation of zeal for Christ, ten lie freezing below zero in the spiritual thermometer. For one simple Mary, with her heart melting and overflowing into abnormal and lavish devotion, there are twelve disciples, not to mention traitors, who are more notable for maintaining the conventional proprieties of earth, than for catching the fire of heaven.

In this case, true disciples were found sneering at an expression of devotion which their Master appreciated and approved. What happened in those ancient times may happen again in ours. We must be jealous over ourselves with a godly jealousy, lest we should be found loathing a sacrifice that the Lord loves. It was the interested, dishonest suggestion of Judas that led the eleven on that occasion into an error of judgment. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Sometimes one who has not the spirit of Christ at all, obtains a place and influence among Christians which he does not deserve. It is by wiles like these that the adversary obtains an advantage over us. The Lord on one occasion, addressing Peter, said, Get thee behind me, Satan. That word is full of warning. Peter at that time was a true disciple. His heart trusted in the Saviour, and his name was written in the book of life. This case shows that the tempter succeeds in partially perverting the judgment, even after the heart has conclusively submitted to another Lord. Genuine Christians caught and carried away for the time by the spirit of the world, do more harm than the profane. Judas desires to put down Mary's ardour, as a piece of mischievous fanaticism; but he will succeed better in his object if he can persuade simpler and better men to adopt his cry. Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. Judge righteous judgment.

Perhaps the multitude may shout their hosannas more loudly than melodiously: perhaps the children may cast their palm-branches in Christ's path with more energy than discreetness. What then? If that cry be a hosanna to the Son of David, and those branches be true emblems of his victory, he who looketh on the heart receives and loves the offerings. Let us beware lest we should condemn what our Master approved. With Mary's ardent offering, and the mistake of the twelve regarding it, and the Lord's decision on the case, all before me, I must be very sure of my ground ere I venture to denounce as waste the most lavish oblation which a saved sinner in the first gush of her gratitude may bring to the Lord. One who has never known any method of conveying water to dwelling-houses except the old way of carrying it in a pitcher from the well, would be greatly amazed if he should witness a main bursting on the streets of Glasgow. He would be unable to comprehend why the water should of its own accord rise so exultingly towards heaven, and spread itself so tumultuously around. Yet the water has acted strictly according to rule. The height of the fountain regulates the pressure, and produces that grand, lofty, joyous leap. Of that love which struggles in a forgiven sinner's breast, the fountain-head is in heaven. None but he who feels it, knows how great the pressure is. Make allowance for sudden outbursts, high upheavals, wide outspreadings, when a child of wrath has been by an act of mercy made a child of God.

When Judas, and those who for the time partook of his spirit, had condemned the woman's devotion as a useless and wasteful enthusiasm, they proposed material alms-giving in its stead. The precious ointment which Mary had poured out might have been sold at a high price, and the proceeds given to the poor. Judas, who had been prying into the treasure and calculating its value, is able to name the precise sum which it would have brought in the market. Had the traitor obtained the money, it would never have reached the poor; in the hands of the mistaken disciples, it would, indeed, have been employed in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; but it would have been a foolish effort to stimulate the flow of the stream, by sealing up the fountain.

This species of opposition to warm-hearted, open handed devotion may still be found in the world, —may still be found in the Church. A demand of alms to the poor is still one of the forms of betraying Christ. Why spend so much money in sending Bibles and missionaries to the heathen abroad, while multitudes of your own countrymen at home have neither food nor clothing? Men have thought themselves very wise while they thrust with this weapon against the missionary spirit and the missionary work: they knew not from whom they borrowed the spear they were stabbing with. There are exceptions on both sides—there are niggardly Christians, and liberal unbelievers, and yet the exceptions do not destroy the double rule, that ardent disciples of Christ are the best benefactors of men; and the best benefactors of men are the true disciples of Christ.

We gladly acknowledge that the sore is healing apace in our day. Fifty years ago the complaint "To what purpose is this waste?" prevailed much more than it does now. It has been gradually giving way for many years. Think of the period when the Government, supported by the influential classes, refused to allow a Christian missionary to plant his foot on the soil of India; when the pioneers of the gospel in that land were obliged to settle on a spot that belonged to a foreign power, and send the word of life by stealth and stratagem across the line into the forbidden territory of Britain. Compare that day with this, and you will discover abundant cause to thank God and take courage.

The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has held a series of annual meetings in some of the chief cities of the empire. It is a secular, and not a religious society. Its

main object is the mental and material amelioration of the commonwealth. The science which it studies is political economy, and not revealed religion. In short, its aim is precisely that which Judas and his dupes proposed to themselves when they complained that through Mary's inconsiderate devotion, three hundred pence of possible hard cash had been thrown away, and desired that all such outpourings should henceforth be authoritatively intercepted, that the process might be deposited in their hands as the raw material of practical charity. The object is similar to that of the ancient Galilean economists; but the methods are thoroughly diverse. In particular, the enlightened students of social science who hold their annual assemblies in our great cities, never attempt to enlarge the stream of substantial physical improvement, by diminishing or stopping the parallel stream of religious effort and contribution. While all were zealous for economic amelioration, not one ever proposed material beneficence instead of spiritual religion. With all the zeal for good works which the association displayed, no whisper derogatory of Christian faith was ever uttered. Religion and economics were openly and articulately joined together by many in the association, and none ever evinced any disposition to put them asunder.

On both sides an advance has been effected. Neither has Beneficence been pitted against Devotion, nor Devotion against Beneficence in our day so much as in former times. If philanthropists do not now treat spiritual religion as an obstacle in their path, neither do religious men dissociate work from worship so much as some of our forefathers were inclined to do. On both sides there is a tendency to union.

Worship and work, both in highest degree, meet in Christ: in Christians, heart-devotion and hand-work should unite and co-operate like body and soul.

THIRD EVENING.—DEVOTION AND BENEFICENCE.

"When Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always."—MATT. XXVI. 10, 11.

DEVOTION and beneficence, ignorantly or wickedly divorced by men, are joined in perpetual wedlock by the Lord. He condemns alike the worship that lacks the charity, and the charity that supersedes the worship. He intimates that spiritual devotion to himself must bear fruit in substantial kindness to the poor; and that kindness to the poor is the legitimate fruit of devotion to himself. "When Jesus understood it, he said, Why trouble ye the woman?" The servants blamed; the Master commended her. Distinctly and emphatically he accepted her costly anointing, and secured that the woman who had so honoured him should herself be honoured in all generations.

Observe carefully the two facts announced in the eleventh verse, and the relation which they bear to each other. The two facts are, that Christ shall be removed from his people's sight, and that the poor shall remain amongst them. In the company that assembled at Simon's house in Bethany, opinions differed as to the proper destination of the costly offerings which Christians under the new dispensation were disposed to make. Christ and the poor were set up as rival recipients. One without discussing the theory, solved the question practically, by pouring out her richest treasure in honour of the Lord; others thought such offerings should be reserved as alms to the poor. Now, while the Lord unequivocably expressed his approval of the woman's deed, and his disapproval of the murmuring which it provoked among the twelve, he also intimated that this rivalry, in the form which it had then assumed, would not survive to distract the minds of believers, or disturb the peace of the Church. Of the two actual recipients, then, within reach, one would soon be removed. He will depart, and the poor will stay. There need not be any more doubts or disputes among Christians on that subject. He asserted his right to receive the offerings; but immediately thereafter he departed, leaving the poor his heirs.

His own explanation of his own procedure is given elsewhere, "It is expedient for you that I go away." For the sake of his own people, he remained on the earth till his ministry was done and his sacrifice offered; and then, for the sake of his own people, he ascended into heaven. He who came into the world in order to pay the price of their redemption, returned to heaven, that he might prepare for them a place. Although it was profitable for Mary to pour out her ointment on her Saviour's head, it would not have been profitable that she and all living believers should continue to do the same thing all their days. He remained in the church at first, in order that the spring might be opened by the power of his own love; but when it was set a-flowing he retired, that the stream might seek the only other available channel, and so refresh the needy as it flowed across the wide wilderness of time.

We may learn the expediency of his personal departure, by considering the probable consequences of his stay. If after his resurrection the Redeemer had remained bodily and visibly present with his people, a great part of his own plan would have been thereby frustrated. The devotion of the saved, centres in either case in the Saviour. But, as it is, the true disciples worship him in spirit wherever their dwelling may be, and whatever their occupation. Communion with Christ neither impedes a Christian's labour, nor drags him from his home. On the contrary, if he had remained on earth, visible as he was to the company in Bethany, Christians, in body as well as spirit, would have gravitated to the spot. The warm-hearted disciples from every land would have bent their steps to the place where they might behold their Saviour, bearing, in some form, a precious ointment, that they might pour it on his head.

Suppose, in such a case, that he had continued to tarry at Jerusalem, then, as far as we are able to judge, missionary zeal must have been strangled

in the birth, and no missionary work ever done. It would seem profane to imagine that he would dwell on the earth, unless his presence were a blessing. But who in that case would go forth from Jerusalem, and carry the message of mercy to the ends of the earth? Those who loved the Saviour most would remain closest by his side; but these are precisely the kind of people that are needed and fitted to do mission work among all nations and in all climes.

If his presence were a bodily presence, two of his own words would seem to be inconsistent with each other. He said to his disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway," and "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and these two words he spoke on the same occasion, in the same breath. But if he should come to dwell bodily on the earth, while yet there is mission work to be done on it, he could not address both these words to his disciples. He might say to some, "I am with you," and to others, "Go ye into all the world;" but those who should be with him could not also go into all the world, and those who should go to all the world could not also be with him. It seems, therefore, inconsistent with the divine plan and the intimations of Scripture, to expect that the Lord will take up his abode visibly on earth until the mission work is done. Under the ministry of the Spirit the gospel must be preached and the nations won: then the Lord will come to reign.

He goes away, therefore; but he leaves the poor behind. Ah! we grievously mistake him if we suppose that, by approving of Mary's sacrifice, he means to throw cold water on the proposal to help the poor! To Christ still, in spirit, Christians bring their precious ointment: on his head they pour it still; but it is not wasted: into the lap of the poor every drop of it falls. He has placed the poor right beneath that open perennial stream as the authorized receivers of the boon. In this sense work is worship, and worship is work. Love to Christ is the animating soul of practical beneficence, and beneficence to men is the body which love to an absent Lord will put on.

The two constitute a pair, like hunger and food, and a multitude of similar relations which God has instituted in both his kingdoms. There is nothing halting in either department of his work. If he should ever see meet to extinguish hunger in animated beings, you may expect that the fields will cease to produce a supply of food; or if the Governor of the world should take away the food, you may expect the hunger to cease. Christ points to the poor, and charges us to bestow on them what we owe to himself. He does not say that we do not owe him costly offerings; he intimates that we do owe them, for he pronounced Mary's act a reasonable service. Had he repudiated that devotion, he would thereby have cut off beneficence at its springs. He asserts his right to receive the offerings, and instantly departs beyond the offerer's reach. In the very act of departing, however, he intimates that he constitutes the poor his receivers. We may assume, then, that when he returns there will be no more poor; that when there are no more any poor, he will return. Here is a method by which we may hasten the coming of the Lord. He remains absent that he may not by his visible presence intercept the gifts which the poor still need. By his advent, ministry, and sacrifice, he opened the fountain of self-sacrificing love to himself in the hearts of believers, through all time; then, by his absence, he directs the stream into that long, broad, deep, empty channel—the wants, temporal and spiritual, of a sinful world. When, through the flow of that river, the desert has all become a garden, I suppose there will not be any longer, on this side, a cause for the continued absence of the Lord. Thus work is worship; for successful work on earth will bring the Lord from heaven.

This beautiful binary constellation which we have been contemplating in the heavens may be seen clearly reflected on the surface of those waters which softly circulate on the earth. We have pointed out as scriptural truths two doctrines that hold by each other, and revolve round each other, like certain twin stars that the telescope has revealed in the depth of space. The Saviour's redeeming love opens the hearts of believing men, and draws forth the whole volume of their affections upwards towards himself; the richly laden love thus drawn out and upward, falls again in blessings into the bosoms of the poor, placed underneath for the purpose of receiving them. These twin truths shine forth from this portion of the Scripture like stars in the sky; and as stars in the sky are reflected in the bosom of the placid water, those doctrines are visibly reduplicated in the processes of Nature.

The earth scorched by the sun of summer—the dry thirsty land, is like the poor; and like the poor, too, it is always with us; year by year continually we see it suffering, and sympathize with its distress. It is water that this withered world wants: water is the alms which will relieve the poverty of the land, and heal its pain. But how shall the needy creature obtain the supply of its need? How shall the dry land get the water for which it thirsts? In some portions of the globe's surface, there is a wide expanse of scorched ground, and on other portions, vast, deep exhaustless stores of water; but how shall a sufficient quantity from the abundant stores of water be brought and given to the needy ground? This is precisely the spot where the difficulty lies in the moral and economic departments. There is wealth enough in the world to satisfy the wants of all its inhabitants, as there is water enough in the ocean to saturate all the dry land. But the problem in both departments is how to draw from this abundance the means of supplying that defect. The gravity of the water keeps it lying in its bed, and leaves the land in barrenness: the selfishness of human hearts holds fast the riches in the treasuries of the rich, while the poor are starving. Thus, if left to themselves, with no higher law intervening, both spheres would exhibit the spectacle of plethoric wealth, a burden to itself for want of outlets, with haggard poverty lying helpless by its side. In nature, a remedy has been provided. It is gentle in its movements, mighty in the force which it exerts, and completely successful in its results. The sun by his heat draws from the reservoirs of water a plentiful supply—draws it up to heaven. Unseen, unfelt, it rises like incense; and when in this form it has been raised to heaven, it is discharged, and

sent in showers to the earth. Ah! it could not have been brought from the sea to the land, although the sea had plenty, and the land was in great need. It was only by being first drawn up to heaven that it could be poured upon earth.

See reflected in that glass the process by which God provides for the poor out of the stores of those who possess abundance. The love of the risen Saviour is shed abroad upon the hearts of his people, like sunbeams on the sea. Secretly drawn by that mysterious power, their hearts open and pour their treasures forth. These treasures so drawn forth cannot ascend bodily to Christ upon his throne, any more than the waters evaporated from the sea by the sun's heat can rise all the way to the sun. It was not intended that the waters which are drawn by the sun should travel to the sun. The use of the sun's attraction is only to draw the waters up far enough to fall upon the ground. Thus it is also with the present power of Christ's love upon the hearts of Christians. Our goodness reacheth not unto him. He does not need our gifts. He demands them nevertheless, and draws them from us; but it is to let them drop into the needy's lap. The devotion, that rises like incense in love to the Lord, descends in substantial beneficence to men as the waters distilled from the sea, and drawn in vapour to the sky, are spread in refreshing showers over the thirsty land.

FOURTH EVENING.—THE FACE OF A FRIEND.

"So we went toward Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and The Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage."—ACTS XXVIII. 14, 15.

THAT village called the Three Taverns, on the way between Puteoli and Rome, was a bright spot in Paul's checquered life-course. It supplied him with one sunny memory for the remainder of his days. There light rose in the darkness. From heaven, he knew, the light came down, although he saw it shining out of human faces. Indeed, most of the heavenly light that we get comes to us in a second-hand way by reflection; and a human countenance is the best of all reflectors. Those brethren who came from Imperial Rome to meet the prisoner were the first glad sight that Paul had seen for many days. Arrested in the midst of his work, and condemned to waste his days in a prison, he had willingly pleaded his own cause before Felix and Festus; but when he found that they selfishly perverted judgment, or lightly trifled with his life, he had formally carried the case by appeal to the supreme tribunal of the Empire. Carried as a prisoner from Cæsarea to Rome, he had encountered many perils in the deep, and doubtless dreaded that still greater perils might await him on the land. A Jew brought prisoner to Rome, under the accusation of having publicly set above Cæsar another king, one Jesus, had no cause to congratulate himself upon his prospects. The past was dark; the future darker: when, lo, a procession turning suddenly round a corner, heaves in sight, and quickly approaches. Their countenances and costume seem Jewish, but a gentleness not Jewish beams in the faces of the strangers. They approach the group of guarded convicts, and inquire whether Saul of Tarsus, otherwise called Paul the apostle of Christ, were among them. This is the man, they would soon be told, and forthwith they sprang forward and embraced him as a brother. Upon inquiry, he discovers that these men are Christians, and that some of them were in Christ before himself. That disciple, tossed so long upon troubled waters, was doubtless glad when he saw the followers of the Lord coming out to receive him into their hearts and homes. From that time forward, we may be assured, Paul never forgot the Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, where the sight of brethren rebuked his desponding heart, and revived within it again the flame of blessed hope.

Notice the event which stirred the pilgrim's heart, and the specific emotions which it kindled there.

1. The event was simply the sight of Christian brethren who had come from Rome to meet him. This kindness shown to him for Christ's sake made him both thankful and hopeful. Two things are necessary thus to set a man on fire. There must be a state of preparation in his own heart; and there must then be the contact of love embodied in a brother. There must be first the dry fuel heaped up, and next the spark thrown in. Either alone would have produced no conflagration. The burning spark could not kindle water-soaked wood; nor would the most combustible materials rise into a flame, if no fire were brought into contact with them. Paul had passed through a very peculiar experience. On the way toward Rome, between Puteoli and the Three Taverns, his heart was dull, low, despondent, but it was susceptible. The perils of the deep, the providential deliverance at Malta, the landing for the first time in Italy, the march toward Rome, where a people of strange gods and strange tongue held in their hands the world's destiny and his own;—all these had made the man silent and hopeless, but tenderly alive to new impulses. At the critical moment, fellow-disciples, members like himself of Christ's mystical body, burst into view, and showered their love upon him. This unexpected apparition lighted the train, and set his whole being up in a blaze. Then his double inquiry was, What thanks shall I render to God, and what service shall I do for men?

The members became to Paul in Italy what the Head had been to the Eleven in the depth of their desolation at Jerusalem. When, after the crucifixion, those poor bereaved Galileans were cowering in a lock-fast room for fear of the persecutors, their Saviour suddenly appeared among them: "then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." Now that the Head is exalted, he employs their fellow-servants to comfort mourners in Zion. The

sight of a true disciple often makes a true disciple glad. While Christ alone is the Saviour of both, they hold up each other's drooping hands, and strengthen each other's feeble knees. The fountain of consolation is on high; but its treasures are distributed through earthen vessels. It is generally from the little vessel close at hand that we draw our supply; but we know who has charged it, and kept it full.

Although I be, through faith, in union with Christ, as a branch is in the vine, I need the sympathy and the company of my fellow-Christians. For want of a band of brothers coming out to meet him, an ancient servant of God, equal, perhaps, in heroism of character to Paul himself, was left destitute of thankfulness and courage at a grand crisis of his course. Elijah was in character and history not unlike the great apostle of the Gentiles. He was cast out of his country by a cruel persecution, and compelled to wander a solitary exile in a strange land. Elijah, in the wilderness of Beersheba, was like Paul in Italy. As Jezebel sought the prophet's life, the Jewish priesthood sought the life of the apostle. But in that wilderness, Elijah neither gave thanks to God for past mercies, nor took courage for future work. He fretted peevishly against God's appointments, and in faintness of heart endeavoured to escape from a struggle which he considered hopeless. He sat down under a juniper-tree, and desired to die there. He said, "It is enough: now, O Lord, take away my life." That took all the spirit out of the great and good man. He had faith in God, and why did he not bear up against accumulating misfortunes? He failed for want of company. In the hour of his extremity, he obtained no human sympathy; he saw no brother's face. No brethren came forth into the wilderness of Beersheba to meet Elijah, and therefore, great and good man though he was, he could neither thank God nor take courage. He felt himself alone. "The children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left." How pathetically he dwells upon his solitude: "I, even I only!" This was the decisive stroke. It is a dreadful thing for a man to be alone. God knows our frame and our need. He did not upbraid Elijah for his frailty. It is instructive to observe what means the Lord adopted then to heal the fretfulness, and nerve again the arm of his servant. It is not, I am the Almighty God; I am thy everlasting portion. Elijah knew all that; and yet in the hour of need his heart melted and became as water. His Maker and Redeemer knew the ailment, and prescribed the cure. What saith the answer of God unto him?" "I have reserved to myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal." The balm for Elijah's wounded spirit is the assurance that he is not alone. Henceforth we hear no more of a petulant request to be released from a hopeless enterprise. In the strength of that assurance the prophet rose and prosecuted his sublime ministry.

The same watchful Father saw Paul in Italy—a stranger in a strange land, counting himself a solitary witness, and sinking into despair at the thought. A suitable remedy was provided and applied in time. How simple the cure is, and yet how effectual! When he came to Appii Forum, certain brethren came to meet him. As soon as they came in sight, the apostle's despondency fled like darkness before the dawn. Let us learn not only where our strength lies, but also how our hope and courage come. If we are alone, or think we are alone—which, as to its effect on the spirit, is the same thing,—although we possess Elijah's massive strength of character, we shall certainly faint and fail; we shall have neither a heart to thank God, nor a hand to help the world.

2. The emotions which the meeting stirred in the apostle's heart were Gratitude and Courage. Omitting the first, not as being unimportant, but as being easily understood, we request attention for a moment to the second. Mark well what this true, bold man took at Appii Forum: it was not Comfort, but Courage. He was made glad, not by an expectation that he should henceforth have no battle to fight, but by an expectation that he would be able to fight and win the battle.

The distinction between these two states of mind is practically important. In some respects they are like each other, and therefore there is greater risk of taking the spurious for the genuine. The element of cheerfulness is common to both. The one is selfishly cheerful in the prospect of ignoble ease: the other is patriotically cheerful in the prospect of successful labour. Comfort does not look forward at all, but makes a soft nest for itself on the spot, and lies down there to sleep. Despondency looks forward, but sees a lion in the path, and lies down to weep because it cannot overcome the foe. Courage looks forward, and sees the lion too, but believes him vincible, and joyfully girds himself for the combat. This last is the true Christian spirit; the other two are different species of counterfeits. Comfort seeks ease by declining the combat: Courage expects advancement through victory. This (called Virtue) is precisely the quality which Peter exhorts the good soldiers of Jesus Christ to add to their faith. In ancient times, and in human affairs it ranked highest, and was understood to include within itself all the circle of virtues: in the kingdom of God also it is set in a high place, and valued at a great price.

The Christian course is in Scripture compared both to a warfare and a merchandise. In human affairs both soldiers and merchants fondly cherish the hope of *retiring*. In the toils of war and of traffic, the prospect of retiring becomes a sort of dim pole-star, shining through the night, and partially cheering the voyagers. But it seldom becomes more solid than a shadow. The pursuer, after a hard chase, at last puts forth his hand to grasp the prize, and lo, it is nothing. Some of the saddest chapters of human history might be written on this subject. Men have supported themselves in a life-long toil by the hope of a rich and honourable retreat; and the retreat, when they reached it, tormented them awhile, and then killed them outright. From the Christian's warfare there is no release. He must die in harness. The happiest condition possible in this life is a condition of benevolent effort; and time's labour must continue until it break into Eternal Rest.

W. ARNOT.

MISSIONS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

At this season of "May Meetings," when the results of missionary labour at home and abroad during the past year are reported by all our great English societies, and when missionaries from every part of the globe, and of "every kindred and tongue" tell "what things the Lord hath wrought," it may be both interesting and profitable to our readers to glance at the revival of the Protestant Church, and its missions during the present century.

The beginning of the nineteenth century marks an epoch of revival in the Protestant Church. It would be going beyond the limits prescribed by our subject to consider the causes of that remarkable reaction into indifference of life, or of positive error in doctrine, which followed more or less rapidly the stirring period of the Reformation. Such tides, indeed, in the affairs of men,—now rushing with irresistible waves to the utmost limit of the land; then receding and leaving behind but a few pools to mark where the waters once had been; and again, after a longer or a shorter interval, advancing with a deep flood over the old ground,—are among the most striking phenomena in history.

The last century witnessed the Protestant Church at its lowest ebb. We thankfully acknowledge that God did not leave himself without holy men as living witnesses in every branch of that Church. And we record, with deepest gratitude, how, more than in any other country, he preserved in our own country both individual and congregational life, with orthodox standards of faith. Still, taken as a whole, the Protestant Church was in a dead state throughout the world; while, during the same period, infidelity was never more rampant, never more allied with philosophy, politics, science, and literature. It was the age of the acute Hume and learned Gibbon; of the ribald Paine, and of the master of Europe, Voltaire; with a host of *literati* who were beginning to make merry, in the hope that God's prophets were at last to be destroyed from the earth. Rationalism triumphed in all the Continental churches. Puritanism in England became deeply tainted with Unitarianism. The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers had, to a large extent, embraced the same creed in America. The Established Churches in England and Scotland, though preserving their confessions, and having very many living men in the ministry, suffered, nevertheless, from that wintry cold which had frozen the waves of the great Reformation sea, and which was adding chill to chill. The French Revolution marked the darkest hour of this time; yet it was the hour which preceded the dawn. It was the culminating point of the infidelity of kings, priests, and people;—the visible expression and embodiment of the mind of France, long tutored by falsehood and impiety,—it was Satan let loose on earth, that all might see and wonder at the Beast! That Revolution inscribed lessons in letters of blood for the Church and for the nations of the world to learn. Christians accordingly clung nearer to their Saviour amidst the dreadful storm which shook and destroyed every other resting-place, and were drawn to the throne of mercy and grace, thereby becoming stronger in faith and more zealous in life. The indifferent were roused to earnest thought by the solemn events which were taking place around them. Speculative infidels even, became alarmed at the practical results of their theories. Mere worldly politicians trembled at the spectacle of unprincipled millions wielding power that affected the destinies of Europe, and recognised the necessity of religion to save the State at least, if not to save the soul. Men of property, from the owner of a few acres to the merchant prince, and from no higher motive than the love of their possessions, acknowledged that religion was the best guarantee for their preservation. In countless ways did this upheaving of society operate in the same direction with those deeper forces which were beginning to stir the churches of Britain, and to quicken them into new life.

The history of Europe during the first part of the present century, is a history written in blood. It is one of war in all its desolating horrors, and also in all its glorious achievements and victories in the cause of European liberty and national independence. Never was war so universal. It raged in every part of the earth. For years, the Peninsula was a great battle-field. Belgium and the plains of Germany were saturated with blood. Allied hosts conquered France. Armies crossed the Alps and ravaged Italy, and were buried beneath the snows of Russia. The contest was waged from the Baltic to the Bosporus. The old battle-fields of Greece, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Persia, and the Crimea, were again disturbed. War swept the peninsula of India to the confines of Cashmere. It penetrated beyond the walls of China, and visited the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; touched the coasts of Arabia, and swept round Africa, from the Cape to Algiers. It marched through the length and breadth of the great Western Continent, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and from Central to Southern America. Every kingdom

experienced its horrors *but our own;* every capital was entered by the enemy *but our own!* During all this terrible period, our Sabbath services were never broken by the cry of battle. The dreadful hurricane raged without, but never for a single hour disturbed the peace of our beloved island-home. No revolution from within destroyed our institutions, and no power from without prevented us from improving them. The builders of our spiritual temples did not require to hold the sword. Our victories, with their days of national thanksgiving, and our anxieties, with their days of national fasting, tended to deepen a sense of religion in every heart. Men of God, in rapid succession, rose in all the churches. A pious laity began to take the lead in advancing the cause of evangelism. In Parliament there was one man, who, by the purity of his private life, the noble consistency, uncompromising honesty, and unwearied philanthropy of his public career, along with his faithful published testimony for the truth as it is in Christ, did more, directly and indirectly, than any other of his day for the revival of true religion, especially among the influential classes of our land,—that man was William Wilberforce.

But without dwelling upon the fact of the great revival which has occurred in the Protestant Church during the present century, let us notice one of its more prominent results. We mean the increased activity manifested by all its branches in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom.

At the commencement of this century, the whole Protestant missionary staff throughout the world amounted to ten societies only. Of these, however, two only had really entered the mission-field with any degree of vigour,—viz., the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts; and, above all, the Society of the Moravian Brethren. The Wesleyan, Baptist, London, and Church Missionary Societies, though nominally in existence, had hardly commenced their operations. There were, besides the above, two small societies on the Continent; two in Scotland; and not one in all America! How stands the case now? The Protestant Church, instead of ten, has fifty-one societies; the great majority of which have each more labourers, and a greater income, than all the societies together of the Protestant Church previous to 1800!

If the last sixty years be divided into three equal periods, nine societies belong to the first, fifteen to the second, and twenty-four to the third.

The following facts, collected from statistics of the great missionary societies up to 1861, will afford—as far as mere dry figures can do—a general idea of the present strength of the mission army of the Protestant Church, with some of its results:—

There are now 22 missionary societies in Great Britain; 14 in North America; and 15 on the Continent of Europe; in all, 51. These employ, in round numbers, 12,000 agents, including ordained missionaries, (probably 2000) teachers, catechists, etc.; occupy 1200 stations; have 335,000 communicants from heathendom; 252,000 scholars; 460 student straining for the ministry; and are supported by an income of £860,000 per annum.

The greatest results have been attained by England. Connected with her great societies, there are nearly 7000 agents, 630 stations, 210,000 communicants, 208,000 scholars, with an annual income of £510,000.*

But in order to enable our readers still more clearly to realize the advance which the Church has made during the last half century, let us consider the progress of one of those societies, and take as an illustration the Church Missionary Society. It was founded a few months before 1800. Its income in 1802, was £356. It now amounts to £104,273. In 1804, it had one station abroad, two ordained European missionaries, but no native assistants. It has now 148 stations, 258 ordained clergymen (many of whom have studied in the English Universities), a large staff of native clergy, with 2034 other agents, most of

* One or two facts in connexion with missionary effort may interest our readers:—

Mr. Müller of Bristol supports, in connexion with his famous orphanage, 22 foreign and 80 home missionaries.

The Moravian Missionary Society has sent, since 1732, 2000 missionaries, of whom 643 have died in mission service; 9 on mission journeys; 13 on the voyage out or home; 22 by shipwreck; and 12 were murdered.

Gossner of Berlin alone originated and conducted a mission which has sent out 141 missionaries. Pastor Harms of Hermannsburg has also, by his own efforts, built a mission ship, and has sent out 150 missionaries, of whom 100 are colonists, and proposes to send 24 every two years.

Ten years ago there was little or no fruit among the *Kohls* of India. There are now 30,000 receiving Christ.

In India there are 500 missionaries. In Tinnevelly above 70,000 Christians.

The American Board alone has sent out in fifty years 900 missionaries (500 being native) and 400 teachers; 55,000 have been received into church membership, and 175,000 children passed through their schools.

America contributes £180,000 to foreign missions, and 2000 agents.

The Presbyterian churches of the world have come late into the field, but they contribute about 900 agents, and 230 ordained missionaries, with an income of about £110,000.

One of the oldest Protestant missionary societies in existence (though now confined to home operations), is the Society in connexion with the Church of Scotland, "for promoting Christian Knowledge." It supported Brainerd and the Elliots more than a century ago.

whom are natives. In 1810, it had 35 male, and 13 female scholars in its schools; it has now 31,000 scholars. In 1816, the good Mr. Bickersteth had the privilege of receiving its first converts, amounting to six only, into the communion of the Church. Its communicants now number about 21,000.

Let us, however, examine the missionary labours of the Protestant Church during this century, from another point of view. Take the map of the world, look over its continents and islands, and contrast their condition, as to the means of grace, in 1800 and 1862.

In 1800, the only missions east of the Cape of Good Hope were in India. These were confined to the Baptist Mission, protected in the Danish settlement of Serampore; and the missions in Tanjore, in southern India. The former was begun by Carey and Thomas (in 1793), who were joined by a few brethren in 1799. The first convert they made was in 1800. The latter mission had existed since 1705, and numbered about nine labourers at the commencement of the century.*

Of the East India Company's chaplains, Claudius Buchanan alone had the courage to advocate in India the missionary cause; and his sermon preached upon the subject in 1800, in Calcutta, was then generally deemed a bold and daring step. Hindustan was closed by the East India Company against the missionaries of the Christian Church. China, too, seemed hermetically sealed against the gospel. The Jesuit mission had failed. Christianity was proscribed by an imperial edict. Protestant missions had not commenced. The language of the nation, like its walls, seemed to forbid all access to the missionary. In Africa there were but few missionaries, and these had lately arrived at the Cape.† In the black midnight which brooded over that miserable land, the cry of tortured slaves alone was heard. New Zealand, Australia, and the scattered islands of the Southern Seas, had not yet been visited by one herald of the gospel. A solitary beacon gleaming on the ocean from the missionary ship, "Duff," had indeed been seen, but not yet welcomed by the savages of Tahiti. The mission was abandoned in 1809, and not a convert left behind! No Protestant missionary had preached to those Indian tribes beyond the Colonies, who wandered over the interminable plains which stretch from Behring's Straits to Cape Horn. Mahometan states were all shut against the gospel; and to forsake the Crescent for the Cross, was to die. In this thick darkness which covered heathendom, the only light to be seen—except in India—was in the far north, shed by the self-denying Moravians,—a light which streamed like a beautiful aurora over the wintry snow and ice-bound coasts of Greenland. To this gloomy picture we must add the indifference of the Protestant Church to God's ancient people. No society then existed for their conversion; and of them it might indeed be said, "This is Israel whom no man seeketh after!"

How changed is the aspect of the world now! There is hardly a spot upon earth (if we except those enslaved by Popery) where the Protestant missionary may not preach the gospel without the fear of persecution. The door of the world has been thrown open, and the world's Lord and Master commands and invites his servants to enter, and, in his name, to take possession of the nations. Since 1812, India, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Wilberforce,‡ has been made accessible to the missionaries of every Church. Christian schools and chapels have been multiplied; colleges have been instituted; thousands

* The first Protestant missionary who visited India, was Ziegenbalg, who was sent out by the Halle-Danish Missionary Society in 1705, to Tranquebar. He was joined by Plutschow in 1719. The mission was then adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Grundler followed in 1720, and Schultze in 1727. The mission, in 1736, had four stations, one being in Madras; 24 native assistants; and 3517 baptized members! The great Schwartz laboured in, and extended the mission from 1749 till 1798. According to Dr. Carey, 40,000 had been converted to Christianity during the last century through this mission. Dr. Claudius Buchanan reckons the number as high as 80,000!

† The first missionary to South Africa was George Schmidt, sent by the Moravian Brethren in 1736. He laboured alone with some success till 1743, when he was compelled by the Dutch East India Company to return to Europe. The mission was resumed in 1792, when three additional missionaries sailed for the Cape. A few others joined them in 1798. At the beginning of the century, the converts amounted to 304. The illustrious Dr. Vanderkemp, along with three other missionaries, were sent to South Africa by the London Missionary Society in 1799. The only attempts made to Christianize Western Africa previous to 1800 were by the Moravians in Guinea, in 1737; but all the missionaries, 11 in number, dying, the attempt was abandoned; and by the Scottish Missionary Society in 1797, who sent thither six missionaries. One (Greig) was murdered, another (Brunton) returned and went to Tartary; the rest, we believe, went to other spheres of labour. The Church Missionary Society entered upon this field in 1801.

‡ In 1812, we find from Mr. Wilberforce's *Life* (vol. iv. p. 10), how he was "busily engaged in reading, thinking, consulting, and persuading," on the renewal of the East India Company's Charter. He was fully alive to the importance of the crisis with reference to the interests of Christianity. He thus writes to his friend, Mr. Butterworth—"I have been long looking forward to the period of the renewal of the East India Company's Charter as to a great era, when I hoped that it would please God to enable the friends of Christianity to be the instruments of wiping away

have been converted to Christ; and tens of thousands instructed in Christianity. The cruelties of heathenism have been immensely lessened; infanticide prohibited; Sutteeism abolished; all Government support withdrawn from idolatry; and the Hindu law of inheritance has been altered to protect the native convert; while a new era seems to be heralded by the fact that a native Christian Rajah has himself established a mission among his people.

All the islands in the Eastern Archipelago are now accessible to the missionary; most of them have been visited. Ceylon has flourishing congregations and schools; Madagascar has had her martyrs, and has still her indomitable confessors.

China, with its teeming millions, has also been opened to the gospel. The way had been marvellously prepared by Dr. Morrison, who as early as 1807 had commenced the study of the language which he lived to master. Accordingly, when the conquests of Britain had obtained admission for, and secured protection to the missionaries as well as to the merchants of all nations, the previous indefatigable labours of Morrison had provided, for the immediate use of the Church of Christ, a dictionary of the language, and a translation of the Word of God. The Christian religion is tolerated by law since 1844, and may be professed freely by the natives! The gospel is now advancing in that thickly-peopled land of patience and industry, and native preachers are already proclaiming to their countrymen the tidings of salvation.

Africa has witnessed changes still more wonderful. The abolition of the British slave-trade in 1807, and of slavery in the British dominions in 1834, have removed immense barriers in the way of the gospel. The whole coasts of Africa are being girdled with the light of truth. It has penetrated throughout the south, where the French* and German Protestant Churches labour side by side with those of Britain to civilize the degraded Bushman, the low Hottentot, and warlike Kaffir. The chapel in Sierra Leone, built from the planks of condemned slavers, and containing 1000 worshippers, is a type of the blessings brought through Christianity to injured Africa.

Abyssinia has also been visited with every prospect of success.

And how glorious has been the triumph of the gospel throughout the whole Pacific! In 1837, Williams was able to address royalty in these noble words—"It must impart joy to every benevolent mind to know, that by the efforts of British Christians upwards of *three hundred thousand* of deplorably ignorant and savage barbarians, inhabiting the beautiful islands of the Pacific, have been delivered from a dark, debasing, and sanguinary idolatry, and are now enjoying the civilizing influence, the domestic happiness, and the spiritual blessings which Christianity imparts. In the island of Raratonga, which I *discovered* in 1823, there are upwards of 3000 children under Christian instruction daily; not a vestige of idolatry remains;† their language has been reduced to a system, and the Scriptures, with other books, have been translated. But this is only one of nearly a hundred islands to which similar blessings have been conveyed." Tens of thousands of souls more have been added to this number since these words were written! In no part of heathendom has the gospel produced, in so short a time, such wonderful fruit as in Polynesia. The labours and sacrifices of the converted natives are more striking than in any other missions. Many islands have been converted solely by means of a native agency, and are superintended by native preachers only. Let us take the Sandwich Islands as illustrating what has been accomplished *for* the natives, and *by* them. The American Mission was commenced in 1824. These islands have been converted long ago to Christianity, so that not a vestige of idolatry remains, and not only do they support their own clergy and schools, but have their own Bible and Foreign Missionary Society. They raise for these objects about £4000 per annum, and support six missionaries to the heathen islands around them. The communicants in the islands amount to upwards of 25,000, and the children who attend the common schools to a still greater number.

If we turn our eye to the great Western Continent, we see the gospel preached to its wandering Indian tribes; while the condition of Mexico and of California affords every prospect of the rapid extension of truth through kingdoms long benighted.

what I have long thought, next to the slave-trade, the foulest blot on the moral character of our countrymen—the suffering our fellow-subjects (nay, they even stand toward us in the closer relation of our tenants) in the East Indies to remain, without any effort on our part to enlighten and reform them, under the grossest, the darkest, and most depraving system of idolatrous superstition that almost ever existed on earth." The deepest anxiety was felt by all Christians for the issue of the debate. "I heard afterwards," he writes, "that many good men were praying for us all night." These prayers and efforts were crowned with success; and Mr. Wilberforce, when communicating the joyful news to his wife, writes—"Blessed be God! we carried our question triumphantly, about three or later this morning!"

* The missions of the French Protestant Church are situated inland from Port Natal, and along the River Caledon from its junction with the Orange River. It has gathered upwards of 2000 Bechuanas into regular church fellowship.

† The first idol which a catechist from Raratonga, who visited London in 1848, ever beheld, was in the Museum of the London Missionary Society.

Mahometan countries have also been opened to the missionary. Through the influence of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Stratford Canning, the Sultan was induced in 1844 to give religious toleration to his subjects; so that now, for the first time, a Mussulman may change his faith without incurring punishment. Several societies labour in Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, and Constantinople. The Euphrates is being dried up. The Mahometan power is tottering, and ready to fall! When it dies and is buried, who will wear mourning at its funeral?

And how strange is the meeting between the distant East and West, the distant past and near present, visible in the fact, that it is missionaries from America who now unveil to the dwellers in the land of the Chaldees, and to the wanderers among the mountains which shadow the birthplace of the human race, that blessed faith and hope which dwelt in Abram, as he journeyed at the dawn of history from that old land, and which has returned thither again in Christian men embued with Abram's faith, after having accompanied civilisation around the globe? God's blessing has signally attended the American mission among the Nestorians. The revival of religion in their schools and churches has been great and glorious.

To all these facts we must add the labours of the Church during the last sixty years in the salvation of *Israel*. Much, very much, has been accomplished, in spite of immense difficulties, by upwards of twenty-six societies; and it has been computed that no fewer than 8000 have, during the above period, been added to the Church of Christ.

May we not exclaim, What hath God wrought! Yet how can any statistics carry to our hearts a sense of what has been done for immortal souls by the gospel during this eventful period? What homes have been made happy by it; what families united in the bonds of love; what sick-beds soothed; what dying beds cheered; what minds illumined, and what hearts filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory!

The British and Foreign Bible Society may be adduced as forming the most remarkable illustration of the progress made during the present century, in leavening the world with the Word of God. Previous to its formation, in 1804, there was not one society in existence, whose sole object was the distribution of the Bible in all lands. There are now upwards of 50 principal and 9000 auxiliary Bible Societies. In 1804, the Bible was accessible to only 200 millions of men. Now it exists in tongues spoken by 600 millions. The London Bible Society alone sends forth annually upwards of 1,787,000 copies. During the last sixty years it has issued 39,315,226 Bibles, in 163 different languages, and in 143 translations never before printed. Its receipts for 1862 amount to £168,443.*

It surely cannot fail to fill the heart of every Christian with deepest thankfulness, to contemplate the glorious achievements of the last sixty years, in circulating the Word of God. The Church, like the angel seen in prophetic vision, has been flying with the everlasting gospel to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. It has given the Bible to the inhabitants of the old lands of Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Persia; to the indomitable Circassian; the mountaineers of Affghanistan; to tribes of India speaking thirty-two different languages or dialects; to the inhabitants of Burmah, Assam, and Siam; to the islanders of Madagascar and Ceylon; to the Malays and Javanese of the eastern seas; to the millions of China, and the wandering Kalmuck beyond her great wall; to the brave New Zealander; to the teeming inhabitants of the island groups which are scattered over the Southern Pacific; to the African races, from the Cape to Sierra Leone; to the Esquimaux and Greenlander, within the Arctic circle; and to the Indian tribes of North America. All are now furnished with a translation of that wonderful volume, which, with the light of the universal living Spirit of God, at once reveals to man, in every age and clime, his lost and miserable condition, and tells him of a remedy that is adapted to meet every want of his being,—to redeem him, by a moral power it alone can afford, from all sin and misery, and to bring him into the glorious fellowship of the holiness, the blessedness, and joy of Jesus Christ, and all the family of God in earth and heaven!

But the labours of the TRACT SOCIETIES, during the last sixty years, also deserve our attention.

Foremost in this great work has been the Religious Tract Society of London. That Society was formed in 1799. During the first year of its operations, ending in May 1800, it had issued 200,000 tracts. What is its present working power? Its annual income from sales, and benevolent contributions (£12,500), is £95,000. Its annual distribution of tracts, including handbills, from the London Depository is, in English 20,870,074, and in Foreign languages 537,729,

* The American Bible Society circulates upwards of 600,000 copies of the Word of God annually, at home and abroad. Besides assisting in publishing translations issued by other Societies, it has been at the sole expense of publishing the Armenio-Turkish, and Modern Syriac New Testament; the entire Bible for the Burmese, and also for the Sandwich Islands; the Ojibbeway New Testament; the Gospels, or some portion of the Bible, into the languages of the Sioux, Mohawk, Seneca, and Cherokee Indians.

making an annual total of 21,407,803. It publishes tracts in 117 different languages. Taking into account the circulation of affiliated societies, the total probable *annual* distribution of tracts, British and Foreign, in connexion with the Religious Tract Society, amounts to 28,500,000.*

What a mighty agency has this been for the dissemination of religious truth! How extensive the influence, how grand the immortality, which the printing-press, employed with such evangelic Christian zeal, secures to the labours of men of God! Their holy words, which, without such an agency as this, could have reached a few minds only, and in some limited spot of earth, now circulate like the air of heaven over the wide world; they enter every dwelling, and are on the tongue of every tribe. An old minister, nearly two hundred years ago, was brought before a cruel and bloodthirsty judge, who said to him, before sending him to prison, "Richard, thou art an old rogue, and deservest the halter." Yet this same Richard has never ceased to preach from that day till this; and every year now, he addresses millions in every land. Richard Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* has been eminently blessed for the conversion of sinners, and his *Saint's Rest* has been equally blessed for the consolation of believers. The same judge seized a tinker, who would not stick to his soldering and hammering, but would make known everywhere the grace of God, and what great things God had done for him. Twelve years he lay in jail; and there, having nothing to disturb him, he fell to dreaming. That dream was afterwards printed, and has gone through more editions than any other uninspired volume. John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* has travelled through all lands, and its victories over Apollyon have been more than can be numbered.

And now let us ask, What shall be the history of the Church during the rest of this century? Without attempting with a profane hand to uncover what God has concealed, it is surely a comfort to be able to take our stand on the immoveable rock of his promises to Christ, and to rejoice in the assurance, that, sooner or later, his name must be glorious in all the earth!

But when? Is it too much to assert, that before the end of the present century, the gospel shall have been preached to all nations, the Bible translated into all tongues, and the last visible idol on earth cast down amidst the triumphant songs of the Church of Christ? We might expect this blessing judging only from the past, and the constantly increasing ratio with which society advances. Yet, as revolutions in the physical world anticipate in a single night the slow progress of ordinary causes, so, for aught we know, may God, by some evolution of His Providence, make one year do the work of many. There is doubtless a tendency towards "catholic humanity;" but God has decreed most righteously, that there is but one bond of union which can permanently unite humanity, and that is Jesus Christ the Son of God and Son of man!

But while we do anticipate the most glorious results ever attained by the human race during the next forty years, we anticipate, also, from the signs of the times, a desperate conflict of opposing *systems*, both of truth and error. It is not a little remarkable, that never before was there such a *life* and strength in *every* system as at this moment. Protestantism, Popery, Infidelity, and even Judaism,† were never so alive; *and never were alive together* before. Does this not look like a coming struggle?‡ But we know what the glorious end will be!

* Several religious bodies in the United States maintain Tract or "Publication" Societies. But the "American Tract Society" (founded 1825) is the largest and most influential in the United States, and has a catholic constitution similar to our own Tract Society. It is supported by more than 700 auxiliary societies, those in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, being large and efficient. We may add that its circulation is not confined to the United States, but extends to Mexico, Central and South America, and to those districts in the East and Asia Minor, where the American missionaries are labouring. It has issued upwards of 200,000,000 of publications since its commencement.

† It is only within twenty-five years that *preaching* has become common in all their synagogues, while, during the same period, ten periodicals have been started by the Jews, in different parts of the world, in defence of Judaism, in some form or other.

‡ In a conversation which we had with Neander in 1848 (immediately before the continental revolutions), he said, "I believe we are entering a period of unprecedented warfare, which will issue in the increased glory and purity of the Church. The light and darkness will every year be more and more separated; the one becoming more bright, the other more densely dark."

WHAT SENT ME TO SEA.

ON THE "MARIA," *April* 1862.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You are kind enough to ask me to let you know something more of my sailor-life. Unluckily I am a poor fist at the pen, and have no skill in the spinning of yarns, but I shall try, from time to time, to give the readers of *Good Words* a taste of salt water. Just now I may as well tell you how I became a seaman. As it was all through Uncle Ben the Old Quartermaster, this letter will have a great deal more to do with him than with me; but I have no doubt of its being all the better for the present purpose.

My father and mother's family originally belonged to London, but after my father's death my mother removed to the neighbourhood of Chester, where she went shares in a little farm with a sister of hers, whose husband was also dead. 'Tis as pleasant a neighbourhood as you could wish to live in, so be it one had sufficient to rig a comfortable berth on shore, and keep all hands going, without getting into the shopkeeper's books, or falling foul of your landsharks of lawyers. Only I never could fancy trudging about all day over thirty acres of brick-dust after a set of lubberly ploughmen, or keeping the log of a dairy, with nothing before you but to square your accounts at the year's end, and begin again. A sailor has his hardships, but then he 's always looking forward; even a foremast-man feels like a prince as he goes round the craft in harbour, squinting at their different rig, and fighting shy of offers, till he thinks whether he 'll go to India, or China, or the West Indies, or to some country he hasn't seen. Then, if a boy with some schooling enters apprentice, and works on steadily, he has the chance of commanding a vessel; and I don't think any one would wish better than to walk his own quarter-deck, and look aloft at the rigging taut and trim,—canvas touching the wind and never lifting, from course to royal—with her three masts in a line—and steering across the ocean without any one to tell him the way, while all the time no one is his master but God, who rules the winds and the waters!

However, I 'm a-head of my story. We lived about seven miles out of the town of Chester, quite in the country, with no more than two or three other houses beside us, though all round about you could see farm-houses, and cottages, and little villages across the fields and the river, enough to make all Chester over again, and as different from the town as a channel-fleet standing into port is from the shipping in the docks. Our own house was an old-fashioned, queer-built sort of a place, half timbers and half stones; there wasn't one of the windows on a line with another, and the chimneys were as high as the "Maria's" lower masts. It stands at the end of an old green-garden, full of large gean-trees, which lies between it and the market-road; with an orchard besides, and a little paddock to one hand, and a carpenter's wood-yard at the other, where the piles of planks shaking in a windy day would remind you of a ship's bulk-heads straining at night in a stiff breeze. All before the door, under the trees, you see the flat green corn-fields, sprinkled with red flowers in summer, and the meadows full of sleek cows; and over them the spire of the church in the distance, where we used to walk all together of a Sunday. I think I see my good little mother, my old aunt, and the two girls, sitting out at tea there in the garden before the door, as they were the evening I came home last, after being three years away! I have the old place before me now, and how my mother shrieked and dropped her best china tea-pot, which was always used on Sundays, and my aunt ran to open the gate, and how my sisters screamed and ran for my brother Ben, who was on the other side of the wall, in the carpenter's garden, pulling cherries for the carpenter's pretty daughter.

We had a happy enough time of it when we were boys there in the country, however dull it seems to me to be when one grows up. For my part, I'm sure I don't know how I ever learnt to read at all, so fond was I of pretending to help with the field-work, or anything else instead of going to school. We would slip out with the hay-people or the reapers at six in the morning, and work all day in a broiling sun, take our dinner with them in the field, and come home in the evening as if we had been doing nothing wrong; and my mother never had the heart to scold us for it.

However, our prime spree was when we got leave to go along with the market-carts into Chester on market-day, when the cheeses made on the farm, or some of the orchard fruit, were sent in to be sold. I well remember the delight of my first liberty-day on shore in Bombay, after a six months' voyage, with half-a-dozen rupees in my pocket; everything I saw in the streets like part of a tale in a book; and how we ordered a dinner fit for kings with our first wages, and smoked half a box of cigars under the verandah, while we looked at the strange figures passing below. But after all, one wearied of the thing on a second trial, and it wasn't equal to the feelings with which we boys drove into Chester of a fine summer morning, with good-natured Dick, the farm-servant, who let us manage as we chose. The whole day was before us, the streets full of people, and everything that wasn't wonderful was funny. A curious, Dutch-built sort of an old town is Chester, as everybody knows; I have often been puzzled since to think what kind of sea-going craft people knocked off in those days; although I fancy the sea left them much less to their own taste than the shore did. Such narrow, little crooked streets you have, with the upper part of the houses over the foot-passengers' heads, and every now and then a dark entry into a court, or a crooked stair, or an outside wooden gallery. And there we sat, on the top of

one of the carts, crushing through the crowd, and swaying about as the pile of cheeses and baskets shook, or waiting stock-still when we could not get forward. We enjoyed seeing the old women chaffer about the price of eggs, and now and then one of us would chuck an orchard apple slyly into their laps, or catch hold of the tops of their umbrellas, which they had put up to keep them from the sun.

It was one of these times that we first saw our old Uncle Ben, or rather an uncle of my mother's, who had gone to sea when she was a girl, and he not much older; and she had only seen him twice or thrice afterwards. We had often heard our



"He and I built a whole fleet of ships of every rig, from a frigate to a cutter, over at the carpenter's."

aunt and her talk of him; there was a huge shell on the parlour mantelpiece, which he had brought from the West Indies. Inside it was as beautiful pink as a rose-leaf, and when you put it to your ear it roared like the sea in a stormy night on a lee-shore. I used to view that shell with great awe, as a sort of magical thing; and I fancied that it always told what kind of weather there was then far out at sea, and that when there was a ship lost one would hear in it the distant cries of drowning sailors. It was the only nautical affair in the house, except a portrait of Uncle Ben him-

self, done by a Chinee-man in Macao; a rum customer the fellow had made him too, for his money. The face yellow, with long pig's eyes, and black hair smoothed and curled on each side like a woman's; although underneath there was a pair of whiskers fit for "Blackbeard" the pirate, and a ferocious grin about the mouth, just such as I suppose the Chinee-man thought he saw there. This noble tar had plainly a quid stowed away in his one cheek, it was such a size; but he looked as if he was putting his tongue in it too, and the rascally chopstick had tried his best skill at a streak of 'bacco juice, which my uncle, I fancy, had drawn across his own figure-head with the back of his hand. The two of them together, no doubt, agreed about not forgetting the pig-tail, which shied over the shoulder from the back of his head down to the bottom of his shirt, and was tied with a blue ribbon as long as an Admiral's pennant. So I thought that I should know my Uncle Ben if I met him anywhere between this and Behring's Straits.

Well, one day we were in Chester with the carts at market; the man Dick had put up the horses at the tavern where we got our bread and beer, and my brother and I were standing under the archway of the yard, listening to a man and a woman with a bundle of ballads, singing opposite each other in the middle of the street. Just then we heard the horn of the mail-coach as it came round a corner into the town, and brought up at the door of the head-inn close by. Soon after, one of the 'ostlers, a crony of Dick's, ran over and said there was an old fellow at the "Stag's Head," asking for his missus.

"He's nothing else but a savidge sailor, Dick," says the 'ostler; "nobody can make nothing of him. He's got a box with him, though, as big as a corn-chest, and a great bundle of sacks and ropes, all stinking of pitch and tar; so means to make himself at 'ome someweres. You'd better put in your hanimal again, and get 'em into your cart off our steps."

Dick grumbled at not having had his dinner first, but he yoked the old mare again, and took the cart round to the "Stag's Head."

"I'll tell you what, Bill," said my brother Benny to me, as we stood looking out with our mouths open, like young ducks before a shower, "for a hundred pounds, that's Uncle Ben come back to see mother and aunt and all of us!"

"No! you don't say so, Ben!" said I, starting. "Well, if it is, I'll cut off home this moment, and let them know beforehand."

"No, you shan't, though," says Ben, who was older than I, and every now and then tried to come captain over me, which sometimes was the occasion of a battle, when there was anybody to egg me on. "No, you shan't; we'll surprise 'em."

I, however, was half afraid of facing old Uncle Ben so suddenly, as I had come to think of him as a sort of Wandering Jew, who had been everywhere, and never died. I made a bolt to run off for home, when Ben caught hold of me, and we were pulling each other's hair, and tumbling about the yard, when somebody caught hold of me by the stern of the breeches, and hoisted me right in the air, while Ben was shoved into a heap of straw. A voice as loud as a bull's shouted out beside us—

"Hollo! you precious young rascals, is this the way you welcome your old uncle?"

As soon as I was on my legs, I turned round, and saw a tall, stout, oldish man, a little bent, with a dark, rough, hard-cut face, and long ringlets of grey hair coming down to his whiskers, who stood looking at us both with a comical sort of a grin. He had on a low glazed hat, as bright as japan, with a name in front in gilt letters, an old, long blue coat with yellow anchor-buttons, and wide canvas-trousers, with gilt buckles in his shoes. When he held out his one hand to me, I noticed there was nothing at the end of the other sleeve but a steel hook, which my brother Ben seemed afraid would catch hold of him, for he wouldn't come nearer.

"Come, my boys," said the old man-o'-war's-man, "give us a flipper, now you've made out my rig; you see I've only *one* myself, so I mean no favour betwixt ye! What's your names?"

"Ben and Bill, sir," answered my brother.

"'Bless'd, then, if niece Sal hasn't made me stand Sammy for a name without axing by your leave! Well, my boy, I answers to the same hail; I'm your Uncle Ben. I s'pose you've heard of me?"

"Often, Uncle Ben," said he. "We've your picture at home, but I shouldn't have known you by it."

"Oh," said Uncle Ben, "but that's twenty years ago! I warn't in nothing like this here rig, neither; but, at the time it was done, the whole mess said it was as like as one cat-head is to another, saving that the old chow-chow clapped on too much of his Chinee yellow; which, I don't doubt, he meant in kindness for an extra dollar or so."

As soon as we had exchanged reckonings a little with our stranger grand-uncle, and told him about the family, he took us into the tavern, and treated us all to as jolly a blow-out as the house could furnish.

"Now," said Uncle Ben to the ploughman Dick, "get your wheel-consarn under weigh, and let's make sail for this here farm. We'll have our first bowl of grog there, boys; and I'll not smoke my first pipe on shore till your mother fills it for me. Bless you, Bill, I recollect her a little girl in the old house in Watling Street, younger than you are, when I was about the age of Ben there. We were at the same school, and although I was her uncle, little Sally used to help me with my accounts. You two fellows, big enough to stow a mizen-royal, you make her an old woman to what she was when I saw her last."

All the way as we went along, sitting in the cart, out of the town and through the country-road in a bright summer's afternoon, it was curious to us to see the old tar's delight with everything. Before this his whole acquaintance with the land had lain in sea-port towns or great cities, except now and then a short cruise on shore in some foreign country. He had been at sea from a mere lad, and had just left a frigate three years on the African station. So you may think how we laughed at having to tell our old uncle the commonest things about the country, and seeing how he appeared to take as much pleasure in the sight

of fields, and trees, and gardens as if they were dropped from the moon. I remember, too, that once or twice I wondered to find his remarks made me notice something strange and beautiful in what I had seen every day since I was a child. When we got out of the highway into a rough field-road through the long clover-hay, the old fellow grew anxious to get a sight of the house, although we were so deep in the low fields that you might have thought there wasn't one within ten miles. Uncle Ben stood up on the top of his old chest, and looked round as bewildered as a greenhorn coming on deck to his first morning-watch, out of sight of land.

"Well, boys," said he, "bless'd if this bean't to me summut like the captain's gig in a Bahama swell, always below the horizon: I see nothing but the tops of fences and corn-fields. I don't doubt you've taken the bearings, messmate," to Dick, who was driving; "but I'd like to know how's her head, and whereaway lies this said port."

Honest Dick, however, didn't know what he meant, and the old quartermaster of the "Minerva" asked him to heave-to, and let him down the side.

"Come away, boys," said Uncle Ben to us, "let's start a-head; if it's only for the curiosity of the thing. I must have a look-out off the royal-yard of that there tree, which wouldn't have made a bad spar for our frigate."

We were quite ready to climb up after him, but the old man was at the top before us, and we soon heard him hailing out from aloft, "Sail-ho! my lads!—is that the craft? White paint from bends to gunnel—double tier of ports—and rigged with smoking funnels, as long as in one of your new-fangled 'steamers'!"

We knew it must be our own house he saw from the place; and Uncle Ben gave three cheers at the sight of Old Mallow Farm, with the cows gathered behind the dairy for milking, and the pond at the end of the carpenter's house, covered with ducks and geese washing themselves. The fine evening sunshine came all over the two gardens; and the tops of the trees, and the piles of crossed planks in the wood-yard, looked as if they were dipped in real gold. There was a market-cart full of neighbours stopping on the road at the carpenter's gate, to hold a palaver with him and his wife; and their little girl, with our two little sisters, were sitting on the wall, while our mother and aunt looked over it from their own garden.

A little while after we were all sitting in the little parlour at home, with the tea-things on the table, and the window open to let in the sweet summer air of the garden; while the old sailor, as happy as possible between his two nieces on the sofa, with the rest of us about his knees, was busy with them overhauling the slack of all that had happened since they saw each other. What we younger ones wanted was to hear something about the sea, and how Uncle Ben had lost his arm.

"All in good time, boys," said he; "please God, I'll spin you the whole yarn out before we part company; but not this bout. If you were as salt as I am, from full forty years' cruising, you'd be glad for one night to wash your mouths in sweet water, and eat nothing but *soft tack*. A grain of brine jist now, or a snift of tar, would be the death of me. Well, you see, Sally dear, and Niece Barbara, I must give you the rights of the matter; how I come to turn up now all standing, after you might ha' thought I'd lost the number of my mess, and gone to the bottom. 'Xcuse my manners, though, nieces, and let Little Ben, there, fill me a pipe of negrohead out of the chest, so as you doesn't object to the smoke. It's the genuine sort, that would make a man who smoked it tell you his mind in spite of himself, and wouldn't disagree with a sucking child. And harkee, Bill, boy, you'll find a pair of East Ingee shawls, and a box of shells under my sailing gear; hand them out of their berth for your mother and Aunt Barbara."

Ben filled one of the long clay-pipes we had bought in Chester, and while we—all but my mother, who was thanking Uncle Ben for minding us—were overhauling the curiosities, he lighted it and had his smoke. The light clouds went out at the parlour-window, and hung in the air alongside till you couldn't see the garden; so I suppose the old man wasn't looking at it, but meditating on what he had been going to say. At last my mother put her head on his shoulder, and said, "Tell us now, then, Uncle; I'm listening. Children, do keep the shells and things to yourselves, and let aunt hear what Uncle Benjamin was saying!"

"Ay, ay," said he, turning round gravely; and then with a cheerful smile,—"Well, girls, well, I was just overhauling that same; and it's wonderful in how short a time one looks up the whole log it's taken such a many years chalking down! You, Sally now, by the church-books you're but five year younger than myself, yet you're a perfect girl to me. You've your children there; if they make you old one way, they make you younger another; while here am I—fifty-three I made myself last birthday, by the old Bible in my chest—older than my father was when he died, and he was seventy-one. You've no idee, Niece Barbara, how hard work and weather both wears a man down at sea; one day to windward on tops'l-yard, hauling out an earing with a wet skin, the blast cutting you like a knife; t' other, sweating at an oar, with the water as calm and hot as the glass on a skylight. But most 'specially, it's the having nothing to look to, no one to think of, that brings a sailor sooner to grey hairs and weariness. At the voyage end, he must ship again and in anchors, for what use is he of ashore? The sea's made him, and it must e'en take him.

"Well, I liked the service, and was well treated, as a steady hand, and ready for any work. I liked the freedom and the venturesomeness; although I own, Sally, dear, if there was one thing that haunted me, it was the thought of you and your Tom sitting at the fire in that same little bright room, as you were when I seed you a year after your marriage. Oftentimes it hove up in a dream, like a sail out of the sea, and seemed to draw nearer, when, behold you, 'All hands' 'd be sung out down the hatchway; or else I'd beat about and about it for a whole watch; an' most of all, when we wor at our noisiest, or doing our worst, the thought would come strongest.

"Hows'ever, I forgot that, when I seed you a widow, and knew you'd your own troubles. I thought on you often aftertimes, sittin' lone and dreary in the town; so I fancied myself in a

better berth where I was, knocked about in an old jackass frigate, chasing schooners that could sail round her, an' now and then overhauling a scuttled prize, or landing a cargo of greasy niggers. Even if I was getting crazy-timbered, like the old 'Minerva' herself, why, there was the blue seas as fresh as ever to keep us shaking; an' sometime or other we'd go quietly down, and be done with it. I'd the conning of her wheel in the starboard watch, and somehow felt a concern in the old craft that made up to me for the want of such with any kith or kin of mortal creatures. In a light wind, or a breeze astern, she yawed like a jackass, as she was, and with a head-wind, she kicked like one; but under double-reefed tops'ls she carried a small enough wheel, and wore well; so you may just think I had a kindness for the jade, not to speak of shipmates I had weathered it with so long. Well, one hot afternoon watch we were standing off the mouth of Old Calabar river in the tail of a light breeze, the three tops'ls just lifting, and the land well down, with only a thin haze over where it lay. I was leaning against the hammock-nettings, abaft the larboard fore-chains, keeping a lazy eye on the horizon to seaward, which was broken with the heat, so as you could hardly know water from sky. The water alongside was as blue as blue could be, you'd ha' thought it scarce broke under the cutwater at the bows. I don't know how it was, our being so long out, on salt junk and rotten water—or whether some'at was wrong about the upper-works—but just then a sort o' megrim come over me at sight of the sea. My head swam with the slow blue wash of it, in the middle of the white haze; I thought of all the poor fellows I'd heard tell of that fancied the waves a green field, and saw their little birth-town in the clouds, and so jumped o'erboard. I'd 'a' given a month's grog for a stiff breeze off-shore, an' a sail on the lee-bow in chase; or to put my mouth to a runnin' stream in the grass, and drink myself under-water, as I've seen an old queer stone-faced chap do the whole year round at a town-well. It wasn't long after, neither, when the man aloft sings out, 'Sail-ho!' and sure enough there was the three masts and hull of a ship to windward, hove high into the air with the heat, and cut through by the haze, so that you could see her portline and her royals plain, long before her larger canvas. It turned out to be the sloop-o'-war that relieved the 'Minerva' off the station, and bringing letters for the ship's company. There was one of 'em for me, Sally, which you'd sent afloat two years afore, from this here farm, when you settled in it; and here it 'ad been boxing the compass in chase of me. I s'pose by this time you've forgotten what you said in that 'ere letter; but, bless your kind heart, I've got it by memory as well as I know the ship's ropes. You said how you'd seen an old shipmate at Greenwich as told you I was in the 'Minerva,' and how you was hearing the wind roar through the trees the last night, but in the morning, when you wrote, it was quite calm, and the fields so green out of the window. Only the sight of the shell above the fire-place made you put it to your ear, and the sound was so loud you a'most thought you heard the sea, till you took the notion of writing to me. You told me, Sal, you mind, what a difference there was 'twixt London an' the country; so quiet it was, that it brought back your young thoughts, and so happy you felt stepping out into the garden of a morning, looking at the cows feeding in the green grass over the hedge; and you gave me a day's log of what you did at the farm, as reg'lar as an Indiaman's in the trades, to 'muse me like, you said, in a watch below. As soon as I overhauled it, the whole mess was waiting to hear the letter, and I'd got to read it out from one end to another twice running. You should ha' seen their faces, Sal, while they listened, every one half over his hammock, to hear. Not a man but praised you to the masthead, Sally, dear, and wished he had a wife that could fist such a screed; and an old foretop-man said it'd be a mighty good berth to lay up in for life. At the time I said nothing, but I was thinking of every word you'd written as if it was a drop of dew off a green leaf; something about a sort of new life, or a world I'd never heard of before, unless it was long ago when I didn't mind it. I couldn't think anybody else had a notion what them little words about trees, and grass, and growing gardens, and meadows, stood for; and I thought so the more when we came into port, and saw every one spend his earnings like a fool, and get drunk for weeks, and then ship again for a long voyage. When we reefed topsails in the morning-watch, I leant over the yard, and felt as sick as a boy; only it was at *thought* of the sea, and all concerned with it. The sea itself got to me all of a sudden like a great, unnat'ral, hatef'l, livin' thing, as all my life long had kept me box-hauling and beating about, out o'sight of some blessed river-mouth that ran right out of the very sky. I couldn't believe I'd ever get quit of it, for I don't think as I ever noticed before what a force was in every heave of the waves, or what a deepness was under 'em: till at last the old frigate was tumbling homeward-bound before a strong sou'-wester.

"When we were paid off at Spithead, an' I'd got my traps ashore at Plymouth-point, I turns in to snooze out the three watches for once; but three shipmates hauled me out at eight bells of the middle watch, to drink success to the cruise on shore. So the first thing next day, I hired a donkey, and went over to the Reach, in sight of Spithead and the sea, just to give the old brine-tub a parting hail. The spring-tide was coming in full, and a seventy-four and a frigate standing out under all sail, an' everything looked so brisk and fresh in the offing, while the beach behind, and the town was so dirty-like and smoky, that a sort of terror came over me at the idee of being wiled out once more. So I gave a long look at the craft and the sea-line, an', thinks I, it's don't signify, old salt-and-blue, here I am out of your law; mother 'arth shall have my bones yet, an' not need a shot to sink them. It's my last sight of blue water; I'll never more hear the ripple alongside in the hammock, nor hand canvas on a yard. I own it seemed melancholy-like, as if I'd remembered every messmate and shipmate I ever sailed with. The tide had almost floated the beast off ground as he stood, and, when we wore round to make the port again, I could ha' fancied the sea was coming after me, hand-over-hand, it broke with such a splash under the creature's counter. There it was, too, looking through the end of every street in the town, like

some great eye watching you; an' I didn't feel easy in my mind till the coach I got aboard of dropped it under the hills, and we bearing right away into the green land.

"Hows'ever, girls, I must just ball up this here long yarn I've been spinning, and pay out no more cable, if I'm to ride at anchor with a clear hause. I'd some thoughts of gettin' a sort of a jury-berth rigged for myself, in some out-o'-way place, and living like one o' them old hermits I've heerd called anchoryites, because they were moored head and stern in a wilderness. But I know how it 'ud be; in a fortnight's time I'd be cutting cable, and off to sea in the first ship, if it were only the one as would soonest go down. After all I thought about the green leaves, an' o' the smell of the earth, I do believe, Sally, lass, I had a longing all the while far more for a kind heart or two, and some pleasant faces to pass the life-lines around, ere letting slip. So here I be, the old hulk you see me, Sal, come athwart you to ask you to let me moor alongside till I break up. Why, bless you, I didn't need that squeeze o' the hand to show you'll not leave me adrift. I've seen it all along by your looks, both of you. But you can't tell how this here quietness, with the look of the garden outside, and the bird singing in the bushes, comes right into the heart when it's been weary. It's a'most as I could feel the very harbour-waters of life lipping up between you and me, when all the time before, one's been afloat sailing on the face of trouble and loneliness."

So old Uncle Ben was settled down to live with us; and as he had saved prize-money, and got an out-pension for his lost arm, he was comfortably enough off, and would have his share in the keeping up of the house. For a good while, I remember, he took up every little job about the place that was least like what he had been used to afloat, as if he wanted to forget all connected with the sea; and it was queer enough to see him early of a morning in the garden hoeing cabbages, or digging ground, in an old blue jacket and well-scrubbed canvas-trousers, and a large straw hat. After breakfast and dinner you would see him smoking a long pipe under the large plane-tree at the end of the house, with an eye on the chimney-can aloft, to notice the wind. Then he had what he called his quarter-deck walk with my mother or Aunt Barbara before the door, and at every turn he would wait till his companion was ready to go back again. Every night, when we were going to bed, we would hear him pacing backwards and forwards outside, six steps and round again, in a walk behind the kitchen, where he could get a free prospect, and see what sort of weather it was to be. If there was much wind, or a bright moonlight night, after a while, old Ben was sure to keep one hour of the middle watch, walking there; and many's the long talk I've had with him, when I was a boy, in these watches. I would slip out of bed quietly, and down stairs with one of his old pilot-coats on, to hear a story from him; and there we'd walk, he with his pipe, and I listening to a yarn about the war, the slave-trade, a cutting-out, or a chase, while the wind roared in the trees, and the planks in the carpenter's wood-yard rattled and creaked again. There he was in his element, and I caught a sort of strange wild notion of what he was speaking about, and something of a spirit of the sea, which seemed to be what I had longed for years before. But this was all on the sly from my mother, poor dear woman; and for Uncle Ben's part, I believe the good old man fancied he was warning me against the sea, which he was aware my mother hated. I never knew a man who loved the sea from the bottom of his heart, with all its hardships and stirring perils, as he did; the whole story about his being wearied and longing for the land was, I fancy, a sudden whim he took into his head after a three years' cruise. In a few months he got restless, knocked off his little jobs, and, between his long spells at the pipe, the only thing which seemed to give him any satisfaction was telling stories about the sea to every one whom he could get hold of, doing anything which could remind him of it, or reading books of old voyages. He and I built a whole fleet of ships of every rig, from a frigate to a cutter, over at the carpenter's; which we floated on the pond when we had cleared it of ducks: and in six months' time I knew every rope, sail, and evolution, almost as well as I do now, and could box the compass like a pilot's boy.

Some rough November night, when we were all sitting round the fire, with the shutters shut, and could hear the storm getting up by degrees in the distance, till it burst along the garden-lane against our windows, and then howled away into the trees, I've heard my mother say, with a shiver, looking at the old man, "God be with those at sea to-night, Uncle! what a blessing to have a roof to cover us!" One time, Uncle Ben had been listening for more than an hour to the sound, without almost speaking, only sitting up to light his pipe again; his face had kindled at the moment, and he seemed just as if he was going to start on his feet, but at my mother's words his features fell, he looked grave and half ashamed, shook his head, and said, "Ay, ay, Sally, no doubt, no doubt;" after which he began puffing away tremendously at his pipe. "Uncle Ben," said I, pulling him by the coat, "what'd they be doing now? when would they take in the topsails?"

"Why, bless you, boy," said he, gruffly, "you needn't 'ave asked that. I know as well as if I seed it this moment; there's a thousand craft now under their three double-reefed-tops'ls, and fore and main-stays'ls, safer on the open sea than we are sitting here; ay, and drier too, for the watch to the lee of the long-boat. A mere stiffish sou'-wester, Bill, lad. But Sal, dear, didn't I ax you to let me clap on a couple of backstays to that 'ere long chimley amidships, before the rough weather? I shouldn't wonder if we have it a gale from the nor'east before long, an' then you're as sure of carrying it away as if you set the 'Minerva's' new mizen-tops'l upon it."

This notion of the old sailor's, who would fain have made the farm-house look as like a ship as possible on any pretext, might have been as well carried out; for, a year or two after, the tall chimney did fall, and went down through the slates to the kitchen-floor, though happily nobody was hurt. However, at present, it only took him into the wake of an old yarn

about a captain who went mad, and would set the more sail the harder it blew, until the three to'gallant-masts went all at once, and the captain wounded two of the lieutenants with his pistols, before he could be secured, and the canvas taken in. Then he told us a stranger tale of a passenger on board of an Indiaman he was in, who had been hidden at Gravesend by the captain for a great bribe, when he was escaping from England; the bad weather they had, till in an awful storm his conscience made him so terrified, that he let out such things, that the men said he was a Jonah, and four of them took him out of his berth at night, and hove him overboard secretly; but none of the four ever saw land again. Old Ben, however, contrived to throw into all these stories such a spice of life and reality, as showed he secretly delighted in the remembrance. You would have thought you heard the wind roar, and the waves washing up, and saw the very ropes and canvas. It was evident he and I looked at the whole thing from another side than the rest who listened, like a rough sea at sunrise, all bright one way, all dark another: and for my part, I understood most of the niceties of the matter, on account of our frequent conversations together, and our building so many models.

My mother drew in her breath with a long sigh, looking round at us all; and, "Dear, dear," said Aunt Barbara, "to think that men can be so foolish as to trust themselves on the wild ocean! And what's it all for, I wonder, that they can't be well at home?"

"Why, niece, you don't think, I s'pose, when you take your tea and sugar night and morning, and put on your gown, how all them matters, and many more, has cost men thousands of miles of salt-water ploughing, and lying out over and over again on the slant yards while you're asleep, and the wheel never wanting a hand. Where'd you be if some fellows didn't take a fancy to the sea?"

"Ah, that's true, Uncle Benjamin," said the old lady; "so it is! 'Tis all for the best, I daresay, except indeed the world were of one piece."

"Bless'd if I think that would be a change for the better," said Uncle Ben, with his eyes sparkling up; "the world'd rot in no time, it would; or else you'd have a desert instead, no man could pass over. You can't make the old blue sea common, thank God! nor wearisome; nor lay it down with them railways as I hear is being started all over this country. It'll last them out, for a fair track to hearts-of-oak that can't abide the dry doings of your hard-an'-fast folk ashore. To tell the truth, I'm ashamed, myself, of lying like an old log here, while I think I see the 'Minerva' driving the white dust across her forefoot, and shaking out her topa'ls again in a night like this!"

"Uncle, Uncle Ben!" exclaimed my mother, seriously; "I know it's only a spark of your old feelings, but you don't think how you may excite little Bill there's mind, young as he is. I noticed the fooliah boy look so just now, and I'm afraid he's got too fond of sailing ships lately."

The old man looked as guilty as I did, and after a little he said—"Bill, d'ye hear your mother, boy; it's a dog's life, lad, it's a dog's life, so it is; and don't you go for to think of it because I'm open and aboveboard with ye. And the worst of it is, that the sea's a sort o' taste a man never gets out of his mouth: you may break him of drinking or cards, but *that's* a thought he'll no more get get quit of till he dies, than that there shell can lose the sound of it without being broken to shivers. Why, when I lie awake of a night here, my mind seems too wide for me; as if every thousand miles I've gone over, and every broad look-out from the masthead, rough or calm, black or bright, had grown into me; and every little paltry thing I've done in the daytime, and every separate stone or tree, looks swallowed up like in my thoughts. But don't think, Sal, dear, that I'm discontented living with ye. No, I've seen and felt here, at your hearth-stone, something I know well is better far than aught from here to the Pacific; only it can't be made my own altogether. I look on, and I don't feel as if I'd begun at the beginning with you, all fair and ship-shape; somehow I think now an' then of what might ha' been. The anchor's down and holds, Sal, but with too much scope of cable to feel it, 'cept when that same restlessness begins to heave me off; we'll bring her up to the ground by little and little."

Well, for a while after this again, Old Ben did seem to make up his mind to a life on shore, out of sight of blue water. He would even wander out into the fields, when the spring came round, with the two little girls, and take pleasure for hours in watching them build child's houses, and seeing how the green things had grown since the day before. He enjoyed his pipe as much as ever, but I don't think he spoke so often about the sea, or told so many yarns, so that sometimes you would have thought he had forgotten it. Once, indeed, there came two fellows dressed like regular tars to the door begging, with a pass which said they had been shipwrecked. Uncle Ben was overjoyed at the thought of talking to men who had been at sea; he had them in, and treated them to some grog and pipes. They didn't seem to like the knowing cut of the old man's jib, though; when he asked the ships they had been in, and the ports they sailed to, and they named one, he was down upon them: not a ship but he knew something about her, and could cross-haul them somewhere or other. He smoked their cant sea-phrases after a little, though it was plain how slow the real sailor was to believe a rogue could be found passing himself off for true-blue. However, when he did discover it, you would have laughed at the quick time the two Liverpool dock-lubbers took to get out of the house, and away from the old man's indignation. Latterly, too, our next neighbour the carpenter got to be a crony of his; they would sit together in the carpenter's porch talking for two or three hours on end of an evening; and it was good to see the carpenter's respectful, simple way of listening to his companion, as he explained how to get up jury-masts, or gave examples of the merits of different kinds of timber for a weatherly spar.

But the second winter after Old Ben came to us he didn't stand well; he appeared to fail a good deal, and the east wind always gave him a sharp cough. He was more than ever with my mother, of whom he was exceedingly fond, as well as of

my sisters; and of a Sunday evening he would ask one of them to read out of the Bible some of the chapters where the sea is mentioned. Sometimes it was about Noah in the ark, or Jonah in the ship of Tarshish, or the Psalm about "them who go down to the sea in ships." Then there was Jesus Christ and his disciples in the boat, and the storm that turned into a calm at His bidding; and the apostle Paul, who was cast away on an island; and I've sometimes been struck since at remembering what a whole Bible in itself there was in these choice pieces of his, which the old man came to know so well that he would set the little girl right if she made a mistake in her reading aloud. He took an odd pleasure also in hearing the service for the dead at sea, if it was done deep and solemn; many was the real scene, he said, it brought up to him when he had heard it. There was one part in the Revelation, I recollect, though, which he had never fallen upon, till once my mother picked it out, and bade little Mary read it. It was in the summer-time, such a clear, still night that we could hear the church clock outside of the village striking nine, through a lane in the wood between, while we listened to the chapter; and the quietness of the whole country round seemed to slip in afterwards at the open window. The words were these, "And the sea gave up the dead which were in *it;*" and a verse or two on, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

"Eh, Mary!" said Uncle Ben, waiting to see if it was the end of a verse, "what's that? Are you sure it 's down in the book? Take a turn there, my dear, and read it again,—slower."

Little Mary went over the same words again, but Uncle Ben would look himself, to be sure it was in the Bible.

"Well," said he, "it's logged down there in black and white, with a royal arms outside of the whole, to show there 's nothing smuggled aboard; so it must be true. Only I'd not ha' believed it on the chaplain's oath, and I don't think there was one man or officer in the 'Minerva' that wouldn't have laughed at the notion of an 'arth and sky without a sea! Belay there, Mary, will you, for to-night, and let 's think over it, for it 's a matter I don't all at once see the bearings of."

The pipe old Ben smoked that night was a long one, and more silent than common; and I've no doubt he was turning over the question seriously, and pondering how to settle it, till he turned in.

It was not long after this that he confided to me, little by little, what had been gradually coming more and more into his mind for months, although he was ashamed to tell it straightforward to my mother and aunt.

"Bill, my boy," said he at last, "it's no use keeping off an' on no longer about what I've got at heart. I'm getting old, I think, fast, and I'm afraid it won't do just to ship again for a three months' voyage or so, out o' sight of land. I've got too soft already to heave up anchor, and p'raps I'd find myself too soon thinking of the green grass and your mother's hearthside, for a bare look-out to windward. It's a fancy, Bill, boy, it's a fancy, but one that won't bear th'arting no longer. I tell you what, I must see the old blue ocean once more, and smell the sea-breeze. It's all very well talking about the comforts o' land, and such like, but I couldn't die happy without a sight of that same uncomfortable, dreary, homeless world, as they calls it, that I passed my life on. An' so it is, a world in itself, Bill, nothing like aught here. And harkee, Bill, I've a notion *you*'d like to have a squint at it for once too; but mind, it's for good and all: you must take a long pull and be done, when you're at it, an' then come home and mind your schooling; for I know your mother's set her heart against the thought of your going to sea, and I can't say I'd like you to go myself, takin' all things together. So I'll tell you how it's to be done, Bill, boy. I've got it into my head, and no make-believe, either, as how a spell of what they call sea-bathing 'd do me good for them aches I had in the winter. Just you keep a stopper on your jaw, now, and you'll see you and I'll have our first and last look of the broad ocean ere a fortnight's gone."

The old man managed it just as he had said, and in a short time he and I went off together by ourselves to stay a week or two at a little fishing village on the westmost point of Cheshire coast; for Uncle Ben took care not to come in sight of it anywhere short of a full prospect of the main ocean. It was dark when we got there, so that we saw nothing but some lights on the pier where the boats were coming in with fish, and we heard the heavy wash of the tide among the stakes and shingle, with a long glimmer of dull light in the sky of the cloudy autumn night, above the black distance. Although we lived not very far off from salt water, it was the first time in my life I was to see it, so I was quite excited at the thought, and all the old sailor's yarns and nautical ideas thronged on my mind, as if I was going to realize them; but notwithstanding, I slept sound with weariness. Old Ben came to my little bed next morning and woke me, and I saw by his fresh, cheerful look that he had been out for some time already. I dressed myself in a minute, and ran out; but at the first step the whole scene rushed upon me like a vision. I fairly started at the sight of such a breadth of water, going so far out into the clear sky; and at the dark keen colour of the whole, with the deep green waves which rolled in and out, breaking white about the pier, and the breezy blue far off. My eyes blinked for a moment, and then I looked again for a long while without speaking, until I burst out at last, "Oh, Uncle Ben!"

"Glorious enough, isn't it, boy!" said he, and the old man stood by me with tears in his eyes, I think; and neither of us said anything more that first time. But we went down low upon the long wet sands, till the ebb-tide sprayed at our feet, and I supposed it was coming in. A large fishing-boat with its red sail, which was running in for the pier, seemed to be level with our heads, as if the water stood above the land, and two large craft near the horizon, leaning over with the wind in the midst of a blue haze to the south-west, were seen to melt into it together in their white canvas.

All the dreams and wishes I had ever had of future life, and wild, free wandering, when I was sitting over my slate in school, or tired of a day's

idleness at home, they came back upon me while we were staying here. Two or three times I said to Uncle Ben, "I'll be a sailor, let my mother or anybody say what they will;" and though I can't deny the difference of the reality from these green fancies, I haven't repented choosing the sea yet. It suits my temper, and, taking one thing with another, I like the life and the change, and prefer it a thousand times to any shore-going business I know of. As for the old man, it's too long to tell you how happy he was that fortnight,—dipping in the surge of the tide like a child in a bath, spinning long yarns with the old fishermen at night, and taking me a short cruise now and then in a spare coble. At the end he got dull again; but I remember what he said the last night, as he stood looking out to the horizon, the tide making fast at our feet—

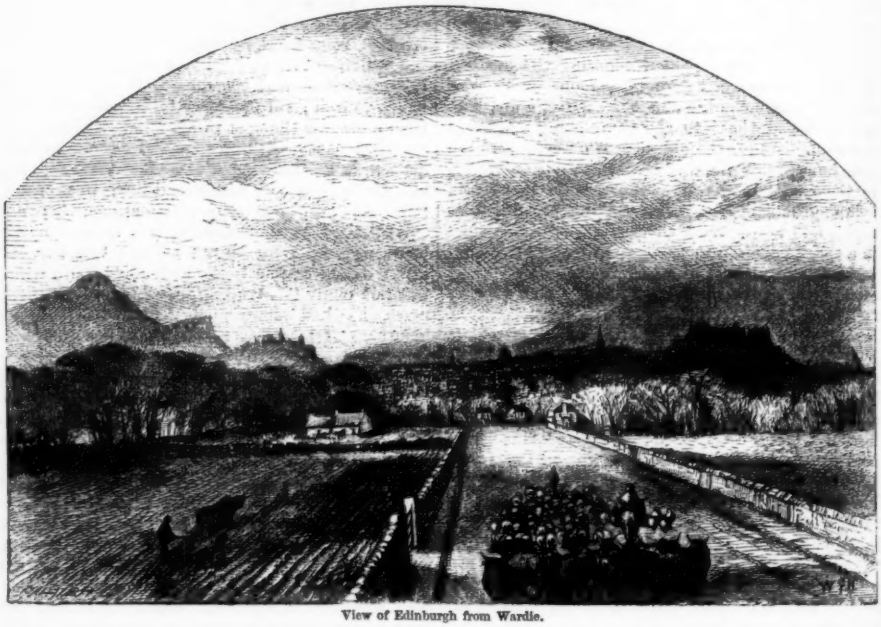
"Bill," said he, heaving a long sigh, "I think I've gone far to fathom that 'ere verse in the Bible about there being no more sea. I recollect, when I was on it, I used sometimes to think of a happy after-life—when we die, you know—as somehow like the best o' things ashore; a pleasant land, with rivers and fields, trees and fruit, and no more hard work, nor keeping watch, nor rough weather. But I'm glad to have been took away from it, and to have tried the good o' these matters, an' to think pleasantly of the sea again. An' glad I am to have had one more look at it, just this fashion, if it was for nothing else but this, that now I think far more solemn like, an' deeper, of the life to come than I did. I've a notion it ought to look to all of us while we're in this life some'at like the sea; a thing we don't, none of us, after all, understand the nature of; only that it's full of God's power to work the bitter blood out of us, and there's many a wonder, and many a beautiful sight there, they don't dream of ashore. The dead don't seem to me to rot there, nor to be in this world at all, but to have gone right into the hand of the Almighty. But I don't say, Bill, my boy, as that there future life mayn't be on the other side of it altogether different; just as if in the other world there wasn't no more storms, nor hard schooling, nor separation, nor ignorance of what's to be. And so, perhaps, after all, what's said about it in the Bible may be what's called a figger!"

Next day we left the place for home; and I think the old man was satisfied, and took kindlier again to his quiet ways. Everything about the place, and everybody in the house, appeared to be viewed fondly by him, as if he connected them with the notion of home. He talked often of the sea still, sometimes by way of a yarn, but oftener in a quiet, serious mood, like a region full of things he reverenced, and solemn events that had happened to him; till I daresay it became little more than a strange thought in his mind, which always returned most when he meditated on his end. Indeed, it was only about two years after this that old Uncle Ben got suddenly much weaker, and failed in his memory almost altogether; and shortly after he died, holding my mother by the hand, as if he remembered no one but her. It left a blank in the house at Mallow Farm which was not easily filled up. They kept up the hammock he had slung in his little bedroom for months, and I had it rigged again when I came home, and slept in it. At the village, too, they still remember Old Ben, how he used to step up the churchyard to service in his best canvas, as white as snow, and his blue coat with the anchor-buttons; and how he smoothed down his hair solemnly with his single hand at the church-door behind my mother. The landlord of the tavern changed his signboard from a waggoner with a mug of beer, to the "Old Tar" smoking his pipe on the sea-shore in a tremendous gale, with a wreck in the offing; for Uncle Ben had often invited him over on the Saturday night, he having been a soldier and served abroad. You may see the old man's mark to this day in a tall old beech-tree with its branches on one side cut into steps, which he used to call his foremast; as he went aloft on it regularly every sunset to have a look-out from the masthead. It stands at the end of his little walk behind the house; and many a time I've paced it myself to and fro, with my feet in the very marks of his footsteps, and thinking of his thoughts, as well as of all that's happened to myself since the nights he and I took our fox'sle turns there.

You may be surprised at my pretending to give you the old man's words so closely, but the fact is, the substance of them sunk deeply into my mind at the time. Besides, I knew his way so well, and loved him so well, that I could not help telling his story very much after his own fashion.

WILLIAM HANSARD.

WARDIE—SPRING-TIME.



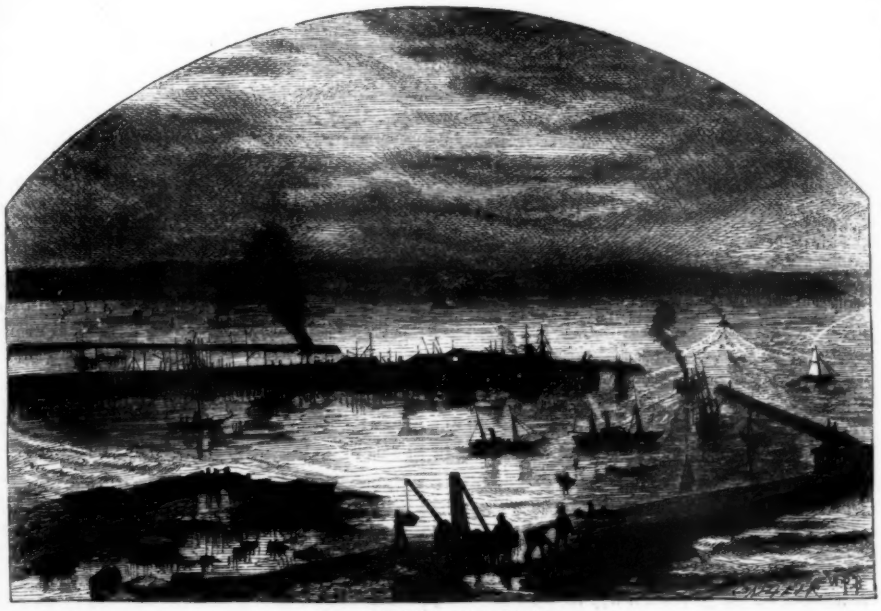
View of Edinburgh from Wardie.

In the exuberance of hope and life—
When one is played on like an instrument
By passion, and plain faces are divine,
When one is richer in an evening star
Than cities in their gold—far more than Spring
We love the pensiveness of Autumn air,
The songless fields, the flush of withering woods.
For, as a prince may in his splendours sigh
Because the splendours are his common wear,
Youth pines within the sameness of delight;
And the all-trying spirit un-content
With aught than can be fully known, beguiles
Itself with melancholy images,
Sits down at gloomy banquets, broods o'er graves,
Tries unknown sorrow's edge as curiously
(And not without a strange prophetic thrill)
As one might try a sword's, and makes itself
Epicurean of fantastic grief.

But when the blood chills and the years go by,
As we resemble Autumn more, the more
We love the resurrection-time of Spring.
And Spring is now around me. Snowdrops come,
Sad sweet memorials of a man I loved.
The crocus gleams along the garden walk,
And from the tree-top sings the speckled thrush;
Within the flying sunlights, twinkling troops
Of chaffinches jerk here and there; beneath
The shrubbery the blackbird runs, then flits
With chattering cry, and at the ploughman's heel
Within the red-drawn furrow stalks the rook.

This morning when the stormy front of March
Is masked with June, and has as sweet a breath,
And sparrows fly with straws, and in the elms
Rooks flap and caw, then stream off to the fields,
And thence returning caw and flap again,
I gaze, in idle pleasantness of mood,
Far down, upon the harbour and the sea,
The smoking steamer half-way 'cross the Firth
Shrunk to a beetle's size, the dark-brown sails
Of scattered fishing-boats, and still beyond,
Seen dimly through a veil of tender haze,
The coast of Fife endorsed with ancient towns—
As quaint and strange to-day, as when the Queen,
Whose smile aye glittered on a headsman's axe,
Beheld them from her tower of Holyrood
And sighed for fruitful France, or turning, cowered
At the dark shadow, Bothwell, at her side.

Behind, the wondrous City stretches dim
With castle, spire, and column, from the line
Of wavy Pentland, to the pillared range
That keeps in memory the men who fell
In the great war that closed at Waterloo.
How white the pillars gleam against the hill
While the spring sunlight flashes by!—and now
As grey as all the rest! The wondrous Town,
That keeps not Summer, when the Summer comes,
Without her gates, but takes it to her heart!
The mighty shadow of the Castle falls
At noon athwart deep gardens; roses blow
And fade in hearing of the chariot-wheel.
High-lifted Capital that look'st abroad,
With the great couchant Lion at thy side,
O'er fertile plains embossed with woods and towns,
O'er silent Leith's smoke-huddled spires and masts,
O'er unlinked Forth, slow wandering with her isles



View of the Fife Coast from Wardie.

To Ocean's azure, spreading faint and wide,
O'er which the morning comes: if but thy spires
Were dipped in deeper sunshine, tenderer shade,—
Through bluer heaven rolled a brighter sun—
The traveller would call thee peer of Rome,
Or white-towered Florence on the mountain side.

Thou wear'st the glory of a sunken sun:
Thy wealth is sepulchres and noble names:
Burns trod thy pavements with his ploughman's stoop
And his black flaming eyes. Scott dwelt in thee,
The homeliest featured of the demigods,
Apollo, with a deep Northumbrian burr;
And Jeffrey, with his sharp-cut critic face;
And Lockhart, with his antique Roman taste,
And scorn whose touch, like the Torpedo, burned;
And Wilson, wasteful of his splendid gifts
As hill-side of its streams in thunder-rain;
And Chalmers, with those heavy slumberous lids
Veiling a prophet's eyes; and Miller too,
Towering granitic among smooth-rubbed men,—
Of all that noble race but one remains,
Aytoun, with silver bugle at his side
That rang through all the gorges of romance—
Alas! that 'tis so seldom at his lip!

Thou saw'st the Prince, for whom three nations weep,
The latest. How he looked and spoke that day
Will be remembered long. The land's esteem
He coldly wore, but with the shock of death
Esteem burst into love. Too late! too late!
He cannot know it now. He loved thee too:
And never since the news of Flodden came
Heard'st thou a heavier message. Ah, that day
When flags were lowered, and boomed the solemn guns,
And in the streets men whispered "The poor Queen!"

The place is fair: but when the year hath grown
From snowdrops to the dusk auricula,
And skyey spaces scribbled o'er with boughs
Are banks of murmuring foliage, chestnut flowered,
Far fairer. Then, as in the Summer past,
From the red village underneath the hill,
When the long daylight closes, in the hush
Comes the pathetic mirth of children's games:
Or sweet clear treble, as two lines of girls
Advance and then retire, singing the while
Snatches of some old ballad sore decayed,
And crumbling to no meaning with sheer age.
A childish drama watched by labouring men
In shirt-sleeves smoking at the open door,
With a strange softness stirring at their hearts.
Then when the darkness comes and voices cease,
The long-ranged brick-kilns glow, the mighty mole
Breaks out, like Aaron's rod, in buds of fire;
And with a startling suddenness the light
That, like a glow-worm, slumbers on Inchkeith,
Glares out, then to a glow-worm shrinks again.
The sea is dark, but on the darker coast
Beyond, the ancient towns Queen Mary knew
Glitter like swarms of fire-flies here and there.
Come, Summer, from the south, and grow apace
From flower to flower until thy prime is reached,
Then linger, linger, linger o'er the rose!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

CONCERNING BEGINNINGS AND ENDS.

EVERYTHING in this world has a Beginning and an End.

After writing that sentence, which (as you see) sets forth a great general principle, I stopped for some time, to consider whether it holds always true. As one grows older, one grows always more cautious as to general principles. My young friend, when you are arguing any question with an acute opponent, you should, as a rule, never assent to any general principle which he may state. He may ask you, with an indignant air, Don't you admit that two and two make four? Let your answer be, No, I admit nothing, till I see how it touches the matter which concerns us at present. You do not know what may be involved in the admission sought; or what may follow from it. The most innocent-looking general principle may lead to the most appalling consequences. The general principle which appears most unquestionably true, may prove glaringly false in some very ordinary case. You should request time for consideration before you admit any axiom in morals, metaphysics, or politics: or you should ask your adversary what he means to build upon it, before you can say either yes or no to it. Do as the Scotch judges do when a difficult case has been argued before them. I discover from the newspapers that they are wont to say, that they will take such a case to *avizandum:* which I suppose (no one ever told me) means that they must think twice, or even oftener, before deciding a matter like *that.*

I have taken the general principle, already stated, to *avizandum.* It seems all right. But I remember, in thinking of it, at how great advantage a judge is placed, in trying to come to a sound decision. Very clever and well-informed men state the arguments on either side. And all the judge has to do, is to say which arguments seem to him the strongest. He has no fear that any have been overlooked. But a human being, weighing a general principle, must act as counsel on each side, as well as judge. He must call up before his mind, all that is to be said for and against it; as well as say whether the weightiest reasons make for or against. And he may quite overlook some important reason, on one side or other. He may quite forget something so obvious and familiar, that a child might have remembered it. Or he may fail to discern that some consideration which mainly decides his judgment, is open to a fatal objection, which every one can see is fatal the instant it is stated. Was it not Sir Isaac Newton, who had a pet cat and kitten? And did not these animals annoy him while busy in his study, by frequently expressing their desire to be let out and in? The happy thought struck him, that he might save himself the trouble of often rising to open his study door for their passage, by providing a way that should always be practicable for their exit or entrance. And accordingly the great man cut in his door, a large hole for the cat to go out and in; and a small hole for the kitten. He failed to remember, what the stupidest bumpkin would have remembered, that the large hole through which the cat passed, might be made use of by the kitten too. And the illustrious philosopher discerned the error into which he had fallen, and the fatal objection to the principle on which he had acted, only when taught it by the logic of facts. Having provided the holes already mentioned, he waited with pride to see the creatures pass through them for the first time. And as they arose from the rug before the fire, where they had been lying, and evinced a disposition to roam to other scenes, the great mind stopped in some sublime calculation: the pen was laid down: and all but the greatest man watched them intently. They approached the door; and discerned the provision made for their comfort. The cat went through the door by the large hole provided for her; and instantly the kitten followed her THROUGH THE SAME HOLE! How the great man must have felt his error! There was no resisting the objection to the course he had pursued, that was brought forward by the act of the kitten. And it appears almost certain that if Newton, before committing himself by action, had argued the case: if he had stated the arguments in favour of the two holes; and if he had heard the housemaid on the other side; the error would have been averted. But then Newton had not the advantage which the Chancellor has; he had not the matter argued before him. He argued the matter on either side, for himself: and he overlooked a very obvious and irrefragable consideration.

You and I, my reader, have many a time done what was perfectly analogous to the doing of Sir Isaac Newton. We have formed opinions and expressed them: and we have done things, thinking we were doing wisely and right: just because we forgot something so plain that you would have said no mortal could forget it,—something which showed that the opinion was idiotic, and the doing that of a fool. You know, more particularly, how men who have committed great crimes, such as murder, seem by some infatuation to have been

able to discern only the one obvious reason that seemed to make the commission of that crime a thing tending to their advantage; and to have been incapable of looking just a handbreadth farther on, so as to see the fatal, crushing objection to the course they took;—the absolute ruin and destruction that must of necessity follow. And the opinion of many men upon any subject, may often be likened to a table which the art of the upholsterer has fashioned to stand upon a single leg. They hold the opinion for just one reason; and that reason an unsound one. Give that reason a blow with the fatal, unanswerable objection; down comes the opinion: even as down would come the table, whose single leg was knocked away.

I am well aware that the severe critic who has read the lines which have been written, may feel disposed to accuse the writer of a disposition to wander from his path. A great deal of what has been said, is as when you take a look over the stile at a footpath running away from the beaten highway you are to traverse; and end by getting over the stile, and walking a little way along the footpath: intending, no doubt, ultimately to return to the beaten highway, and to plod steadily along it. All this discussion of general principles ought to have been despatched in a line or two, analogous to the glance over the stile. But let the critic take into account the fact, that since the writer last sat down to write an essay, he has written a great many serious pages, which it cost hard work to write, and in which nothing in the nature of an intellectual frisk could be permitted. And thus it is, that with a great sense of relief, he finds himself writing a page whereon he may mildly disport himself; casting logical and other trammels aside; and enjoying a little mental recreation. And now, going back from the path, and getting over the stile, we are in the highway again. We turned out of the highway, you remember, at the point where it was said, that EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD HAS A BEGINNING AND AN END: and that, upon reflection, it seemed that the general principle might be accepted as true. No doubt, in our early days, we have heard sermons which we thought would never end; yet ultimately, and after the expiration of long time, they did. And even those things within our recollection, which seem as exceptions to the great principle, are probably exceptions rather in appearance than in reality. I remember, indeed, an aged clergyman whom in my youth I occasionally heard preach; who always began the first sentence of his sermon, but who never ended it; at least not till the close of the sermon: and no human being could know when that sentence ended, or say at what point (if any point in particular) it ceased to be. Still even that first sentence of each discourse of that good man, came to a close somehow. It stopped, if it was not finished: because the sermon stopped. So you see that even that indefinite sentence can hardly be regarded as an exception to the rule that all things in this world have a beginning and an end.

And now, my friend, having laid down the broad principle with which this dissertation sets out; let me proceed to say, that it is one of the greatest blessings of this life, as well as one of the saddest things in this life, that there are such things as beginnings and ends.

We cannot bear a very long, uniform look-out. You may remember the pleasantly-told story of Miss Jane Taylor, of a certain clock. The pendulum of that clock began to calculate how often it would have to swing backwards and forwards in the week and the month to come: then, looking still farther into futurity, it calculated, by a pretty hard exercise of mental arithmetic, how often it would have to swing in a year. And it got so frightened at the awful prospect, that it determined at once to stop. There was something crushing in that long look-out. It was killing, to take in at once that unvaried way; on, and on, and on. The pendulum forgot the blessed fact of beginnings and ends: forgot that to our feeling there are beginnings and ends even in the duration, the expanse, the employment, which in fact is most unvarying. It is an unspeakable blessing that we can stop, and start again, in everything: and that we can fancy we do so, even when we do not. The pendulum was not afraid of a hundred beats, or of a thousand: but the prospect of millions terrified it. Yet millions are just an aggregate of many hundreds: and the pendulum could without fatigue do the hundred; and then set off again upon another hundred, and do that without fatigue. The journey, that crushes us down when we contemplate it as one long weary thing, can be borne when we divide it into stages. And one great lesson of practical wisdom is to train ourselves to mentally divide everything into stages: in short, to cling habitually to the invaluable doctrine and fact, of beginnings and ends.

There was a poor cabman at Paris who committed suicide, not long ago. He left behind him a letter, explaining his reasons for the miserable deed. His letter expressed no violent feeling: spoke of no great blow that had befallen him. It said that he ended his life, because he was "weary of doing the same things over and over again every day." The poor man's mind was doubtless unhinged. Yet you see what he did; and how he nursed his insanity. He looked too far ahead. He saw all life as one expanse. He forgot that life is broken into many stages: that it is made up of beginnings

and endings. He could not bring himself, for the time, to see it so. Each separate day he might have stood: but a thousand days held in prospect at once, beat him. It was as the bundle of rods was so impossible to break, though each single rod might easily enough be broken. It was the fallacy, which tells so heavily upon most public speakers: that you stand in great awe of a crowd of a thousand or two thousand men, each of whom individually would inspire you with no awe at all.

Now, my readers, I know perfectly well that you have all known a feeling of weariness and almost of despair arise, when you looked far forward, and saw the long weary way that seemed to stretch on and on before you in life. I believe that it is not so much what we are actually enduring at the time, that prompts the cry, "Now I can bear this no longer!" as some sudden vivid glimpse of all this, lasting on, and on, and on. There are few lives in which it is not expedient to "take short views:" few minds that without weariness and depression can take in at one view any very great part of their life at once. Sometimes there comes on us the poor Frenchman's feeling: Here is this same round over, and over, and over: the occupations of each day are a circle, and we are just going round and round it, like a horse in a mill. To-morrow will be like to-day: and then to-morrow; and the day after that: and so on, on, on. The feeling is a morbid one; and a wrong one: but it is a common one. A little of the sea in a tumbler is colourless: but a vast deal of the sea, seen in its ocean bed, is green. With life the case is reversed. In the commonplace course of life, the path we are actually treading may look rather green,—green, I mean, like the cheerful verdure of grass: but if you take in too great a prospect, the whole tract is apt to take the aspect of a desert waste, with only a green spot here and there. You will not add to the cheerfulness and hopefulness of man or of child, by drilling into him: This morning you will do such and such things: and all day such other things: and in the evening such other things: then you will sleep. To-morrow morning you will rise: and then the same things over and over: and so, on, on. I have known a malignant person who enjoyed the work of presenting to others such disheartening views of life. Let me, my reader, counsel the opposite course. Let us not look too far on. Let us not look at life as one unvaried expanse: although we may justly do so. Let us discipline our minds to look at life as a series of beginnings and ends. It is a succession of stages: and we shall think of one stage at a time. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Most people can bear one day's evil: the thing that breaks men down, is the trying to bear, on one day, the evil of two days, twenty days, a hundred days. We can bear a day of pain: followed by a night of pain: and that again by a day of pain: and thus onward. But we can bear each day and night of pain, only by taking each by itself. We can break each rod: but not the bundle. And the sufferer, in real great suffering, turns to the wall in blank despair, when he looks too far on: and takes in a uniform dreary expanse of suffering, unrelieved by the blessed relief of even fanciful beginnings and ends.

I remember a poor woman whom I used often to visit and pray with, in my first parish. She died of cancer: and the excruciating disease took eight months to run its course, after having reached the point at which the pain became almost intolerable. In all that long time, the poor woman told me that she was never aware that she had slept: it seemed to her that the time never came in which she ceased to be conscious of agony. Her sufferings formed an unbroken duration, undivided by beginnings and ends. She was a good Christian woman: and had a blessed hope in another world. But I can never cease to remember her despairing face, as she seemed to look onward to weeks of agony, always growing worse and worse, till it should wear her down to her grave.

The power and habit of taking comprehensive views, is not in every case a desirable thing. It is well for us that we should look at our work in life in its parts, rather than as a whole. Of course you understand what I mean. I am far from saying that we ought not oftentimes to consider what is the drift and bearing of all our life, and of all we are doing in it. I mean that to avoid a fatiguing and disheartening result, we should, for certain purposes, look not at the entire chain, but at each successive link of it. Of course, we know each link will be succeeded by the next: but let us think of them one at a time. Let us be thankful for Saturday night, and let us enjoy it: and let us hold at arm's length the intruding thought of Monday morning, when the shoulder must be put to the collar again. No doubt, in the work of life, every end is also a beginning. We rest for a little, perhaps only in thought and feeling; and then we go at our work again. But it is a convenient thing, and it helps to carry us on in our way, to mark out a number of successive ends, and thus to divide our journey into successive stages. It is well for us that when we start, we cannot see how far we have to go. We should give up all effort in despair, if from the beginning we held in view all the interminable length of way, whose length we shall hardly feel when we are wiled away along it gradually, step by step. It has always appeared to me extremely bad policy in any preacher, who desires to keep up the interest of his congregation, to announce at the beginning of the sermon, that in the first place he will do so and so; and in the

second place such another thing; and in the third place something else; and finally close with some practical remarks. I can say for myself, that whenever I hear any preacher say anything like that, an instant feeling of irksomeness and weariness possesses me. You cannot help thinking of the long tiresome way that is to be got over, before happily reaching the end. You check off each head of the sermon as it closes: but your relief at thinking it is done, is dashed by the thought of what a deal more is yet to come. No: the skilful preacher will not thus map out his subject, telling his hearers so exactly what a long way they have to go. He will wile them along, step by step. He will never let them have a long out-look. Let each head of discourse be announced as it is arrived at. People can bear one at a time, who would break down in the simultaneous prospect of three, not to say of seven or eight. And then, when the sermon is nearly done, you may, in a sentence, give a connected view of all you have said: and your skill will be shown if people think to themselves, what a long way they have been brought without the least sense of weariness. I lately heard a sermon, which was divided into seven heads. If the preacher had named them all at the beginning, the congregation would have ceased to listen: or would have listened under the oppressive thought of what a vast deal awaited them before they would be free. But each head was announced just as it was arrived at: the congregation was wiled along insensibly: and the sermon was listened to with breathless attention from the first sentence to the last.

Let it be so with life, and the work of life. It would crush down any man's resolution, if he saw in one glance the whole enormous bulk of labour, which he will get through in a lifetime: without feeling it so very much at each successive stage. It is well to break up our journey into separate portions: to take it bit by bit: to set ourselves a number of successive ends: even though we know that we are practising a sort of deception on ourselves; and that when the end we have immediately in view is reached, our work will be just as far from being done, as ever. Your little boy has before him the mighty task of his education. You do not tell the little thing at once, the whole extent of toil that is included in *that*. No: you fix on a small part of the work that is to be done: you show the little man *that* as his first end. *That* is the first thing to be done; and then we shall see what is to come next. And yet you know, and the little child knows just as well, that after he has conquered that tremendous alphabet, he must just begin again with something else; that by a hundred steps, each set out at first as an end to be attained; and each indeed an end, but likewise a beginning; he must mount from his first little book onwards and upwards into the fields of knowledge and learning. Let us, if we are wise men, hold by the grand principle of STEP BY STEP: let us be thankful that God, knowing that weariness is a thing that must be felt at intervals by the minds and bodies of all his creatures, has appointed that they shall live in a world of Beginnings and Ends. Yes: we can stand a day at a time: but if we forget the law of beginnings and ends, we shall come to be bearing the weight of a hundred days together. And *that* will crush the strongest.

Many people, of an anxious temperament, are like the pendulum already mentioned. The pendulum looked ahead to the incalculable multitude of ticks, forgetting that there would always be a moment to tick in. And you can easily see that many human beings plod heavily and dully through their work in life, because instead of giving their mind mainly to the present tick, they are thinking of the innumerable ticks that are coming. You know quite well that the work of life is done by most animals that have to work, in a dull spiritless way. Few go through their work in a cheerful, lively way. Even inferior animals are coming to imitate their rational fellow-creatures. The other day, I was driving in a cab along a certain broad and ugly highway, which unites Athens with the Piræus. I overtook and passed various drays, drawn by fine large horses. I carefully remarked the expression of the countenance of each successive horse. All of them had a very gloomy and melancholy look. They seemed as though they were enduring. They could stand it; and that was all. And I thought, here is an example of the way in which this world mainly goes on. It goes on: it gets through: but not cheerfully. You could know, even if you had no better means of knowing, that there is something wrong. And the working bees of the human race, do, for the most part, go through their work like the dull, down-looking horse. The horses were plump and sleek: they were plainly well fed and well groomed: yet their expression was sorrowful, or at least apathetic. It would have struck you less, to have seen that dull look on the face of some poor, half-starved screw. And you know that it is generally the human beings whose material advantages are the greatest, who have the most unsatisfied and unhappy expression of countenance. Look at the portraits of cabinet-ministers and the like. Few work with a light heart, and with enjoyment in their work. Many forebodings, and many cares, sit heavily upon the heart and brain of most. Oh for more practical belief in Beginnings and Ends!

It is characteristic of those things which possess a Beginning and an End, that they also possess a Middle, of greater or less extent. But we do not

mind about the middle nearly so much. The middle is much less affecting and striking. It is the first start, and then the close, that we mainly feel. You know the peculiar interest with which we look at the setting sun of summer, in his last minutes above the horizon. Of course he was going on just as fast through all the day: but at mid-day, we did not know the value of each minute, as we do when he is fast going down. I have been touched by the sight of human life, ebbing almost visibly away: and you could not but think of the sun in his last little space above the mountains, or above the sea. I remember two old gentlemen, great friends: both on the extreme verge of life. One was above ninety: the other above eighty. But their wits were sound and clear; and, better still, their hearts were right. They confessed that they were no more than strangers and pilgrims on the earth: they declared plainly that they sought a country, far away, where most of those they had cared for were waiting for them. But the body was very nearly worn out: and though the face of each was pleasant to look at, paralysis had laid its grasp upon the aged machinery of limb and muscle which had played so long. I used, for a few weeks, to go one evening in the week and sit with them, and take tea. They always had tea in large breakfast cups: other cups would not have done. I remember how the two paralytic hands shook about, as they tried to drink their tea. There they were, the two old friends: they had been friends from boyhood, and they had been over the world together. You could not have looked, my friend, but with eyes somewhat wet, at the large tea-cups, shaking about; as the old men with difficulty raised them to their lips. And there was a thing that particularly struck me. There was a large old-fashioned watch, always on a little stand on the tea-table, ticking on and on. You seemed to feel it measuring out the last minutes, running fast away. It always awed me to look at it and hear it. Only for a few weeks did I thus visit those old friends, till one died: and the other soon followed him, where there are no palsied hands or aged hearts. No doubt, through all the years the old-fashioned watch had gone about in the old gentleman's pocket, life had been ebbing as really and as fast as then. And the sands were running as quickly for me, as for the aged pilgrims. But then with me it was the middle; and to them it was the end. And I always felt it very solemn and touching, to look at the two old men on the confines of life; and at the watch loudly ticking off their last hours. One seemed to feel time ebbing; as you see the setting sun go down.

Beginnings are difficult. It is very hard to begin rightly in a new work or office of any kind. And I am thinking not merely of the inertia to be overcome, in taking to work: though that is a great fact. In writing a sermon or an essay, the first page is much the hardest. You know, it costs a locomotive engine a great effort to start its train: once the train is off, the engine keeps it going at great speed with a tenth, or less, of the first heavy pull. But I am thinking now of the many foolish things which you are sure to say and do in your ignorance, and in the novelty of the situation. Even a Lord Chancellor has behaved very absurdly in his first experience of his great elevation. It would be a great blessing to many men to be taken elsewhere, and have a fresh start. As a general rule, a clergyman should not stay all his life in his first parish. His parishioners will never forget the foolish things he did at his first coming, in his inexperienced youth. There, he cannot get over these: but elsewhere he would have the good of them, without the ill. He would have the experience, dearly bought: while the story of the blunders and troubles by which it was bought, would be forgotten. I daresay there are people, miserable and useless where they are; who if they could only get away to a new place, and begin again, would be all right. In that new place they would avoid the errors and follies by which they have made their present place too hot to hold them. Give them a new start: give them another chance: and taught by their experience of the scrapes and unhappiness into which they got by their hasty words, their ill temper, their suspicion and impatience, their domineering spirit, and their determination in little things to have their own way; you would find them do excellently. Yes, there is something admirable about a Beginning! There is something cheering to the poor fellow who has got the page on which he is writing, hopelessly blotted and befouled, when you turn over a new leaf, and give him the fresh unsullied expanse to commence anew! It is like wiping out a debt that never can be paid, and that keeps the poor struggling head under water: but wipe it out; and oh with what new life will the relieved man go through all his duty! It is a terrible thing to drag a lengthening chain: to know that, do what you may, the old blot remains, and cannot be got rid of. I know various people, soured, useless, and unhappy, who (I am sure) would be set right for ever, if they could but be taken away from the muddle into which they have got themselves, and allowed to begin again somewhere else. I wish I were the patron of six livings in the Church. I think I could make something good and happy of six men who are turned to poor account now. But alas, that in many things there is no second chance! You take the wrong turning; and you

are compelled to go on in it, long after you have found that it is wrong. You have made your bed, and you must lie on it. And it is sad to think how early in life, all life may be marred. A mere boy or girl may get into the dismal lane which has no turning: and out of which they never can get, to start afresh in a better track. How many of us, my readers, would be infinitely better and happier, if we could but begin again!

An End is sometimes a very great blessing. I have no doubt, my readers, that in your childhood you have often felt this when a sermon was brought to a close. Perhaps in maturer years you have experienced a like emotion of relief under the like circumstances. I can say deliberately that never in my youth did I once wish that such a discourse should be longer than it was. Yet we all remember how we have shrunk from Ends. You may have read a fairy tale by Mr. Thackeray, with illustrations by its author. One of these is a cartoon, representing a boy eating a bun, apparently of superior quality; and at the same time expressing a sentiment common to early youth. He eats: and as he eats, he speaks as follows: "Oh what fun! Nice plum-bun! How I wish it never was done!" I remember the mental state. I have known it well. In my mind it is linked with the thought of plum-pudding, and of other luxuries and dainties. It was sad to see the object lessen, as it was enjoyed: to see it melt away, like a summer sunset! And about Christmas-time, one had sometimes a like feeling as to the appetite and relish for plum-pudding and the like. Would it were unceasing! I mean the appetite. But you remember how it flagged. And though you stimulated it with cold water, yet the fourth supply beat you: and had to be taken away. And you remember, too, how you shrunk from the end of your holiday season: and wished that time would stand still. You may have read the awful scene in Christopher Marlowe's *Faustus*, where the hapless philosopher, on the verge of his appointed season, seems to cling to each moment as it passes away from him. And oh my reader, if the great work of life have not been done while the day lasted, think how awful it will be to feel that the end of the day of grace is here! Think of poor Queen Elizabeth in her dying hour, offering all the wealth of her kingdom for another day of life! We cannot, in the commonplace days of ordinary health and occupation, rightly realize the tremendous fact: but think of the End of this life, to the man without the good part in the Redeemer! To feel that all in the world you have toiled for and loved is going from you: to feel your feeble hand losing its grasp of all: to see the faces around grow dim through the mists of death: to feel the weary heart pausing, and the last chill creeping upwards: to feel that you are drawn irresistibly to the edge of the awful gulf,—and no hope beyond! May God, for Christ's sake, save every soul that shall ever read this page from that awful End!

It is the end of a career that gives the character to it all. We feel as if a life, however honourable and happy, were blighted by a sorry ending. The thought of Napoleon at St. Helena squabbling about the thickness of his camp soup, and the number of clean shirts to be allowed him, casts back an impression of pettiness upon the man even in his mid-career. There is a graver consideration. If a man had lived many years in usefulness and honour, but finally fell into grievous sin and shame, we should think of his life as on the whole a shameful one. But if a man end his career nobly: if his last years are honourable and happy: we should think of his life on the whole as one of happiness and honour, though its beginning were ever so lowly and sad. You remember how a great king of ancient days asked a philosopher to name some of the happiest of the race. The philosopher named several men, all of whom were dead. The king asked him why he did not think of men still living: "Look at all my splendour," he said to the philosopher: "why do you not think of *me*?" "Ah," said the wise man; "who knows what your life and your lot may be yet? I call no man happy before he dies!" [Distinguished classical scholar, I am not telling the story for you.] And, sure enough, that monarch was reduced to captivity and misery; and died a miserable captive: and so you would not say that his life was a happy or a prosperous one on the whole. But in the most important of all our concerns, my friend, the End is far more important than that. You know that though the monarch, vanquished and uncrowned, died in a dungeon, *that* could not blot out the years of royalty he had actually lived. He had been a king, once; however fallen now. The man who sits by his lonely fireside, silent and deserted, can yet remember the days when that quiet dwelling was noisy and gladsome with young voices: they were real days, when his children were round him; and it does him good yet to look back on them,—though now the little things are in their graves. But the fearful thing about the professing Christian who ends in sin and shame, is this: He dare not comfort himself under the present wretchedness, by looking back to better days, when he thought he was safe. The fearful thing is that this present end of sin has power to blot out those better days: if a man, however fair his profession, end at last manifestly not a Christian, this proves that he never was a Christian at all! You see what tremendous issues depend upon the Christian life ending well! It is little to say that

ending ill is a sad thing at the time: it is that ending ill flings back a baleful light on all the days that went before! If the end be bad, then there was something amiss all along, however little suspected it may have been. It is only when the end is well over, that you can be perfectly sure you are safe. You remember Mr. Moultrie's beautiful poem, about his living children and his dead child. The living children were good: were all he could wish: but God only knew how temptation might prevail against them as years went on: but as for the dead one, *he* was safe. "It may be that the Tempter's wiles *their* souls from bliss may sever: But if our own poor faith fails not, *he* must be ours for ever!" Yes: that little one had passed the End: no evil nor peril could touch *him* more.

I daresay you have sometimes found that for a day or two, a line of poetry or some short sentence of prose would keep constantly recurring to your memory. I find it so; and the line is sometimes Shakspere's; sometimes Tennyson's: often it is from a certain Volume (the Best Volume) of which it is my duty to think a great deal. And I remember how, not long since, for about a week, the line that was always recurring was one by Solomon, king and philosopher (and something more): it was "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning." And at first I thought that the words sounded sad: and more heathen-like than Christian. Has it come to this, that God's Word tells us concerning the life God gave us, that the best thing that can happen to us is soonest to get rid of that sad gift; and that each thing that comes our way, is something concerning which we may be glad when it is over? I thought of Mr. Kingsley, and wondered if the sum of the matter, after all, is "The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep:" and of Sophocles, and how he said "Not to be, is best of all: but when one hath come to this world, then to return with quickest step to whence he came, is next." But then I saw, gradually, that the words are neither cynical nor hopeless; that they do but remind us of the great truth, that God would have our life here one of constant progress from good to better, and so the End best of all. We are to be "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before," because the best things are still before us. If things in this world go as God intended they should, then everything is a step to something else; something farther: which ought to be an advance on what went before it; which ought to be better than what went before it. And above all, the End of our life here (if it end well), so safe and so happy, is far better than its Beginning, with all the perils of the voyage yet to come.

I thought of these things the other Sunday afternoon, seeing the Beginning and the End almost side by side. At that service I did not preach: and I was sitting in a square seat in a certain church, listening to a very good sermon preached by a friend. A certain little boy, just four years old, came and sat beside me, leaning his head on me as a pillow: and soon after the beginning of the sermon, the little man (very properly) fell sound asleep. And (attending to the sermon all the while) I could not but look down at the fat rosy little face, and the abundance of curly hair; the fresh, clear complexion, the cheerful, innocent expression; and think how fair and pleasing a thing is early youth:—how beautiful and hopeful is our life's Beginning. And after service was over, on my way home, I went to see a revered friend, who, at the end of a long Christian life, was dying. There was the worn, ghastly face, with its sharp features: the weary, worn-out frame; the weakened, wandering mind, so changed from what it used to be. And standing by that good believer's bed, and thinking of the little child, I said to myself, There is the Beginning of life: Here is the End: what shall we say in the view of that sad contrast? And I thought, there and then, that "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning!" Yes: better is the end of a dangerous voyage than its outset. You have seen a ship sailing away upon a long, perilous voyage over the ocean: the day was fair and sunshiny, and the ship looked gay and trim, with her white sails and her freshly-painted sides. And you have seen a ship coming safe into port at the end of her thousands of miles over the deep, under a gloomy, stormy sky, and with hull and masts battered by winds and waves. And you have thought, I dare say, that better far was this ending, safe and sure, than even that sunshiny beginning, with all the risks before it. And here, in the worn figure on the weary bed, here is the safe end of the voyage of life! Oh what perils are yet before the merry little child! Who can say if that little one is to end in glory? But to the dying Christian all these perils are over. He is safe, safe! And then, remember, *this* is not yet the end, you see. It is NOT the end, that weary figure, lying on that bed of pain. It is only the last step before the end. A very little: and how glorious and happy that sufferer will be! You would not wish to keep him here, when you think of all the blessedness into which the next step from this pain will bear him. Nay: but you may take up, in a sublimer significance than that of deliverance from mere earthly ill, the beautiful words of the greatest poet:

"Vex not his soul: oh let him pass! He hates him,
That would, upon the rack of this rough world,
Stretch him out longer!"

A. K. H. B.

MOSHESH, THE CHIEF OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.



A PLEASANT work by a late French Protestant missionary, now director of the Paris Mission-House, M. Casalis, published in 1860, and recently translated into English, *The Basutos*, gives some details as to the above-named remarkable personage, whose name is familiar to most inhabitants of our South African colonies,—a man to whom nothing seems to have been wanting for greatness but a wider sphere, and, it must be said, a more single heart. Only, however, by comparing M. Casalis' work with the collection of the French *Journal des Missions*, can we form to ourselves a tolerably complete portrait of this singular savage, who, alone of all wild chiefs that I ever heard of, had the wisdom to sue for peace from an English general on the morrow of an English repulse. The details thus collected have indeed been in many instances confirmed to me by an English officer, who was himself in Sir George Cathcart's campaign after referred to, and whose estimate of Moshesh and of his people is no less favourable than that of the French missionaries.

Of the two great races spread more or less over the whole of South Africa, the Hottentots and Kaffirs, the latter again subdivides into two branches, Kaffirs proper and Bechuanas; the former stretching along the East coast from the frontiers of Cape Colony to Mozambique, the other residing more inland. Among the Bechuanas, the Basutos form one of the chiefest families. Their country extends on the west side of the Maluti range, itself the westerly border of our colony of Natal.

Rather more than thirty years ago, the French Society of Evangelical Missions, shut out from missionarizing in the French colonies, sent its first missionaries to South Africa, whither, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a certain num-

ber of French families had emigrated. Their earliest labours were amongst a Bechuana tribe situate to the north of the Basutos. Three additional missionaries, amongst whom was M. Casalis, were about to rejoin them, when there came a call from Basuto-land, or Lesuto, as it is termed. Some Koranna and Griqua marauders (Hottentot tribes both), armed with muskets, which the Basutos did not possess, were making havoc of the country, and carrying away all the cattle. A few Basutos followed stealthily the invaders back to their country, and were surprised to find amongst their enemies a few persons who treated them kindly. One of these having gone some time afterwards to hunt near the Basuto frontier, was invited by the chief to come and see the desolation of Lesuto. The stranger had been taught by some English missionaries. He told the Basuto that Christianity alone could restore his country to prosperity, and promised, if he could, to send a missionary. A little while after, to remind him of his promise, the chief sent him some oxen in exchange for the promised "praying man." This strange news reached the Cape just as the new missionaries had arrived. They determined to find out, on the Orange river, the friendly Griqua. He confirmed the tale, and offered to be their guide to Moshesh, the Basuto chief.

The name Moshesh, meaning "the barber," has been assumed in after-life, when the chief had "shaved" all his enemies (see Isa. vii. 20). In his youth, Lesuto was highly peopled and prosperous, and so remained till about 1820, when the tyranny in Natal of the Zulu Chaka drove other chiefs, themselves at war with each other, over the Maluti chain. Lesuto was thus brought to frightful desolation. Driven desperate by the ravages of their more warlike invaders, the Basutos became in time mere bandits; and at last there grew up in the mountains gangs of actual cannibals. Speaking of the caverns where they had established themselves, M. Casalis tells us you may walk there on a thick stratum of half-roasted skulls, shoulder-blades, broken bones; whilst huge red spots mark the places where the flesh used to be laid.

Moshesh belonged to a family considered to be the hereditary sovereigns of the tribe; but, during prosperity, the power of the supreme chiefs had almost melted away, each petty chief aiming at independence. When adversity came, he succeeded in rallying round him all the more energetic portion of his tribe, establishing firmly his headquarters on a table-land called Thaba-Bossiu (which forms a natural five-angled fort), and by war, by cunning, by well-timed acts of generosity, in subduing, dividing, or winning over his enemies. Once, we are told, after a defeat by the Zulu Kaffirs, he saw himself, with only four or five of his warriors, surrounded by the enemy, who already were striking on their bucklers, and hissing, as is their custom in times of triumph. Moshesh sat down, and bade all his men do the like. Then rising up, after a moment's silence, "Follow me," he said; "it is not thus that kings are killed." Walking erect towards the Zulus, "Make way!" he calls. They open, and he departs with his men unmolested. As soon as he saw himself somewhat established, he recalled the scattered members of his tribe, distributing amongst them some cattle won by successful forays. One of his first objects was to extinguish cannibalism. Those Basutos who had not taken part in it wanted to exterminate the cannibals. Moshesh declared that men-eaters were living graves, and that one could not make war upon graves. Cannibalism gradually died out.

A new danger was, however, impending. Zulu bands from the dominions of the dread chief Moselekatse invaded Lesuto from the north, whilst the Korannas did so from the west. The Basutos took refuge on Thaba-Bossiu, where the Zulus assaulted them, advancing in close column, a formation in which they were accustomed to conquer. But huge fragments of rock rolled down from the mountain, and, mixed with smaller stones and spears, broke their ranks. In vain were they led to a second assault. They had to withdraw, and started on the morrow homeward. As they were leaving, a "Mosuto," *i. e.*, one of the Basutos, driving before him some fat cattle, stopped before the first column, and said—"Moshesh greets you. Supposing that hunger brought you into his country, he sends you these to eat by the way." Years after, M. Casalis, meeting at Cape Town some envoys from Moselekatse, asked if they knew Moshesh. "Know him!" they exclaimed; "that man, after rolling rocks upon our heads, gave us oxen to eat. We will never again attack him." And they never did. The struggle with the Korannas lasted longer, and was not yet terminated at the arrival of the missionaries, who found the country, in consequence, a wilderness, except near Thaba-Bossiu, of which indeed Moshesh is wont to say, "This mountain is my mother; without it all the land would have been deserted."

The missionaries were kindly received by the chief, who placed two of his sons near them, at their first established station of Moriah. Their pacific counsels, aided by the ill-success of an offensive expedition against the Kaffirs, then at war with us, undertaken with a view to conciliate English favour, soon decided him on the adoption of a peace-policy, from which he has never since voluntarily swerved. Then they obtained from him the exercise of clemency towards the re-

mainder of a band of Amakosa Kaffirs, who, having received the hospitality of the Basutos, and sworn allegiance to the chief, had taken to plundering travellers, and who were suddenly surrounded, and, in great measure, cut to pieces. Moshesh next availed himself of a blunder of Sir Benjamin d'Urban, who, after a war with the Kaffirs, not knowing the difference between Kaffirs and Basutos, or the enmity between the two peoples, had expelled thousands of the latter, immigrants from Lesuto during the civil wars. These, by contact with Europeans (among whom their services as labourers, and especially as herdsmen, were in great request), had acquired some elements of civilisation, and often some notion of Christianity; among them were the representatives of families which had formerly ruled in parts of Lesuto, and had been engaged in conflicts with Moshesh. The latter proclaimed a complete amnesty and general oblivion, and welcomed the exiles to a large frontier tract to the south,—rich pasture-land, but almost deprived of inhabitants,—where the missionary station of Beersheba had been founded. Another station, founded to the north, served equally to attract several thousands of Bechuanas of another tribe, much tormented by the Zulus.

A striking quality of Moshesh is the mildness and clemency of his rule. During his twenty-three years' stay, M. Casalis never knew a single person put to death for any personal interest of the chief. Passing by a rock from whence, according to African custom, he had once two rebels thrown down, Moshesh told the missionary that he had often reproached himself with this execution, and attributed his subsequent misfortunes to it. It was, indeed, his unwillingness to punish that drew upon the Basutos one of the most terrible crises in their history, the war with England.

Accustomed to herding from earliest childhood, familiar with all the ways and habits of cattle, the South African generally is, whenever he pleases, a most expert cattle-thief. Among the Basutos, however, the missionaries declare that, although in their tribe-wars cattle was the most precious booty, cattle-stealing, as an individual offence, was unknown at their first arrival. Owing to the sense of mutual responsibility between the different members of a tribe, such an act by an individual would have been a lawful and readily accepted cause of war with his tribe. Indeed the first Basutos who ventured among the colonists gave great anxiety to their chiefs on their return, owing to what seemed the inordinate quantity of cattle which they brought back; the chiefs could not believe that they had been honestly earned, or if so, that it was not a trap laid by the whites in order to come and claim back their property. The first occasion, the missionaries declare, of the growth of the actual offence, has been invariably the neighbourhood of white settlers. The European carries with him his European idea of individual ownership. He is unaware of the native law or custom (similar, apparently, to that of Palestine in the days of the Hebrew patriarchs), according to which the land belongs to the whole tribe; but the "stranger," once received, may establish himself, build, cultivate, occupy, as long as he pleases, yet without acquiring any right of property in the land. The European thus finds himself hospitably received, does what he pleases, exercises what seem to him all rights of ownership. But when he wishes to change his location, either retaining the settlement previously occupied, or selling it to a third party, a claim is set up, which he often does not take the trouble to understand, to all that he has held. The natives repossess, or seek to repossess, themselves of the land, according to custom. He, or his successor, treats them as intruders, robbers,—repels them by force. This amounts, for the tribe, to an actual declaration of war. They retaliate, according to custom still, by swooping down upon the enemy's cattle. He is confirmed in the notion that they are mere robbers; they are encouraged to continue what they deem a lawful war, by finding that his tribe does not come to his assistance; that there seems to be no mutual responsibility between man and man. After a time the chiefs interfere and patch up a truce, almost always willingly assenting to give compensation. But the more reckless of the tribe have seen how much easier and safer it is to lift the cattle of a white man than of a black; they acquire a taste for the practice; at last it becomes inveterate, and the whole border is infested with regular cattle-thieves.

The process thus described may happen with any European settlers. But the frontier population in South Africa consists in great measure of "Dutch Boers," a race at all times most hostile to the natives, and the whole history of whose relations with them, whilst the Dutch still held Cape Colony, is little more than one tissue of cruelties and treacheries practised upon them. When the country passed under English rule, and the Boers, from a privileged aristocracy, sank to the condition of a conquered race,—found themselves attacked in their fortunes by the appearance among them of English and Scotch settlers, far more active, energetic, and industrious than themselves, and who soon beat them in the race of competition; above all, when they began to realize the novelty of equal justice between man and man, black or white,—when the condition of the Hottentots, who even when not absolutely enslaved, were kept in a most degraded state, began to be improved,—when kidnapping became an offence,—when, lastly, slavery,

after various mitigations, was abolished, whilst efforts were being made on all sides to civilize the savage, and missionary stations were planted far in advance of the last settler,—the Boers began to move towards the frontier, pushing farther and farther as the Englishman and his laws came up with them, till they reached the well-known domain of Moshesh and his tribe. After several hundreds of years of sojourn in the land, they could hardly, as newcomers might have done, allege ignorance of the native laws of property. They showed, in fact, that they were not ignorant of these, by the extreme precautions which they took at first in establishing themselves, and the unwonted deference which they paid to their native hosts. But they crept on and on, till the Basutos saw part of their country slipping out of their hands. Then came remonstrances, conflicts, cattle-lifting, and disorders of all kinds. The Boers had by this time become intermixed with English settlers, who complained to the Colonial Government. Sir Harry Smith thought to do good by extending British sovereignty beyond the Orange river, near Lesuto, declaring at the same time that it was meant to be a moral one only, and that the rights of Moshesh and other native chiefs were not to be infringed upon. But the act gave a new impetus to European settlement, to new encroachments on native rights, and new acts of retaliation by cattle-stealing. An arrangement was made for restoring to the colonists the cattle and horses which the natives had carried off. The conditions of the arrangement were not fulfilled, nor was cattle-lifting put an end to. Personally quite guiltless, Moshesh, with his usual repugnance to severe measures, only remonstrated and threatened. It must be stated that his own authority was by this time really compromised among his subjects, through what was considered by many his undue partiality for the English ; and that the Boers, on their part, continued their hostilities.

On the 11th December 1852, Moshesh received intelligence that Governor Sir George Cathcart was about to cross the Orange river with 2500 soldiers and several pieces of cannon. A few days after he was summoned, as the last word of the Governor, to give up 10,000 head of cattle and 1000 horses in three days. In vain he begged for six. Calling together all the neighbouring chiefs, he asked them to come to his aid. They were very unwilling, declaring that they were innocent, the border chiefs being the real culprits. By the term assigned he sent in 3500 head of cattle only. The English troops now marched on Thaba-Bossiu, attacked it from three sides at once, and carried off about 4500 head of cattle, at the cost of about twenty killed and as many wounded among the Basutos (besides, unfortunately, some women and children) ; thirty-eight killed and fifteen wounded among the English. The figure of English loss indicates a vigorous resistance. Enjoying, as the Basutos did, the advantages of position and number, they had, in fact, had the better of and repelled all three columns of the English attack. Quite undaunted, they spoke already of taking refuge, if pressed still further, in the heights of the Maluti chain. But Moshesh, after a sleepless night, determined upon trying conciliation once more. He wrote to Sir George Cathcart, suing for peace, and begging him to remain satisfied with the cattle he had taken. Sir George had not himself expected so stout a resistance, and peace was concluded. This affair, showing at once the pluck of the Basutos and the wisdom of their ruler, was, of of course, greatly favourable to the authority of Moshesh.

Soon, however, he found himself compelled to undertake, though, as the missionaries have testified, with extreme regret, an expedition against the Mantaetis, another Bechuana tribe, whose chief, Sekoniela, had set all his neighbours against him, and had, in particular, repeatedly provoked and broken faith with the Basutos. Feeling that the work had to be done, Moshesh did it most effectually, entirely crushing the Mantaetis. His speech to his men on the frontier (26th October 1853) deserves to be quoted :—

"Comrades ! behold the battle which you have so long asked of me. Men of Lesuto ! see the frontier which Sekoniela made for us in our own country. There are the waters of the Putiatsana ; quench your thirst in those waters, of which the son of Mohocho has robbed us. From on high God sees and protects us. I have told the Church, I have told the representative of the English in this country, that I was about to avenge myself of the insults of the Mantaeti. Had he not sworn to me his faith last year ? He has broken his faith. Had I not spared his herds ? He has taken mine. It is he who of old besieged us at Butabut. I wished to forgive him the evil which he then did us ; but he defies me to do him good. . . . Tomorrow, brothers, you will have reconquered for me yonder high rock, whereon the Mantaeti sits at ease ; you will offer it to me for my seat, mine." Here the whole army *hissed* its applause, crying, "Thou shalt sit, thou shalt sit on the rock, O king." Moshesh continued : "Women and children shall be respected as if they were my own ; you will make them prisoners. Men shall fight without noise . . . like the soldiers of the Queen of England, that the mouth of the muskets may speak alone and sound louder. You shall drive the enemy, leaving his herds behind without gathering them together, for it is there that his arrows would reach you. Is it not true that you killed one

another at the battle of Kounonyana, for want of recognising each other? Watch over your lives; let every one to-day take white chalk, mix it in his hand with water, and paint his face with it. Letsie, my son, I have borrowed these men; I trust them to thee; this war is thy matter."

His adversary's capital was found deserted. There remained in it only Letlala, an aged uncle of the chief. "My lord," said he on coming before Moshesh, "I have lived long, bid me be put to death." "No, my father, we do not kill the aged; thou shalt yet live." "But life is too heavy for me, my sons are no more, destroy me too, I entreat thee." "I cannot, my lord, grant thee this request. Have a nobler courage than that of knowing how to die,—live on." Some of the Christians in the army asked permission to celebrate public worship. Moshesh said he would himself be present; and after an exhortation by a convert, he rose up and said, "What this man has proclaimed, I confirm. This is the book which declares that God resists the proud. Letsie, my son, think of this big word of the book. Thou art growing in thy limbs, watch also over thy heart, lest it remain poor in knowledge, I say poor and thin." And he pointed to the fortress they had just reduced as a monument of discomfited pride. On receiving the submission of the conquered, he liberated a prisoner without ransom, whenever a kinsman of his brought an ox by way of homage. He then left the country in charge of three chiefs, twining first a brass wire round their necks, and saying, "You shall remain all three united, as are your heads in the circle I have made."

But the worst trial for the Basutos and their missionaries has been the giving up of the English sovereignty beyond the Orange and the Vaal rivers to the "Orange River Free State" and the "Trans-Vaal Republic," peopled chiefly by the Boers. Moshesh paid a farewell visit (10th March 1854) to Sir George Clerk, the English Commissioner; and in an interview with the then head of the new state, thus adroitly expressed his apprehensions:—

"When a man marries, he expects to find in his wife, not bad qualities, but good ones. Generally, his wife will have both good and bad qualities, and very likely he will be much more struck by the latter than by the former. But should she die, in burying her he buries also whatever he has seen bad in her, only retaining the recollection of the good. Should he wish to marry again, what does he look out for in a second helpmate? Only the good qualities of the first. If he finds them, he will be content; if he discovers new ones, he will be happy."

In a further interview with the chiefs of the new government, Moshesh expressed his desire to see whites and blacks live in harmony together. And whilst acknowledging himself to be but a poor ignorant man, who knew but what experience had taught him, he reminded them that there was a book of God which should serve as a groundwork for their laws, and begged them to be just in all their acts, towards blacks as well as whites. Then suddenly he exclaimed, "Let us fear drink! let drunkenness be allowed neither among blacks nor whites! May God bless you!" he concluded, —"May He direct you in all your dealings! May He be your light, your wisdom, your strength! May it be given to you to do His will and to please Him! Amen." No wonder that one of the members of the new government asked of the missionary who was present whether Moshesh was not a Christian?

Nor are these mere words. Moshesh has endeavoured, by law (8th November 1854), to put a stop to the import of spirits among his people, who, until the introduction of them by the whites, had nothing but a sort of beer, made from a grain of the country. Of his forgiveness he gave an instance at the interview last referred to, offering at once his hand to Sekoniela, the Mantaeti chief, his late enemy.

The forebodings of evil from the neighbourhood of the Boers were soon realized. After some first threatenings (beginning of 1857), which came to nothing, through a quarrel between the two Dutch states themselves,—when this had been patched up, war was declared (10th March 1858) by the President of the Free State on Moshesh, on the ground of a refusal by the Basutos to cede a portion of territory, and of losses of cattle. Following the example of their kinsmen beyond the Vaal, who already, before the formation of the Orange River Free State, had ruined two flourishing English missionary stations, and fined and expelled English missionaries, the Boers chiefly struck at the missionaries and their converts. They attacked Lesuto by means of two expeditions, or *commandos*, one from the south, the other from the north. The former had easy work of it,—sacking the flourishing missionary station of Beersheba, near to the town of Smithfield (built itself on land ceded by Moshesh for religious purposes only to the Dutch Presbytery), the Basutos of which were more advanced in civilisation than all the remainder of the tribe, and were confessedly guiltless of all offence towards their white neighbours. The northern *commando*, however, having been repulsed with some loss from the missionary station of Berea, both *commandos* united together, and sacked in turn the important missionary station of Moriah.

The orders of Moshesh to his sons and chiefs were to offer no resistance beyond what was needed

to save life, but to fall back on his old stronghold of Thaba-Bossiu. The Boers pushed on thus as in triumph, plundering and destroying all the deserted villages on their line of march. Making war leisurely in their waggons, as they saw the natives flee before them, nothing, we are told, could be droller than their braggadocio. But on reaching Thaba-Bossiu they found whole legions of Basutos posted in every ravine and gorge, under every rock. Placing their waggons in a circle, and planting in front two pieces of field-artillery, the Boers opened fire, and, after a few skirmishes, a portion of them—chiefly, I am sorry to say, Englishmen in their camp—crossed a ravine, in order to storm the village. But a [illegible] of Basutos, raising their war-cry, "Hioo, hi[illegible]" drove them back to their waggons. After five hours' firing, the Boers withdrew, and entrenched themselves in their camp. The cannonade was renewed the second day. On the third, the Boers gave up the attempt, and marched off. Meanwhile numerous bands of Basutos had been let loose on the Free State, where they took an enormous booty in cattle, horses, and sheep, and set fire to a great number of farms. The tables were so completely turned, that Boshoff, President of the Free State, begged for peace. Moshesh thus answered him:—

"Your messenger came last night, bearing a letter in which you begin to speak of peace. I am sorry that you should ever have spoken of war. It is not Moshesh who began; nor have I yet fought. When you attacked the inhabitants of Beersheba, who had done you no harm, I was surprised and grieved beyond anything that I could say. I then ordered all the chiefs who are under me to fall back on Thaba-Bossiu, so that your warriors found on their road but men of some remote village, the old and the sick. . . .

"I wished, before fighting, to know the real intentions of the Boers, and what they were capable of. Whilst they were making their camp at Thaba-Bossiu, I said to myself, 'If Boshoff treats me as a dog, and beats me, I will bite him.' But for reasons which I do not know, your army would not accept battle, and after a short visit to me withdrew.

"Gather together all the commanders of your army, and reprove them, for they have done you the greatest harm during their march through my country.

"You call yourself a Christian in the letter which you wrote to me. I have long known that you are a Christian, but the commanders of your army are not Christians; and if they persisted in saying that they are, they would force us to believe that there is no God. What! should their Christianity consist in destroying Christians? Have they not destroyed the beautiful station of Beersheba? Did they not burn the missionary's house of Moriah? . . . When you presented yourselves before Thaba-Bossiu you fired more than ten cannon shots at the mission-house, but the Lord did not allow your balls to reach it. No, your officers are not Christians; for I will never believe that Christianity consists in carrying away women and children prisoners, shooting down the old and the sick; and this is what your children have done. . . . When I made war on Sekoniela, I ordered my people not to touch the church which was in the country of that chief; and it was respected. What will the world say, when it learns that the children of a Christian chief have sacked and destroyed churches, whilst the children of a heathen chief had feared to touch God's house?

"Your warriors deserve another great reprimand. I must believe you when you tell me that they consented to withdraw from my country, because they hoped to see peace restored; but if they had such notions, their retreat was, or at least should have been, a beginning of peace. Why then did they burn the deserted villages which they found on their way, and even to the grass of the fields? . . .

"You have declared unanimously that warfare should continue till one of our two nations ceased to exist. As I wished to do nothing which might be blamed by the British Government, I allowed the Boers to try this plan of extermination. Could any one be surprised if I, a barbarian and a heathen, were to follow the example of a civilized and Christian community? . . . It is the custom, in our country, that when the people of one place have gone to dance in another, they should return the compliment; and, according to this custom, we were about to invade the Free State from all sides, and to burn everything on our passage. But the Lord has inspired you with the thought of hindering us from rendering you evil for evil.

"As the most rigorous part of the winter is nigh, I wish your deputation to come as soon as possible, that, if we cannot understand one another, we may vigorously push on the war. . . . For ourselves, we have several good reasons for wishing to fight. We have hitherto only acted on the defensive. Again, you have destroyed the corn in various parts of our country, and as the inhabitants of those parts will be hungry during the winter, we should like to fetch food in your country. Lastly, the reports of your commanders and correspondents, as published, are a tissue of inventions and falsehoods; but some of the inhabitants of your country might believe them, and holding for certain that we have been beaten, hereafter they might raise new wars against us on the most futile pretexts. Besides, these re-

ports have offended my warriors, and I have the greatest trouble in appeasing their resentments. The English know we are no cowards, and we should like the Boers too to learn that we know how to defend our rights. Though I wish for peace, perhaps one or two battles might not be without profit. We should learn to know one another better, and the Boers would be more sincere in seeking for peace.

"But my name is Moshesh, and my sister is called 'peace.' I never loved war in my youth; how should I love it now that I am old? Only I regret that you should have spoken so loud of all the great misfortunes that you were about to bring down upon myself and upon my people; and I regret still more that your conduct should have proved the reality of such evil intentions.

"I have already apprised all the subordinate chiefs of what is taking place between you and me, and my desire is that we should both pray God that this correspondence may result in the restoration of peace.

"Such are the true words of your servant Moshesh."

In listening to the proposals of peace, however, Moshesh insisted on a reference of differences to Sir George Grey, Governor of the Cape; and this having been accepted, an armistice was signed, 1st June. Sir George began by paying a friendly visit to Moshesh, who received him most amicably. Sir George Grey's award, however, although fixing a compensation to be paid for the sack of Beersheba station, decided that it should henceforth be included in the Free State.

For years Moshesh gave great hopes of conversion to Christianity. On the first arrival of the missionaries, and especially when first a mission-house was built at the foot of his citadel, he listened with great attention to their preaching, came down every Sunday at ten o'clock to hear them, remaining till the afternoon for a second service. He earnestly encouraged their attempts to introduce reading, and took pains to convince unbelievers that they could really "make paper speak." He gave them still more important aid in authorizing their first convert at Thaba-Bossiu to have his sister Tseniei buried according to Christian rites, and not according to Basuto custom, in the cattle yard. Nay, on the death of one of his favourite wives, when the missionary had refused to offer a prayer over a grave dug in the cattle-yard, and when the brother of the dead woman protested against any deviation from ancient custom, he addressed the crowd, saying, "The missionaries give us a reason for all they do. Man dies, because he has received in Adam the seed of death. The dead should be buried in the same place, for it is beautiful to think that they are sleeping together the long sleep of death. Man is only alone in his mother's womb; as soon as born, he clings to the breast of her who bare him; he lives from thenceforth in the company of his fellow-men. Ye say that we must make sacrifice to our ancestors. But they are only men like us. Ye too, when ye are dead, ye will be made gods of; would ye have us worship you now? . . . If ye are but men now, shall ye be mightier when death shall have reaped the half of yourselves?" And when the advocates of heathenism had been in vain summoned to defend the old custom, turning towards the missionary, the chief said: "You have conquered; the woman whom I weep for shall go and sleep with Tseniei; and I too, I mean one day to rest by them." He gave the missionaries also very efficient help and advice in translating the Bible, for which he professes great admiration, especially for the first chapter of Genesis, the Ten Commandments, and the 13th chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, of which he is fond of repeating the proem. The story of Joseph used to throw him into ecstasies, and M. Casalis has heard him once tell it to a chief, who had come to visit him, with the most singular dramatic effect, and as if entirely forgetful of all around.

It is sad to believe that such a man should have remained in heathenism. Nevertheless, whilst still occasionally attending, sometimes even inviting the celebration of Christian worship, he yet continues to use, and of late years has even revived various heathen practices, and avows the policy of "putting one foot only into the church." The true state of things I imagine to be this:—He really prefers Christianity to heathenism; but he sees or thinks that his whole people is not prepared to embrace it. He knows that Christianity commands obedience, even to a heathen ruler, and he expects, therefore, that, by continuing to practise heathen rites, he will retain the allegiance of the heathen portion of the people, whilst by encouraging Christianity, he will earn the firm support of the converts.

Evidence of, I think, a genuine conflict of feelings is to be found in an address delivered by Moshesh, upon the grave of M. Casalis' own wife (24th June 1854).

"Men, women, and children, come nigh and receive instruction. Death is no new thing for us, but the sight which our eyes behold is very new. . . . Ye say that my ancestors Pete and Monabeng are your gods, and perhaps after my death ye will say also that Moshesh is your god. Ah! why should ye not acknowledge the Lord of the gods? Know ye not that a single seed of a tree may bring forth many? So white and black proceed from one God. That God, O Molapo! O Moshupa! my sons, I hoped that by your means

our people might come to know Him. But ye have forsaken Him, and ye leave me alone, me who know not yet the truth. Will a swimmer throw himself into the Orange river at its full, unless he see near him other swimmers disposed to follow him? Will not the fish itself hesitate to cross the great sea alone? Who saved us in the wars which we had to sustain? Were they our own weapons which rendered us victorious? No, it is this God, invoked by the missionaries, who kept and protected us. Now, this house of our missionary, from whence proceeded so many prayers for us, it has just fallen upon his head. Yet . . . after having so often spoken over the graves of persons to whom he was a stranger, our missionary speaks to-day over the grave of his departed helpmate; and, as always, he speaks of resurrection and of life. Friends, this is in nowise like falsehood. Our mother, before dying, expressed the conviction that the gospel would triumph ere long in this country. It was, perhaps, a prophecy, and from the heights on which she then found herself, she no doubt was able to see things which we do not yet perceive. Our mother wrote no books for us; but she has written footsteps for us to follow." Then turning to M. Casalis, "This day thou art a man; thou knowest all trials through which a man may pass, and thou wilt be all the fitter to comfort us."

Fifteen months later (September 1855), M. Casalis was recalled to take charge of the Paris mission-house. Moshesh thus wrote to him:—

"To my Missionary,—Ah! my missionary, I am Moshesh! Sorrowful news is brought to me,—the French ministers have told you to return to them. I shed many tears, which almost disturb my mind; for, O Casalis, you are my teacher, my father, my mother, the buckler by means of which I have warded off all mischief;—moreover, you have been my light, my ears, and my feet—you have told us the good and the true; you are not in fault. You are a true Mosuto; one of our own. How shall we comfort ourselves? . . . I have put my trust in you; I hope that to restore my loss you will send us many bucklers. . . . Go in peace, we remain in tears. May God lead you back and keep you! Pray God also for us. This is what I have to say, I, my sons, my counsellors, and all the tribe."

Some years later, when news came of the shipwreck of M. Arbousset, the missionary of Moriah, and the drowning of his wife off the coast of Cornwall, on their return to Europe, Moshesh was inconsolable for two days, and wrote to the widower an equally beautiful letter. Yet we hear of his alarm at the progress of Christian principles in his harem, of efforts made by him and his sons to turn people away from Christianity, of his receiving (December 1860, a few months after the letter to M. Arbousset) a tribute from the neighbouring heathens to make rain; and then again, when the showers would not fall, of his proclaiming that the rain had but one master, forbidding the sorcerers to make any fresh attempts to bring it down, and allowing for the first time Christian worship to be celebrated upon the hill of Thaba-Bossiu.

Now old, Moshesh retains still a most expressive countenance; famed always for eloquence, he seems to have become rather too long-winded, and in his set speeches seldom starts from any more recent epoch than the creation of the world. He dresses on all occasions of ceremony in European costume, in which, however, he is said to feel not altogether at his ease; but though he has had two houses built for him in European fashion, for state purposes and purposes of storage, he still lives in his hut. His sons unfortunately are not equal to him, with one exception perhaps, Molapo, a man of noble character in many respects, but who occupies the same equivocal position in respect to religion as his father, and is moreover an actual apostate from Christianity.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER X.

LIVING in lodgings, not temporarily, but permanently, sitting down to make one's only "home" in Mrs. Jones's parlour or Mrs. Smith's first-floor, of which not a stick or a stone that one looks at is one's own, and whence one may be evicted or evade, with a week's notice or a week's rent, any day—this sort of life is natural and even delightful to some people. There are those who, like strawberry-plants, are of such an errant disposition, that grow them where you will, they will soon absorb all the pleasantness of their habitat,

and begin casting out runners elsewhere; nay, if not frequently transplanted, would actually wither and die. Of such are the pioneers of society,—the emigrants, the tourists, the travellers round the world: and great is the advantage the world derives from them, active, energetic, and impulsive as they are. Unless, indeed, their talent for incessant locomotion degenerates into rootless restlessness, and they remain for ever rolling stones, gathering no moss, and acquiring gradually a smooth, hard surface, which adheres to nothing, and to which nobody dare venture to adhere.

But there are others possessing in a painful degree this said quality of adhesiveness, to whom the smallest change is obnoxious; who like drinking out of a particular cup, and sitting in a particular chair; to whom even a variation in the position of furniture is unpleasant. Of course, this peculiarity has its bad side, and yet it is not in itself mean or ignoble. For is not adhesiveness, faithfulness, constancy—call it what you will—at the root of all citizenship, clanship, and family love? Is it not the same feeling which, granting they remain at all, makes old friendships dearer than any new? Nay, to go to the very sacredest and closest bond, is it not that which makes an old man see to the last in his old wife's faded face the beauty which perhaps nobody ever saw except himself, but which he sees and delights in still, simply because it is familiar, and his own?

To people who possess a large share of this rare (shall I say, fatal?) characteristic of adhesiveness, living in lodgings is about the saddest life under the sun. Whether some dim foreboding of this fact crossed Elizabeth's mind, as she stood at the window watching for her mistresses' first arrival at "home," it is impossible to say. She could feel, though she was not accustomed to analyse her feelings. But she looked dull and sad—not cross,—even Ascott could not have accused her of "savageness."

And yet she had been somewhat tried. First, in going out what she termed "marketing," she had traversed a waste of streets, got lost several times, and returned with light weight in her butter, and sand in her moist sugar; also with the conviction that London tradesmen were the greatest rogues alive. Secondly, a pottle of strawberries, which she had bought with her own money, to grace the tea-table with the only fruit Miss Leaf cared for, had turned out a large delusion, big and beautiful at top, and all below small, crushed, and stale. She had thrown it indignantly, pottle and all, into the kitchen fire.

Thirdly, she had a war with the landlady, partly on the subject of their fire, which, with her Stowbury notions on the subject of coals, seemed wretchedly mean and small, and partly on the question of table-cloths at tea, which Mrs. Jones had "never heard of," especially when the use of plate and linen was included in the rent. And the dinginess of the article produced at last out of an omnium-gatherum sort of kitchen-cupboard, made an ominous impression upon the country girl, accustomed to clean, tidy country ways,—where the kitchen was kept as neat as the parlour, and the bed-rooms were not a whit behind the sitting-rooms in comfort and orderliness. Here, it seemed as if, supposing people could show a few respectable living-rooms, they were content to sleep anywhere, and cook anyhow, out of anything, in the midst of any quantity of confusion and dirt. Elizabeth set all this down as "London," and hated it accordingly.

She had tried to ease her mind by arranging and re-arranging the furniture—regular lodging-house furniture—table, six chairs, horse-hair sofa, a what-not, and the chiffonnière, with a tea-caddy upon it, of which the respective keys had been solemnly presented to Miss Hilary. But still the parlour looked homeless and bare; and the yellowish paper on the walls, the large patterned, many-coloured Kidderminster on the floor, gave an involuntary sense of discomfort and dreariness. Besides, No. 15 was on the shady side of the street,—cheap lodgings always are; and no one who has not lived in the like lodgings—not a house—can imagine what it is to inhabit perpetually one room where the sunshine just peeps in for an hour a day, and vanishes by eleven A.M., leaving behind in winter a chill dampness, and in summer a heavy dusty atmosphere, that weighs like lead on the spirits in spite of one's-self. No wonder that, as is statistically known and proved, cholera stalks, fever rages, and the registrar's list is always swelled, along the shady side of a London street.

Elizabeth felt this, though she had not the dimmest idea why. She stood watching the sunset light fade out of the topmost windows of the opposite house,—ghostly reflection of some sunset over fields and trees far away; and she listened to the long monotonous cry melting away round the Crescent, and beginning again at the other end of the street—"Straw-berries — straw-ber-ries." Also, with an eye to to-morrow's Sunday dinner, she investigated the cart of the tired costermonger, who crawled along beside his equally tired donkey, reiterating at times, in tones hoarse with a day's bawling, his dreary "Cauli-flow-er! Cauli-flow-er! —Fine new peas, sixpence peck."

But, alas! the peas were neither fine nor new; and the cauliflowers were regular Saturday night's cauliflowers. Besides, Elizabeth suddenly doubted whether she had any right, unordered, to buy these things, which, from being common garden necessaries, had become luxuries. This thought,

with some others that it occasioned, her unwonted state of idleness, and the dulness of everything about her—what is so dull as a "quiet" London street on a summer evening?—actually made Elizabeth stand, motionless and meditative, for a quarter of an hour.

Then she started to hear two cabs drive up to the door; the "family" had at length arrived.

Ascott was there too. Two new portmanteaus and a splendid hat-box, cast either ignominy or glory upon the poor Stowbury luggage; and—Elizabeth's sharp eyes noticed—there was also his trunk which she had seen lying detained for rent, in his Gower Street lodgings. But he looked quite easy and comfortable; handed out his Aunt Johanna, commanded the luggage about, and paid the cabmen with such a magnificent air, that they touched their hats to him, and winked at one another as much as to say, "That's a real gentleman!"

In which statement the landlady evidently coincided, and curtsied low, when Miss Leaf, introducing him as "my nephew," hoped that a room could be found for him. Which at last there was, by his appropriating Miss Leaf's, while she and Hilary took that at the top of the house. But they agreed, Ascott must have a good airy room to study in.

"You know, my dear boy," said his Aunt Johanna to him—and at her tender tone he looked a little downcast, as when he was a small fellow and had been forgiven something—"you know you will have to work very hard."

"All right, Aunt! I'm your man for that! This will be a jolly room; and I can smoke up the chimney capitally."

So they came down stairs quite cheerfully, and Ascott applied himself with the best of appetites to what he called a "hungry" tea. True, the ham, which Elizabeth had to fetch from an eating-house some streets off, cost two shillings a pound, and the eggs, which caused her another war below over the re-lighting of a fire to boil them, were dismissed by the young gentleman as "horrid stale." Still, woman-like, when there is a man in the question, his aunts let him have his way. It seemed as if they had resolved to try their utmost to make the new home to which he came, or rather was driven, a pleasant home, and to bind him to it with cords of love, the only cords worth anything, though sometimes—Heaven knows why—even they fail, and are snapped and thrown aside like straws.

Whenever Elizabeth went in and out of the parlour, she always heard lively talk going on among the family: Ascott making his jokes, telling about his college life, and planning his life to come, as a surgeon in full practice, on the most extensive scale. And when she brought in the chamber candles, she saw him kiss his aunts affectionately, and even help his Aunt Johanna—who looked frightfully pale and tired, but smiling still—to her bed-room door.

"You'll not sit up long, my dear? No reading to-night?" said she, anxiously.

"Not a bit of it. And I'll be up with the lark to-morrow morning. I really will, Auntie. I'm going to turn over a new leaf, you know."

She smiled again at the immemorial joke, kissed and blessed him, and the door shut upon her and Hilary.

Ascott descended to the parlour, threw himself on the sofa with an air of great relief, and an exclamation of satisfaction, that "the women" were all gone. He did not perceive Elizabeth, who, hidden behind, was kneeling to arrange something in the chiffonnière, till she rose up and proceeded to fasten the parlour shutters.

"Hollo! are you there? Come, I'll do that when I go to bed. You may 'slope,' if you like."

"Eh, sir?"

"Slope, mizzle, cut your stick; don't you understand? Anyhow, don't stop here bothering me."

"I don't mean to," replied Elizabeth; gravely, rather than gruffly, as if she had made up her mind to things as they were, and was determined to be a belligerent party no longer. Besides, she was older now: too old to have things forgiven to her that might be overlooked in a child; and she had received a long lecture from Miss Hilary on the necessity of showing respect to Mr. Ascott, or Mr. Leaf, as it was now decided he was to be called, in his dignity and responsibility as the only masculine head of the family.

As he lay and lounged there, with his eyes lazily shut, Elizabeth stood a minute gazing at him. Then, steadfast in her new good behaviour, she inquired "if he wanted anything more to-night?"

"Confound you! No! Yes; stop." And the young man took a furtive investigation of the plain, honest face, and not over-graceful, ultra-provincial figure, which still characterized his aunt's "South Sea Islander."

"I say, Elizabeth, I want you to do something for me." He spoke so civilly, almost coaxingly, that Elizabeth turned round surprised. "Would you just go and ask the landlady if she has got such a thing as a latch-key?"

"A what, sir?"

"A latch-key — a — oh, she knows. Every London house has it. Tell her I'll take care of it, and lock the front-door all right. She needn't be afraid of thieves."

"Very well, sir."

Elizabeth went, but shortly reappeared with the

information that Mrs. Jones had gone to bed: in the kitchen, she supposed, as she could not get in. But she laid on the table the large street-door key.

"Perhaps that's what you wanted, Mr. Leaf. Though I think you needn't be the least afraid of robbers, for there's three bolts, and a chain besides."

"All right," cried Ascott, smothering down a laugh. "Thank you! That's for you," throwing a half-crown across the table.

Elizabeth took it up demurely, and put it down again. Perhaps she did not like him enough to receive presents from him; perhaps she thought, being an honest-minded girl, that a young man who could not pay his rent had no business to be giving away half-crowns; or else she herself had not been, so much as many servants are, in the habit of taking them. For Miss Hilary had put into Elizabeth some of her own feeling as to this habit of paying an inferior with money for any little civility or kindness which, from an equal, would be accepted simply as kindness, and only requited with thanks. Anyhow, the coin remained on the table, and the door was just shutting upon Elizabeth, when the young gentleman turned round again.

"I say, since my aunts are so horridly timid of robbers and such like, you'd better not tell them anything about the latch-key."

Elizabeth stood a minute perplexed, and then replied briefly: "Miss Hilary isn't it a bit timid; and I always tells Miss Hilary everything."

Nevertheless, though she was so ignorant as never to have heard of a latch-key, she had the wit to see that all was not right. She even lay awake, in her closet off Miss Leaf's room, whence she could hear the murmur of her two mistresses talking together, long after they retired—lay broad awake for an hour or more, trying to put things together—the sad things that she felt certain must have happened that day, and wondering what Mr. Ascott could possibly want with the key. Also, why he had asked her about it, instead of telling his aunts at once; and why he had treated her in the matter with such astonishing civility.

It may be said, a servant had no business to think about these things, to criticise her young master's proceedings, or wonder why her mistresses were sad: that she had only to go about her work like an automaton, and take no interest in anything. I can only answer to those who like such service, let them have it! and as they sow they will assuredly reap.

But long after Elizabeth, young and hearty, was soundly snoring on her hard, cramped bed, Johanna and Hilary Leaf, after a brief mutual pretence of sleep, soon discovered by both, lay consulting together over ways and means. How could the family expenses, beginning with twenty-five shillings per week as rent, possibly be met by the only actual certain family income, their £50 per annum from a mortgage? For the Misses Leaf were of that old-fashioned stamp which believed that to reckon an income by mere probabilities is either insanity or dishonesty.

Common arithmetic soon proved that this £50 a year could not maintain them; in fact they must soon draw on the little sum—already dipped into to-day, for Ascott—which had been produced by the sale of the Stowbury furniture. That sale, they now found, had been a mistake: and they half feared whether the whole change from Stowbury to London had not been a mistake,—one of those sad errors in judgment which we all commit sometimes, and have to abide by, and make the best of, and learn from if we can. Happy those to whom "Dinna greet ower spilt milk"—a proverb wise as cheerful, which Hilary, knowing well who it came from, repeated to Johanna to comfort her—teaches a second brave lesson, how to avoid spilling the milk a second time.

And then they consulted anxiously about what was to be done to earn money.

Teaching presented itself as the only resource. In those days women's work and women's rights had not been discussed so freely as at present. There was a strong feeling that the principal thing required was our duties—owed to ourselves, our home, our family and friends. There was a deep conviction—now, alas! slowly disappearing—that a woman, single or married, should never throw herself out of the safe circle of domestic life, till the last extremity of necessity; that it is wiser to keep or help to keep a home, by learning how to expend its income, cook its dinners, make and mend its clothes, and by the law that "prevention is better than cure," studying all those preservative means of holding a family together—as women, and women alone can, than to dash into men's sphere of trades and professions, thereby, in most instances, fighting an unequal battle, and coming out of it maimed, broken, unsexed; turned into beings that are neither men nor women, with the faults and corresponding sufferings of both, and the compensations of neither.

"I don't see," said poor Hilary, "what I can do but teach. And oh, if I could only get daily pupils, so that I might come home of nights, and creep into the fireside; and have time to mend the stockings and look after Ascott's linen, so that he need not be so awfully extravagant."

"It is Ascott who ought to earn the family income, and have his aunt to keep house for him," observed Johanna. "That was the way in my time; and I believe it is the right way. The man ought to go out into the world and earn the

money ; the woman ought to stay at home and wisely expend it."

"And yet that way is not always possible. We know, of ourselves, instances where it was not."

"Ah, yes!" assented Johanna, sighing. For she, far more than Hilary, viewed the family circumstances in the light of its past history—a light too sad almost to bear looking at. "But in ours, as in most similar cases, was something not right, something which forced men and women out of their natural places. It is a thing that may be sometimes a mournful inevitable necessity, but I never can believe it a right thing, or a thing to be voluntarily imitated, that women should go knocking about the world like men—and—"

"And I am not meaning to do any such thing," said Hilary, half laughing. "I am only going to try every rational means of earning a little money to keep the family going till such time as Ascott can decide on his future, and find a suitable opportunity for establishing himself in practice. In some of the new neighbourhoods about London he says he has a capital chance ; he will immediately set about inquiries. A good idea, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Johanna, briefly. But they did not discuss this as they had discussed their own plans ; and, it was noticeable, they never even referred to, as a portion of the family finances, that pound a week which, with many regrets that it was so small, Ascott had insisted on paying to his aunts, as his contribution to the expenses of the household.

And now the dawn was beginning to break, and the lively London sparrows to chirp in the chimneys. So Hilary insisted on their talking no more, but going to sleep like Christians.

"Very well. Good-night, my blessing!" said Johanna, softly. And perhaps indeed her "blessing," with that strange, bright courage of her own —years after, when Hilary looked back upon her old self, how utterly mad this courage seemed!— had taken the weight of care from the elder and feebler heart, so that Johanna turned round and soon slept.

But long after, till the dawn melted into perfect daylight, did Hilary lie, open-eyed, listening to quarter after quarter of the loud St. Pancras clock. Brave she was, this little woman, fully as brave and cheerful-hearted as, for Johanna's sake, she made herself out to be ; and now that the paralysed monotony of her Stowbury life was gone, and that she was in the midst of the whirl of London, where *he* used to work and struggle, she felt doubly bright and brave. The sense of resistance, of dogged perseverance, of "fighting it out" to the last, was strong in her, stronger than in most women, or else it was the reflection in her own of that nature which was her ideal of everything great and good.

"No," she said to herself, after thinking over for the hundredth time every difficulty that lay before them all,—meeting and looking in the face every wild beast in the way, even that terrible beast which, happily, had often approached but never yet visited the Leaf family, "the wolf at the door,"—"No, I don't think I am afraid. I think I shall never be afraid of anything in this world, if only—only"——

"If only he loves me." That was it, which broke off, unspoken ; the helpless woman's cry—the cruel craving for the one deepest want of a woman's life, —deeper than the same want in man's, or in most men's, because it is more individual,—not "If only I am loved," but "if only *he* loves me." And as Hilary resolutely shut her eyes, and forced her aching head into total stillness, sharper than ever, as always was the case when she felt weary, mentally or physically, came her longing for the hand to cling to, the breast to lean against,—the heart at once strong and tender, which even the bravest woman feels at times she piteously needs. A heart which can comfort and uphold her, with the strength not of another woman like herself, but of a man, encouraging her, as perhaps her very weakness encourages him, to "fight it out," the sore battle of life, a little longer. But this support, in any shape, from any man, the women of the Leaf family had never known.

The nearest approach to it were those letters from India, which had become, Johanna sometimes jestingly said, a family institution. For they were family letters ; there was no mystery about them ; they were passed from one to the other, and commented on in perfect freedom,—so freely indeed, that Selina had never penetrated into the secret of them at all. But their punctuality, their faithful remembrance of the smallest things concerning the past, their strong interest in anything and everything belonging to the present of these his old friends, were to the other two sisters confirmation enough as to how they might believe in Robert Lyon.

Hilary did believe, and in her perfect trust was perfect rest. Whether he ever married her or not, she felt sure, surer and surer every day, that to her had been sent that best blessing—the lot of so few women—a thoroughly good man to love her, and to love.

So with his face in her memory, and the sound of his voice in her ear, as distinctly as if it had been only yesterday that he said, "You must trust me, Hilary," she whispered to herself, "I do, Robert, I do!" and went to sleep peacefully as a child.

CHAPTER XI.

With a sublime indifference to popular superstition, or rather because they did not think of it till

all their arrangements were completed, the Misses Leaf had accomplished their grand Hegira on a Friday. Consequently, their first day at No. 15, was Sunday.

Sunday in London always strikes a provincial person considerably. It has two such distinct sides. First, the eminently respectable, decorous, religious side, which Hilary and Selina observed, when, about eleven A.M., they joined the stream of well-dressed, well-to-do-looking people, solitary or in families, who poured forth from handsome houses in streets or squares, to form the crowded congregation of St. Pancras' Church. The opposite side Hilary also saw, when Ascott, who, in spite of his declaration, had not risen in time for breakfast, penitently coaxed his "pretty aunt" to let him take her to the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey. They wended their way through Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and across the Park, finding shops open, or half-open, vehicles plying, and people streaming down each side of the streets.

Hilary did not quite like it, and yet her heart was tender over the poor, hardworked-looking Cockneys, who seemed so excessively to enjoy their Sunday stroll, their Sunday mouthful of fresh air; or the small Sunday treat their sickly, under-sized children had in lying on the grass, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park.

She tried to talk the matter out with Ascott, but though he listened politely for a minute or two, he evidently took no interest in such things. Nor did he even in the grand old Abbey, with its tree-like, arched avenues of immemorial stone, its painted windows, through which the coloured sunshine made a sort of heavenly mist of light, and its innumerable graves of generations below. Hilary woke from her trance of solemn delight to find her nephew amusing himself with staring at the people about him, making *sotto voce* quizzical remarks upon them, in the intervals of the service, and, finally, the instant it was ended, starting up in extreme satisfaction, evidently feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had been, to use his own phrase, "a confounded bore."

Yet he meant to be kind to his pretty aunt—told her he liked to walk with her, because she was so pretty, praised her dress, so neat and tasteful, though a little old-fashioned. But he would soon alter that, he said; he would dress all his aunts in silk and satin, and give them a carriage to ride in; there should be no end to their honour and prosperity. Nay, coming home, he took her a long way round—or she thought so, being tired—to show her the sort of house he meant to have. Very grand it seemed to her Stowbury eyes, with pillars and a flight of steps up to the door, more fit, she ventured to suggest, for a retired merchant than a struggling young surgeon.

"Oh, but we dare not show the struggle, or nobody would ever trust us," said Ascott, with a knowing look. "Bless you, many a young fellow sets up a house, and even a carriage, on tick, and drives and drives about till he drives himself into a practice. The world's all a make-believe, and you must meet humbug with humbug. That's the way, I assure you, Aunt Hilary."

Aunt Hilary fixed her honest eyes on the lad's face—the lad, so little younger than herself, and yet who at times, when he let out sayings such as this, seemed so awfully, so pitifully old; and she felt thankful that, at all risks and costs, they had come to London to be beside him, to help him, to save him, if he needed saving, as women only can. For, after all, he was but a boy. And though, as he walked by her side, stalwart and manly, the thought smote her painfully that many a young fellow of his age was the stay and bread-winner of some widowed mother or sister, nay, even of wife and child, still she repeated, cheerfully, "What can one expect from him? He is only a boy."

God help the women who, for those belonging to them—husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, sons—have, ever so tenderly, to *apologize*.

When they came in sight of St. Pancras Church, Ascott said, suddenly, "I think you'll know your way now, Aunt Hilary."

"Certainly. Why?"

"Because—you wouldn't be vexed if I left you? I have an engagement—some fellows that I dine with, out at Hampstead or Richmond, or Blackwall, every Sunday. Nothing wicked, I assure you. And you know it's capital for one's health to get a Sunday in fresh air."

"Yes; but Aunt Johanna will be sorry to miss you."

"Will she? Oh, you'll smooth her down. Stay! Tell her I shall be back to tea."

"We shall be having tea directly."

"I declare I had quite forgotten. Aunt Hilary, you must change your hours. They don't suit me at all. No men can ever stand early dinners. Bye, bye! You are the very prettiest auntie. Be sure you get home safe. Hollo, there! That's my omnibus."

He jumped on the top of it, and was off.

Aunt Hilary stood, quite confounded, and with one of those strange sinkings of the heart which had come over her several times this day. It was not that Ascott showed any unkindness—that there was any actual badness in his bright and handsome young face. Still there was a want there—want of earnestness, steadfastness, truthfulness, a something more discoverable as the lack of something else, than as aught in itself tangibly and perceptibly wrong. It made her sad; it caused her to look forward to his future with an anxious heart. It

was so different from the kind of anxiety, and yet settled repose, with which she thought of the only other man in whose future she felt the smallest interest. Of Robert Lyon she was certain that whatever misfortune visited him he would bear it in the best way it could be borne; whatever temptation assailed him he would fight against it, as a brave and good Christian should fight. But Ascott?

Ascott's life was as yet an unanswered query. She could but leave it in Omnipotent hands.

So she found her way home, asking it once or twice of civil policemen, and going a little distance round—dare I make this romantic confession about so sensible and practical a little woman?—that she might walk once up Burton Street and down again. But nobody knew the fact, and it did nobody any harm.

Meantime at No. 15 the afternoon had passed heavily enough. Miss Selina had gone to lie down—she always did of Sundays; and Elizabeth, after making her comfortable, by the little attentions the lady always required, had descended to the dreary wash-house, which had been appropriated to herself, under the name of a "private kitchen," in the which, after all the cleanings and improvements she could achieve, she sat like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and sighed for the tidy bright house-place at Stowbury. Already, from her brief experience, she had decided that London people were horrid shams, because they did not in the least care to have their kitchens comfortable. She wondered how she should ever exist in this one, and might have carried her sad and sullen face upstairs, if Miss Leaf had not come downstairs, and glancing about, with that ever-gentle smile of hers, said kindly, "Well, it is not very pleasant, but you have made the best of it, Elizabeth. We must all put up with something, you know. Now, as my eyes are not very good to-day, suppose you come up and read me a chapter."

So, in the quiet parlour, the maid sat down opposite her mistress, and read aloud out of that Book which says distinctly—

"*Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ: knowing, that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.*"

And yet says immediately after—

"*Ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with him.*"

And I think that Master whom Paul served, not in preaching only, but also in practice, when he sent back the slave Onesimus to Philemon, praying that he might be received, "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," that Divine Master must have looked tenderly upon these two women—both women, though of such different age and position, and taught them through His Spirit in His word, as only He can teach.

The reading was disturbed by a carriage driving up to the door, and a knock, a tremendously grand and forcible footman's knock, which made Miss Leaf start in her easy-chair.

"But it can't be visitors to us. We know nobody. Sit still, Elizabeth."

It was a visitor, however, though by what ingenuity he found them out, remained, when they came to think of it, a great puzzle. A card was sent in by the dirty servant of Mrs. Jones, speedily followed by a stout bald-headed, round-faced man,—I suppose I ought to write, "gentleman"—in whom, though she had not seen him for years, Miss Leaf found no difficulty in recognising the grocer's 'prentice boy, now Mr. Peter Ascott of Russell Square.

She rose to receive him; there was always a stateliness in Miss Leaf's reception of strangers; a slight formality belonging to her own past generation, and to the time when the Leafs were a "county family." Perhaps this extra dignity, graceful as it was, overpowered the little man; or else, being a bachelor, he was unaccustomed to ladies' society: but he grew red in the face, twiddled his hat, and then cast a sharp inquisitive glance towards her.

"Miss Leaf, I presume, ma'am. The eldest?"

"I am the eldest Miss Leaf, and very glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for your long kindness to my nephew. Elizabeth, give Mr. Ascott a chair."

While doing so, and before her disappearance, Elizabeth took a rapid observation of the visitor, whose name and history were perfectly familiar to her. Most small towns have their hero, and Stowbury's was Peter Ascott, the grocer's boy, the little fellow who had gone up to London to seek his fortune, and had, strange to say, found it. Whether by industry or luck—except that industry is luck, and luck is only another word for industry—he had gradually risen to be a large city merchant, a drysalter I conclude it would be called, with a handsome house, carriage, etc. He had never revisited his native place, which indeed could not be expected of him, as he had no relations, but, when asked, as was not seldom of course, he subscribed liberally to its charities.

Altogether he was a decided hero in the place, and though people really knew very little about him, the less they knew the more they gossipped; holding him up to the rising generation as a modern Dick Whittington, and reverencing him extremely

as one who had shed glory on his native town. Even Elizabeth had conceived a great notion of Peter Ascott. When she saw this little fat man, coarse and common-looking in spite of his good clothes and diamond ring, and in manner a curious mixture of pomposity and awkwardness, she laughed to herself, thinking what a very uninteresting individual it was about whom Stowbury had told so many interesting stories.

However, she went up to inform Miss Selina, and prevent her making her appearance before him in the usual Sunday deshabille in which she indulged when no visitors were expected.

After the first awkwardness, Mr. Peter Ascott became quite at his ease with Miss Leaf. He began to talk—not of Stowbury, that was tacitly ignored by both—but of London, and then of "my house in Russell Square," "my carriage," "my servants"—the inconvenience of keeping coachmen who would drink, and footmen who would not clean the plate properly; ending by what was a favourite moral axiom of his, that "wealth and position are heavy responsibilities."

He himself seemed, however, not to have been quite overwhelmed by them; he was fat and flourishing—with an acuteness and power in the upper half of his face which accounted for his having attained his present position. The lower half—somehow Miss Leaf did not like it, she hardly knew why, though a physiognomist might have known. For Peter Ascott had the under-hanging, obstinate, sensual lip, the large throat—bull-necked, as it has been called; indications of that essentially coarse nature which may be born with the nobleman as with the clown; which no education can refine, and no talent, though it may co-exist with it, can ever entirely remove. He reminded one, perforce, of the rough old proverb: "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Still, Mr. Ascott was not a bad man, though something deeper than his glorious indifference to grammar, and his dropped h's—which, to steal some one's joke, might have been swept up in bushels from Miss Leaf's parlour—made it impossible for him ever to be, by any culture whatever, a gentleman.

They talked of Ascott, as being the most convenient mutual subject; and Miss Leaf expressed the gratitude which her nephew felt, and she earnestly hoped would ever show, towards his kind god-father.

Mr. Ascott looked pleased.

"Um—yes, Ascott's not a bad fellow—believe he means well: but weak, ma'am, I'm afraid he's weak. Knows nothing of business—has no business habits whatever. However, we must make the best of him; I don't repent anything I've done for him."

"I hope not," said Miss Leaf, gravely.

And then there ensued an uncomfortable pause, which was happily broken by the opening of the door, and the sweeping in of a large, goodly figure.

"My sister, Mr. Ascott; my sister Selina."

The little stout man actually started, and, as he bowed, blushed up to the eyes.

Miss Selina was, as I have stated, the beauty of the family, and had once been an acknowledged Stowbury belle. Even now, though nigh upon forty, when carefully and becomingly dressed, her tall figure, and her well-featured, fair-complexioned, unwrinkled face, made her still appear a very personable woman. At any rate, she was not faded enough, nor the city magnate's heart cold enough, to prevent a sudden revival of the vision which—in what now seemed an almost antediluvian stage of existence—had dazzled, Sunday after Sunday, the eyes of the grocer's lad. If there is one pure spot in a man's heart—even the very worldliest of men—it is usually his boyish first love.

So Peter Ascott looked hard at Miss Selina, then into his hat, then, as good luck would have it, out of the window, where he caught sight of his carriage and horses. These revived his spirits, and made him recognise what he was—Mr. Ascott of Russell Square, addressing himself in the character of a benevolent patron to the fallen Leaf family.

"Glad to see you, Miss. Long time since we met—neither of us so young as we have been—but you do wear well, I must say."

Miss Selina drew back; she was within an inch of being highly offended, when she too happened to catch a glimpse of the carriage and horses. So she sat down and entered into conversation with him; and, when she liked, nobody could be more polite and agreeable than Miss Selina.

So it happened that the handsome equipage crawled round and round the Crescent, or stood pawing the silent Sunday street before No. 15, for very nearly an hour, even till Hilary came home.

It was vexatious to have to make excuses for Ascott; particularly as his god-father said with a laugh, that "young fellows would be young fellows," they needn't expect to see the lad till midnight, or till to-morrow morning.

But though in this, and other things, he somewhat annoyed the ladies from Stowbury, no one could say he was not civil to them—exceedingly civil. He offered them Botanical Garden tickets—Zoological Garden tickets; he even, after some meditation and knitting of his shaggy grey eyebrows, bolted out with an invitation for the whole family to dinner at Russell Square the following Sunday.

"I always give my dinners on Sunday. I've no time any other day," said he, when Miss Leaf gently hesitated. "Come or not, just as you like."

Miss Selina, to whom the remark was chiefly addressed, bowed the most gracious acceptance.

The visitor took very little notice of Miss Hilary. Probably, if asked, he would have described her as a small, shabbily-dressed person, looking very like a governess. Indeed, the fact of her governessship seemed suddenly to recur to him; he asked her if she meant to set up another school, and being informed that she rather wished private pupils, promised largely that she should have the full benefit of his "patronage" among his friends. Then he departed, leaving a message for Ascott to call next day, as he wished to speak to him.

"For you must be aware, Miss Leaf, that though your nephew's allowance is nothing—a mere drop in the bucket out of my large income—still, when it comes year after year, and no chance of his shifting for himself, the most benevolent man in the world feels inclined to stop the supplies. Not that I shall do that—at least not immediately: he is a fine young fellow, whom I'm rather proud to have helped a step up the ladder, and I've a great respect"—here he bowed to Miss Selina—"a great respect for your family. Still there must come a time when I shall be obliged to shut up my purse-strings. You understand, ma'am?"

"I do," Miss Leaf answered, trying to speak with dignity, and yet patience, for she saw Hilary's face beginning to flame. "And I trust, Mr. Ascott, my nephew will soon cease to be an expense to you. It was your own voluntary kindness that brought it upon yourself, and I hope you have not found, never will find, either him or us ungrateful."

"Oh, as to that, ma'am, I don't look for gratitude. Still, if Ascott does work his way into a good position—and he'll be the first of his family that ever did, I reckon—but I beg your pardon, Miss Leaf.—Ladies, I'll bid you good-day. Will your servant call my carriage?"

The instant he was gone, Hilary burst forth—

"If I were Ascott, I'd rather starve in a garret, break stones in the high-road, or buy a broom and sweep a crossing, than I'd be dependent on this man, this pompous, purse-proud, illiterate fool!"

"No, not a fool," reproved Johanna. "An acute, clear-headed, nor, I think, bad-hearted man. Coarse and common, certainly; but if we were to hate everything coarse or common, we should find plenty to hate. Besides, though he does his kindness in an unpleasant way, think how very, very kind he has been to Ascott."

"Johanna, I think you would find a good word for the de'il himself, as we used to say," cried Hilary, laughing. "Well, Selina, and what is your opinion of our stout friend?"

Miss Selina, bridling a little, declared that she did not see so much to complain of in Mr. Ascott. He was not educated certainly, but he was a most respectable person. And his calling upon them so soon was most civil and attentive. She thought, considering his present position, they should forget—indeed, as Christians they were bound to forget—that he was once their grocer's boy, and go to dine with him next Sunday.

"For my part, I shall go, though it is Sunday. I consider it quite a religious duty—my duty towards my neighbour."

"Which is to love him as yourself. I am sure, Selina, I have no objection. It would be a grand romantic wind-up to the story which Stowbury used to tell—of how the 'prentice-boy stared his eyes out at the beautiful young lady; and you would get the advantage of 'my house in Russell Square,' 'my carriage and servants,' and be able to elevate your whole family. Do, now! set your cap at Peter Ascott."

Here Hilary, breaking out into one of her childish fits of irrepressible laughter, was startled to see Selina's face in one blaze of indignation.

"Hold your tongue, you silly chit, and don't chatter about things you don't understand."

And she swept majestically from the room.

"What have I done? Why, she is really vexed. If I had thought she would have taken it in earnest, I would never have said a word."

But Miss Selina's fits of annoyance were so common, that the sisters rarely troubled themselves long on the matter. And when, at tea-time, she came down in the best of spirits, they met her half-way, as they always did, thankful for these brief calms in the family atmosphere, which never lasted too long.

It was a somewhat heavy evening. They waited supper till after ten; and yet Ascott did not appear. Miss Leaf read the chapter as usual; and Elizabeth was sent to bed, but still no sign of the absentee.

"I will sit up for him. He cannot be many minutes now," said his Aunt Hilary, and settled herself in the solitary parlour, which one candle and no fire made as cheerless as could possibly be.

There she waited till midnight, before the young man came in. Perhaps he was struck with compunction by her weary white face—by her silent lighting of his candle, for he made her a thousand apologies.

"'Pon my honour, Aunt Hilary, I'll never keep you up so late again. Poor dear Auntie, how tired she looks!" and he kissed her affectionately. "But if you were a young fellow, and got among other young fellows, and they over-persuaded you."

"You should learn to say, No."

"Ah"—with a sigh, "so I ought, if I were as good as my Aunt Hilary."

OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG MAIDS.

A YOUNG girl, in the shelter and the freedom of an English home, growing and unfolding day by day almost as unconsciously as those sweet types of her—her favourite roses—do; the new life and hope of her parents; the gaiety and exhilaration of the whole house; naturally intelligent and carefully cultivated; high principled and happy tempered,—has human life a pleasanter picture to show us than this? What a beauty there is in her perfect physical health,—the brave out-door English girl, no more afraid of winter and cold weather, of a mountain scramble or a spirited horse, than one of her brothers might be; what a fascination about her active, ardent, inquiring turn of mind; what a charm in the thoroughness and intensity of her affections! I don't wonder, for my part, that her parents look upon her with unlimited satisfaction, just as she is, with her fervours of love and pity; her vehement intolerance of whatever is cowardly or mean; her exuberances of every kind. I have not the least inclination to approach her with didactic rule and measure. Her life is full of healthy energies and active enjoyment; night and morning she asks and receives better teaching than the best of ours. For all its wild dancing in the early breeze, the fair plant is firmly and safely rooted; its sweet luxuriance nourished by sun and shower from heaven; a pleasant picture truly, as I said.

And beside it I like to place one other picture, on which I gaze just as willingly. Not that of a young maiden standing hopefully, fenced round by parents' love, to look on life's land of promise outspread before her. This woman has known loss and sorrow, and she is now alone. When she finds time for purely personal thoughts, they sweep her not onwards, but "back to long ago." If she indulges in day-dreams at all, they are woven out of memory's dusky and tear-stained threads. But the young girl's brow is hardly brighter, certainly not so calm; nor is her life more abundantly occupied than that this lady leads. She is ministering angel to the whole country-side. Wherever there is sorrow and sickness, or sin, which is the worst sorrow, there is she to help and cheer. No outward vows bind her to this charitable career, but she has steadily persevered in it for more years than our young beauty numbers. But you are not to suppose that her whole life is so exclusively devoted to the service of the poor as to leave her neither time nor thought for the benefit of her equals. The most thoroughly social gatherings in the neighbourhood are in her beautiful garden in strawberry time, or round her tea-table in the winter. She is the friend of all, but more especially the friend of the young. The girls around delight in her society, and often help in missions not otherwise attractive to them, just for the sake of it. They will trust their most timid secrets to her keeping. They are never weary of admiring her in her quiet costume, dove-coloured, draperied, and much in advance of her years. Sometimes they will talk together in under-tones about her youth, wonder whether that early lover who died then (so their mothers have told them), was by possibility worthy of her; and decide that she never could have been quite as great a darling as anything else but what she is. The name Old Maid has lost all its terrors to many a youthful ear, because it is consecrated by her. I do not think she has read or theorized much respecting woman's mission, but plainly there is no need for any didactic exposition of it to such as she is. But these are ideal cases among young maids and old maids alike. Not, indeed, that we do not all know or remember such; "realized ideals," whose beauty and worth has been hinted rather than described in the foregoing sketches; only there are not many of them. Such happy combination of character and circumstance, "fortune coming with both hands full," is rare in every department of life. Amongst our unmarried women, as elsewhere, the majority do not appear to be making the best of themselves. There is some want of fitness between their nature and their position; of congruity between will and way; the former wants stimulus, or the latter making plain. The more thoughtful among them, as they look, discern abundant scope for direction and advice, and put pen to paper accordingly. Book follows book, on the conditions, the capabilities, the crosses, the compensations of the great sisterhood of the unmarried; and their rapid sale proves that they supply a widely-felt need. In short, woman, her wants and her work, is becoming the most prominent question of the day.

This question may be said to divide itself naturally into two heads. There are among our unmarried women those who want to work for their own support, and those who want to work for the good of others; and both these are increasing classes. How many new channels are opening out to the former, and yet how inadequate they as yet are, all who take an interest in social progress know something of. With the encouragements and the difficulties that attend this important cause, we, however, are not at present concerned. The books that have turned our attention to the subject of Old Maids and Young, address themselves to the women whose proper vocation seems

the work without the wages; the women of independent means, who need to be roused out of the sadness of inaction, or to have definite and worthy occupations presented to their activity.

We take up the first that comes, *Papers for Thoughtful Girls.* An attractive book in every way. Full of cheerful, healthy wisdom; of shrewd observation, of such intimate knowledge of the youthful heart as proves that the writer loves it even better than she knows. Surely the girls for whom it is especially written will enjoy it as much as we; or will any of them—with something of that perverse preference for other people's concerns which makes the fashionable novel the delight of low life, and the records of low life the refreshment of the fashionable world—put down the pleasant pictures of their own fresh existence to take up the second book on our table, *The Afternoon of Life*, in order to see what can be said of that far-off and appalling period? If so, full of tenderness, piety, and instruction though it be, ten to one they will put it down with a sigh. Its very resignation will chill them. We can recommend the third book, *My Life; what shall I do with it?* with its practical directions for outward and visible work, as more cheerful reading, even if they do pronounce it a little dry.

The first effect upon the mind after the perusal of books like these two last, is a rather weary impression of their having exhausted the subject, catalogued every possible snare into which women—not only as human beings, but as women; nay, not only so, but as unmarried women, can possibly fall; prescribed every conceivable remedy; taken an inventory, in short, of all our nature. No need for further books of the kind. What more minute than this moral anatomy; what more judicious and approved than these moral therapeutics? Guidance! We have only too much guidance. Henceforth let each try to *learn*, and, except by example, refrain from trying to *teach* any more. But presently we begin to surmise that, on subjects like these, there is no such thing as speaking a last word. Be our own stand-point where it may, we seem to catch some stray light which we fancy has not fallen exactly on this or that aspect of the question before, and which we may as well jot down. Theory is so much more easy than practice, we long to theorize a little too, as to how others may best keep their footing where our steps have such a tendency to slip. And so it is that I now proceed to throw some of the thoughts these three admirable works have suggested to me, into the form of more or less desultory observations upon young maids and old, as they are, and as they might be.

In the annals of medicine, one notices that there is generally some prevalent malady or other which, for the time especially occupies the imagination of the Faculty, so that any anomalous case is likely to be referred to it. Some years ago, it was liver complaint; now it is disease of the heart. It will be something else by and by. And no doubt all these complaints do put on an epidemic character; the widely-spread cause has widely-spread results. But the cleverest practitioner will probably lay more mischief at the door of the disease of the day than it is really accountable for. And I suspect that, in the same way, there is rather too exclusive a tendency to refer all the unhappiness among girls and women to one and the same cause, want of occupation. Yet no one can doubt that it is at present an evil which produces a greatly-increased amount of conscious suffering.

I am no friend to schools; on the contrary, I am rather bigoted to home education. Wherever the parents have one heart and mind (better anything, than that the young girl witness the squabble or the stratagem, become the partisan of father or mother), wherever the young life can develop freely in the house, and a fair amount of systematic teaching be secured there, surely she is in the safest place. I never see a file of girls, after their formal walk, re-entering the prison gates of some staring, stuccoed house, with pretentious name, in the precincts of one of our large towns, without a suspicion that the advantage of the best masters which congregate them there but poorly makes up for the dangers of so artificial a life. But school days are generally looked back upon as happy. They are too regular and too busy to be otherwise. This is their strong point. What the girls acquire may not be worth much, but the trouble of acquiring it has kept off all sense of purposelessness. There is no spare time to hang heavy; no listless indecision as to what had better be done next. Every hour brings its allotted task, and the young spirits are bright with the dignity and complacency that comes from being thoroughly employed.

Nor indeed is it often in the first years of home life, when so-called education is recently over, that girls know much of this great want we are thinking about. A bright future plays before their imagination; small events take up a large space in the mind; amusements are energetic; life excitingly full of possibilities. And yet, even in these early days, we have seen sisters who loved each other and loved their parents, less happy together than apart, just because when both were at home there was less necessary occupation for either. They trenched upon each other's undefined province; ran both, as it were, on the same line; and so there came little jealousies, little collisions, little fits of alienation, each wondering why the other was *so* hard to live with, and the mother

afraid of some inherent incompatibility between her girls' tempers; and all the time it was only because there was not enough for the two to do. Later, one of these girls took to drawing, for which she had a decided talent, with a quite professional earnestness, leaving to the other a more exclusive domestic sphere; and then, all clashing and all commenting over, they were as much attached as heart could wish. I think a good deal of energy is often spent in blaming character when its real use would be in modifying circumstance; and that, in addition to telling young people of the duty of love and concord, parents should be careful to examine the conditions most favourable to those virtues. If each girl has a special pursuit of her own, much will be done toward insuring them. Should not her education be carried on with a view to this? And when there is no particular talent of any kind, might we not take a hint from German households, and give to the daughter who cares least for books and art some domestic province more especially her own?

But it is as years roll on that dangers and difficulties multiply for the daughters at home. The cultivation of their minds, the keeping up their accomplishments, may have been occupation enough while waiting for that bright future that seemed so sure and so near. But how if there be no such future? To some of them it has got to look very dim indeed. They begin to suspect that their life is never to be more complete than it is now; to have no fuller blossoming; its only change now a gradual withering. Then the pursuits that used to fill the time, to stand out distinctly before the mind as adequate aims, collapse into utter insignificance. Then comes a disgust of that daily practising, that studying German, that frequent letter-writing to friends. It is not only that the heart aches for the love which seems a woman's birthright, but the mind too pines for lack of stimulus, and scope, and action on others. Disappointed affection is a common lot for man and woman; but for man there are "sword, gown, gain, glory," with their several offers in exchange, while woman, whose nature feels the disappointment much more keenly, has so very little to divert her from it. Who can wonder, then, at her deep depression when this her one stake—as she has come to view it—is on the point of failure? Parents, "having had all in their case," are generally slow to understand this. They are often perplexed at a change in their dear girls, as they still call them, who, with all their old materials of happiness around them, are evidently no longer happy. Health must be in fault, the doctor has to be called in; and, to the sufferer "from a vague disease," the relief of hearing a well-sounding name given to it—indigestion, neuralgia, what not—is often so great; strenuous attention to regimen and change of scene cheat the sense of inaction so well, that she is in great danger of adopting invalidism as the business of her life! Cases like this are familiar to us all, and we have all seen perfect cures brought about alike by unexpected happiness and sudden adversity, both having provided steady, definite, and engrossing occupation.

Granted these on all sides. From want of adequate occupation proceed gloom, hypochondria, family disputes, foolish flirtations, what not. Good Dr. Watts taught it us in our childhood in two homely lines which we all remember. But now comes some practical person, who asks of what use it is to go on detailing symptoms of so familiar a disease, and challenges us to bring forward any panacea which can come within the reach of all. And another, perhaps, reminds us that we seem in danger of laying too much stress upon the outward circumstances, and forgetting the "grace sufficient" under all; the motive which may dignify the most trivial employment; the control which is to be learned in the school of the Divine Master whatsoever the state. It is good to be thus reminded; every truth wants the balance of some others. Still we would suggest that in one family there are often the most opposite natures; that different natures imperatively demand different spheres; that the recklessness and dissatisfaction one sister feels with the way of life that satisfies another is no necessary proof of want of resignation to God's will; is often proof that God's will concerning her is that she should enter upon a wider field, a more active service. Pain of body, weariness of spirit are sent to warn us of something wrong. There is indeed no panacea for all the sorrows of any class. There will always be daughters at home neither fitted to enjoy nor to do greatly. We do not suppose that every young woman who feels her life dreary is consequently qualified or inclined to devote it to the service of the poor and the afflicted. But where the spirit is finely touched to fine issues, it will be a happy thing for the parents and the daughter if this inward vocation be willingly recognised; if, instead of thwarting, they encourage and assist her to seek out some more satisfying career than home life affords, even though it take her away from home for many hours of every day; nay, even though it take her away from home altogether. The Catholic mother gives her daughter cheerfully to the convent; will not the Protestant mother consent to one of hers devoting herself *unreservedly* to some of those good works, those labours of love, that are the glory of the Christianity of our time?

But we pass from the daughters at home to the class of unmarried women who have lost their parents; who are—as the chill phrase runs—alone

in the world, and who do not own to themselves the very slightest expectation of changing their lot by marriage.

It is pleasant and encouraging to our belief in progress to contrast the tone in which this portion of the community is thought, spoken, and written of in our day, with that which prevailed in the society and the literature of a hundred, or even fifty years ago. The sour and spiteful old maid we so often meet with there, punished for the coquetry and heartlessness of her youth by ridicule and unloved isolation in her age, is almost an obsolete character. We have come to discern that amongst our single women are many of the noblest and purest spirits of the time. It is to them that society mainly looks for reformatory efforts and civilizing influence among the poor and the ignorant. The peculiar trials of their lot are no longer overlooked; on the contrary, it is because they are so feelingly recognised that we expect to find in our unmarried women such tender beneficence and such sublime self-sacrifice. Perhaps, indeed, there has even been of late a slight tendency to exaggerate these trials. Perhaps sympathy has been rather unduly concentrated on the darker features of the unmarried life. Some of the books written with the professed purpose of enumerating its compensations, leave on the mind a disguised impression of its grief. We shrink a little from their minute analysis; and although their wide circulation shows that they do supply a present want, we think their tone will change in the course of a few years, and that, *as a class*, unmarried women will no more continue to excite commiseration, than they have continued to excite ridicule. More and more varied scope for labour paid and unpaid; more and more freedom of action and recognition of equality (not identity) of influence and pursuit, will place them much in the same category as unmarried men, for whose especial benefit no books of condolence or direction have, we believe, ever appeared! Already there are a goodly array of feminine names in literature, art, social science, philanthropy, with which our reverential admiration has never associated the least shade of pity. They stand alone, indeed, by their own choice (whether sorrow or struggle attended that choice we presume not to inquire); and they have strength so to stand. We do not lament, rather we glory in their independent attitude, and should probably feel some tincture of regret if names, that have so often "helped us in our daily need," were to be exchanged for any others.

Meanwhile, though we believe that there will be increasingly less and less general reference to it needed, we are quite justified in drawing an argument from the comparative blankness and desolation of many an individual unmarried lot. There are fervent spirits, whose only satisfaction lies in the exercise of their affections. Their intellect is valueless to them, unless as the handmaid of their heart. Material comforts are not even recognised as compensations. The one luxury of their nature is to spend and be spent for another. Now let none of these blame themselves for their intense yearning after a fuller life, or starve their souls by an attempt to subsist upon small interests and personal pleasures, because these satisfy the majority of their friends and acquaintance. Not for *this* have they been "chosen in the furnace of affliction." They are the very women to "minister with their substance," their time, their energy, their culture, to the poor, the ignorant, the sick, and the criminal. The strong sympathy of their nature that tortures them now unbestowed, will incalculably promote their success in all such undertakings. The "loving much" that has made them weak hitherto, will be their strength in this new career. Not one craving, one pang that will have been wasted, since each has added to the keenness of their insight, and the tenderness of their toleration. Of these, too, in their measure, we may venture to pronounce it true, that "inasmuch as they have suffered, being tempted, they shall be able to succour them that are tempted."

We will not attempt to indicate here the numerous calls upon unmarried women of this stamp. We would not say, Do not fear to accept the life for which your whole nature yearns. Do not let any make you despondent or discouraged by suggesting that you want this occupation of systematic beneficence for your own sakes; not purely out of pity for the poor or love for Christ. Sometimes we meet a spiritual over-refinement of this kind, which makes sad very unnecessarily. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," of increased personal happiness, and we need not fear to find a motive in the Divine appointment, "He that watereth shall himself be watered."

It may, too, be worth remarking, that whenever a woman of this peculiar temperament takes a decided step, and makes for herself a life-purpose, a *profession*, as it were, of some department or other of the charitable effort of our day, she does good not only directly to herself, and to the cause in which she enlists herself, but indirect good to that other large class of unmarried women who have no such special vocation. She leaves them more scope in a different and lowlier sphere. For there are, and always will be, characters of less energy, or quite different energy,—satisfied with mental culture, social enjoyments, domestic avocations, or, at least, sufficiently satisfied not to look beyond these, confining their highest aspirations, and their most strenuous efforts, to a better performance of

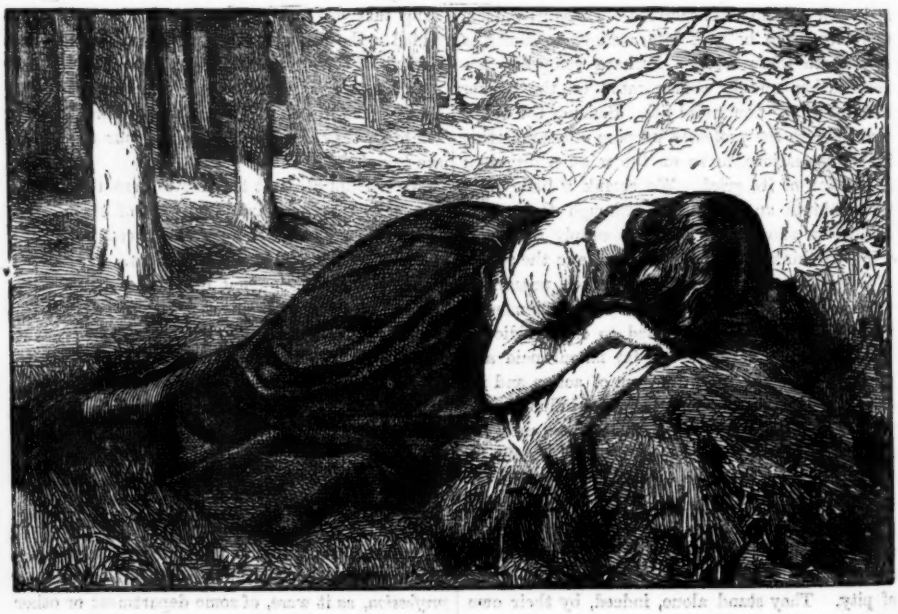
the "common round, the daily task." And indeed, when we come to think how important the duties that it comprehends, we feel we have no right after all to pronounce that theirs is a lowlier sphere. But if it be idle to contend which life is best in itself, it is, at all events, very certain that relatively that is best which is most in harmony with the individual character, and most fully calls out the capabilities the Creator has given.

Let both classes respect each other. Let the unmarried women, in their comfortable homes, leading gracious and kindly lives there, and conscious of no unemployed time, be yet very slow to pronounce that sister injudicious or fanatical, who has betaken herself to the Reformatory or the Hospital, to grapple with the darker forms of evil in the heart of some great city. Nor again let this hard worker suppose that all are necessarily idle and frivolous who are content with a life of much apparent ease and little apparent self-denial. We want these two classes of unmarried women. Some to help us by what they do; others to cheer us by what they are. It is too much to expect often to find completeness. In some women we shall have pre-eminently to honour the instrument; in others, let us be satisfied to love the character. Both lives alike may be lived "unto the Lord."

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF AN UNKNOWN LIFE."

THE CRIMSON FLOWER.

BY THE COUNTESS DE GASPARIN, AUTHOR OF "THE NEAR AND HEAVENLY HORIZONS."



Do you understand the process of budding? No. Well then, you will not learn it from me. To explain in precise terms any mechanical operation, to describe a machine, or merely to give an account of a series of movements executed by one's ten fingers, has always appeared to me one of those difficulties of the first order, before which all great idlers and small geniuses stop short at once.

Enough, then; on that particular day (a June morning) I was budding. The manor-house rose higher in the limpid atmosphere, the martins flew about the weather-cock, scattering a very rain of small shrill cries through the air; the fountain beneath the great sycamores babbled in such clear notes that you felt, merely listening to them, the freshness rise and caress your face. Uncertain puffs of wind kept blowing down every now and then from the mountain; they upheaved the sycamore branches—a most languid movement. Every separate leaf thrilled for a moment, then grew calm again, and cast its shadow down, its broad cool shadow.

Budding is no easy matter; you may take my word for that.

If you are a nervous person, don't bud, nor if you are impatient, or timid, or conceited; the three cardinal virtues, nothing less are requisite—and even then success is doubtful.

Do you see that green shoot? a graft cut in the form of a scutcheon. Do you see its eye? a bud—there—in the hollow of the leaf-stalk. Very well, then. Hold it delicately between your lips. Now choose a good strong branch amongst these young shoots. Pull it out from the midst of the thorns round. Make your incision. Put in your bud."

"What! is it as simple as that?"

Very good! Your lips have trembled. There is your bud on the ground; you look for it; it is nowhere to be seen. Your pen-knife has cut the bark across; the graft bends, does not get fixed in. Your branch is deficient in sap; the bud will wither off-hand. Alas! how many withered buds there are for the want of a little sap. The thing is done! No, your worsted catches—entangles. The thing is done! No such luck; you have cut the shoot itself with one stroke.

If you bud with a latent irritability, you are awkward, the graft fails. If you bud, filled with a confidence which borders upon the pride of life, the wind of the desert sweeps over your bud and burns it up. If you graft without faith, sure beforehand that you shall fail,—you have a run of bad luck, the thorns tear you, the pen-knife is blunt, the ligature slackens, the graft dies.

I told you so before; the three cardinal virtues are wanted; we can't spare one.

And so that particular morning, modest, but hopeful, and possessing my soul in patience, I was budding. At every knot I made my arteries beat. And when the bent branch sprung back again with a proud delight, bound round with its little scarlet bracelet, I, too, drew myself up, and breathed freely. Then the fragrance of the carnations, blowing in tufts on the old walls, came mingling with the faint smell of wax that the bees carried about with them. Then I could hear the little children along the path which takes down to the brook, sometimes frisking about barefooted, sometimes stopping before a bit of hedge, all singing the same air with their monotonous and silvery voices. The words of that song, simple to very folly, have often rocked my dreams—

> "Tell me yes, tell me no,
> Tell me if you love me;
> Tell me yes, tell me no;
> Tell me Yes, not No."

And so it went on invariably. And sung along that pathway, listened to in that rose thicket, under those great sycamores, with the accompaniment that the fountain made, and the thousand different hummings of a thousand busy insects that little song had a poetry of its own, was indeed fraught with charm.

These young rose-shoots we are looking at have hosts of enemies. Caterpillars rolled up in the newborn leaf, grey larvæ, ensconced in the middle of the still tender stalk—up to the very spiders, those inveterate carnivora, that the gardeners accuse of taking to a vegetable diet on purpose to spite them, up to those malachite-coloured beetles, with their gold-spotted garb, diamond eyes, and slender waist, who saw the boughs neatly across, and leave you for consolation nothing but a bit of dry wood. These last, however, have some sense of their iniquity. No sooner do they perceive you coming—and they can see you a good way off—than they instantly counterfeit death. They fall, heavy as lead, through the labyrinth of leaves. And, even if you found them, could you very well kill them? A sportsman who destroys the hare that has taken refuge between his legs has always appeared to me the type of cowardice and ferocity.

Now, all this—I mean these hosts of enemies to rose-trees—all this makes one passionately fond of roses. Of those climbing ones, so delicate in their tints, those damasks with great intoxicated flies in their glowing core, those moss-roses, hidden beneath the exuberant curliness of their calyx. And so one goes on budding roses as long as the summer lasts,—throughout the dog-days, under the thunder-showers, pricked, scratched, provoked in all sorts of ways, but still supremely happy, a very holiday of the soul after all.

All at once, the nightingale sang. To understand the full effect of those three words, I must premise that on the particular site of the manor-house—a rather wild site—the nightingale hardly ever sings. His haunt is in the wood, under the oak-trees. Here not at all, or very seldom. Why is this? I refer you to the gentleman himself. He is capricious, like other artists. Wrens, finches, linnets, larks, red-breasts, as soon as ever the month of March comes, meet here by special arrangement to execute their symphonies. The brook rolls its wavelets over a pebbly bed; the lilacs and privets steep their clusters in its slackening tide; there are giant trees around on which to perch mid-air, and fling down songs of triumph from a fitting height; there are Syringas white with blossom in which to shelter from the noontide heat; the place is neither deserted (the dwellers in the manor-house are hard by) nor noisy (they are not great talkers);—but what is the use of proving to people that their true happiness runs counter to their fancy?

The nightingale then began to sing. One full dilating note—an arrow of vivid light shot through space. The graft fell from my hands. Where

was he singing? There, a hundred paces lower down; there where the brook loses itself in the brushwood, on its way to sweep round a wooded hill which we call La Rochette.

La Rochette has oaks centuries old, dotted here and there; it has precipices where you may break your limbs if you like; honeysuckles that trail their garlands along the face of the rock; it has its winged denizens who warble there from dawn to twilight. This morning it had a nightingale.

To many, a nightingale is no more than a bird-organ; a thing that trills and gurgles; executes certain *tours de force* very neatly, but always the same thing, say they; in a short time these grow wearisome. To others, the nightingale is the very essence of the spring, triumph of life over death, beauty of shining nights, climax of earth's harmonies—all these in one!

I cut across the field, I followed the brook; the nightingale sang on.

He sings. The stream glides between banks of waving grass, plays with shining pebbles, loses itself beneath the branches,—you only hear the whispering together of leaves and ripple. The trunk of an old willow leans over and rests its elbow on the other side, a bridge cushioned here and there with brown velvet moss. Then every sound but one ceases; the long notes of the nightingale pervade the wood, full, brilliant, reminding one of the rays of the sun; then soft, quivering, throbbing with an emotion that recalls the human voice.

When he had shot arrow after arrow, scattered very sheaves of song, given out his defiance, his triumph, told all his sadness and all his love, he stopped quite suddenly, as he had begun. For a moment, completest silence. Then a wren hazarded a few notes in a whisper, a linnet tried her humble triplet, the blackbird began to whistle, somewhat uncertainly, as if to put himself into voice again; and then they all set to, a melody of glad sounds, a dance of sparks, as it were, in the summer air; and I know not how, I know not why, I began to dream of the crimson flower.

What that flower exactly was, or where it grew, I should have some difficulty in telling you. I had seen it once, when quite a little child, in a stony road, amongst the briars of the hedge; and I had gathered it. Oh, yes, that at least was certain! The flower swayed to and fro on the top of a long stalk, it had petals of flaming red, its shape was like nothing known, neither a star nor a circle—something like a censer, out of which came golden stamens.

Since then, had I not looked for it, had I not inquired about it? When I spoke of it, people laughed at me. I left off speaking of it, but I looked for it still.

You know the nature of those childish pursuits, that perseverance of theirs that nothing can weary.

Impossible! Experience inscribes this word in the dictionary of the man; in the vocabulary of the child it has no place. To the child the marvellous is quite natural. Each day some fresh knowledge opens upon him, a star suddenly kindled in the darkness. So many beautiful things, the existence of which he never suspected, have come and ranged themselves along his path; why not this or that other marvel as well? Later, precise limits will fix for him the extent of his domain. First a slight line, then a fence, then a wall, then the wall will rise, will shut in the man; will form a prison, and to get out of it he must have wings. But around the child neither walls nor fences,—a boundless extent, all iridescent with brilliant colours. In far-away depths reality blends with reverie. It is like an ocean shore; blue waves, lustrous with light, rise and rise up to the horizon, up to the enchanted islands whose shores they kiss.

I went on then looking for the crimson flower. And you, have you never looked for it?

That morning, in that vernal atmosphere, its image returned to my mind. It seemed as though I should really find it, and so I walked on at random.

And oh, if you only knew the delight of doing, every now and then, something quite different from what one had intended to do!

Well-arranged days have, I confess, a harmony which pours peace into the spirit. I think I see the smiling hours, with an austere grace, intertwining their white arms, and with measured step performing their skilful and intricate round. Mysterious concords, as ancient theories hold, accompany days that the hours lead on thus, from dawn to the dying light. But to escape from them, to leave them standing there, a little taken by surprise, and to run, I mean to saunter with slow and idle steps through the country; this is one of those unusual delights, fraught with a boldness that makes the heart beat higher.

I take my way then, by the most solitary paths. The labourers have all gone back to the village for their mid-day rest. Besides, the scythe has not yet begun to mow the fields; one does not yet hear that hissing sweep, that sigh of the grass which falls wave on wave, withered almost as soon as fallen.

The fields have all their first exuberance,—with dashes of colour bold enough to make a battalion of city landscape-painters fall back in dismay.

There are certain weeds, which have got in, in spite of all precaution, and now take the liberty of displaying a golden carpet beside the pink sainfoin. In the ditches are jungles of pale blue forget-me-not; on their edges, tufts of dark-blue

speedwell; half bending over the brooks the straw-coloured lotus. Under the still green corn a harvest of red poppies is swaying to and fro. Every breeze raises scarlet waves—they run along, swell, and disappear. The stiff blue corn-flowers entangle themselves with the wheat.

And then this great silence of great nature. Man has disappeared for the nonce. He will come back to destroy everything by and by. At this particular moment of the year—this brief moment, too short almost to catch—he has finished the labours of the spring, and not begun those of summer; he has not yet cut the hay; the women have hardly begun to prune the vines on the steep hill-slope. The country, left to itself, shines out resplendent for its own pleasure, and for the delectation of the living myriads who wander at large in their kingdom.

There are certain lofty spirits who look down in compassion on the puerile contemplations into which every individual ant who drags its little load along can plunge the child and the dreamer. What care such for the golden lustre of the burnished wing-cases, and the crested heads, and the mysterious mazes of the dance, and the giant-like ferocity of creatures almost invisible, and these labours of Hercules that a breath destroys? Are you a scientific observer? Very good. Study with your net in your hand. Are you an ignoramus? Go your way, then, and let us have none of your idle talk.

What would you have? That morning there were blue butterflies, which formed my escort, clustering, scattering again, petals that had taken flight! On the umbelliferous plants there was a perfect pavement of coleoptera, a black and purple mosaic. On the tufts of the bryony were insects in armour, emblazoned like that of the knights of the middle ages. The quail was calling in the long grass—three notes here, three there. So that with all this I found myself, in time, a long way from the manor-house, on the edge of a pine-wood, and I sat down to rest on the ground.

What of the crimson flower? I declare I never thought of it; the butterflies had wafted it away. I was thinking that life is beautiful on a spring morning; that it is a joy to open one's lips and inhale the fresh air; a festival to open one's eyes and see the earth in her bridal robes; that it is an ecstasy to open one's hands, and gather sheaves of fragrant flowers. Then I thought of the God of heaven; the boundless arch overhead spoke to me of his power. I thought of the Lord of the humble; the little winged creatures fluttering here and there spoke to me of his goodness. A book that I carried with me spoke of his love: an inward voice of my own sinfulness; and from these diverse accents emanated a perfect harmony like that which made so beauteous the flowery meadows before me. When I had inspired their perfumes to the full, I went on, sometimes under the wood, sometimes outside it.

There is nothing perhaps about that particular spot more than any other. Only it has this merit, that you find there no woodman with his hatchet; no sportsman with his gun; and that the earth sends up its green herbs as God pleases.

That morning, however, I was destined to find some one there. In a glade inundated with sunlight, surrounded by brambles, which spiders had hung round with their nets, a figure was lying. A tall young girl, with a woollen petticoat twisted round her form, her face hidden in an armful of fodder contained in her blue apron, which was tied at the corners, and overflowed with poppies, sainfoin, and ox-eyed daisies.

The attitude of the girl, the shadow she cast, the mottled light, her abundance of light-brown hair, the sober, and somewhat rigid grace of her outline, reminded me of the Magdalen of Correggio.

She suddenly lifted her head, and then I saw that she was crying.

What, Suzette! all alone!

Suzette resolutely hid her face in the bundle of grass.

I am not fond of taking hearts by surprise. Suzette, if she chose, had a right to indulge her grief in solitude. A right often ignored in our age, which is certainly not one of exaggerated delicacy. I slipt noiselessly by. I had seen nothing. A sigh heaved for that purpose—so at least it seemed to me—made me turn round. Suzette was looking at me with an expression no longer unsocial. When she saw that I stopped, she half rose, and drew her petticoat to one side, as if to make room for me. I went back and sat down.

"Well then, Suzette?"

Suzette looked down, pulling up the moss sprig by sprig.

"Always the same difficulties?"

"My brothers have said they would kill him for me."

"And your mother?"

"Mother!"—here Suzette blushed, and hung her head a little more—"mother has no objection."

"Well then?"

"Since father's death, mother does not dare to speak."

"They must be brought to reason, those boys must."

"They are the masters!" Suzette answered in a dismal voice.

"And Frederic, he does not know then how to insist upon what he wishes?"

Suzette's blue eyes flashed.

"A little resolution is all that 's wanted, Suzette."

"I shall get him killed by them," repeated Suzette.

"But tell me, what fault have they to find with him?"

"None. He is the son of a foreigner."

"A worthy young man."

"They make fun of him."

"Why?"

"Because"—Suzette hesitated a moment—"because he studies."

"I see him mowing and digging; there is not a labourer about who gets on better."

"He is not fond of drinking, nor of fighting; then they say—"

"They say?"

Suzette buried her head again in her bundle, stifled a sob, and was silent. There was one word she could not pronounce. That word must be forcibly attacked and dispelled for ever. For, in point of fact, it was that word which tortured the poor girl's heart.

"Suzette, your brothers are wrong. Frederic is not afraid of them."

Suzette shuddered as if a red-hot iron had touched her.

"Do not let yourself be troubled, Suzette. The one you love will give you no reason to blush for him."

Suzette sat up straight; her eyes shone through their tears.

"And then, Suzette, put your trust in your God. What God has decreed no man can prevent, not even your brothers."

And so I left her.

Poor Suzette, thou too art seeking the crimson flower!

Who has said that the spring-time of life is the season of happiness? This spring-time did not number twenty years.

Discrepancy between realities and the aspirations of the heart, harsh notes blending with every chord; legions of ironical smiles that greet every disaster; granite barriers against which strike foreheads impatient for liberty; internal tumults, protests, and rebellions of the soul; he who has known you all will never celebrate the serenity of an April sky. Too many thunderstorms burst there; too many heavy rains drown the flowers; too many tempests bruise the young foliage. There happiness still skims the earth too closely; she has not got full command of her wings; has not yet taken her flight towards the land of peace.

There, in that region to which go later our wearied thoughts and affections, there blessed breezes blow, there flowers blossom that never will shine upon the earth. But the way that leads thither is one that in early youth we do not know. Nay, if we knew it, our feet would hardly venture there. When the burden and heat of the day comes, we find it out. Some messenger in mourning garb, one of those reapers that mow our sheaves down, calls us thither, takes the path disdained of yore;—a sad-looking path indeed, but, for that reason, it pleases now,—pleases us thus solitary, pleases us thus bare. Whither it leads, you know well.

As I was walking along, something shone in the grass; something dazzled my eyes, made my heart leap. It was the crimson flower.

I seized it,—I held it; I kept my hand closed. It was the flower. Yes, it was indeed,—strange, bright, and beauteous. I had it, and I dared not look at it.

Suddenly I felt the flower throb beneath my fingers; they relaxed their hold; the flower dilated. It spread out its carmine petals, lightly spotted with green; it displayed a purple cup; two stamens, two anthers vibrated for a moment; the flower stirred, some breath had made it quiver, wings unfolded; I continued to gaze on it; it trembled, it rose, it soared away in a golden beam, it sparkled two or three times from different heights, red in the azure, in the remoter ether lost to sight.

Oh, my flower! I know whither thou goest; I know whence thou art come. I know the hidden sources which give thee an eternal freshness; I know the word that created thee, the Eden which preserves.

Winged flower! He who despairs of thee will never meet thy beauty; he who pursues thee on earth may perhaps find, will certainly lose thee. Flower of Paradise! thou belongest alone to those who go to gather thee where thou hast been planted by God.

CHURCH SCANDAL IN ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

Rome early became the great centre of doctrinal and ecclesiastical opinion for the rest of the world. It did so not by virtue of any remarkable intellectual activity in the Roman Church. On the contrary, in comparison with that of Alexandria, or even of Carthage, the Church of Rome lagged greatly behind in the career of intellectual distinction. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," were called to it. There was a theology at Alexandria, and a theology in North Africa, long before there were any symptoms of theological life and fruitfulness at Rome. Moreover, the first theology that showed itself there was not Latin but Greek. Clemens *Romanus* was a Greek, and wrote in Greek. His Epistle to the Corinthians takes its place beside the letters of Ignatius, and the fragments of the Apostolic Fathers generally, all of which are or were originally Greek. From Clemens to Hippolytus, that is to say, from the close of the first to the middle of the third century, not a single name of intellectual note adorns the Roman Church. Caius, the Presbyter, may be mentioned, but nothing survives of him but the name; and his date, besides, is scarcely earlier than that of Hippolytus. The famous treatise, which the comment of Baron Bunsen did so much to bring into notice, was at first ascribed by one or two scholars to Caius.

Yet with all this paucity of native intellectual life, Rome early asserted a predominating or regulating influence over theological opinion and ecclesiastical ceremonies. The Church there showed its genius for government, even while struggling in a somewhat feeble and helpless infancy. It was looked to as a kind of court of appeal when controversy arose and discussion ran high on any topic. The influence it exercised, and the arrogance it displayed, in the earliest of all disputes within the Church—if we except the division between Peter and Paul at Antioch—the dispute concerning the celebration of Easter, is one of the best-known passages in the Church history of the second century. Some notice of it has already been presented to our readers in the sketch of Irenæus. Such a dispute was quite within its province, akin to the ecclesiastical tendency which it showed from the first, and which became so characteristic of it. It would have been well if it had only meddled in such matters; but it delighted to show its influence in other things less within its province and capacity. It wished to be a power in doctrinal discussions as well as in the settlement of ecclesiastical observances.

The results which followed, in the first instance, from this incompetent intellectual ambition of the Roman Church are very curious, and have not sufficiently attracted the attention of our ecclesiastical historians. Some scholars, indeed, have imparted too much prominence and importance to them. The extreme school of German theology has started speculations and raised theories as to the whole development of Christian doctrine, arising out of the peculiar state of religious opinion in Rome in the beginning and middle of the third century. The facts are significant enough, but they are far from bearing the weight of such constructive hypotheses as have been founded on them. They really represent a retrograde and not a progressive state of opinion. It is not so much Christian doctrine in process of formation that we contemplate, as Christian doctrine in process of degeneracy and corruption; and not only so, but we are able, by the study of the long-lost Treatise of Hippolytus, to detect the influences under which the corruption was set agoing. The veil has been lifted from a very curious scene, in which we see Bishop and Presbyter in hot conflict about the faith,—the mistress of the Emperor and the head of the Roman Church in friendly communication,—ignorance upon the episcopal throne and low-born intrigue around it, and even successful roguery and unquestionable heresy raised to occupy it!

A church at once ignorant and ambitious like the early Roman, became the natural prey of heresy. Heretical teachers from all quarters looked towards it for the possible countenance of their peculiar opinions. Milman has drawn attention to the fact of how they flocked thither to vend their "strange doctrines" in the great mart of the world. Not one of their doctrines was indigenous to the church itself. The teachers were strangers and foreigners: Gnostics from Alexandria, Montanists from Phrygia, Unitarians from Asia, Patropassians from Smyrna;—all gathered to Rome as to a centre. All received a more or less welcome reception. The church tried to hold the balance of authority among them, but especially to increase its own influence, by its patronage of what seemed the strongest and winning cause for the time.

This is a serious accusation to make against the Roman Church of the third century. But the facts scarcely admit of any other explanation. Our present object is more to unveil these facts in their own nature, to set before our readers the *chronique scandaleuse* into which they weave themselves, than to show how they affect the history of theological opinion. It is impossible,

however, to narrate them without remarking their theological influence. Personal detail, unscrupulous cunning, low intrigue and crime, and theological error, all mingle themselves up in the picture in a very curious and piquant manner. The contemplation is not calculated, like many of our previous sketches, to raise admiration of the early Church. But we are bound to "look on this picture as well as on that." While we let in the bright lights of early faith and piety, we must not hide the darker features which are there as well. Then, as now, the "wheat and the tares" were permitted to grow together; and, unfortunately, the social condition of the great city of the world was a rank and fitting soil for the upgrowth of many tares.

There is one other thing also that, in fairness to the Church of Rome in the third century, we are bound to remember. It is only owing to the accurate and unfavourable narrative of Hippolytus that we know anything of the details of this scandal. His position in relation to the Roman Church gave him peculiar means of knowing the secret history of it; his position also, perhaps, rendered him a sharp and somewhat harsh critic of it; orthodox zeal, as well as a sense of offended personal dignity, were concerned in his judgment. It must be received, therefore, if not with deduction, yet with caution. There is no reason whatever to believe that Hippolytus states anything but what he knew to be facts; but the grouping and colouring of the facts may owe something to his vivid personal feeling in the whole business. That Zephyrinus was both ignorant and presumptuous, and Callistus a rogue, notwithstanding that both of them sat upon the episcopal throne, unfortunately can admit of no manner of doubt; but the piquancy with which the details of the early history of the latter are shown forth, may borrow something from the indignation of party spirit as well as of virtuous resentment.

Nor must we be supposed to select the early Roman Church as an exceptional example of such things, while other churches were pure. That church, from its position, was peculiarly exposed to moral as well as intellectual dangers from its commencement; it was more likely than some others to have a secret and equivocal history from the mingled influences that affected it: but other churches were also exposed to the same dangers; and had we the means, as we happen to have in the pages of Hippolytus regarding the Church of Rome, of reading their private history—of penetrating beneath the decorous veil of external events to the hidden springs which sometimes move these events—we might find that there were other bishops as incompetent as Zephyrinus, and even as unscrupulous as Callistus. At any rate, it would be an utterly wrong lesson to draw from our story, that one church has any reason to exalt itself over another. The only true lesson is one of humility to all churches. Worldliness and intrigue lie too near to ecclesiastical machinery everywhere, not to call for watchfulness and jealousy from every church, lest they creep in unawares.

But to our story. There lived in Rome, in the time of Victor, Bishop of Rome (190-200), a worthy Christian citizen, of the name of Carpophorus. He had a slave of the name of Callistus, who professed the faith of his master. The latter, stirred with the wish to advance his slave in the world, gave him the charge of a bank, which he established in the famous quarter of Rome known as the Piscina Publica. A Christian banker in Rome, in the end of the second century, or at least one set agoing in such a manner as Callistus, was not likely to do a large business. Still there were those who needed his assistance, and who intrusted to him their moneys. Many brethren and widows are said to have confided in the Christian character of Callistus, and to have freely given him their little sums. The temptation proved too strong for the slave. He appropriated the money to his own use, squandered it, and, when the depositors got alarmed, and the truth became known, he fled. He escaped to Portus, the harbour of Rome, about twenty miles down the Tiber, found a vessel ready to sail for some foreign destination, and was speedily on board, and secure, as he supposed, from his creditors and indignant master. No time, however, was lost in pursuing him; Carpophorus hastened, with the speed of a detective, to Portus, found the ship moored in the middle of the harbour, ready to set off, took a boat, and hailed his runaway and unfaithful servant. Callistus, seeing no way of escape, leapt into the sea, and was with difficulty rescued, and given up to his master, who, taking the matter into his hands, gave him, as Bunsen translates,* "the domestic treadmill of the Roman slaveholders—the *pistrinum*."

Callistus, however, was not without friends in his degradation. Such plausible rogues seldom are. It was represented to Carpophorus, by certain Christian brethren, that he ought not to deal too harshly with his slave, but give him a chance in some degree to retrieve his character. He pretended, moreover, that some of the moneys which he had embezzled were recoverable, if he had only an opportunity of personally attending to the recovery of them. The good Carpophorus was easily moved to pity, and he said, without much hesita-

* Bunsen has told the story at length in one of his letters on Hippolytus. Our narrative will be found to coincide in many expressions with his.

tion, "Well, let him go, and try what he can recover; I do not care much for my own money, but I mind that of the poor widows." Callistus, accordingly, went forth on his errand. He went on Sabbath (Saturday),—professing to have money to get from some Jews, but probably not knowing very well what to do. Something might turn up in his favour, or, at any rate, he might make his escape, and save himself from the degrading punishment to which he had been subjected. He wandered into a Jewish synagogue, where worship was going on, and, under what impulse it is impossible to say, he began a disturbance, interrupting the service, and protesting that he was a Christian. The Jews, naturally indignant at his conduct, fell upon him, beat him, and carried him before the prefect Fuscianus. Here, notwithstanding the timely intercession of Carpophorus, who, upon hearing of the riot, hastened to assure the judge that Callistus was no Christian, but a fellow who had robbed him of his money, and been driven to desperate courses, he was sentenced to be scourged and then banished to Sardinia, the climate of certain parts of which was so fatal in summer.

This might have seemed a final riddance of such a man as Callistus; but the tenacity of life and purpose is strong in men of his stamp. Amid the pestilential vapours of Sardinia, he still cherished restless schemes of worldly aggrandizement and ambition. Return to Rome appeared hopeless enough: but hope had evidently not died out of his breast; and at length the opportunity came which he knew how to improve. The mistress of the Emperor Commodus, the unworthy son of the philosopher Marcus Aurelius, had become, if not a convert to Christianity, a friend of Christians. Hippolytus calls her Φιλοθεος, or God-loving—an expression singular enough in contrast with her conduct. Mistress of the Emperor, and wife of the captain of his guards, the position of Marcia (such was her name) scarcely seems compatible with a profession of Christian faith. Whatever her own failings, however, she was a friend of the poor and proscribed Christians. She was moved with pity for their suffering, and requested to be informed by Bishop Victor as to those that had been banished to Sardinia, in order that she might solicit the Emperor for their release. Victor sent her a list of names, but without including that of Callistus, who had so grossly forfeited all claim to the Christian character. When the messenger—a presbyter of the church—arrived at Sardinia on his errand of mercy, and delivered his list to the governor of the island, the news became speedily known. It reached the ear of Callistus, and finding his own name was not in the list, he began to lament and entreat till the messenger was moved to solicit his release also. It is not very clear by what means he succeeded in his purpose; but he did so, and obtained his freedom along with the others. He returned with them to Rome, which it might have been supposed he would have been anxious to avoid.

When Victor heard of the return of Callistus he was greatly disquieted. Carpophorus, his master, was still alive, and the scandal of his dishonesty was not entirely forgotten. The bishop was glad to persuade him to retire to Antium, and to give him a monthly allowance to keep him quiet and out of trouble. It was here, possibly, that he made the acquaintance of Zephyrinus. But whether here or elsewhere, he became the familiar of this presbyter, to whom he made himself useful, and who found in him a congenial companion and tool. After the death of Victor, Zephyrinus was raised to be Bishop of Rome, and his friend Callistus shared in his elevation. He made, we are told, the *quondam* slave and dishonest banker of the *Piscina Publica* "his coadjutor to assist him to keep his clergy in order, and gave himself so entirely up to him, that Callistus did with him what he liked."

This was a strange turn of fortune; and yet such things have happened not unfrequently. The Sardinian convict now stood upon the steps of the episcopal throne. The real power of the Episcopate was in fact in his hands; and the dignity, as well as the power, was soon to be seized by him.

It may be easily imagined what blind leaders of the church two such men as Zephyrinus and Callistus must have been. Surrounded by a fermenting mass of strange opinions, how little could they tell what was false and what was true? Zephyrinus was "very stupid and ignorant," and fond of money: Callistus was not without cleverness; but what kind of cleverness! It is melancholy to reflect on a church abandoned to such guidance.

Sabellius was now at Rome propagating his peculiar views as to the Trinity. He taught that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit were not three distinct persons in the Godhead, but only three expressions or powers of the One God. In other words, he taught a "Trinity not of Essences, but only of Manifestations"—as his heresy has been well defined. His views had attracted attention, and Hippolytus leads us to believe that he and others of the Roman presbytery had protested strongly against them. The bishop and his coadjutor secretly encouraged them, although they did not venture openly to espouse them. They "did not side openly with Sabellius," says Hippolytus, "but in private, Callistus told each freely that he was favourable to their views, setting them as much as he could against each other." This was exactly the part suited to his unscrupulous cunning. He knew or understood but little of doctrinal differences; but he recognised how they might be turned to the account of his own power. Sabellius, adds Hippolytus, did not at the time see through the selfish roguery of Callistus; but afterwards he knew it.

On the death of Zephyrinus, Callistus was elected to fill the vacancy. Carpophorus, his old teacher, was long since dead. The affair of the Bank was forgotten or misunderstood: the Church had got accustomed to his exercise of authority in the time of Zephyrinus. Yet withal the result is an astonishing one, and indicates a very unhappy and unhealthy condition of the Roman Church.

Callistus on his accession saw fit to disown Sabellius. In the face of the opposition of Hippolytus, he did not dare to espouse openly the heresy which he had hitherto secretly encouraged. Yet he had not, as could not have been expected,

the manliness to own his error, and embrace the orthodox doctrine. He had said to Hippolytus and his supporters in the Roman presbytery, who maintained the distinct personality of the Father and the Son: "You are *Ditheoi* (Ditheists);" and he felt it necessary to make good his word. While abandoning Sabellius accordingly, he espoused the doctrine of Noetus and his school, which differed little from Sabellianism. The system of Noetus had been taught for some time at Rome; it had obtained a footing; and if there was any honest and intelligent impulse in Callistus at all, it seems to have been towards this system. Even in the time of Zephyrinus he had sought to incline Sabellius to it, representing how nearly his own system agreed with it. He now established a school in which it was taught, and so far identified himself with it, that it came to pass in a slightly modified form under his name. He did not exactly say with Noetus that the Son *is* the Father, and that the Father consequently was born of a virgin, conversed among men as a man, and suffered and died (Patropassianism); but he said, "What is seen is the Son; but the Spirit that dwells in the Son is the Father; for I will not say that there are two Gods, the Father and the Son, but one. The Father who was in the Son, took flesh and made it God, uniting it to himself, and made it one. The Father and Son was therefore the name of one God, and this one person (*προσωπον*) cannot be two; the Father consequently suffered *with* the Son." He wished to avoid saying that the Father suffered, and yet he clearly only escaped it by a verbal quibble. "This foolish shifting fellow," we may well say with Hippolytus, "invents blasphemies above and below, in order to speak against the truth." Without any theological insight or comprehension of his own, he veers about and loses himself in words without meaning.

Callistus's principles of church discipline were of a not less flexible and accommodating character. He announced the doctrine, "that he forgave the sins of all," and many whose misconduct had banished them from Christian communion, flocked to the easy door of entrance which his liberality made for them. With some reminiscence probably of his own crime, he is also said to have laid down the farther startling principle: "If a bishop commits a sin, be it even a sin unto death, he must not be deposed, or obliged to abdicate for all that." An easy-going ecclesiasticism of this kind made many friends to him. His party greatly increased, but only, says Hippolytus, to the detriment of the Church, and the ruin of its order. Bishops, presbyters, and deacons were received into the ministry, after having been married twice or even thrice. Even one who married, after he became a priest, might do so undisturbed! Over such corruptions the worthy Bishop of Portus deplores. Yet if these were the worst things of which he could be accused, we might forgive Callistus. His arguments were worse than his practice in this respect: "Did not our Saviour say, Let the tares grow with the wheat? Were there not unclean beasts in the ark? Such, therefore, must also be in the Church."

Such arguments moved the indignation of the honest and pious suffragan, and infused a drop of bitterness into his lively description of his Metropolitan's follies and heresies. Let us remember while we read that Hippolytus was no friend to Callistus; and that, consequently, the portrait which he has left of him is not likely to want in touches of contemptuous severity; but unfortunately any abatement we might make will still leave a very darkened and unhappy picture. While we contemplate the picture, let us be thankful that it is a rare one; that so many pure and bright and shining spots surround this soiled page in the Church's early history.

JOHN TULLOCH.

IS HE STINGY?

Wife. Edward Garrett is as good a man as lives; kind to me; kind to the children; a little absent, perhaps; reads books and papers when he should be talking; still, a good man. *But then*, he is so stingy.

Uncle Ludovic. Stingy! why, you and your children, and all, seem quite comfortable.

Wife. If we do, thanks to my clipping, darning, and cheese-paring. Why, there isn't a rag or an old bone lost in this house.

Uncle. I'm glad to hear of it.

Wife. So you may, for extravagance is a fearful thing; but then you know there's a medium. It is one thing to be a miser, and another thing to be a spendthrift. Now, Edward is miserly, and I've told him so more than once.

Uncle. And what does he say?

Wife. He stares at me, shaking his head, or groans. Just look here, Uncle. What *is* the use of money; is it not to live on? We can't take money to the grave with us; we must have the comforts of life; we must be neighbourly; we must have a house of the same kind as other people's; we must dress, give parties, eat, drink, have summer lodgings, and educate our children as other people do. Nay, don't sneer, Uncle; you know I am speaking good sense.

Uncle. You are doing nothing of the sort!

Wife. Well, you needn't look so ill-natured. You men say that we women can't argue.

Uncle. Neither you can.

Wife. So you say.

Uncle. Well, Maria, my dear, let us try if you can conduct an argument. What is the proposition that you are prepared to defend?

Wife. This simple, clear one, that people must live like their neighbours.

Uncle. Admitted that people must live. *Quoad ultra* denied.

Wife. Is that law, or Latin, or what?

Uncle. It is both, and common sense into the bargain. Listen to me, niece of mine. To live like your neighbours involves two things: *primo*, that they are living as they should do; and *secundo*, assuming that to be the case, that you can afford to live as they do.

Wife. There now was the Hamiltons' christening; what an elegant turn-out, and how happy everybody was!

Uncle. Bah !

Wife. Bah ! Uncle, do you deny that plate, dishes, decorations, *everything*, was not of the best ? and that everybody was so pleased ?

Uncle. Of course I don't. Pray, do you recollect when that party took place ?

Wife. Yes, I think I do. You remember there were pine-apples at the dessert. It was just after Josie was weaned, poor dear ! It must have been this time last year ; but why do you ask ?

Uncle. For a reason which I would not tell you, unless you were a silly wife. That dinner was supplied by a purveyor, and to my certain knowledge is not yet paid. The plate and crystal were hired from him, and all are still unsettled for.

Wife. Vile calumny ! There 's the supper and ball party at Thornton's last week ; I suppose you'll be asserting that it——"

Uncle. In regard to it, Maria, I shall assert nothing, except that Mr. Kitto, the hosier, told me the other day that Thornton did not pay him for his marriage outfit for a number of years, which I shall not quote, in case that you might think Kitto or myself insane.

Wife. Scandal !

Uncle. Be it so. The more paying of accounts by the Hamiltons or the Thorntons doesn't affect my argument. Granted that they can afford pine-apple desserts, and other things in keeping, it doesn't follow that you can.

Wife. Uncle, Mr. Garrett has a good business.

Uncle. I hope so.

Wife. Hope so ! You don't mean to hint, gracious me, that there is anything going wrong ?

Uncle. Not I. On the contrary, I think that he has a good rising business, poor fellow !

Wife. Why should he be so niggardly then ?

Uncle. Have you any notion what he makes by his business ?

Wife. Well, eh, to be sure, I can't exactly say that I do know ; but I recollect, when he proposed, he spoke about £500 a year, and I am sure, uncle, there 's nothing to be seen here to that tune.

Uncle. In business, Maria, £500 may be in the books, but £400 only may be available. What is your house rent ?

Wife. Eighty pounds.

Uncle. Well, let us take the slate :—

Rent and taxes, ...	£100
Food, four adults and three children, .	120
Clothing, ...	80
Education, medicine, summer lodgings, extras, etc., ...	150
	£450

There 's £450 without anything special for Garrett, and I know that he pays £50 a year for life assurance.

Wife. I didn't think of that ; but it appears to me that Edward looks too much to the future, and does not sufficiently attend to the present.

Uncle. Maria, your safety lies in that. Your husband is what is called a professional man, and, consequently, if he should be taken from you, he leaves you nothing but a few book debts, the furniture of this house, and his life assurance. Did it ever occur to you what would be your position in the world if Garrett were suddenly cut off ?

Wife. Never, uncle,—that is, seriously.

Uncle. Well, listen. Supposing he were to die this night.

Wife. Uncle, you frighten me.

Uncle. Life is at all times a serious thing ; death is still more so ; and we would all be wiser to think oftener about the responsibilities of both. I repeat, therefore, supposing Garrett to die to-night, your whole estate would stand something in this way—

His Accounts, ...	£50
His Life Assurance, ...	1000
His Furniture, ...	400
	£1450
Deduct rent, taxes, household accounts, funeral expenses, . .	250
	£1200

Twelve hundred pounds would be all that you would have in the world, and what could you do with it ? Investing it in the best way possible, all you could make of it would be £60 a year.

Wife. Nonsense !

Uncle. Sober truth.

Wife. Why, I should starve.

Uncle. Not exactly. Do you know that I have seen widows left with nothing ?

Wife. Not positively nothing.

Uncle. Well, next to it ; that is, they had simply their furniture left.

Wife. What in all the earth did they do ?

Uncle. Why, this friend helped, and that friend helped ; and they kept lodgers ; and they sewed ; and this boy got into an office, and that boy went to sea ; and this girl would become a companion, and t'other a governess, and so on. And I have seen widows shedding tears of joy, that every one of their children had turned out well.

Wife. My children are not old enough for me to be thinking about their conduct.

Uncle. It is one of the things in life that will yet cause you joy or sorrow. The Duke of Wellington once asked a friend, who, on that day, was the happiest man in England. The friend replied that he could not tell. It is Dr. Wordsworth, replied his Grace, whose three sons have carried off the three highest University honours. At a railway station the other day, I overheard one labourer say to another that he had reared five sons and five daughters to full age, and that none of them had ever caused him a red face. This was a great consolation for poverty. Don't suppose, therefore, that all is lost when riches flee away.

Wife. And yet you want me to save money ?

Uncle. Certainly ; live within your income, whatever it is. Avoid poverty if you can ; but have philosophy to meet it, if it should overtake you in spite of yourself.

Wife. Life seems a tangled web.

Uncle. As a wife and mother you will find that more and more every day. Don't lightly conclude that your husband is stingy. Watch, pray that you enter not into the temptation of spending foolishly or unnecessarily that which might lighten the lot of your possible orphan children. Good morning !

JAMES KNOX.

"UNTIL HER DEATH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I.

"Until her death!" the words read strange yet real,
Like things afar off suddenly brought near:
Will it be slow or speedy, full of fear,
Or calm as a spent day of peace ideal?

II.

Will her brown locks lie white on coffin pillow?
Will these her eyes, that sometime were called sweet,
Close, after years of dried-up tears, or meet
Death's dust in midst of weeping? And that billow—

III.

Her restless heart—will it be stopped, still heaving,
Or softly ebb 'neath age's placid breath?
Will it be lonely, this mysterious death,
Fit close unto this solitary living,—

IV.

A turning of her face to the wall, nought spoken,
Exchanging this world's light for heaven's;—or will
She part in pain, from warm love to the chill
Unknown, pursued with cries of hearts half-broken?



V.

With fond lips felt through all the mists of dying,
And close arms clung to in the struggle vain;—
Or, these things past, will death be only gain,
Unto her life's long question God's replying?

VI.

No more. Within His hand, divine as tender,
He holds the mystic measure of her days;
And be they few or many, His the praise,—
In life or death her Keeper and Defender.

VII.

Then, come He soon or late, she will not fear Him;
Be her end lone or loveful, she'll not grieve;
For He whom she believed in—doth believe—
Will call her from the dust, and she will hear Him.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF MAY.

FIRST EVENING.—A BROTHER'S LOVE TO BROTHERS.

"Love the brotherhood."—1 Pet. ii. 17.

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God." Such is the order in which these three brief pregnant precepts stand. They constitute an ascending series, and the series is complete. It begins on earth, and ends in heaven. The first points to human kind in their fallen state; the second to renewed men in the body; and the third to God over all.

On the two extremes are fallen humanity, and God most high; and in the midst the saved from among men, who are now reconciled to God through the death of his Son. Peter tells the scattered Christians in his letter, that on the lowest sphere they should honour, or value highly, human creatures as such, and on the highest sphere reverently worship the Supreme; but between these two he recognises a brotherhood to whom a different affection is due. "Love the brotherhood." Distinct, on the one hand, from the respect due to immortal man as our Maker's greatest work, and, on the other hand, from the worship due to Deity, brotherly love, pure and fervent, should be exercised toward all who have been redeemed by the Saviour's blood, and renewed into the Saviour's image. The family and the family affections constitute our specific theme to-day. We mean, however, by the brotherhood, as the apostle meant, not those who have been born into the same family on earth, but those who have been "born again" into the family of God.

The obvious order of our exposition is—the object first, and then the emotion—the Brotherhood whom Christians love, and the Love with which Christians regard the brotherhood.

I. *The brotherhood.* It is a winsome word. There is a whole sermon in its sound. It falls kindly on my wearied ear in the intervals of the world's strife. It is a sweet morsel, and I am disposed to roll it a while under my tongue. The word itself soothes and edifies, even before we have advanced a single step in the exposition of its meaning.

Like the term in the preceding clause, it is universal. It includes a whole class without exception, although, in the nature of the case, the class is less numerous than the one immediately preceding. As the whole is greater than its part, the brotherhood is a group indefinitely smaller than mankind.

When we speak of the larger class, "honour all men,"—it is as if we should say, all waters; comprehending those that are in the sea, in the earth, and in the air; comprehending the salt and the fresh, the pure and the impure, absolutely and universally, all waters: when we speak of the smaller class, "love the brotherhood,"—it is as if we should say, all the clouds. These are waters too: these waters were once lying in the sea, and lashing themselves into fury there, or seething, putrifying under the sun in hollows of the earth's surface; but they have been sublimed thence; they are now in their resurrection state, and all their impurity has been left behind. They are waters still, as completely and perfectly as any that have been left below. But these waters float in the upper air, far above the defilements of the earth and the tumults of the sea. Although they remain essentially of the same nature with that which stagnates on the earth or rages in the ocean, they are sustained aloft by the soft, strong grasp of a secret universal law. No hand is seen to hold them, yet they are held on high. The command has been addressed to them by their Maker and Redeemer, "Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you."

As the clouds which soar in the sky to the universal mass of waters, so are the *brotherhood* of God's regenerated children to the whole family of man. Of mankind these brothers are in origin and nature, but they have been drawn out and up from the rest by an unseen omnipotent law. Their nature is the same, and yet it is a new nature. They are men of flesh and blood, but they have been elevated in station and purified in character. They are nearer God in place, and liker God in holiness. They are washed and justified and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. Besides the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," which they have heard and obeyed, the promise has been fulfilled to them, "Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Let no reader think that the expressions employed to designate this change are far-fetched or extravagant. The language is not too strong, but too feeble. When a guilty man has been forgiven, and reconciled to God through the death of Christ, the change of condition is greater than can be expressed in human language. No formula can adequately express the distance between the carnal mind which "is enmity against God," and the spirit of adoption that cries "Abba, Father." In the nature of the case, those who have been in only one of the two conditions cannot compute the distance between them. Only those who have experienced both can appreciate the magnitude of the transition. To pass spiritually from death into life, is a great passage. From the sullen enmity of the guilty to the glad confidence of the forgiven, is as far as from east to west, or from earth to heaven.

Think of this class now in connexion with the human relation which has been employed to express it,—the brotherhood. This is one of the relations by which human creatures are bound

together in families. The conjugal, parental, and fraternal bonds constitute the strands of the threefold cord by which our Creator, in the constitution of our nature, has knit his intelligent offspring together in groups for their mutual support and comfort. The brotherhood are those who have been born together in the same family. They have one Father, a pervading likeness, and, at least in the earlier period of their life, a common home.

This human relation is a great and good thing. It is one of the wonderful works of God. It is a contrivance in the system of the universe for binding a number of feeble rods into one, so that each of the fragile offshoots may, in the period of its weakness, enjoy all the strength of a tree. "Blood is thicker than water." The natural affections of brothers and sisters in a family are stronger than the general affinities of man to man in the world. This is the Lord's doing, and it should be marvellous in our eyes. All history testifies that attempts to substitute artificial communism for the natural, divinely-appointed constitution of the family, have passed through a wretched existence to an early grave.

I am well aware, on the other hand, that no quarrels are more keen than those which sometimes spring up between brother and brother; but this proves only that the best things when corrupted become the worst. When this rich material rots, it is more noisome than poorer stuff equally decayed. But when the instincts of nature have not been undermined by vice, and especially when they have been hallowed and elevated by divine grace, a brother's love is at once strong and sweet. Perhaps those who, like myself, enjoyed it once, and weep for want of it now, might give a lesson on its worth to those who possess but abuse the blessing. Ye who have brothers and fret against them, come to us who had them once, but who long ago laid their dear heads in the dust,—come to us, and we shall teach you how to value this good gift of God.

But this precious earthly thing is not introduced here for its own sake: it is borrowed as a term to express a spiritual and heavenly relation. The brotherhood in Peter's pointed precept means that great company on earth, of every nation and kindred, and people, and tongue, who are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. It is by a comparison with the first of the three precepts that the import of the second may be most certainly ascertained. Honour, that is, count precious, or value highly, "all men;" these terms include all of human kind who are born. But two births are possible for man. Many learners, like Nicodemus, find this lesson hard; "How can a man be born when he is old?" But those who simply sit at Jesus' feet and plead for his Spirit will overcome the difficulty. Those who are born again believe in the new birth. All men are born; and the brotherhood are born again. They have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Their life now is hid with Christ in God. The two allied precepts of our text refer to these two births and lives. We should highly value the Generation—all human kind; but we should fondly love the Regeneration—those who are forgiven and reconciled and renewed. Clasp fellow-disciples to your bosom; walk hand in hand with them across life's pilgrimage, and enter with them at last into the joy of the Lord.

II. Consider now the precise species of affection due by Christians to those who are fellow-members with themselves in the family of God; it is *Love*. There is a sense in which we ought to love the whole human race; but the love which is due to man as such, may be distinguished from the love which we owe to the disciples of Jesus. Love, indeed, is a generic emotion, comprehending several distinct species; and, as often happens in natural history, one of the species bears the same name with the genus. The generic love to mankind branches into pity for the wicked, and love, specifically so called, for the good.

1. Love to the brotherhood is an instinctive emotion. It is not an accident, but a nature. It springs in renewed hearts, as love of her offspring springs in a mother's breast. It is the result not of an artificial policy, but of a natural law. The new creature owns and exercises instincts as well as the old. The members of Christ cannot but love their fellow-members. In as far as they have drunk into their Master's spirit, they will follow their Master's steps.

2. The Lord Jesus was not satisfied with the measure of this affection which existed among his followers during his personal ministry. He desired that it should be increased. For its increase he pleaded alternately with God and man. "That they all may be one" was his prayer; "Love one another" was his command.

3. Those who are destitute of this affection themselves, are acute enough to observe the want or weakness of it in Christians. The bitterness, malice, and envy which obtain in the Church afford to scoffers a foundation all too solid for their railing. Among Christians the state of matters is bad, and among those who are not Christians it is counted and called worse than it is. We give some, and they take more, occasion to blaspheme.

4. Brotherly love among Christians, where it really exists, honours the Lord and propagates the gospel. Like the blood of the martyrs, it is the seed of the Church. It has convinced many who resisted harder arguments.

5. It is the most pleasant of all emotions to the person who exercises it. Other passions may, in certain circumstances, be right and useful, but none generate so much joy as they flow. You may be "angry and sin not;" but you cannot be angry and suffer not. As a cannon recoils violently, and is heated and defiled within by being discharged, a human spirit is similarly affected by discharges of anger, even when it does well to be angry against unrighteous deeds. But love is delightful in the exercise, both to the lover and the loved. It leaves no sourness and no sediment behind. "Love is of God," and its character corresponds to its origin. It constitutes the atmosphere of heaven, where there is no defilement and no pain.

Love of the brotherhood is the command of God, and consequently the duty of man; but another thing goes before it to prepare its way; lies beneath it to bear its weight. Before you can love the brotherhood, you must be a brother. It is the new creature that experiences this hallowed

affection. These pulses do not throb through severed limbs; these beauteous blossoms do not open on withered branches. Those who are one with Christ in living faith are in spiritual communion with "the whole family in heaven and in earth." When you and I are, and know that we are members of Christ, we should love one another as he loved us.

SECOND EVENING.

KNOWING THE TRUE, AND DOING THE RIGHT.

"I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me."—ACTS XXVI. 18.

WHEN the tiger has tasted blood, who shall dare to scare him from his prey? Such, in energy and appetite, was Saul of Tarsus. After he has gloated over the death of Stephen, and started on the scent of other victims, woe to the man who ventures to cross his path! By nature and in fact this is a kingly man; and the king's heart is, in the resistless outgush of its energy, a river of water. What power may stem or turn it? The word of the Crucified—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"—that word, suddenly thrown across its bed, arrests the rushing volume, and makes it flow the other way.

The same voice, still and small, dropping like the dew, had called Matthew from the receipt of custom, and Peter from his fishing nets; now, uttered in majesty from an opened heaven, it turns Saul aside from his bloody errand, and sends him forth on the greatest mission of mercy ever accomplished by the ministry of men. To the twelve Jesus appeared as the shining light, which, from the dim and doubtful struggle of the dawn, shineth more and more unto the perfect day; to the apostle of the Gentiles he appeared at once a light above the brightness of the sun. The twelve who were called to minister in Israel were gently drawn and gradually prepared; the one who was chosen the apostle of the Gentiles received a baptism of fire, and was fully furnished for his work in a day. Here are diversities of operation by the same Lord. But we must not suppose that one of these works is easy and the other hard. To our view, the enmity against God may appear stronger in one sinner than in another; but without Divine power that enmity cannot be overcome where it is feeblest; and with Divine power it can be overcome where it works in greatest strength. To our minds, the upheaving of these mountains from the bowels of the earth seems the result of a very great force, while the balancing of the clouds in the sky seems a thing of easy accomplishment. But there is no difference: nothing short of the power that raised these mountains could make the white mist creep up their sides. The power of God changed Saul the persecutor into a missionary: no meaner power can turn a self-pleasing, earthly-minded man into a self-sacrificing, brother-loving disciple of Christ. The power which made Saul an apostle is needed to make me a Christian.

Under this aspect let us examine the text. This word of Christ was quick and powerful when first spoken. By the ministry of the Spirit the same word may be quick and powerful still. These words of Jesus Christ were not spoken during the period of his ministry on earth, and recorded like the rest by the Evangelists. These words, like the man who reported them, were "born out of due time." They fell from the lips of the Lord after he had ascended. Late in life, when conducting his defence before Festus and Agrippa, Paul gathered up the fragments and recorded them for our use.

We find here in combination the same two things which everywhere and at all times go to constitute a Christian: a work performed in the man, and a gift bestowed upon the man. The *first* is a change which, in becoming Christians, we undergo; and the *second* is a benefit which, in becoming Christians, we receive. Let it be our aim, then, to point out what these are, as distinct ingredients of the Christian life, and how both exist in combination in every true disciple.

I. *The change which we undergo:* "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Even this first part of the process is complex. As expressed here, it consists of two parts, the enlightenment of the mind, and the renewing of the life. The one is to *know* the True, and the other is to *do* the Right. The eyes are opened, and the life-course is turned.

These two parts may be separately expressed, but they cannot separately exist. They may be expounded as successive topics, but they must be joined together as parallel attainments. You do not first get your eyes opened, and thereafter your heart and life turned round. Neither do you practically turn first, and intelligently observe afterwards. The opening helps you to turn; but the turning also helps you to open. In the Christian life, true understanding and right action go together as the right and left side of a living man. The regeneration is made up of truth and righteousness. Like the rays of light and rays of heat which proceed in company from the sun, they may be distinguished by philosophical analysis, but can never be separated in fact. The more that I actually turn from the power of Satan, the more do I intelligently perceive and appreciate God's truth; and the more that I know of God's truth in my mind, the more do I turn from wickedness in my life.

An artist may first paint a man's body, expressing the form and action of every limb, and thereafter attach the head, or he may portray first the countenance, with the expression of every feature complete, and thereafter represent the body. But there is a great difference between the methods of nature and of art. The man was not made as he was painted. From the dim deep of non-existence

the being emerges, minute, but not mutilated. Head and body are small and shadowy at first, but head and body are both there, and both grow together unto perfection. So grows also the new man. It is not first the body of right life brought to perfection, and thereafter the spiritual understanding attained; nor is it spiritual understanding first attained, and thereafter the body of a right conduct added. When the least faint glimmer of the gospel begins to shine in the understanding, it forthwith impels the man toward a righteous course. The impulse is feeble and the effort infantile, but both the knowledge and the obedience have begun. That infantile effort to turn from evil permitted some more light to enter the mind, and in the increased light the man made another step of progress in the path of righteousness. Both, and both together emerge in embryo, under the great Creator's hand, and both grow together up to the stature of a perfect man in Christ,—a man who knows God's will, and therefore does it; does it, and therefore knows it.

To open their eyes, although a figurative expression here, scarcely requires any exposition. It is that aspect of the Spirit's regenerating work which concerns the knowing of saving truth. It is the work of regeneration as it affects the understanding: it is that unction of the Holy One which enables the renewed to know all things that God has revealed for his own glory and men's good. The practical turning on the other hand, being perhaps more difficult of comprehension, is here more fully expressed. There is only one turning, but you turn *from* two things and *toward* two things. At least, two expressions are employed to indicate what you turn from, and as many to indicate what you turn to:

From Darkness and the power of Satan: *to* Light and God.

The things on this side seem two; and the things on that side seem two: yet on either side there is substantially only one. God and Light do not here represent separate and different objects; for God is Light. Darkness and the power of Satan do not here represent separate and different objects, for the power of Satan is darkness.

According to the word of Christ the Master, the foremost part of the servant's work is to turn men from darkness and the power of Satan. When the Saviour's word goes forth upon the world, it finds every man standing with his face to darkness and his back to light; therefore the true foundation of all preaching is *turn*. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" was the key-note of Old Testament preaching; and "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," was the harbinger of the gospel in the fulness of time.

Observe how and where we obtain the information that we are all at first in sin and under condemnation. It is not announced by an angry judge; we gather it from the breathings of a compassionate Redeemer. It is a friend who tells us the terrible truth that we are lost in our own sin; we should therefore all the more willingly take it in, and take it home. He who tells us knows all the case. He knows what is in man to deserve the sentence, and what is in God to inflict it. "Hear ye Him."

Suppose two prisoners—such as the butler and the baker of Pharaoh in Joseph's time—have both forgotten their sorrows and dangers in a long, deep, sweet sleep. They are both, and both alike, for the time, as unconscious of danger, as free from fear, as if they had never been deprived of liberty. For the moment neither captive knows or feels that he is in prison. But both will discover it soon. When they awake they will know it all. Now, suppose that two messengers from the king are sent simultaneously to these two men in their separate cells, bearing to each his sovereign's final decree, and that the messengers bearing those decrees find the prisoners asleep, and awake them. Both the one and the other are by the call of a royal messenger awakened to the conviction and consciousness that they are surrounded by strong prison walls, and kept in by iron bars. Both make the same discovery as to their present personal condition. But the sound which reveals to this sleeper his captivity is his own death-warrant: the sound which reveals to that sleeper his captivity is the invitation to instant escape by the messenger of the king. Both learn that they are in prison, the one by being shut up to doom, the other by being led into liberty.

See from that case how good it is to learn even a terrible truth, if we learn it in a day of mercy, and from a Saviour's voice. It should be sweet even to learn how low and dark a dungeon we lie in, when we learn the fact from Christ's command to come out of it into glorious liberty. It is by the invitation to safety that we discover our danger. Prisoners of hope are we: the messenger who bears the King's free pardon opens the gates and bids us flee.

Suppose a captive in an inner prison, with many successive circles of strong walls around him; and suppose further that he has never been led or carried through these outer gates, but has been born and reared within the fastness. If he is led out at last into liberty, he will discover the number of the retaining walls and the thickness of each. The discovery will be pleasant, although it is the discovery of the strength of his prison, when his escape first reveals the depth of his bondage. Thus the man whom the Son of God makes free, discovers the strength of his prison-house. It is in going out of it that you learn how deep and dark it is.

In the spiritual darkness Satan's power is put forth. That power seeks the darkness, the darkness favours that power. They work to each other's hands. When you turn from the darkness, it is to the light; when you wrench yourselves out of the tempter's power, it is to come to God. Perhaps some are thinking about this grand decisive change. They are afraid of remaining in the darkness; but alas! they are also afraid to come to the light. They are afraid of being longer in the power of Satan; but there is one thing of which they are still more afraid, and that is to come near to God.

The prodigal was for a long time unhappy after his money was all spent. When the pleasures of sin were exhausted, he endured its miseries many a day, because he dreaded more to be seen at home a beggar, and to meet an angry father's face, than to endure hunger and filth and nakedness in

a foreign land. Perhaps some of our readers are in the condition of the prodigal during that interval between the time when he fell into beggary, and the time when he fell on his father's neck. You are not easy where you are. The darkness is now dreary; but the light, with all your sins upon you, is more dreadful still. Satan's chain is heavy; but you would rather bear it than go right into the hands of the living God. Blessed are those prodigals who are brought the length of the grand decisive turning, "I will arise and go to my father!"

To the filthy in his filthiness, the prospect of being exposed in the light is dreadful: to the rebellious, who has broken his father's heart, the prospect of meeting his father is more formidable than all the miseries of his condition. But when he turns, all is changed: when he is clothed in the fairest robe, he need not shrink from the light of his father's dwelling, or the glance of a brother's eye: when he lies on the father's bosom, deep in the father's fathomless love, he will no longer think it dreadful to come to his father.

THIRD EVENING.—FORGIVEN AND REWARDED.

". . . . That they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."—ACTS XXVI. 18.

THE gift, like the work, is twofold: it consists of Forgiveness and the Inheritance. It takes away from you what you deserve, and bestows upon you what Christ deserves. To you, by birthright and life, belongs condemnation: to Him, by birthright and life, belongs the inheritance. He receives your portion, and you receive his. The gift deals with both; and it deals with both in the way of making them exchange places. Christ takes that which belongs to us, and gives that which is his own.

It is against this part of the gospel that all the wisdom of this world kicks. Never was this hinging point of the gospel more cried down than it is now. *The just for the unjust*—this is the offence of the cross still. But if it is greatly loathed by the proud, it is greatly loved by the humble. It is the old story over again: the cross of Christ is to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but, to them that believe, the power and wisdom of God. It is not the doctrine of forgiveness by the mercy of God that is so distasteful to the wise of this world. They have no objection to forgiveness; they will confess that they need it, and expect God to give it: the obnoxious feature is the sacrifice of Christ; the death of the Substitute, in order that pardon from the righteous Judge may reach the outcast. A little pardon for little sins sits well enough in a philosopher's creed; but when you speak of the Son of God shedding his blood to take my sin away, that makes my sin look exceeding sinful. That cannot be a little pardon which was bought with so great a price; that cannot be a little sin which needed so great a pardon. Forgiveness of sin, as God forgives it, is a dreadful thing. That which comes lightly goes lightly: if I receive pardon without the Substitute's sacrifice—a pardon which God flings at me in an easy way, without thinking much of his own righteousness; if I receive, or think I receive, pardon in this way, it takes no deep hold of my heart or life: I do not feel either my sin or God's mercy to be very great. Not feeling that I have been forgiven much, I will not love much. I will live as if I had a right to all I get, and would have had ground to complain if I had gotten less. But when I get pardon of my sin through the blood of Christ—when I see Christ crucified that I may be forgiven—when I see the Holy One of God bearing sin, that I may not bear it,—then it goes deep. I measure the pardon by the price which the Redeemer paid. I acquire a deep dread of sin, when I know that nothing but the death of God's own Son, in our stead, could deliver me from its curse and power. I am forgiven much, and I love my Forgiver much. Oh that I could calculate and express to you the difference between expecting forgiveness as an unbroken heart would like to get it, and forgiveness as God in Christ has chosen to bestow it! But who shall measure the depth either of our condemnation or of his forgiving grace!

The Pardon and the Inheritance go together. Those who are not forgiven have no inheritance among the sanctified; and those who have no inheritance among the sanctified are not forgiven. No human being is forgiven and then left an outcast: no human being is admitted as an heir, and yet unforgiven.

Man's work is often left half done, for want of power or want of will to finish it. God's work is never left incomplete. When he forgives a sinner, he has secured another inhabitant for his holy home; when he has entered a name on the family record as an heir, he has also blotted out all the sins that stood against that name in the book of Judgment. None, with his sins standing at his own account, is admitted among the children; none of the children have their sins left standing to their own account. He who begins a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Christ.

How imperfect are all human plans! An honourable, upright, solvent firm propose to admit a junior partner. They intimate to the applicant that a fundamental condition of admission is that he have no debts adhering to himself personally. The candidate declares that he owes no man a penny. He is admitted partner in due form of law. But he entered under false colours; he owes five thousand pounds. His creditors, thinking his new position gives them an advantage, press for payment. The damning secret is discovered; the partnership is dissolved, and the culprit has fled. Ah, no such mistake is made when our Father admits another into the circle of his sons and daughters—admits another heir to the inheritance of the saints. God seeth not as man seeth. He never places a name on the Lamb's book of Life as an heir, who has any sin chargeable as debt against himself. You must be clear of all encumbrance ere you are entered heir. Conditions hard, do you think? oh, no. He who has the inheritance to bestow, has also the pardon to make you

meet for it: He who has infinite riches of inheritance for every seeking sinner, has infinite forgiveness to bestow: and He who loves to admit another heir, loves to forgive the debtor, that he may be fit for the inheritance. With our God there is plenteous redemption: the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. The forgiveness is as abundant and as free as the inheritance. Both are in the gift of God, and God is love. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Fall in with his way: ask both, and he will bestow both. Pardon and the inheritance! both or neither! Christ is not divided: the Father will not divide Christ for you: He will not tear off a part, and let you get mere forgiveness, so as not to be cast into hell, unless you accept also and now an inheritance among the holy: nor will he give you an inheritance among the holy if you do not seek and get forgiveness through the blood of Christ.

Observe, a specific qualification is attached to the inheritance; it is an inheritance among the sanctified. This word directs our hopes into the right path, and checks our hopes when they go astray. The only inheritance that Christ bestows is inheritance among the holy. Company is the test of character. The hope of a future heaven without a relish for present holiness is mere superstition. If by heart's choice you now linger among the impure, the snapping of the string of life will not throw your spirit into the society of the saints in glory. Like draws to like. The boundary between death and life, between time and eternity, does not abolish that law. The last messenger does not give you a new bent when he comes to lead you over the boundary of time: he only gives you the top of the bent you have at his arrival. Be assured of this plain truth—death carries us the way we are going. Now the new creature, and then company to your taste; here the people of God, and yonder their rest remaineth.

In the text there is yet another touch, and that touch determines the expression of the whole picture: The company provided in heaven for the entrant heir, are sanctified, says our Lord Jesus, "*by faith that* **is** *in me.*" From Christ these white-robed multitudes derived the holiness in which they shine. Faith was the channel through which it flowed, and faith fastened on Jesus. Faith was a conductor that reached up from their empty bosoms while they sojourned on earth, and terminated in the fulness of the Godhead dwelling bodily in the Mediator Jesus. Through the connecting channel of faith, the Spirit took of Christ's holiness, and poured it into them. That white-robed company, as they wait to receive new heirs within their ranks, proclaim in their songs that they owe all their holiness to the Lamb that was slain: "Thou hast redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in thy blood."

These, then, are Christ's words, dropped from heaven after he ascended, and caught as they fell by the Apostle of the Gentiles, for our use in this farthest end of the world. The Lord has given them expressly for the conversion of sinful creatures. Some who read these words stand with their faces to the world, and their backs to the Saviour. The attitude of their souls to-day is such that unless they be turned in time they shall perish in eternity. Brother, our dear compassionate Redeemer, as if not satisfied with all the gracious words that he uttered during his ministry on earth, had more last words to speak after he had ascended to heaven—more longing looks and burning words for us, for you and me.

These words of Christ are like rain-drops falling from heaven; do we eagerly catch them on our lips as they fall? Here is one who has quenched his thirst from a well that springs out of the ground, and therefore listlessly allows a shower to descend and sink into the earth, without an effort to intercept a drop. But yonder, a shipwrecked seaman clings to a raft, and has clung to it for many days alone. He has not a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. At length the sky is overcast, and the clouds begin to pour forth their treasures. Behold the man! He turns his face right towards heaven, and opens his mouth, and gathers the drops more eagerly than if they had been gold. Such is the difference between two ways of listening to Christ's kind invitation. This man has satisfied himself with the pleasures that spring from the earth; and the words of the risen Redeemer, distilling like dew from heaven, have no sweetness to his taste: they are insipid, and wearisome. But that man, having no other portion for his soul, drinks greedily the word of eternal life. A thirsty soul longs vehemently for God's house, and for the saving truth that drops down there. Blessed are they that thirst.

But here is yet a third person, differently situated; he is like the second in that he thirsts, and like the first in that he does not drink. He is a shipwrecked seaman too. He sits alone upon his raft. No shower is falling, and no black cloud of promise appears upon the burning sky. A salt fiery sea seethes beneath his feet, and a bright fiery sun beams above his head. What will this man do? The first despised and neglected the falling rain; the second eagerly caught and drank every drop that came within his reach; and the third,—what shall this man do? He dies of thirst, because no rain falls from heaven on him.

Behold a picture of those who waste the day of grace, and go unsaved to the throne of judgment!

FOURTH EVENING.—CONSECRATED ART.

"Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding, to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary, according to all that the Lord had commanded."—Ex. xxxvi. 1.

INTERESTING notices of the mechanic arts occur in the Exodus. It is certain that they were cultivated with great success in Egypt both before and after the time of Moses. It is probable that the Hebrews, although kept in a servile condition, were equal to their masters in mechanical skill.

We are too apt to form our conception of slaves in eastern countries and ancient times, on the model of the examples which have occurred in our own experience. In at least one decisive feature the cases are totally different; the slaves whom the Egyptians oppressed were, as a race, in all respects, equal to their oppressors. Instances were not rare in which they rose to the highest offices in the state. Joseph was bought from a gang of travelling chapmen; and yet he became virtually the ruler of Egypt. How different is the relation between master and slave in the States of America! Not long ago a member of the servile race, although personally a freeman, and a doctor of divinity to boot, was by the decision of a legal tribunal in New York, denied the right of riding in an omnibus beside men who owned a whiter skin. Doubtless, some Hebrew patriots followed the standard of Moses, who had by their skill ornamented the palace of the Pharaohs. The talent which they had acquired in the house of bondage, was afterwards employed in the interests of liberty. The Egyptians by the Exodus were spoiled of the jewellers as well as the jewels,—of the goldsmiths as well as the gold.

It is sadly instructive to notice that the first application of mechanical skill among the liberated Hebrews, was the construction of an idol. The golden calf is the earliest specimen of their art after they obtained their independence. The readiness with which they fell into idolatry reads a humiliating lesson to human kind in every age. Aaron, in his lame apology, says (xxxii. 24), "I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." Thus a naughty child, caught in the act, ventures half a lie to hide his transgression. No doubt, he or the workman at his bidding, cast the gold into the furnace, and the calf came out; but this is not the whole truth in the case. They planned and executed the image.

Yet it was true in a deeper sense than the equivocators intended, that they poured in the metal and the calf came out. This was the form of art into which both their hands and their hearts readily glided. Apis, the chief deity of ancient Egypt, was an ox. The figure of an ox, accordingly, was most familar to the Hebrew artisans, and into this figure their effort naturally fell, as soon as they began to make images on their own account. They did for themselves when free, what they had done for their masters in bondage.

The history here is transparent, and the moral shines clearly through. It is not necessary to fetch the lesson from afar; the lesson offers itself unsought. Wisdom crops out on the surface here. Mark the terrible pervasive power of early habit and education on the moral and religious sentiments of a community. Moses, by divine inspiration, was raising the people up to worthy conceptions of God's being and character; but when his hand was removed for a day, the deadweight gravitated into idolatry. From childhood, that generation of Hebrews had seen and heard the pomp of heathen worship. Their memory was charged with it; and the lessons taught them of Abraham's faith were not able to overcome the tide of daily universal habit. How hard it is for even true converts in a heathen land to shake off entirely the bondage of idolatry; and how precious to us is our birthright in this land! Let us learn to pity and bear with the weakness of those who have been steeped in heathen habits in their youth; and let us learn also not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought. I tremble to think what I might have been and done in matters of religion, if I had not enjoyed the goodly heritage of gospel light and liberty won by the struggles of faithful forefathers.

From the history of the Exodus, we learn that, while the application of art in the service of idolatry came easy and natural to the artists, the application of art to the worship of God was the result of divine qualification and call. The workers were chosen, and their work prescribed; "I have called by name Bezaleel and Aholiab." Farther, at the very time when the men of Israel were applying their skill to the construction of an idol, God was intimating to Moses in the mount his choice of that skill for the purposes of his own worship. Whether the same two men, Bezaleel and Aholiab, who were selected as the architects of the tent-temple for the worship of God, were employed by Aaron to make an idol in imitation of the Egyptian Apis, we do not certainly know. The artificer of the golden calf is not named in the Scriptures. But it is in every way probable that the same men who constructed the idol were afterwards employed in the service of true religion. The skill of those men would be well known throughout the community. A talent such as this cannot be hid. It is the ordinary method of the Divine government not to create new faculties, but in a kingly way to take possession of faculties already existing, and impress them by the power of love into the service of the King.

Thus, Saul of Tarsus was taken captive, and his skill transferred to the service of the Conqueror. The chief priests kept that man in constant employment. His task was to destroy the Church. His great and peculiar talents were laid out in the service of the enemy, before he became a vessel to bear the name of Christ. But, as in the case of the ancient Hebrew artists, the decree had gone forth on the mount, while they were in the flagrant act of idol-making in the valley, that their skill should be forthwith consecrated to the service of God; so, at the very time that the young man Saul kept the clothes of the ruffians who murdered Stephen, the purpose of the Lord was sure, and the decree was already on the wing that should arrest the man, and employ his varied learning in establishing the kingdom of Christ. It is a common method of Divine Providence to take from the adversary his ablest hands, and make them willing workers on the side of righteousness. The skill that made an idol winsome, so as to lure human souls into idolatry, will be employed to decorate the temple of the living God. The native energy and scholastic acquirements, which in Saul the persecutor compassed the death of a few believing men and women in Jerusalem, in Paul the apostle carried the gospel over Europe, and undermined the foundations of idolatry.

A movable temple in miniature was constructed for the use of the nomade tribes. Considering the

circumstances and condition of the people, there was a great measure of completeness and splendour in the provision made for Divine worship amongst them. Each portion of the structure and each appointed ceremony had a typical significance. On a similar plan, and with larger dimensions, the temple was afterwards reared and furnished at Jerusalem. Both in the earlier tent, and in the later temple, art in the highest forms then available was lavishly employed. The ritual was sumptuous to the outward eye, as well as spiritually significant to the faith of the thoughtful.

But the partisans of the Romish ritual take nothing by this. The sensuous and gorgeous devotional culture of the Papacy, so far from being an imitation of the Hebrew worship, is in violent opposition to it on the vital cardinal point. By Hebrew law and practice the method of modern Rome would have been condemned and destroyed as idolatry. In the Theocracy there was only one temple; there was no duplicate of the gorgeous *culture* established there. When a portion of the tribes settled on the east of Jordan were suspected of an intention to establish another altar, the nation rose in arms, and were prepared to blot the stigma out, if necessary, in the blood of their brethren (Josh. xxii.) In later times, a distinguished proselyte of Ethiopia, when he desired to worship, found it necessary to travel all the way to Jerusalem. He could find no altar and no priesthood nearer home.

The fine-art worship of Rome is set up everywhere. It is repeated like echoes among the hills, or ripples on the sea. The costly, decorated, sensuous worship of the Hebrews was one. Sternly were the people forbidden, under pain of death, to set up any second. There is a world of meaning in this. We know that the divinely-appointed symbolic ritual of Israel was a type of true heavenly things. The Coming Event cast this shadow before it. One light throws only one shadow. Where there are many shadows, we know there must be many lights. The light in heaven which spreads day on earth is one: the many lights are of man's kindling, and tenants of the darkness. Besides, when the sun reaches the zenith, even the one shadow ceases. Such is the condition of the Church since the Light of the world has come in full. The shadows have disappeared, and "looking unto Jesus" through the transparent glass of the Word is now the common and equal privilege of all believers.

Art, both in its useful and ornamental departments, revives and flourishes in our day. How can it be baptized by the Spirit, and employed in the service of Christ? Not by bringing it bodily into Christian worship. Art thus employed will, like a drunken mother, overlay in the night her living child. Let "the simplicity that is in Christ" preside in the worship of God, and let Art as a servant go out to the field and gather tribute for the king.

How vast is the mechanical power, how exquisite the skill and taste of the civilized nations in modern times! Let the Great Exhibition testify. Can this power be yoked to the chariot of the gospel, in order to hasten its progress through the world? Can this beauty be employed in making the truth more attractive, so that it may win the nations to the Saviour? They may; they shall; but the blessed consummation cannot be attained by any rude material process. Gold and silver, wood and iron, are not plastic in the Holy Spirit's hands. In the human soul sits the disease that perverts art; to the human soul must the cure be applied which shall make all art loyal again to the King Eternal. Alas, our art, with the wealth which it brings, seems to gravitate, like that of the Hebrews, to idolatry! We do not make a calf and dance round it. Covetousness is a more refined and equally real idolatry. Other worships, less reputable, but even more imperious, draw devotees in thousands to their shrines. If the skilful, wealthy, powerful persons were converted to Christ, the skill, and wealth, and power would become tribute in his treasury.

The Art of Britain lacks the blessing, because her artisans, the pith and marrow of the nation, are in a great measure ignorant of the gospel and estranged from its ordinances. It is vain to expect that those who do not fear God will regard man. The chief effort of the Church should be directed toward the chief constituent of the population. What the artisans are, this country will eventually be. If this mighty mass run to corruption, nothing will save the commonwealth.

There has been great danger; but the worst is past. We are in a much healthier condition today than we were ten years ago. There is no cause to despair or despond. Christian patriots may well thank God and take courage. Much has been already gained, and the capital already in hand, if well laid out, may greatly increase the ratio of our profits in the next decade. Hopeful hearts are needed, and active hands. Art and all its products will be truly consecrated when the artists are new creatures in Christ. There is no royal, at least there is no easy, superficial road to this consummation. As Saul's learning and energy were wrenched from the service of the wicked one, and consecrated to the honour of God and the welfare of man, so must the skill of our manufacturing population be diverted from multiform vices, and compelled to flow in a great, pure stream of devotion and beneficence. The men must be met in the way of their wickedness, and laid prostrate before Christ. When they are raised again, they will cherish another spirit and tread another path. By the power of redeeming love in their hearts, many of those who were formerly counted not only wise, but also repulsive and dangerous as serpents, have become harmless as doves. The progress already made in this direction should rebuke our fears, kindle our hopes, and redouble our efforts. Value them as men; love them as brothers; stand beside them in human sympathy, and pour the gospel as balm on their wounded spirits. "He that winneth souls is wise."

W. ARNOT.

FIVE SHILLINGS' WORTH OF THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Five shillings' worth! Yes, it certainly was, and full worth too: though, according to statistics at the doors, the public in general do not seem to think so. Only season ticket-holders as yet throng the great World's Fair, that magnificent piece of daring incompleteness, which has lately been the talk of London, as if it were a sudden only half-comprehended fact which had just started up under one's very eyes. For, in truth, whatever might be the excitement in the provinces and abroad, the general body of working London had taken the International Exhibition very quietly. After the great gloom of Christmas-time, everybody said that of course it would be put off, must be, ought to be, till everybody acquiesced in the wiser judgment and deeper tenderness which made the accurate and sacred carrying out of the wishes of the dead the best tribute to his memory. Afterwards "everybody" seemed to think very little about the matter. Hundreds and thousands of the middle class, living within an easy radius of five miles, had actually never seen more of the Great Exhibition than those two ugly domes, that rose month by month, and week by week, first as skeleton scaffolding, and then as dazzling crystal, catching the sun's rays from over the house-tops and the park trees. Country cousins alone, who seem to have the constitutions of elephants, the legs of camels, and the eyes of Argus himself, went to see it, and brought back wonderful stories of that town under glass, with its myriads of workmen, running to and fro along the ground like ants, clustering like bees over the galleries, or dangling perilously from the roof like spinning caterpillars; creating around them an atmosphere which might truly be considered "the dust of ages," and a Babel-like noise of unwearied hammers, and—may we say tongues? As to the building itself—its beauty, convenience, desirability, payability, and the contrary—there were disputes and arguments without end:—ending, as most arguments do, in each side sticking only the firmer to its own opinion. But on one point everybody was agreed, namely, that it could not possibly be finished by the first of May.

Consequently London, as a whole, cared very little about it; and even up to the middle of April it was a rare thing to find an acquaintance who had done the desperate deed of buying a season-ticket, and actually meant to be present at the opening. Rumours were rife, to the very last, of that opening being quite impracticable: of the infinite difficulties, perplexities, and hindrances which beset the hapless Commissioners: how more than even at first feared, was felt, day by day, the want of that guiding Head, to whose clear, calm wisdom, unbiassed and universal kindliness, and decision at once acute and rapid, every doubtful point could be brought,—and was brought in 1851, but, alas! not in 1862. Now, though no trouble or exertion was spared, though the Commissioners almost lived in the building, still there were incessant complaints on the one side, incessant changes of purpose on the other. There was no definite ruler to pronounce distinctly of any disputed question, "It had better be so and so;" no dignified autocrat to settle differences by a gentle word or two, being universally obeyed, because universally trusted. It is a strange comment on the text: "Death is better than life, and the end of a thing better than its beginning"—that until we lost him we never knew what we lost in that good man, true man, true gentleman, true Christian, whom all England now glories in, with an affectionate remembrance almost unparalleled in history, as the

"Silent father of her kings to be."

Deep, inexpressibly deep and tender, is now the thought of him; especially among the British middle classes, by whom a character like his, the beauty of which takes half a lifetime to find out, but once found out, is cherished for ever. The regret for him, an almost household regret, was probably at the root of the great indifference with which most people viewed the Exhibition. Many, both men and women, said outright, "No, they should not like to go; they had seen the '51 opening, with the Queen and Albert there, and—and"—with a quiver of the lip—"they had rather not see this one; they did not like to make fools of themselves in public."

Even to the very last week of April, when the *Times* told us daily of the almost miraculous exertions that were being made to get the Exhibition open, nobody seemed to heed, or to believe that the event would really come to pass. And those who took the trouble to make the circumbendibus down Exhibition Road, along Cromwell Road, and up Prince Albert's Road, into the main western thoroughfare, shook their heads ominously, and declared it was all nonsense to expect it; the thing was impossible.

As the day arrived, however, the public found to its intense amazement that this resolute body of Englishmen were working on the polite Frenchman's principle: "Madame, had it been possible,

it would have been done already; and if it is impossible, it shall be done." And now stories began to grow concerning the throng, gathering from all parts of the world to see the grand show—itself the grandest part of it; of the terrific rush for season tickets; of the despair of Sir Richard Mayne, to whom the Lord Mayor had sent word that he was coming with "six hundred carriages," and who was reported to have answered to a nobleman wanting to know, supposing he started from May Fair about 9 A.M. on Thursday, what time he might expect to reach the Great Exhibition? "On Saturday, my lord; or perhaps, if you are very lucky, by Friday afternoon."

These tales, gently irritating, tickled the public ear; but the general mass of society, living only a few miles from the scene of action, was very little disturbed thereby; read its *Times*, and congratulated itself that it was "out of the way." A few, who, sitting in their parlours, or walking in their gardens that bright May morning, heard the distant sound of the Park guns, stopped to think, "Oh, this is the Great Exhibition day!" and in every heart—every woman's heart assuredly—must have been a stab of pain to remember how heavy a day it must be to another Woman, and be thankful that she was far away.

"I'm glad of it," one house-mother was heard to say with a sob, as she read aloud the brief intimation of the Queen's having that morning reached Perth to breakfast. "I care more for those two lines than for all the rest of the newspaper." And such was the universal feeling.

If it were right to intrude on such grief, it would be to notice how, as all grief should have, it has its blessed side. We can hardly appreciate the effect produced on the general community by discovering, as death only fully could have discovered, such virtues in high places,—virtues based on the deepest inward conviction and steadiest outward recognition of the one great truth of Christianity, self-abnegation, "I will spend and be spent for you." We know not how much good may unconsciously be done to many careless, unloving heads of families, in all ranks, to find that the head of the first Family in the realm, was (not to name any tenderer duties sacredly fulfilled) voluntarily as hard-working a man as if he had had to earn his daily bread in a profession or trade: that he was a scrupulous paymaster, a wise, prudent, exact governor of his household; a liberally educated gentleman, who by his methodical use of talents and opportunities, in spite of his innumerable occupations, found time for everything and everybody. Ay, everybody: from his own loyally cherished wife, to the poorest author or artist who came to him for a little help, or a few kindly words. And all this, this noble, admirable, heroic life, was lived with such a simple, silent, and reticent humility, that the nation, much as it respected him, never really knew what he was, till he was gone.

No more—for it is only saying what everybody has said and felt, and will feel while this generation lasts—this generation, which remembers the familiar face, so sweet and grave, the graceful figure, gradually changing from boyish slenderness into the stateliness of fatherly middle age,—then suddenly missed from among us, out of all our pomps and shows and ceremonies, which, to such a nature as his, must have seemed such little things, less than nothing and vanity. But I think any one, joining in that May-day festival, over which hung such a cloud of solemnity if not sadness, must have felt, as the long-drawn hallelujahs pealed down the crowded aisles, and up to the glittering roof, that it was still better to be away. Better than all this turmoil of jubilee, to be where he was; where, we know not, nor need to know, except that it is among those who, all life's duties done, and burdens borne, and sorrows perfected, sit down among the saints at the feet of "the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace."

Of that May-day ceremonial this present writer does not pretend to have anything to say, being among the innumerable number who contented, or discontented, themselves with the columns of the *Times* newspaper on the day following; having not even attempted to get within sight of that wonderful crowd—a crowd is always wonderful—which "Our own Correspondent" describes so graphically: which for hours listened outside for the music, and tried at the faint echoes of "God save the Queen" to take off its honest, loyal, British hat, and reverberate with true British warmth, the cheers within, until street after street caught the sound, and carried it even to Hyde Park Corner. Yes, it must have been a grand thing, even that crowd. We shall always count it as one of the "mistakes" one makes sometimes, and repents of too late, that we spent May-day 1862, at least a day's journey from the International Exhibition.

But time has its rewards as well as revenges. The 6th of May found us bound, resolutely, in defiance of all impediments, to get a good, honest five shillings' worth out of the commissioners.

"Well, I wish you joy," observed a consolatory friend. "If you go every day regularly for two months, perhaps you may contrive to see the whole of it."

"Still, on the principle that faint heart never won—never anything in this world; also, that half a loaf is better than no bread, we'll see as much of it in one day as we can."

But the strict Government regulation of "no change given" was near stopping us on the thres-

hold. I beg to confess, for the information and warning of future visitors, that my five shillings —a really important five shillings, since, as before stated, the public has as yet declined to invest that sum in so incomplete a show—was composed of a borrowed half-crown, a florin, a "threepenny bit," a generously bestowed penny, and four half-pennies. Government—in the shape of one of these commissionnaires, invalided soldiers, whom one is so glad to see filling useful positions about London—hesitated a little at taking such eccentric payment; but, finally, thinking he might as well make the best of it, consented, and we passed in.

No—there may be substitutions—higher and better things even than the things gone; but in this world are no repetitions. As well might a man expect to find a second first-love, as a second Crystal Palace of 1851. It was quite *per se;* a fairyland; a dream. Who does not recall his or her first entrance into its exquisite transept, with that lovely vista of trees and fountains, gleaming statues, gorgeous carpets and fabrics of all sorts, making every conceivable combination of form and colour? Also the perpetual under-tone of music; organs, pianofortes, and instruments of all sorts, sufficiently apart not to jar unpleasantly on the ear, and yet producing an incessant, circumfluent harmony; an atmosphere of sound, soothing as that of a wood full of birds?

Oh, how delicious it was! the like of it can never be again; nor would we wish it. Let it vanish, like a dream of youth, into the immortality of the past.

And now, let us take a fair, wide, unprejudiced view of the Great International Exhibition of 1862; making no comparisons; for indeed there are none to be made. This is no fairyland, but a gigantic building, whose very size alone is impressive. Overhead is an enormous glass dome—they say as large as that of St. Peter's at Rome—and opposite stretches the long aërial nave, ending in a second dome, the counterpart of the first. On the right hand and the left run other avenues, the north-west and south-west transepts, both terminating in curved arches; but the whole three lines of view melt into such shadowy distance, that one can at first hardly distinguish how they end. There is no glow or glare of colour; and, on the whole, the effect is extremely subdued; the chief thing that catches the eye being the inscriptions, in sufficiently large, legible letters, which run along under the rim of the dome, and are formed into arches over the entrance, and at the termination of either transept:—

"Tua sunt Domine, regnum, magnificentia, et potentia et gloria atque victoria; et tibi laus: cuncta enim quæ in cœlo sunt et in terra, tua sunt."

"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax."

"Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus."

"Deus in terram respexit, et implevit illam bonis suis."

This silent recognition, in the grand old tongue common to all nations, of Him who is the Father of all the nations of the earth, is more impressive than I can describe. It contributes much to the feeling which many people have already expressed, that the difference between this second building and the first is exactly like that between youth and maturity—less of beauty, more of real greatness; the greatness of deliberate, perfected work. It is not a palace; but it gives in no small degree the idea of a temple—a true temple of industry; —*laborare est orare.*

That is, it will do—by and by—for now it is in such an incomplete state that no wonder the sapient British public declines to pay five shillings to behold the sight. However it might have been polished up for the opening day, at present the whole scene presented the appearance of a gigantic "flitting." Packing-cases everywhere; planks lying about to be tumbled over; nails ready to run into your shoes; rude calico hangings, confronting you with the warning, "No admission:" elegant furniture, in hay-bands and Holland pinafores; statues, so thoroughly draped with real drapery, that scarcely an obnoxious toe could appear to wound the feelings of our Transatlantic friends; china and ornaments dispersed about the half-empty, or wholly vacant glass-cases in every stage of that pitiable confusion which all housekeepers, or rather house-quitters, understand. In fact, nothing in the whole building looking complete and comfortable, except the roof, and the clear glass dome, through which the blue May-morning sky smiled serenely and cheeringly.

Yes, everybody seemed cheerful. Though everybody was as busy as busy could be—workmen, attendants, exhibitors, policemen, commissionnaires, running hither and thither, or gathered in little knots, talking vociferously in every language under the sun; still they all appeared quite at home, and in the best of spirits. The people who looked most uncomfortable and most "in the way," were the unhappy visitors or season-ticket holders, who were eyed much as a materfamilias would eye a select party of well-dressed guests coming in to spend a social evening on the very first evening of "flitting" into a new house. They swept the dust, nails, and packing-cases with their flounced trains; they brushed against the china with their tremendous hoops; they sat down where they had no business to sit, and stood where they ought not to stand, and altogether made themselves as elegantly inconvenient as might naturally be expected under the circumstances.

But we, who came on business, had no conscien-

tious qualms. We determined to begin systematically, and see as much as we possibly could see in a given number of hours. So, to economize space, we walked through the north-west transept—where Austria is in a perfect chaos, a wreck of nations—to the north-west Annex—which is devoted to machinery.

There is something intensely British in machinery. One felt one's heart swell with true Anglo-Saxon pride as one walked down the long row of locomotive engines, painted in marvellous colours—bright blue, dark blue, grass green, sea green, rifle green, and polished as to their brass and iron to the last extremity of glitter. In their very best coats—of varnish—they stood, these silent monsters,—the genii of our iron roads. There was one belonging to the Caledonian line, made by Neilson & Co., Glasgow—a very fine monster he or "she" was, too; and there was C. England's "Little England"—a brilliant dark-blue creature. Sharp, Stewart, & Co., Manchester, furnished another, shining in the very brightest green; and there was one "designed by R. Sinclair," which was stated to have "run on the Eastern Counties line 44,450 miles, with no repairs except turning the leading wheels, and painting."

On the other side was machinery of every sort: a paper-mill from George Bertram, Sciennes, Edinburgh, which "made paper from vegetable fibre, at the rate of 100 feet per minute," and various specimens of "mules," and other kinds of dumb factory labourers, attended by live labourers from the same region; a Manchester "chap" who stood patiently picking each thread as it broke; and two tidy Manchester lasses, working as briskly as if they were in their own factory. The centre of the Annex is occupied by a model of the great sugar-mill of Merrilees and Tait, Glasgow, and near it is a rival mill of Heckmann's, Berlin, where the brilliant copper and brass of the sugar-boiler is a perfect picture of mechanical elegance.

There is something strangely fascinating in fine machinery,—man's design and handiwork, yet in its accuracy, harmony, and, above all, in its invisible force, giving a sense of superhuman perfectness. Wheel upon wheel incessantly convolving, each acting on the other in such a slight and yet miraculous way; life-like motion; life-like perpetual sound, as if some spirit were at work in the inert mass which enabled it to go on for ever and ever. Involuntarily, the mind reverts from this to the great mechanism of the universe, of which we know so little, and on that little seem so ready to dogmatize.—Fools that we are! It is as if one of these ever-spinning reels, one of these threads which break in the instant, one of these tiny wheels whose small gyration influences so many more, were to stop and say to itself,—"This whole mechanism was made for me; and I—I understand it all."

But on; for time does not trot but gallop in this International Exhibition; on, through chaotic Austria, bewildered Belgium, and sober Holland, which, like most sober people, is a little beforehand with its neighbours; on, between the two enormous mirrors that should have been; but, alas! one broken in the transit, shows only the melancholy empty frame; past the wonderful diamond, "Star of the South," round which is a circle of those most annoyingly fashionable ladies in hoops and trains. Long may they remain there, staring at what looks to our unappreciating eyes no better than a large piece of cut-glass dangling in the centre of a case of other specimens of glass uncut, which look no better than pebbles on the road, but which we understand are of inappreciable value—worth a king's head or a queen's heart. Verily, the world is under some extraordinary delusion about jewellery, especially diamonds.

Now we came to something really beautiful. It is a group of statuary by Molin of Sweden, "The Grapplers." Two men, elder and younger, are wrestling; evidently for life or death; both being armed with short knives. If murder ever could be grand, it is made so here. The fierce intensity of the elder man's face, the wild fury of the younger, and the clasp of terrible hate, closer than that of love, are absolutely sublime. Four bas-reliefs round the pediment tell the story: "Jealousy," "The dream of vengeance," "The contest of battle," "A woman weeping at the grave." It is awfully real; for as I watch two young men who stand gazing at it, I can read the reflection of its reality in one of their faces. God help us! human nature is always the same. But is it not a question whether an artist who can so dignify crime, would not have done wiser in choosing a subject that should immortalize virtue?

Here is the French Court; our neighbours having invaded and appropriated about a fourth of the whole Exhibition. Well, let them! if they do it as charmingly as no doubt they will. Even now, in its imperfectness, our eyes are dazzled by half unpacked splendours; silks that "stand alone;" laces of fabulous value; diamonds which, as a busy but civil assistant of Jacta & Cie. pauses to inform us, "sont vrais—tous vrais, madame;" and certainly arranged in tiaras, sprays, and wreaths, are *almost* as pretty as a common wild-flower. In these domains we could feel ourselves in Paris, so incessant is the clatter of French around, and so numerous are the specimens of the genus *ouvrier*, one of whom, complete in beard and blue blouse, and exquisitely worked slippers, is just descending from giving the last arrangement to a large plaster statue, on whose base is painted the characteristic

translation, "Fondu d'un seul jet"—"Cast in *single spout.*"

From France—which, when finished, will likely be one of the most attractive regions in the building—we go on to Italy. There, scattered about in every phase of "pack" and disarrangement, are countless treasures of beauty, especially statuary. We can only stop to admire one, *Bella Italia*, as she was a few years since, when Norchi the sculptor of Milan thus personified her,—a grand-limbed, majestic matron, with overhanging brows, and lips protruding, sitting passive, sullen, and fierce with her wrongs. Norchi of Milan! try again, and give us *Bella Italia* awakening to her hopeful Now.

Here too, stands Gibson's tinted Venus. Much has been said about this statue, and much will be said. Yet, I doubt, most people will own regretfully that it is a great mistake. Marvellously beautiful; for this is no Venus Anadyomene, or Venus Aphrodite, but the "Alma Venus Genitrix," the fruitful chaste mother of gods and men. Had it been in pure white marble, the Venus de' Medici, even the lovely Venus of Milo, could hardly have equalled it; but as it is, it is neither classic nor human; it loses all the severe grace of colourless form, and yet approaches no nearer to life than a bad imitation of a wax-work figure. The tinted eyes, the slightly reddened lips, and the hue, certainly not that of flesh, which has been given to the marble limbs, produce an effect at once painful and unnatural. Some connoisseurs may admire, and antiquaries may argue that the Greeks are supposed to have tinted most of their statues; but a large portion of us fond ignorant art-lovers will always protest, that it is not the advance but the decadence of true classic art.

But we must go back into the nave, and, consulting the plan, make a determined search after that ignominious necessity, food. Certainly, here is plenty, but it is arranged in a hopeless manner in the shape of Trophies. There is one trophy entirely composed of pickles; another of sweatmeats; another, which looks, at a distance, like a Greek temple with alabaster columns, is fabricated of candles. There is an erection invitingly labelled "To the Juveniles," which consists of every sort of toy that can be imagined; and another, the centre figure of which is a light-ship, stuck round with telescopes, reflector, etc. All down to the eastern dome are dotted these abominations of bad taste, completely obscuring the perspective of the nave, and some of them in themselves grotesque to the last degree of imaginable ugliness. They ought to be swept away with the besom of destruction. May it speedily be done!*

The eastern dome, and the north-east and south-east transepts, have their corresponding inscriptions written in English:—

"The wise and their works are in the hand of God."

"Lord, both riches and honour come of thee: thou reignest over all; and in thy hand is power and might, and in thy hand it is to make great."

And two blank-verse lines (Query, From what author?) not too poetical—

"Each climate needs what other climes produce."
"Alternately the nations learn and teach."

The south-east transept is devoted chiefly to iron-work: the north-east, to the products of the colonies. Here is the only trophy which is endurable—a fine pile of ornamental woods from Tasmania. Near it is the Australian quarter, where our eyes were caught by a specimen of art, which proved that the antipodes can boast as bad painters as some of those who, under the wise selection of this year's hanging committee, we yesterday beheld on the Royal Academy's walls;—acres of canvas spent over full-length portraits, and pounds of good colour lavished over what high art and anti-pre-Raphaelite painters consider flesh and blood, but which is in reality like nothing in nature,—or art either, for art is the highest nature. However, what care they, the ancient leaders of our illustrious Forty? Like Sir Joshua, Nature always "puts them out."

It is to be feared that we are growing savage as wild beasts for want of food, so let us quit the obnoxious picture, and proceed at once to the refreshment-room. In any place of public resort like this, there is always considerable entertainment in watching the people feed. So much character peeps out, so many phases of domestic or social life, in the little groups that gather themselves round the table. You may, if you have quick observation, make up a whole novelette in ten minutes, or at least gain fragmentary studies of human nature. Of such was a trio beside us, finishing off with ices what had apparently been a very comfortable lunch.

I have said nothing hitherto of the visitors to the Exhibition, and yet we had noticed them a good deal. They consisted—besides the fashionable dames aforesaid, who were always annihilating us with their hoops, or turning round upon us with sudden fierceness, when we accidentally trod on their demi-trains—of people that you at once decided were "from the country;" healthy-looking squires, with stout matronly squiresses; magisterial county magnates; tall, aristocratic gentlemen, possibly peers; and a large sprinkling of clerical personages, with sedately clad wives and pretty daughters. Also, and they were a goodly sight to see, not a few ancient couples, just husband and wife alone, who took their quiet pleasure together

* *N.B.* of proof corrector: It *is* done. Hurrah!

in their life's decline, looking as happy and contented in one another's company as when they were young lovers. Such a pair we saw beside the Armstrong gun, and the elderly, rather military-looking gentleman, was explaining it minutely to his elderly wife. She listened, dear soul! with a devotedness of attention that indicated a habit, possibly thirty years old, of listening to all he said, admiring all he admired, and sharing with him every pleasantness, as doubtless every pain, in a fulness of love that shines out as sweetly in an old woman's face as in a young girl's. Perhaps more sweetly, because it has been tried—tried and *not* found wanting.

A second bit of nature, almost as charming, was beside us in the trio I have mentioned, father, mother, and growing-up daughter. They were evidently country people; for he spoke with a slight provincial accent; and they were dressed—oh, how many thoughts and mutual consultations those splendid gowns and bonnets must have cost, after "papa" decided to take three season-tickets and come to London. And what plannings—what arrangements—what joyous anticipations, before they were fairly started, and had located themselves in some sober "family hotel," which the squire may have frequented in his young days, when George the Fourth was king. Thence, now, they doubtless emerge, every morning, to spend the day in the International Exhibition. And night after night, while poor mamma rests her wearied limbs, is benign papa coaxed by that coaxing girl—(what a winning way she has, and how mischievously she drinks up the remainder of his wine, which he himself holds playfully to her lips!)—coaxed into taking her to some theatre or other, where she will laugh, and cry, and look about her, with the intense enjoyment that no *blasée* London young lady ever knows. And how, when the week or fortnight is over, she will go home and tell all the village—the rector's daughter, her bosom friend—and old Betty at the lodge, her nurse—every single thing that has happened in every single day; and all will decide that there never was such a place as the International Exhibition.

Be it so. Even such little episodes as this—of which there must be so many now going on, and will be all year—constitute it a good thing, a source of wholesome natural enjoyment to thousands.

Enjoyment? Well, it has its limits, and so have human powers of locomotion. This is the great drawback to the Exhibition—its enormous size. You may walk miles upon miles without recognising the fact, until you suddenly drop, feeling, that if your life depended on it, you could not proceed a step farther. And the staircases, when one has been on one's feet for half a day, are literally awful to contemplate! How we overcame them I hardly know, but at last we found ourselves on one of those delicious settees that some merciful and enlightened Commissioner has provided, in glorious plenty—sitting in peace opposite to Gainsborough's "Blue Boy;" and vaguely staring alternately at the washed-out Reynoldses, Hogarths, and Laurences on the walls, and the living phantasmagoria of graceful figures, pretty—or occasionally pretty faces, and universally charming toilettes, which moved in a continuous stream up and down along the gallery of British pictures.

Dare we confess that among all these art-treasures, at first we principally studied nature—especially clothes? There can be no doubt that a thoroughly well-dressed elegant Englishwoman is a very charming sight. These spring toilettes, in which, on the whole, was great simplicity, harmony, and above all unity of colour, were quite refreshing to behold. Nor, except the atrocious hoops, was there any great exaggeration or ugliness of costume. It is the under-bred class of quasi-fashionables, who wear spoon-bonnets, with bushels of flowers stuck on the top, and gowns trailing in the mud, or kilted up over scarlet stockings and glaring petticoats, stiff and circular as an iron cage. These gentlewomen, with their black or subdued-coloured silks, their delicate muslins, their flowing white bournous, or dark rich Indian shawls, had, whether or not they possessed actual beauty, general graciousness, dignity, and sobriety of mien, that I doubt if the Prado, or the Corso, or Unter den Linden, or even Longchamps itself, could rival. Excellent season-ticket holders! May they promenade there, gratifying their eyes, and improving their minds if possible, all summer, in this most perfect picture-gallery that England ever possessed.

It occupies the whole length of the part of the building parallel with Cromwell Road. Well lit, well ventilated; every picture hung where it really can be seen; no careless juxtaposition, whereby two equally admirable works of art are made actually to "kill" one another; arrangement without confusion; the different masters being, wherever it was possible, hung in groups, so that the eye easily takes in the distinctive peculiarities of each; no dust, no heat, no crowding;—it is little to be wondered at if all London makes for the next four months of this place its favourite promenade.

Of the two galleries, British and Foreign, it were almost invidious to decide which is the finer. Ours has decidedly, and especially among its living painters, the richest glow of colour, the truest rendering of nature, the highest and purest moral tone. Our Continental brethren paint largre pictures, of gallery rather than cabinet size; are finer draughtsmen, and choose subjects of tragic

and personal rather than domestic interest. Some of these are intensely painful. One could hardly find anywhere such a horribly well-painted collection of corpses as that which may be found along one wall of the Foreign gallery. One picture, representing the lying in state of two unfortunate gentlemen, Egmont and Count Horn, *after* their decapitation, is quite ghastly. The two bodies are stretched side by side on a bed, and the two heads, which, as is plainly perceptible, are only just stuck on to the bodies, lie loosely, each in its place, and look as if, with the least shake of the canvas, they would roll down upon the gallery floor. Query—What high purpose can be attained, or what good can possibly be done to any human being by such art as this?

On the whole, in spite of many excellent pictures in the combined foreign schools, our British artists may hold their heads honourably high. Setting aside all the elder painters, our Hunt, Millais, Noel Paton, Faed, Leighton, Hughes, Clark, M'Callum, Hook, and many others, who twenty, or even fifteen years ago, were mere "Academy lads," form of themselves a noble national school: A school that, whatever its shortcomings, is pure, refined, natural; free from every coarse, meretricious, or melodramatic taint; appealing to one's highest and tenderest emotions, and without being strictly religious art, having throughout a strongly religious and always moral tone. On pictures such as these, the eye, educated or uneducated, rests and lingers with an unconscious sense of refreshment and calm. They "do one good," so to speak; ay, down to the tiniest bit of green landscape, or the humblest cottage interior,—J. Clark's "Sick Child," for instance; and what can the grandest so-called high art painters desire more? Truly, as we walked slowly up and down the long gallery—not attempting to particularize or examine—only taking a fond look at long-missed familiar favourites, and a speculative glance at the very few, here and there, that we did not know, our British hearts thrilled with a not unnatural delight, to think that "our own" were the best after all.

Ay, without any obnoxious insular pride, we cannot but feel, cursory and imperfect as has been our investigation of this magnificent building, that no other country in the world could in so short a space, or in any space of time, have erected such an one. No other race than the brave Anglo-Saxon, with its dogged perseverance, its untiring energy, and its strong, patient, passive rather than active will, could have so maintained its ground against insuperable difficulties, and finally carried out a purpose which even to the very last day, the last hour, appeared all but impracticable.

There is much to be done still. It will be weeks before the chaos settles into anything like order; and even then, the daily working arrangements of such an enormous undertaking, must present difficulties, mistakes, mismanagements, perplexities without end.

But for all that, the thing is done, and done successfully. The building, so much ridiculed for its external ugliness (and, perhaps, even by the most enthusiastic Briton the less said on that subject the better), has been found substantial, convenient, and within, not unbeautiful. The unpaid, unthanked Commissioners, have toiled early and late to accomplish their self-imposed duties. The whole country, let us say the whole world, has now before it for the next six months, a nucleus of interest, entertainment, instruction if they will, nay, almost whether they will or not; for the dullest clown, the most indifferent aristocrat, could hardly go through the International Exhibition without feeling his brains, or his heart, or some recondite portion of his common humanity, a little the better for it.

And one thing, the grandest thing about the whole, is the public acknowledgment of our nation, of all nations, both in the opening ceremonial, in the inscriptions I have copied, of the Source from whence all these good things do come. It is, more even than the former Exhibition, our confession of faith before the whole world. We owe this, doubtless, as we owe the pristine design of Industrial Exhibitions, to that deeply religious heart and active brain now at rest for ever.

He sleeps, and others have completed his plans; he laboured, and lived not to see the fruit of his labour. To us, this may seem infinitely sad; probably no one, gentle or simple, of the myriads that will visit this place, will do so without a sigh to the memory of our Prince Consort. But for him, who lived so much for others and so little for himself, whose almost perfect life was carried out without the smallest show, or vain-glorying, or personal assertion of any kind, for him it would be enough to know that what he wished done has been done, though done without his aid. What matter? The good servant desires only that his master's will should be accomplished, in his master's own way. He was that servant, and so, thus early, the Master called him.

Coming away from this busy place, with its clang of incessant work, its tramp of innumerable feet, its confused mingling of all possible sights and sounds, one could not but think of him, the originator of it all, now a disembodied soul. Ay, so it is! We toil and struggle, wrangle and praise, enjoy and endure.

> "But thou, dear spirit, happy star,
> O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
> And smilest, knowing all is well."

MAY-DAY, 1862.

AN ODE.

It is the morn of May!
The flowery holiday
Of Shakspere's England—with its golden hours
As bright as ever passed,
In glitt'ring waters glassed,
And threading labyrinths of leaves and flowers.

The trees fresh-clad and cool,
Of murmur'd bliss are full,
A deep content is poured on nature's needs;
And joy is in the flow
Of each pulsation low,
Which sends the lakelet rippling to its reeds.

Fair princess! woodland queen!
The slender birch is seen,
With silken tresses to the sunshine spread;
With gleams, like dazzling smiles,
And gay coquettish wiles,
The light laburnum shakes her golden head.

Like bride on bridal morn,
There stands the snowy thorn,
White, fragrant, flowery; and the lilac there,
From every peachy plume,
Shakes out a rich perfume,
In waves of incense on the happy air.

So glad a day and fair,
Why do they not prepare
The May-pole gay, the dance upon the green?
The wooing in the glade
Would want no serenade,
The nightingales would greet the young May Queen.

There is a jubilee!
With sound as of the sea
Wind-stirred—not angrily,
But with each foamy crest
Sunlit and laughing—to the west
The people flow,—flow on and do not cease
Toward the wide-domed hall, the palace Hall of Peace.

The golden noon is high,
And still the crowds draw nigh,
And flow within and surge the walls about;
With chorus and acclaim,
Their meeting they proclaim,
Each shout within is echoed from without.

Again the nations bring
Their peaceful spoils, and sing
Of earth restored, inherited, subdued;
The primal blessing through the curse renewed,
And all the gifts of God
Again pronouncèd good.

Her jubilee half-sad;
Her pageant grave, not glad;
Care at her heart, and sorrow on her brow,
The England of to-day
Sits neither glad nor gay;
Mother of many nations is she now.

And darker are the days
Than when she *first* did raise
The *first* fair Hall of Peace:—upon her breast
Children with hunger rave;
While sounds across the wave
The strife her sons are warring in the West.

Nor want and war alone.
Death's shadow on her throne
Has fallen; and yet she builds to Peace again;
Broader and deeper the foundation lays;
Higher and louder peals the song of praise.
She builds in faith, in faith renews the strain;
Dark though the days; though distant peace may be,
Her second Temple may the advent see.

ISA CRAIG.

THREE PRESENT-DAY TRACTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—THE RIGHT WORK AT THE RIGHT TIME.

No man need be idle from "not finding work" in Christ's kingdom. The Master gives to each servant "*his* work,"—that which *he* is best suited for by his peculiar gifts and position in life; and that, consequently, which *he* can best do. No servant, then, who is "willing to work," can long search for *his* work in vain. But how often is the work searching for the servant! In how many ways does it come seeking him, and saying, "Do this!" What we require is not so much to find our work, as to be found by our work; and when it does find us, to do it with all our might,—to "labour while it is called to-day, seeing the night cometh, when no man can work."

How much is lost by the crime of slothful indecision and off-putting! We call this a "little sin," forsooth!—we smile at it as if it were a petty infirmity; and yet if we review life, or even one year of life, and consider what we have lost to ourselves and others by not doing our given work at the given time,—O friends, we shall no longer think that a trifling sin which has been followed by losses of good which we can reckon up to an "intolerable sum!" We had no want of work; our hands found abundance; but we either did not do it, or if we did it, certainly not "with all our might!"

I can at this moment easily remember very many grievous losses to myself, and maybe to others, from (what at the time appeared to be) the *trifling* sin of off-putting. But instead of recording those, let me mention one or two instances of an opposite character, that will illustrate the good of doing at once what is *given* us to do, and the evil that might have ensued from delay.

I once attended an old man on his death-bed. He was very lonely, and very poor, and more than fourscore years of age. He was naturally very shy and timid, and suffering from many unbelieving doubts and fears. It was sad to see an old man so far from peace with his Father; yet he had been a church-member, and had led what is termed "a quiet, inoffensive life." I found him, however, very earnest, inquiring, and thoughtful; but very weak in his faith as to the good-will of God towards *him*, and in the freeness of the gospel offers of pardon and grace to *him*. I felt much interested in him. One afternoon I was passing his door. I had seen him the day before. His illness seemed to be the lingering weakness of old age. It was within a few minutes of my dinner-hour, and I had been labouring since morning. A strong impulse seized me to enter the sick man's house. But the flesh argued for delay, and pleaded fatigue, and want of time, and to-morrow, etc. Yet the words, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it," rung in my mind.

I entered, and found the old man very weak. "O sir!" he exclaimed, alluding to a previous conversation, "is the Lord indeed willing to receive a poor sinner like me?" I again pressed a few truths upon his mind; and, when parting, I strongly urged the importance of believing in the love of God to him through Jesus Christ. In bidding him farewell, I said, "As freely as I offer you my hand, and with infinitely more love, does Jesus offer as *your* Saviour every possible good, and Himself as the greatest good of all. Believe, and *thou* shalt be saved!" He seized my hand eagerly, saying, "I believe it!" and promised, according to my request, to resign himself and all his concerns in earnest prayer into Christ's hands the moment I left his poor and lonely room. "You will pray for me, sir?" he asked, as I was departing. "Yes," I replied. "To-day, sir?"—"This hour," was my promise; "but," I added, "no delay—no, not a minute!—remember you are to pray immediately to Jesus, and to tell Him all your cares, sins, and sorrows, and to commit your soul to His keeping now and for ever. Farewell!" I sent for a person to sit by the old man, as he seemed weaker than usual. In about half an hour after parting from him, the woman whom I had requested to attend him came running to my door with the intelligence, that *she had found him dead!*

It is now many long years since this happened; and I have so far remembered the impression which it made upon me as to the importance of doing *at the time* whatever work is given us to do, that I could relate not a few remarkable instances (amidst, alas! many more neglects) of the good results of *immediate* attention to duty, which the memory of this very case helped to enforce. One occurred at a later period, which I cannot help recording.

One evening, and, as in the previous case, after a laborious day, I was passing, in the street of a small provincial town, a house which had been an hospital in "the cholera year," and which, since then, had been occasionally used for any cases of fever, or dangerous disease occurring among the resident or vagrant poor. Again, by one of those strange suggestions that come, we hardly know how or whence at the time, I was induced to ask

if there was any one in the hospital. But again the flesh pleaded for delay. Yet I could not somehow pass the door without inquiry, though I almost smiled at my impulse to do so as being superstitious. I was told that a poor woman was there who seemed to be dying of consumption. She had been found a few days before as a beggar on the highway. I entered the room where she lay. I found her confined to bed, an emaciated creature, with skeleton hands and sunken eyes, a severe cough, and apparently about fifty years of age. She did not know me; and all I knew of her was, that she was very poor and very lonely in the world, and a stranger. After a few ordinary observations about her weak state of body, when she expressed her sense of hopelessness as to recovery, I said, "I suppose when you die, no one in the world, poor woman, will miss you?" "No one cares for me," she replied in a tone of sadness. "No one?" I asked. "No, sir, not one that I know of." "Do you not think God cares for you?" I said kindly to her. "I don't know," she replied in a half whisper, turning her eyes away. "He knows you, at all events," I said. "No doubt of that, sir." "And is it not something," I continued, "to be known personally—even you with all your cares, and pains, and anxieties—to the great God who made heaven and earth, and who is able, at all events, to help and supply every want of your body and soul?" "Ay, sir, I did not think of that. It is something indeed!" "But what," I asked, "if this God has an interest in you—cares for you—loves you?" "O sir! I have been a great sinner—a great sinner." "God knows that better than you do," I replied; "and He hates your sins with infinite hatred,—but what if that same God, nevertheless, commands you, saying, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?'—and beseeches you to be reconciled to Himself?—and says to you, 'Come now, and let us reason together, though your sins should be as scarlet, I shall make them white as snow?'" And then I spoke to her for a long time of the love of God to lost sinners.

I have been privileged to address the same words of truth and life to many a sinner, in health and sickness. I have seen, in many cases, the power of the truth, through God's grace, to enlighten the mind and change the heart; but never did I behold so visible an effect produced upon a human spirit, in the same time, as upon that poor and unknown woman! Even as the mercury is seen slowly rising in the tube when heat is brought near it, so did her heart and soul seem to rise more and more to God, in faith, love, hope, and penitence, as the grand theme of the love of Jesus was presented to her. At first she looked thoughtfully,—then she raised herself up in bed,—then clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to heaven,—and often exclaimed, "Oh! thank God! thank God! that I have heard such words as these!" After remaining more than an hour, and praying with her, she besought me to come back next day. I promised to do so; but earnestly urged her immediately to pray to Jesus Christ, and to tell Him her whole heart,—to confess her sins to Himself, and to ask, nothing doubting, the blessings which I had taught her to expect from Him. She gladly promised to do so, but said, "Don't forget to-morrow, sir." "Never fear," I replied, "if I am alive and able to come; but remember there is no to-morrow given us! Don't you forget to-day; for now is the accepted time,—now is the day of salvation." "God bless you, sir! Oh, thank God! thank God!" were the last words I heard.

I called, according to promise, next day at the door of the small hospital, and found she *had died the night before, and was already buried!* What her name was, or history, I never could learn; but I have good hope that the name of that poor woman will be found in the Lamb's book of life!

I cannot illustrate at present by other cases, though many crowd upon my memory, the importance of our doing whatsoever our hands *find* to do. But let me give one or two advices, to my young readers especially.

Never judge by appearances as to the relative importance of duties. What seems the least important may be all-important. Had the widow not given her mite the day she did to the treasury, but delayed it for another week, how much would she herself, and the whole Christian Church, have lost by the delay! Our only safe rule is, "Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, to do it with all our might." Let it be a subject of daily prayer, as well as an object of daily endeavour, to do our right work at the right time. God, in his providence, will never leave you at a loss as to what to do, and when to do it: but will lead you, if you will only be led by him. Oh, when will we learn the lesson so essential to our peace—to live well the one hour, and do well the one work which God in that hour gives us! And thus, by attending to each short step, we shall reach the end of our journey, though the far-off horizon may be veiled in clouds!

II.—THE QUESTION OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

Does any one honestly believe that eternal blessedness must be bestowed on him, and upon every man immediately after death, irrespective of character? I question whether such faith in a falsehood exists. Were it faith in a fact, then suicide would be wisdom, and the murderer a missionary! But the belief in future punishment of

some kind is almost an instinct in man. The only question connected with future punishment which perplexes them is its duration. Many repudiate with abhorrence the thought of its being endless. Let us consider one aspect of this momentous subject.

The idea which they have formed of punishment is that of a mere arbitrary annexation of a certain amount of suffering in the next world to a certain amount of crime committed in this—so many stripes for so many sins; and, as if obvious injustice were inflicted on men, they exclaim, "Surely such sins do not deserve such punishment!" But if sin itself, by an eternal moral necessity, carries with it its own punishment, even as the shadow accompanies the substance, then the real question in regard to the possible ending of future woe is reduced to the deeper one, of the possible ending of future sin. And if so, what evidence have we from any one source to inspire the hope, that the man who enters the next world loving sin, and therefore suffering punishment, will ever cease to sin, and thereby cease to suffer? It must, remember, be admitted as an indisputable fact, that life eternal can only co-exist with a right state of the soul. "This *is* life eternal, to know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Up to the moment in which the spirit turns with filial confidence and obedience to God, there cannot be a cessation either in the curse that must rest upon enmity and disobedience, or in the pain which must be produced by so terrible a malady. Some time or other, be it near or remote, in one year or in a million, there must be repentance in the sinner, a turning away *from* sin and *to* God, as the only possible means of bridging over the otherwise impassable gulf that separates the bad from the good, or hell from heaven. There is no salvation for man but from sin; there is no restoration for him but to love.

But if this change in the sinner is not accomplished in this world, what evidence have we that it can be accomplished in any place of even limited punishment? In what conceivable way, we ask with deepest awe, is a moral and responsible being, who ends this life and begins another at enmity to God, rejecting Christ, disbelieving the gospel, dead in trespasses and in sins, hateful and hating, to be made holy after death, and before entering heaven, by a temporary discipline of mere suffering?

What advantages, for example, will such an one possess elsewhere for the attainment of piety that are denied him here? If all that God has done to gain his heart has so far failed up till the hour of his death, that he is morally unfit by his habits or even desires for the society of God and his people, what appliances can we conceive of more likely to influence the will and gain the affections in a prison-house set apart for the reformation of the impenitent? Does any reader of these lines despise God's counsel now, and reject all his reproofs, from the infatuated notion that some limited course of suffering and of discipline hereafter will change his heart, and prepare him for the fellowship of heaven? If so, let me address him personally, and beseech of him to examine well the ground on which he intends to build a house so high, whose ruin, if it fall, will be great indeed. You tell me, I shall suppose, that you would not utterly despair if you even died impenitent. This is your forlorn hope, because you have made up your mind, that, though there must be suffering awaiting you, it cannot be endless, and that some time or other your character will be so much changed as will warrant the Saviour to say, what it is acknowledged he could not say to you before death, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" If these are your expectations, do consider on what evidence they are founded. Do you, for instance, expect to meet, in this supposed place of punishment and consequent reformation, more loving friends to win you by such solemn counsels and tender ministrations as earth did not afford? Do you look for daily returning mercies and sources of enjoyment, more rich and varied than those possessed here, in order to bring you back to God? Will you possess a healthier body, a happier home, holier society, a more beauteous world with fairer skies and brighter landscapes, or any of those innumerable blessings which have such a tendency to tame and soften the rudest nature? Do you anticipate means of grace more powerfully calculated to enlighten the mind, convince the understanding, influence the will or draw the affections of the heart towards God? Shall Sabbaths of more peaceful rest dawn upon you, or sacraments of more healing virtue be administered? Can retreats be afforded where God's Word may be read and prayer enjoyed with more undisturbed repose? Will the gospel be preached more faithfully, and a people be found more loving and pious to assemble for public or private worship? Shall a Saviour be offered more able or willing to save, and the Spirit of God be poured down upon the burning soil in more plenteous or life-giving pentecostal showers? Is this what you picture to yourselves of the place in which you expect to atone for past sins by limited suffering? Impossible! You are thinking of a world better and more glorious than the present;—not of a hell, but of a heaven!

But even if there be such a place prepared for the impenitent and wicked, what conceivable security is there that a new mind and spirit will be the necessary result of those new and enlarged benefactions? We must assume that the power of

sinning remains, or otherwise man's responsibility ceases, and punishment thereby would become mere cruelty. But if sin be thus possible, then why may not the sinner there indulge in the same selfishness, disobedience, and rebellion which characterized him here? Why may it not be with him as with many a man who loves sin in the low haunts of profligacy and crime, but loves it still though brought into circumstances of greater comfort and among society of greater godliness? But should it be otherwise,—should the supposed place of future punishment have none of those advantages, and we are forced by the necessity of the case to assume their absence, at least for a limited period, and to admit, in some form or other, the presence of a dread and mysterious sorrow,—I ask again, on what grounds do you conclude that this anticipated punishment shall itself possess a healing virtue to produce, some time or other, that love to God which, up till this moment, has never been produced in you, and which, arguing from your own past experience, will never be produced so long as you live on earth? You attach, perhaps, some omnipotent power to mere suffering, and imagine that if hatred to sin and love to God are all that is needed, then a short experience of the terrific consequences of a godless past must insure a godly future. Why do you think so? Is this the effect which mere punishment generally produces on human character? Is its tendency to soften, or to harden the heart—to fill it with love, or with enmity? It cannot fail, indeed, to make the sufferer long for deliverance from the pain; but does it follow that he thereby longs for deliverance from the sin, and for possession of the good? It is certainly not the case in this world, that bad men are disposed to repent and turn to God, in proportion as they suffer from their own wilfulness, and become poor from idleness, broken in health from dissipation, or alienated from human hearts by their selfishness or dishonesty, and pass, with a constantly increasing anguish, through all the stages of outcasts from the family; dwellers among the profligate; companions in crime; occupiers of prisons; chained in convict gangs, till the scaffold with its beam and drop ends the dreadful history. Such punishment as this, constantly dogging the crime which at first created it and ever preserves it, only makes the heart harder, fans the passions into a more volcanic fire, and possesses the soul with a more daring recklessness and wilder desperation. And arguing from the experience to which men appeal from the Word of God, what special virtue will punishment have in the next world more than in this? What tendency will there be in this long night of misery to inspire a man with the love of that God whose very character, and whose holy and righteous will has annexed the suffering to the sin? And if the character is not thereby reformed, and yet the sinner all the while retains his responsibility—as he must do on the assumption that reformation is possible—and if he continues to choose sin with more diabolical hatred to the good, is it imagined that such a process as this, of continued sin, accompanied by continued mental suffering, will, at any period, render him more meet to enjoy the holiness of heaven than when he first departed from the world to enter upon this new and strange probation? Oh, the more we think of it, the darker does the history grow; the faster does the descent of the evil spirit become, down that pit which, from its very nature, seems to be bottomless! If means are discoverable there more suited to gain the end of moral regeneration than any that exist here, let them be pointed out! We have searched in vain to discover them with the eye of reason, or to find them in the mind or history of man. And yet upon the mere "maybe" that future punishment does not exist, or at all events is limited in the period of its duration,—a supposition for which there is no evidence whatever from what man knows or can himself find out, and which the Bible everywhere contradicts,—men risk their immortal souls in the pursuit of sin, that even here is vanity and vexation of spirit!

God knows we have no wish to "dogmatize" upon this subject. There is no living man who attaches a meaning to crime or to punishment who would not rejoice to discover a single plank floating in the eternal sea by which a lost soul could at any time float to the shore. But we protest against the dogmatism, on the other side, which alleges with such confidence the certainty of man's deliverance; and we ask with pain, On what evidence is it founded? Let it be admitted that in the vast resources of Deity deliverance may ultimately be discovered—yet, surely the thought is a very solemn one, that the Christian Church, as a whole, with all its human sympathies, has never been able to discover any revelation of the supposed boon. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the happiness of every member of the human family, here or hereafter, is not the highest end of creation, but rather the righteousness of God's government. On this depends the good and consequent well-being of the whole universe.

But, apart from the difficulties felt by the noblest and most holy in attempting to reconcile suffering hereafter with the infinite number of cases in which those conditions of salvation could not be fulfilled that involve anything like love to God as revealed in Christ,—difficulties with which we heartily sympathize, and on which we can as yet see no light,—yet we believe most people are repelled by the thought of future punishment from

associating suffering with terrific bodily pain. But what if there is to be no bodily pain? What if the wicked shall be punished only by permitting them to have "their own way, and to be filled with their own devices?" What if, instead of the wrath of God being poured upon them to the utmost, it is inflicted in the least *possible* measure, and only in the way of natural consequence? What if the sin which makes the hell hereafter, is, in spite of all its suffering, loved, clung to, as the sin now is which makes the hell here? Nay, what if every gift of God, and every capacity for perverting his gifts, are still continued; and that the sinner shall suffer only from that which he himself chooses for ever, and for ever determines to possess? I do not say that it shall be so; but if it were so, then might a hell of unbridled self-indulgence, be preferred then as now to a heaven whose blessedness consisted in perfect holiness, and the love of God in Christ, for ever and ever.

Let the fairest star, therefore, be selected, like a beauteous island in the vast and shoreless sea of the azure heavens, as the future home of the criminals from the earth, and let these possess whatever they most love, and all that it is *possible* for God to bestow; let them be endowed with undying bodies, and with minds which shall for ever retain their intellectual powers; let no Saviour ever press his claims upon them, no Holy Spirit visit them, no God reveal himself to them, no Sabbath ever dawn upon them, no saint ever live among them, no prayer ever be heard within their borders; but let society exist there for ever, smitten only by the leprosy of hatred to God, and with utter selfishness as its all-prevailing and eternal purpose, then, as sure as the law of righteousness exists, on which rests the throne of God and the government of the universe, a society so constituted must work out for itself a hell of solitary and bitter suffering, to which there is no limit except the capacity of a finite nature! Alas! the spirit that is without love to its God or to its neighbour is already possessed by a power which must at last create for its own self-torment a worm that will never die, and a flame that can never more be quenched!

III.—THE CURE OF SCHISM.

"SCHISMS" are not peculiar to the Church of the present day, nor are they "the result of Protestantism," as some allege, unless Protestantism is understood to represent that doctrine which is termed "the right of private judgment;" but which might be described rather as the absolute necessity for each man to believe the truth for himself, because he himself sees it to be true, and cannot be satisfied that another man see and believe for him. This "doctrine," which is essential to the reception of any truth whatever, must necessarily, of course, open the way to error, just as the possession of reason, which is essential to a man's thinking at all, must, in every case, involve th risk of his thinking wrong.

But we know of a church founded by an apostle, presided over for a time by an apostle, which was full of schisms. This was the Church of Corinth. (See 1 Cor., first three chapters.)

These schisms were marked by "differences of mind and judgment;" and by "envying, strife, and division." Its "Protestantism" may, no doubt, have occasioned this.

But along with these, and partly their cause, partly their effect, there was a warm attachment to particular ministers. From the sameness of human nature in every age, we can quite understand how each party would glory in the minister around whom it rallied: "We are of Apollos!" some may have said. "We do not admire Peter. He is too much of a Jew for us; besides, he denied his Lord, and dissembled along with Barnabas at Antioch. We prefer our minister even to Paul. He is a much more eloquent man; of a much more commanding figure and appearance; and how profound he is in his knowledge of the Scriptures!" "We are of Paul," cried others; "for he was chosen specially by Christ; and he has been honoured by Christ more than all; and does not the Church of Corinth owe its very existence to his preaching and labours? It is a shame to belong to any other!" "We cling to Peter!" said a third party; "he lived with Christ when he was on earth, saw his miracles, heard his words, was treated after the resurrection with special love, and received from him a special commission to feed his sheep. Apollos is no *apostle;* and as for Paul, he persecuted the Church, and confesses himself that he is not meet to be called an apostle. Apollos is good, Paul better, but Peter is best!" "We belong to neither," others might have boasted: "your divisions are so many, your differences so great, that we have retired from all your meetings in weariness; we are of Christ only, and call no man master but him; you should all join the *Christ*-ians." Such were some of the schisms; and to the schismatics Paul said: "Ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I of Apollos; are ye not carnal?"

Paul desired to heal those schisms, and to bring the members of the Church to one mind. How did he try to effect this?

Had he been a "Roman Catholic," he might have said—"Why thus divided? Because you are not building on the one true foundation, which is Peter! Do you not understand the meaning of

his name, *Cephas*, or the Rock, given to him by the Lord, and intended to teach all Christians that the temple of the Church was to be built on *this* rock, and this only; against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. Therefore, you who say, 'I am of Cephas,' are right; all others are schismatics." Never, apparently, had a man a better opportunity of revealing to the world this great secret of unity than Paul had, if such was his faith, especially when he compares the Church to a building (1 Cor. iii. 9-11), and speaks of a foundation-stone: "As a wise master-builder," he says, "I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. . . . For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is"—Cephas, or the rock? No! but "*Jesus Christ.*" Not one word of Cephas as the centre of unity! Strange silence for a "Roman Catholic" saint or apostle!

Had Paul been a "High Churchman," full of profound veneration for the sacraments, and viewing with deep awe the mystery of sacramental grace, we can understand how he would have spoken to the schismatic Corinthians of the vast importance of their submitting to absolute apostolic authority, and of the "awful powers with which God's ministers had been vested, of regenerating souls by the waters of baptism!" and how "such a clergy should command their unqualified obedience." If these, or anything like these, were Paul's sentiments, and such as we are every day familiar with, it is not easy, to say the least of it, to account for his language to the Corinthians. What does *he* say of the exalted privilege of being able to baptize? "I thank God I baptized none of you, save Crispus and Gaius." Strange words from a "High Churchman!" or, we may add, an equally "High" Baptist! "I baptized also the house of Stephanas: besides, *I know not* whether I baptized any other." Strange forgetfulness on such a supposed centre-point of Church unity. "For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel!" Strange idea of the relative importance of preaching and baptizing for a "High Churchman" to hold!

And as to the "commanding authority" of the apostles, merely because they were apostles, apart from the commanding authority of the eternal truth which they "commended" to the conscience and judgment of their hearers, Paul asks: "Who, then, is Paul, and who is Apollos?" Methinks we hear some exclaim: "Oh, these great men were the greatest, the ——." But we will not take up space by repeating the laudations with which some would cry up their authority, with a view merely of magnifying the mere official authority of the clergy. But what says Paul himself? He says they were only "ministers by whom ye believed." It was not the minister who did good, but the truth which he ministered, and which he had received from another. It was not the man who sowed the seed, or the basket which held it, that gave the crop; but the living seed itself. Hence he adds: "So, then, neither is he that planteth *anything*, nor he that watereth!" What? Neither presbyter nor bishop,—neither Paul nor Apollos *anything?* Strange words, again we say, from a "High Churchman!" whether Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or of any other denomination, for "High Churchmen" are common to all. Yet not strange from Paul, who knew how true his words were, and that not man, but God, was "everything," who gave the increase.

What, then, was Paul's method of curing schism, and of making men truly one, who had been "divided?"

He directed every eye, and every heart, and every spirit, to one object, JESUS CHRIST, the personal Saviour, the centre and source of unity; in fellowship with whom all men find their fellowship with each other!

"We preach Christ crucified." "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." These are his declarations. And his conclusion from this great and blessed principle is just what we might expect: "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." "Let no man glory in men: for all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Professing Christians would do well to weigh Paul's cure of schism. Our divisions of heart and alienation of spirit have been unworthy of educated men; and to the citizens of a free state, utterly subversive of the whole principles of Protestantism. What! not willing to hear the gospel preached from the lips of a minister of another church? Not willing to remember Jesus with him? Not willing even to be on kind, or, perhaps, speaking terms with him? Such things not only have been, but *are;* and while, thank God, they are repudiated and detested by men of all churches, they are common, we fear, in many districts. No wonder Roman Catholics point at our frequent boasting of Protestant "oneness in all essentials," and ask with triumph, how it happens, then, that we are such enemies on mere non-essentials? How is it that we pretend to be one when attacking Papists, and then turn our backs on each other when left alone? No wonder the High Churchman asks Presbyterians in Scotland when they attack him to be charitable, and to forgive *him* if he never enters our Presbyterian churches, hears our clergy, partakes of our sacraments, when so very many among ourselves practically excommuni-

cate each other! Can he love us more than we love ourselves? Shall we ignore the ministry and ordinances of Presbyterian brethren, and must he, forsooth, acknowledge them? No wonder the infidel lecturer describes to crowds of intelligent mechanics, in vivid and powerful language, the spectacle presented by Christian clergy and congregations, and asks, with a smile of derision, if *this* is a religion of love which they see around them?—if these men believe the gospel?—if Christians have really more kindness and courtesy than "publicans and sinners?" Worse than all, no wonder our churches languish, and the ground is thirsty under our feet, and the heavens as brass over our heads; and men are asking with pain, why the ministry is not producing more spiritual fruit? The churches are, no doubt, *doing* much. We have meetings, associations, and organizations, with no end of committees, resolutions, and motions; we raise large sums of money; we have large congregations; and we take care that the world shall know all we are doing, and that our left hand shall not long remain ignorant of what the right is about; we are bold, forward, impetuous, and not over scrupulous in attacking all who differ from us. Yet all this, and much more, we can do from pride, vanity, love of party, love of power, the spirit of proselytism, and the like. But where is that which man alone cannot do, and God alone can? Where is the growth of the living Church from influences unseen but felt, apparently weak yet omnipotent, as the showers of spring on the mown grass, or as the warming, quickening, and cheering sunlight? Where is the deep, all-pervading, increasing love to Jesus Christ; and the manifestation of his love in us to the Church and to the world? Where the love that seeketh not her own, but beareth all things, endureth all things, and is not easily provoked? Where the carrying of one another's burden, and each man esteeming his neighbour better than himself, and pleasing him to his good for edification? Where the assembling of ourselves as Christians of all churches, to consider one another, and provoke to love and good works?

Are there not districts in Scotland even, especially in the North, where, in this nineteenth century, the Presbyterians are more alienated from one another by fanatical hate than are sincere and pious Protestants from Roman Catholics in Tipperary or Connaught? Who is to blame for this barbarism?

Surely our schisms may be healed, if there be a Saviour to heal them!

Without even becoming one Church outwardly (which is, comparatively speaking, unimportant), we might be one inwardly, and enjoy more of the blessedness of loving and being loved. We might in God's sight *be* better, though in man's sight we might *do* less. If we are ever to deliver our brother from evil, correct error in him, and lead him to all truth, we must first love him. In one word, all will go well with us, our schisms will be healed, our envyings cease, our carnal boastings and gloryings depart, when we can lay down *self* at the Cross, and resolve, like Paul, "to know nothing save JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified!"

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper who love thee. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee! Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy *good*."

HOW AN IRISH GIRL RAISED THE FACTORY.

IN SOME LITERAL EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF HER LATE EMPLOYER.

I HAVE taken on an additional hand, an Irish hand, old fool—not the woman, but I myself. I suppose I must confess to a weakness for these rascals of Paddies,—true king's-jesters, with wit for every one but themselves. However, this is not one of the "low Irish," whom we call the curse of the factories, but a tidy girl from a national school and a pattern mill; Galway born indeed, but Ulster bred. Beveridge, the manager, had refused her, and she waited for me at the gate. "Please Master ("plase Mister," she pronounced it), "if you cannot give me a place, will you give me a direction to another mill? I did not like to keep the manager, for he was busy."

Of course I was not busy, though I had the whole lot, Beveridge and all, on my shoulders. I was disposed to tell the lass to go about her business, to get a list of the mills at her lodging-house, not to plague me; but it was a girlish voice that spoke, without a particle of fear or doubt; and when I looked at the owner, it was a girlish face, with a look of my own little Hay's,—queer enough that, for Hay is thin and white, poor dear; and though she has all that money can get—little enough after all—is ever like a flower in the shade, sweet, dewy, fragrant, but without strength or colour. Now, this girl is stout, and with a show of roses for a mill girl; is high cheek-boned and wide-mouthed; has a Celtic face, but red and white like a daisy; the only thing dark about her is the blue-black hair, which they say is Galway hair. She wears a blue cloth cloak, with the hood drawn

over her head—a faint reflex of a Spanish fashion. Every way it is a great improvement on the dingy shawls drawn over the heads, and the shapeless bonnets of our mill-girls in their work-a-day chrysalis state. On Sundays, they are as fine as they can be, being fully impressed with the superficial notion that "bonnie feathers make bonnie birds." Poor simple, thoughtless lasses.

"Have you worked in a mill before?" I asked gruffly, and out the whole history came, in a flow of words which I could no more stop than I could have arrested the old mill gush, when we worked in the country with the big water-wheel. There I stood, helpless; Knox and Herriot passing and laughing at me, as I could see by their long faces, the sneckdrawers! The lass had no fear or doubt, as I said, except where to put in another smile and another "plase, sir." She had crossed the north channel with some neighbours to get more regular work and higher wages, leaving some old relatives behind her, whom she was to bring over as soon as she could pay their passage-money. A blue look-out this, to whoever saddled themselves with the girl.

I don't believe I was carried off by her "plase, sir," and her glittering teeth, or even by her queer likeness about the eyes and mouth to Hay. Of course I am too old a soldier to be caught by such fancies. But as it was the quickest way to get rid of the girl, and as one hand more or less was not worth a pinch of snuff's consideration, I told Beveridge to find her a place for a week's trial, and bolted from her thanks. She was not profuse in that commodity for her country. She only said, with a flash of a smile, "I'll do my best; and I'm obliged to you for letting me have a chance, Master."

By good luck, the mill is on full time, so that there is no jealousy to be apprehended for a stranger.

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As I passed through the factory, talking with Beveridge, I looked out for my Irish girl, and saw her on the floor with the other tenters, although she did not see me. She was working briskly and pointedly, as if she would do a higher job with extra care. She had off her blue cloak, but I knew her by her blue-black hair, gleaming out from beneath her close cap. Her hair was the only shady thing about her; yet she is not a beauty, with her wide mouth, and her broad cheeks, fresher than ordinary for her class though they be. I asked Beveridge if he knew where she lodged. Daresay the manager wondered at my curosity. "With the Veitches," he said. The Veitches! one of the families Hay groans about; people who eat and drink, and dress and sleep with their whole hearts and souls. Hay says such sets have biscuits and cakes to tea, and pies to supper, flounces to their gowns, and feathers to their bonnets, as long as the tide is at the flow; but so soon as the ebb begins, they are the first at the pawn-shop. Still, it seems they are the readiest to entertain or lodge a stranger.

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Spoke to my Irish friend to-day. She observed me as I walked along, and looked so expectant of a greeting, that I could not resist. The other girls would either have looked down, and been as mute as fishes—the cunning women,—or stared at me doggedly without a sign of recognition, while my Celt lifted up her eyelashes, showed all the ivory of her teeth, and paused, ready with her nod and her reply.

"How are you getting on, my girl? and—eh! What's your name?" Little Hay will have everything wormed out of me about the Irish young woman soon, and she will be mortally disappointed if the name is not forthcoming with the rest. Hay is like the Vicar of Wakefield, she "loves to be particular."

"Honor Barry, sir; thank you for asking; and plase sir, I'm doing finely."

Honor, no! Hay should have been Honor, and Honor, Hay. There is nothing of the fields about my little girl except her name, and I'm sure she's the soul of delicate tender old honour, scrupulous in deeds of self-denial, earnest in search after her fellows to benefit and bless. But this poor lass may have her version of honour too. It was something like it when she answered me so cheerily, and yet I found in half a minute, that she had been accustomed to finer and far more remunerative tenting than what she had been put to. Beveridge is an honest fellow, but he's all for routine, like those we're pleased to call our antiquated Generals,—"last come worst served." Honor was complying with the necessity.

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I'll have enough to do if my workers go on the confessional with me. It was more a bit of confidence than a confession, I suppose, because Honor's been brought up a true-blue Protestant and Presbyterian in the Orange town of Belfast. I caught her watching me to-day, as if she wanted to speak to me, and as I thought the girl looked less blythe than I had seen her do since she came, I was mad enough to provoke a complaint.

There certainly it was: "Oh, Master, will you grant me a word?"

"What is it, Honor Barry?" I demanded sharply, for I feared, from the piteous tone, somebody had been doing the young creature a cruel wrong.

"Peggy and Nelly Veitch are with the piecers in the upper room; plase sir, it's of them I want to speak."

"Are the Veitches ill-using you, girl?"

"Oh no, sir; they are as kind as kind can be to a stranger, and sure, they're as fine-handed as if they were from the old country."

"Then, if you have so much in common, what is your objection to them?" I asked impatiently, and with a little disappointment. I scorn to gossip with my workers, or even with Beveridge. I don't encourage tell-tales, and I did not like to find one in this Honor Barry, though she was no more than an ignorant, impulsive young girl.

"Oh, sir, I've no objection to them," burst out Honor, opening wide her hazel eyes; she had been mending the snapped threads before she stopped here, and stepped aside as if the matter was of such consequence that it could not be mixed with ordinary business. "That is no objection, such as counting myself better than they, and



Honor Barry, from a Sketch by one of the Factory "hands."

casting their faults in their teeth, but Master, I must tell you how the Veitches are going on. The girls are to leave their father and mother, and keep house for themselves, because they are not allowed to go to the penny dances and the singing rooms," concluded Honor, with an extreme gravity approaching to awe and terror.

"Are the Veitches bad girls?" I asked abruptly, frowning to get rid of a little sense of ludicrousness and awkwardness, though I am sixty and odds, and to impress Honor Barry with a stern sense of my morality.'

"What, sir, the girlies?" cried Honor, half in amazement, half in indignation.

"How old are they?" I then asked.

"Peggy is not more than fifteen, and Nelly is only thirteen-and-a-half."

"Humph! discreet ages to set up housekeeping. Do they not attend the school?"

"No, sir, they won't be got over since they were put on full time. They say they're tired of schoolmasters. There's no fun going; it is only for the half-workers and the children."

"They are the judges! But it is their father's

business to keep them at home, Honor, and if you meddle, you may look out for the redder's lick, —you understand?"

She did not understand, but she continued—

"Their father won't give them more liberty; he'll give them anything else, but not that, since his first girl went wrong."

"They must manage the best way they can then. It is clear Veitch should rule his own children, and if he cannot, he must be the sufferer."

And, philosopher as I was, in my old-fashioned coat and checked neckerchief, I condescended to show the wild Irish girl the reason of the matter.

"Honor Barry, you must see a master cannot interfere; there would be no end to such interferences, and they would prove intolerable, in the main, as bad as the meddling of the Jesuits. Girl, I would never stomach them if I were a workman."

"But the girlies," pleaded Honor, with a pertinacity growing plaintive in its repetition, "what is to become of the witless things? You would not like if the young ladies, your own daughters, —green be the grass beneath their feet, Master,— were to leave you, and venture out into the world; you would not blame any one, sir, who helped you to turn them back to the shelter of your roof."

I was wearied with the girl's *naïve* frankness. It was very well for a moment, but soon it got oppressive, and the last comparison had the reverse effect from what she intended,—it annoyed and offended me. To compare my little Hay — my dreaming, unworldly, pure, meek, loving, little girl, who lived for me, for all her fellow-creatures, if they would let her; for beauty, and goodness, and Christ, and God—to those bounding, headstrong, coarse, rude lasses, with their frowsy hair, small brows, thick lips, South Sea Islander passion for glass beads and brass buttons, with their unceremonious slaps and pinches when they were wrathful, and their still more unceremonious hugs when they were kind,—to compare them to my little Hay, all brow and eyes, as shy as a little bird, as gentle as a little lamb! I was hot with affront.

"Honor Barry, I have only one daughter, Miss Hay, and she's not like the girls here. In that light, I could venture her out into the wide world without a thought of fear, except for her breaking her heart over its sins." It showed how much I was left to myself, when I mentioned Miss Hay at all, far less spoke of her in such terms.

But Honor Barry's eyes only grew rounder with interest and wistfulness. "She must be like a saint or an angel, master. I am glad to hear it. If she would stoop down and speak to Peggy and Nelly, maybe they would mind her."

I could fancy little Hay stooping down from Heaven itself to help the ignorant and the unhappy, but I was still more aggrieved by the suggestion.

"Tut, girl, mind your work, this is no place for Miss Hay, neither are the Veitches fit associates for her;" and I turned on my heel to avoid the pained, bewildered look that clouded the honest, cordial eyes, and the sad murmur, "the poor girlies."

Those wretched brats, the Veitches! But how can I help it, if girls of thirteen are judged able to earn women's wages? I say it is a great blessing to many a widow and poor family. If this father and mother cannot inspire their children with due reverence save so long as they are dependent on their parents for the gross material of life, I ask myself crustily, Am I the defaulter?

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Our yearly holiday.* I hope the mill people will make the best of it. They may pack steamers or trains, or tramp in crowds to volunteer reviews according to fancy, but they need not come back to their work to-morrow like so many colts, breaking their knees and galling their backs in their tumble on the turf, and with aching heads and yellow faces. I'm sure Hay was as anxious for good weather as if it had been for her wedding-day. God help my little girl! I'm sure she prayed for fine weather in her prayers last night, and whether in answer to Hay's prayer or not, it has been a good day, with only a light enough breeze to bring down the apple-blossoms, and enough dust to make one glad to get into meadows where there are lush grass and king-cups, and into woods where the larch and the birk are striving which shall busk herself in the gayest gown, and open the sweetest coffer.

Hay had information beforehand, that some of our people were to spend their holiday at the Haughs, near our country-house of Houndslow; and after luncheon, when she had me to herself, she would neither drive nor ride, but would walk in that direction, and have a glimpse of them. I had an objection to the proceeding, as if I were spying upon my own operatives, but I was loath to contradict Hay. She liked to see the Haughs astir with the mill people; old folks seated, men smoking, women gossiping, children playing at games or rolling on the grass; young men and women sauntering and gathering cowslips; a fiddler drawing his bow on a hillock; a company of staid, sober work-people decorously dancing Sir Roger de Coverley. My word, the old Court dance has come down to the people, and this is high life among our fields and hedges,—and an honest Beggar's Opera, too. I don't know that I

* The Queen's birthday.

ever saw its bows and curtsies more profoundly and demurely executed. I certainly never enjoyed them as a spectacle half so much. Then a fellow stood up in the middle of a circle to sing. Phew! that young chap must have pluck. Hark! "The heaving of the lead" rolling over the rye-grass and the clover. How prone land-lubbers are to salt-flavoured ditties!

Hay will have it that these Haughs are picturesque, but I'm ashamed of this freak of the girl's fancy; and she, too, has seen the Gareloch, and Loch Long, and the Kyles, and the Cobbler, and Goatfell.

Hay soon singled out Honor Barry in her blue cloak, and the two half-grown girls, the Veitches, who had enough of children in them yet to be pleased with leaves twisted about their hats. Honor was making herself at home, laughing and telling stories; and she was, evidently, a chief contributor to the diversions. She had instituted a swing for the young ones. She had made them so many daisy chains that, stout girl though she was, if they had all been gathered together, she might have swung in them. She had produced pipes from oat-straws, which squeaked like penny trumpets; and had tied together cowslip balls, which smelt a thousand times sweeter than the girl's ambition—the scent-bottles. She was now summoning oracles into the field; twirling butter-cup stalks, and proclaiming to her grinning auditors whether they liked butter or no, and puffing at the seeds of dandelions in order to calculate what time it was on the mill-clock.

Hay had made acquaintance with Honor by this time, and made a sign to her, to which the girl responded without any consciousness or confusion, though all aglow from her sport. It was as good as a fair. Yet very few had been drinking in the Haughs, and not many of the very young lads—the gossoons, Honor called them—were smoking, as she denounced it as "not wholesome at all, at all," for their fresh, young stomachs. Suddenly Honor beamed round upon me.

"Master, the Veitches have not gone into lodgings after all; it's all right."

I admit I felt relieved, though, of course, it was not my concern.

"Oh, it's all right, is it?" I echoed. "What kept them?" forgetting that it was a dangerous precedent to betray interest.

"They thought better of it, and took a word of advice, and the summer weather is coming in for a walk in the evening, and I'm teaching them to knit an open cotton-stocking. And these are the Veitches," ended Honor, proudly indicating two of those red-headed, freckled, half-honest, half-deficient faces, with their look of mingled simplicity and shrewdness, which strangers say are oftenest met with in Scotland; doubly often in public works, as though the chesnut locks and the turkey-egg complexions were the growth of the north wind and the machinery. A couple of brats, to order meals, and go in and out at their pleasure! Yes, I've no doubt they would have poisoned themselves with sweetmeats, and caught their deaths from draughts within a fortnight. Yet, Andrew Veitch had growled—

"Dang them, let them gang, only they shall not cross my threshold again; that I promise the two young hussies. I will take them by the shoulders and turn them to the door, as I did their sister before them."

Poor Mrs. Veitch exclaimed it would be her death, and held up her hands, and wiped her eyes with her apron, but she had no power to prevent the common rent in the fireside band, until she said, "that at least her bairns should not go out into the world like 'waffies' and times good; she would wash their white petticoats, their cotton stockings, and their braw muslins once again." Sympathetic Honor stayed at home from the mill to help the mother in her last preparations. It was a solemn ceremony, but in the midst of it, while Mrs. Veitch was dropping tears into her starch, and Honor shaking her head while she tested the iron against her round cheek, Peggy and Nelly walked into their dinner. They could not stand the sight, they were not bad-hearted, only ill-advised, arrogant, conceited infants in law, and so Nelly the youngest sat down on her "kist," and cried that she had a sore head, and she was not going away from her mother to-morrow,—she was not going away at all. Upon which Miss Nelly turned, and would have denounced Peggy as the instigator of the deed of disobedience, and disdain, and shocking selfishness; but Honor Barry came between, and clapped them on the shoulders, and hushed them, and stopped their mouths with kisses; and I'm perfectly convinced their mother would take their hands piteously, and thank them for the reprieve, and pledge herself to appease their father, and bear the brunt of his just anger, and engage to do all she could to please them better, as if the infatuated body had been the grand criminal in the case.

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Honor Barry has been nearly a year in the mill, and to my knowledge she has not bought more than a calico gown, a warm shawl, a fresh ribbon or two since she came. Thrifty lass, and generous as thrifty, for I am aware that she is gathering her money into a sum sufficient to bring over the old relatives, whom she is not frightened to take upon her young shoulders. God bless them! Hay tells me she understands the Veitches are a little less foolish in their way of living since Honor dwelt among them. Mrs. Veitch has sponged her old

gown instead of buying a brand-new one. The girls have acquired an ambition to have purses of their own like Honor; instead of wearing their hard-won gains like those of the old knights on their silly backs. Nay, Hay assures me with moist eyes, that it has been certified to her those violent uncouth girls have eaten their plain slice of bread that they might carry their delicate bits to invalid companions, because Honor would live simply, and would find it a choice luxury to procure a dainty at a time, for an ailing neighbour.

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Honor has another grievance. She was in a passion to-day, and insisted that she did well to be angry. "Peggy Veitch is going to get married, sir; she's keeping company with young Roland, and he has even persuaded her to marry him at Martinmas."

"What, then, Honor? Women must marry. You're not going to set up your back against the holy state of matrimony?" "Oh, ho!" I said to myself, "this comes of blue cloaks, and lessons, and visiting the sick; the lass is uplifted above human nature, like the nuns with their 'vocation' in the Middle Ages.

"Peggy is only seventeen," averred Honor, flaming up more and more.

"She'll grow older."

"Young Roland is not twenty."

"Well, he'll grow older too. They are a pair of young fools, you know, Honor; but there is no law to prevent them tying themselves together by the same tether, although they should be

'Twa doos that hae nae dovecot,'

and I thought of my good Lady Nairne's humorous wise song.

"And Roland wants Peggy to continue working in the mill," went on Honor, plucking at her apron.

"So I shall not lose my workers," I observed, to try the girl.

"He's a baste of a man to ask it," cried out Honor with an astounding burst of Celtic ire.

"Why, Honor, where's the harm? they cannot marry unless they club their means."

"And where's the home, sir; and what do they want to marry for without the home? How will the lass get the thoughts or ways of a wife unless in the breathing space when she's spending all the day making the house bright for him, and looking out for his return? Mother learnt all her songs, and the most of her hymns, when father first made her his wife."

"But, Honor, this pretty, private housekeeping of yours would be an expensive process for working folk."

"All the people of the earth are made of the same flesh, Master, and they can work and wait. What hinders them from working and waiting?" urged Honor, with her faithful, fearless look into the future. "Only he's a baste, and will not work till his arm's fit to drop, or miss a spree, for any woman or child, and she's nought but a weak wench," ended Honor, with a gesture of strong disgust.

"I was not aware that Young Roland was such a reprobate."

Honor started and looked up at me, to see if I was serious, and got much vexed.

"Oh, my tongue runs away with me. I could bite it out when it plays such tricks, and goes abusing people. Don't credit that Young Roland is a bad one from what I said; please don't, sir; he worked on when there was word of a strike three months ago; and he's terribly fond of Peggy. I daresay it is a trial to him," grunted Honor in a low tone.

. . . . . .

Honor Barry hurt in the mill; not badly, no; not badly, only her shoulder and her arm; but I cannot tell how it could happen, and she so active and attentive; she set her teeth either with pain or resolution, and gave no explanation, open as she has been. I've a notion it was through one of these worthless Veitches—worthless compared to Honor. Honor had words with the girl on the imprudent marriage on which she was bent, and the two former friends were hardly on speaking terms. Honor took it to heart; and when Peggy Veitch, with her recklessness, was going too near one of the wheels, Honor had not presence of mind to stop her in the usual way, but pushed in between, and was caught and partly dragged forward herself. And now, poor thing, she lies heroically silent, while the girl Veitch is in an agony of repentance and remorse, as she well may be. Poor Honor, it might have been a fatal accident; and you such a good, friendly, merry girl; the only one almost with a mouthful of common sense and mother-wit; who said Master as you would have said friend, and yet never presumed, was the furthest from presumption; a reverential, loving, human being, a stranger, too. I remember, now, when you spoke to me first of these girls Veitch setting up house for themselves, you muttered that if evil befell them, it would be worse than if tidings were carried back to your grandfather and grandmother and poor mother in old Ireland, that their girl had been plucked up and whirled round by one of the big wheels, and it has proved a prophecy. These Veitches, too, who are at the bottom of the disaster, go about their dusky work unharmed. Are the good always to be the victims, always to be bound to the altar as the sacrifice? But the old kindred are just about to be shipped to the child,

after she has worked with such steadfastness, constancy, and sweet affection to receive them. Ay, that must be seen to.

. . . . . .

I fell into a common fault. I admired this hearty, healthy, Irish lass Honor, and I fancied she must be sufficient for all emergencies. I did not suppose that she would be, as they tell me she is, a restless baby on a sick-bed, wanting to be up and doing, fretting that she is laid on her back, counting the money she must spend in her sickness, leaping to the monstrous conclusion that the whole establishment, workers, manager, master, must go wrong because of her absence. The lass must be light in the head with her injury; where in the world has her fine self-control and reasonableness gone?

All to the fore yet, jumbled and overturned as they may be. Hay has come to the rescue, and found what there was a risk we would lose sight of. She can point out how sorry Honor is for giving trouble, how penitent after a fretful or morose fit, how soft to Peggy Veitch, whose turnip face is swollen with crying, and whose heart is turned like a stone to young Roland. Even Roland has some manly compunction, either from the threatened danger to his sweetheart, or from the actual damage to Honor. I saw him hovering disconsolately about the door. Serve them right! I could rap the empty heads of that lad and lass together with great satisfaction. Hay says it is all because Honor is not used to sickness, and laughs, and recalls how she herself could bear a darkened room and rice-water for weeks and weeks together, and could amuse herself with the very flickering shadows of the leaves on the floor at Houndslow, and the inverted, oddly fore-shortened reflections of the passers-by thrown up on the ceiling of the room in the square in Glasgow, and scarcely know what weariness meant. Nor did my patient little girl; but it is a mighty mercy to me that experience belongs to the past. Honor is fond of hearing of that sickness of months and years. It does her more good than anything, lying there with her fever-flushed face and tossed limbs standing out against the pale checked curtains and the faded patched quilt. Honor does not agree that resignation is a mere matter of custom; she thinks "Miss Hay, the darling," is the meek Mary who had the one thing needful, and she is the boisterous Martha who needed to be cast down and bruised and broken.

. . . . . .

Honor is better to-day,—sure sign she has forgotten herself entirely,—and is as pleased and proud as a peacock because young Roland and Peggy Veitch have agreed to defer their marriage till they see their way more clearly, or are more fit to be man and wife.

. . . . . .

That provoking piece of precious womankind is on her feet again, tottering about with a white face all radiant. She will be in the mill in another week, among these wheels "singing, droning," getting herself killed outright, if she is not prevented. There was no keeping her still after those two crows and that comical carle, smirched with age but sparkling with inextinguishable Irish gaiety, arrived, doing a reversal of the experience of Naomi,—setting off in their old age at the first wag of the finger, to follow the fortunes of their Ruth. Then Honor bounded up like an india-rubber ball. She to lie on her bed, and old grandfather and grandmother and mother to sit on chairs, and look at her! She must wait on them; the more they wanted to wait on her, the more she was determined on the contrary. She must provide for them. It was kind in Master and Miss Hay to bring them over, but she must provide for them. And right, too! God has given them to her and she to them, and by my word she shall have her will. Everybody will be glad to see her back in the mill, from dry-haired Beveridge to the careworn fathers of the lads and lasses she sought to serve, and the thoughtless lads and lasses themselves. They would miss a balmy, breezy spirit like Honor from her stand at their side, as they would miss a mild spirit like Hay placed above them in her watch-tower.

. . . . . .

That girl Honor Barry has improved the family of Veitches, and through them the eddy of her influence is circling fainter, but still distinctly visible, among the other hands in the mill. And I cannot say that the healthful disturbance of the old gross, sluggish current, will end here, but will affect the hands in other mills. Honor has gone to school again in the evenings, as she says, "not to forget her larning," and many of the elder girls have followed her example, till Hay has been pricked on to carry through her cherished scheme of a regular sewing-school for the young women in connexion with the school at the mill, and it has been so solidly successful that she talks now quite openly and courageously of such enormities as cooking-schools and singing-classes. I will hold I have got off cheap if she does not proceed to the Greek alphabet and conic sections. I declare I don't think there is near so much guzzling and snoozing, to say nothing of rioting, as there used to be among the mill-people. I see the lasses' names in the library books, and where the lasses take the lead, the lads come, blate and awkward, sneaking after.

ON GLACIERS.

PART I.

"It is a gauntlet of ice which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the sun, and year by year the sun strives to lift from the ground on the point of his glittering spear."—LONGFELLOW.

THE quaintly elegant conceit which this sentence of the American poet expresses rests on a real physical phenomenon, which will continue for all ages to excite a pleasing surprise, on the first sight of a glacier, in the minds even of those who are perfectly acquainted with the laws by which it can be adequately explained.

Long familiarity with the fact—learnt either from observation or early instruction—that mountain-tops extend into regions of ever-enduring cold, makes it a matter of no astonishment to any of us that *there* snow and ice should abound, and that in those elevated regions, rarely trod by the foot of man, verdure disappears, and perpetual winter usurps an undisturbed possession of the soil.

It is much otherwise, however, when the ice of the upper world seems to threaten an invasion of valleys fitted for human occupation. Nor is any aspect of Switzerland, for instance, more curiously beautiful than what we obtain in some warm and wooded valley, when with our back turned to the snowy Alps —concealed, moreover, by the shadows of the pines —we have suddenly brought before us at an unexpected turn the glittering pinnacles of a snow-white glacier, wasting, indeed, under the meridian heat, yet apparently unconsumed, and, it may be, in close contact with pastures, fruit-trees, corn-fields, and human habitations. Such a relic of winter perpetuated all the summer long, and stationary, or apparently so, from year to year, and from century to century, is certainly a standing paradox.

It is of late years only that either poets or philosophers have condescended to pay much attention to these, the most characteristic and most wonderful elements of Alpine scenery. Until within a generation or two, travellers, whether in search of the sublime or the picturesque, hurried, wrapped in furs, over the Alps, as if the aspects which they revealed were only endurable as a foil to more genial and interesting scenes.* Physical geographers, though less incurious, seemed to give a reluctant attention to the glacier-world; and some even of the most accomplished of them betrayed, by their mistakes, the reluctant brevity of their researches in those realms of ice. Artists, also, have shrunk, until recently, from the faithful portraiture of those glittering fields, which disturb the conventional balance of light, shade, and colour in common landscapes. It is but of late that some bolder pencils have ventured to portray the truth of the Alps, as Mr. Ruskin, in his noble volume on *Mountain Beauty*,† has vindicated for the glacier and snowy peak their legitimate place as objects of art.

It is so frequently remarked by Swiss tourists, that their first impression on seeing a glacier is one of disappointment, that we must be prepared to allow that there is a foundation for the feeling. All glaciers are not equally striking, and perhaps few are approached under circumstances fitted to show them to full advantage. Many are disfigured by sand and rocky fragments obscuring the purity of their surface; others intersect valleys, otherwise beautiful, upon mounds of their own debris, which almost painfully recall a railway embankment, and seem like works of art, gigantic, indeed, yet out of harmony with the sweeping outlines of mountain slopes. In perhaps every instance, also, the apparent incongruity of a mountain of unmelted ice piled up in a sunny valley suggests a contrariety almost too unaccountable to be entirely pleasing. In this we find a fresh proof of the general principle that merely æsthetic as well as intellectual pleasures are immeasurably enhanced by a capacity for appreciation which has been enlarged by knowledge and experience. The more we study objects of human art, the more perfectly do we discern their beauties; not less so in the contemplation of nature, and most of all in those parts of creation in which the mystery of beauty and greatness is in a measure shrouded by what, to the untutored mind, offers something of sternness and repulsion,—the ocean in tempest, the thunder-storm, and the glacier.

Except to a certain class of minds, the interest which the scenery of the higher Alps, and especially of glaciers, excites, is certain to grow by a repeated and close acquaintance with their phenomena. And as these are by no means palpable at first sight, even to persons possessing the full enjoyment of eye-sight, and of ordinary faculties for noting what they see, it is proposed in this strictly popular sketch to attempt to convey an idea of what is most instructive and curious about glaciers, as well to those who may not have the opportun-

* See, for example, Gray's *Letters*.

† Vol. iv. of *Modern Painters*.

ity of visiting them, as to those who, having the opportunity, may wish to use it well.

The existence of what we strictly call *glaciers* is not revealed by those distant panoramic views, which enchant the eye of the spectator who is fortunate enough to see the Swiss Alps from Neufchatel, for example, or from the heights of the Jura.* But they are seen in their true relations to the perpetual snows which cover the highest ranges, when we view these from such closer stations as the Breven at Chamouni, and the Faulhorn at Grindelwald. The glaciers are then intuitively understood to be *ice rivers*, or outlets from the vast snow-fields, whose winter accumulations, only partially thawed by the whole warmth of summer, are found stored in the spacious valleys which wind through the deepest recesses of the Alps. A truer idea of the relation of the Glacier to the Snow-field is to be obtained from such elevated and comparatively distant stations than from the surface of the ice itself.

Most usually, however, the tourist reaches the glacier valley through the prolongation of the valley itself. He is thus debarred from any comprehensive view, and is brought, almost at once, face to face with the glacier.

These icy masses—these out-pourings of perennial snows—descend at Chamouni to a level of 3400 English feet above the sea, and at Grindelwald, of only 3300 feet. To these valleys we cannot attribute an annual heat of much less than 45 degrees of Fahrenheit, which is the temperature of many parts of Scotland; whilst in summer it is by comparison vastly hotter. No wonder, then, that we find verdure and cultivation in close contact with the ice. In a majority of instances, however, we have a warning of our approach to these lingering monuments of winter. We often find that a desolate interval occurs between the last traces of man's handiwork, or of the luxuriance of forest or field, and the ice pyramids or bastions. This interval is frequently a mere valley of stones, where vegetation has taken no hold, and which, moreover, is devastated by periodic incursions of the flooded stream, escaping from underneath the glacier, and making its devious and ever-changing course amongst the bullet-shaped stones and gravel of which the soil is composed. The stream itself, foaming and tumbling along, dislodges from time to time these gigantic pebbles, and, grinding them together, hurries them forward with a noise at once discordant and imposing, from the sense of power which it conveys. The stream is turbid to an extreme degree, especially in summer, when, by the melting of the snow and ice, it attains its greatest volume. This turbidity is occasioned by the intimate suspension in the water of the pulverized matter of the rocks, abraded by the incessant friction of the glacier. These first elements of soil are carried to prodigious distances in all directions by the noble rivers which radiate from the Alpine chain, and they contribute to form the alluvial *deltas* found at the mouths of those rivers in the very opposite regions of the German Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea.

Let us now proceed to survey the Glacier itself. For clearness, we shall take its three divisions in succession: *First*, Its terminal portion—that which attains the level of the valley. *Secondly*, Its middle region, where the glacier proper is most characteristically seen. *Thirdly*, The *nêvé*, or upper glacier, and the ice-covered summits.

I.—THE TERMINAL PORTION OR INFERIOR GLACIER.

The lower end of a glacier is usually nearly inaccessible. It rises either in cleft masses and towering pyramids of ice, or else in a steep and tolerably unbroken convex surface. In the latter case the danger of climbing directly upon it is increased by the circumstance that almost invariably stones descend from the upper surface. Being disengaged from the ice by the heat of the sun, they keep up a dangerous intermittent fire upon the heads of those who approach too near. On this account it is almost always best to gain the upper surface of the glacier by a lateral track over rocks or turf. The most striking feature of the extremity of the glacier is the vault or cavern in the ice from whence flows the full bodied stream already spoken of. This vault increases in size and height as summer advances. The beautiful blue tint of the ice, and the tender illumination of the interior, caused by the semi-transparency of the ice, give it a character at once peculiar and exquisite. Accordingly the source of the Arveron at Chamouni, and that of the Lutschine at Grindelwald, have been the resort of tourists ever since Switzerland was a centre of attraction. The blueness of the glacier is even intenser than it is commonly supposed to be. The writer possesses a correct drawing, from the truthful pencil of Mr. Barnard, of the Grindelwald glacier, which appears almost extravagant in point of colour, but is yet essentially accurate. The

* I say *fortunate*, advisedly. It is rather exceptional, that a traveller hastening through the defiles of the Jura, or across the lower parts of Switzerland, catches one of those celestial glimpses of the distant range of Alps, which convey to the mind a sense of more than earthly sublimity, rendered the more impressive by its invariable disappearance as the heat of the day advances. I speak of what happens at least in summer mornings, when the entire phenomenon has rather the character of a vision of glory than of a sublunary landscape.

charming glacier of Rosenlaui, which is equally well known, abounds in such magical grottos. The blue colour is probably inherent both in river water and in ice. It is manifested, as every one knows, in the Rhone at Geneva, and in other rivers, and it may be detected in favourable circumstances in newly fallen snow when viewed by transmitted light.*

We have mentioned the stones which slide or roll from the terminal face of the glacier. These vary in size from that of a house to the finest gravel. They are generally most abundant near the sides of the glacier, as we shall immediately proceed to explain. But it is here worthy of remark, that the continued discharge of the rocky freight of the glacier upon the ground at its termination

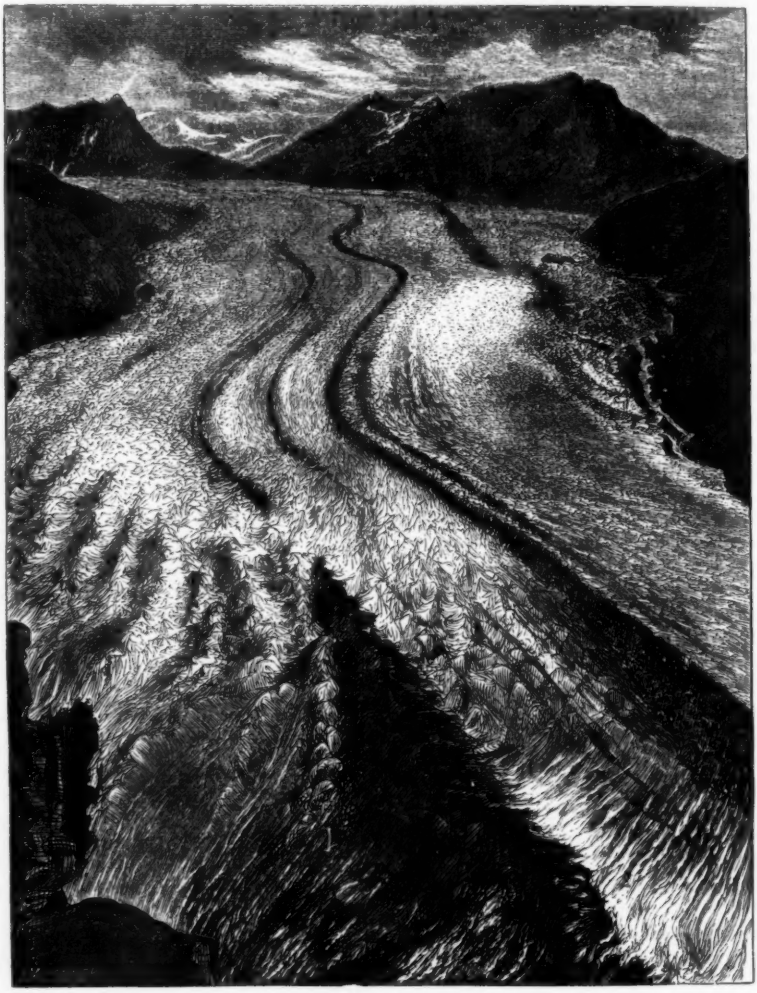

Fig. 1.—View of the Aletsch Glacier.

inevitably forms mounds, which go on increasing from age to age, and as it might appear, without limit. That these accumulations are not larger than we find them to be, is a just ground for arguing, that existing causes have not worked indefinitely without powerful modification. Such modifications might be found in geological catastrophes of various kinds, as, for instance, the celebrated *dêbâcle* of 1818, in the valley of Bagnes, when a glacier, acting as a barrier to an impetuous stream and then suddenly giving way, became the origin of a flood of almost unexampled violence, thus

* The writer believes that he first called attention to this fact.

clearing the valley of rocky obstructions raised by the glacier itself. But a more direct process may be found in the important variations in the magnitude of glaciers themselves, which occupy, one year with another, greater or less areas. Such invasions and alternate retreats of the ice-floods of the Alps are chronicled in almost every valley. After a series of cold snowy years, the glacier forces itself forward into the midst of woods and pastures untouched by it perhaps for centuries, pushing before it with its icy ploughshare the thick turf in wrinkled folds to a great distance in advance. Again, after a group of hot or dry seasons, the glacier dwindles, and leaves behind it in the valley which it had overspread, a wilderness of rolled stones and abraded rocks, without one single blade of grass. This space, termed by the Germans *Gletscherboden*, is usually free from the angular blocks which we have spoken of as borne down on the surface of the glacier, and which have all been shoved to a lower part of the valley. Now it is found that, valleys surmounted by glaciers at their origin, are dotted over, more or less, with such primitive boulders for distances of miles and miles from such glaciers. The probability is, that in a remote geological epoch, the rock-depositing ice had invaded these lower valleys, and that in its gradual retreat it has distributed over an enormous surface, the materials which otherwise would have formed accumulations even more gigantic than we see.

Before we quit the terminal or lowest portion of the glacier, let us notice an important conclusion to which the mere inspection of the ice in such a situation inevitably conducts us. The glacier, as we have already observed, is there exposed to a thousand thawing influences, the intense sunshine, the mild rains, and the perpetual contact of warm air which at night does not necessarily in summer even approach to the freezing-point. And there indeed we see the substance of the ice wasting in every direction. Above, below, within, it trickles with water at every pore. It is in a state of actual dissolution, and yet the Glacier neither disappears nor diminishes. Of this paradox there can be but one explanation. The glacier can only be maintained by the constant though imperceptible advance of its entire mass from the mountains towards the lower valley. At one season, or in one year, the supply of ice may exceed the waste at its extremity, and consequently it may appear to invade the valley. At another time, the waste predominating over the supply, the glacier seems to retreat. Yet in truth it is always in an advancing state, and its general stability of position results from a nice balance between the contending powers of dissolution and reproduction. Hence the progressive descent of a glacier, not at its lowest point merely but throughout its entire length, is an incontrovertible truth, even were it based on such general considerations alone.

II.—THE MIDDLE GLACIER.

The most characteristic view of a glacier is obtained from its central region, or that which intervenes between the terminal slope, where it precipitates itself (often with considerable steepness) into the lower valley, and the upper snow-fields and icy slopes which repose within the recesses of the mountains, or which cling to the highest acclivities of the giant summits of the chain. This middle region is usually the most level portion, and the larger and more extended the glacier, the slope is there more gentle, and the accessibility greater. The two greatest glaciers of Mont Blanc, the Mer de Glace, and Glacier of Miage, present in many places comparatively unbroken surfaces of cohering ice of an extent really vast, and, apparently, still vaster. In another well-known group of mountains, that which lies between Berne and the Vallais, we have two not less noble glaciers, those of the Lower Aar and of Aletsch, the last being the greatest, and perhaps the most majestic, in Europe.

No traveller has done any justice to the scenery of Switzerland, who has not made a point of surveying a glacier from a commanding position towards its central region. Such a view has, for a century, formed the attraction of tourists to the Montanvert at Chamouni, and within the last fifteen years or less, has been drawing them to survey the great ice-stream of Monte Rosa—the Gorner glacier —from the Riffelberg, and the Aletsch glacier from the Æggischhorn. These three points offer the accommodation of hotels, and those who really desire to enter into the charm and mystery of the glacier-world, would do well to remain at one or other, not for a few hours merely, as ordinary tourists do, but for some days and nights, so as to know what are the aspects of these Alpine scenes under the varying circumstances of sunshine and twilight, when the glacier reflects the placid moonlight, or is fitfully illuminated by the midnight thunderstorm. All its aspects are inexpressibly grand and emphatic. Those who have never witnessed them but whilst surrounded by an unthinking, busy crowd of pleasure-seekers, may be sure that they have narrowly missed enjoyments to which this earth offers few parallels. From all these localities, it is not difficult to penetrate at leisure over the icy highway of the glacier into the deepest and sternest recesses of the mighty Alps. The awfulness of solitude in scenes where no single trace of human life could even with a telescope be discovered, the purity of the snows, the calm of the glacier expanse over which the eye

wanders as over the ocean vainly seeking to measure distance on its resplendent level, the soaring pinnacles of the *Aiguilles*, rising like cathedral spires towards the deep-set blue of that cloudless heaven, from whence the invigorating beams of a midsummer sun convey a grateful warmth,—how do these glorious recreations of the senses and of the spirit awake in us a conviction of the greatness, yet also of the goodness, of God; of the littleness, yet also of the high destinies, of man! Seated there all alone, or with but one faithful and unobtrusive companion, the wanderer may well feel grateful to be permitted to taste such pure emotions of reverential joy. Spiritually, as well as physically, he has left earth in a measure beneath him, and tastes that freedom from meaner cares and interests which may be, under right guidance, the persuasive to true and heartfelt devotion:—

> "Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
> In solitude, where we are *least* alone:
> A truth which through our being then doth melt
> And purifies from self."

Yet a while, and the scene changes; not to one of less magnificence, yet more fraught with an awful sense of power, and, it may be, of fear. The heavens blacken, the muttering thunder is heard, and the tempest approaches with a rapidity of which the wanderer has little warning, and perhaps less experience. He has been lured into the recesses of the mountains, having the wide-spread glacier, easily traversed in the morning, interposed between him and effectual shelter or aid. As the wind howls from crag to crag in fitful gusts, and the heavy pellets of hail fall thicker, and the sullen roar of heaven's artillery bursts into louder crashes, and blinding lightnings seem to strike the earth at his very feet, then is he driven to desert the poor rocky shelter under which, at first, he cowered, and, for ultimate safety, to brave the elemental war even in its own regions of intensest strife. He may then learn to realize in some measure what are the terrors of these glacier scenes when traversed in the wintry or autumnal season of the year. To the other obstacles to be encountered may be added the *tourmente*, or whirlwind, with its freight of blinding snow, driven every way at once, and with its mortal chill stupifying the inner man at the moment when the elements seem to conspire to deprive the wanderer of the exercise of his outward senses. Then it requires the strong nerve and steady power of pilotage, which is to some men a natural gift, for safe extrication from the bewilderments of the glacier which often, even in sunshine, perplex the less experienced traveller. There is no time for picking steps and taking cautious circuits; *crevasses* are leaped, before which at another time he would quail, and should the party be a numerous one, then it is too often "each man for himself." In these struggles for life often has friend left friend to perish, and brother brother, though often, too, the noble instinct of self-sacrifice has prevailed, and both have sunk or both been saved.

But it is time to return from our digression to the nearer inspection of the Middle Glacier. Though comparatively even and unbroken, it is not always easy to make progress on its surface. The novice is astonished by the magnitude of the icy hillocks which, from the shore, appeared to be but ripples, or at most, gently heaving billows on its wide expanse. They are numerous, steep, and separated by deep clefts called *crevasses*, which compel the pedestrian to make continual circuits. So much is this the case that, except in very exceptional instances, the course across a glacier consists of enormous zig-zags, including countless acclivities to be ascended, and slopes down which the pedestrian must cautiously scramble. A mile an hour is not too moderate an estimate of progress over an average glacier of considerable extent and variety of surface. Hence the natural inference as to the area of a glacier, derived from the expenditure of muscular power in traversing it, seconds the deception arising from optical causes, and there is, perhaps, not an instance in which, previously to actual survey, the dimension of glaciers has not been over-estimated.

Crevasses.—The clefts or crevasses of which we have spoken are common to all glaciers. They tend in general to stretch *across* the glacier, and, *in plan*, their direction is slightly arched upwards, that is, forms a curve convex towards the origin of the glacier. To infer from this that the sides of the glacier move faster than the centre (as it might seem natural to do) would, however, be incorrect. The reverse is the case. The crevasses, which seemed to the spectator to be almost the most impressive feature of the glacier, and from their immense size and depth, to be among the most permanent of its conditions, are in reality short-lived, undergoing continual mutation. Most of them, probably, are sealed up every autumn by and during the reconsolidation of the glacier due to its enormous weight and its plastic nature, and they reappear in spring, subject to the conditions of strain which the form of the rocky channel imposes. Hence, year after year the same systems of crevasses, and the same intricacies of glacier obstacles, recur on the ice opposite to the same rocky promontories and indentations. The guides recognise them from year to year; but, though strikingly similar, they are, in consequence of the continual descent of the glacier, really new. The dimension of crevasses in the glacier proper is very considerable, perhaps occasionally extending trans-

versely for one-third of a mile, and the breadth of such a crevasse may be from one to ten yards, or more. The depth is uncertain; the sides being nearly vertical, it is almost impossible to sound them with a plummet. Perhaps it rarely exceeds 100 feet, and is oftener half that quantity. Casual observation would lead us to suppose it much greater. The depth of any large glacier being certainly many hundred feet, we can understand that the crevasses, being, in fact, superficial furrows or gashes, have not that mechanical importance which we might, at first sight, suppose. The glacier, *as a whole*, possesses continuity and coherence, and is entirely removed from the condition of a mass of icy fragments confusedly shot down a slope. It is very doubtful whether such a description can be given of any glacier which does not descend *by avalanches* over absolutely precipitous places.

Structure of the Ice.—When we look into a crevasse in a well-formed glacier, two remarkable peculiarities strike us. The first is, that in many parts of the glacier (and more conspicuously near its edges), the ice is traversed by beautiful veins, usually nearly vertical; and as these follow a direction not very different from one parallel to the bank, they are cut through nearly at right angles by the crevasses. When best displayed, the varied structure of the ice closely resembles that of chalcedony or marble, and varies by the tenderest shades of colour imaginable, from blue-green to greenish-white. We shall not here attempt to explain the manner in which this remarkable structure seems to be developed. The other observation which the examination of a crevasse naturally suggests, is the perfect purity of the ice, and the absence of any rock or even pebble enclosed within it, although the surface of the glacier (as we shall immediately show), is in many parts covered with such fragments, which, falling into the crevasses, might be expected to be confused with the substance of the ice.

Moraines.—To perceive the interest and curiosity attaching to the facts last mentioned and others allied to them, we next direct attention to the rocky charge or freight which, as we stated before, a glacier is continually bearing downwards from its mountain recesses to the lower valleys. These stony accumulations on the surface of the glacier are called "moraines." Their origin and distribution, and the local peculiarities which they present, suggest many interesting considerations.

The Moraines of glaciers are either *lateral* or *medial*. The lateral moraine is a fringe of rocky fragments more or less angular, and of almost every conceivable magnitude, which coats the parts of the ice adjoining either bank of the glacier, and extends throughout the greater part of its length. The medial moraines are ridges of similar materials, also disposed lengthways on the glacier-surface, but occupying its middle portion, and separated by a wide, clear space of ice from the lateral fringes before mentioned. There may also be several of these medial moraines perfectly distinct from and parallel to one another. In some glaciers these singular arrays of blocks have an almost artificial aspect, and seem like gigantic causeways erected by human hands, and extending for miles upon the glacier. The view of the Aletsch glacier on p. 344, gives an idea of the general course and aspect of these moraines. Their artificial appearance is heightened by the fact that the blocks of which they are composed are usually quite angular, as if fresh from the quarry, and also that they are somewhat elevated, especially near the centre, above the lateral ice-fields.

To explain the occurrence of lateral moraines, we must accept as admitted the fact that the glacier is in a condition of continual but imperceptible motion in the direction of the valley. Were other proofs wanting, the moraine itself furnishes one of the most palpable. The peasants of Chamouni have long observed that a conspicuous block thus borne upon the ice is found every successive summer opposite to new portions of the shore or valley wall of the glacier. All that rests upon the ice travels with it, however slowly. The action of weather and the elements is, year by year, detaching from the cliffs and aiguilles by which glaciers are hemmed in, portions of their rocky substance. Of these agents of dismemberment alternate frosts and thaw are the most irresistible: and it is superfluous to say that glaciers abound most in localities where the temperature undergoes the most violent and considerable changes about the freezing-point. Every spring, in particular, there are detached, not from one but from a thousand rocky spurs or dominant crags, their annual tribute of blocks, which bounding or sliding down ravines or slopes of snow or rock, inevitably find their level on the surface of the glacier at which these slopes and inclines invariably terminate. Deposited on the ice, the ice carries them along with its irresistible march; but the deposition of stones continues, and the same ravine (or *couloir*, as it is locally called) affords in successive months and successive years an unfailing supply of similar materials, which thus contribute their contingent to the lateral moraine. The same process going on at a hundred or more different points, past which the glacier is successively carried, we can understand the general uniformity of the stony selvage of the glacier web.

The Medial Moraines, which, as we have seen, divide the glacier lengthways into parallel strips, have their origin in the lateral moraines of the inde-

pendent branch-glaciers which unite (exactly as tributary rivers do) to form a common stream. This process will be more plainly understood from Fig. 2, which gives an ideal plan of a glacier having four tributary branches, A, B, C, and D. Each of these glaciers being fringed right and left by its lateral moraine, the two ice-streams, as A and B, when they unite, necessarily contribute their rocky charges also, which, coalescing at *e*, form the medial Moraine No. 1 of the common stream. No. 2 is, in like manner, derived from the point of union *f*, of the glaciers B and C, and No. 3 from the point *g*, where the branch glacier D joins the trunk glacier. One result of this curious arrangement is that each moraine accurately represents the mineralogical character of the spur of the mountains whence it takes its origin, and which might otherwise be inaccessible to the hammer of the geologist. This circumstance was unquestionably known to the crystal-hunters of the Alps before glacialists had satisfied themselves of the origin of these "giant's causeways."*

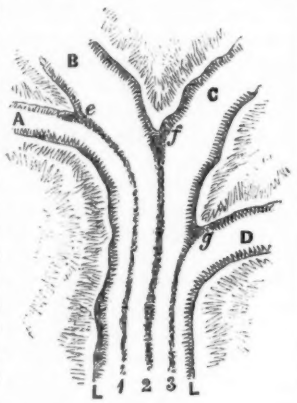

Fig. 2.

Since a moraine resembles nothing so much as the mounds of "*pierres perdues*" which we see thrown out fresh from a quarry to form the basement of a pier or sea-wall, it may easily be imagined what a chaos they form after they have been tossed hither and thither by the labouring movements of the glacier, and by the opening of crevasses amongst and beneath those massy piles. The following description, by the present writer, of the Glacier de Miage, on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, may give a faint idea, to those who have not witnessed such scenes, of their extraordinary peculiarities :—

"The narrowness of the main valley [in which the Glacier de Miage lies] makes it like an unfinished excavation intended to have cut the chain of Mont Blanc in two, and struck me with surprise, although I was somewhat prepared for it, after viewing the prodigious mass of solid matter which the glacier has poured into the Allée Blanche. It may be cited as a most striking instance of excavation by the ceaseless action of seemingly trifling causes.

"The continual fall of fragments detached from the neighbouring summits, loads the glacier with débris, which it bears incessantly down from the head of the valley; and as we judge of the size of a quarry from viewing its rubbish-heaps, so here we have the mould and the cast, the die and the relief, the matter transported, and the spot of its excavation. . . . I scarcely ever remember to have had a more laborious or rougher walk than the traverse of the lower part of the Glacier de Miage. . . . After struggling for a long time amongst fissures and moraines, I at ength mounted a heap of blocks higher than the rest, and surveyed at leisure the wonderful scene of desolation, which might compare with that of chaos, around me. The fissures were numerous and large, not regular like those of the Mer de Glace, traversing the glacier laterally, but so uneven, and at such angles, as often to leave nothing like a plain surface to the ice, but a series of unformed ridges, like the heaving of a sluggish mass struggling with intestine commotion, and tossing about over its surface, as if in sport, the stupendous blocks of granite, which half choke its crevasses, and to which the traveller is often glad to cling when the glacier itself yields him no farther passage. It is then that he surveys with astonishment the strange law of the ice-world, that stones always falling seem never to be absorbed; that, like the fable of Sisyphus reversed, the lumbering mass, ever falling, never arrives at the bottom, but seems urged by an unseen force still to ride on the highest pinnacles of the rugged surface. But let the pedestrian beware how he trusts to these huge masses, or considers them as stable. Yonder huge rock which seems 'fixed as Snowdon,' and which interrupts his path along a narrow ridge of ice, having a gulf on either hand, is so nicely poised, 'obsequious to the gentlest touch,' that the fall of a pebble, or the pressure of a passing foot, will shove it into one or other abyss, and the chances are, may carry him along with it. Let him beware, too, how he treads on that gravelly bank, which seems to offer a rough and sure footing, for underneath there is sure to be the most pellucid ice; and a light footstep there, which might not disturb a rocking stone, is pregnant with danger. All is on the eve of motion. Let him sit awhile, as I did, on the moraine of Miage, and watch the silent energy of the ice and the sun. No animal ever passes, but yet the stillness of death is not there;

* Thus, at the Mer de Glace of Chamouni, the rose-coloured crystals of fluor spar, which are highly valued by mineral collectors, are and have been always sought upon the particular medial moraine which descends from the tributary glacier of Talèfre, and has its origin at the "Tours des Courtes," where the substance is found *in situ*.

the ice is cracking and straining onwards—the gravel slides over the bed to which it was frozen during the night, but now lubricated by the effect of sunshine. The fine sand detached, loosens the gravel which it supported, the gravel the little fragments, and the little fragments the great, till, after some preliminary noise, the thunder of clashing rocks is heard, which settle into the bottom of some crevasse, and all is again still. In walking over ordinary rugged ground or rocks, the presumption is, that the masses have become shaken into the position of stable equilibrium; that is, that if a block be movable, it will tend to roll back to its former position. But, on the glacier, the conditions are exactly reversed, and the consequences are proportionally more serious."*

The mention in this extract of the effect of sunshine in thawing the surface of the ice, and thus loosening the stones on its surface and throwing them into unwonted positions, requires further notice, for it leads to some important and to some curious results. J. D. FORBES.

GOD'S HAND IN THE PADDLE POWER OF ENGLAND.

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN A HERTFORDSHIRE DISSENTING SCHOOL-ROOM.

THALES, a Greek philosopher, maintained that the sea was the mother of life. And we have drawn some of our noblest national life from the sea. We may look upon the ocean influence as one of the mightiest of those influences which have led to the present greatness and glory of our country. That mother-sea has nursed up into heroic manhood many of the best and bravest spirits, whose names may be found written for ever upon the map of the world. She has quickened and kindled our young blood with the virtue of her salt savour. She has driven the fresh tides of ruddy health right to the heart of this people. Her breath has often fanned the fading fire of freedom, and made it soar up again on the old island rock, as on an altar of God,—in many a dull day and dark night, the beacon of a world. Her voice has been one of the most awful and emphatic in which the Almighty has spoken with man, and it has found infinite echoes in the English heart. There is something wondrously weird and strange in the most familiar sounds of that sea, from the solemn rolling march of the mid-Atlantic waves to the long drowsy swash of the surge on the shingle, where the lazy billow breaks in whispering foam. The sea for ever moves about our island, weaves about our race the spell of her enchantment, and murmurs in our ears the strange stories and tidings of other lands. And in our time of need it is from the sea that the mystic arm rises, holding aloft that sword of victory intrusted to the keeping of the waters by Arthur the king, when his sun went down.

We all know that our British race is a compound of many races. Undoubtedly nature understood the art of inoculation long before Dr. Jenner discovered and practised it, and she has transfused into our race some of the ripest and best blood, the finest virus, the newest and noblest vigour that she could find in the world. Far back, in the dim dawn of history, we look through the morning shadows, and find the Celts in ancient Britain. Then came our Roman invaders. Next the Saxon, so-called, element is infused, and gradually the Anglo-Saxon race is formed. Anglo-Saxon is the name we often pride ourselves upon, especially when we look abroad and see how it spreads onwards round the world for ever. But I think that we have not yet given full credit to the influence of the Norsemen on the Anglo-Saxon race as regards our British portion of it. We hear of Norman and Saxon as two representative terms which have come to signify the aristocracy and democracy of our race. But the truth is, that these Normans who boast to be the crown and flower of our race, were only a degenerate kind of Norsemen. They went forth from their northern homes, and subdued Normandy 160 years before they came over here. In Normandy they lost their language, and became what we should now-a-days call Frenchified. They tried hard to make up for their loss of some of the old rough virtues by putting a higher polish on their vices. Much worse men did they come out of that country, but a glittering chain-armour of more courtly manners, as it were, concealed the weakness of their moral force. In their own chronicles they have called their conquest the "Memory of Sorrows." They only conquered England at Hastings, because the people had been so exhausted, and the land so desolated, by the many bloody battles that had been fought all round its coasts, to stem the tides of Norsemen as they passed, surging in wave after wave, year after year, from sea. Only nineteen days before he fell at Hastings, our beloved English Harold had beaten off a vast ravaging army under King Harold Sigurdsson. We must look back a little further than the advent of Norman William, if we would see how the more vital stamina of our race was put into it, and how this country became the furnace and the forge in which God shaped anew that hardy metal of the North. "Skin a Russian," says an old proverb, "and you will find the Tartar underneath." Skin an Englishman, say we, or only touch his skin if you dare, and you will find the old Norse spirit waking up like a war-dog. Few of us really know how much we owe to the Norseman. How much of the "grit" that is found in the British oak, was begotten of the grey granite of Iceland! What a glow of fresh colour they struck into the national face, and what a vein of mineral strength they added to our race! The Anglo-Saxon, we may look upon as the mother-principle of our race, but the Norseman brought the fire and expanding force, the advancing foot and driving fist of the father. The Saxons' was the home-loving, patriot soul, but it was the Norsemen who gave us the spirit of our sea-kings. Those ruddy fair-haired fellows gave us that

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* *Travels in the Alps of Savoy.*

paddle-power which has floated out from this little island the vast force that has covered the great deep with ships, peopled the ends of the earth with human life, and made the voice of Christ be heard through this English tongue all over the world. 1400 years ago, and 600 before the coming of Norman William, there landed at Ebbsfleet in the Isle of Thanet, three boat-loads of Norse pirates. These were the first of the brave, and bold, and bloody sea-kings of whom we have record. Wild, fierce, and adventurous fellows were these, who loved danger, and went forth trampling down the might of tempests with their tossing prows, making the white sea-horses rear and foam along in front of them. The children of a mighty mother, they had been rocked and reared on a bosom that heaved with storms, and the strength and the calm and the cruelty of the sea had passed into their race. Few might return from these long viking voyages and wild desperate work. Long, long, might the poor wives and widows wait for them till the tearful tidings came creeping home slowly and sadly. But out they rode in their long galleys from those lonely steel-blue northern fiords, and on they sailed to fight and overcome, absorbing the strength of the conquered into their own as they went, ready to erect the throne of their power on every isle of the ocean or continent of the earth. These are the men who are sent to do almighty work, although the Quaker spirit may tremble at the mention of their name.

At that time the empires of the old world had passed away, and the old races were fast decaying, for they had reached their dark ages. So nature brought forth a new race of men, who had had hardship for their teacher, and been brought up close to her sterner realities. The graceful Greeks were gone the ways of sophistry and voluptuousness. The strong, silent Romans no longer marched forward in their conquering phalanx, the outward surging circle of their strength being broken, and so God opened up the rude storehouses of strength in the North, and the primal elements of nature were to supply the world with a new force. For the world just then especially needed a race of men who should become masters of the sea, as the mastery of the sea would lead to world-wide empire, and make room for the workers of a world. A race that should be strong to wrestle with such hard facts as the Greeks had shunned. A race of builders as well as battlers, who could strike fresh root as well as pluck the fruit they found, plant as well as plunder, colonize as well as conquer, and succeed where the Romans had failed. Not a race that should float lightly and gracefully on the sea of time in pastime and sport, but one that should strike out manfully from love of labour and service for dear life. Not a race of nonentities who can give up their individuality, as the Celts have so often done, and bend as the ready-made victims of temporal or spiritual tyranny, worshipping any unity of power, and believing on the authority of others; but a race that should rise up into Protestant attitude in the presence of all oppression and wrong, and demand of necessity to live under such national laws as should give the greatest latitude for evolving the noblest nature of the individual. And in the far north was found the fresh fuel to kindle and quicken the Anglo-Saxon into the present English race. They gave us the very spirit of that Protestantism which has become the touchstone and corner-stone of the nations. They wrestled here with Papal Rome for spiritual possession of the island people, and they remained as conquerors. They gave us the impulse of our maritime enterprise, and sowed many seeds of that public and private freedom which crowns each man king in his own castle or cottage. They possessed the germ of our representative governments, in their open parliaments, and they had the spirit which in their parliaments would go straight up to the lying ghost of any pretended right-divine-to-do-wrong, and show it to be only a lie. And if it persisted in not giving up the ghost, they beheaded it.

An Englishman for the first time reading old Snorro Sturleson's Sagas of the Sea-Kings (how few have read this more than Homeric epic!) feels very like one who, in the faint dawn of his life, was taken away from childhood's home, and who revisits it again in after years. He does not consciously remember, yet he is strangely familiar with so many things that he sees and hears,—those sleeping instincts wake whereby kinship of nature will assert itself. A mystic light flashes from out its dark hiding-places of the mind which gives us glimpses that are evanescent but known to us. In the far misty morning of the past he sees heroic forms, noble in stature, large of look, grim in energy. The countenances of the young are ruddy with those clear blue eyes that mirror back the childhood of nations. The long hair of their women is golden fair, and looks as though it had been crimped and crisped with wandering sunbeams caught in it. Or the aged warriors stand up in their courts of justice, and say their say very briefly, but with a voice that has in it a ring of true steel. He sees them coming into the sea-fight with the dragon-heads of their long ships all agape and richly gilt, as they glitter and flash like many lights in the morning mist. There sits the king in his splendid helmet and short red cloak, steering his own ship—sword in one hand, and tiller in the other—trying to meet with the foremost foeman there! The war-horns sound the ships close up together, and they fall to. When the spears and arrows are all spent, the fight goes on still more fiercely with battle-axe and sword. And how they make the steel sparks fly, and the brown blades ring, till the mail-shirt of glittering grey grows ruddy as the red sard, and the wild war-music wakes in your British blood as you read. "You strike well, but do not wound," cries King Olaf. "The swords are blunt, and full of notches," reply the men, who get fresh, sharp ones, and then, in their mad death-rage, did not see that the enemy's vessels were drawn back from their side somewhat daunted, and so they went overboard trying to get at them, and thinking they were fighting on plain ground. We see their downrightness and heart-homeness in all they do. They live heart to heart with friends, and no place more warm and soft than the rough Norse arms—set foot to foot with foes, stared face to face with sternest facts of life or death. We see them grip hands in love or hate, as Thor

gripped his hammer, "till the knuckles grew white." We hear Gittorm tell King Olaf that it is right royal work to fulfil royal words, and we are told that Olaf hated lies like hell. We see how they will stick together and stand by one another. How they always strike hard on the anvil, or lay ship to ship in a war-embrace, and there, live or die, one of them shall go down. Then we see them living their simple life at home with the king, perhaps in his guest-quarters, visiting house by house, collecting his own taxes, sitting with them on the bench, drinking the ale by fire-light, and passing the cup across the fire; for they sit round it, and the smoke goes up through a hole in the roof. We see them there with their faces shining on each other, full of the affections of home, and we, too, feel at home in the old place, at home with the old faces, at home with the old race. Trait after trait, and touch after touch, in those chronicles do we recognise as our own, as what we emphatically call "so English." When passionate they turn red in the face; the blood flies out, and lets you know. It does not sneak into the dark caves of the heart to thicken with black thoughts. They have also a deal of that common sense which makes the British race master of the modern world. They have a pretty sure grip of reality, and do not go into blind hysterics about theories, nor hunt shadows, nor climb any slippery pole, unless there be a tangible, touchable leg of mutton atop. They have the firmness of foot that will make its own standing-place, and an expansive energy that must make room for itself, and what follows. They can do a magnanimous thing, and save a life without any fuss of words. "Sire, give me your cloak," says an old true-heart, as he rides out of the battle beside his king, with the foe pursuing close behind them. "What would you do with it?" says the king. "I would like to have it; you have given me greater gifts, sire." The king gives him the cloak. He puts it on and rides away. The enemy think it is the king who is escaping, pursue him, and the monarch's life is saved. There is about them such a frolic freedom of manly boyhood, and so frank are they, that foes will nod to each other going into the battle, and bid one another good-bye going out of it. They love fair play, a clear deck for a stand-up fight, and want no favour. Like us, if they are in the right they will persist to the end, but if in the wrong their obstinacy grows sublime. In all these and in other characteristics, we behold our own early kindred the Norsemen, living their sturdy life and doing their brave deeds, and the affinities of race stir within us, and draw us closer to the heroes of the old Scandinavian Sagas. In our own day, we have seen a valour more noble than any which illumines the pages of Greek or Roman or Norse story. More noble, because it has so often been the high calm courage that reveals all the danger in the clearest light, and conquers not by striking mere blind blows. But among our old Norse fathers we may find the real ground-rootage of such courage as is required to storm the St. Sebastians and Badajos; hold a steady footing on the slippery boarding-planks at Trafalgar, keep the bloody slopes of Inkermann, blow in Cashmere gates, cleave a way into beleaguered Lucknow, or die any such desperate deaths as our fellows will die in their country's cause. These men seem to have had no sense of danger, and pain had no power to bend the unyielding will. With frank, fearless face they would enter the presence of death, calm, and looking up with a beautiful boy-like trust, that the grim old fellow would not hurt them, and so they smilingly received the kiss of his angels, the Valkyrie. They could die horrible deaths with silent, closed lips, or shouting a song of indomitable defiance. When our English Harold paused amid the carnage at the battle of Stamford Bridge to offer them quarter, as their king fell dead across his heap of slain, they shouted altogether across the field, "No quarter!" and at it they went again tooth and nail. In one of their sea-fights, as the Saga tells us, Erling's men began to fall; at the same moment his ship was boarded, and every man of his died in his place. Not a man remained standing on the ship but Erling alone.

> "High on the stem, a sight to see,
> In his lone ship alone stood he."

There was none who had asked for quarter, or none who got it if he did ask.

Valour was the name of the Norseman's religion,—valour that was often wild and bloody, but sometimes very grand. He lived and wrought and fought valiantly, in earnest; but he thought it shameful to die what we should call a natural death. "At one time," said Egil Ullsark, "I was afraid that I might come to die the death of old age," as he snuffs the battle on the air, and rejoices in the prospect of yet falling fighting beside his king. Others, if they could not get dreadfully mutilated in battle, would cut and slash their bodies on purpose to win their entrance into the warrior's heaven. They thought the only doorway for the soul into that was through a wide, wide wound. "Clothe me," said the dying Seward, "in my impenetrable armour, gird me with my sword, cover my head with my helmet, place my shield in my left, and my gilded battle-axe in my right hand, that I, the bold warrior, may die like one." And so attired in full armour he passed away. Old kings when about to die would do like King Hako, who, when he could stand up no longer in the battle, told them to make ready his warship, with its freightage of dead men, and weapons bloody and broken, ship the tiller, spread the sails, and let it drift to sea. He then set fire to the vessel, and lay down on the deck to die. The wind blew seawards. The sails filled. The slow fire kindled up into a towering flame, and dying eyes were brightened in its splendour as with the nearing glories of the Norse heaven. Out between the islands to the open sea went the blazing ship on its last voyage, away and away into the unknown, drifting to its doom, until, consumed to the water's edge, it died down afar like a sinking sunset, and the rude Norse heart was at rest, sleeping in its ocean-bed, that majestic mausoleum of the race of the old sea-kings.

But the robust Norse heart had something beside this rugged strength. The eternal springs also touched with tenderness this grim rock of valour, and the healing waters could gush up through its fire-rent fissures. Thorer Hund was heard to tell,

after the battle of Stiklestad, that when he sought out the body of his dead foe, King Olaf, from among the slain, and wiped the blood off the face that was dead, it was very beautiful, and there was red in the cheeks, as if he only slept, and it was even much clearer than when he was in life. How touching, too, in its homely simplicity, is that story of Balder's wife in the Norse mythology, mentioned by Carlyle. She volunteers to die with her husband. Balder's mother sends his brother to pray the Fates for their deliverance; but, no! they cannot come back from the death-kingdom. So Balder sends his ring to Odin, his father, as a token of remembrance. And his wife—she sends *her thimble* to their mother. That seems to me a touch of heart, to call up the mother in our eyes. There also were eyes that had caught a glimpse of the eternal, and heard the rustle of wings hovering overhead. Through all heathenism there shines some ray from that Sun which was yet to rise and shed its glory on the nations. The Creator is dimly felt in the human heart long before he is clearly revealed to the human mind. Amongst all peoples, and in all times, hints of the higher life and the better day will visit the human soul. Under the most adverse conditions, in the darkest hour, will this inspiration spring up heavenward, just as we may see the exiled palm-trees reaching up so tall in their alien home, as though they were trying to overlook all the barriers that shut out from view that far native East of theirs. Even so we know the Norse heart had its prophetic sense of the future, and felt that its personified powers and nature gods would all pass away when their work was done. That a strange trouble would come upon them in the latter day, as they faded in the twilight, and went down in the final dark; that Yigdrosil, the Tree of Life, whose roots reached down through all times into the kingdom where death gnaws at the roots of life, whose stem rose up through three worlds to have its branches watered at the sacred well, on whose leaves were written all human history, and whose rustle was the sound of the passing generations—that this tree should be consumed, and there should be a new heaven and a new earth. And not only would it seem that the Norse heart got this glimpse of the things that should be, but it would appear that Olaf the Saint, the man who saw in trance, foresaw how this Norse strength, that was first rooted in heathenism, should blossom and bear fruit in Christianity, and followed it in prophetic vision as it spread out over land and sea. The Saga tells us that one day Olaf was riding along with his people, and he was silent in thought a great part of the way. He was asked what made him so still and sad, who was wont to be so cheerful. The king replied, "Wonderful things have come into my mind a while ago. As I just now looked over Norway, out to the West from the Fjeld, it came into my mind how many happy days I have had in the land. It appeared to me at first as if I saw over all the Drontheim country, and then over all Norway. And the longer this vision was before mine eyes, the farther, methought, I saw, until I saw over the whole wide world, both land and sea. Well, I knew the places at which I have been in former days; some even of which I have only heard speak of. But some I saw of which I had never heard, both inhabited and uninhabited, in this wide world." Our English race has fulfilled this wide vision of Olaf the Saint, and walked in the light which lighted that vision to the ends of the earth. I say in the light which lighted that vision, because King Olaf was the man who lighted up the dim vast dome of the Norse mind with the splendour that shone from the thorn-crowned head of the "white Christ," as they called the Saviour. Olaf found these Norsemen desperate hard fellows to convert to Christianity, and some of his persuasions were fully as desperate. The Saga tells us that on one occasion he had an obstinate heretic bound to a cross. They then stuck the head of a serpent into his mouth, and pinched its tail with a pair of red-hot tongs to make it wriggle its way down his throat. But it was all in vain. He would not melt to such moral suasion, and he died unconverted. Desperate hard fellows to convert, but, like Saul of Tarsus, well worth converting, as history has recorded. They seem to have been marked out by Providence, just as Saul was, for some special work. They were to put some of that Norse iron into our British blood. They belonged to the last of the races that were converted, and their best strength migrated to our land, and was merged in that Anglo-Saxon race which seems destined to carry Christianity all over the earth.

See how the unfolding vision of Olaf has come to pass for his branch of the Scandinavians who came our way. In England they got, as it were, into the Gulf Stream of milder influences amongst historical currents. The northern snows and ice melt from the hard granite strata which gets a soft covering, and is clothed on with a new spring. The volcanic fires of Iceland have here been covered in, so that instead of fierce eruptions of fire, we have a diffused and genial warmth which ripens into a national life of mellow fruitful strength. The old oak which struck its great giant gnarly roots down through the grey granite of Iceland, and held fast there in spite of the lava torrents, has here flourished in immortal green, until it overshadows land and sea, and gives shelter to the nations. The bold, and brave, and bloody sea-kings who broke forth in such a wide-wasting, world-warraying whirlwind of conquering strength, have brought forth our Drakes and Grenvilles, our Blakes and Nelsons, our Franklins and Peels. The metal may be tempered to finer issues, but it has in it the old Norse ring. Right through our history runs the Norse spirit, for centuries, of daring and maritime enterprise, with its irresistible longing for new fields of action, its wonderful spawning force and victorious strength; and it has surged on and on in the English race until it has won the supremacy of the sea, until its conquering flag floats over so many strong places of the earth, and the most distant isles of the sea, until its empire contains some three hundred millions of souls, and its myriads of British descent pouring over the vast plains of Australia, over the mountain ranges of America, and the fair Indian streams, are shouting back to England their all-hail to the Mother of Nations, whose children rise up and call her blessed.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XII.

Months slipped by; the trees in Burton Crescent had long been all bare; the summer cries of itinerant vegetable dealers and flower sellers had vanished out of the quiet street. The three sisters almost missed them, sitting in that one dull parlour from morning till night, in the intense solitude of people who, having neither heart nor money to spend in gaieties, live forlorn in London lodgings, and knowing nobody, have nobody to visit, nobody to visit them.

Except Mr. Ascott, who still called, and occa-

sionally stayed to tea. The hospitalities, however, were all on their side. The first entertainment—to which Selina insisted upon going, and Johanna thought Hilary and Ascott had better go too—was splendid enough, but they were the only ladies present; and though Mr. Ascott did the honours with great magnificence, putting Miss Selina at the head of his table, where she looked exceedingly well, still the sisters agreed it was better that all further invitations to Russell Square should be declined. Miss Selina herself said it would be more dignified and decorous.

Other visitors they had none. Ascott never offered to bring any of his friends; and gradually they saw very little of him. He was frequently out, especially at meal times, so that his aunts gave up the struggle to make the humble dinners better and more to his liking, and would even have hesitated to take the money which he was understood to pay for his board, had he ever offered it,—which he did not. Yet still whenever he did happen to remain with them a day, or an evening, he was good and affectionate, and always entertained them with descriptions of all he would do as soon as he got into practice.

Meantime they kept house as economically as possible upon the little ready money they had, hoping that more would come in—that Hilary would get pupils.

But Hilary never did. To anybody who knows London this will not be surprising. The wonder was in the Misses Leaf being so simple as to imagine that a young country lady, settling herself in lodgings in an obscure metropolitan street, without friends or introduction, could ever expect such a thing. Nothing but her own daring, and the irrepressible well-spring of hope that was in her healthy youth, could have sustained her in what, ten years after, would have appeared to her, as it certainly was, downright insanity. But Heaven takes care of the mad—the righteously and unselfishly mad, and Heaven took care of poor Hilary.

The hundred labours she went through—weariness of body and travail of soul; the risks she ran; the pitfalls she escaped—what need to record here? Many have recorded the like, many more have known them, and acknowledged that when such histories are reproduced in books imagination is nothing compared with reality. Hilary never looked back upon that time herself without a shuddering wonder how she could have dared all and gone through all! Possibly she never could, but for the sweet old face, growing older yet sweeter every day, which smiled upon her the minute she opened the door of that dull parlour, and made even No. 15 look like home.

When she told, sometimes gaily, sometimes with burning bursting tears, the tale of her day's efforts and day's failures, it was always comfort to feel Johanna's hand on her hair, Johanna's voice whispering over her, "Never mind, my child, all will come right in time. All happens for good."

And the face, withered and worn, yet calm as a summer sea, full of the "peace which passeth all understanding," was a living comment on the truth of these words.

Another comfort Hilary had—Elizabeth. During her long days of absence, wandering from one end of London to the other, after advertisements that she had answered, or governess institutions that she had applied to, the domestic affairs fell almost entirely into the hands of Elizabeth. It was she who bought in, and kept a jealous eye, not unneeded, over provisions; she who cooked and waited, and sometimes even put a helping hand, coarse, but willing, into the family sewing and mending. This had now become so vital a necessity that it was fortunate Miss Leaf had no other occupation, and Miss Selina no other entertainment, than stitch, stitch, stitch, at the ever-beginning, never-ending wardrobe wants which assail decent poverty everywhere, especially in London.

"Clothes seem to wear out frightfully fast," said Hilary one day, as she was putting on her oldest gown, to suit a damp foggy day, when the streets were slippery with the mud of settled rain.

"I saw such beautiful merino dresses in a shop in Southampton Row," insinuated Elizabeth; but her mistress shook her head.

"No, no; my old black silk will do capitally, and I can easily put on two shawls. Nobody knows me; and people may wear what they like in London. Don't look so grave, Elizabeth. What does it signify if I can but keep myself warm? Now, run away."

Elizabeth obeyed, but shortly re-appeared, with a bundle—a large old-fashioned thick shawl.

"Mother gave it me—her mistress gave it her; but we've never worn it, and never shall. If only you didn't mind putting it on, just this once—this terrible soaking day?"

The scarlet face, the entreating tones—there was no resisting them. One natural pang Hilary felt—that in her sharp poverty she had fallen so low as to be indebted to her servant, and then she too blushed, less for shame at accepting the kindness than for her own pride that could not at once receive it as such.

"Thank you, Elizabeth," she said, gravely and gently, and let herself be wrapped in the thick shawl. Its gorgeous reds and yellows would, she knew, make her noticeable, even though "people might wear anything in London." Still, she put it on with a good grace; and all through her peregrinations that day, it warmed, not only her shoulders, but her heart.

Coming home, she paused wistfully before a glittering shoe-shop—her poor little feet were so soaked and cold. Could she possibly afford a new pair of boots? It was not a matter of vanity—she had passed that. She did not care now how ugly and shabby looked the "wee feet" that had once been praised; but she felt it might be a matter of health and prudence. Suppose she caught cold—fell ill—died:—died, leaving Johanna to struggle alone,—died before Robert Lyon came home. Both thoughts struck sharp. She was too young still, or had not suffered enough, calmly to think of death and dying.

"It will do no harm to inquire the price. I might stop it out in omnibuses."

For this was the way every new article of dress had to be procured—"stopping it out" of something else.

After trying several pairs—with a fierce, bitter blush at a small hole which the day's walking had worn in her well-darned stockings, and which she was sure the shopman saw, as well as an old lady who sat opposite—Hilary bought the stoutest and plainest of boots. The bill overstepped her purse by sixpence, which she promised on delivery, and paid the rest. She had got into a nervous horror of letting any account stand over for a single day.

Look tenderly, reader, on this picture of struggles so small, of sufferings so uninteresting and mean. I paint it not because it is original, but because it is so awfully true. Thousands of women, well-born, well-reared, know it to be true—burnt into them by the cruel conflict of their youth; happy they if it ended in their youth, while mind and body had still enough vitality and elasticity to endure! I paint it, because it accounts for the accusation sometimes made—especially by men—that women are naturally "stingy." Possibly so: but in many instances, may it not have been this petty struggle with petty wants, this pitiful calculating of penny against penny, how best to save here and spend there, which narrows a woman's nature in spite of herself? It sometimes takes years of comparative ease and freedom from pecuniary cares, to counteract the grinding, lowering effects of a youth of poverty.

And I paint this picture too, literally, and not on its picturesque side—if indeed poverty has a picturesque side—in order to show another side which it really has,—high, heroic, made up of dauntless endurance, self-sacrifice and self-control. Also to indicate that blessing which narrow circumstances alone bestow, the habit of looking more to the realities than to the shows of things, and of finding pleasure in enjoyments mental rather than sensuous, inward rather than external. When people can truly recognise this, they cease either to be afraid or ashamed of poverty.

Hilary was not ashamed—not even now, when hers smote sharper and harder than it had ever done at Stowbury. She felt it a sore thing enough; but it never humiliated nor angered her. Either she was too proud or not proud enough; but her low estate always to her seemed too simply external a thing to affect her relations with the world outside. She never thought of being annoyed with the shopkeeper, who, though he trusted her with the sixpence, carefully took down her name and address: still less of suspecting the old lady opposite, who sat and listened to the transaction—apparently a well-to-do customer, clad in a rich, black silk, and handsome sable furs—of looking down upon her, and despising her. She herself never despised anybody, except for wickedness.

So she waited contentedly, neither thinking of herself, nor of what others thought of her; but with her mind quietly occupied by the two thoughts, which in any brief space of rest always recurred, calming down all annoyances, and raising her above the level of petty pains—Johanna, and Robert Lyon. Under the influence of these her tired face grew composed, and there was a wishful, far-away, fond look in her eyes, which made it not wonderful that the said old lady—apparently an acute old soul in her way—should watch her, as we do occasionally watch strangers in whom we have become suddenly interested.

There is no accounting for these interests, or for the events to which they give rise. Sometimes they are pooh-pooh-ed as "romantic," "unnatural," "like a bit in a novel;" and yet they are facts continually occurring, especially to people of quick intuition, observation, and sympathy. Nay, even the most ordinary people have known or heard of such, resulting in mysterious, life-long loves; firm friendships; strange yet often wonderfully happy marriages; sudden revolutions of fortune and destiny: things utterly unaccountable for, except by the belief in that inscrutable Providence which

> "Shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will."

When Hilary left the shop, she was startled by a voice at her elbow.

"I beg your pardon, but if your way lies up Southampton Row, would you object to give an old woman a share of that capital umbrella of yours?"

"With pleasure," Hilary answered, though the oddness of the request amused her. And it was granted really with pleasure; for the old lady spoke with those "accents of the mountain tongue" which this foolish Hilary never recognised without a thrill at the heart.

"Maybe you think an old woman ought to take a cab, and not be intruding upon strangers; but I

am hale and hearty; and being only a street's length from my own door, I dislike to waste unnecessary shillings."

"Certainly," acquiesced Hilary, with a half-sigh: shillings were only too precious to her.

"I saw you in the boot-shop, and you seemed the sort of young lady who would do a kindness to an old body; so I said to myself, 'I'll ask her.'"

"I am glad you did." Poor girl! she felt unconsciously pleased at finding herself still able to show a kindness to anybody.

They walked on and on—it was certainly a long street's length—to the stranger's door, and it took Hilary a good way round from hers; but she said nothing of this, concluding, of course, that her companion was unaware of where she lived—in which she was mistaken. They stopped at last before a respectable house near Brunswick Square, bearing a brass plate, with the words "Miss Balquidder."

"That is my name, and very much obliged to you, my dear. How it rains! Ye're just droukit."

Hilary smiled, and shook her damp shawl. "I shall take no harm. I am used to go out in all weathers."

"Are you a governess?" The question was so direct and kindly, that it hardly seemed an impertinence.

"Yes; but I have no pupils, and fear I shall never get any."

"Why not?"

"I suppose, because I know nobody here. It seems so very hard to get teaching in London. But I beg your pardon."

"I beg yours," said Miss Balquidder—not without a certain dignity—"for asking questions of a stranger. But I was once a stranger here myself, and had a 'sair fecht,' as we say in Scotland, before I could earn even my daily bread. Though I wasn't a governess, still I know pretty well what the sort of life is, and if I had daughters who must work for their bread, the one thing I would urge upon them should be—'Never become a governess.'"

"Indeed! For what reason?"

"I'll not tell you now, my dear: standing with all your wet clothes on; but as I said, if you will do me the favour to call—"

"Thank you!" said Hilary, not sufficiently initiated in London caution to dread making a new acquaintance. Besides, she liked the rough-hewn, good-natured face; and the Scotch accent was sweet to her ear.

Yet when she reached home she was half shy of telling her sisters the engagement she had made. Selina was extremely shocked; and considered it quite necessary that the London Directory—the nearest clergyman—or, perhaps Mr. Ascott, who, living in the parish, must know—should be consulted as to Miss Balquidder's respectability.

"She has much more reason to question ours," recollected Hilary, with some amusement, "for I never told her my name or address. She does not know a single thing about me."

Which fact, arguing the matter energetically two days after, the young lady might not have been so sure of, could she have penetrated the ceiling overhead. In truth, Miss Balquidder, a prudent person, who never did things by halves, and, like most truly generous people, was cautious even in her extremest fits of generosity, at that very moment was sitting in Mrs. Jones' first-floor, deliberately discovering every single thing possible to be learned about the Leaf family.

Nevertheless, owing to Selina's indignant pertinacity, Hilary's own hesitation, and a dim hope of a pupil which rose up, and faded like the rest, the possible acquaintance lay dormant for two or three weeks: till, alas! the fabulous wolf actually came to the door; and the sisters, after paying their week's rent, looked aghast at one another, not knowing where in the wide world the next week's rent was to come from.

"Thank God we don't owe anything! not a penny," gasped Hilary.

"No; there is comfort in that," said Johanna. And the expression of her folded hands and upward face was not despairing, even though that of the poor widow, when her barrel of meal was gone, and her cruse of oil spent, could hardly have been sadder.

"I am sure we have wasted nothing, and cheated nobody—surely God will help us."

"I know He will, my child."

And the two sisters, elder and younger, kissed one another, cried a little, and then sat down to consider what was to be done.

Ascott must be told how hard things were with them. Hitherto they had not troubled him much with their affairs: indeed, he was so little at home. And, after some private consultation, both Johanna and Hilary decided that it was wisest to let the lad come and go as he liked; not attempting—as he once indignantly expressed it—"to tie him to their apron-strings." For instinctively these maiden ladies felt that with men, and, above all, young men, the only way to bind the wandering heart was to leave it free, except by trying their utmost to make home always a pleasant home.

It was touching to see their efforts when Ascott came in of evenings, to enliven, for his sake, the dull parlour at No. 15: how Johanna put away her mending, and Selina ceased to grumble, and Hilary began her lively chat, that never failed to brighten and amuse the household. Her nephew even sometimes acknowledged that where-

ever he went, he met nobody so "clever" as Aunt Hilary.

So, presuming upon her influence with him, on this night, after the rest were gone to bed, she—being always the boldest to do any unpleasant thing—said to him,—

"Ascott, how are your business affairs progressing? When do you think you will be able to get into practice?"

"Oh, presently. There's no hurry."

"I am not so sure of that. Do you know, my dear boy"—and she opened her purse, which contained a few shillings—"this is all the money we have in the world!"

"Nonsense," said Ascott, laughing. "I beg your pardon," he added, seeing it was with her no laughing matter, "but I am so accustomed to be hard up, that I don't seem to care. It always comes right somehow; at least with me."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't exactly know; but it does. Don't fret, Aunt Hilary. I'll lend you a pound or two."

She drew back. These poor, proud, fond women, who, if their boy, instead of a fine gentleman, had been a helpless invalid, would have tended him, worked for him, nay, begged for him—cheerfully, oh, how cheerfully! wanting nothing in the whole world but his love—they could not ask him for his money. Even now, offered thus, Hilary felt as if to take it would be intolerable.

Still, the thing must be done.

"I wish, Ascott"—and she nerved herself to say what somebody *ought* to say to him—"I wish you would, not lend, but pay us the pound a week you said you could so easily spare."

"To be sure I will; what a thoughtless fellow I have been; but—but—I fancied you would have asked me if you wanted it. Never mind, you'll get it all in a lump. Let me see; how much will it come to? You are the best head going for arithmetic, Aunt Hilary. Do reckon it all up."

She did so; and the sum-total made Ascott open his eyes wide.

"Upon my soul! I had no idea it was so much. I'm very sorry, but I seem fairly cleaned out this quarter—only a few sovereigns left to keep the mill going. But you shall have them, or half of them, and I'll owe you the rest. Here!"

He emptied on the table, without counting, four or five pounds. Hilary took two, asking him gravely, "If he was sure he could spare so much? She did not wish to inconvenience him."

"Oh, not at all; and I wouldn't mind if it did; you have been good aunts to me."

He kissed her, with a sudden fit of compunction, and bade her good-night, looking as if he did not care to be "bothered" any more.

Hilary retired, more sad, more hopeless about him than if he had slammed the door in her face, or scolded her like a trooper. Had he met her seriousness in the same spirit, even though it had been a sullen or angry spirit—and little as she said, he must have felt—she wished him to feel—that his aunts were displeased with him; but that utterly unimpressible light-heartedness of his—there was no doing anything with it. There was, so to speak, "no catching hold" of Ascott. He meant no harm. She repeated over and over again that the lad meant no harm. He had no evil ways; was always pleasant, good-natured and affectionate, in his own careless fashion; but was no more to be relied on than a straw that every wind blows hither and thither; or, to use a common simile, a butterfly that never sees anything farther than the nearest flower. His was, in short, the pleasure-loving temperament, not positively sinful or sensual, but still holding pleasure as the greatest and only good: regarding what deeper natures call "duty," and find therein their stronghold and consolation, as a mere bugbear, or a sentimental theory, or an impossible folly.

Poor lad! and he had the world to fight with; how would it use him? Even if no heavy sorrows for himself or others smote him, his handsome face would have to grow old, his strong frame to meet sickness—death. How would he do it? That is the thought which always recurs. What is *the end* of such men as these? Alas! the answer would come from hospital wards, alms-houses and workhouses, debtors' prisons and lunatic asylums.

To apprehensions like this—except the last, happily it was as yet too far off—Hilary had been slowly and sadly arriving about Ascott for weeks past; and her conversation with him to-night seemed to make them darken down upon her with added gloom. As she went upstairs, she set her lips together hard.

"I see there is nobody to do anything, except me. But I must not tell Johanna."

She lay long awake, planning every conceivable scheme for saving or earning money; till at length, her wits sharpened by the desperation of the circumstances, there flashed upon her an idea that came out of a talk she had had with Elizabeth that morning. True, it was a perfectly new and untried chance—and a mere chance; still it was right to overlook nothing. She would not have ventured to tell Selina of it for the world, and even to Johanna, she only said—finding her as wakeful as herself—said it in a careless manner, as if it had relation to nothing, and she expected nothing from it,—

"I think, as I have nothing else to do, I will go and see Miss Balquidder to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Balquidder's house was a handsome one, handsomely furnished, and a neat little maid-servant showed Hilary at once into the dining-parlour, where the mistress sat before a business-like writing-table, covered with letters, papers, etc., all arranged with that careful order in disorder, which indicates even in the smallest things the possession of an accurate, methodical mind, than which there are few greater possessions, either to its owner, or to the world at large.

Miss Balquidder was not a personable woman; she had never been so even in youth; and age had told its tale upon those large, strong features—"thoroughly Scotch features," they would have been called by those who think all Scotchwomen are necessarily big, raw-boned, and ugly, and have never seen that wonderfully noble beauty, not prettiness but actual beauty, in its highest physical as well as spiritual development, which is not seldom found across the Tweed.

But while there was nothing lovely, there was nothing unpleasant or uncomely in Miss Balquidder. Her large figure, in its plain black silk dress; her neat white cap, from under which peeped the little round curls of flaxen hair, neither grey nor snowy, but real "lint-white locks" still; and her good-humoured motherly look—motherly, rather than old-maidish—gave an impression which may be best described by the word "comfortable." She was a "comfortable" woman. She had that quality, too rare, alas! in all people, and rarest in women going solitary down the hill of life, of being able, out of the deep content of her own nature, to make other people the same.

Hilary was cheered in spite of herself; it always conveys hope to the young when in sore trouble, if they see the old looking happy.

"Welcome, my dear; I was afraid you had forgotten your promise."

"Oh, no," said Hilary, responding heartily to the hearty clasp of a hand, large as a man's, but soft as a woman's.

"Why did you not come sooner?"

More than one possible excuse flashed through Hilary's mind, but she was too honest to give it. She gave none at all. Nor did she like to leave the impression that this was merely a visit, when she knew she had only come from secondary and personal motives.

"May I tell you why I came to-day? Because I want advice and help, and I think you can give it, from something I heard about you yesterday."

"Indeed? From whom?"

"In rather a round-about way; from Mrs. Jones, who told our maid-servant."

"The same girl I met on the staircase at your house? I beg your pardon, but I know where you live, Miss Leaf; your landlady happens to be an acquaintance of mine."

"So she said; and she told our Elizabeth that you were a rich and benevolent woman, who took a great interest in helping other women—not in money,"—blushing scarlet at the idea—"I don't mean that, but in procuring them work. I want work—oh, so terribly! If you only knew."

"Sit down, my dear;" for Hilary was trembling much, her voice breaking, and her eyes filling, in spite of all her self-command.

Miss Balquidder—who seemed accustomed to wait upon herself—went out of the room, and returned with cake and glasses; then she took the wine from the sideboard, poured some out for herself and Hilary, and began to talk.

"It is nearly my luncheon-time, and I am a great friend to regular eating and drinking. I never let anything interfere with my own meals, or other folks' either, if I can help it. I would as soon expect that fire to keep itself up without coals, as my mind to go on working, if I don't look after my body. You understand? You seem to have good health, Miss Leaf. I hope you are a prudent girl, and take care of it?"

"I think I do;" and Hilary smiled. "At any rate my sister does for me, and also Elizabeth."

"Ah, I liked the look of that girl. If families did but know that the most useful patent of respectability they can carry about with them is their maid-servant! That is how I always judge my new acquaintances."

"There's reason in it too," said Hilary, amused and drawn out of herself by the frank manner and the cordial voice,—I use the adjective advisedly: none the less sweet because its good terse English had a decided Scotch accent, with here and there a Scotch word. Also there was about Miss Balquidder a certain dry humour essentially Scotch,—neither Irish "wit" nor English "fun," but Scotch humour; a little ponderous perhaps, yet sparkling; like the sparkles from a large lump of coal, red-warm at the heart, and capable of warming a whole household. As many a time it had warmed the little household at Stowbury,—for Robert Lyon had it in perfection. Like a waft as from old times, it made Hilary at once feel at home with Miss Balquidder.

Equally, Miss Balquidder might have seen something in this girl's patient, heroic, forlorn youth, which reminded her of her own. Unreasoning as these sudden attractions appear, there is often a hidden something beneath, which in reality makes them both natural and probable, as was the case here. In half an hour these two women were sitting talking like old friends; and Hilary had explained her present position, needs, and desires.

All ended in the one cry—familiar to how many thousands more of helpless young women!—"I want work!"

Miss Balquidder listened thoughtfully. Not that it was a new story—alas, she heard it every day! but there was something new in the telling of it: such extreme directness and simplicity, such utter want of either false pride or false shame. No asking of favours, and yet no shrinking from well-meant kindness: the poor woman speaking freely to the rich one, recognising the common womanhood of both, and never supposing for an instant that mere money or position could make any difference between them.

The story ended, both turned, as was the character of both, to the practical application of it—what it was exactly that Hilary needed, and what Miss Balquidder could supply.

The latter said, after a turn or two up and down the room, with her hands behind her—the only masculine trick she had—

"My dear, before going further, I ought to tell you one thing—I am not a lady."

Hilary looked at her in no little bewilderment.

"That is," explained Miss Balquidder, laughing, "not an educated gentlewoman like you. I made my money myself—in trade. I kept an outfitter's shop."

"You must have kept it uncommonly well," was the involuntary reply, which, in its extreme honesty and *naïveté*, was perhaps the best thing that Hilary could have said.

"Well, perhaps I did," and Miss Balquidder laughed her hearty laugh, betraying one of her few weaknesses—a consciousness of her own capabilities as a woman of business, and a pleasure at her own deserved success.

"Therefore, you see, I cannot help you as a governess. Perhaps I would not if I could, for, so far as I see, a good clearance of one half the governesses into honest trades would be for their own benefit, and greatly to the benefit of the other half. But that's not my affair. I only meddle with things I understand. Miss Leaf, would you be ashamed of keeping a shop?"

It is no reflection upon Hilary to confess that this point-blank question startled her. Her bringing-up had been strictly among the professional class: and in the provinces sharper than even in London is drawn the line between the richest tradesman who "keeps a shop," and the poorest lawyer, doctor, or clergyman, who ever starved in decent gentility. It had been often a struggle for Hilary Leaf's girlish pride to have to teach A B C to little boys and girls whose parents stood behind counters; but as she grew older she grew wiser, and intercourse with Robert Lyon had taught her much. She never forgot one day, when Selina asked him something about his grandfather or great-grandfather, and he answered quickly, smiling, "Well, I suppose I had one, but I really never heard." Nevertheless it takes long to conquer entirely the class prejudices of years, nay, more, of generations. In spite of her will Hilary felt herself wince, and the colour rush all over her face, at Miss Balquidder's question.

"Take time to answer, and speak out, my dear. Don't be afraid. You'll not offend me."

The kindly cheerful tone made Hilary recover her balance immediately.

"I never thought of it before; the possibility of such a thing did not occur to me; but I hope I should not be ashamed of any honest work for which I was competent. Only—to serve in a shop—to wait upon strangers;—I am so horribly shy of strangers." And again the sensitive colour rushed in a perfect tide over cheeks and forehead.

Miss Balquidder looked half amused, half compassionately at her.

"No, my dear, you would not make a good shop-woman, at least there are many better fitted for it than you; and it is my maxim that people should try to find out, and to do, only that which they are best fitted for. If they did, we might not have so many cases of proud despair and ambitious failure in the world. It looks very grand and interesting sometimes to try and do what you can't do, and then tear your hair, and think the world has ill-used you—very grand, but very silly; when all the while, perhaps, there is something else you can do, and do thoroughly well; and the world will be exceedingly obliged to you for doing it,—and *not* doing the other thing. As doubtless the world was to me, when, instead of being a mediocre musician, as I once wished to be—it's true, my dear—I took to keeping one of the best ladies' outfitting warehouses in London."

While she talked, her companion had quite recovered herself, and Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, what I will tell more briefly, if less graphically, than did the good Scotchwoman; who, like all who have had a hard struggle in their youth, liked a little to dilate upon it in easy old age.

Hard as it was, however, it had ended early, for, at fifty, she found herself a woman of independent property, without kith or kin, still active, energetic, and capable of enjoying life. She applied her mind to find out what she could best do with herself and her money.

"I might have bought a landed estate to be inherited by—nobody; or a house in Belgravia, and an opera-box, to be shared by—nobody. We all have our pet luxuries; none of these were exactly mine."

"No," assented Hilary, somewhat abstractedly.

She was thinking, if *she* could make a fortune, and—and give it away! if, by any means, any honourable, upright heart could be made to understand that it did not signify, in reality, which side the money came from; that it sometimes showed deeper, ay, the very deepest attachment, when a proud, poor man had self-respect and courage enough to tell a woman plainly, 'I love you, and I *will* marry you; I am not such a coward as to be afraid of your gold.'"

But, oh! what a ridiculous dream!—and she sat there, the penniless Hilary Leaf, listening to Miss Balquidder, the rich lady, whose life seemed so easy. For the moment, perhaps, her own appeared hard. But she had hope, and she was young. She knew nothing of the years and years that had had to be lived through before those kind eyes looked as clear and cloudless as now; before the voice gained the sweet evenness of tone which she liked to listen to, and felt that it made her quiet and "good," almost like Johanna's.

"You see, my dear," said Miss Balquidder, "when one has no duties, one must just make them; when we have nobody to care for us, we must take to caring for everybody. I suppose"—here a slight pause indicated that this life, like all women's lives, had had its tale, now long, long told—"I suppose I was not meant to be a wife; but I am quite certain I was meant to be a mother. And"—with her peculiar, bright, humorous look—"you'd be astonished, Miss Leaf, if you knew what lots of 'children' I have in all parts of the world."

Miss Balquidder then went on to explain, that finding, from her own experience, how great was the number, and how sore the trial, of young women who now-a-days are obliged to work,—obliged to forget that there is such a thing as the blessed privilege of being worked for—she had set herself, in her small way, to try and help them. Her pet project was to induce educated women to quit the genteel starvation of governess-ship for some good trade, thereby bringing higher intelligence into a class which needed, not the elevation of the work itself, which was comparatively easy and refined, but of the workers. She had, therefore, invested sum after sum of her capital in setting up various small shops in the environs of London, in her own former line, and others—stationers, lace-shops, etc.—trades which could be well carried on by women. Into the management of which she put as many young girls as she could find really fitted for it, or willing to learn, paying them regular salaries, large or small, according to their deserts.

"Fair work, fair pay; not one penny more or less; I never do it; it would not be honest. I overlook each business myself, and it is carried on in my name. Sometimes it brings me in a little profit; sometimes not. Of course," she added, smiling, "I would rather have profits than losses; still, I balance one against the other, and it leaves me generally a small interest for my money—two or three per cent., which is all I care about. Thus, you see, I and my young people make a fair bargain on both sides: it 's no charity. I don't believe in charity."

"No," said Hilary, feeling her spirit rise. She was yet young enough, yet enough unworn by the fight to feel the deliciousness of work—honest work for honest pay. "I think I could do it," she added. "I think, with a little practice, I really could keep a shop."

"At all events, perhaps you could do what I find more difficult to get done, and well done, for it requires a far higher class of women than generally apply—you could keep the accounts of a shop; you should be the head, and it would be easy to find the hands. Let me see; there is a young lady, she has managed my stationer's business at Kensington these two years, and now she is going to be married. Are you good at figures; do you understand book-keeping?"

And suddenly changing into the woman of business, and one who was evidently quite accustomed both to arrange and command, Miss Balquidder put Hilary through a sort of extempore arithmetical catechism, from which she came off with flying colours.

"I only wish there were more like you. I wish there were more young ladies brought up like"—

"Like boys!" said Hilary, laughing, "for I always used to say that was my case."

"No, I never desire to see young women made into men." And Miss Balquidder seemed a little scandalized. "But I do wish girls were taught fewer accomplishments, and more reading, writing, and arithmetic; were made as accurate, orderly, and able to help themselves, as boys are. But to business. Will you take the management of my stationer's shop?"

Hilary's breath came hard and fast. Much as she had longed for work, to get this sort of work,—to keep a stationer's shop! What would her sisters say? what would *he* say? But she dared not think of that just now.

"How much should I be able to earn, do you think?"

Miss Balquidder considered a moment, and then said, rather shortly—for it was not exactly acting on her own principles; she knew the pay was above the work—"I will give you a hundred a year."

A hundred a year! actually certain, and over and above any other income. It seemed a fortune to poor Hilary.

"Will you give me a day or two to think about it, and consult my sisters?"

She spoke quietly, but Miss Balquidder could see how agitated she was; how she evidently struggled with many feelings that would be best struggled with alone. The good old lady rose.

"Take your own time, my dear; I will keep the situation open for you for one week from this date. And now I must send you away, for I have a great deal to do."

They parted, quite like friends; and Hilary went out, walking quickly, feeling neither the wind nor the rain. Yet when she reached No. 15, she could not bring herself to enter, but took another turn or two round the Crescent, trying to be quite sure of her own mind before she opened the matter to her sisters. And there was one little battle to be fought which the sisters did not know.

It was perhaps foolish, seeing she did not belong to him in any open way, and he had no external right over her life or her actions, that she should go back and back to the question, "What would Robert Lyon say?"

He knew she earned her daily bread; sometimes this had seemed to vex and annoy him, but it must be done; and when a thing was inevitable, it was not Mr. Lyon's way to say much about it. But being a governess was an accredited and customary mode of a young lady's earning her livelihood. This was different. If he should think it too public, too unfeminine: he had such a horror of a woman's being anything but a woman, as strong and brave as she could, but in a womanly way; doing anything, however painful, that she was obliged to do, but never out of choice or bravado, or the excitement of stepping out of her own sphere into man's. Would Robert Lyon think less of her, Hilary, because she had to learn to take care of herself, to protect herself, and to act in so many ways for herself, contrary to the natural and right order of things? That old order—God forbid it should ever change!—which ordained that the women should be "keepers at home;" happy rulers of that happy little world, which seemed as far off as the next world from this poor Hilary.

"What if he should look down upon me? What if he should return, and find me different from what he expected?" And bitter tears burned in her eyes, as she walked rapidly and passionately along the deserted street. Then a revulsion came.

"No; love is worth nothing that is not worth everything, and to be trusted through everything. If he *could* forget me—*could* love any one better than me—me myself, no matter what I was, ugly or pretty, old or young, rich or poor,—I would not care for his love. It would not be worth my having; I'd let it go. Robert, though it broke my heart, I'd let you go."

Her eyes flashed; her poor little hand clenched itself under her shawl; and then, as a half reproach, she heard in fancy the steady, loving voice—which could have calmed her wildest paroxysm of passion and pain—"You must trust me, Hilary."

Yes, he was a man to be trusted. No doubt, very much like other men, and by no means such a hero to the world at large as this fond girl made him out to be; but Robert Lyon had, with all people, and under all circumstances, the character of reliableness. He had also,—you might read it in his face,—a quality equally rare, faithfulness. Not merely sincerity, but faithfulness; the power of conceiving one clear purpose or one strong love—in unity is strength;—and of not only keeping true to it at the time, but of holding fast to it with a single-minded persistency that never even takes in the idea of voluntary change, as long as persistency is right or possible.

"Robert, Robert," sobbed this forlorn girl, as if slowly waking up to a sense of her forlornness, and of the almost universal fickleness, not actual falseness, but fickleness, which prevails in the world and among mankind, "O Robert, be faithful! faithful to yourself—faithful to me!"

AN ESSAY ON AN OLD ESSAYIST—MONTAIGNE.

It is astonishing how much of our most popular modern literature has for its subject-matter the literary men and literary achievements of former generations. The modern literary man is an ivy drawing sustenance from the walls of former greatness. Contemporary reputations resemble the tents of Arabs pitched among the stones of dead cities. But seldom we witness a Columbus stretching across the ocean in search of a new world; but we have Old Mortality everywhere clearing away with reverential hand the mosses of forgetfulness from the sepulchres of the great, and making fresh the half-obliterated inscriptions. The literature of the past is so rich that modern men are proud if they can write a comment upon a page here and there. If we cannot say a new thing ourselves, we can do the next best, say something new about the men who said new things. The literary giants in the early time saw nature and fact clearly as they saw sunrise or sunset; but we unfortunate moderns cannot see nature *because* of these giants; they stand up between her and us, and the only glimpses we have of her are caught as it were by peeping between their legs. Shut out to some extent from the fair apparition, we can hear the report of those who see, and picture it as best we can to ourselves; at all events, we hear what they say and how they say it, and can be critical thereon to our heart's content. They put their sickles into the virgin fields of intellect; we are the posterity of which they stood so much in fear, and being a somewhat late posterity, we find sufficient employment in weighing their merits and delivering judgment thereupon. We stand in mutual awe of one another. We cannot drive our chariots at such a pace as they, but then we have the laurel-crowns and the applauses in our keeping, and are quite right to make the best of our advantages, and to be chary in awarding either the one or the other. Everything that ever will be much worth saying in the world has been said in one form or another long ago, and we may as well hunt the rainbow as seek originality. We can touch nothing that a man's hand has not touched before. The stones that compose the modern House of Fame have been drawn from the Greek temple or the Roman amphitheatre. We have only great men to write about, and are writing with commendable industry. What libraries on Shakspere, elucidatory and otherwise, will fall a prey at the great conflagration!

Never will mortal tread such forlorn shades as Dante; never will there be a month of May like Chaucer's; never will there be a lover like Romeo, a witty fellow like Mercutio; never such a silvery voice heard as Portia's on the moonlight lawn at Belmont; never more will a heart break like Lear's. These things cannot be repeated. But the men who created them remain, and we can criticise and biographize. On the whole, perhaps, as matters stand, biography is the most fruitful field in which the modern intellect can work. But then it is so difficult: biographical talent of a high order is quite as rare as poetical. Mr. Carlyle is perhaps the only living writer who possesses it in anything like perfection. In fact, supreme biographical talent includes every other talent, poetical included. The present venture is entirely without pretension; it professes to be neither biography nor criticism, although in its limited scope it may deal a little with both. Its purpose will be served if it interests the reader—perhaps till now unacquainted with him—in a great and peculiar Frenchman who lived three centuries ago, and who, above any other writer of his nation, has coloured the universal thought of the world—Montaigne the Essayist. The reader may never have read a line of his writings, or have heard a fact of his biography, but he has nevertheless been acted upon by the influence which radiates from the old Gascon château.

Michel de Montaigne was born at the château of Montaigne, in the wild district of Perigord, in France,—shadowed by chestnut woods in which droves of swine fed,—on the last day of February 1533. His father had peculiar notions on the matter of education, and these he resolved to carry out in the case of his infant son. His god-father and god-mother were selected from the peasantry of the district, and he drew milk from the breast of a peasant woman. This Spartan treatment was designed to give him a scorn of fine living, and to prevent him in after life from ripening into effeminacy. But his father was tender enough in other things, and the child was never roused from slumber save by the sound of some musical instrument. The acquirement of Latin had proved a mighty torture to the father, and that torture it was resolved the son should be spared if possible. Accordingly a German was procured, innocent of French but deeply learned in Latin, and to his care the youthful Michel was intrusted, while he could barely totter from chair to chair. French was avoided like infection, his father brushed up his Latin which had become sorely rusted, the household might have been a Roman one, as far as language was concerned, and without turning over a page of a lexicon or grammar Latin formed

itself on the tongue of the future essayist quite as easily and naturally as it did on the tongue of the youthful Coriolanus. At the age of six years—what will Professor Blackie say to *that?*—Master Michel was sent to the College of Guyenne, at that time considered the best in France, and there he finished his education by the time he reached his thirteenth year. After leaving Guyenne, he pursued the study of law for several years, but at what school or schools his biographers have only been able to conjecture. He does not seem, however, to have taken kindly to legal studies. He visited Paris in early life, made his appearance at Court, is said to have pleased King Henry II. with his brilliant talk, and ever afterwards he speaks of the capital with the rapture of a true Frenchman. "I love it for itself," he says, "and more in its own simplicity than glossed over with foreign pomp. I love it tenderly, even to its warts and stains." While yet a young man he was a good deal about the Court. There he saw our own Mary Stuart in the first splendour of that beauty which was afterwards fatal to so many. We guess from an allusion in his Essays that he witnessed the death of Henry in the royal lists. Into that brilliant and dissolute Court he carried a keen eye that quietly noted down this and that, and put it past for future use. It is said that he did not shine as a courtier, but he made a better use of his experience than any of his more successful compeers. It was about this time that he formed his famous friendship for Estienne de la Boëtie, a friendship so complete, so noble, so unselfish and satisfying, that it seems rather to have grown in the gracious imagination of Shakspere "where no planet strikes" than in the actual world of men.

La Boëtie was a remarkable man. Montaigne heard of him accidentally, yearned towards him, and when they met they ran together like quicksilver. Four years after the acquaintance was formed, La Boëtie died, and the first shadow fell over Montaigne's life. In the heroic essay on Friendship he thus speaks: "For the rest which we commonly call friends and friendships are nothing but acquaintances and familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design by means of which there happens some little intercourse betwixt our souls. But in the friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, into so universal a mixture, that there is no more sign of the seam by which they were first conjoined. If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I find it could no otherwise be expressed, than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I." "For, in good earnest, if I compare all the rest of my life, though thanks be to God I have passed my time pleasantly enough and at my ease, and, the loss of such a friend excepted, free from any grievous affliction and in great tranquillity of mind, having been contented with my natural and original conveniences, without being solicitous after others; if I should compare it all, I say, with the four years I had the happiness to enjoy the sweet society of this excellent man, to nothing but smoke, but an obscure and tedious night from the day I lost him. I have only but a sorrowful and languishing life; and the very pleasures that present themselves to me, instead of administering anything of consolation, double my affliction for his loss. We were halves throughout, and to that degree that methinks, by outliving him, I defraud him of his part. I was so accustomed to be always his second in all places, and in all interests too, that methinks I am no more than half a man, and have but half a being. There is no action nor imagination of mine wherein I do not want him." Montaigne was with La Boëtie when he died, and remembering all that the dead man had been to him, he ever afterwards speaks tenderly of him, as David might of Jonathan—if, instead, of being a Hebrew and filled with the austere traditions of his race, David had been a sixteenth century Frenchman, living in the time of the St. Bartholomew, nurtured on the classical authors, and filled with admiration for the heroes of antiquity.

After the death of his friend, Montaigne married—and with no excess of passion, if we may trust himself. The Essays are full of sly hits at the married state; and, speaking of the crosses incident thereunto, he crows lustily, and vaunts his prowess; from which we infer that his wife was somewhat of a shrew, and that, in conjugal combat, he was often glad to strike his colours, and purchase peace by submission. It is so easy to be bold when one is writing essays, and the sharp voice is silent! In the thirty-eighth year of his age, Montaigne—somewhat world-weary—retired to his château; he placed his library in the "great tower overlooking the entrance to the court," and there he spent his days reading, meditating, writing. Over the central rafter he, in large letters, inscribed the characteristic device, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND; I PAUSE; I EXAMINE. When he began writing his Essays, he had no great desire to shine as an author; he wrote simply to relieve his teeming heart and brain. The best method to lay the spectres that haunt the mind is to commit them to paper. Speaking of the Essays he says, "This book has a domestic and private object. It is intended for the use of my relations and friends; so that, when they have lost me, which they will soon do, they may find in it some features of my condition and humours, and by this means keep up more completely, and in a more lively manner, the knowledge they have of me."

In the Essays he meant to portray himself, his habits, his modes of thinking, his opinions, what fruit of wisdom he had gathered from experience, sweet and bitter,—and the task he has executed with wonderful fidelity. He does not make himself a hero. Cromwell would have his warts painted, and Montaigne paints his, and he paints them with a certain fondness. He is perfectly tolerant of himself, and of everybody else. Whatever be the subject, the writing flows on easy, equable, and self-satisfied. Each event of his past life he looks upon as a fact of nature; creditable, or the reverse, there it is; something to be speculated upon, not in the least to be regretted. If it is worth nothing else, it may be useful as an illustration. He does not seem to have any idea of the relative importance of things. That his moustache, if stroked with his perfumed glove or handkerchief, will retain the odour a whole day, is related with as much gravity as a king's death, or the march of a desolating plague. Nervously apprehensive of pain and death, he builds around himself a rampart of stoical maxims edifying to witness, but which will yield when the terror comes, like a knot of river flags, to the shoulder of Behemoth.

The Essays first saw the light at Bordeaux, and soon became popular among the best French minds, and such a man could not but be keenly alive to the pleasures of praise. But painful days were at hand, and his stoical philosophy was to be put to the test. He was attacked by the stone, the disease which, from childhood, he most feared. From this period, on to the end, his life was embittered with frequent paroxysms of agony. Like his father, he hated doctors and drugs, and he bore up against his disease as best he could. The speculating and experimenting turn of the man fastens upon the fierce pain itself, and turns it to use. "When they suppose me to be most cast down, and spare me, I often try my strength, and start subjects of conversation quite foreign to my state. I can do everything by a sudden effort, but, oh! take away duration. As soon as the pain passes, I can return to my ordinary posture, for my soul is no otherwise affected than by the influence of the body; and this I certainly owe to the care which I have always taken to prepare myself by reason for such accidents. It is true that I am tried somewhat severely, for I have suddenly passed from a very sweet and very happy condition of life, to the most painful that can be imagined." In a lull of the disorder, urged by the insatiable curiosity which consumed him, and by that irresistible sympathy with his race, which made the sordidest peasant more interesting to him than Mont Blanc at sunset, or statues that enchant the world, or white marble cathedrals cutting southern azure with groves of pinnacles, he mounted horse, and, accompanied by a secretary and servants, started for Italy. Passing from city to city, the keen noticing eyes found sufficient employment, and everything that struck him was noted down in his journal—often with curious comments. He was always conscientious in attending divine service; and it is characteristic that once or twice after visiting the churches, he remarks on the paucity of pretty faces amongst the female worshippers. While lingering at the baths of Della Villa, news arrived that he had been elected Mayor of Bordeaux (an office which his father had once held), and he returned at once. On entering office, Montaigne took up his residence in the city, and fulfilled his duties to the satisfaction of the citizens. Yet he hankered after his château, his library, and his old employment of essay-writing. When his period of mayoralty expired, he returned to his old home, and completed his Third Book. France was in a troubled state, and Montaigne's studies were frequently interrupted. Visiting Paris, he suffered a short imprisonment in the Bastile. Feeling his career was drawing to a close, he resided chiefly at Montaigne, making the last corrections of his works. Dwelling there, and about to issue a final edition, he was seized with a quinsey. Conscious that his end was near, he sent for his neighbours, that he might bid them a last farewell. When they came, and when the priest was elevating the Host, "this poor gentleman leaped forward as well as he was able on his bed, with his hands clasped; and in this last act gave up his soul to God." He was buried at Montaigne, but his body was afterwards removed to the chapel of the Feuillans at Bordeaux. A monument was erected to his memory, and around it during the last three centuries the foot of many a pilgrim has lingered.

The Essays are comprised in three books, ranging over an infinite variety of subjects, and the manner of treatment is always peculiar and characteristic. Although delighting in classical quotation and illustration, Montaigne is not a pedant; on the contrary, there is a fine gentleman air about much of his writing, and he wears his classics as he wears his rings, not from ostentation, but as a matter of course. In his books there is a healthy smack of country life; he occasionally uses a provincialism; his grapes have the true flavour of the Gascon soil. In point of style, the Essays are different from anything that could now be produced. Not only is the thinking different, the manner of setting forth the thinking is different also. There is a certain want of ease in the old writers which is irresistibly charming. The language flows like a stream over a pebbled bed, with propulsion, eddy, and sweet recoil—the pebbles, if retarding movement, giving a dimpled surface and a natural music.

There is a ceremoniousness in the mental habits of these ancients. Their intellectual garniture is picturesque, like the garniture of their bodies. Their thoughts are courtly and high-mannered. They carried gallantry (so to speak) into literature. They touched the hand of truth as they would the hand of a high-born lady in a minuet. A singular analogy exists between the personal attire of a period and the written style of a period. The peaked beard, the starched collar, the quilted doublet, have their correspondences in the high sentence and the elaborate ornament (worked upon the thought like the figures upon tapestry) of Sydney and Spenser. In Pope's day, men wore rapiers, and their weapons they carried with them into literature, and unsheathed them frequently too. Style went out with the men who wore knee-breeches and buckles in their shoes. Montaigne, in his graver and sedater passages, reaches the high-wrought and intricate eloquence to which we refer; but then his moods are Protean, and he is constantly alternating it with familiarity, anecdote, humour, and coarseness. His Essays are like a mythological landscape; you hear the pipe of Pan from the thicket, the goddess moves past, the leering satyr is there also. At the core of him, essentially melancholy, and consumed with a hunger for truth, he stands like Prospero in the Enchanted Island, with Ariel and Caliban to do his behests. These sudden alternations are very characteristic of Montaigne. Whatever he says immediately suggests its opposite. He laughs at himself and his reader. He builds his castle of cards for the mere pleasure of knocking it down again. He is ever unexpected and surprising. And with this curious mental activity, this play and mingling of discordant elements, his page is restless and alive, like the constant flicker of light and shadow in a mass of foliage which the wind is stirring.

Montaigne is avowedly an egotist, and by those who are inclined to make this a matter of reproach, it should be remembered that the value of egotism depends upon the egotist. If the egotist is weak, the egotism is drivel, and gravitates towards oblivion by a necessity of its nature. If the egotist is strong, acute, and full of distinctive character, the egotism is precious, and remains a possession of the race. If Shakspere had left personal revelations, how we should value them! if, indeed, he has not in some sense left them, if the tragedies and comedies are not personal revelations altogether—the multiform nature of the man rushing toward the sun at once in Falstaff, Hamlet, and Romeo. But calling Montaigne an egotist does not go a great way to decipher him. No writer takes the reader so much into his confidence, and no one more completely escapes the penalty of confidence. He tells us everything about himself, we think, and when all is told it is astonishing how little we really know. The esplanades of Montaigne's palace are thoroughfares, men from every European nation may jostle there, but somewhere in the building there is a secret room in which the master sits, of which no one but himself wears the key. We read in his Essays about his wife, his daughter, his daughter's governesses, of his cook, of his page, "who was never found guilty of telling the truth," of his library, the Gascon harvest-fields outside the château, his methods of composition, his favourite speculations, but somehow the man himself is constantly eluding us. His daughter's governess, his page, and the ripening Gascon fields are never introduced for their own sakes; they are employed merely to illustrate and set off the subject on which he happens to be writing. A brawl in his own kitchen he does not consider worthy of being specially set down, but he has seen and heard everything,—it comes in his way when travelling in some remote region, and accordingly it finds a place. He is the frankest and most out-spoken of writers, but that very frankness and out-spokenness puts a reader off his guard. If you wish to preserve your secret, wrap it up in frankness; if you wish to mislead at play, be careful to show your hand. The Essays are full of this trick. The frankness is as well simulated as the grape-bunches of the Grecian artist which the birds flew towards and pecked. When Montaigne retreats he does so like a skilful general, leaving his fires burning as brightly as possible. In other ways, too, he is an adept in putting his reader out. He discourses with the utmost gravity, but you suspect mockery or banter in the tones. He is serious about the most trifling subjects, and he trifles about the most serious. "He broods eternally over his own thought," but who can tell what his thought may be for the nonce? He is of all writers the most vagrant, surprising, and—to many minds—illogical. His sequences are not the sequences of other men. His writings are as full of transformations as a pantomime or a fairy tale. His arid wastes lead up to glittering palaces, his banqueting-halls end in a dog-hutch. He begins an Essay about trivialities, and the conclusion is in the other world. And the peculiar character of his writing arises—as the peculiar character of all writings which are worth anything do—from constitutional turn of mind. He is constantly playing at fast and loose with himself and his reader. He mocks and scorns his deeper nature, and—like Shakspere in Hamlet—says his deepest things in a jesting way. When he is gayest, be sure there is a serious design in his mood. Singularly shrewd and penetrating—sad, not only from the sensibility of exquisite nerve and tissue, but from meditation, and an eye that

pierces the surfaces of things—fond of pleasure, yet strangely fascinated by death—profoundly sceptical, yet clinging to what the Church taught and believed—lazily possessed by a high ideal of life, yet unable to reach it, careless perhaps often to strive after it, consequently with no very high opinion of his own goodness nor of the goodness of his fellows—and with all those serious elements, an element of humour, which assumed a variety of forms, now pure fun, now mischievous banter, now blistering scorn; humour in all its shapes, carelessly exercised on himself and his readers,—with all this variety, complexity, contradiction almost of intellectual forces within him, Montaigne wrote his bewildering Essays—with the exception of Rabelais, the greatest modern Frenchman—the creator of a distinct literary form, and to whom, down to our own day, even in point of subject-matter, every essayist has been more or less indebted.

Montaigne was not in any strict sense of the word a teacher. He wrote in support of no theory, moral, æsthetical, political, or theological. Constantly saying the most shrewd and memorable things, his turn of mind is vagrant and discursive. With no particular end in view he saunters through the fields of speculation. He owns allegiance to nothing, not even to himself. He had as great a contempt for consistency as Mr. Emerson. He is not in the least disturbed if the opinion set forth to-day flies right in the face of the opinion set forth yesterday. A melancholy Gascon gentleman, who had seen a good deal of the world, and who suffered constantly under the oppression of thought, he remained at his château, and amused himself with his own speculations. His philosophy is worldly. He knows that life is full of bitters, and he holds it wisdom that a man should console himself with its sweets—the principal of which are peace, leisure, travel, and the writing of essays. He values obtainable Gascon bread and cheese more than the unobtainable stars. He thinks crying for the moon the foolishest thing in the world. He knows that pain will come, disease will come, death will come, and he fortifies himself against their approach by a stoicism which is more pagan than Christian. This practical acquiescence of Montaigne, this acceptance of life as rather a sad thing at best, does not promise much fruit save to himself. How then came he to take his place in the visible forces of the world?

He lived in the times of the French religious wars. The rulers of his country were execrable Christians, but most orthodox Catholics. Heretics were burned almost every day, and the Court ladies flocked to witness the spectacle. On the Queen-mother and on her miserable son lay all the blood of the St. Bartholomew. The country was torn asunder; everywhere there was battle, murder, pillage, and such woful partings as Mr. Millais has represented in his incomparable picture. To Montaigne, this state of things was hateful and incomprehensible. He was a good Catholic in his easy way; he attended divine service regularly; he crossed himself when he yawned. He conformed in practice to every rule of the Church; but if orthodox in practice, he was daring in speculation. He waged war with every form of superstition. He worked like a mole under the foundations of priestcraft. While in this way doing signal service to the reformed cause, he had but little sympathy with reformers. If they had but remained quiet, but kept their peculiar notions to themselves, France would have been at rest. That a man should go to the stake for an opinion, was as astonishing to him as that priest or king should send him there for an opinion. He was easy tempered, and humane—in the hunting-field he could not hear the cry of a dying hare with composure—the stake, consequently, had no attractions for such a man. His scepticism came into play, his melancholy scorn, his sense of the illimitable which surrounds man's life, and mocks and defeats his thought. Man is here, he said, with bounded powers, with limited knowledge, with the unknown behind, the unknown in front, certain of nothing but that he was born and that he must die: Why, then, should he burn his fellow? Out of his merciful disposition, out of his scepticism, grew, in that fiercely intolerant age, the idea of toleration of which he was the apostle. Widely read, charming every one with his wit and his wisdom, his influence spread from mind to mind, and assisted in bringing about the change which has taken place in European thought. His ideas certainly did not spring from the highest sources. He was no ascetic, he loved pleasure, he was tolerant of everything except cruelty; but do not let us stint our praise on that account for the good he actually performed. It is in this indirect way that great writers affect the thoughts of the world. They may not be powerful in action, but they send forth ideal armies which fight for the good cause long after the brain is dust from which they sprung. And the man who is fighting against wrong to-day is assisted, more perhaps than he is himself aware, by the sarcasm of this writer, by the metaphor of that, by the song of the other, even although the writers themselves professed indifference, or were even counted as belonging to the enemy.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE SUMMER WOODS.

Go gather sunbeams where they lie
On every hill-side sleeping,
And put them where they will not die,
Within your young heart's keeping.
They paint with light, with loving hand, the blossom when it's blowing,
They tune the lays of every land, and bless where'er they fall;
Keep every day, like Summer gay, for yellow Autumn's glowing,
For happy hearts have summer aye, and sunshine over all.

Then merry all—go merrily,
And happy foot go free,
With laughter ringing cheerily;
I would not stint your glee.
Wake up, you gladsome voices, till the grand old wood rejoices,
Let beauty claim her kindred where the lordly Summer's hand
His path of light is spreading for the bride that he is wedding;
Go all, and greet the rosy Queen that's coming through the land.

The primrose blooms for Easter-tide,
The daffodil for May;
But June's the lordly Summer's bride,
And this her bridal day.
And who but you, as pure as dew, as true as ye are tender,
So light of heart, should bear your part, amid her bridal cheer?
And who but you, to life so new, should dance amid her splendour,—
Should rise with living rapture through the radiance of the year?

Then dance away the merry day,
Your meed of music bringing,
Where household cares hush half the lay
The birds were lately singing;
The Robin in his summer haunt, his woodland place of wooing,
Has all forgot the welcome note that sang away the snow;
The Cushat calls among the firs, the green Cuckoo cuckooing,
Your little mimic voices stirs to music as ye go.

See there, the glimpse of grassy dales
Is gleaming through the larches,
And here, like dim cathedral aisles,
The gloom of beechen arches;
The heather glows on every bank, the wild-rose on its thorn;
The woodbines o'er the dusky gean their golden garlands fling;
And there the flush of noontide rays, and here the blush of morn,
Where fainting fair anemones lie left behind the Spring.

And all flowers are blowing
To the fulness of their noon,
Where the Summer king is going
With his queenly lady June.
Her cheek is like the apple-bloom before it opens fairly;
She strews the ground with flowers around, with ever-radiant hand;
Her mantle-fold of green and gold is floating round her rarely;
We'll greet with love the rosy Queen that's coming through the land.

Then wake the gladsome greenwood way,
With all your young delight;
I've seen your fathers' hearts as gay,
Your mothers' eyes as bright.
And they are all the gayer, all the brighter are their eyes,
For days they spent in merriment among the woods of old;
And they are all the gayer all, for happy thoughts that rise,
And far-off hours like these recall all clad in robes of gold.

Some brown as nuts in nutting days,
Some blushing red as maples;
They rolled about the heather braes
Like rosy-cheekèd apples;
And up and down the woodland brown the merry band went dancing,
Their hearts as light as any bird's to memory and me;
As sunset beams on sparkling streams their bright young eyes were glancing;
Their voices sweet and happy feet kept time with tuneful glee.

And hope may pour its richest store
With every promise true;
Yet golden halcyons shine no more
Like those that shine on you.
And ye will seek, as I have sought, for beauty's fading traces,
The footprints of the Summers where ye danced in other years;
And find that sunshine never dies when shed on happy faces,
But lives through life-long memories, though maybe fringed with tears.

Then dance away with merry din,
I love your laughter dearly;
The linnet on his muirland whin
Could never sing so clearly.
The golden thrush, within his bush, the blackbird on his tree,
Have kept their sweet-love songs to greet the bridal joys of June;
And far away the skylark's lay rings o'er the lowan lea;
Oh, happy song of happy hearts with song and heart in tune!

The rosebuds, with their ruby lips,
To Summer's kisses cling;
The larches' crimson finger-tips
Wave farewell to the Spring;
The chestnut's hyacinthine flower, the ever-fragrant haw,
Are shedding balms through sun and shower, and beauty where they stand;
The ancient oaks, like brave old kings, who kept the world in awe,
All greet with love the rosy Queen that's coming through the land.

Then make the merry greenwood ring
With voices sweet to hear;
As songs that fairy maidens sing
At milking of the deer.
It is the time when Summer, all his golden glory shedding,
His joys on every comer, all his love on sea and shore,
His path of light is spreading, for the bride that he is wedding,
His radiant Queen in bridal sheen, his loved one evermore.



Then dance through all their rosy reign,
Be merry while you may;
You'll never dance so young again,
Though dancing every day.
The old divine emotion that is throbbing everywhere,
Is waking into beauty, and is breaking into song:
The ever-young whose raptures sprung when Eden first was fair,
Makes hearts as light, and eyes as bright, and blithe 's the day is long.

There's joy in every blossom-fold,
There's peace among the leaves;
And all the sunshine turns to gold
Among the harvest sheaves.
But all the harvests are not when the grain is waving yellow,
And brown October apples in their ruddy ripeness fall!
Then gather sunshine while you may, to make your Autumn mellow,
And let you keep, in after day, an open heart for all.

WILLIAM FORSYTH.

ON SOME GUESSERS AT TRUTH.

For now wellnigh six thousand years mankind has been guessing at Truth, with what result its mythologies, philosophies, wise sentences, and the rest may declare to those that read them. That the Truth itself has been meanwhile declared, nay, has been declared from the beginning, has proved little check. For most of those years it has been known in the narrowest circle, a mere pin-point of light within a sphere of darkness; and even now it is but advancing with a slow and irregular step, and as if fighting its way over the barricades. Four-fifths of men are still reduced to guesswork for any knowledge of the things that are, and failing the sun and stars, make shift to grope their way by a fitful firefly radiance. But even with positive truth known as widely as may be, there is abundant room and perhaps necessity for guessing. For the truth is so manifold, and by its nature hidden, that although discovered in its outline, various of its parts are still shrouded, and to be humbly guessed at rather than rudely unveiled. And if the True Light now shineth, and all that are not blind may see it; yet on how many ulterior and distantly related truths it falls, not so much revealing them as revealing that they are! To take truth in its most positive form, as contained in the Scriptures, is there not room and demand for abundant guessing concerning the meaning of its last solemn words of "Revelation;" and concerning those higher and reconciling truths that shall unite what we see at present as the opposite poles of truth; and concerning many matters purely spiritual, but left over as yet to speculation divinely guided? While, if we wander out into regions less



Novalis.

known and dimly lighted, this necessity of guessing becomes more evident. Every fresh fact sets out some new relation of truth; but then what relation? Even science will not always yield to the thrusts of logic, but will sometimes open its knottiest secrets to the "inspiration of a guess." And if the patient and pregnant guesses of certain noted thinkers have given us higher and more satisfying knowledge of physiology and psychology and magnetism, it is but rational to expect similar and larger gains in morals and politics, and in the infinite bearings of the spiritual world upon the material.

Guessing of this sort is no light and haphazard matter, a sport for idle hours, or for other than serious and profound minds. Least of all is it that shrewdness and cunning of insight into motive, which it has come to mean in transatlantic speech, and of which Mr. Lowell has fitly sung in his last *Yankee Idyll*,

> "Ole Uncle Sam, sez he, I guess,
> I on'y guess, sez he."

Those only who come with reverent and tractable minds to the truth they know, are likely to guess at the unknown; those who search after it lovingly for its own sake, and serve for it in patient and long and rigorous servitude. Like the well-known ideal Knight of Nature in *Glaucus*, they "must be of a reverent turn of mind; not rashly discrediting any report, however vague and fragmentary; giving man credit always for some germ of truth, and giving nature credit for an inexhaustible fertility and variety, which will keep him his life long always reverent, yet never superstitious; wondering at the commonest, but not surprised by the most strange; free from the idols of size and sensuous loveliness; able to see grandeur in the minutest objects, beauty in the most ungainly; estimating each thing, not carnally, as the vulgar do, by its size, or its pleasantness to the senses, but spiritually, by the amount of Divine thought revealed to him therein; holding every phenomenon worth the noting down; believing that every pebble holds a treasure, every bud a revelation; making it a point of conscience to pass over nothing through laziness or hastiness, lest the vision once offered and despised should be withdrawn; and looking at every object as if he were never to behold it again. Moreover, he must keep himself free from all those perturbations of mind which not only weaken energy, but darken and confuse the inventive faculty; from melancholy, testiness, pride, and all the passions which make men see only what they wish to see."

It is an ideal picture, no doubt, but at least it may set forth that the guesser at truth must be a truth-seeker, qualified for the search by proper gifts of mind and temper, and by a diligent and unceasing training. Not but that there have been strange guesses, without guessers, so to say, and so strange that they almost bear in them the mystery of some dim prophetic vision. They may be stumbled on in the traditions and sacred books of most heathen nations. Paul, at Athens, could appeal to a poet who sung of men as the offspring of God; a Latin poet made the golden age centre in a marvellous child. The legends of Buddha and Zoroaster represent each as born of a virgin; according to Cæsar, the Gauls offered human sacrifices because a man was the fittest sacrifice for sins. The Karens looked for a coming of God with a resurrection and a new creation; and there is a saying in India that the day will come when there will be neither idol nor caste. But, passing by these and many similar, which can be traced to no definite source, but have lain in the heart of heathendom like "unconscious prophecies," as they have been called, there are those others that have been guessed out, with more or less of conscious effort. We have those pregnant sayings of Socrates, whose dialogue was but the method of right guessing, and by which, as De Quincey somewhere wittily says, a man was fairly "backed into the well of truth." Eupolis, one of his scholars, gets the credit of a hymn which in one stanza contains the original of Pope's "Jehovah, Jove, our Lord;" and in another is singular for its nearness to the Gospel:—

> "A greater hero far
> (Unless great Socrates could err),
> Shall rise to bless some future day,
> And teach to live and teach to pray."

And how rich in such border-truths are the beautiful and solemn thoughts of Plato — the most striking of all antiquity for their marvellous approach to Christian verity; such as his picture of the soul as a chariot drawn by two horses, black and white; or again, as a "tyrannized city, poor and starved, and that cannot do what it would;" of the wise man as the rightful king, of the just man as he who must pass through tribulation, and (capable surely of a fuller meaning than Plato's), "who will suffer stripes, bonds, the rack, will have his eyes burnt out, and after all other sufferings will be crucified." And if we turn to Rome, there are other voices as clear, and uttering words that tremble on the verge of truth, like those of Seneca, for example: "We reach innocence through sin;" "No one of himself is able to rise out of the depths, but must clasp some outstretched hand;" or that profound saying of Pliny: "Nothing is more proud or more wretched than man." Nay, so frequently does Seneca speak "almost as a Christian," that certain learned German treatises have been written to prove his familiarity with the writings of Paul; and Jerome, as is well known, calls him "our Seneca."

It is curious to linger among these old Pagan thoughts; to find how near they sometimes touch upon the truth; how, like distant mountain summits flushing with light before the sun has risen, they seem to catch the earliest rays that issue from the Cross. But it is tantalizing as well. You are always on the point of a discovery which is never made, winding through "passages that lead to nothing," and in the reverse of the Apostle's picture, seeming to have all things, yet having nothing. The transition to the Christian thinker places us in an entirely other world, with our own familiar sky as it is traversed by its daily sun and set with its familiar stars, with the well-known objects and suggestions of home, with things positive and real, that we apprehend by the same unconscious habit by which we live and move. The Christian thinker may be still a guesser, but thought is no longer one great guess. It is based upon the common verities of revelation; on these it builds its speculations concerning the yet unknown; by these it shapes its wise sentences, and welds the truths of God into the facts of life; out of these it springs, and back to these it ever returns. Some of the earliest of such Christian guesses are crude enough, and with a great baldness and sameness of form: at times, however, with the distinctness and pregnancy of a proverb; often the simple setting of words of Scripture; not seldom trifling and fanciful. Their range is narrow, extending over the teaching of life and the experience of the Christian, but avoiding philosophy, science, and politics. Perhaps those two collections that have floated down uninjured into our present century, as they are the readiest, so they afford the best examples, and do really contain some

> "Thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality."

About the middle of the third century, Sixtus was Bishop of Rome for rather less than a year, his episcopate being shortened by martyrdom during the Valerian persecution. Brief as it was, it has given his name to a small collection of *Wise Sayings*, and of which, perhaps, he was the author. At all events, from his time they had considerable circulation, and have even been translated into modern tongues. Some of these sayings run thus:—"It is by no means a small matter not to despise small matters." "Unrighteousness has its root in selfishness." "Whatever a man has beyond his need is his enemy." "A lust is insatiable, and therefore is it always poor." "A wise man is always like himself." "The flatterer of the wicked is more wicked than they." "It is better to be overcome, and yet speak the truth, than to lie and overcome"—(with which may be compared Shelley's well-known but terrible saying about Plato and Malthus). "All wounds are light but a word"—(in the Hindoo Kûral it is said:—

> "The wound may heal, though from a burning brand,
> And be forgotten; but the wound ne'er heals
> The burning tongue inflicts").

"Do great things although thou dost not promise them." "It is pride that makes us bear grudgingly the tabernacle of the body." "Living is in our power, but right living is not."

About a century after these words had been issued into the world, one Nilus was Exarch of Constantinople. He was of good family, still young, happily married, and with certainty of a brilliant career. Chrysostom was preaching in the city, and Nilus bowed to the eloquence of him of the golden mouth. Now it was the spring-time of monachism, and the world was corrupt and dying, and the Church in the capitals was swayed by intrigue. And to Nilus, as to many another, to the man of the world most of all, there seemed to be no escape and no purity but by fleeing into the desert. His wife and daughter retired to an Egyptian cloister, one of those calm, lonely spots along the Nile, such as have been inimitably painted in *Hypatia*. He himself, with his son, withdrew to the grim solitudes of Mount Sinai; and there, among the awful shadows of the place, he dwelt for thirty years, asking no fellowship but His at whose presence the earth had shaken, and whose voice still spoke through the thunder as it rolled round the jagged peaks. There he meditated, and toiled at his herbs, and corresponded with his friends, and when he died, left near twenty books and a thousand letters to the future printer. They were ascetic, such as a monk must inevitably write, shutting out from him the healthful, loving intercourse of his fellows, and moving within the ever-narrowing circle of his own life. But they were the thoughts of a manly and vigorous thinker, who knew the world he had deserted, and, from a distance, watched it with much interest, eagerness, and wisdom; a man who is clearly distinguishable even from the monks of his time, by the breadth of his views, his sagacity, the simplicity of his gospel. He also, in those solitudes, searching for the truth, put it into words of power,—few, concentrated words,—in which it has been kept for many generations. To any one curious about the monks of the East, there are other of his writings richer in information; but to the guesser at truth there is none so interesting as the *Capita Parænetica*, from which some sentences may be taken at random:—"Rejoice not over the bloom of thy life for the flower of grass withereth at the touch." "The ear and the tongue are ever in danger." "Let thy mouth be filled with psalms and prayers, for the evil spirits flee at the name of God." "Drive away wicked thoughts by good." "If

thou wilt have the devil weak, put away thy sin; for if he lose his wings he is no bigger than a sparrow." "Suffer affliction; the virtues grow beneath, as the roses blossom from under the thorns." "Hold idleness to be the mother of sin; it both robs thee of the good thou hast, and hinders thee of what thou hast not." "The joys and sorrows of this life are like a shadow and a wheel: for like a shadow they abide not, and like a wheel they roll round." "Always expect death, but never fear it." "Adam's children must work; Eve's children must suffer."

Now, there is truth, sometimes profound truth in these sayings, and it is singular to find them so free from monkish extravagance and corruptness of doctrine; nay, upon occasion, protesting against both. But two examples may well suffice for a large class, not always careful to rise above being mere utterers of sentences. Such as they are, their art has perished with them, and probably the absence of any legitimate successor accounts for their surviving so many abler works. They represent, moreover, exclusively the inner life of the Christian. But while to a certain mental type and mental condition they will always be welcome, and an age that is marked by the revival of devotional literature is likely enough to witness the revival of Sixtus and Nilus and the rest; it may be hoped that some other Christian guesser will arise, moving within less narrow and arbitrary limits, with more creative energy of thought, and essaying rather than shunning the problems of modern life and modern science.

As for what of guessing has prevailed in these later centuries, it has taken a most free and comprehensive range, and assumed a set character and culture very different from earlier occasional and accidental efforts. It is now indeed a distinct form of literary effort, with its special crowned names, and special critics and admirers. Felicity of expression was always essential to it, but this felicity is cultivated and polished up to an unusual brilliance, and in cutting the diamond to make it glitter, it is sometimes reduced to a marvellously small jewel. On the other hand, a notable laxness has crept in as regards terseness of expression; for, while the proverb has been left on the beaten highway, the path of the guesser wanders "at its own sweet will" through ever-varied fields and flowers of thought. Nay, it is sometimes difficult to see wherein his writing differs from mere unfinished work, which a man's idiosyncracy, or, more intelligibly, laziness, has prevented him shaping into a comely and harmonious whole; a reproach to which one of the best books of the kind—that of the brothers Hare—is not unjustly exposed.

Perhaps Joubert in one direction, and the *Guesses at Truth* in the other, represent the extreme limits to which this kind of writing may be pushed. A step over on either side would be fatal. A man may polish a sentence till it sparkles, and yet it may neither be a "thought," nor worth a thought. Mere verbal antithesis is only a trick of words, unless it rings with the truth; and it is just that trick from which the real, and humble, and earnest thinker will recoil. But the recoil is not to throw us down among the jottings of Brown's commonplace book, or Jones's efforts to comprehend the universe, or Smith's pencillings by the way, none of which betray the faintest polish, and in which there is nothing to finish, for it cannot be said there is anything begun. Thoughts of the true kind, guesses at truth, must have a separate completeness. They represent the results of the writer's reflection on a given subject. He may express that with exceeding point and brilliance, or may choose a more homely, unaffected, even rambling style. But to whatever length the guess runs, it must bear being detached and looked at apart, and have a unity in itself. And it is the peculiarity of some minds, that their thoughts lie detached, and that they have no wish or power to bring them together into one system. There are books, of which every one feels the real value lies in the looser and informal notes, books which ought to be written in notes; and there are thinkers whose loose, almost slipshod utterances by the way, are worth more than any of their formal and pretentious efforts. These are already born guessers, and need no more than the culture of their special faculty. For though every man has, at least once in his life, guessed earnestly at the solution of some problem or other of existence, comparatively few have the power of mastering such thoughts so as to make them intelligible. And of those who can, it is only some who busy themselves with such solutions. So that, while every man is guessing at some truth, the guessers, so-called, are rare.

We can reckon only in our modern period two or three names in England, and as many in Germany, and not many more in France. As for those of other countries, it does not much matter, for they have had no influence upon the thought of Europe. Each country appears to have a distinct individuality. The German thoughts are mystical, busying themselves altogether with the higher spheres of truth, struggling with the most vexed questions of metaphysics, soaring so high and so near the sun, that the unpractised eye drops from them dazzled. Not that they are unintelligible, but on the brink of it, and you follow them feeling painfully near the edge. They represent fairly enough a speculative people, whose thoughts outrun their acting, and who search into the ele-

ments of being, while others, taking them for granted, perhaps on insufficient grounds, are raising up great national histories. What Englishman would have thought out such thoughts as these of Novalis? "Death is nothing but the interruption of the interchange between the soul and the world." "Love is the Amen of the universe." "The curve is the triumph of free nature over rule." "Bodies are thoughts precipitated into space." "The woman is the symbol of goodness and beauty; the man is the symbol of truth and righteousness." "Every science becomes poetry after it has been philosophy." "Mathematics is only common elementary philosophy; and philosophy is only higher mathematics." "Much scepticism is nothing but unripe idealism." "We can know nothing of ourselves; all genuine knowledge must be given us." "All arts and sciences rest on partial harmonies." "In the *I* we are all in fact perfectly identical; from that we separate into individuality. *I* is the central point." "Speech is for philosophy just what it is for music and painting, not the right medium." "Philosophy is the *Poëm* of the understanding." Not that all his utterances are of this sort, but that this is their prevailing tendency presented in examples as intelligible as may be; for there are some so wild and mysterious, and awfully daring in their flights, that they seem at first little better than word-puzzles. Yet that they are not likely to be that, such golden sayings as these may show—*ex magno tollere acervo*:—"The poet understands nature better than the man of science." "Poetry heals the wounds which the understanding makes." "Poetry is the absolute real. This is the core of my philosophy. The more poetical the truer." "Most revolutionists do not know what they would—form, or no-form." "There comes an energy out of sickliness and weakness, and it works more mightily than the true, but, alas! it ends in yet deeper weakness." "Science is only the one half: Faith is the other." "Prayer is in religion what thought is in philosophy." "The whole life is public worship." "The letter is like a temple or monument; without meaning it is dead." "Where children are, is a golden age." "Many a man lives on better terms with the past and the future than the present." "Spectres rule where there is no God." "There are many flowers of heavenly origin in the world; they do not flourish in this climate, and are properly heralds, clear-voiced messengers of a better existence: Religion is one; Love is another." "History is a huge anecdote." "Genuine innocence is as little lost as genuine life." "God is only known [comprehended] by God." "A people, like a child, is a separate educational problem." "The less the work, and the slower, so much the nearer being perfect. The more one can do with little, the more one can do also with much. If you know how to love one, you know best how to love all." "He who will seek God once will find him everywhere." "The preacher must first seek to rouse enthusiasm, for this is the element of religion. Every word must be clear and hot out of the heart." "Philosophy should not answer more than it is asked." "To contrast vice with virtue is to do it too much honour." These are thoughts, one might say, of remarkable plainness, not burdened with any superfluous mysticism of expression. If there are others that seem doubly or trebly veiled, may it not be supposed they also are uttered as simply as may be; that it is the remoteness and profoundness of the thoughts that make them wear so strange an aspect? For that many of them have that aspect there is no manner of doubt, and one who is reputed the least intelligible of English writers, and to whom, if to any, a German thinker might be supposed an open secret, has himself reported that "here we cannot always find our own latitude and longitude, sometimes not even approximate to finding them; much less teach others such a secret."

The thoughts remain much as Mr. Carlyle has left them, the delight of a few, but often a puzzle and mystery even to them. How they shaped themselves through so simple and brief a life is itself a mystery; and, this taken into account, Novalis stands first among all the guessers at the true. A childhood passed in a strict Moravian household, office work requiring constant attention, the seclusion of a country residence, and death at twenty-nine, out of these slender materials his life was built,—these and such others as lay in his own nature. That nature seems to have been as tremulous with passion as Shelley's, whom he resembled in more respects than an early death: a richly sensuous, but at the bottom essentially reverential and religious nature. He had much of the poet's gifts, and in their finer and subtlest form, yet he wrote but few poems: and while his speculations drew him away to the vast scheme of an Encyclopedia of the Sciences, in which each should mutually illustrate the other, the Moravians were filling the Church with the exquisite music of his hymns. Like Pascal, he was a master in mathematics, and had a united quickness and accuracy of apprehension that enabled him to acquire a new science with amazing rapidity. Like Coleridge, he speculated much on the philosophy of religion, and towards some final system in which the sciences would have their proper adjustment to religion, as of planets to their sun. In such transcendental speculations, he seems to move with ease, and to pursue them with singular daring into regions where the mind falters to

follow him; while in common life, he was practical, sifting each detail, and imposing on himself mechanical labours from which most clerks would have shrunk. The dominant impression he leaves is of a mystic speaker; and we recall his friend Tieck's picture of the tall, slender figure, the wavy curls of brown hair, the transparent skin, the brilliant eye, "the shape of the head and expression of the features like Dürer's St. John," and how he would sit through the night with Schlegel and the rest, pouring out the thick-coming thoughts, and lighting up the darkest and hardest by the dazzling play of his imagination. But it is worth noticing the qualities that went to make up his character, and that, being a mystic, he could be thoroughly intelligible on other men's ground, and thoroughly practical on his own. Instead of apprehending less of truth than other men, is it not possible that the true mystic may apprehend the most; also, that he is not necessarily an idle, profitless dreamer, but may be a serious, reflective, diligent man?

If in Germany the guesser at truth is somewhat of a transcendentalist, in France, it must be allowed, he is clear of whatever obscurity that word implies; and while the thoughts of Novalis are loose and straggling, those of Pascal and others are orderly and proper as soldiers on parade. They excel all others in precision and system, as their language excels others in preserving delicate, sharp outlines of meaning, and nice subtleties of division. Pascal, Coleridge, and Novalis, each formed the conception of a vast inclusive religious philosophy; each has left his thoughts upon it; each was led to conclusions far in advance of his time, and to investigations in advance of his conclusions. Novalis may be said to have penetrated the farthest, and formed the grandest plans, and to have had the subtlest intellect. Pascal has left the nearest approach to a system, and confined himself within the narrowest limits. He is occupied mostly with what is historically true, and in that mostly with the Christian verities. His thoughts lean to a more accurate setting forth of Christian doctrine, philosophically accurate,—so that the dogmas of the Bible may be seen to harmonize with the results of philosophic inquiry; and his speculations move much within the sphere of religious experience and consciousness. There is most genuine gain to be drawn from him, for he is the most positive of the three in his results, and troubled himself less with those faint, far-off nebulæ of truth, that we have as yet no power to resolve. No one can take him up without feeling that he is a man of uncommon reflective power; no one can lay him down without feeling that he is a man of uncommon clearness of speech. As a mere writer of thoughts, he is not only first of the three, but first of all. And as a Christian thinker, and one in whom the Christian will find a fresh, perpetual strength and pleasure, he is specially pre-eminent. To take but one or two of his sayings—and they are taken just as they come to hand,—it would be impossible to find better or finer things than—"To know God and not to know our misery, is pride. To know our misery and not to know Jesus Christ, is despair. But to know Jesus Christ delivers us from both pride and despair, because in him we find God, and our misery, and the only way to repair it." "Not merely do we only know God by Jesus Christ, but we only know ourselves by Jesus Christ." "Jesus Christ says the grandest things so simply, that it does not seem as if He had thought them, and nevertheless so clearly, that it is manifest he thought them." "Holy Scripture is not a science of *esprit*, but of the heart." "The incredulous are the most credulous. They believe the miracles of Vespasian in order not to believe the miracles of Moses." Or that, well known: "The multitude that is not reduced to unity is confusion; the unity which does not belong to multitude is tyranny." Or Neander's favourite motto: "All contradictions are reconciled in Jesus Christ." Yet Joubert is a more national type. His mind seems to let off its pointed sayings as you might let off fireworks. You never meet him in undress. He hands you, as his most recent commentator has well said, a tray of diamonds. You forget that you were in search for truth, and not for clever sayings. The whole has too much the air of a work of art, and that art too nearly mechanical. The truth is not very much, nor very far to seek; the philosophy is not so profound; but each saying represents a definite and limited thought, and each is presented with an admirable perfectness of expression. Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, on the other hand, are only divided wilfully into so-called aphorisms. His mind was not of a character to break up into fragments, each of which would contain a certain completeness in itself. And while here and there you are surprised by a happy thought standing out by itself, or a guess at some far-off possible truth, the whole runs together as imperatively as if the divisions were all removed. The portions of his system that he has left are fragmentary, only because the whole is unfinished, and it must always be read as belonging to that whole. Had he given the pains, he could have done better. One-hundredth part of the care bestowed by Joubert on a page, would have established for his book a tolerable reputation in aphorisms. But at least there is this compensation, that he makes you feel his love and honour for truth; that it is not, as too much with the other, the man of the world, the man of letters, who speaks, anxious to set forward his talent to advantage, but the man who recog-

nises truth to be so noble and worthy, that he has fairly lost sight of himself.

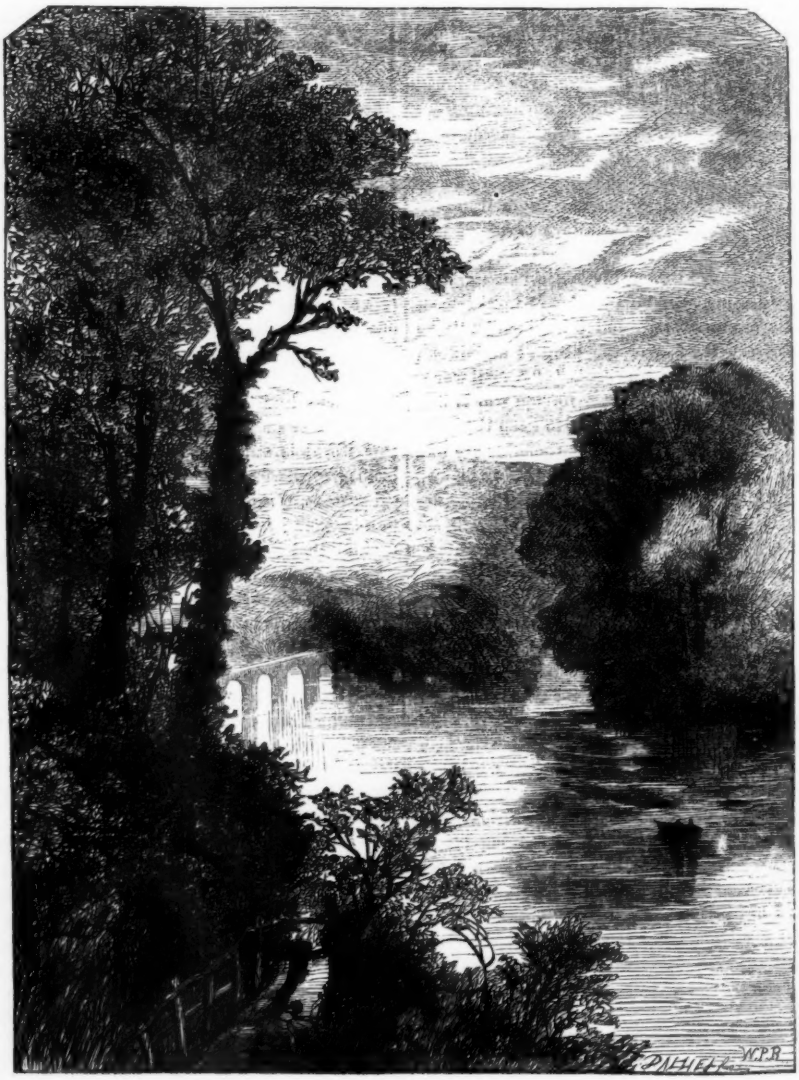
Better types however among our English writers are Lord Bacon and the Hares. Bacon's *Sentences* —called *Elegant* by some strange blunder—are instinct with a healthy freedom and naturalness and power. To read in the *Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers* is like wandering over the broad English downs, while the wind is curling up fresh and crisp over the grass. The firm moral grasp of these English guessers is noticeable; their practical sense, and great breadth of wisdom. There is something characteristic even in their downright blunt honesty; in their love of moral and æsthetical questions; in their free handling of political science; in their reverence and religious basis. "Without good nature," says Lord Bacon, "man is but a better kind of vermin." "The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools." "A civil war is like the heat of a fever; but a foreign war is like the heat of exercise, and serveth to keep the body in health." "Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds; they ever fly by twilight." "The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express." "Extreme self-lovers will set a man's house on fire, though it were but to roast their eggs." "He that cannot see well, let him go softly." And these from the *Guesses at Truth* are not unworthy to be beside them: —"The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it." "The ancients dreaded death; the Christian can only fear dying." "Friendship is love without either flower or veil." "Hell, a wise man has said, is paved with good intentions. Pluck up the stones, ye sluggards, and break the devil's head with them." "Surely half the world must be blind, they can see nothing unless it glitters." "People stare much more at a paper kite than a real one." "The most benighted persons I have known, have been in some things the most sceptical. The most sceptical are often notoriously the greatest bigots." "Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better." "Self-depreciation is not humility." "None but a fool is always right; and his right is the most unreasonable wrong."

To do anything like justice to this book would, indeed, demand longer extracts. Its happiest utterances are those in which there is least of the apothegm, and throughout it represents the fullest interpretation that can be given to its technical title. But of its kind we have no English book like it, none so compact of ripe and suggestive thoughts, nor so nearly approaching that ideal of what *Guesses at Truth* ought to be.

Other guessers no doubt there are, though the great world shall never hear of them, like ripe-hearted, genial Claudius, sitting in his poet's corner at Wandsbeck, or even young Novalises, burdened with mystery of vague, limitless thought. And if men say *cui bono*, is not the truth reward sufficient for those at least who value it? The rest are likely to guess but little, or move an inch out of the safe road of accepted commonplace. For those who do venture, and with honest purpose of discovery, there are infinite and abundant pleasures, joys like Columbus's when he touched the new land, or Le Verrier's when he found his planet. Our world is still full of hard and tangled problems; may we not guess at the loosing of them? Science is not rounded off like a measured and definite sphere; is there not yet some further region to him that will manfully go out and seek it? Are there not certain great gaps in our knowledge, confusions in the things we know? May they not lead the quiet and patient thinker to those truths that will fill up the one and explain the other? Nay, even in spiritual wisdom how much each generation learns from the last, how much has still to be learnt! But Christ is absolutely true, the point whence we start and where we must end. From Christ and to Christ includes the whole circle of our knowledge and the whole circle of our uncertainty. All truth and all ways to truth must end in Him who is the Truth and the way. Being in Him, what is unknown need not perplex us, cannot baffle us, for He knows it, in whom *are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge*. And above all, we have by Him that knowledge which is eternal—whatever way human guesses may shift—of a Redeemer from the woe, and wreck, and curse of sin, the knowledge of God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

S. W.

SUMMER EVENING.



WITH what calm grandeur comes the summer eve,
When o'er the forest-crownèd hill the bright
Far-beaming Sun spreads through the heaven his light,
And golden fringes to the clouds doth weave
That overhang the portals of the west.
And still towards the horizon sinking slow,
Among the woods his deepening lustres flow,
And shadowy gold upon the grass doth rest.
And while the purpling clouds his pomp receive,
Less proudly glides along the eastern sky
The Moon, from out the mists emerging dim;
Scarce seen within the heavens' serenity.
And distant sheep-calls tell that night is nigh,
And o'er the earth soft shades of twilight swim.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF JUNE.

FIRST EVENING.

WHEREIN CHRISTIANS ARE OF THE WORLD.

"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world."—JOHN xvii. 14, 15.

How carefully the Great Teacher guards his doctrine, lest dull scholars should on either side misapprehend his meaning! Christians are indeed no longer "of the world;" but they have not been taken "out of the world." The converted and the unconverted are in many things entirely alike, and in many things totally unlike each other. The difference between the saved and the unsaved is not like the difference between angels and men, or between men and brutes. It is of first-rate importance that the distinction should be understood, and represented to be neither greater nor less than it really is. The straight line of truth lies in the middle, and error on either side is fatal. Those who falsely diminish the difference will be lulled into spiritual carelessness; those who falsely exaggerate it, will be driven into despair. If the chasm that divides saints from sinners is infinitesimally small, I may keep myself easy in my sin, for I can step over into safety on the first alarm of danger: and if that chasm be very wide, it is vain to attempt the passage. Extremes meet here. To make too little of the difficulty, and to make too much, lead practically to the same result; and that result is to do nothing. In the one case it is the inaction of levity, and in the other the inaction of despair; but in both cases it is inaction.

A renewed man is still a man in all the essential attributes of his nature. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," but he is not another or a different creature. In natural history an individual cannot pass from one species or one genus to another. A thorn cannot become a vine: a lion cannot become a lamb; but a flower or a fruit-tree may, by engrafting and culture, undergo a more beneficent change as to beauty and worth, than if it had passed from one species to another. An apple-tree may be changed in nature from barrenness or bitterness to the bearing of wholesome fruit, and yet remain as much as ever an apple-tree. So, while a man cannot in any essential feature of his constitution, cease to be a man, he may notwithstanding undergo a more beneficent transformation. He who is made a new creature in Christ is still a man, and yet he has obtained a more valuable promotion, than he would have possessed if he had by the fiat of the Almighty become an angel.

It is our business here to guard the truth first on the right hand, and then on the left. We shall enumerate, first, some points in which Christians are of the world like other people; and next, some points in which they are not of the world, but of God.

1. They are of the world in the constituents, construction, and vitality of the body. According to the Scriptures, man was made from the dust of the ground. Here, as in many other things, Scripture has anticipated philosophy. The first man was made of dust, and all men are dust to-day. From dust we have come, and to dust we shall return. There is great beauty in the form and colour and movements of the human body. It is fearfully and wonderfully made: it is a glory to God its maker; but however excellent the workmanship may be, the stuff is still only dust.

It is of use to note here what has been discovered by accurate observation in modern times, regarding the connexion between the living body and the dust of the ground. All the elements that constitute the body lie in the earth or float in the air. We are continually taking them in, and continually throwing them off. Of the particles that constituted my body ten years ago, there may be few or none remaining now. The body is buried several times piecemeal during life, as well as once in the lump at the close. In imperceptibly small portions, the matter of which it consists is carried off by respiration, perspiration, and the other functions of life: while through the food that we eat, and the air that we breathe, new matter is introduced to supply the place of that which has been thrown away. Lime, for example, is an important constituent of animated bodies, especially of their bones. This element lies first in the land: thence it is taken up and elaborated by the functions of vegetable life, and fused into the substance of grain. Thus in eating bread we are supplying material of strength to the bones within our bodies. Farmers have learned to grind bones and cast them on the land, that the growing corn may absorb the constituents from the ground, and that living creatures may in their turn absorb these elements from the grain. Thus the dust of the earth circulates as busily, as mysteriously, and as beneficently as the water of the sea. As the water rises from the ocean to the sky, thence drops on the mountains, and flows back again by rivers to the sea; so the atoms rise from the earth through the corn stalks, thence find their way into animated bodies, and return in due time to the dust from which they came.

"What is the age of your boat?" inquired a

passenger, as the ferryman in a remote rural valley was leisurely rowing him across the sluggish stream. "It was an old boat," replied the countryman, "when I received it in charge thirty years ago, and it is the same boat still; and yet not an atom of the old boat is here. I have renewed it all several times, replacing one plank this year, and another plank the next." The change in the constituents of our bodies is as frequent and as complete, although the processes of nature are indefinitely more finely graduated and imperceptible than those of art. To know that our bodies are formed of dust, and that the dust of which they are composed is in constant circulation, exalts the glory of God, and does not dim the hope of man. I am the same man that I was twenty years ago. I cannot get, and I do not want any surer evidence of my identity than I now possess. The evidence is perfect. To doubt it were madness; and to reason against that doubt, were argument thrown away. This humbling discovery helps my hope for the world to come. I shall not be troubled by the question, With what body shall I rise? even as I refuse to be troubled with the question whether I possess to-day the same body that I possessed twenty years ago. I live to-day, although what has become of the constituent elements of the body I was born in, I wot not. Even so I shall rise again, and if I am in Christ, I shall rise in glory; I shall not be troubled about the particles of matter whereof God will constitute the immortal bodies of his own redeemed children.

2. In the various faculties which constitute the intellect, the renewed man remains still a man—nothing more, and nothing less. The mind's eye may be closed or open, the mind itself may be diseased or healthful, but these differences of condition do not constitute varieties of kind.

3. Christians, as long as they are in the body, are of the world like other men, in that their hearts and lives are tinged with varied impurity. The distinction between the disciple of Christ and the man of the world does not consist in this, that the one is sinless, and the other sinful.

When two streams, one pure and another filthy, meet and mingle in the same channel, the unclean imparts some of its own likeness to the clean water. Thus good and evil flow in parallel lines across the world, and the evil imparts its own dark hue to the whole united volume.

As a river in its course grows more and more turbid from two causes,—from friction on the earth of its own bed, and from the confluence of other impure streams; so the life even of Christians on the earth is stained both by evil thoughts that spring up within, and by the ingress of temptation from without. Brother, at the peril of your soul's eternity, you must not remain "almost," you must become "altogether," a Christian; but it does not follow that your whole being shall immediately be Christianized. Even when you are in Christ, you are not done with the evil that is in the world; not until you depart and be with him, will you be like him, and see him as he is. The spirit of a Christian, at the best, is much tinged with the spirit of the world as long as he is here.

4. The disciples of Christ must remain citizens of the world until their Master call them hence. When he says, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world," he means to intimate that his desire is to keep them in it for a while. It was expedient that the Head should go away, but it was also expedient that the members should remain behind. Paul, although he longed to depart, confessed frankly that the necessities of the infant Church demanded a longer period of his care.

Nor is it enough that Christians remain in the body; it is necessary that they should mingle in the affairs of men. It is a capital mistake to suppose that, in order to serve God, you must shun the society of your fellows. You may be very devout, but the world derives no benefit from your devotion, if you flee to the wilderness or hide in a cave. "Ye are the salt of the earth," said the Lord to his disciples; but if the salt do not come into contact with the earth, the earth will derive no benefit from its pungency.

To retire from the world in person is not the surest way to avoid being of the world in spirit. In company, you may do good to your neighbours; in monkish solitude, you will certainly do harm to yourself. "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do." When you want to keep machinery from rusting, you oil it well, and keep it going. It is in a similar way that a human spirit may be kept sweet. I tremble for a Christian when he manifests symptoms of sourness, and avoids contact with the world, on the ground of the world's impurity. There is no safety for a disciple except in downright earnest activity, as long as the Lord leaves him in this world. Meditative retirement is precious if it is administered in small doses at frequent intervals, and as the means of invigorating soul and body for renewed work; but if you drink into it deeply, and indulge in it long, the locks of your strength are shorn. Meditative retirement is like sleep, necessary and precious at intervals, between the labour of to-day and the labour of the morrow; but if you observe a man sleeping in bed continuously through the day and the night and the day following, you may be assured disease has come, or is quickly coming. You must be "of the world" in this sense, although Christ is now your portion, and heaven your home; you must be of it, as one of its citizens; you must have your heart open to its griefs, and your hand busy in its affairs. Plunge into the thickest of it, and do what your hand finds to do. If the world is wicked, it has all the more need of one who fears God to mingle in its mass, and mitigate its evil. This is not the resting-place; this is the field of labour; and "there remaineth a rest for the people of God."

SECOND EVENING.

WHEREIN CHRISTIANS ARE NOT OF THE WORLD.

"They are not of the world."—JOHN xvii. 16.

1. BY regeneration, they have passed from the world into the family of God. The second birth is as decisive and well marked as the first, if we possessed the faculty of discerning it. There is joy on earth when one is born; and there is joy in heaven when one is born again. Conversions are the birthdays that are recorded in the registers of Christ's kingdom. A king's strength lies in the multitude of his people. That kingdom prospers in which the births preponderate over the deaths. The difference between the two expresses the addition made to the commonwealth. But in the kingdom of heaven there are no deaths, and all the births are gain. All the king's subjects are the Father's children. The family is co-extensive with the realm. Every one of that innumerable company is admitted on a birthright title. "It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?" Who shall forbid to the Father's children a mansion in the house, or a share of the inheritance?

You cannot be at the same time the subject of two independent governments. You may have property both in Britain and France, but in one or other you hold it as a foreigner. It is possible to transfer your allegiance, but in the act of becoming a citizen of France, you cease to be a citizen of Britain. You may retain on certain conditions your right to your property, but when you have transferred your allegiance to another sovereign, you have sacrificed a citizen's privilege. A similar law holds good in spiritual politics. As long as you are of the world, you have no part in Christ's new kingdom; and as soon you are admitted by birthright into God's family, you cease to be a citizen of this present evil world. "A stranger here" becomes your title and your character. The days of life are a period of exile. To depart and to be with Christ is far better. His call will be heard, when his time has come.

2. Christians are not of the world in spirit, character, and aim. This is the most obvious test whereby to try our profession. A tree is known by its fruits. The shortest and easiest method of illustrating the spirit of a Christian is to set over against it in contrast the spirit of the world.

Evil begins with each generation at the beginning. A very young child, when his will is thwarted, frets and kicks rebelliously against all that he knows of God and man. Here you have in miniature at once an infidel and a rebel. His own little self is the God whom the infant has set up to worship, and he rages like the sea in a storm against everything that seems to interfere with his idolatrous devotions. At the next stage, selfishness becomes more cunning, and falsehood more bold. You may have observed that when an insect is touched, it draws in its horns, and turns, and cowers, and runs, and tries to hide itself. Your eye follows it all the while, and your arm could reach it, and crush it at any moment. It is thus that a child, arrived at the age of intelligence though not of maturity, stops short, when you cross the path of his selfish wickedness, and flings out his sting, and doubles, and lies, and flatters himself that he has covered his sin. You know it all: and if you leave him unpunished, it is in amazement at his duplicity, and pity for the premature hardness of his heart. When men are full-grown, their falsehood is more skilfully covered. They hide it in the heart of thick ledgers. Through those coverings a brother's eye may not be able to penetrate; but in God's sight all is open. The darkness hideth not from him, but the night shineth as the day. Thus, those who are alienated in heart, and by wicked works, strive against their Maker. The fool hath said in his heart, No God; but this saying of the fool does not cast God from his throne in the heavens, or hide from his inspection the wickedness that is done on earth. The carnal mind is in all things enmity against God. In one territory there can be only one king. No kingdom will less brook a divided allegiance than the little busy kingdom of a human life. There you cannot serve two masters. When the spirit of Christ comes in, the spirit of the world departs, as the night recedes before the dawn. The evil spirit is cast out, and the possessed man restored to his right mind, has taken his seat at the feet of Jesus. A new heart has been created within him. That mind is in him which was also in Christ Jesus. His treasure is in heaven, and there will his heart also be. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

3. Christians are not of the world, inasmuch as they lie loose upon its surface, and are in some measure therefore independent of its movements. This is a point of great practical importance. The secret of living a happy life lies here. How miserable is the man who is glued by his heart's affections to the fashion or the gain of the world! If you are bound by your heart-strings to any earthly possession, your life is torn asunder when that possession slips away. A boy was placed in charge of a horse on the pasture. He tied the end of the halter round his own arm, and lay down on the grass to sleep. The horse started and ran off; and the boy's arm was torn from his body. Ah, if he had held it loosely in his hand, the animal might, indeed, have escaped, but he would have received no harm. It is thus that men foolishly bind, not their arms, but their very souls to some possession of the earth, and having made it fast, lie down to rest. When that possession falls away, as it often does in a commercial crisis or a civil commotion, like an avalanche from the mountain side, the man's heart is torn. When the miser's gold has gone, the miser is riven asunder. If he had held it loosely, he might indeed have lost the money, but he would have retained possession of himself.

A ship is safest in the deep sea. There is comparatively little danger to be dreaded as long as she has several fathoms of blue water beneath her keel. When her hull is bedded in the solid ground, she goes to pieces. As long as she floats loose, there is safety; as soon as she is fixed, she is gone. In this respect living men are like ships on the troubled sea of time. As long as one is free on all sides, and moves easily, he may, indeed, be made at times uncomfortable, but cannot be unsafe. It is when the immortal fastens himself by his soul to this shifting world, that he makes shipwreck sure.

4. Christians are not of the world in its destiny and doom. "God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea" (Ps. xlvi. 1, 2). If the ground should give way beneath our feet, we must sink with it. If the convulsion should become so great, that the whole city and the land, as far as the horizon all around, should sink slowly into the caverns of the earth, making sure the death of every living thing that moved upon the ground, how eagerly would the helpless, perishing inhabitants look up towards the calm blue heavens, and how fervently would they wish for wings whereon they might fly away and be at rest! If at that moment a flock of birds should appear overhead, darkly relieved in the distance against the sky, and soaring safely through the air to some unhurt region of the earth, a keener pang would pierce the souls of those who were sinking, at the sight of a safety which they could not hope to reach.

"O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" O that I were not bound to a perishing world! A better thing is within your reach. Not when flesh and heart are failing, not when the heavens and the earth are passing away with a great noise, not when the wicked believe and tremble, calling on the mountains to fall, and shelter them from apprehended judgment,—not then, but now, is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

Reader, have you stood beside a deathbed where blessed hope in Jesus was triumphing in a fainting heart, and beaming from a wan countenance: and beside another where, while the understanding remained unclouded, the spirit, oppressed by fear, held frantically by the corrupting clay, and was torn away, unwilling and desponding, into the unseen eternity? Look in memory and imagination on this picture and on that, and choose today your side. The desire is older than Balaam,—it is as old as sin—the desire, Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. That fond thought about life's solemn close will be very precious, if it take effect now in life's busy course. Hear first the Saviour: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Hear next, the saved: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

THIRD EVENING.

THE GRACE THAT BARNABAS SAW.

"Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."—Acts xi. 23.

"The persecution that arose about Stephen" dispersed the disciples, and the dispersed disciples preached the gospel wherever they went. The blast which the adversary raised had the usual effect of spreading the sowers and their seed. Some of those involuntary missionaries found their way to Antioch. Their preaching was eminently successful in that rising capital of the East. "The hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed, and turned to the Lord." A wide field lay before the labourers; they cultivated it diligently, and were soon cheered by the sight of a harvest waving like Lebanon. Great numbers were converted, both of Jews and Greeks.

This thing could not be kept in a corner. The rumour of it quickly spread. Friends and foes alike published the tidings. The world, at one of its great central marts, was turned upside down by those Galilean teachers. In such a case those who love the change and those who loathe it spread the report with equal diligence. It reached the ears of those believers who had remained at Jerusalem. The Church immediately despatched a messenger to the spot, with instructions to examine and report. Barnabas was chosen for this important mission. "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost." He could discern between the chaff and the wheat. He was a man who might be trusted. He could observe with discrimination, and report with faithfulness. It were greatly to be desired that modern synods should adopt the same method in similar emergencies, and that they had equally judicious agents at their disposal. The plan was good, and it was well executed. Barnabas, sent by the assembled Church at Jerusalem as their commissioner, to examine and report upon the state of religion in Antioch, was the right man in the right place.

The result is briefly recorded under three heads:—

1. What he saw: "The grace of God."
2. What he felt: "He was glad."
3. What he did: "He exhorted them all."

I. What he saw; "When he came, and had seen the grace of God." What a man sees in any place depends, in a great measure, on what he looks for. Different persons observe different objects on the same spot. The taste of the observer goes far to determine what kind of sight he shall see.

An architect, visiting Antioch in those days, would have seen many gorgeous edifices in the city. He would have found much to attract his attention in the commingling of Greek and Roman styles with the indigenous oriental tastes of the people. A merchant would have examined the wares that were exposed in the market, and speculated on new openings for trade. A soldier would have scanned the fortifications, and measured their capacity to withstand a besieging force. In such a case, a Christian, too, has an eye in his head, and a bias in his heart to turn it in a particular direction.

Barnabas had an eye to business as well as other people, when he entered the eastern metropolis. The edifice that arrested his regard was a holy temple built of "living stones." To "win souls" was the gain he coveted. From the soldier's viewpoint, too, he looked upon the city, and considered how its teeming multitudes might be made the subjects of Christ the King. Barnabas came to Antioch looking for the grace of God, and he found it in abundance there. He saw also other sights; sights that made him weep. The multitude of that heathen city was wicked, and the wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest. The corruption that met his eye on every side grieved, but did not surprise him. Here and there in the desolation he observed portions of that "new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." These were the spots which he came to seek, and these accordingly arrested and absorbed his attention. When a navigator is sent out on a voyage of discovery, he observes wide tracts of sea; but he does not report that fact on his return. Green islands, great or small, protruding here and there above the level waters—these are the objects for which he searched during the voyage, and of which he speaks when he comes home again. Such was the errand on which Barnabas was sent, and such the method that he followed. Of a sea of sin that was spread before his eyes at Antioch we read not a word: his report refers exclusively to the grace that rose above it. As the coral islands of the Pacific rise and bask in the light of heaven, flowery and fertile, while their base is surrounded by the barren salt angry waves of an unfathomable ocean; so the group of Christians that clustered together as a church in Antioch, were rich in all the graces of the Spirit, although they had sprung from a dreary heathenism, and were surrounded by it still. He reports not the sin of men, but the grace of God.

Barnabas had grace in himself; otherwise he would not have seen it in others. When the Christian doctrine first spread in the empire, certain Roman philosophers, intelligent and impartial as matters go among men, reported to the Government that a vile superstition was inundating the land. It was the truth as it is in Jesus that was so characterized. It was the pure gospel, as it came from the lips of the apostles, transfused into the hearts and lives of believing men. Those who called it a vile superstition did not intend to give a false representation. The thing that was exhibited before them was the very thing that Barnabas saw at Antioch. It appeared before them, but they did not perceive it. They did not see grace, because they did not possess it. Some persons among ourselves, not deficient in understanding and the power of observation, perseveringly and energetically represent earnest Christians as a set of loathsome, selfish hypocrites. They think that they are telling the truth, and doing good service to God and man; but they are in the main mistaken. Although they had entered Antioch in company with Barnabas, these men would not have seen the grace of God. They would have reported that they found the majority of the population living in undisguised vice, but that a knot of knaves might be observed in the crowd, who wore long faces and spoke in snivelling tones, and were tenfold more detestable than other people, because they falsely professed to be holier. Grace—that is, God's favour bestowed through Christ, and accepted in faith—is a spiritual thing, and it is "spiritually discerned." It requires grace in one man to enable him to observe and own grace in another.

But this grace, this favour freely bestowed, is nothing less and nothing else than free pardon of all sin given by God and accepted by men. He who has obtained it is forgiven through the blood of Christ, and renewed by the Spirit. He is reconciled and at peace. The quarrel between his conscience and the divine law is settled. He is in Christ Jesus, and therefore there is to him now no condemnation. The man no longer dreads God as an offended King, but trusts and loves him as a Father. Now this grace, as it comes in the covenant from God, is an unseen thing. It is a secret in the soul. How then can it be seen by Barnabas or by any other man? Like other things both good and bad, it is known by its fruits. Life is invisible; and yet you know well where life is; you know life by the actions of the living. It is thus that grace in human hearts becomes known; it is known by its fruits in human life. Grace in its germ is invisible to all; but those who, like Barnabas, have tasted it themselves, can detect its presence by the fruits which it bears.

The Christians in Antioch had abandoned idols. They bore the name of Christ, although it might expose them to persecution. They lived "soberly, righteously, and godly" in the world. They were patient in tribulation, and instant in prayer. The rich gladly helped the poor, and the poor industriously helped themselves. "Faith, Hope, Charity, these three," beamed in their eyes, and moulded their actions. There was a Great Exhibition in the Eastern capital at this time, and Barnabas went down to see it. It was a noble palace, built of living stones, growing together into a holy temple. He scanned it from its foundation on the Rock of ages, up to the brotherly love that effloresced richly from its loftiest pinnacles; and while he acknowledged a beneficent change in the life of those saved men, he ascribed it all to the goodness of God their Saviour.

FOURTH EVENING.

THE GLADNESS THAT BARNABAS EXPERIENCED.

"Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad."—Acts xi. 23.

II. Barnabas "was glad" when he saw the blessed effects which the gospel had already wrought in Antioch. Incidentally this throws light upon the character of the commissioner himself. Tell me what gladdens or grieves a man, and I will tell you what sort of a man he is.

The prosperity that made him glad was moral and spiritual, rather than material. Men of such an eye and such a taste are greatly needed in our modern commonwealths. We are carried away in a mighty tide of material progress, and although moral worth is gracefully owned as indispensable, there is a tendency strong and constant, to give it only a secondary place. The vastness of a nation's wealth and power will only make its fall more terrible, if it is rotten at the root. Physical resources, even when directed by cultivated intellect, do not insure the happiness or the safety of a people. Man has been made with a side for God and a side for the world; if the side that lies toward eternity loses its life, then, however actively the side towards time may perform its functions, the whole body is paralysed. We have railways, and telegraphs, and ships; and these, in their present measure of perfection, are new acquisitions made by our own generation; but the gospel is a more precious treasure, and our ancestors possessed it in its fulness long ago. I rejoice in the recent attainments of my country, for they are good; but I rejoice more in the "grace of God" that reigns in the hearts of my fellow-Christians, for it is better.

The grace or virtue that made Barnabas glad was possessed and exercised by others. There is not a finer feature in any man's character than the capacity and tendency to rejoice in a neighbour's prosperity. This is the mark of a true Christian, for it is a mark that belonged to his Master. Christ's command is, "Love one another, as I have loved you." Another law of the spiritual commonwealth is, "Put off the old man; put on the new man" (Eph. iv. 22, 24). When the old man is put away, his essential and characteristic affections go with him. Selfishness and envy are cast off, and a generous, self-forgetting love springs up in their room. "Charity envieth not."

But the fruit in which the Evangelist rejoiced not only grew in other hearts; it was planted, too, by other hands. It is easy for a minister of the gospel, if he be a true man at all, to be glad when he sees his own work prospering. It is a lawful and pure enjoyment. The apostle John experienced it: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." It is pleasant employment for Paul or Apollos to come back to the garden which his own hands have planted or watered, and find the trees all laden with ripened fruit. But a deeper humility and a loftier faith are implied where an evangelist rejoices to see another man's garden prospering, while comparative barrenness broods over his own. Indeed, there is scarcely any weakness into which even sincere ministers of the gospel are more liable to fall, than into that species of jealousy which consists in rejoicing less heartily over fruit which another hand has cultivated. In recent times, a spirit of more enlarged charity has been poured upon the Church. True workers rejoice in each other's success. Of late, Christians have frequently been called to visit scenes of revival, and have learned to be glad, like Barnabas, over a more vigorous and devoted spiritual life in some hitherto heathenish Antioch, than they had ever witnessed under their own inspection in a privileged Jerusalem. The sovereign Lord is still teaching us that converting power does not reside in an arm of flesh. To him every knee must bow; to him every tongue confess. He may, for wise purposes in his administration, employ in his work a feeble instrument, and lay the stronger for a while aside. Some unknown, ungifted refugees may successfully found a church in Antioch, while the greatest apostles seem to be spending their strength in vain.

Although only the gladness of the Evangelist is recorded, we know well that a great grief lay beside it in his heart, as he paced the streets of Antioch. He saw the evil as well as the good. The good shone more brightly in his eyes by contrast with conterminous evil; and the evil seemed blacker because the good was beaming so near. This is a feature that adheres to all the delight of Christians in the present world. Such is our condition here, that we cannot open our eyes to look on purity, without perceiving impurity lying near. It is even by the dark shade of contiguous wickedness, that we are able to trace the features of holiness among men. As a painter fills his background with darkness, deeper and deeper according as he desires to project his central figure more vividly into view, so, by the necessary conditions of our present state, the beauty of the new creature, implanted by divine grace in true disciples, is brought more brightly out by the surrounding of sin in which it is set. The sadness that sat silently on the heart of Barnabas, while he was making his inspection, did not destroy, but rather enhanced his joy. The heaving sea of wickedness that stretched on all sides as far as the eye could reach, made more lovely the green islands that were projected above its surface, and seemed to lie upon its breast.

The gladness of the deputy from the Church at Jerusalem was not a sentimental emotion terminating in the person who enjoyed it. It was an active outgoing operative passion. It was a spark that lighted up a flame within the man; and that flame quickly spread over surrounding objects. A selfish joy is an ignoble thing. The gladness that goes no farther than the childish exclamation of the ancient idolaters, "Aha! I am warm," as they sat round their fire, is a matter that belongs to man

in common with the brutes. But the joy which thrills in a Christian's heart at the sight of "grace" in the life of men, makes its higher nature known by its instant energetic action. When a true Christian is made glad by seeing some grace, he forthwith begins to labour with all his might for more. It is a well-known law, operating both in the temporal and in the spiritual spheres, that while the heart is hopeless, the hands also hang down. The desponding cannot work any deliverance. Glad hope that makes a man happy, makes him also useful. Had Barnabas seen no good in Antioch, he would probably have done no good there. There were many adversaries, but there was a door of hope. With the unerring instincts of a true disciple, when he gets encouragement, he both gave himself to the work, and enlisted others. "Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul: and when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people" (vers. 25, 26).

There is no enjoyment stronger or sweeter within our reach in Time, than that which filled the Evangelist's heart at Antioch; but those who do not share his zeal, cannot share his joy. Those who do not keenly desire to see Christ's kingdom coming, experience no delight when it comes. Here is a group of travellers halting on their journey, and drinking from a well that springs by the side of the dusty road: who of all the band enjoys most the cold water? The thirstiest soul. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." They who wait for the Lord, as lonely night-watchers wait for the morning, are sure of their reward; for to them that look for Him, he will appear, and his coming will be like the morning. If I long to see Christ's likeness in the life of my neighbours, I will certainly be made joyful one day. This desire is a vital seed which will bear its complete fulfilment either in earth or in heaven.

The man who rejoiced in the Grace of God, as he saw it struggling through hard soil, under ungenial skies, in the young believers at Antioch, looks on brighter things to-day. By this time he has asked, in astonishment, with the beloved disciple, "Who are these that are arrayed in white clothing, and whence came they?" They who have an eye to see, and a heart to sympathize with true believers, defaced by many imperfections on earth, shall look, ere long, upon the saints made perfect, standing before the throne in white clothing. The eye that glistens now at the sight of "grace" will be permitted soon to gaze on "glory."

FIFTH EVENING.

THE EXHORTATION THAT BARNABAS GAVE.

"And exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."—Acts xi. 23.

Barnabas was happy but not satisfied. The taste which he obtained of God's goodness to the Christians of Antioch, whetted rather than satiated his appetite. When a miser who is already rich, suddenly obtains a great accession to his wealth, the effect of the increase is to stimulate his desire for more. That "sacred thirst" of a dropsied soul, rages more imperiously after every draught. The thirst after the reign of grace in the world which burns in the breasts of earnest Christians, is equal as well as opposite. It also grows by what it feeds on. The more it gets, the more it desires to obtain. The Evangelist did not let the Christians of Antioch alone, because he saw they were truly converted. Perhaps, if he had observed nothing but a grovelling earthliness, or a hollow hypocrisy in the infant church, then he might have held his peace. His experience might have been like Ezekiel's: "Thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be to them a reprover; for they are a rebellious house" (Ezek. iii. 26). It is comparatively easy to administer reproof to those who are willing to receive it. Hence "to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance."

This is a useful and needful example. There is much fickleness even in true Christians; there is much deceitfulness even in a renewed heart. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." We should not assume, either for ourselves or others, that after conversion, the time for warning and exhortation has passed.

God knows our weak points better than we ourselves. His promises of help may serve to show us where we are liable to fall. One of those rich and precious promises that were addressed to Israel through the prophets, is, "I will heal their backslidings." We learn what disease is wasting us from the physician's offer to cure it. Alas! this malady is still epidemic in the Church! How difficult it is to hold fast even the attainments that we may have reached. That same Saul whom Barnabas brought from Tarsus, to be his coadjutor in Antioch, at a later date, and after he had attained a larger experience, placed on record a very full and specific warning against backsliding; "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip" (Heb. ii. 1). The allusion in the original points to leakage from a vessel. In such a case the water slips gradually and secretly away, and is all absorbed in the earth. Thus, some who seemed charged to the full with grace, have gradually lost the spiritual mind. How shall a wooden vessel be kept watertight, so that the precious supply of the household may not ooze through its joints into the ground? Keep it always full of water. It is by a similar method that grace may be preserved in the heart of a Christian. Keep the vessel full, and the vessel will not leak. Comparatively few make shipwreck of the faith through a deliberate change of opinion in the direction of infidelity. Many

more are ruined ere they are well aware, by a secret backsliding in heart and life. If positive, expressed, argumentative unbelief slays its thousand, a secret, unconfessed, unsuspected backsliding slays its ten thousand. It was to his own disciples and not to strangers that the Master himself addressed the warning, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

He "exhorted them all," and therein he acted wisely. He warned old and young, male and female, rich and poor. If the word of truth is rightly divided, every member of the Church will get his share of reproof as well as encouragement. In the Christian brotherhood there is no privileged class. If any one thinks that his age or attainments or office should exempt him from listening to a warning word, that very thing shows that he needs a warning more than his neighbours. Here, perhaps, we may discover one of the reasons why those who, through great attainments, have been raised to a high place in the esteem of brethren and the government of the Church, seem sometimes to stand still or even to fall back in the spiritual life. They have been deprived of their share of reproof. Life remains, but growth is impeded through defect of a necessary element. Some Christian spirits might have retained in later life a sharper edge, if they had not been elevated above the sphere in which the grinding process of faithful reproof goes on.

The substance of the exhortation was, that they should cleave to the Lord. Those who ministered in the Church at that time, went straight to the root of the matter. There is no dallying here about sacramental grace, and the true church, and a rightly consecrated priesthood. One thing in those days possessed the preacher's heart, and burst from his lips, when he addressed the assembled Christians,—"Cleave unto the Lord." In this "primitive Christianity" everything is made to depend on personal union to a personal Saviour. The exhortation in its nature refers not to the commencement, but to the continuance of faith. Those who have not yet returned, like the prodigal, to the father's bosom, can neither understand nor comply with it. Only those who have embraced Christ can continue cleaving to him. If you bid a man hold fast who has not yet gotten hold, your words will be unintelligible to him. It is as if you should advise a man to lean on the air: if he try to comply, his hands go through, and find no support. But a dove finds that same air a sufficient support for her body's weight. Faith is the wing that spreads and leans on the omnipresent Spirit. As a bird without wings, is a human soul that has never learned to trust in God. There is that around and underneath us which would sustain our weight, but the unbelieving feel nothing firm, and fall helpless. The exhortation to cleave unto the Lord is appropriate to disciples, who have already come to him and tasted his mercy.

There is mystery in this exhortation. This cleaving is an unseen thing. But it need not on that account seem strange. We meet with equal mysteries in nature. I have seen a heavy piece of solid iron hanging on another, not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot; and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine too, if I chose to seize it, and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's-breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to the ground, like any other unsupported weight. A stream of life from the Lord, in contact with a human spirit, keeps that spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly, that no power in earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows; through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely; but if the circle be broken, the dependent spirit instantly drops off.

The phraseology of the Evangelist designates the "heart" as the point of contact in this cleaving. Here the Scripture coincides with the laws of nature. All moral attractions hold by the heart. The connecting link is love. We love him because he first loved us. They who propose to keep a human being close to God in a conscientious obedience, by brandishing the terrors of the judgment in his face, misunderstand the essential principles of the case. They turn the wrong pole of the magnet to the steel, and thereby repel, instead of attracting it. You may as well expect a stone to rise from the ground spontaneously, and float in the air, as expect that a human being will cleave to the Lord whom he dreads. I cannot keep close to Christ until I learn to love him, and I cannot learn to love him until I see that he offers his love to me. When he holds me by my heart, he holds me fast, and holds me for ever.

But there must be "purpose" or predetermination as well as love, in order to attain a trustworthy permanent attachment. Random impulses will not suffice. There must be method even in the affections. The understanding must be engaged as well as the heart. It is not wise, it is not safe to leave our highest interests at the mercy of varying mental states, and varying mental circumstances. Frame a plan and execute it. Without forethought and method and stern resolution, we do not expect to be successful in any department of effort. In point of fact no man does business by fits and starts. Those who are bent on wealth do not grudge a sleepless night now and then, in addition to laborious days. They look far forward, and towards either side. They anticipate adverse forces, and provide the means of counteracting them. In short, the children of this world are wise in their generation, and this forethought is not their reproach but their praise. The prevalent diligence in prosecuting worldly business, is a standing reproof of negligence in matters which we confess are inconceivably more momentous. If half of the skill and forethought and perseverance which are expended in this community in the acquisition of wealth, were applied to the gains of godliness, we would soon have great treasures laid up at God's right hand. Take home that plain and tender word of the Lord Jesus, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken from her."

W. ARNOT.

FOUR DIFFICULTIES SOLVED IN JESUS CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

When Jesus was on earth, he was in his own person, "Immanuel, God *with us*." He was "God manifest in the flesh." So that he could say of himself, "He who seeth me seeth my Father." "The Word," says the apostle John, "was God; and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth."

Now, while we believe that this Immanuel was God with us once, do we believe that he is God with us still? Are we not apt to think of him only as one who lived and died here eighteen centuries ago, and not as one who "was dead, and is alive, and liveth for evermore?" But when Jesus ascended up on high, he did not—blessed be his name!—leave anything less than himself to be his substitute here;—such as doctrines of religion, however true; or a system of morals, however perfect; or a book, however sacred; or a church, however holy; or a ministry, however duly appointed; or sacraments, however efficacious. He did not bestow these gifts, however precious, to be to us now what he himself, the living personal Saviour, had been to the people among whom he once lived, and whom he taught, healed, and comforted; for then, verily, should we have lost rather than have gained by his ascension, and it would not have been expedient for us that he should have gone away. Instead of rejoicing that he went to the Father, we should then be rather disposed to be very mournful, with the disciples, or to clasp his feet, as Mary did, and to retain him, if possible, among us. True it is, that he promised the living personal Sanctifier and Comforter, the Holy Ghost, who should be in us and with us for ever; but not, thereby, that Jesus himself should be forgotten, or thought of as one dead, or removed far away; or that all real personal intercourse should henceforth cease between him and his people! He sent his Spirit rather that we should abide in the Son, and know him better, and that all might possess him everywhere more truly than his disciples could have done, even while with him in the flesh. "He shall testify of *me*," said Jesus of the Holy Ghost; "He shall glorify *me*, and receive of mine, and show it unto you." The Church, therefore, does not depart from Christ during succeeding ages, as a stream departs from its fountain-head, ever increasing its distance as it flows on its way. But even as the earth revolves round the sun, and is now as near that centre and source of light and life as at creation's dawn, so is the Church, and each member of it, as near Jesus now as were the apostles at the last supper,—or as was John when he pillowed his head upon his bosom, or stood by his cross! Christianity accordingly, as a fact without us, as a revelation to us, is the revelation by the letter and the spirit of a living person;—God in Christ, who is to us more than any one thing ever said or done by him. And Christianity, as a possession of living power within us, is supreme love to this Divine Person.

We have each of us then to do, not with a principle, but with a Person; not with a truth only, but with him who is true; not with the revelation only, but with the Revealer,—with nothing less than "Immanuel, God with us," who tests our character by this one question, "Lovest thou *me?*" and who guides us in our path by this one command, "Follow thou *me!*" How intensely did the great apostle Paul realize this, and how carefully and constantly he taught it. To him the truth of all truths—the sum and substance of all the gospel he knew, and loved, and preached, of all he rejoiced in, lived by, suffered for, and was willing to die for—was the personal Saviour, Jesus Christ and him crucified. What, for example, was the secret of his life? "I live by faith in the Son of God." "I live—yet not I—Christ liveth in me!" What was the ground of his hope of glory? "Christ in us the hope of glory." What was death? To be "without Christ." What was life? "To know him and the power of his resurrection," etc. Who were anathema? Any man "who loved not the Lord Jesus Christ." What was his future heaven? "To be with Christ." What was the theme of all his preaching? It was a person; but not Paul, or Apollos—not even Cephas the Stone—no mere man—for said he, "Let no one glory in men;" but it was *Jesus Christ*. No other foundation could any man lay than this. Everything else was put aside. "I determined not to know anything else save Jesus Christ." In one word, with him there was neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, but *Christ* was all and in all! And his love and blessing were poured out on those who were like-minded—"all who loved *the Lord Jesus Christ* in sincerity." The Christianity of Paul is that of all time; and with us, as with him, it must consist in *the knowledge and love of a living Person, Jesus Christ*, "Immanuel, God with us," whom "not having seen we love!" "This *is* life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." And the more we believe this truly, and act upon our belief, the more shall we know in our own experience how it is our very life and

strength to come into spirit-contact, so to speak, with Jesus himself—to meet him face to face—to sit at his feet, learn of him with childlike confidence and love—to cleave to him, and to abide in him. For if the difference is great between knowing only *about* a person on earth from the mere dead materials of their history, and knowing that person himself, as one who meets the varied wants of our being by fitting words and tender ministrations; equally great is the difference experienced by the man who, amidst his doubts and difficulties—his speculations, arguments, and the ceaseless Babel of human tongues and endless reasonings—discovers that there is One living who knows and understands *him* as he cannot understand himself,—who loves and has ever loved him as he cannot love himself—to whose sight he is never lost in the crowd of life—to whose heart he is never so lost as to become an object of indifference, so as to be forgotten or unknown,—and that that One is none else than Jesus his brother, but Jesus also as "Immanuel, God with us," and with all—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!"

But instead of dwelling upon the fact that Jesus is God with us now, let me illustrate by a few examples, gathered out of many from the field of Christian experience, how faith in a personal Saviour is the best method of solving difficulties, speculatively and practically.

I.

The first difficulty I notice is that of prayer. By prayer I do not mean, of course, any mere form, but a real intercourse between spirit and spirit. Now, how many have been hindered from earnest and peaceful prayer by such thoughts of God as inspired them with feelings of fear rather than of love! They have thought of him as a dread, impalpable, and mysterious Being, occupying some far-off unknown place in the universe. His throne surrounded by clouds and darkness—not as God at hand, but far off; and they have felt themselves to be unnoticed, uncared-for items amidst the vast sum of things with which they were surrounded, and themselves as parts of nature but not as children of God, and far too insignificant to call forth the regards of the Almighty Maker of the heavens and the earth, whom they could not address as their "Father in heaven." Others, again, have been pained and perplexed, while endeavouring to reconcile prayer with God's orderly government of the universe by fixed and unchangeable laws; and while seeking to comprehend what has been termed the philosophy of prayer, prayer itself has been in the meanwhile neglected, or has been allowed to degenerate into an empty, and therefore an impious form of words without meaning—adoration without reverence—confession without penitence—petitions without the hope of a reply—and thanksgivings without the emotion of gratitude. Now, without pausing to consider by what other methods such false views of God may be changed into those more consistent with the true spirit of prayer, let this method only be adopted of setting before the eye of faith *Jesus Christ* himself, as "Immanuel, God with us"—the same person who, when on earth, was the hearer and answerer of prayer; and let us come to him now in spirit, with the same simple feelings of faith and love as prompted those who then so eagerly sought his aid, and so surely found it. For do you think that the poor and needy who then longed for his approach, or who journeyed far to meet him—who crowded round him, and pressed through every obstacle to see him, to hear him, to touch him, and fall at his feet—that they could have been driven from that presence by any metaphysics about the being and attributes of God, or hindered from pouring out their sorrowing hearts before him by any subtle reasonings which man's wit or logic could invent about the laws of nature or the government of the universe? The presence and the power of Jesus—the love which beamed in every look, and was breathed in every word—would solve every doubt, if any disturbed their minds, and banish away fear, if any disturbed their hearts. Do we not all feel how natural and right it was for the blind men in their darkness to grope after him, saying, "Son of David, have mercy upon us;"—for the afflicted father, in his deep distress, to beseech him, saying, "Come down, ere my child die;"—for Peter, when sinking, to cry, "Lord, save me;"—and for the poor thief, in the midnight of the crucifixion, and in the last minutes of his own miserable existence, to address him, saying, "Lord, remember me!" And do we wonder that Jesus heard their prayers, and rejoiced in the confidence which prompted them? But why was this right in men then, and not right in us now? Has all such real living personal intercourse between human beings and Jesus Christ ceased? Surely not! For when Jesus ascended up on high, he did not leave to us a mere precept or doctrine regarding prayer. We have himself still as the hearer and answerer of prayer. He revealed himself at one time, but it was for all time—to some men, but it was for all men. And did we only thus believe in him, a living person, "Immanuel, God with us," then should we be able, like those who prayed to him while in the flesh, to pour out our hearts before him! When the doubting Thomas fell at his feet, and worshipped him as his Lord and God, Jesus said to him and to us, "Because thou hast *seen* me, thou hast believed; blessed are those *who have not seen*, yet have believed."

And let me just add, that if prayer thus offered to God in Christ is the result and evidence of faith,

so does prayer answered by him reward and strengthen faith. For though we may never be able to communicate to others, or prove to others, *how* the Lord answers our prayer, yet the apostle John says, "We have this confidence, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us;" and "we may *know* that we have the petitions which we desired of him." And if so, then to ourselves one answer to prayer, not to speak of answers many and manifold, will be evidence very awing and very overpowering, of the presence, the power, and the love, of "Immanuel, God with us;" so that with peculiar emphasis we shall be able to exclaim, "I love the Lord, *because* he hath heard my voice and my supplications."

II.

Have not many persons been perplexed and harassed, in seeking peace with God, by questions relating to His eternal decrees, His foreknowledge, or sovereign fore-determination of events, until their faith was shaken in the certainty of His love and good-will towards them individually, or in their own personal responsibility for returning that love to him with heart, soul, and strength? I do not pause to consider how much truth or falsehood are involved in such questions; and I pass by all other processes of thought or of argument by which such erroneous impressions of God's character as I have hinted at may be removed, and his love to mankind and freeness of the gospel reconciled with such doctrines as predestination and election. But I am persuaded that we should never fail in truly knowing God, and what his will is in regard to us, if we only turned away from such abstract problems to the living person—from God, the I Am, and the Infinite, and Everlasting, to "Immanuel, God with us." In his presence we cannot, we dare not, doubt the reality of infinite knowledge, yea, of his knowledge of us, and infinite love towards us. Think only how all the mists and clouds, which might otherwise have concealed the character of God as our Father, must have vanished before that Sun of righteousness, as he rose in the glory of the Father upon our benighted world! Never did any of those questionings, which may disturb our peace as we think of God in the abstract, for one moment disturb those who desired to know Jesus as "Immanuel, God with us," when he was manifest in the flesh. The scribes and doctors of the Jews may, in their self-sufficiency, have become entangled in the meshes of their own argumentative net-work; but never the really hungry and thirsty souls who, in their great need, sought the great Saviour. Oh, what cared they about reconciling man's free-will with God's sovereign will, or man's responsibility with God's foreknowledge, ere they flew to Christ, and trusted Christ, and perilled soul and body upon his love! He invited all the weary and heavy-laden to come to him for rest, and they believed his word, and were not put to shame. Lepers in body, wandering in desert places, outcasts from their homes—lepers in soul, wandering in the crooked paths, and outcasts from all but the merciful heart of God—Mary Magdalene, with seven devils, and the Gadarene demoniac with a legion,—all, all sought him, and found in him life and peace! It is perfectly possible that, in their heyday of health and prosperity, when no sorrow burdened them, and no sense of guilt and sin galled them as with a servile yoke, and no longing possessed them for a good and peace never as yet enjoyed—that God's will might have been a nice problem, his character a mystery, his love to them an argument, his hatred of sin and their own personal responsibility a dream. But when brought into deep waters, in which they had to struggle for life, and the one mighty question pressed itself upon them, What shall we do to be saved?—when the hurricane of God's chastising providence had swept away all their old dwelling-places of rest and safety, and exposed them, naked and defenceless, to the angry sky, and they wildly gazed around for any place of refuge—and when, in this state of utter helplessness and hopelessness, they met with Jesus Christ, conversed with him, and sought his aid,—then how must all doubts have vanished of the love and sympathy of this Immanuel, God with them! When they beheld the marvellous works which he did, and heard the gracious words which proceeded from his lips; when they perceived evidences of a power and good-will which were inexhaustible; when they contemplated his holy and sympathizing look, his tender and gentle manners, and that indescribable something which hung around him like the beauty of the setting sun—a mingling of splendour contributed by earth and heaven, when the very clouds of this lower world become magnificent from the glory which they in part conceal,—then, in the presence of this Jesus, must all other thoughts have been absorbed in the one irresistible conviction of a present God, mighty to save to the uttermost all who came to him! Each one, the very worst, the most degraded, the most miserable, must have been constrained to feel and to confess, "I have at last found him whom I was unconsciously seeking after! If there is one place of rest in the universe for me, it is here. If there is one to whom I can unbosom my sin and misery, sure of being understood, felt for, and delivered, he is here. 'Lord, I believe: help my unbelief: Lord, save me, or I perish!'" Yes, such earnest spirits and broken-hearted penitents might not have been able, if they tried it, to catch what may be denied to angels—a glimpse of the unseen and mysterious ground on which the infinite know-

ledge and sovereign will of God meet in harmony with man's free-will and personal responsibility; nor might they have been able to pierce the skirts of the awful cloud which surrounds the throne of the Infinite King; *but clear as the sun in heaven was the love of Jesus*—the profound interest he took in them—his unutterable longing for their good—his overwhelming sorrow, visible in the tears which he shed for their sin, "because they would not know the things of their peace." Here there was no darkness, no doubt, no mystery; and in what he was to them they saw the Father, for this was Immanuel, *God* with them. And would not we too experience a health and refreshing, if, like them, feeling our need, we realized a Personal Saviour—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and, not forgetful of his omniscience and omnipotence, we had childlike faith in his presence and in his love!

III.

How many sincere persons, seeking peace with God, have in every age been greatly perplexed by what are termed Church questions—questions regarding the organization of the Church, its authority on earth, the power of the clergy, the virtue of the sacraments, and the like, too many to enumerate. Now it is quite unnecessary to enter into any examination, or to express any opinion whatever upon the class of doctrines I have alluded to, the essential spirit of which is not peculiar to any church on earth. Enough that they have always occupied a large portion of men's thoughts, and proved to be heavy burdens to many a human spirit. But is there no hope of peace for a poor sinner in God until he has understood and mastered these "Church" questions, and obtained intelligent convictions regarding the truth or falsehood of some or all of them? Time is passing with fearful rapidity, and eternity is as rapidly advancing!—this night our souls may be required of us! No wonder we should, as dying, responsible beings, be anxiously inquiring whether, leaving such questions in the meantime unanswered, there is not some method, in God's mercy, by which, whatever may be true or false in them, a weary soul may find rest, and a lost soul salvation? Can we not go to Christ *first*, whatever becomes of "the Church" afterwards? As sure as Christ exists, we can! No power in the universe can hinder any man from going directly to himself, and being made welcome to all good and every blessing. "Whosoever cometh unto *me* I will in no wise cast out." So men found when he was on earth, and so may all men find it still,—for "he is not far from any one of us." True, indeed, there were questions similar to those I have mentioned canvassed in the days of our Lord, and repeated in Synagogue and Sanhedrim by learned doctors and scribes, who could hardly breathe the air of heaven or see its light, so crushed and hemmed in were they by the traditions of the elders and by the commandments of men. Even in Samaria it was a grand subject of dispute, "whether men ought to worship God in this mountain or on that." But when weary souls did find Jesus himself, and sat at his feet to be taught by him, they felt that nothing on earth could be to them what he himself was, for he was the perfection and power of Love, and that to obtain good from him, simple faith in him was all that was required, and that to find good itself was to find Christ himself. Whatever, therefore, was true or false about the Church questions of the day—whatever authority was vested in Synagogue or Sanhedrim, in the Priesthood or the Temple—all true disciples of Jesus felt that when they found him they found "*the* way, the truth, and the life,"—that "never man spake like this man,"—that here was authority which subdued the whole being of man under its sway—a searching of the character down to its hidden depths, and a pouring of healing oil into its every wound. There was no difficulty, no mystery, in trusting this living One for all which he could mercifully and righteously bestow; and so I doubt not that doctors, priests, systems, and schools were forgotten in the presence of this great and glorious Prophet, Priest, and King, Jesus Christ! And since God has thus revealed himself in Christ, with how much greater confidence should each man go *first* to him now—assured, that whatever else is doubtful to do, this is, at all events, *right*. We cannot trust Christ too much, or ourselves too little. "Be not carried about," says the apostle, "with every wind of doctrine; for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The wind of doctrine may shift with the opinions of men, but Jesus Christ never does. Oh, blessed be that Church or system, by whatever name it may be called, which directs sinners to the Saviour, and which helps to withdraw every veil that would conceal his glory, and to remove every object which would attract the eye from his beauty, or the heart from his love! And woe be to that Church or system, by whatever name it may be called, which shakes man's faith in him, or promises any real good or enduring peace to the soul, except in the knowledge and love of Immanuel, "God with us!"

IV.

Faith in a present Saviour, as Immanuel, God with us, also solves many doubts which otherwise beset us with reference to things right and wrong in our every-day life. How much evil, for example,

may be undetected in the spirit or temper in which we live—in the judgments which we pass on what demands our approval or disapproval—in our thoughts of others, and our conduct towards them, so long as we compare what we are or what we do with variable standards made to suit ourselves, with a mere system of religion, or even with the mere letter of God's perfect law? But how soon would light banish all this darkness, if we only placed ourselves consciously, not before a principle or law, but before a Person, the Lawgiver, even Immanuel, God with us, and honestly asked the question—"Lord, what thinkest *thou?*" Behold the Man, and say what fellowship can he have with *this!* We thankfully remember, indeed, how, when on earth, he welcomed the greatest sinners to come to him—how the worst could open their hearts to him, sure of his help and blessing, when seeking to turn from sin to himself; but equally certain is it that no one would have dared to ask his approval of irreverence or unbelief, unkindness or selfishness, unthankfulness or hypocrisy, or sin of any kind and in any degree. And thus it is, that until we see him who is invisible, we may practically *deny* him, and, like Peter, have no feeling of sin or of fears; but if, like Peter, we caught but one glance of that holy and loving eye gazing upon us, no argument in favour of iniquity, or of aught that was out of harmony with his mind or spirit, would avail us. Like Peter, we might weep bitterly, repent, and sin no more; but we could not but see and realize in Immanuel, God with us, the majesty of a character in whose sight no sin could escape, or find a place of darkness in which to hide itself.

By the same simplicity which is in Christ should we also see to determine, not only what was wrong, but what was right, with reference to what otherwise might be doubtful in duty. Ought this to be done? is this a work in which I can take a part? are questions which, in some form or other, constantly demand a reply from us. And how often will that reply be unerringly suggested when, without any positive command or expressed will to guide us, we are able in truth to ask, as it were, in the presence of Immanuel, God with us, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—with what truthful intuition, so to speak, should we discern the right! How surely would all that was true, and lovely, and of good report, commend itself to us! With what assurance should we labour in whatever relieved the poor and needy, healed the broken-hearted, raised up the oppressed and bowed down, made our fellow-men better and happier, and advanced over the earth that kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; feeling that in all this we were not working alone, but were "fellow-workers" with him who is Immanuel, God with us!

Let us, then, daily seek to grow in the knowledge and love of this glorious One, by a careful perusal of his blessed Record of what he said and did, by possessing the Holy Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him, by cultivating personal intercourse with him in prayer, and by walking even as he himself walked. Let the thought of Immanuel, God with us, ever prove our strength and comfort. In all time of our tribulation—in all time of our wealth—in the hour of death and in the day of judgment—may that good Lord deliver us!

HIGHLAND FLORA.

SHE sat beside her open chest,
That girl so stern and cold;
Though serving in a genial house,
Her heart would ne'er unfold
To the kindly tones of sympathy,—
That feminine Freemasonry
Whose touch is felt by rich and poor,
And loved by young and old.

Slowly she dragged her daily round
Of duties, never done;
No thought had she for the master's meals;
No smile for the children's fun;
No care for earth; no hope for heaven;
No gratitude for faults forgiven
E'er touched her heart, if nature had
Provided her with one.

The young ones wearied for "the term,"
For nurse was heard to say,
"You 'll have no pleasure in the house
Till Flora goes away.
I can't get on with her at all,
Her very blood seems turned to gall;
And if mamma keeps Flora on,
Poor nurse must leave at May."

Yet there she sat by her open chest,
That girl so stern and cold,
And fondly round her fingers twined
A curl of shining gold.
And gently in her lap was laid—
Simple and plain, but neatly made—
An infant's tiny dress. And thus
Her withering tale she told:—

"Yes, ma'am, it is a baby's frock—
It is a baby's hair:
Had you but seen the bairn himsel',
Sae fat, an' oh, sae fair!
Yes! where 's the use to tell a lee?
He was my ain, an' dear to me
As the heather-bell to the honey-bee,
Or the braird to the mountain-hare.

Yes, ma'am, he's deid, my laddie's deid:
Oh that he 'd ne'er been born!
My curse be on the coward heart
That wrought this shame and scorn!
Black shame an' sorrow may he see;
No, no, ma'am! never 'whist' at me!
I'll curse him till the day I dee;
I wish it was the morn.

It 's wrang! but, oh! I dinna care:
There 's whiles I wish the Clyde
Was rowin' ower the yellow hair
That ance was a' my pride—
The yellow hair he used to crown
Wi' bunches o' the red, red row'n;
An' aye he said I was the belle
O' a' the country-side.

I was a young warm-hearted thing,
Wi' nane to counsel me;
My mother dee'd o' cholera;
My faither drown'd at sea.
Oh! weel I mind my mother's word;
A sweeter voice I never heard;
An' a' its sweetness was my ain,
For she had nane but me.

Oh, mother dear! oh, mother dear!
Whene'er I mind o' you,
Your face has on that awfu' look,—
I think I see't the noo;
Aye when she turned that look on me
I kent that she was gaun to dee,
An' then I danced, and screighed, an' cried,
'Oh! tak' wee Flora too!'

I creepit up ahint her back,
An' tried if I could dee;
My heart was faint for want o' meat,
An' sorrow sicken'd me.
The choking sabs cam' lang an' deep,
I thought it death,—it was but sleep;
An' oh! the sicht the morning licht
Showed to my waukening e'e!

We had nae grand Venetian blinds,
Nae curtains there to close;
We gaed to bed when it was dark,
An' wi' the licht we rose.
I hate the morning sun to shine
Into my bed; it gars me min'
The day I lost the only frien'
That e'er I had to lose.

That morning was baith warm an' bricht,
The lark sang in the skies,
The big flees buzzed about the bed,
An' the sad wailing cries
O' the wee lambs cam' doon the hill;
But a' within the house was still,
An' oh! I missed the kind, kind voice,
That coaxed me aye to rise.

I listen'd lang wi' steekit e'en,
My head was dazed an' queer;
I kind o' felt they werena like
The sounds I used to hear.
I missed the fire, that crack'd sae crouse,
I missed the step aboot the house,
I felt *she* was beside me there,
But oh! she didna steer.

My heart gaed like a threshing-mill,
My head began to spin,
An' roon' aboot, an' roon' aboot,
I saw the hail house rin.
There cam' a dark'nin' o' the licht,
A fistlin' sound—a cry o' fricht!
'God help the bairn! her mother's deid;'
But nane would venture in.

I sprang richt up, and oot the bed;
I was baith young an' wee,
But mothers, ay, an' bearded men,
Turned white at sicht o' me.
I dash'd the window in their face,
I said they were 'a coward race,
That daurna lend a han' to help,
But left her there to dee.'

I told them—but, och-hone-o-ree!
I canna tell to you,
A' that I said—I hadna then
The English I have noo.
But, oh! your English is so weak,
It tak's the Gaelic tongue to speak
The bitter, burning word o' scorn
That gars the brave heart grue.

I dinna ken what happen'd next,
I drappit like a stane;
I think they laid me in a barn,
An' left me there my lane,
For fear I had the trouble too,—
I wish—I wish it had been true!
But, oh! no, it was only just
A fever o' the brain.

An' then I thocht that I was deid,
An' by *her* side I lay,
An' roon' aboot, an' roon' aboot
The house gaed nicht an' day.
An' when my heed cam' richt, I fand
That I was in anither land—
Living wi' frien's I didna ken—
Frien's? did I daur to say!

What frien' 's the eagle to the lamb?
Such frien's were they I trow;
What frien' 's the greedy glowrin' gled
To the wee croodlin' doo?
What frien' 's the hunter to the hare?
Its baby-cries ne'er made *him* spare.
Braw coats can cover cruel hearts—
My frien's were gentry too.

My lady said that hers was but
'A very distant tie
To her that's gone. They were not like—
Atweel! and so thocht I—
My mother 'was not near so young;'—
I struggled sair to haud my tongue,
But in ablow my breath I said,
'You lie!—you lie!—you lie!!'

Did I no ken that they were twins,
Born in ae winter's nicht;
Although her hair was like a craw,
My mother's like the licht
O' a warm summer's afternoon,
Just as the sun is sinking down
Ahint the hills—an' mine's the same,
Though maybe no sae bricht.

Did I no ken how she hersel',
By some grand frien' was ta'en,
While her poor twinnie cried wi' grief
At being left her lane.
Little she thocht I kent it a',
An' how my lady ran awa'
Wi' the young laird;—I kent a deal
Though I was but a wean.

I kent my mother got a bribe,
O' some twa pounds or three,
After my faither's wherry sank
In that big storm at sea.
The grief maist killed her; an' I ken
That this fine lady cam'; an' then
She gart her promise no to tell
What frien' she was to me.

I was just playing through the house,
But tho' I ran an' played,
I minded aye to listen weel
To every word they said.
Maybe they thocht I was so wee,
That I could neither hear nor see;—
I saw *my auntie*, an' I heard
I was to be *her maid*.

Aweel! Aweel!—I bow'd my neck
To bear the friendly yoke;
I learned to talk the English too,
As weel as ither folk.
An' soon I cam to like it fine,
Young hearts are licht!—an' so was mine.
Oh! when I think what's coming next,
I feel just like to choke.

But yet you've been so kind—that I
Would like to tell it too;
For oh, it's but a poor return
That I have made to you;
I think my heart's just like a coal,
That burned as lang as it could thole;
Now it's a cinder black and cauld,
Oh! dear—what will I do!

Oh! no, ma'am, no, I daurna stop,
Although it gives me pain;
For, if I dinna tell't the noo,
I'll never tell't again.
Maybe!—wha kens—afore the morn
I'll be as if I'd ne'er been born.
I wonder will *he* think on me,
When I am deed an' gane?

I lived wi' her for five lang years,
Or ever *he* cam' hame.
An' if I wasna happy then,
I had mysel' to blame.
She liket aye to see me drest,
But though I lived amang the rest,
She had a way that made me feel
I wasna just the same.

She said I was 'as tall and straight
As a young poplar tree;'
What gart her wonder that her son
Should think the same o' me?
She's ta'en the licht frae my young life,
I might hae been his happy wife;
But for her pride—I hate her noo,
I'll hate her till I dee!

I did my best to please, and I
Ne'er heard a word o' blame;
She spoke; for ever spoke of *him*,
An' wished that he was hame.
She said she knew I'd like him well;
Good right had she to blame hersel'
When a' cam true;—she fann'd the fire,
Then thocht to freeze the flame.

I needna tell you that he cam',
Her braw, braw sodger son,
But this I'll tell to clear mysel',
I wasna lichtly won;
He watched me late, he watched me sune,
He followed me baith out and in;
But *I* thocht on his mother's pride,
An' a' the risk I run.

But, oh! I loved him wi' a heart
So pure an' true, so free
Frae thocht o' world's wealth; his love
Was dearer far to me
Than a' the world held beside;
But still, I wouldna be his bride
Without his mother's free consent,
And that could never be.

And oh! I loved the rowan tree,
An' the bonnie hazel dell,
An' the daisy bank where he sat wi' me
Beside the mossy well.
Oh! mony a time he led me there,
An' mony a time he deck'd my hair
But aye I fear'd his mother's pride,
An' soon she broke the spell.

My lady call'd me to her room,
An' lectured me so fine!
She thocht, she did, that 'every bird
Should marrow wi' its kin'.'
I kent whase blood was in my veins,
But, no! I wadna tak the pains
To tell her; if her heart was proud—
My word! an' so was mine.

I look't her in the face an' saw
Her colour ebb and flow;
Her heart was pleading on my side,
But pride—cauld pride said—*No.*
She says to me, wi' angry e'en,
'Why do you stand there like a queen?'
'Because I feel like ane,' said I;
And then I turn'd to go.

She stept atween me an' the door,
An' pushed me back again;
Wha wad hae thocht, to see us then,
I was her sister's wean?
I stood there, an' I bore it a'
For sake o' her that was awa;
Though they were false an' cruel words,
I managed to refrain.

Then, turning round, I said 'fareweel,'
But nae fareweel said she;
I made her gowns an' trimmed her caps,
She couldna part wi' me;—
Besides, he soon would be away:—
But lang afore the licht o' day,
I slippit oot unseen by ane.
Why did he follow me?

Why did he swear to find me out,
Wherever I could hide?
Why did he say no earthly power
Should rob him of his bride?
Why did he vow by heaven above,
To shield me with a husband's love?
I thocht his equal didna live
In a' the world wide.

He track'd me as the fierce blood-hound
Tracks down the panting slave;
I had no mother's heart to warn,
No brother's arm to save.
He pressed me to become his bride;
Lang, lang I strove my love to hide,
But oh! I thocht him good an' kind,
An' beautiful an' brave.

The villain told me that he brocht
Her free consent to me;
An' we were married, as I thocht,—
But, oh! 't was a' a lee.
I never dreamt to doot his word,
As soon would I misdoot the Lord
That made the heavens and the earth,
When He said, 'Let there be.'

Mistress, you see the wee bit frock,
You see the sunny hair,
My marriage was a heartless cheat,
Oh! what need I say mair?
But yet, in justice to mysel',
I think it's only richt to tell,
As soon's I found I was betrayed,
I left him then an' there.

He had me in his power, an' thocht
That I would yield to be
A' that he wished; he little knew
The soul that was in me.
My only fault afore the Lord,
Was trusting to his faithless word;
I couldna live a life o' shame,—
No, I would sooner dee!

I left him, an' for weary months
I struggled on mysel',
But what I suffered a' that time,
No tongue on earth can tell;
An' when at last my boy was born,
I had to bide the bitter scorn,
An' cruel, cutting words o' shame,
That gart my proud heart swell.

At last my siller a' was spent,
My landlady was poor,
An' though I pleaded sair for time,
She turned me to the door.
I couldna go to seek a place,
Starvation stared me in the face;
I took my baby in my arms,
An' travelled ower the moor.

Oh! then I rued the pride that flang
His money at his feet;—
No for mysel', although it 's hard
To want the bite o' meat.
But oh! I rued it for my pet,
That cried for what he couldna get,
I grieved to see the weary face,
An' hear the waefu' greet.

I tried to curse him, but I felt
Like Balaam on the hill;
It seem'd as if I lost the power,
Although I had the will.
The wee bit lamb I loved so well,
Look't up at me so like himsel',
I couldna speak the bitter words,
For oh! I loved him still.

Yes; heartless coward though he was,
An' though I kent him weel,
I loved the very daisy flower
He crushed beneath his heel.
I loved him, but I scorned him too;
God help me! what was I to do?
I tried to pray, but oh, my heart
Felt hard and cauld as steel.

And then I thocht, come weal, come woe,
I 'll see him ance again;
I wanted naething for mysel',
But food to save my wean.
Wi' me, I kent he couldna live,
For I had naething noo to give;
Hunger was tearing at my heart,
An' burning in my brain.

At last, I reached the Lochan-side,
And saw the rowan-tree,
And flang me on the daisy bank,
Where he aye sat wi' me.
Wi' bitter thochts o' black despair,
I twined the berries in my hair,
An' said, when we 're ta'en oot the Loch,
He 'll ken that this is me.

An' then I took my baby up,
And kiss'd him o'er an' o'er;
But somehoo, when I tried to walk,
I couldna reach the shore.
My burning brain began to shoot,
An' roon' aboot, an' roon' about,
Went loch, an' hill, an' tower an' tree,
An' then I felt no more.

I waken'd in my ain wee room,
Weel did I mind it a';
The very knots into the door,
The stains upon the wa'.
My Lady thocht it was the damp
Wee Jenny kent it was the lamp,
I kent mysel', but didna tell,
She let the cruizie fa'.

Oh! Jenny was the blithe wee lass,
Wi' such a blinkin' e'e;
It 's queer how a' her fun that nicht,
Cam' floating back to me.
She gied us Archie's boulie walk
An' Butler Geordie's English talk.
The Minister himsel' wad lauch,
Had he been there to see.

I saw upon the window-sole,
Lang plaits o' yellow hair;
My han' gaed slipping up to feel,
An' oh, my heed was bare!
Then a' cam' rushing through my brain,—
The rowan-tree, the loch, the wean;
I felt a' roon' aboot the bed,
But no; he wasna there.

An' while I tried to think, I heard
A hand upon the door;
A wee roon' face look'd in on me,
But whiter than before.
'Oh, Jenny lass, come in an' tell
What 's wrang wi' me! I 'm no mysel'.'
An' then such questions as I speer'd,
Till I could talk no more.

She hush'd me like a wearied wean,
An' told me no to speak;
An' when I lookit up, I saw
The big tears on her cheek.
I kent it must be something bad,
That made even lauchin' Jenny sad;
But she said it was only grief,
At seeing me so weak.

I couldna haud my tongue, I cried,
'Oh, Jenny! where 's my wean?
Just tell me where my baby is,
An' I 'll no speak again.'
She threw her arms about my neck,
An' cried as if her heart would break,
Then sabbit oot, 'Oh, Flora dear,
He 's by the reach o' pain!'

I thocht I would be awfu' wild,
If he was ta'en awa';
But no; I lay an' heard, as if
He wasna mine ava'.
I had nae strength to storm an' rave;
So when she saw me bear 't so brave,
In spite o' doctor or o' deil,
She sat an' tell't me a'.

She said, *he* had been lang frae hame;
'Twas just twa weeks or three
Since he cam' back, an' then he asked,
If they had heard o' me.
But oh, my Lady raged like mad,
An' ca'ed me everything that 's bad;
An' said that if he sought me oot,
Her face he ne'er would see.

Then every day he took his gun,
An' wander'd roon' the place;
An' aye he tried to hear o' me,
But couldna find a trace;
Until ae gloaming, after tea,
He saunter'd to the rowan-tree;
And there he saw a sight, that drove
The colour frae his face.

As he was walking down, he heard
A wailing cry o' pain,
An' at the Lochan-side he found
A woman and a wean.
It was the wee bit bairnie's cry
He heard as he was passing by,
An' baith were lying stiff an' cauld,
An drookit wi' the rain.

He little thocht that it was me
That lay afore him there,
Till, lifting up my heed, he saw
The row'ns amang my hair.
He kent the baby was his ain;
He kent that sorrow, shame, and pain,
Had drained the red blood frae my cheeks,
An' drove me to despair.

He took the infant in his arms;—
While conscience gall'd him sore;—
Wee Jenny said 'he look'd like death
When he gaed in the door.'
He laid it on his mother's knee;
Bade them mak' haste, an' come for me,
'For I was lying like a corp
Beside the Lochan-shore.'

An' then he kissed the bonnie boy
Upon his mother's knee,
An' told her that if I was deed,
'Twas him that murder'd me;
But oh! if I was spared in life,
I yet would be his own true wife.
My lady sat wi' white, white lips,
But not one word said she.

They laid me in my ain wee bed;
The doctor cam' an' saw
That there was life intill me yet,
But said my chance was sma'.
An' then the fever took my brain,
An' a' gaed roon', an' roon' again;
An' aye when ane was at my side
I thocht that there was twa.



But oh! the doctor couldna save
My wean—my bonnie wean;
Mistress, I never saw his match—
I'll never see't again.
He died without a mother's kiss,
Wi' nane to comfort, nane to bless:
For oh! her heart was cauld as ice,
An' hard as ony stane.

Weel, Jenny's news just made me waur:
They thocht that I would dee;
An' then my lady brought her son
To tak' fareweel o' me.
There stood the servants frae the ha',
Wi' him an' her amang them a',
When up I started like a ghost,
An' spoke twa words or three.

It wasna muckle that I said,—
I hadna breath for more,—
But little as it was, it sent
My lady to the door.
I told them a' I had to tell;
I said 'she was my Auntie Bell—
My mother's twin'—'twas news to them
They never heard afore.

Weel, after a', I didna dee;
I think I'm like a cat,—
I'm hard to kill. My lady wished
That I had joined 'my brat.'
She couldna bear my very name;
She said I brought disgrace an' shame
On her an' hers; 'twas lies I told;—
But few would credit that.

For at the kirk folk stared at us;
An' mony a ane has said,
I should be sister to the laird,
An' no his mother's maid.
We were as like as twa could be;
The same bright hair, the same blue e'e;
Oh! if his heart had been as like,
His vows would a' been paid.

But, no! he daurna; soon I heard
That baith were gaun awa'—
His very servants sneered at him
When he gaed through the ha'.
They said that he should mak' a stan',
An' speak his mind oot like a man;
His mind's a weathercock, that turns
Wi' a' the winds that blaw.

Aweel! aweel! they gaed abroad,
An' left me lying there;
An' what cam' ower me after that,
My lady didna care.
If she was kind to me, she knew
That folk would think it a' was true;
An' that it was her sister's wean
She'd driven to despair.

As soon as I was fit to walk,
I cam' an' socht a place;
But everybody looks as if
They kent o' my disgrace.
I canna work, I canna think,
An' if I try to sleep a wink,
I see my mother—an' *that look*
Is aye upon her face.

Oh! mother darling, could you see,
Sweet mother, did you know,
In that last hour of agony
You spent wi' me below,—
The shame, the sorrow, an' the pain
That lay afore your orphan wean,
Nae wonder that you turned on me
That look of speechless woe.

Oh! yes, ma'am, I would like to pray,
But daurna trust mysel',
There's bitter feelings in my heart,
An' thochts I'm fear'd to tell.
But, oh! my mother is in heaven—
Her sorrows past, her sins forgiven;
I'm sure that she will plead wi' Him,
For her she loved so well.

I daurna breathe His holy name,
He says it is not meet
That the same fountain should bring forth
The bitter and the sweet.
Oh, dear! I wish I could forgive,
But to the latest day I live,
I'll say, he is a heartless knave,
A coward, and a cheat!

They say he's got an English wife,
An' thinks nae mair o' me;
But there's a cloud upon his life
He daurna choose but see.
Ay, when he's sleeping wi' his bride,
He'll dream about the Lochan-side;
An' see the sicht he saw that nicht
Beside the rowan-tree.

An' if he ever lives to feel
Her infant's balmy breath,
A voice will whisper to his heart,
The voice of Him, who saith,
'Vengeance is mine: I will repay:'
His living child will melt away;
And in its place, he'll see *his* face—
His, that was *starved to death*.

An' now, ma'am, you maun let me go,
Life is no lang for me;
An' I must reach that Lochan-shore,
An' see the rowan-tree;
An' fling me on the caul', caul' stane,
That lies aboon my bonnie wean;
Oh, maybe then, and maybe there,
The Lord will let me dee!"

But still she sits by her open chest,
No longer stern and cold,
And sadly round her fingers twines
Her baby curl of gold.
A hopeless lunatic is she,
With clusters from the rowan-tree,
Gleaming amid her sunny hair,
Like rubies set in gold.

And still "in justice to hersel',"
Her withering tale she tries to tell,
In sad unmeaning words;—alas!
Poor Flora's tale is told.

AN EXHIBITION HOMILY.

When a matter of universal public interest is occupying our thoughts, it is not to be wished that we should forget it in the place of our gathering together before God. It is important that here in church, where we ought to view everything in its truest light, we should bring before our minds for serious consideration that which elsewhere we may be discussing more lightly in the manner and spirit of ordinary intercourse. It will be profitable, I hope, thus to consider what has lately been upon all our tongues. The International Exhibition represents a most characteristic feature in the present condition of the world,—I mean the growth of human industry under the fostering nurture of free commerce. There is scarcely a more urgent or more practical question which we could ask than this, How does the movement, represented by the vast collection at Kensington, stand related to the principles of our Christian belief and worship?

We may observe signs of a reaction against the confidence which hoped too much, or was supposed to hope too much, from the similar union, on a former occasion, of the many countries of the world in industrial and artistic competition. The Exhibition of eleven years ago was a tempting symbol of universal peace, but the promise it appeared to hold out has been terribly belied. Crimean, Italian, and American wars have proved that material progress has no power to extinguish the passions of mankind, but that when nations or portions of a nation go to war together it can make their encounters more fearful and destructive.

There is, therefore, no general disposition at the present time to base exaggerated hopes of the extinction of war upon an international competition of industry and art. We are probably in greater danger of looking upon our second Exhibition with some scorn, as entirely without moral or spiritual bearings, useful only for passing amusement, and as a stimulus to material production.

There are views, indeed, of the Exhibition, and of what it represents, which would reasonably excite our scorn. If it be still supposed by any that wars and fightings amongst men can be *mechanically* suppressed by the mere multiplication of the links of common interest, such a supposition is degrading to human nature and contradictory to experience. Wealth and commerce do not, as a matter of fact, of themselves put down war; if they did, it could only be at the price of making the spirits of men flat and tame, instead of quick and generous. You cannot buy out war; and if you could, it might cost too much. The peace which would reign through the indifference of men to any but material considerations would be an ignoble and inhuman peace; and a cruel war coming to break it might well be a blessing to mankind. It is a folly then to trust in a mere extension of commerce as a guarantee for the preservation of peace. Such a trust cannot be Christian; it is a belief in dead things—in the flesh, and not in the Spirit of peace, who gives life.

Again, a great delight in the increase of luxuries and comforts, and of the various instruments of civilized life, as if man's life consisted in the abundance of the things which he possesses, cannot be the feeling of a true Christian. For man's life, we are taught, does *not* consist in the multitude of things which he possesses. Nor does a *nation's* highest life consist in its wealth, however broadly and beneficially that wealth be spread. A nation which learnt to value material wellbeing as the chief good would be drawing down upon itself, according to our Christian faith, the anger of God; and that anger would speedily show itself, we have reason to believe, in the decay even of the material prosperity. Great Exhibitions would therefore do us harm if they taught or tempted us to worship the things which may be shown in them, as the ends for which we are to live. The knowledge of God, the true service of God, God's kingdom and righteousness, are the proper objects of the highest aims of men, the objects for which we, singly and in nations, ought to strive.

But, whilst the Scriptures everywhere testify concerning material things, that neither the power nor the glory belongs to them, but to the Father in heaven,—that they cannot of themselves work out the deliverance of human beings, and that they have no right to the allegiance of men's hearts,—it is also true, that in the Scriptures the good and fair and useful things of the visible world are always treated with respect, as gifts of God, for which men ought to be thankful. The principle laid down by St. Paul in the words, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving," forbids us to think of anythi .g which God has made as being really evil or contemptible. The invisible things are more precious than the visible; but the visible things also may be signs of the invisible, may bring to our thoughts the bounty, the order, the tenderness which have their source in the Divine nature; and therefore they are good, if they are received as God's gifts, with thanksgiving. And let no one suppose that the works of man's art and genius are not God's works and gifts. In a country which has long been inhabited, it is scarcely possible to find anything, even a tree or a blade of grass, which does not owe something, which does not in a sense owe its existence, to the hand of man. The saying of the gentle Christian poet, "God made the country, but man made the town," is but a sentimental fallacy. The art of the husbandman has made the country, in this England of ours, almost as much as the art of the builder has made the town. Both the country and the town are God's works, so far as the wisdom which God has given to man has moulded them according to God's own designs. What a contradiction it would be to see the hand of God only in that which is wild and uncultivated, and to recognise nothing for which we ought to give thanks to God, in the efforts of human thought, and in applications to human uses! Let us be sure that there is work of God's in the products of human art, and that the living spirit of a man, with its capacity and inventiveness, is a higher work and more useful gift of God, than anything from which the breath of spiritual life is absent.

I say, then, brethren, that we are taught to regard all things commended to us by beauty or use, with interest and thankfulness, as tokens of God bestowed upon us by Him. We are taught to say with adoration, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches." A further thought is presented to us in the Scriptures, that an abundance of the treasures of the visible world is a *reward* which God assigns to the nations which serve him. The Old Testament declares this truth to us, rather than the New; but the law was one for all time, and fulfils itself in every generation. It is not safe, indeed, to argue back from material prosperity, and to conclude that the nation which is enjoying the most of it is the most righteous nation of the earth. It is best simply to abstain from such judgments, because we do not know

enough to make us secure in forming them. But it would be almost universally true to say, that material prosperity represents some antecedent loyalty to the God of heaven, it may be the loyalty of a past generation. It represents temperance and frugality, respect for God's laws, adherence to order in civil life, delight in the principles according to which God has constructed our world. And, unquestionably, the prophets of God have always held forth the promise, which no teacher can help holding forth still, that a nation which seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, shall have the interests and the obligations of material well-doing added to it.

We may justly say, then, looking at the astonishing products of our own empire, and at the products of other peoples beside them,—These things show forth God's glory and God's righteousness. They are of his giving, and he promises to give them without stint to those who do his will. If we would not lose these things, and the power and skill to produce them, we must not worship them; we must set the perfect will of God above them.

And without sending our imaginations very far, we may see how the activity of trade and of industry and of invention does bless men as with a Divine reward. The products brought together for our inspection tell of many a population stirred up from abject and desponding and perhaps brutish poverty into a better and happier life by some new development of manufactures and commerce. As a general rule, wherever a few capitalists are made rich, multitudes are made less poor. It need not be with a selfish or money-worshipping joy that we rejoice in the blessings of material prosperity. Nay, our very benevolence might tempt us to an idolatrous worship of it. Take but one example. Cotton is the material of one of the most important, the most highly elaborated, the most wealth-producing manufactures in the world. Its supply is checked; and what is the consequence? Thousands, millions, of our fellow-countrymen, sink down from independence into indigence and pauperism and the most terrible temptations. God be thanked that they are now proving by their patience and self-restraint, that they have not been corrupted by any prosperity they have enjoyed. But what human interests, what domestic virtues, what political developments, hang upon the abundance of one article of commerce! But look also at the more hopeful aspect of this same crisis. What blessings may not be in store for India, what for Africa, what a new birth for whole races of mankind, if they are enabled to supply us in part with the raw material for the want of which our manufacturing districts are now languishing! Who does not see that, mere instruments as these visible things are, the Maker of heaven and earth does use them to lift up and to cast down the lives of men and of societies? And it is a true ground of rejoicing and thankfulness, when, through the growth of property or the applications of art or science, human beings are relieved from dull or excessive labour, and so they are raised from the state of drudges to that of free men. This tendency of modern industry may be defeated in particular cases; but it *is* its tendency, and one which the study of a general Exhibition would soon teach us to recognise.

There is another view of an International Exhibition in which as Christians we may rightly rejoice. I mean its action, as international, in bringing different nations together. Let us rate as low as we please the actual power of an Exhibition, and even of the linking interests of commerce and personal friendships, to secure the peace of the world. Let us commit the peace of the world to higher hands. Nevertheless, it is a noble and a glorious thing to see how the Creator has settled various races in various parts of the earth, making each supplementary to the rest, and bearing witness of what He would have his universal human family to be. International regard, such as a contemplation of the purposes of Him "who giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation," would be sure to foster in our hearts, need no more weaken our patriotism, than our patriotism as citizens is found to weaken our family feelings. According to our Christian faith, the Almighty Father has made households, nations, a universal human family. If we English have learnt his lessons to some purpose when he teaches us to love our homes and our country, shall we not listen to his teaching when he bids us regard foreign nations with sympathy and respect, as children with us of the same Father in heaven? Let not religious exclusiveness stand in the way of such sympathy. If God has taught us more of his pure truth than he has taught to others, he never meant us to look down upon them; nor is a self-complacent contempt of other nations the best way to lead them with us to a truer knowledge of the one God.

Certainly, the mutual intercourse and co-operation represented by the work just completed, though it would not prevent our quarrelling with our neighbours, is a witness against the self-esteem and insolence which lead to quarrels. A high-minded people ought to learn and practise courtesy in such intercourse: a Christian people ought to look up with reverence to the God who puts two of his families side by side, to be helpers and not hinderers of each other. Our faith would not

inspire us with the paltry ambition of being citizens of the world; but it certainly would make us desire that English citizens should be friendly and respectful towards the people of every country under the sun.

Let us not believe that, in opposition to all that our Christian faith teaches us, industry and commerce can only be carried on selfishly, with a hostile pursuit of one-sided interest. It is not so, I believe, as a matter of fact, even as much as it appears to be. The faith that all commerce is mutually beneficial, when, at least, it is honest and intelligent, must have a sustaining and elevating effect on the minds of many who seem to be immersed in the pursuits of business. And why should not the highest views of mutual dealings be more clearly received, and more widely cherished? Would not every thinking man like to know and feel that when he is honestly carrying on his trade, he is not merely yielding to a justifiable necessity, but is carrying out the good purposes of the one Father? Would not this faith be a precious preservative against dishonesty, and in many cases a support of diligence against idleness? There is no work more needed by this generation, than that the varied pursuits of business should be placed firmly upon the foundation of duty towards God in heaven, and therefore of help and mutual advantage towards brethren upon earth; that those who produce and who trade should regard one another not as adversaries, but as workers in different provinces of a common cause. Superficial appearances join with natural greediness in protesting against such a theory of human labour, but all the great testimonies, and amongst these, that of an International Exhibition, are in favour of it.

I cannot refrain from quoting a documentary testimony from one of the most glorious periods of our own history. At the time of the Reformation there was in England an astonishing outburst of enterprise of every kind, in which commercial enterprise had its part. A striking proof of this was the formation of a company of merchants to send out vessels to discover places as yet unknown. One of their earliest expeditions was sent to the north-east, and succeeded in gaining the first direct access on the part of this country to the immense Empire of Russia. With that expedition a letter was sent by King Edward VI., addressed to any kings or chiefs whose dominions the expedition might approach. And it began thus, after a courteous salutation:—

"Forasmuch as the great and almighty God hath given unto mankind above all other living creatures such an heart and desire, that every man seeks to join friendship with other, to love and be loved, also to give and receive mutual benefits, it is therefore the duty of all men according to their power, to maintain and increase this desire in every man, with well-deserving to all men, and especially to show this good affection to such as, being moved with good desire, come to them from far countries. . . . . Furthermore, the examples of our fathers and predecessors do invite us hereunto, who have ever gently and lovingly treated such as of friendly mind came to them, . . . committing themselves to their protection; and if it be right and just to show such humanity towards all men, doubtless the same ought chiefly to be shown to merchants, who, wandering about the world, search both land and sea, . . . as well that the people to whom they go may not be destitute of such commodities as their countries do not produce, and that they themselves may be partakers of such things wherein *they* abound. For the God of heaven and earth, greatly providing for mankind, would not that all things should be found in one region, to the end that one should have need of another, that by this means friendship might be established among all men, and every one seek to gratify all." This, brethren, is surely a noble theory of commerce. Mark that, whereas it might be urged that it is well to cultivate friendship with other countries, *in order that* benefits may be received, King Edward and his advisers profess their belief that the friendship is *the end*, in the designs of God, and the exchange of benefits the means. The difference is an important one. Those who carry on dealings in the faith, however feebly held, that the good God seeks by means of them to bring men into such real fellowship as would be pleasing in his eyes, cannot but be raised by so generous a sentiment. To foster trade for the sake of a living peace, is a higher work than to cultivate abstinence from war for the sake of trade.

It is remarkable that a Russian charter, written two years later, conveying certain privileges to English subjects, seems to reciprocate the same views, laying down the principles, that "God hath planted all realms and dominions in the whole world with sundry commodities, so as the one hath need of the amity and commodities of the other, and by means thereof traffic is used from one to another, *and amity is thereby increased*;" and that "amongst men nothing is more to be desired than amity, without which no creature, being of a natural good disposition, can live in quietness." And then it proceeds to apply these principles to the intercourse between England and Russia. It seems clear that we have not advanced further than the men of three hundred years ago in the apprehension of the great truths of a common humanity and a universal fellowship. And we have not the courage to profess an equal

reverence for the purposes of the Almighty Maker, or an equal sense of obligation to execute his will in all the work of our lives.

You will have gone with me, I think, thus far in drawing from the Scriptures true grounds of satisfaction and hope in beholding a great International Exhibition of Industry and Art. But it is possible that we may be visited with some sense of discrepancy in comparing those views, however Scriptural, with the more vital doctrines of our faith. We recall to our minds the doctrine of the Cross, the vocation of the true believer in Jesus Christ, and we may ask, What has the believer, he whose thoughts are set upon the eternal world, to do with the things of this perishing earth? Do the bright visions of commercial prosperity accord with the life of him who strives to abstract himself from the world, that he may follow a suffering Saviour more perfectly? Our services for to-day,* and that holy communion in which we are invited to partake, bring before us the most sacred aspect of our Christian calling. "Hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps." We pray accordingly that we may always most thankfully receive this inestimable benefit of the sacrifice of the only Son of God, and may daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of his most holy life. If we are disciples of Jesus Christ, and take up our cross and follow him, is it consistent to allow ourselves in such thoughts and feelings as those which I have been endeavouring to suggest?

Looked at superficially, our Christian vocation might seem to debar us from such sympathy with a striving, wealth-producing, rejoicing world. There have been Christians at all times, as there have been followers of all religions, who have so interpreted the call which bids a man forsake the world, as to suppose that they were to separate themselves from the common interests of mankind. It has not been a difficult attainment of human experience to look with disgust upon everything going on in the world, and to read "vanity" inscribed on all the doings of men. The preacher of old, uttering in his enigmatical sentences the thoughts of many hearts, tells us how he looked abroad on the world to see what was that good for the sons of men which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life, and that the report brought back to him by his wisdom and experience was, "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity." "I made me great works," he says; "I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy: for my heart rejoiced in all my labour; and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." A most sad conclusion, and containing this permanent truth, that the works and treasures of the earth are not satisfying in themselves, and cannot fill the craving of a true human spirit. But it was not true, and it is not true, that therefore those treasures of the earth, and its glories and its labours, are to be spurned with disdain by those who seek after God, and who count the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. The truth pressed upon our minds from all sides is, that the right *attitude* towards these things is what is wanted. The doctrine of the Cross, the example of the Saviour, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, the lives of his followers, bid us think the true riches of infinitely greater value than the material riches; they call upon us to cherish a magnanimity of spirit which shall be content to want and to suffer; they remind us that it is generally easier to be faithful to God in suffering and privation than in affluence. But they do not forbid us to admire what is fair, to rejoice in the comfort and prosperity of our fellow-men, to desire that those belonging to us should have the advantages of knowledge and culture which God may put in their way.

It was said when the Saviour was opening his kingdom upon the earth, "How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" It has always been found "*hard*" for the rich and prosperous to be humble, self-denying, courageous, thoughtful for others, as citizens of the heavenly kingdom should be. But what do we infer from this difficulty?—not that those who enter the kingdom are to reduce themselves to poverty, and to do nothing to promote the wellbeing of the earth, and of their fellow-men upon it; but that by all classes, at all times, the sacrifice and the example of the suffering Son of God should be kept steadfastly in view. Those who are making

* The second Sunday after Easter.

money and getting on, and who are interested in the pleasant and beautiful things of the world, ought to be the most careful to remember the cross of their Master and their own vocation; because they are under such terrible temptations to become worldly, selfish, sensual, and effeminate, and also because the truest and best spirit for every man in the most thriving and active and cultivated community would be the spirit of self-sacrifice and of obedience to the law of Christ. Remember that the spirit of Christ is not a mere asceticism; it is not an arbitrary abstinence from this and that and the other of God's works, which he has created for use and enjoyment: but it is a living spirit of self-control and temperance, a spirit of kindness and sympathy and service. Is not this wanted by the well-to-do? Is there no scope for this in their lives? May not the daily course of the most prosperous man or woman be as continual a struggle for a true and joyful subjection to the will of God, for the exercise of self-denial and love, as that of the poorest sufferer upon the earth?

I say, then, that there is no necessary discord between the following of the crucified Jesus, and a thankful contemplation of all things that God has made or has enabled man to make, to be admired and to be used. The following of Christ might work great changes, indeed, in men's dealings with earthly treasures. The habits of the rich might be greatly altered; the distribution of wealth might be affected; checks might be put upon the eagerness of production and of trade; the modes of art might have to yield to new and unbending laws;—but if such changes were to be enforced by the bidding of the gospel of Christ, the world, as the Christian must boldly testify, would be a gainer and not a loser. In order that these or any beneficial changes may be wrought; in order that mankind may learn by experience what good the Creator intended to come out of the forces of nature and the inventiveness of the human mind; in order that the evils which flow from riches may be stopped, and accumulated treasures may be servants to the spirit of man, and not masters;—for these ends it is necessary that the name of Christ should be proclaimed in all the hives and marts of human industry, that he should be confessed to be the Lord of men's activity and ambition, as well of their leisure and of their prayers; and that the proudest of men should still be called upon to become as little children in submission to the righteousness and love of the heavenly Father, that they may enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Yes, my Christian brethren, we are permitted to be thankful for all products of human skill and industry without fear or misgivings, if only we will be *thankful*;—if we will remember God the giver, and the infinitely better gifts which he has bestowed upon us. To worship them without God is a sin, and will bring down a curse. To use them, and spread the use of them, as God's bounties, giving thanks to God and the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, is right and is therefore safe. The unselfish admiration of a childlike heart is a sister to duty and sacrifice. "O world, as God has made it, all is beauty; and knowing this is love, and love is duty: what further may be sought for or declared?" But that our admiration may be innocent, let us take heed to duty first. Let us bear in mind that, before all, we are servants of Him who came to declare the divine righteousness and love in humiliation. God will open the gates of prosperity, that *the righteous nation which keepeth the truth* may enter in. Let us listen to the voice which came by the prophet of old—"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 loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

J. Ll. Davies.

THE EAST.

BY THE COUNTESS DE GASPARIN, AUTHOR OF "THE NEAR AND HEAVENLY HORIZONS."

Land of Egypt, sweet to the eye, soft to the foot, I fly to thee! Oh, who will give me to inhale thy perfumes; oh, river Nile, who will give me to drink of thy waters! The sea, dotted here and there with sparks, stretches out into immeasurable depths; sometimes it reflects the sun like a shield, sometimes it is blue beneath the east wind; near the coast some island, some rock darkens it with its shadow; nothing besides but sea and sky.

Courage, my wings; cleave the air. Already the breathings of the south caress you; a golden line cuts the horizon. I recognise thee, Scanderoon, eternally seated on the shore of thy beautiful Mediterranean, pressed on by the desert, and dreaming of thy past. But to me thou hast a greater charm than when philosophers debated beneath thy porticos; thou art more touching than when thy great bishops, supported by thy monks, defied the powers of the Cæsars. I love thee as thou art,—a widow and desolate.

The Arabs move rapidly about the harbour; the sun of Africa has darkened the bronze of their faces. The women, with blue drapery, and a fillet of coral round their brow, walk, tinkling their

silver bracelets at each step. Soft emanations of an atmosphere, all impregnated with warm dews, I inhale you in long draughts. Yes, it is indeed I, and it is indeed you! I had not thought ever to see you again. Sometimes a breeze used to blow on our cold northern regions,—a breeze that had ruffled your leaves, mimosas of the Nile; whenever I felt it, my heart would stand still. And there you are once more. Everything; I must revisit everything around. The needle of Cleopatra is still lying on the shore! Say, wilt thou ever raise thyself again? Wilt thou ever lift thy sharp angles of pink granite, thy polished sides, covered with hieroglyphics, through the limpid air?



Gardens of banana trees cast their shadow everywhere on the ground; their smooth, spiral trunks rising at random, and their green volutes languidly folding over. Every now and then the feathery tuft of the tamarisk soars above them; each breeze that comes from the desert displaying its lacework on the azure sky. Meanwhile, I wander in this twilight, interpenetrated with rays. Through the openings in the trees they fall in a rain of gold; it is warm and laughing day; there where the leaves are thickest, is the transparence of the emerald. Verily, life spent here would let its hours glide away as a necklace drops pearls, one after the other, all equal.

River of the hidden source; river that counteth thy years by thousands; thou that hast seen the Pharaohs in all their glory; Moses and the people groan beneath the oppressors; the miracles of the Lord, traversing the ethereal air with their thunders; river of the wide smooth current;—I bathe my brow in thy waters. On both sides the banks have lowered. The full majesty of the wide horizon appears; limitless perfection, with here and there an almost imperceptible swelling of the ground. The Fellah village ranges its huts on the water sides; poor buildings, which retain the architecture of the great propylones. Through the holes of the dovecote swarms of pigeons come and go. The young girl descends to the stream, plunges in her urn, places it on her head, then slowly re-ascends, her profile defined against the clear horizon. Far away we see the caravan losing itself in the desert. Close by, the dromedary is lying in the grass, languidly moving its graceful head to and fro as it inhales the moist air; the Arab standing by its side seems to grow taller as the land smiles in the distance. There are bays of incomparable calmness; tranquil lakes; their shores fringed with palm trees without a human habitation near. There the dawn breaks with unwitnessed glory; golden hangings are suspended from the zenith to the ground; their folds are fastened by the stems of the date-tree. The sun rises, clad in purple; myriads of wandering birds salute him with piercing cries; they flutter up out of the reeds; they trace mysterious arabesques in the air; higher, still higher, till their capricious mazes disappear in the ethereal abyss.

What a crowd is moving on the shore! Let us land. That is the road taken by the Fellahs, that by the dromedaries, swift and light as the swallow. At its extremity, the mountain El Mokattam! Vapours float around its base; they quickly rise; the minarets appear; a ray strikes the crescent of the mosques. Esbekeyeh, I see thy sycamores; El Mussr el Kahira, I see thy palaces. I do indeed; and here are thy water-carriers, thy hawkers of sherbet in japan cups. Here are thy fruit-sellers, piles of oranges on the backs of their hands, and sweet-smelling baskets on their heads, and occasionally a black child, with brilliant eyes and shaved head, seated on their shoulders. Oh, yes, thou art indeed the pearl of the East, the queen among thy sisters. I am walking now through thy streets, under the awning of thy bazaars. I am looking at thy merchants squatting there. Their muslin turban-frames in their visage; they are taciturn and dreamy; near them sings the narguileh. Amid shops tapestried with embroidered saddles, and red slippers with marvellous patterns, shining with bracelets, and ribboned phials of attar of roses, glides a grave and self-possessed population. The camel-driver utters his guttural note; the file of camels rub their load against both sides of the way, their feet put noiselessly down. Their line undulates; the trappings, ornamented with shells from the Red Sea, clash at each step with crystalline sound. Amongst them trot some spirited asses; they carry some lady of the harem, wrapped in the *habarah*. All at once the fife gives out its piercing notes, a singular cadence. Room for the army of the Pasha! Black faces, physiognomies as untamed as their music. There you may see a descendant of the prophet gliding about; an old green-turbaned man, in the glory of his silvery beard, with austere lips, on which seldom plays a smile; eyes in which the fire is dying down, and a robe with vast folds confined with the cashmere scarf. Wherever in some solitary street the door of a house half opens, I see columns of alabaster, marble pavements, the leap of the fountain,—a mere lightning flash. The doors close, everything is again sordid and bare.

At this hour,—twelve,—the sand is sparkling around the tombs of the Mamelukes. The mausoleums rear their cupolas in the solitude, the Mokattam forming for them a rude background, which suits with them well. It is there that the remains of these men of blood rest. The air, all flooded with light, glides over the transparent domes, the turbans, the broken outline. Some horde of vagrant dogs, bent on a distant expedition, howl at the dead. That is all. But I know a spot full of freshness and charm. Shoobra, it is thy grove of sycamores with their gloomy arcades. It extends as far as the eye can reach, shady, bordered with meadows whence rise odorous exhalations. There reigns a verdant night, there wanders the Copt in his black robe and white turban, with those delicate features, pale complexion, and ideal outline, which makes one think of the statue of Osiris. At the far end, looking like a red spark, mounted on his mehari, appears a janissary of the Pasha. He dilates the steel of his scimitar, throws out a flame; he has passed by. The mollah drags his yellow slippers; the tradesman trots along on his ass with scarlet trappings; the camels advance, laden with odorous grass enclosed in a network of cords. In these impenetrable retreats coo the turtle-doves. The light only comes in from below. It is refracted on the tufts of the *durrah*. Gateway of Shoobra, I pass beneath thy creeping plants. Labyrinths of myrtle hedges, I lose myself in your mazes. The citron-trees stretch out to me their branches in flower, the rose-trees put forth their encircling branches, the jessamines let their garlands trail, the tuberose swings its balmy spikes, the fountains weep tear after tear in the porphyry basins. Some black slave beguiles his sorrows amidst the enchantments of this fairy land. He dreams of the desert, of the wadys with their few palms; he dreams of the Sennaar, of the source lost in the sands. Mussr el Kahira, farewell! The river calls me, and the mysteries of Egypt.

Night has come down. The boats are moored. The moon rises higher in the sky. Everything sleeps. My wings, fold yourselves here. Girgeh, thy heaps of corn red as copper crowd the bank. From afar I salute the Pyramids, seated on the confines of the desert—their mighty lines cut against the pale horizon. Thy couching sphinx watches over them eternally. The desert gains upon it, throwing its sandy waves, which glide along the granite sides like the froth of the sea. Memphis, thy date-trees wave their coronals where once thronged thy palaces. Of all thy magnificence nothing remains but the Colossus recumbent on the ground. The perfect profile stands out against a velvet back-ground; the marble has kept its whiteness. He smiles,—the Sesostris,—he smiles with

that divine far-seeing smile which the dead wear. He smiles at his vanished grandeur, at the generations that are past. He has seen them all pass away; the sadness of knowledge, a sadness interpenetrated with brightness, broods over his noble face.

The breeze has gone down. Children, cross the stream. Land! take the towing-line, and pull with all your strength. Eh Ouallah! Eh lessah! eh lessah! Harmonious cries flung on the air, who can describe your poetry there on the great river, under the wide heavens! And now you see an Arab wedding threading its way through the tamarisk grove. The bride, veiled from head to foot, sways languishingly on her dromedary. The tambourine scatters a shower of metallic sounds. The women running along on each side with brilliant bursts of song. Sometimes a town thickly dotted with minarets rises from among the trees. There the Arabs are grouped along the river; the women come down to it, and fill their urns; the children roll in the sand. An Alme, face uncovered, brow bound with golden coins, comes to wander on the bank. And then again solitudes, fields of cotton-plants with their large flowers, their marvellous buds; again the mimosas, with their delicate leaves and their little yellow tufts, whence escapes a perfume that intoxicates.

At the close of day the sky and the river vie in magnificence. There are prodigies of light and colour; orange, carmine washed over with milk, with purple and sulphur tones, violet or copper-coloured mists. The moon looks large, as it pierces through. The river runs rubies, topazes,—is all on fire; then suddenly it is quenched; nothing to be seen but the stars ranged round their sovereign. They escort her at a distance. Then the moon outshines them, and pursues her course through space alone. In this luminous night; this night when the date-trees cast a long shadow, let us go and see the Fellah village. Before each dwelling young girls recline, looking at the river flowing, the boat passing by. They speak to each other in a low voice. The dove-cots are silent. A few palms which have sprung up here and there thrill beneath the evening, a motion full of sweetness, like a vague sigh that is lost in air. Our Nubians walk after us, their lances on their shoulders, the flames of the different hearths sketching their forms as they move on from door to door.

The wind has risen again, boatman; keep the middle of the current. Upper Egypt opens out before us. Look! rugged masses have cleft the waters. Look! there they are, clearly visible on the island. Old crocodiles, with your shining scales, your jaws open wide, and motionless. One might take you for some bas-relief of the times of Joseph. How I rejoice in meeting with you, monsters though ye be, you denizens of burning latitudes, you genuine Egyptians; to-night the boat will not anchor. It glides on, under sail. The boatmen, rolled up in their robes, sleep at the prow; one Nubian alone, crouching on the deck, holds the end of the large sail in his hand, prepared to let it go the moment the wind freshens. The pilot too watches, standing at the helm on the roof of the pavilion,—a noble figure wrapped in the graceful folds of his white robe. And while the boat glides on, sometimes erect, sometimes skimming the waters with its sail; while the parted water is gurgling against the keel, the pilot sings his song in an under-tone. He sings it in some key to us unknown, he sings it with modulations so capricious, the very fairies could not emulate them. It alternates between the minor and the major. Hardly audible at times, lighter than the transparent wing of a peri, it scatters its notes one by one in the perfumed air. Sometimes full of irony, sometimes sad even to tears, it plays with the rigging, it floats on the surface of the waves, it swells, it dies down, always the same, yet always different. Song of the pilot, nights of Egypt, murmurs of the stream, when all these sounds return to my mind, the tears flow and inundate my face. Thou art a land of harmony, O land of Egypt! The very cries of thy children burst forth in chords whose wailing is melodious. The fellah sings while drawing water from the shadoofs. The heavily laden women keep the sense of fatigue at bay by suiting their steps to a cadenced sigh. When the boatman plunges his pole in the mud of the river, when he leans his chest upon it, a sonorous plaint, sung in chorus, fills the air with its grave notes. If he crosses the stream, energetic syncopations seem to propel the boat at every swell. A symphony of which our orchestras can never attain either the boldness or the nicety, resounds throughout Egypt. It was thus that our boat mounted the river amidst endless concerts.

While I dream, the boat has anchored. The giant statues, Memnon and his companion, command the plain. Phantoms seated there in the sacred attitude, more sombre than night itself, they are taller by their whole busts than the Libyan chain. Mystery wraps them round; the spirit of ancient Egypt hovers there. At their feet the young and flowery earth,—green, enamelled, breathing of spring. Buffalos, black masses with heavy gait, are seen, carrying hither and thither the beautiful alabaster bird that perches on their manes; the flocks of camels browse with long and silken-haired goats; the Arab woman, crouching near, brings a fold of her dress over her face when the stranger draws near.

I wander amongst thy columns, Karnac, in that avenue of mutilated sphinxes; beneath thy propylones, portals with the wide base, which become more ideal in proportion as they rise. Beneath them Sesostris returned in triumph; beneath them came chariots of war, Jewish prisoners, Ethiopians carrying bars of gold, ostriches, gazelles, giraffes brought from the tropics. Now, on a shallow pool of water, in the midst of the utter solitude, a flight of wild-ducks are taking their pastime. There are crowds of columns, incommensurable ruins: the sunlight streams in everywhere. The ages have in some sort laid the mystery bare. The pages of the Bible are immutably written on the wall of those temples overthrown.

Philœ, I greet thee. Thy porphyry rocks resist the foam of the cataract. The red granite, upheaved in blocks of inconceivable boldness, cuts the sleeping water. The Egyptian temple crushes the island with its prodigious propylone; projects its carved peristyles on the shore. The Grecian temple, at the end of a promontory adorned by two

or three palm-trees bending towards the river, watches the stream flow by. Come under the portals, walk along the pavement. The Nile glides beside us; we see its swift course through the columns. It was thus that walked the damsels of Pharaoh's palace; thus that the moon made their golden fillets shine. They walked on dreamily, in all the pride of their youth, dark and graceful, while the gay barks descended and ascended the stream with the same songs.

The boat has passed the rapids; it pursues its way on the Nubian waters. The scene has suddenly become austere; the river is now a sapphire-coloured highway, enchased on both sides in granite.

Giants of Abou Simbal, I salute you. The sands have swelled up to your knees. Impassive, you let them rise. They have not filled the home that you have guarded for so many thousand years. The two rows of pillars raised by Sesostris still bear up the roof. The caves of the mountains, in their mysterious retreats, have always the same atmosphere. The same ideal smile imprints on the features of the monarchs the same divine character. Venus Athor, thou still openest on the Nile thy temple's peristyle, with giant heads adorned by the symbolic crescent. The sanctuary, far within the rocks, still wraps in the same obscurity its trinity of hideous idols. Again the Nile beats against the basalt. A black promontory projects into the midst of the tumult. The eye dwells upon the lonely conflict; it is the cataract of Nubia. Everywhere the desert. To the north, Wady Alfah—three buildings in the sand. To the south, on the side of Sennaar, the shining river. It rises, runs deep, a ladder of light. Down there, Meroe. Further, plain on plain to the very centre of Africa.

My wings, open wide; a flight to Asia! There are names which cause hidden sources of poetry to gush from our heart.

Africa, Asia, and yon fountain of Moses, Elim, Wady Peyran, Sinai; your magic letters carried me even as a child away into regions so saturated with sunshine, where such ideal visions passed before me, into a land so completely the country of my soul and my aspiration, that, until the day when God gave me to see you with my bodily eye, a species of home-sickness preyed upon me. At length my feet tread on your eternal sands. My eyes meet your beautiful stone heaps, painted flame-hues by the burning sky. I breathe that invigorating air, that air replete with liberty which resembles only the icy breeze of an Alpine peak. At great distance a granite mountain, a mere ridge of rainbow-tinted sandstone, stands out against the sky. The Bedouin, with tightly-drawn leathern girdle, the folds of his robe raised, the woollen scarf thrown over his head, and his head bound with a camel-hair cord, is walking before us. When he turns round, I see his manly figure,—eyes of fire in a grave and supremely energetic countenance. There are moments of absolute silence. Not an insect, not a breath. Nothing is heard but the indolent tread of the dromedary. All at once the voice of some Arab fills the expanse with his acclamation. It is wild as a lion's roar; it is the true music of the true desert; it calls out rude action; it flies through the gloomy immensity, dies away unexplored solitudes. The bearing of these men is indeed that of the masters of the desert, elastic and victorious. They have the exquisite manners of the East. Each one of them feels himself a king. Witness their morning salaam; never did noble advance with such an air of courteous subjection, respectful and chivalrous, to kiss his lady's hand. In the evening of one of those days, when no living creature has crossed the caravan, a nomade of the tribe, with stick or club bent over his shoulder, appears as we turn the corner of some rocky projection, suddenly rises in the sandy plain; the whole procession stops; the sheik detaches himself from the rest; with slow step moves forward to meet his brother; extends his hand to him, and, while the fingers remain clasped, the two Arabs exchange benedictions.

The ground sometimes perfectly level, sometimes indented, is hard as stone. The light falls on it inexorably; dazzling day in all sunlit places; night where the shadows fall. No trees; no clouds. Either plain on plain, as far as the eye can reach, or a confusion of calcined stones, as if in a burned-up world. Then, if on one of those mornings, torrid from the very dawn, you perceive afar the spot of shade that some bare rock projects, you whisper in the ear of your dromedary the right Arabian word; he sets off; he gets over the ground; the rocks approach; you can distinguish their angles; there they are, freshness that not even our forests give! To stretch one's-self there; to bare one's forehead in the darkened air; to put to one's lips the water which flows from the *zinzamiehs*. Upon this great rock a bird is singing; the first, the only one. Whence comest thou? Has the west wind which traverses Egypt, borne thee upon its wing? His throat swells; he sends out his joyous notes through the desert. With the same breath did that west wind bring thy mate hither as well? Do you two live together alone, happy? Have you suspended your nest to the branches of that withered acacia? The caravan has resumed its march; it unwinds its links; it undulates through the arid valleys; there it passes,—a nation has passed, the people of God.

Moses the patient conqueror bends beneath the immeasurable weight of this multitude, alternately rebellious and repentant as it is. "Have I conceived all this people? have I begotten them that thou shouldest say to me, Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing father beareth the sucking child?"

And the Lord calms the rage of the frantic people. It is the same who said "Fear not" to the fishermen tossed on the sea of Tiberias, who speaks to Moses face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend.

Soon the morning breeze makes the tent shiver. The sheik awakes; the Bedouins have brought in the camels; the tent is struck. Ou Allah! forward! Magnificence of night in the desert, refreshing sleep of the bivouac, primitive life, happy he who has known you. He possesses a magic shield against sinking of the spirits, against the tyranny of the prosaic, in yon hours of energy and daring, in yon hours of freedom, yon hours of savage poetry, above all, yon blessed hours spent in prayer alone with God!

ON GLACIERS.

PART II.

THE MIDDLE GLACIER REGION—*continued.*

Ablation or loss of the surface of the Glacier.—Throughout all the middle and lower glacier region the ice is thawing at its surface, at least during the day, and for a considerable portion of the year. Not only the direct effect of the sun's rays, but the frequent washing of rain, and the mere contact of the warm atmosphere (especially the south winds called *fön* in German Switzerland), contribute to this effect. The amount varies extremely, according to season, exposure, and absolute height above the sea. It may amount to three or four inches of thickness removed from the entire glacier surface, in a summer's day, above the Montanvert. But allowing for variation of weather, perhaps a foot a week may be a sufficiently high estimate, even for the warmest part of the year; while on the more elevated surface of the glacier of the Aar, with a colder exposure, M. Agassiz has estimated the *yearly ablation* at only ten feet.

The most sensible effect of this liquefaction of the ice at the surface of the glacier, is to swell the torrent which issues from its lower extremity. Some portion of the water is no doubt derived from springs issuing from the rocks on which the ice reposes, and a part also from the small amount of action of the earth's proper heat upon the glacier. The greater portion by far, is no doubt due to the superficial fusion or "Ablation." "Comparing Maury's careful calculations as to the drainage of the valley of the Mississippi, with the observations of Mr. Dollfuss on the torrent issuing from the lower glacier of the Aar, . . . we learn that the single glacier of the Aar pours down as much water on a fine summer's day, as the average daily drainage of 1636 square miles in one of the best watered districts of the globe."*

But there are also other results of this fusion. The annual ablation is, of course, greatest in the portions of the glacier nearest to the valleys, and as each year's amount of ice thawed is added to the loss of the preceding ones, it is plain that the vertical thickness of the glacier must be diminishing from this cause, and in an accelerated proportion as it advances in its slow and measured course along its bed. The glacier, in fact, ceases to exist exactly where the ablation becomes so rapid as to be no longer compensated by the supply of the material from a higher level.

Effect of Ablation on the Moraines.—Where the ice is covered by moraines, the strong blocks afford a tolerably efficient protection against the action both of sun and rain. Hence the fact already referred to, that the great medial moraines of first-class glaciers appear like gigantic causeways elevated in the centre (as in the case of the glacier of the Lower Aar), sometimes as much as 140 feet above the general level. It is a strange and imposing spectacle to see this vast ridge stretching for miles along the axis of that great river of ice. Stranger still it is to discover that the apparent heaping up of stones is not occasioned by their being piled on one another, but that with rare exceptions, each and every block rests on pure pellucid ice, and that the dorsal ridge is in fact composed of the very substance of the glacier, defended by the scaly panoply of blocks longitudinally disposed, as we have in the previous section attempted to explain.

Glacier-Tables.—The greater the block the more effectual is the protection which it gives to the glacier beneath. To do so efficiently it must be thick enough to absorb effectually the solar heat, or transmit it only insensibly to the ice on which it rests. A large tabular block is most efficient in this way. Lying on its flat side it defends no small portion of ice from the ablation which acts on its exposed surface. The stone *seems* to rise from the level of the glacier on an icy pedestal, which certainly has not sprouted from beneath, as some whom one would not like to class amongst the ignorant, at one time quaintly imagined. It is merely a record of the antecedent general level of the ice, similar to those earthy pillars which railway excavators leave in the progress of their operations, in order to gauge the mass removed.* Such a granitic

* *Edinburgh Review*, January 1861, p. 228.

* A natural illustration even more apposite deserves here a passing notice on its own account. In several districts of the Alps natural pillars of soil or friable strata, capped with rocky boulders, present, on an even exaggerated scale, the appearance of Glacier Tables. (See Fig. 3.) In some instances geological agencies, of a remote date—not unconnected, perhaps, with prehistoric glaciers—have deposited, near the mouths of certain valleys, vast masses of earthy materials; over these again lie rolled masses of transported rock of very considerable size. In the cases referred to, the subsoil, being of a tenacious character, has been preserved in consistent pillars, under the protection of a stony capital; while, as on the glacier, the matter around has been washed away by the action of the weather. At La Rua, near St. Veran, in Dauphiné, I have seen such pillars rising to a height of at least 100 feet, composed of friable limestone, which has given way to the continued action of the weather, save when protected by blocks of euphotide or diallage rock (whose endurance is proverbial), derived probably from a neighbouring summit. Similar pillars occur near Stalden, where the valleys of Saas and St. Nicolas unite. Near Botzen, in the Tyrol, and,

slab, of noble dimensions, 23 feet long, 17 broad, and 3½ thick, lay for some years on the central portion of the Mer de Glace of Chamouni, and, in the year 1842, when first taken notice of and sketched by the present writer, rested on a magnificent icy pillar of 13 feet high and upwards. Such perfect specimens of what are called *Glacier-Tables*



Fig. 3.—Pyramids of La Rua—Dauphine.

are rare, but the fact is everywhere observable that blocks of considerable size tend to rise above the general level. Though perpetually risking engulfment in yawning crevasses, they seem, through what at first appears like enchantment, to rise the more conspicuously the heavier the mass. Indeed, the exact contrary occurs with many light foreign bodies falling on the surface of the ice. A chip of slate, the wing of a moth, or a stray leaf carried by tempests over distant mountain chains, attracting solar heat by its dark colour, and speedily transmitting it to the ice, sinks into a cup or hollow excavated beneath it; in consequence of which the glacier presents in many places a honey-combed appearance, every cell having a dark speck at the bottom.

Gravel Cones—Moulins.—Intimately connected with the phenomena just described, but occurring much more rarely, are the "gravel cones" for which the Lower Glacier of the Aar is particularly remarkable. They have been fully described by M. Agassiz and his companions. The woodcut, Fig. 4, p. 409, is taken from a sketch made from memory by the writer of this article, and is not intended to portray exactly any real scene. It represents, however, with tolerable accuracy, the features of these wonderful cones, and the greatest size which they perhaps ever attain.* The height may be about 12 feet, and the circumference nearly 40. The geometrical figure of the cones, and their dark colour, contrasting with the dazzling purity of the glacier, give them a strangely artificial aspect. It is very difficult to believe that the gravel and sand which is exposed at the surface does not compose the entire mound. But a touch or a blow of the hammer dissipates the illusion. The cone is of substantial ice, coated merely with the gravelly deposit. When decapitated with a hatchet the glassy material is exposed, and seems quite as dark as bottle-glass, the light being prevented from entering by the opaque coating. The explanation of their occurrence seems to be the following:—

In glaciers of large and even surface with small inclinations (of which that of the Lower Aar is a striking instance), the conversion of ice into water by the heat of the sun gives rise to numerous streams of pellucid water, which pursue their ramified course for considerable distances, until at length they reach some crevasse or hole in which the rivulet is of course engulfed, thundering down with tremendous noise into the bowels of the glacier. Such a cascade, or "moulin," as it is called at Chamouni, is represented to the left of the cone in Fig. 4. One such stream was found by M. Agassiz and his companions to run a course of two-thirds of an English mile, in almost a straight line, and with its tributaries drained an area of 250,000 square mètres, or about 62 English acres. During hot weather the mass of water was of course very large, and it was delivered into a vertical shaft of great depth. These shafts are the relics of closed crevasses, and they are superseded when a new crevasse is formed, as the glacier advances, in the rear of the old one. Now the glacier rivulet, during its course, hurries along with it a certain amount of sand and gravel borne into it by the rains and thaw from the masses of rubbish which form the medial moraines of the glacier. These comminuted fragments gradually accumulate within the heart of the glacier in some of the innumerable sinuosities and "pot-holes" which the sub-glacial water-course presents. In process of time these are left dry by the shifting of the stream, and the slow but certain process of ablation of the superficial ice inevitably exposes them to daylight, after a submersion, it may be, of ten or twenty years. Arrived at the surface, the mass of gravel thus exposed exerts its characteristic influence of protecting the ice beneath it, and as it gradually rises, or seems to rise, above the general level of the ice,

I believe, in one or two places in the east of Switzerland, such curious natural obelisks may also be seen.

* In the illustration, the opening of the shaft or "Moulin" is too extensive, and the area of the glacier appears much too small with reference to the objects in the foreground.

the cone is formed with sloping sides, whose declivity is accurately measured by the degree of friction of the sandy particles. It is a strange and also an uncommon phenomenon; and does not cease to excite surprise even when it has been so far explained.

Rejection of foreign bodies from the ice of Glaciers—Inference as to the average velocities of some Glaciers.—It is not many years since there was ascribed, even by intelligent persons, to the ice of glaciers an almost inherent power of rejecting from its mass the impurities which accident has forced into it—for example, by the falling of stones into the crevasses. Some writers attributed this result (if the terms they used may be strictly interpreted) to a species of organic function, nearly resembling vital action. Such ideas still linger amongst the peasantry of all parts of the Alps. The *general* explanation of the facts which occur must be already tolerably clear from what has been stated in the last two or three paragraphs. The surface of the glacier is ever new. The foreign body, wedged in a crevasse, or otherwise engorged into the ice, is rejected, not by its *ascent* through the thickness of the ice, but by the *descent* of the surface to its level, which practically comes to the same thing. After M. Agassiz had made a deep vertical perforation into the solid ice of the glacier of the Aar, with a view to ascertaining its temperature, he had the happy thought of placing in it plugs of wood, at regular intervals, before he quitted the glacier at the close of summer; and the successive discharge of these plugs upon the surface of the ice aptly illustrates the so-called "rejection," of foreign bodies from the glacier, and gives an accurate estimate (of which in a former paragraph we made use) of the average annual "ablation" of the surface.

When, to the infallible nature of the causes which produce to open day the long-entombed spoils of the glacier, we add the well-known influence of perpetual frost in preserving organic substances, whether vegetable or animal, from decay, we can fully account for some remarkable incidents which have more or less recently occurred, connected with the history of glaciers and their explorers. The particulars of some of these cases which are of a nature to interest the reader, and which are personally or otherwise well known to the writer of these pages, will now be given.

I. De Saussure, the most eminent of Alpine travellers, visited in 1788 the Col du Géant, which lies at the head of one of the branches of the *Mer de Glace* of Chamouni, where he spent no less than seventeen days at the great elevation of 11,000 English feet, employed in making observations of a very interesting kind, still well remembered and highly valued. On his ascent, a ladder was left near the spot called "La Noire," where the crevassed state of the glacier had rendered its use indispensable. In due time this ladder of course disappeared in the glacier, and was no more thought of until the year 1832, when its fragments were "rejected" by the ice in the middle region of the glacier in almost its flattest part, and on the very Medial Moraine* which descends from the "Pointe de la Noire," thus bearing testimony to its origin, and its course during the long interval of forty-four years. Besides this evidence for its identification, the writer may add that the fragments were seen and collected by himself on the glacier in 1832; that among the fragments Captain Sherwill also found parts of the rounds of the ladder; and that the writer's guide, J. M. Coutet, knew from his father (who had accompanied De Saussure), that the ladder was really abandoned as stated above. The wood, undecayed by forty-four years of submersion in the ice, but broken to fragments and triturated by the intestine motion of the glacier, was at last by the unerring operation of natural causes revealed to open day. As the spots both of the loss and of the recovery were sufficiently well marked, it became practicable, when a survey was some years later made of the glacier, to measure the space moved over, which was of course the same with that of the ice in which it was imbedded. The distance was approximately 13,000 English feet, which divided by forty-four (the number of years) gives nearly 300 feet for the annual progress.

II. In July 1846, when the present writer was staying at the Montanvert, he learned that fragments of a knapsack had been discovered on the glacier, by a guide named David Coutet, and recognised by him as belonging to one lost ten years before, under remarkable circumstances, in a crevasse of the glacier of Talèfre. After a full and personal inquiry and visitation of the localities, the writer found that the fact was really so. He himself recovered from the ice, portions of the blue and white cotton stuff (much worn by friction, but by no means rotten), with portions of straps and loops of figured tape, which had formed the loops and shoulder-straps of the knapsack. It had belonged to David Coutet, who ten years before rented the Pavilion at Montanvert, and who was in the habit of lending the knapsack to guides for holding the provisions of travellers whom they accompanied to the Jardin. Coutet naturally knew his property well enough. Now it had happened that on the 29th July 1836 (or ten years all but five days from the time of recovery of these fragments), a guide named Julien Dévouassou, accompanying a single traveller to the Jardin, had borrowed the article in question, but in traversing the glacier of Talèfre he sunk through treacherous snow into a crevasse of considerable depth, leaving the tourist in utter

* See page 308 of the former article, and *note*.

bewilderment, who, unable to obtain any answer to his cries, made his way back, as best he could, to the Montanvert in quest of assistance. Meanwhile, the guide having reached the bottom of the crevasse with but little hurt, managed, after disembarrassing himself of the knapsack, to regain with much labour the surface of the ice, having formed rude steps with his pocket-knife in the walls of the crevasse. The knapsack was soon forgotten, but the glacier, faithful to its charge, delivered it after the appointed time upon the surface of the ice far below, where it was found as has been described, and its identity further proved by the testimony of the identical Dévouassou himself. The fragments are preserved by the writer along with those of De Saussure's ladder. The course of these relics was a remarkable one, for the interval travelled over includes the ice-fall of that glacier of Talèfre, where the mighty mass of the glacier is precipitated over a rapid a thousand feet in height. The horizontal distance moved over in ten years was found to be 4300 feet, or 430 feet per annum; a quantity not far from one-half greater than in the case of the ladder, which corresponds very well with the more considerable slope.

III. The next instance to be noticed admits of less detail, while it illustrates the same law. In 1842, when the author was engaged in a survey of the Mer de Glace, he attempted to sound the depth of a "moulin" on the Glacier de Lechaud (the south-eastern tributary of the Mer de Glace). The cascade had disappeared, and the shaft was partly choked with snow. A geological hammer was used for a weight to attach to a cord, and it was lowered to a considerable depth. It got engaged in snow, and could neither be lowered nor got up. In 1857, after a submersion of fifteen years, it was found on the surface of the glacier; and, singularly enough, the finders were the writer's friend, Mr. Alfred Wills, and his faithful guide, Auguste Balmat, who had been present at, and well recollected the circumstances of the loss, and the identity of the hammer.

IV. A disentombment of relics, in some respects more remarkable than any of these, has occurred near Chamouni still more recently. It is a circumstance very generally known, that the most disastrous of all the ascents of Mont Blanc took place (or rather was attempted) in 1820 by Dr. Hamel, of St. Petersburgh, and two Englishmen, Messrs. Dornford and Henderson, accompanied by eight guides. They slept as usual at the Grands Mulets rocks, on the 17th August 1820, and proceeded next morning, over freshly-fallen snow, towards the summit. In making the traverse from the Grand Plateau towards the Rochers Rouges, where a somewhat steep snow incline had to be passed over horizontally, the pathway formed by the successive footsteps of eleven men seems to have deprived of its support the upper part of the new-fallen stratum of loose snow, which, descending noiselessly, carried the whole caravan off their feet, covering them with a coating of snow. The unfortunate men who were foremost in the file were driven, by the greater violence of the snow-slide or avalanche, over an ice precipice, on their left, into the terrific chasms of the glacier beneath. Their fate was sealed by the terrible mass of snow which followed and entombed them. The travellers (who happened to be in the rear of the party) all escaped, and, with the other five guides, found themselves unable to afford the smallest assistance. The names of the lost guides were Pierre Balmat, Pierre Carrier, and Auguste Tairraz, all of Chamouni. The event made a profound and still well-remembered sensation.

The glacier in which the unfortunate men were engulfed was the highest portion of the glacier of Bossons, that noble icy torrent so conspicuous from Chamouni, which extends in an unbroken mass and with a nearly rectilinear course from the very base of the highest dome of Mont Blanc down to the pastures of the valley not far from the river Arve. In July or August 1861, some guides crossing the comparatively level part of the glacier, where it is usually visited by strangers, not very far from its lower extremity, found unmistakable traces of the lost party. A knapsack, lantern, crampons, two skulls, and portions of human extremities with the flesh still adhering in places, bore melancholy testimony to the fatality of the accident, and to the unerring laws by the operation of which the most precipitous and tumultuous of all the glaciers of Mont Blanc had concealed, preserved, and finally yielded up to daylight the spoils committed to it. The faithful and intelligent Auguste Balmat, on hearing of the occurrence, recollected and announced that the probability of the recovery of these relics had been discussed between him and the writer of these pages so recently as 1859, when Balmat visited Scotland, and that it was then intimated that the remains might probably be soon perceptible, that is, in forty or forty-five years from the date of the accident. Such an anticipation or prediction could not be otherwise than somewhat vague. But at least its near verification indicates that progress has been made in the science of glaciers since the time when Dr. Hamel in his account of the accident, alluding to the possible reappearance of the remains of his guides, had supposed that *some thousands of years* might be requisite!

With the data which experience has furnished in this instance, we are now enabled to define with considerable accuracy the rate of annual progress of a glacier moving under very remarkable conditions. It would be indeed difficult to arrive at such a result by any pre-designed form of experiment.

Dr. Hamel estimated the elevation at which the accident took place at 13,800 French, or 14,700 English feet (only 1000 feet, therefore, below the summit of Mont Blanc). The spot where the remains were recovered was approximately 4400 feet above the sea. The vertical descent was therefore no less than 10,300 feet. The horizontal distance along the glacier between the two places, estimated from a survey made by the present writer, may be stated at very nearly 20,000 feet, or less than double the vertical height, giving the great average slope of 27° 15′. The flexures of the glacier bed are inconsiderable. This space having been described in forty-one years, the horizontal motion amounts to 490, or, in round numbers, 500 feet per annum.* This, it will be seen, exceeds considerably those previously found in other instances. This is the natural effect of the great declivity, which would indeed have appeared still more visibly, but for the counteracting influence of the absolute elevation of the glacier, which, by increasing the cold and prolonging the effect of winter, tends, according to well-known laws, to shorten the season of rapid motion.

The following table (now for the first time published) shows in one view the interesting results of these various observations on the progression of glaciers :—

TABLE showing the Circumstances of Loss and Recovery of various Objects on the Glaciers of Chamouni.

Objects lost.	Name of Glacier.	Duration of Submersion in Ice.	Horizontal Distance moved over.	Difference of Level.	Slope.	Mean Elevation above Sea.	Annual Motion (horizontal).
De Saussure's Ladder, .	Géant.	1788-1832.	13,000 feet.	1,600 ft.	7° 1′	7900 feet.	295 feet.
Dévouassou's Knapsack,	Talèfre.	1836-1846.	4,300 „	1,145 „	14°55′	8100 „	430 „
Geological Hammer, . .	Mer de Glace.	1842-1857.	...	...	...	...	...
Remains of Dr. Hamel's Guides, ...	Bossons.	1820-1861.	20,000 „	10,300 „	27°15′	9500 „	490 „

III.—THE UPPER GLACIER OR NÉVÉ—THE HOCH-EIS.

We now come to the third and highest portion of the glacier, which is also by far the most extensive.

To understand the essential difference of character, externally and internally, which it presents, we must remind the reader once more of the existence of perpetual snow on the higher slopes of mountains, a phenomenon commencing with a certain degree of regularity when we attain a height above the sea, which is, however, not absolutely constant even in the same mountain range. In central Switzerland it may be stated at about 8200 English feet, but around Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa it reaches 9000 feet, and in certain exposures more.

Distinction of Glacier and Névé.—The snow-line signifies the boundary or level, not where snow never melts, but where less snow *melts* than *falls* in the course of the year. The surface of the glacier offers no exception to the general rule. The winter's snow disappears as regularly from the Glacier Proper as from the rocks and turf which bound it. Indeed, we have seen that the glacier loses by fusion during each summer not only all the snow which falls upon it but a great deal of its own substance also. At a level somewhat, but not much inferior to that at which the snow of winter does not wholly disappear from the mountains, it remains permanent on the glacier likewise. The glacier there, instead of suffering "ablation," *grows* in thickness year by year, through incorporation of fresh material. Where this important and essential change commences, the Glacier Proper is said to pass into the state of *Névé*. The *Névé* is in German Switzerland called *Firn*.

Every glacier has a *Névé*. It is the very condition of its existence; for a body of which the waste exceeds the supply cannot be permanent. As is the area or extent of the *Névé* or snowy feeder of the glacier, so is the area of the glacier itself. It is also a measure of its power of stretching towards the lower valleys, and of resisting the efforts of rapid fusion there.

The upper glacier or *Névé* has necessarily an aspect and a constitution of its own. Its Aspect resembles in many respects that of the hills of our own country during winter, or of Polar countries. With exceptions presently to be noticed, the colour is pure white, the boundaries of ice and rock are less clearly defined, the slopes more rounded, the areas much more extensive, crevasses less obvious, and all the forms less angular. On a nearer inspection we find the Material to be far less perfect ice than in the Glacier Proper, and to pass through every degree of consistence from a granular state (resembling that of common water ice prepared for the table), to the condition of powdery snow. It is opaque rather than pellucid, granular not crys-

* Measured *along* the slope, it would be *one-eighth* greater.

talline, friable not brittle, compressible not hard resisting and splintery. In Colour the interior of the *Névé* presents shades of the most delicate green, passing into pure white: the blue colour of the true glacier is almost entirely wanting. Moreover, it is distinctly stratified, at least near its surface; and these strata evidently correspond to successive falls of snow, whether representing annual deposits (which, when compacted by pressure, may amount to two or three feet in thickness) or to the products of individual snow-storms.

Crevasses in the Névé.—The composition of the *Névé* is best seen in the chasms or crevasses by which it is occasionally traversed. These have a different character from the crevasses of the perfectly formed glacier, and they are oftener wholly wanting. When they occur, they have a width and magnitude much greater than in the Middle Glacier. M. Agassiz estimated one at 1000 feet long, 60 wide, and 250 deep. De Saussure, on his ascent of Mont Blanc, describes one "100 feet wide, and of which the bottom could nowhere be seen." These terribly beautiful abysses sometimes extend quite from side to side of a wide valley; at other times, and not unfrequently, their form is distinctly oval in plan. As might be inferred from



Fig. 4.—Moulin—Gravel Cone.

the incoherent character of the half-consolidated snow, when a glacier in the state of *Névé* is forced over great inequalities of surface, it breaks into cubical masses of gigantic dimensions called "Seracs,"* and presents a scene of desolate confusion, of which it is difficult to form a conception. The beautiful illustrations of Mr. Coleman's "Scenes from the Snowfields" of Mont Blanc, a work of great interest, have given for the first time an accurate representation of these astonishing scenes. A stereograph by Messrs. Bisson of an "ice cavern" (sold in many shops), gives a representation of the interior structure of the *Névé*, in its way perhaps still more admirable.

In many or most cases, however, the *Névé* is not thus wildly scarred with fissures and ravines. Its snow-white surface is often unbroken over whole acres of extent; and the traveller bent upon crossing some of the wilder *cols* or passes, or upon attaining some peak buried amidst the recesses of the Alps, must tread for many a weary hour over the seemingly endless snow-plains of the *Névé*, almost blinded by the dazzling surface, wading ankle-deep or more in powdery snow, tormented by thirst, yet removed from a single rill of

* So called by the Savoyards, from their resemblance to broken masses of curd, which are so called in the language of the châlets of Savoy.

liquid water. An awfully unbroken silence prevails, and an eternal monotony has superseded the comparative activity of the Lower Glacier world. There are no moraines. A fixed rock but here or there is thrust up through the perpetual snow; indeed for hours he may meet with none. His attention is only roused from the plodding labour of following in the footsteps of his guide, by the alarm of that footing being no longer secure. For it is distinctive of the *Névé* that its chasms are often concealed under a seemingly unbroken surface of smoothly drifted snow, and the safety of the traveller and his party then depends upon the attachment of each man of the single file to a rope, by means of which the victim of a false step may be at once rescued from the pitfall ready to receive him by those of his party who preserve a firm footing. The persevering use of the rope, and the diligent "sounding" of the snow by the Alpenstock or pole of the leading guide in order to ascertain its capability of supporting a man's weight, ought to afford in all cases sufficient security for the safety of the traveller. The neglect of these simple precautions may of course lead to fatal results, as in the case of the Russian traveller lost two or three years ago on one of the glaciers of Zermatt.

Red Snow.—In some parts of the Alps, towards the end of summer, Red Snow not unfrequently occurs on the *Névé*. The colour is due to a minute and obscure organism, which may be separated from the snow by evaporation. It imparts a dullish red to the surface, and occurs in patches; but when stirred by the foot the colour is more vivid. The writer recollects to have seen the effect most strikingly on the glaciers of the Oberland, when a slight fall of fresh snow had made the surface dazzlingly white; but the footsteps which displaced it, and stirred the older snow, left behind a blood-red track.

The *Névé*, like the Lower Glacier, is in motion towards the valley, more slowly, no doubt, in consequence of the large areas of the upland recesses in which it lodges. Rendu described glaciers long ago, as either Reservoirs or Overflows of ice. The Reservoirs are the *Névés*, and they naturally have a comparatively stagnant character. Having traversed their surface, always slowly ascending, we come at length to the rocky ribs or mighty frame-work of the skeleton of the "everlasting hills" which form those glorious peaks, domes, and cliffs, which we contemplate with admiration from below. These frequently rise precipitously and inaccessibly out of the snow basin of the *Névé*. But the climber bound for the highest summits usually seeks a place where snow and ice nestle in some ravine, and preserve the continuity of the glacier formation up to the very summit of the loftiest Alps. This connexion is nowhere better seen than on Mont Blanc, where, as has been already indicated, the ice is continuous from the very summit of the "Calotte," to the lowest level of the Glacier of Bossons.

Hoch-Eis.—Bergschrund.—The *Névé* is almost invariably divided from the ice which clothes the higher slopes and summits (which, for want of a better name, we call with the Germans *Hoch-Eis*) by a fracture or formidable crevasse, called by the Swiss peasantry *Bergschrund*. This increases in width towards the end of summer, when the subsidence and forward motion of the *Néve* has effected a considerable separation. It is a formidable obstacle to the climber unprovided with a ladder, and in descending it is not less dangerous, as, though the depth of the crevasse may not be excessive, it may yet be quite enough to injure or kill a man falling into it. The guides of Dr. Hamel may be considered to have perished in the *Bergschrund*.

With the *Bergschrund* we take leave of the Glacier. The icy masses which cling to the highest tops afford but imperceptible contributions to the ice-rivers, which we have now traced from their termination to their origin. We may remark, however, that until De Saussure ascended Mont Blanc and other elevated summits it was not known that true *ice* could exist so high. The fallacy that above the Snow Line snow never melts, gave rise, no doubt, to the persuasion that these dazzling heights were crowned with incoherent snow. In truth, however, probably no mountain, even in the Himalaya, attains such a height that the sun's heat does not, in summer, thaw the snow, which again, hardened by nocturnal frost, is converted into ice of a character far more perfect than that of the *Névé*, and comparable with the material of the true glacier. Where the shape of the mountain allows of accumulation, as at Mont Blanc, the thickness may be great and also variable, so that the monarch of mountains may have a perceptible difference of absolute height one year with another. The writer well recollects observing from the Stelvio Pass the peculiar effect of translucency imparted in certain lights to the upper part of the "Monte Crystallo," one of the tops of the Ortler, on the Tyrolese frontier, giving the effect of being a cake of ice of immense thickness. On the more precipitous and acute summits of the Alps the highest pinnacle is generally of rock, and would frequently be altogether inaccessible but for the foothold afforded by steps, artificially cut in the icy *couloirs*, by means of which these last fastnesses of nature are annually scaled by the adventurous members of the now popular institution of the "Alpine Club."

J. D. FORBES.

HOUSES AND HOMES.

I AM here at the request of working men, to say a few words about "Houses and Homes." Think of the matter for a moment, and you will find that a house is often enough *not* a home; it may also happen that a home may not be a house. A house, you know well, is simply a building—four walls, so much stone, so much lime, so many joists and beams, so much plaster and lath. A home, as you know by the many pleasant feelings and beautiful sayings connected with the word, represents a very different kind of idea.

What is the difference? What is a home as distinguished from a house? Perhaps we shall come at it by looking at the word, because I need not say that all words did at one time contain, if they do not now contain, ideas. A word cannot come into existence without having some idea at the root of it. The idea may disappear in the course of time; the word may become a mere shell that once contained a thought. Generally speaking, however, a word contains a thought; and if you look well at the word you will be able, more or less firmly, to lay hold of the thought. Now, a home, or a *hame*—to use the Scotch word, which is a great deal nearer the original word than the present English form—*hame*, which is the Anglo-Saxon *ham*, is a word that contains within it the idea of privacy, secrecy, living apart. The Germans have it now in an adjective that they call *heimlich*, which means secret, or private, clandestine, often used in a bad sense, but sometimes also in the sense of domestic or common, a sense partly good and partly indifferent, as we say in the proverb, "Home is home, be it never so *homely*." And they also talk about going home and coming home; and they talk, as we do, very pathetically and poetically about being home-sick; nay, they put it much better than we do, for they call it, *heim-weh;* as if we should say, *Wae's me for my hame!* And death, to the German, is a *heim-gang*, a going home, poetically speaking; which, I take it, is essentially a Christian idea of death, as opposed to the Pagan notion of going over to the majority—"*ad plures*," as the Romans had it. You go, not to an unknown crowd, but to your God and Father,—you go home. Therefore there is no doubt that in that grand and sturdy old German or Teutonic stock, from which we Anglo-Saxons have in great part descended, there was a word and an idea exactly corresponding to our word "home." But, unfortunately, the Germans have lost the use of that simple noun or name, *heim;* they only use it in combination, or as an adverb; they do not now-a-days use any word corresponding exactly to our word *home*. The French are still more destitute, for they have no word in the least degree corresponding to our word *home*. A majority, in fact, of the continental nations absolutely have not in their language a single word like the English word *home*, or the Scotch word *hame*—surely a very significant fact. It shows something very different in the ideas and ways of living of these continental nations, from our habits and ideas. I am not going to speak of the causes of that difference at present, but remember that *home* is in a very peculiar sense an Anglo-Saxon or ancient German idea, naturalized in this country above all others, and, therefore, specially interesting to us, and bound up with all our history and all our manners and customs.

A home, then, is not merely a house. It is not the four walls. You may have a home in a tent—in the desert—in a cave of the rock—on the sea—in a ship—in a caravan—anywhere. For the essential idea of a home is a place where two or three are gathered together, and where they do all things in common; where they eat and drink in common, and worship God in common, and sit down and talk together, and make a family apart from the world at large. If you look into the statute-book, and see what the laws of this great country maintain and enforce as regards the home, you will find a great deal bearing out what I have now told you. The idea of the privacy of the home is guarded by the law in the most jealous manner. "An Englishman's house"—that is to say, his home—"is his castle," as you have all heard. What does that mean? It means that the intrusion upon the privacy of the home is a crime in the eye of the law, to be punished in a peculiarly severe manner. The crime called *burglary*, you know, is a great deal more severely punished than mere *robbery*, and the essence of burglary is the breaking in stealthily upon the privacy of the home. Burglary is the corruption of two Latin words (*burgi latrocinium*) meaning the robbery of the *burg*, the castle,—that is to say, the house which is the Englishman's castle, and which he has a right to keep to himself and his family, so long as he and his family are lawfully employed in it. The corresponding Scotch or old English term* was "hamesecken"—the sacking or robbery of the *hame*—and that crime of burglary or hamesecken, was, not very long ago, punishable with death; so jealous was the law of the rights of the family, and so careful of the privacy of the home. In the eye of the law, the home is a place that the man that owns it is to be responsible for; nobody is to interfere with him, even for his good. It is to be his own blame if the home is not what it should be. Society protects him in making it absolutely his own, with power to do what he likes with it; to make it happy, or to make it miserable; to make it healthy, or to make it unhealthy; to make it a scene of happiness and comfort, of love and peace and good-will, or to make it the abode of a tyrant and his slaves, a place of hate and fear, of drunkenness and rags and starvation. In a word, so long as the law is not broken by positive crime, society says to us through the law, "The home, the family is your own; do with it what you please; no man shall interfere."

Now then, let us think for a moment of what is required of each of us in the view of this tremendous responsibility; what is required that we may do justice, even in the point of view of health and material comfort, to this great institution of the Creator, the family,—this great institution of the law, the home. I take up this question—which is

* Blackstone's Commentaries, iv. 16. The modern use of the word "hamesucken" implies the use of personal violence, and is to this extent different.

the doctor's question—What must we do to make our homes healthy; and to the extent of health and comfort at least, happy? For although you may have a certain amount of happiness without health, it scarcely requires proof that health is a great aid to happiness; that it is difficult to have happiness without a fair share, at least, of good health and bodily comfort. Now, health is not a matter of mere chance or accident. We have reason to know, from very numerous and very careful inquiries, that we can state, generally speaking, in figures to what extent our homes are healthy or unhealthy; in other words, to what extent whole populations are subject to the causes of disease and of death. These figures I mean to make available for your instruction, if you will take the trouble to follow me for a little.

The way in which we calculate health is by calculating death or mortality. If you can show me the amount or proportion of mortality in a given population, as compared with others, its neighbours, or with the country at large, I will show you the relative amount of health in that population. Of course, in general terms, the amount of health is the opposite of the amount of mortality. Where there is much mortality there is little health, and where there is little mortality there is much health.

Now the first broad result we arrive at is, that in different parts of England and Scotland, in towns and country districts, and so on, there is an immense variation in regard to the amount of health or of mortality. And we calculate it in this way. Take the whole population, number them as is done in the census,—number the whole of them, men, women, and children, old and young; then find out from the register of deaths, which is now kept regularly in every district of the country, how many die in one year, or in a number of separate years; next, according to the rule of three, make a calculation that if of so many thousands of persons, so many hundreds die annually, then in each separate thousand a certain number die in proportion. That number, the number that die out of a thousand, is called the death-rate of that population; and in the death-rate we have a fact that guides us as to the health of that population; for, of course, the fewer the deaths in each thousand of the living, the greater is the health of that population.

I do not enter here into the whole broad question of what are called the statistics of mortality, because that would occupy me a great deal too long. I want to keep to the part of that subject which can be made practically and easily available for you. Therefore let it suffice just to direct your attention to a table, which I am in the habit of calling the *barometer of public health*, as it shows the difference between different districts of England as regards the number that die annually. Here you have marked on the scale of this table or health-barometer, the names of some parts of England where only fifteen persons die annually in each thousand. But then you can run your eye down the scale to 16, 17, 20, 22, and so on, until you find other parts of England where 37, and some, I believe, where even as many as 39 or 40 persons in each thousand of the whole population die in each year. Now mark, *there must be some reason for this great difference in the death-rate of different places;* for we are quite certain that the difference is not one that happens one year one way, and another year another way; it is a difference that is found from year to year in the same places within comparatively small limits of variation. It must, then, have a cause. There is something in the state of those great populations which die at the rate of 37 or 39 in a thousand different from the state of the populations that die at the rate of only fifteen in a thousand in the year. That something may be very difficult to find out; nay, very often, it is difficult to find out; but still it may, in all probability, be found out by taking trouble; and one of the objects of modern science has been to detect these causes of difference in the health of large populations, and to remedy them as far as they can be remedied. Now, in trying to trace out the causes of these differences, we find that we can easily carry the matter a step further by means of the health-barometer, as I have called it. I need hardly say that all very large populations are composed of people of very different ages, of different proportions of the two sexes, of different ranks of society, and so on. Well, it will simplify our inquiry a good deal, if we can pick out one or two particular ages, separate them from all the rest, and calculate from them alone the proportion of deaths in the different populations that we have been looking at,—make a barometer of health specially for them. You may have such a barometer of health, for instance, calculated for children under five years of age; you will thus see at once what a very great difference there is between the figures as regards children under five years of age, and the figures as regards the whole population. The children die everywhere in much larger proportion than the rest of the population; and the varieties, the range of the barometer, as between different places, is in the case of the children much more considerable. The best or highest place in the scale of the barometer of health of the whole population, for instance, is fifteen deaths in the thousand, the worst or lowest place in the scale is thirty-seven deaths in the thousand. In other words, in the most unhealthy districts of England, the whole population dies at somewhat more than double the rate at which it dies in the best districts; but in the case of the children, even the most healthy populations die at the rate of thirty-eight in the thousand, and the least healthy at the rate of 114 in a thousand. You see, then, that for children under five years of age, there is not only a larger proportion of deaths, but there is a greater variation in the amount of deaths. Now, if you limit the inquiry still more, and look to children under one year, you find that the amount of mortality, and the variations of the mortality, are greater still; for of children under one year, the very smallest death-rate in all England is seventy-seven in a thousand, while in some unhappy localities, the death-rate of these little innocents runs up to the enormous figure of very nearly three hundred annually out of each thousand. A most appalling fact, if you will think of it even for a moment;

and one bearing very directly on the subject of this lecture. For in the rearing of very young children, we have the most sensitive of all tests to apply to the state of the home; and I should not hesitate to risk the whole question of the health, and comfort, and morality of the home on this single issue,—the mortality of the children under one year old among any considerable number of the population.

It is on this very point, among others, that Dr. Strang has lately given us some very valuable and startling information, which you will find in detail in his most admirable and complete Report for last year on the Vital, Social, and Economic Statistics of Glasgow. There is a well-to-do quarter in Glasgow, in the neighbourhood of Blythswood Square, which may be taken as representing about the most fashionable and wealthy population in the city; and there are other districts, such as the Central District, the High Church, and the Clyde Districts, which are by no means so well off. What is the difference between these districts as regards the mortality? We find that in the Blythswood district the annual mortality of the whole population amounts to fifteen in a thousand; in the Central District, it amounts to thirty-four in a thousand; in the High Church District, it is thirty-seven in a thousand; and in the Clyde District it is thirty-one in a thousand. In other words, these last districts of Glasgow are fatal to the whole population to an extent more than double the best districts. Now there is a reason for that, of course. Under the providence of God, nothing, I believe, happens without a reason, and it is our business, if we can, to find out that reason. But the case is still stronger when we come to the infants. Dr. Strang tells us, that even in the Blythswood district about one in eight of all the infants born died during the first year of life. Quite enough, if you think of it, that one in eight of all these innocent young children just born into the world, not having learned to talk or to walk as yet, is cut off before the first year of their lives is out! Ah! but that is the best, the wholesomest, the healthiest, the airiest, the least crowded district of all Glasgow! Look at some of the others that I have mentioned. You will find there that the proportion is in some cases one in seven; in others, one in six and a half; and in some, even one in five. You will find that in the Clyde district one of every five infants born dies in the first year of life; and even that does not exhaust the whole tale of mortality. For if you recollect that the Clyde district itself can be subdivided into better and worse; that there must be many places in this very district of the Clyde in Glasgow that are paradise compared with other places,—you will see that this figure of one in five must be again split down; and that, in all probability, within this Clyde district, there are places where infants die at the rate of one in four, perhaps one in three, perhaps (who knows) at a higher rate still during the first year of their existence. It is frightful to think that there may be places in the midst of many of our wealthiest and most important cities (for I will assume that what is true of Glasgow is true of others also), where about one out of every two or three infants born is simply born to die; where this immense mortality takes place as surely, year after year, as if these innocent children were slaughtered in the streets, and all on account of faults and blunders in the conduct of the home—for that is what we are coming to presently.

But since we are determined to look this terrible truth in the face, let us examine the facts still more completely, and let us take the very best and the very worst that we can find in all Glasgow. It would be well, if we could find an answer to it, to ask this question, *What is the least mortality that can possibly happen to infants under a year old?* Is it absolutely necessary that even one in eight of them should die? I showed you that, in the best parts of Glasgow, taken overhead, about one in eight die. Is that necessary? No, not at all. By picking out of the best districts of Glasgow some places which are better than others in these districts, Dr. Strang has shown that one in eight do not die. He has selected two parts, the Crescents and the Blackfriars, as the types of the best and the worst streets in all Glasgow; and although the figures which I am going to give you are not without a possible fallacy, I will explain them immediately in such a way as to enable you to correct it. Dr. Strang finds that of all the infants under one year old, living at the time of the Census, in the whole city of Glasgow, between one in five and one in six died during the last year; while, on the other hand, in the very best parts of Glasgow, only one in fifty-six died during last year. That seems too good to be true, you will say. Well, it is too good to be true. Let us not attempt to make the thing better than it is. The truth is, that there is an important error there, because a great number of those fashionable, rich families of the West End live out of town for a certain portion of the year, and, of course, some of the deaths of their infants happen out of Glasgow. The infants are enumerated in Glasgow at the time of the Census, and, consequently, the figures that indicate the mortality are too small. Very well, double the figure (and that is surely more than enough to avoid the fallacy); let us say that instead of one in fifty-six, the proportion that die is in reality one in twenty-eight in the best streets. Just see what an enormous difference there is between the best and the worst places. In the best, one in twenty-eight infants dies; in the worst, one in five or six. An immense difference that, which surely requires to be accounted for!

Now, in speaking of the whole population, the causes of variation in the rates of mortality are very complicated. It is difficult to see clearly what they are. It may be bad habits, it may be dissipation, it may be unwholesome trades; part of the cause may be avoidable, and part of it unavoidable. But when you tell me that these young infants, just born, having engaged in no occupation except sucking their mothers' breasts, die at that enormously varying rate, I say the fault is not with the infants surely—the fault is with the parents. It may be neglect, it may be want, it may be cold, it may be starvation, it may be poisoning, it may be downright murder, that has destroyed these children. But this we are sure of, it is not the fault of the children them-

selves; it is the fault of the family. It is something wrong in regard to that private assemblage of persons which the law will not touch; some violation of our most sacred and personal duties; duties so absolutely our own that the law won't even guide us in the performance of them—won't lay its hand upon us and say we must do them. We do them or neglect them at our own pleasure, and at our own peril, here and hereafter; and this is the terrible consequence.

Now, do not let us exaggerate at all. There are, beyond doubt, a great many things in this world for which we are not responsible; we cannot make them either better or worse; they are practically beyond our reach, if they lead to good, it is not our good; if they lead to evil, it is not our evil. But here is one thing for which we are at least to some considerable extent responsible; and it is very easily made a matter of calculation, whether, on the great scale, our duty is fulfilled or not.

Go about among your own friends and inquire about it. I do not say that every family is to blame that loses its child; no, that would be wrong. We know that there are many sad accidents. We know that there are many chances far beyond human foresight. But we know—we cannot avoid knowing—that families where the children are always going wrong in their bodily health are very likely to be living in violation of some of the laws of health. And whenever you see this on a scale that throws such accidents as I have alluded to out of the question, you may be perfectly sure that you have to do with something or other that is wrong, and that might be put right, and that is worth inquiring into with the determination to put it right, if possible.

Now then, seeing that the sure penalty of an unhealthy home, or of an ill-ordered family, is the immensely increased mortality of the young children, let us also try to see, if we can, what is required to avoid this terrible forfeit.

To have a healthy home there are certain things that cannot possibly be dispensed with; and you cannot get even these absolutely necessary things without a little trouble. Some things are to be got with less trouble than others; but we must put ourselves about a little for everything that is good in this world. And surely that is a wise dispensation in the wise providence of the Creator, that no great good is to be got, either in this world or the next, without taking some considerable trouble to get it. You cannot secure even good health, that greatest of all earthly blessings, unless you take pains to do so. To make our homes healthy, therefore, we must study the matter, think of it, and lay it to heart, so that we may instinctively, almost, put into action the results of our thought.

The first requisite of a healthy home is pure air. Without pure air none of us can possibly be healthy, neither grown-up people nor children; and I need not say that air is the cheapest of all things. It is not a thing that costs money; you can all get it by going out into the street or the fields for it. But you cannot have even this cheapest of all things in your homes without taking a little trouble to have it. Now let me put just two or three plain-speaking questions to you upon this subject. Is there any part of your own homes—for I must come *home* with my question, or it will do no good—is there any part of your own homes where there is not a perfectly pure air? Are there any bad smells? Is there a feeling of closeness and oppression at times? Are you apt to go to sleep with a stifling sensation, or what is just as bad, do you ever awake oppressed and half-choked, instead of refreshed? Does the burning of gas or of candle make you uncomfortable, and cause an unpleasant odour? Are the bed-rooms in the morning close and stifling, when a person goes into them who has been out in the open air, and thus knows and feels the difference? In any or all of these cases, be sure that there is a want of pure air in the house; there is a fatal flaw in the home, and the time will come when that flaw will be converted into the terrible shape of sickness or of death to yourselves and to your children. You cannot keep out epidemic disease; you cannot keep out fevers, and small-pox, and measles, and cholera, not to say a host of less notable diseases, in any other way than by having, among other things, a perfectly pure air, and plenty of it, at all times, night and day, in every part of the home. Whenever, therefore, you have a bad smell, or whenever you have a close, stifling state of the air in any room of a house, then be sure there is a lurking danger. You have to avoid that danger. There is only one way to avoid it—by making arrangements for plenty of pure air; and there is only one way to get pure air, and that is *to let it in*. Let there be a constant renewal of it. You are always vitiating it by your breath; you must have it constantly renewed, and the only way to renew it is to have good fires, so that you may have the means of warmth, and then to have doors and windows open occasionally (especially to have all your windows made so as to come *down at the top*), taking pains, both night and day, to let in plenty of pure air, so that nothing can possibly make it unfit for the sustenance of life and health.

Air is very cheap, but still we don't manage to get it always pure. Water is a still more difficult thing to get pure and well supplied. But that does not depend altogether upon each one of you individually, and therefore all I can say here is, that you ought to lay your heads together, and see that you get it. If you have not enough of pure water you should not rest satisfied till you get it. It is not enough to have it at the public pump-wells, you ought to insist upon getting it all through the town, and *into every house*. Get the means of cleanliness for yourselves and for your children; and get good wholesome water to drink, always at hand. I believe much fewer people would drink spirits if they had plenty of pure water to drink. And knowing, as we doctors do, how many diseases smuggle themselves into the home under cover of bad or poisoned water (though I have no time to enlarge upon this subject), I cannot help telling you plainly, that it is very clearly the duty of everybody, every community, every little town, and every little village, to insist upon a supply of water, very pure and plenty of it, in every house. In this country such a

plentiful supply can very readily be got if you like to lay your heads together about it. It has been shown over and over again that there is hardly a place in this kingdom where water could not be provided in every house at a cost of something under a penny a week for the labouring man—say a penny a week at the very outside for people paying £5 of rent. Water has been provided for some towns in the north of England at a cost of tenpence in the pound of rent, and for less than that in other cases. But let us say, giving a margin, that the cost would be about a penny a week for houses paying £5 of rent. Is that worth considering, for one single moment, in comparison with health in the home? Surely not. Get pure water then, — insist on getting it. And then remember that pure water brings with it so many other things. If you have not abundance of water, you cannot get the filth washed away. If you have pure water, plenty of water, and soil-pipes to take it away, you will be clean; if not, you cannot avoid being dirty. And with dirt comes the terribly-increased chance of disease, not to say anything of what you may call the luxury, or elegance, or even the plain moral and religious duty—for that I hold it to be—of cleanliness. It may not be to-day, or to-morrow, or next day; but when disease is among us, it will come to you in particular, either because the water is not pure, or because you do not make enough of use of the pure water if you have got it.

These, then, are two great elements of a healthy home, pure air and pure water; and then there is food. Now, we are coming from the cheap to the more expensive things. I need not say that food costs money; but there is another question about food besides the mere cost of it. It is very important to have wholesome food, no doubt, — very important to have the raw material of food wholesome; but it is also very important, when you have got the raw material wholesome, to be able to cook it in a wholesome and palatable way. Cookery is a most important science and art,—important to you all, not as a luxury or a mere indulgence, but because it is necessary to the health of the home. Cookery is a vital point in the study of the health of the family; and I say particularly to the women, and most of all to the young women here, who have their duties to learn, that unless they are good cooks, they can never hope to be really good wives, at least good wives for working men. And, moreover, it is one of the very great misfortunes of this country, that eating and drinking ever were dissociated. It is a very great misfortune to all, whether belonging to the working or other classes, when the eating is done at home, and the drinking is done at the tavern or public-house, or at the club, whether fashionable or not. Now, there is no specific so sure to prevent that misfortune, as to make the eating and the drinking good and comfortable and *nice* at home. If the cookery be good, if the place for eating and drinking, and the means for eating and drinking, be provided carefully and regularly, and with attention to little likings and dislikings at home, it will pave the way for making the home comfortable in the first instance, and for preventing some people (we shall not say whom) from running away to the public-house.

Now, that leads me to the question of occupations, and of dissipations, and of rest, and to a great many other questions that enter into the health of the body. But I must be content to pass these over, and to content myself with a few brief final remarks, for we must now draw to a close. I have a question to put to you, and I should like your own experience to answer it. Every one knows that an uncomfortable, neglected home is often the effect of vice and dissipation. But the question I have to put is this,—Do you not also see reason to believe that an uncomfortable home may be the *cause*, more or less directly, of a great deal of dissipation and vice? It appears to me more than likely that it is so. I do not mean to say that a man is never dissipated in the midst of comfort, and still less that a man cannot be a temperate and a truly good man even in an uncomfortable home, for which he is not responsible; but I do mean to say that he has very great temptations to be the contrary; and, moreover, that these temptations will, with the great majority of men, and women too, very often prove irresistible, and that men, in particular, will soon come to neglect and avoid the home, and even to hate or to despise it in their hearts, if comfort and happiness are not to be found there, as well as the bare necessaries of life. Is not that very clear? Is it not very plain that every single element of comfort and pleasure added to the home is so much added to the attractions of a virtuous life, and so much taken away from the distractions of a vicious life? And would it not be far better to overcome evil with good, than to keep constantly and ineffectually denouncing, and persecuting, and prosecuting evil; trying in vain, in fact, to prosecute evil out of existence? Would it not be far better to make the home attractive than to aim merely at putting down the public-house? Let us rather set up the private house against the public in the way of competition. I have no doubt that this could be done, to a great extent, if we had the means of instructing the people about the things that bear on their health and comfort; if we could follow out that terrible fact of infant mortality in detail, and bring the instruction home where it is needed; if we could show people, in such a way that there could be no possible mistake about it, the consequences of their neglect; and, at the same time, point out to them, in a friendly way, the things that require to be done in order to make the home what it should be. This is what I call the doctor's *home-mission*, and I wish we could have it spread all over the country, for I believe it would do a vast deal of good.*

But I must draw to a close. I have shown you that the penalty of a disordered home is bad health, the destruction of the family, the destruction especially of the little innocent infants (and that is the most pathetic and terrible part of the story), in an enormous proportion. If we have the least grain of tender-heartedness in us, we cannot, surely, think of that without horror. If we were

* I have developed this idea in a late work on *Public Health*, in the chapter on "Sanitary Organization."

to go and get drunk, or otherwise behave ill, and the evil results were to fall only upon ourselves individually, even then I would not, certainly, say, "Go and do it, and take the consequences;" but in that case we should at least be doing it at our own risk. But to go and get drunk, or to be dissipated, careless, and slovenly, with the full knowledge—for that is what it comes to, as I have proved to you to-night—that the penalty of our wickedness or neglect is the death of those innocent young children—ah! I cannot imagine anything more wicked and more base than that. I am sure that there is no man and no woman that thinks of those terrible consequences even for one moment, but must feel the most ardent desire to do everything that is in his or her power to avoid them. Now I have showed you, in some degree, the way to avoid them. Every comfort added to the home is a real preservative against death; it is not to be viewed as a mere comfort; it is not a mere pleasure. Every reasonable and true comfort, every means of health and of a happy life added to the home, is a preservative against death in the family,—against the death especially of the young infants; for we know but too well that the places in which those infants die in such terrible proportions are the very places where the mothers are away busying themselves, sometimes in honest occupations, sometimes in dishonest occupations; where the fathers are drunken; where the mothers perhaps are drunken and degraded, or at least slovenly and careless; and where both of them, therefore, instead of concurring to make the home and the family that private and sacred and happy institution that God meant it to be, destroy and disturb the order of the family altogether. The man flies to the public-house, or to worse places still—perhaps the woman flies to the public-house too; the infants are neglected, perhaps poisoned, perhaps murdered, perhaps only starved; nobody knows. That is the worst form of the evil. That is the extreme. We must always hold up the extreme picture, but there are a great many shades in the picture. There are a great many differences between four per cent. and twenty-five per cent. There are a great many differences between one in three or four dying, and one in twenty dying. And that is the difference between a good and a bad population as regards the home.

Now, I say again, that none of those comforts—none of those preservatives against an undue mortality of which I have spoken—are to be had without a little trouble and a little forethought; and some of them are not to be had without a little expense. But every expense incurred of that kind—every new comfort in the shape of air, water, food, clothing—nay, even every book you can procure—every picture or print that you can put on the wall—every little attraction—every little pleasant thing the husband can give to the wife, or the wife to the husband, in order to make the home something like what it ought to be,—a place that a man can wish to live and die in,—all of these are so many inducements to the family to stay at home and keep together, to do their duty to each other, and thus, for that is the consequence and the end, to keep the children alive, and happy, and good. Now, all these things are to be had if you take a little thought to have them, and if you don't grudge to sacrifice for them other things which are not only unnecessary but which are often positively unwholesome and injurious.

The upshot of all this is that I would have you think, at all times, of the immense importance of having a healthy home, and, therefore, I would have you think often and carefully of what can be done to make the home more attractive, happy, and healthy. Make a point of having in your homes the first elements of health; pure air and pure water, in the first place; and afterwards, as many of the other elements of health as possible. And, in order that you may do all this, make it a rule and a principle to *save money*. Don't spend your money upon unwholesome indulgences; don't spend it upon indulgences at all, even though not unwholesome, that do not fulfil this primary condition of making the family, taken as a whole—not the man, the wife, or the children alone, but the family taken as a whole—healthier and happier. And be sure that whenever you and those whom you love are healthier and happier, if it is in any degree the result of your self-denial and your deliberate purpose, if, in short, you feel in the end that you have done your duty, you will be holier too—more thankful to God for the mercies he bestows upon you. If you take pains to obtain those mercies for yourselves, you will be thankful to God, without whom you could not have obtained them, and who has put it into your hearts so to act as to obtain them.

I believe that health is a large part of happiness, and therefore, I say, don't neglect even the grossest and most material elements of happiness. Don't neglect pure air, pure water, light, and fires, food, cookery, the clean shirt, the little plot of trim garden, books, music, pictures, easy-chairs, ornaments of the table and the mantel-piece,—don't neglect any of the little pleasures of life. And that you may have these in abundance, *save money*. Go and put it into the Post-Office Savings' Bank. Don't spend your money—I do not say on drunkenness, or on unwholesome and evil indulgences, I leave that to other instructors to warn you about—but don't spend it at all upon things that take it away from its proper application. If you have a home, see that it really is a home, and not merely the four walls of a house. See that you know the difference between a house and a home, and keep that in view, and carry it out in your daily practice; and then look humbly, but yet with perfect confidence and trust, for God's blessing upon all your efforts.

W. T. GAIRDNER.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XIV.

When Miss Hilary reached home, Elizabeth opened the door to her; the parlour was deserted.

Miss Leaf had gone to lie down, and Miss Selina was away to see the Lord Mayor's Show with Mr. Peter Ascott.

"With Mr. Peter Ascott!" Hilary was a little surprised; but, on second thoughts, she found it natural; Selina was glad of any amusement,—to her, not only the narrowness but the dulness of their poverty was inexpressibly galling. "She will be back to dinner, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth, briefly.

Had Miss Hilary been less pre-occupied, she would have noticed something not quite right about the girl—something that at any other time would have aroused the direct question, "What is the matter, Elizabeth?" For Miss Hilary did not consider it beneath her dignity to observe that matters might occasionally go wrong with this solitary young woman, away from her friends, and exposed to all the annoyances of London lodgings, that many little things might be happening to worry and perplex her. If the mistress could not set them right, she could at least give the word of kindly sympathy, as precious to "a poor servant" as to the Queen on her throne.

This time, however, it came not, and Elizabeth disappeared below stairs immediately.

The girl was revolving in her own mind a difficult ethical question. To-day, for the first time in her life, she had *not* "told Miss Hilary everything." Two things had happened, and she could not make up her mind as to whether she ought to communicate them.

Now, Elizabeth had a conscience, by nature a very tender one, and which, from circumstances, had been cultivated into a much higher sensitiveness than, alas! is common among her class, or, indeed, in any class. This, if an error, was Miss Hilary's doing: it probably caused Elizabeth a few more miseries, and vexations, and painful shocks in the world than she would have had, had she imbibed only the ordinary tone of morality, especially the morality of ordinary domestic servants; but it was an error upon which, in summing up her life, the Recording Angel would gravely smile.

The first trial had happened at breakfast-time. Ascott, descending earlier than his wont, had asked her, Did any gentleman, short and dirty, with a hooked nose, inquire for him yesterday?

Elizabeth thought a minute, and recollected that some person answering the above not too flattering description, had called, but refused to leave his name, saying he did not know the ladies, but was a particular friend of Mr. Leaf's.

Ascott laughed. "So he is—a very particular friend; but my aunts would not fancy him, and I don't want him to come here. Say, if he calls, that I 'm gone out of town."

"Very well, sir. Shall you start before dinner?" said Elizabeth, whose practical mind immediately recurred to that meal, and to the joint, always contrived to be hot on the days that Ascott dined at home.

He seemed excessively tickled. "Bless you, you are the greatest innocent! Just say what I tell you, and never mind—hush! here 's Aunt Hilary."

And Miss Hilary's anxious face, white with long wakefulness, had put out of Elizabeth's head the answer that was coming; indeed, the matter slipped from her mind altogether, in consequence of another circumstance, which gave her much more perplexity.

During her young mistress's absence, supposing Miss Selina out too, and Miss Leaf up stairs, she had come suddenly into the parlour without knocking. There, to her amazement, she saw Miss Selina and Mr. Ascott standing, in close conversation, over the fire. They were so engrossed that they did not notice her, and she shut the door again immediately. But what confounded her was, that she was certain, absolutely certain, Mr. Ascott had his arm round Miss Selina's waist!

Now, that was no business of hers, and yet the faithful domestic was a good deal troubled; still more so, when, by Miss Leaf's excessive surprise at hearing of the visitor who had come and gone, carrying Miss Selina away to the city, she was certain the elder sister was completely in the dark as to anything going to happen in the family.

Could it be a wedding? Could Miss Selina really love, and be intending to marry, that horrid little man? For, strange to say, this young servant had, what many a young beauty of rank and fashion has not, or has lost for ever,—the true, pure, womanly creed, that loving and marrying are synonymous terms; that to let a man put his arm round your waist when you do not intend to marry him, or to intend to marry him for money or anything else when you do not really love him, are things quite impossible and incredible to any womanly mind. A creed somewhat out of date, and perhaps existing only in stray nooks of the world; but, thank God! it does exist. Hilary had it, and she had taught it to Elizabeth.

"I wonder whether Miss Hilary knows of this? I wonder what she would say to it?"

And now arose the perplexing ethical question aforesaid, as to whether Elizabeth ought to tell her.

It was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines—the same for the kitchen as for the parlour, nay, preached strongest in the kitchen, where the mysteries of the parlour are often so cruelly exposed—that a secret accidentally found out should be kept as sacred as if actually confided; also, that the secret of an enemy should no more be betrayed than that of a beloved and trusting friend.

"Miss Selina isn't my enemy," smiled Elizabeth; "but I'm not over fond of her, and so I'd rather not tell of her, or vex her if I can help it. Anyhow, I'll keep it to myself for a bit."

But the secret weighed heavily upon her, and besides, her honest heart felt a certain diminution of respect for Miss Selina. What could she see to like in that common-looking, commonplace man,

whom she could not have met a dozen times, of whose domestic life she knew nothing, and whose personality Elizabeth, with the sharp observation often found in her class, probably because coarse people do not care to hide their coarseness from servants, had speedily set down at her own valuation—"Neither carriage nor horses, nor nothing, will ever make *him* a gentleman."

He, however, sent Miss Selina home magnificently in the said carriage; Ascott with her, who had been picked up somewhere in the City, and who came in to his dinner, without the slightest reference to going "out of town."

But in spite of her Lord Mayor's Show, and the great attention which she said she had received from "various members of the Common Council of the City of London," Miss Selina was, for her, meditative, and did not talk quite so much as usual. There was in the little parlour an uncomfortable atmosphere, as if all of them had something on their minds. Hilary felt the ice must be broken, and if she did not do it, nobody else would. So she said, stealing her hand into Johanna's, under shelter of the dim fire-light—

"Selina, I wanted to have a little family consultation. I have just received an offer."

"An offer!" repeated Miss Selina, with a visible start. "Oh, I forgot: you went to see your friend Miss Balquidder this morning. Did you get anything out of her? Has she any nephews and nieces wanting a governess?"

"She has no relations at all. But I will just tell you the story of my visit."

"I hope it's interesting," said Ascott, who was lying on the sofa, half asleep—his general habit after dinner. He woke, however, during his Aunt Hilary's relation, and when she reached its climax, that the offer was for her to manage a stationer's shop, he burst out, heartily laughing—

"Well, that is a rich idea. I'll come and buy of you. You'll look so pretty standing behind a counter."

But Selina said angrily, "You cannot even think of such a thing. It would be a disgrace to the family."

"No," said Hilary, clasping tightly her eldest sister's hand—they two had already talked the matter over: "I cannot see any disgrace. If our family is so poor that the women must earn their living as well as the men, all we have to see is that it should be honestly earned. What do you say, Ascott?"

She looked earnestly at him; she wanted sorely to find out what he really thought.

But Ascott took it, as he did everything, very easily. "I don't see why Aunt Selina should make such a fuss. Why need you do anything, Aunt Hilary? Can't we hold out a little longer, and live upon tick till I get into practice? Of course, I shall then take care of you all; I'm the head of the family. How horridly dark this room is!"

He started up, and gave the fire a fierce poke, which consumed in five minutes a large lump of coal, that Hilary had hoped—oh, cruel, sordid economy!—would have lasted half the evening.

She broke the uneasy silence which followed, by asking Johanna to give her opinion.

Johanna roused herself and spoke—

"Ascott says right; he is the head of the family, and by and by I trust will take care of us all. But he is not able to do it now, and, meantime, we must live."

"To be sure we must, Auntie."

"I mean, my boy, we must live honestly; we must not run into debt:" and her voice sharpened, as with the reflected horror of her young days, if, alas! there ever had been any youth for Henry Leaf's eldest daughter. "No, Ascott, out of debt, out of danger. For myself," she laid her thin old fingers on his arm, and looked up at him with a pitiful mixture of reliance and hopelessness, "I would rather see you breaking stones in the road, than living like a gentleman, as you call it, and a swindler—as I call it—upon other people's money."

Ascott sprang up, colouring violently. "You use strong language, Aunt Johanna. Never mind. I daresay you are right. However, it's no business of mine. Good-night, for I have an engagement."

Hilary said gravely, she wished he would stay and join in the family consultation.

"Oh, no; I hate talking over things. Settle it among yourselves. As I said, it isn't my business."

"You don't care, then, what becomes of us all? I sometimes begin to think so."

Struck by the tone, Ascott stopped in the act of putting on his lilac kid gloves. "What have I done? I may be a very bad fellow, but I'm not quite so bad as that, Aunt Hilary."

"She didn't mean it, my boy," said Aunt Johanna tenderly.

He was moved, more by the tenderness than the reproach. He came and kissed his eldest aunt in that warm-hearted, impulsive way which had won him forgiveness for many a boyish fault. It did so now.

"I know I'm not half good enough to you, Auntie, but I mean to be. I mean to work hard, and be a rich man some day; and then you may be sure I shall not let my Aunt Hilary keep a shop. Now, good-night, for I must meet a fellow on business—really business—that may turn out good for us all, I assure you."

He went away whistling, with that air of untroubled, good-natured liveliness peculiar to Ascott Leaf, which made them say continually that he was "only a boy," living a boy's life, as thoughtless and as free. When his handsome face disappeared, the three women sat down again round the fire.

They made no comments on him whatever; they were women, and he was their own. But—passing him over as if he had never existed—Hilary began to explain to her sisters all particulars of her new scheme for maintaining the family. She told these details in a matter-of-fact way, as already arranged; and finally hoped Selina would make no more objections.

"It is a thing quite impossible," said Selina with dignity.

"Why impossible? I can certainly do the work; and it cannot make me less of a lady. Besides, we had better not be ladies, if we cannot be honest ones. And, Selina, where is the money to come from? We have none in the house; we cannot get any till Christmas."

"Opportunities might occur. We have friends."

"Not one in London: except, perhaps, Mr. Ascott, and I would not ask him for a farthing. You don't see, Selina, how horrible it would be to be helped—unless by some one dearly loved. I couldn't bear it! I'd rather beg, starve; almost steal!"

"Don't be violent, child."

"Oh, but it's hard!" and the cry of long-smothered pain burst out. "Hard enough to have to earn one's bread in a way one doesn't like; harder still to have to be parted from Johanna from Monday morning till Saturday night. But it must be. I'll go. It's a case between hunger, debt, and work; the first is unpleasant; the second impossible; the third is my only alternative. You must consent, Selina, for I *will* do it."

"Don't!" Selina spoke more gently, and not without some natural emotion—"don't disgrace me, child; for I may as well tell you,—I meant to do so to-night,—Mr. Ascott has made me an offer of marriage, and I—I have accepted it."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the middle of the parlour at No. 15, its inmates—that is, two of them—could not have been more astounded.

No doubt this surprise was a great instance of simplicity on their part. Many women would have prognosticated, planned the thing from the first; thought it a most excellent match; seen glorious visions of the house in Russell Square; of the wealth and luxury that would be the portion of "dear Selina," and the general benefit that the marriage would be to the whole Leaf family.

But these two were different from others. They only saw their sister Selina, a woman no longer young, and not without her peculiarities, going to be married to a man she knew little or nothing about; a man whom they themselves had endured rather than liked, and for the sake of gratitude. He was trying enough merely as a chance visitor. But to look upon Mr. Ascott as a brother-in-law, as a husband—

"O Selina, you cannot be in earnest?"

"Why not? Why should I not be married as well as my neighbours?" said she sharply.

Nobody arguing that point, both being indeed too bewildered to argue at all, she continued majestically—

"I assure you, sisters, there could not be a more unexceptionable offer. It is true, Mr. Ascott's origin was rather humble; but I can overlook that. In his present wealth, and with his position and character, he will make the best of husbands."

Not a word was answered; what could be answered? Selina was free to marry if she liked, and whom she liked. Perhaps, from her nature, it was idle to expect her to marry in any other way than this; one of the thousand and one unions where the man desires a handsome, lady-like wife for the head of his establishment, and the woman wishes an elegant establishment to be mistress of; so they strike a bargain—possibly as good as most other bargains.

Still, with one faint lingering of hope, Hilary asked if she had quite decided?

"Quite. He wrote to me last night, and I gave him his answer this morning."

Selina certainly had not troubled anybody with her "love affairs." It was entirely a matter of business.

The sisters saw at once that she had made up her mind. Henceforward there could be no criticism of Mr. Peter Ascott.

Now all was told, she talked freely of her excellent prospects.

"He has behaved handsomely—very much so. He makes a good settlement on me, and says how happy he will be to help my family, so as to enable you always to make a respectable appearance."

"We are exceedingly obliged to him."

"Don't be sharp, Hilary. He means well. And he must feel that this marriage is a sort of—ahem! condescension on my part, which I never should have dreamt of twenty years ago."

Selina sighed: could it be at the thought of that twenty years ago? Perhaps, shallow as she seemed, this woman might once have had some fancy, some ideal man whom she expected to meet and marry; possibly a very different sort of man from Mr. Peter Ascott. However, the sigh was but momentary; she plunged back again into all the arrangements of her wedding, every one of which,

down to the wedding-dress, she had evidently decided.

"And, therefore, you see," she added, as if the unimportant, almost forgotten item of discussion had suddenly occurred to her, "it's quite impossible that my sister should keep a shop. I shall tell Mr. Ascott, and you will see what he says to it."

But when Mr. Ascott appeared next day in solemn state as an accepted lover, he seemed to care very little about the matter. He thought it was a good thing for everybody to be independent; did not see why young women—he begged pardon, young ladies—should not earn their own bread if they liked. He only wished that the shop were a little farther off than Kensington, and hoped the name of Leaf would not be put over the door.

But the bride-elect, indignant and annoyed, begged her lover to interfere, and prevent the scheme from being carried out.

"Don't vex yourself, my dear Selina," said he drily—how Hilary started to hear this stranger use the household name,—"but I can't see that it's my business to interfere. I marry you; I don't marry your whole family."

"Mr. Ascott is quite right; we will end the subject," said Johanna, with grave dignity: while Hilary sat with burning cheeks, thinking that, miserable as the family had been, it had never till now known real degradation.

But her heart was very sore that day. In the morning had come the letter from India, never omitted, never delayed; Robert Lyon was punctual as clockwork in everything he did. It came, but this month it was a short and somewhat sad letter,—hinting of failing health, uncertain prospects; full of a bitter longing to come home, and a dread that it would be years before that longing was realized.

"My only consolation is," he wrote, for once betraying himself a little, "that however hard my life out here may be, I bear it alone."

But that consolation was not so easy to Hilary. That they two should be wasting their youth apart, when just a little heap of yellow coins—of which men like Mr. Ascott had such profusion—would bring them together; and, let trials be many, or poverty hard, give them the unutterable joy of being once more face to face and heart to heart,—oh, it was sore, sore!

Yet when she went up from the parlour, where the newly-affianced couple sat together, "making-believe" a passion that did not exist, and acting out the sham courtship, proper for the gentleman to pay, and the lady to receive,—when she shut her bedroom door, and there, sitting in the cold, read again and again Robert Lyon's letter to Johanna, so good, so honest; so sad, yet so bravely enduring,—Hilary was comforted. She felt that true love, in its most unsatisfied longings, its most cruel delays, nay, even its sharpest agonies of hopeless separation, is sweeter ten thousand times than the most "respectable" of loveless marriages, such as this.

So, at the week's end, Hilary went patiently to her work at Kensington, and Selina began the preparations for her wedding.

CHAPTER XV.

In relating so much about her mistresses, I have lately seemed to overlook Elizabeth Hand.

She was a person easy enough to be overlooked. She never put herself forward, not even now, when Miss Hilary's absence caused the weight of housekeeping and domestic management to fall chiefly upon her. She went about her duties as soberly and silently as she had done in her girlhood; even Miss Leaf could not draw her into much demonstrativeness: she was one of those people who never "come out" till they are strongly needed, and then— But it remained to be proved what this girl could be.

Years afterwards, Hilary remembered with what a curious reticence Elizabeth used to go about in those days: how she remained as old-fashioned as ever; acquired no London ways, no fripperies of dress, or flippancies of manner. Also, that she never complained of anything; though the discomforts of her lodging-house life must have been great,—greater than her mistresses had any idea of at the time. Slowly, out of her rough, unpliant girlhood, was forming that character of self-reliance and self-control, which, in all ranks, makes of some women the helpers rather than the helped, the labourers rather than the pleasure-seekers; women, whose constant lot it seems to be to walk on the shadowed side of life, to endure, rather than to enjoy.

Elizabeth had very little actual enjoyment. She made no acquaintances, and never asked for holidays. Indeed, she did not seem to care for any. Her great treat was when, on a Sunday afternoon, Miss Hilary sometimes took her to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; when her pleasure and gratitude always struck her mistress, nay, even soothed her, and won her from her own many anxieties. It is such a blessing to be able to make any other human being, even for an hour or two, entirely happy!

Except these bright Sundays, Elizabeth's whole time was spent in waiting upon Miss Leaf, who had seemed to grow suddenly frail and old. It might be that living without her child six days out of the seven, was a greater trial than had at first appeared to the elder sister, who until now had never parted with her since she was born;

or it was perhaps a more commonplace and yet natural cause, the living in London lodgings, without even a change of air from room to room; and the want of little comforts and luxuries, which, with all Hilary's care, were as impossible as ever to their limited means.

For Selina's engagement, which, as a matter of decorum, she had insisted should last six months, did not lessen expenses. Old gowns were shabby, and omnibuses impossible, to the future Mrs. Ascott of Russell Square; and though, to do her justice, she spent as little as her self-pleasing nature could do, still she spent something.

"It's the last; I shall never cost you any more," she would say, complacently; and revert to that question of absorbing interest, her *trousseau*, an extremely handsome one, provided liberally by Mr. Ascott. Sorely had this arrangement jarred upon the pride of the Leaf family; yet it was inevitable. But no personal favours would the other two sisters have accepted from Mr. Ascott, even had he offered them—which he did not—save a dress each for the marriage, and a card for the marriage-breakfast, which, he also arranged, was to take place at an hotel.

So, in spite of the expected wedding, there was little change in the dull life that went on at No. 15. Its only brightness was when Miss Hilary came home from Saturday to Monday. And in those brief glimpses, when, as was natural, she on her side and they on theirs, put on their best face, so to speak, each trying to hide from the other any special care, —it so fell out that Miss Hilary never discovered a thing which, week by week, Elizabeth resolved to speak to her about, and yet never could. For it was not her own affair; it seemed like presumptuously meddling in the affairs of the family. Above all, it involved the necessity of something which looked like tale-bearing and backbiting of a person she disliked, and there was in Elizabeth—servant as she was—an instinctive chivalrous honour which made her especially anxious to be just to her enemies.

Enemy, however, is a large word to use; and yet day by day her feelings grew more bitter towards the person concerned, namely, Mr. Ascott Leaf. It was not from any badness in him; he was the sort of young man always likely to be a favourite with what would be termed his "inferiors," easy, good-tempered, and gentlemanly, giving a good deal of trouble certainly, but giving it so agreeably, that few servants would have grumbled, and paying for it—as he apparently thought everything could be paid for—with a pleasant word and a handful of silver.

But Elizabeth's distaste for him had deeper roots. The principal one was his exceeding indifference to his aunts' affairs, great and small, from the marriage, which he briefly designated as a "jolly lark," to the sharp economies which, even with the addition of Miss Hilary's salary, were still requisite. None of these latter did he ever seem to notice, except when they pressed upon himself; when he neither scolded nor argued, but simply went out and avoided them.

He was now absent from home more than ever, and apparently tried as much as possible to keep the household in the dark as to his movements—leaving at uncertain times, never saying what hour he would be back, or if he said so, never keeping to his word. This was the more annoying, as there were a number of people continually inquiring for him, hanging about the house, and waiting to see him "on business:" and some of these occasionally commented on the young gentleman in such unflattering terms, that Elizabeth was afraid they would reach the ear of Mrs. Jones, and henceforward tried always to attend to the door herself.

But Mrs. Jones was a wide-awake woman. She had not let lodgings for thirty years for nothing. Ere long she discovered, and took good care to inform Elizabeth of her discovery, that Mr. Ascott Leaf was what is euphuistically termed "in difficulties."

And here one word, lest in telling this poor lad's story, I may be supposed to tell it harshly or uncharitably, as if there was no crime greater than that which a large portion of society seems to count as none; as if, at the merest mention of the ugly word *debt*, this rabid author flew out, and made all the ultra-virtuous persons whose history is here told, fly out, like turkeys after a bit of red cloth, which is a very harmless scrap of red cloth after all.

Most true: some kind of debt deserves only compassion. The merchant suddenly failing; the tenderly reared family who by some strange blunder or unkind kindness have been kept in ignorance of their real circumstances, and been spending pounds for which there was only pence to pay; the individuals, men or women, who, without any laxity of principle, are such utter children in practice, that they have to learn the value and use of money by hard experience, much as a child does, and are little better than children in all that concerns L. S. D. to the end of their days.

But these are debtors by accident, not error. The deliberate debtor, who orders what he knows he has no means of paying for; the pleasure-loving debtor who cannot renounce one single luxury for conscience' sake; the well-meaning, lazy debtor, who might make "ends meet," but does not, simply because he will not take the trouble; upon such as these it is right to have no mercy,—they deserve none.

To which of these classes young Ascott Leaf be-

longed, his story will show. I tell it, or rather let it tell itself, and point its own moral; it is the story of hundreds and thousands.

That a young fellow should not enjoy his youth would be hard; that it should be pleasant to him to dress well, live well, and spend with open hand upon himself, as well as others, no one will question. No one would ever wish it otherwise. Many a kindly spendthrift of twenty-one makes a prudent paterfamilias at forty, while a man who in his twenties showed a purposeless niggardliness, would at sixty grow into the most contemptible miser alive. There is something even in the thoughtless liberality of youth to which one's heart warms, even while one's wisdom reproves. But what struck Elizabeth was that Ascott's liberalities were always towards himself, and himself only.

Sometimes when she took in a parcel of new clothes, while others, yet unpaid for, were tossing in wasteful disorder about his room, or when she cleaned indefinite pairs of handsome boots, and washed dozens of the finest cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, her spirit grew hot within her to remember Miss Hilary's countless wants and contrivances in the matter of dress, and all the little domestic comforts which Miss Leaf's frail health required—things which never once seemed to cross the nephew's imagination. Of course not, it will be said, how could a young man be expected to trouble himself about these things?

But they do though. Answer, many a widow's son; many a needful brother of orphan sisters; many a solitary clerk living and paying his way upon the merest pittance; is it not better to think of others than one's-self? Can a man, even a young man, find his highest happiness in mere personal enjoyment?

However, let me cease throwing these pebbles of preaching under the wheels of my story; as it moves on, it will preach enough for itself.

Elizabeth's annoyances, suspicions, and conscience-pricks as to whether she ought or ought not to communicate both, came to an end at last. Gradually she made up her mind that, even if it did look like tale-bearing, on the following Saturday night Miss Hilary must know all.

It was an anxious week; for Miss Leaf had fallen ill. Not seriously: and she never complained until her sister had left, when she returned to her bed and did not again rise. She would not have Miss Hilary sent for, nor Miss Selina, who was away paying a ceremonious pre-nuptial visit to Mr. Ascott's partner's wife at Dulwich.

"I don't want anything that you cannot do for me. You are becoming a first-rate nurse, Elizabeth," she said, with that passive peaceful smile, which almost frightened the girl; it seemed as if she were slipping away from this world and all its cares, into another existence. Elizabeth felt that to tell her anything about her nephew's affairs was perfectly impossible. How thankful she was that in the quiet of the sick-room her mistress was kept in ignorance of the knocks and inquiries at the door, and especially of a certain ominous paper which had fallen into Mrs. Jones's hands, and informed her, as she took good care to inform Elizabeth, that any day "the bailiffs" might be after her young master.

"And the sooner the whole set of you clear out of my house the better; I'm a decent respectable woman," said Mrs. Jones, that very morning; and Elizabeth had had to beg her as a favour, not to disturb her sick mistress, but to wait one day, till Miss Hilary came home.

Also, when Ascott, ending with a cheerful and careless countenance his ten minutes after-breakfast chat in his aunt's room, had met Elizabeth on the staircase, he had stopped to bid her say if anybody wanted him he was gone to Birmingham, and would not be home till Monday. And on Elizabeth's hesitating, she having determined to tell no more of these involuntary lies, he had been very angry, and then stooped to entreaties, begging her to do as he asked, or it would be the ruin of him. Which she understood well enough, when all the day, she—grown painfully wise, poor girl!—watched a Jewish-looking man hanging about the house, and noticing everybody that went in or out of it.

Now, sitting at Miss Leaf's window, she fancied she saw this man disappear into the gin-palace opposite, and at the same moment a figure darted hurriedly round the street-corner, and into the door of No. 15.

Elizabeth looked to see if her mistress were asleep, and then crept quietly out of the room, shutting the door after her. Listening, she heard the sound of the latch-key, and of some one coming stealthily up-stairs.

"Hollo!—Oh, it's only you, Elizabeth!"

"Shall I light your candle, sir?"

But when she did, the light was not pleasant. Drenched with rain, his collar pulled up, and his hat slouched, so as in some measure to act as a disguise, breathless and trembling—hardly anybody would have recognised in this discreditable object that gentlemanly young man, Mr. Ascott Leaf.

He staggered into his room, and threw himself across the bed.

"Do you want anything, sir?" said Elizabeth, from the door.

"No—yes—stay a minute. Elizabeth, are you to be trusted?"

"I hope I am, sir."

"The bailiffs are after me. I've just dodged them. If they know I'm here, the game's all up—and it will kill my aunt."

Shocked as she was, Elizabeth was glad to hear him say that—glad to see the burst of real emotion with which he flung himself down on the pillow, muttering all sorts of hopeless self-accusations.

"Come, sir, 'tis no use taking on so," said she, much as she would have spoken to a child, for there was something childish rather than man-like in Ascott's distress. Nevertheless, she pitied him, with the unreasoning pity a kind heart gives to any creature who, blame-worthy or not, has fallen into trouble. "What do you mean to do?"

"Nothing. I'm cleaned out. And I haven't a friend in the world."

He turned his face to the wall in perfect despair.

Elizabeth tried hard not to sit in judgment upon what the catechism would call her "betters;" and yet her own strong instinct of almost indefinite endurance turned with something approaching contempt from this weak lightsome nature, broken by the first touch of calamity.

"Come, it's no use making things worse than they are. If nobody knows that you are here, lock your door and keep quiet. I'll bring you some dinner when I bring up Missis's tea; and not even Mrs. Jones will be any the wiser."

"You're a brick, Elizabeth; a regular brick!" cried the young fellow, brightening up at the least relief. "That will be capital. Get me a good slice of beef, or ham, or something. And mind you, don't forget! a regular stunning bottle of pale ale."

"Very well, sir."

The acquiescence was somewhat sullen, and had he watched Elizabeth's face, he might have seen there an expression not too flattering. But she faithfully brought him his dinner, and kept his secret; even though, hearing from over the stair-case Mrs. Jones resolutely deny that Mr. Leaf had been at home since morning, she felt very much as if she were conniving at a lie. With a painful, half-guilty consciousness she waited for her mistress's usual question, "Is my nephew come home?" but fortunately it was not asked. Miss Leaf lay quiet and passive, and her faithful nurse settled her for the night with a strangely solemn feeling, as if she were leaving her to her last rest, safe and at peace before the overhanging storm broke upon the family.

But all shadow of this storm seemed to have passed away from him who was its cause. As soon as the house was still, Ascott crept down and fell to his supper with as good an appetite as possible. He even became free and conversational.

"Don't look so glum, Elizabeth. I shall soon weather through. Old Ascott will fork out; he couldn't help it. I'm to be his nephew, you know. Oh, that was a clever catch of Aunt Selina's. If only Aunt Hilary would try another like it."

"If you please, sir, I'm going to bed."

"Off with you, then, and I'll not forget the gown at Christmas. You're a sharp young woman, and I'm much obliged to you." And for a moment he looked as if he were about to make the usual unmannerly acknowledgment of civility from a young gentleman to a servant maid, viz., kissing her, but he pulled a face and drew back. He really couldn't; she was so very plain.

At this moment there came a violent ring, and "Fire!" was shouted through the key-hole of the door. Terrified, Elizabeth opened it, when, with a burst of laughter, a man rushed in, and laid hands upon Ascott.

It was the sheriff's-officer.

When his trouble came upon him, Ascott's manliness returned. He turned very white, but he made no opposition,—had even enough of his wits about him—or something better than wits—to stop Mrs. Jones from rushing up in alarm and indignation to arouse Miss Leaf.

"No; she'll know it quite soon enough. Let her sleep till morning. Elizabeth, look here." He wrote upon a card the address of the place he was to be taken to. "Give Aunt Hilary this. Say, if she can think of a way to get me out of this horrid mess—but I don't deserve it. Never mind. Come on, you fellows."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, jumped into the cab, and was gone. The whole thing had not occupied five minutes.

Stupified, Elizabeth stood, and considered what was best to be done. Miss Hilary must be told; but how to get at her in the middle of the night, thereby leaving her mistress to the mercy of Mrs. Jones? It would never do. Suddenly she thought of Miss Balquidder. She might send a message. No; not a message—for the family misery and disgrace must not be betrayed to a stranger—but a letter, to Kensington.

With an effort, Elizabeth composed herself sufficiently to write one—her first—to her dear Miss Hilary.

"Honoured Madam,—Mr. Leaf has got himself into trouble, and is taken away somewhere; and I dare not tell missis; and I wish you was at home, as she is not well, but better than she has been, and she shall know nothing about it till you come.
—Your obedient and affectionate servant,

"Elizabeth Hand."

Taking Ascott's latchkey, she quitted the house, and slipt out into the dark night, almost losing her way among the gloomy squares, where she met not a creature except the solitary policeman, plashing steadily along the wet pavement. When he turned the glimmer of his bull's-eye upon her she started

like a guilty creature, till she remembered that she really was doing nothing wrong, and so need not be afraid of anything. This was her simple creed, which Miss Hilary had taught her, and it upheld her, even till she knocked at Miss Balquidder's door.

There, poor girl, her heart sank, especially when Miss Balquidder, in an anomalous costume and a severe voice, opened the door herself, and asked who was there, disturbing a respectable family at this late hour?

Elizabeth answered, what she had before determined to say, as sufficiently explaining her errand, and yet betraying nothing that her mistress might wish concealed.

"Please, ma'am, I'm Miss Leaf's servant. My missis is ill, and I want a letter sent at once to Miss Hilary."

"Oh! come in, then. Elizabeth, I think, your name is?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What made you leave home at this hour of night? Did your mistress send you?"

"No."

"Is she so very ill? It seems sudden. I saw Miss Hilary to-day, and she knew nothing at all about it."

Elizabeth shrank a little before the keen eye that seemed to read her through.

"There's more amiss than you have told me, young woman. Is it because your mistress is in serious danger that you want to send for her sister?"

"No."

"What is it, then? You had better tell me at once. I hate concealment."

It was a trial; but Elizabeth held her ground.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think missis would like anybody to know, and therefore I'd rather not tell you."

Now the honest Scotswoman, as she said, hated anything underhand, but she respected the right of every human being to maintain silence if necessary. She looked sharply in Elizabeth's face, which apparently reassured her, for she said not unkindly—

"Very well, child, keep your mistress's secrets by all means. Only tell me what you want. Shall I take a cab, and fetch Miss Hilary at once?"

Elizabeth thanked her, but said she thought that would not do; it would be better just to send the note the first thing to-morrow morning, and then Miss Hilary would come home just as if nothing had happened, and Miss Leaf would not be frightened by her sudden appearance.

"You are a good, mindful girl," said Miss Balquidder. "How did you learn to be so sensible?"

At the kindly word and manner, Elizabeth, bewildered and exhausted with the excitement she had gone through, and agitated by the feeling of having, for the first time in her life, to act on her own responsibility, gave way a little. She did not actually cry, but she was very near it.

Miss Balquidder called over the stair-head, in her quick imperative voice,—

"David, is your wife away to her bed yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then tell her to fetch this young woman to the kitchen, and give her some supper. And afterwards, will you see her safe home, poor lassie? She's awfully tired, you see."

"Yes, ma'am."

And, following David's grey head, Elizabeth, for the first time since she came to London, took a comfortable meal in a comfortable kitchen, seasoned with such stories of Miss Balquidder's goodness and generosity, that when, an hour after, she went home and to sleep, it was with a quieter and more hopeful spirit than she could have believed possible under the circumstances.

MATTHEW CLAUDIUS, HOMME DE LETTRES.

Somewhere about that year 1775, which Goethe has designated the intellectual spring of Germany, there issued from the editorial desk of a petty village, and printed on dusky tea-paper, an invitation to all men to buy a book. Critics and newspaper writers could have it for three Hamburg marks, but to the general reader, as one indifferent to honest worth, it was made over for two. Subscriptions were to be addressed to "Matthew Claudius, *Homme de Lettres à Wandsbeck*." Now, of Men of Letters much has been written, and by the very skilfullest hand, enough, indeed, for this generation; and in the next they are likely to take care of themselves. Already, they are too many to be heroes; too common to sing pæans over them; too strong to be helped up or put down. Yearly, monthly, daily, by tons of printed books, and magazines, and newspapers, they spread their works to the four winds, and whatever fifth wind may carry them down the tide of the future. Literature is reduced to a profession, to the detriment of romance and hero-worship, but every other way a gain. The struggle, and hardship, and stern fight even down into death; the bitterness, and poverty, and mere hazard of success are almost passed. For the true type of literary hero we must go back at least a century. He may be heroic to-day, but it is the common heroism of a

thousand besides; and on the whole, he is sure of being made comfortable, and well-paid, and kindly and fairly dealt with. It is hard to evoke any greatness out of a man's availing himself of such uncommonly good arrangements. And with Men of Letters, as such, either past or present, this paper has no concern. But there is a Man of Letters of whom we have but one or two examples, whose rarity invests him with some interest, and who has hitherto been slurred over with the paltriest notice — the Christian Man of Letters. He is not to be confounded with the maker of Christian books, familiar to the librarians of the British Museum, and readers of literary advertisements, and generally to the religious public, a useful man in his way. Nor is he to be confounded, on the other hand, with the Christian teacher, whose accredited office is to teach, and who, for the most part, teaches nobly and well. He is a Christian, but as a writer he is peculiarly a Man of Letters. That is his profession, sole vocation that he recognises; his business is with literature for its own sake, and literature in the broadest sense, but at the same time he is one who humbly believes in Christ. Perhaps by the very necessity of the case this combination is rare. And for other reasons Claudius is unique; a character and life for which there is no parallel. So peculiar a type of thinker must be worth looking at, independent of any merit and originality in his thoughts; and his writings, unfortunately not yet accessible in English, furnish abundant material for the purpose.

Matthew Claudius was born in the vicarage of Reinfeld, in Schleswig, on the 15th August 1740. He was of a clerical family, that had its line of preachers unbroken from the Reformation; and for at least four generations, had settled itself in quiet secluded cures. Their simple lives seem to have flowed evenly enough; nor did they make much noise in the world, being given to do their work, and no more; faithful, honest, God-fearing, and long-lived men, from whom at length sprung the Claudius that was to preserve them all in the tangled story of the world. Certain mellow and genial influences he brought with him out of that placid, pastoral ancestry that had taken so many generations to ripen its fruits; a meditative and calm habit that never could rightly accommodate itself to the city whirl and strife; and a devout bent of mind and simple reverence for truth that single him from his better-known contemporaries. Certain other influences he drew from that hearty, sturdy peasantry to whom his father and grandfather had preached,—thorough German souls, with scarce a touch of foreign weakness; primitive in manners, and speech, and morals; a race on the whole of very notable and decided character. A deep impression was left by his father. He describes him as "a mild star shining out of better worlds," from which his life drew blessing and soft radiance; and in some verses on his death, he says, with great simplicity:—

> "A good man lies beneath this stone,
> And he was more to me."

For the rest, he was influenced, as most of us are, by teachers, and books, and men.

A school was found for him about eighteen miles away, where he went through the usual training to fit him for the university; it being determined that he was to follow his father into the ministry. Beyond an occasional whimsical glance back at his rector, we learn little of his school-days. All the teaching was in Latin, and this was irksome to one that was to write a German as idiomatic and popular as Cobbett's English. Punishments were frequent, and altogether the rector was a man of no great amiability, answering in many respects to famous James Bowyer, immortalized by Coleridge and Lamb; for he was a scholar and made scholars, although given to hard flogging, and a rough sort of wit by way of running accompaniment. At nineteen, Claudius joined his brother Josias at Jena, and entered the university as a student of law. It was not the profession that had been chosen for him; not that he would have chosen for himself, if indeed he would have chosen any; but a threatening of consumption compelled him to relinquish the ministry, and of necessity he turned to something else, slowly drifting all the while into his proper calling. His university impressions were vivid through life, though he gained little from his teachers there.

"I have been at the University, and studied. Well, I did not study; but I was at the University, and know all about it. I was acquainted with some students, and they were the whole University to me. The students sit together on benches as if they were at church; and by the window there is a stool, and there sits the professor, and delivers about this thing and the other all kinds of addresses, and they call that teaching. He that sat on the stool when I was there was a master, and wore a great frizzed wig, and the students said his learning was even greater and frizzier than his wig, and that, privately, he was as great a freethinker as ever a one in England or France. He could demonstrate as quick as lightning. When he undertook a subject, he just began, and before you could look round it was demonstrated. He would demonstrate, for example, that a student is a student, and not a rhinoceros. For, he would say, a student is either a student or a rhinoceros; but a student can't be a rhinoceros, or else a rhinoceros must be a student; but the rhinoceros is no student: therefore a student is a student. You may think that was intelligible of itself; but one of us knew better; for he said, 'that a student is not a rhinoceros, but a student,' is a first principle of all philosophy. Then he came upon learning and the learned, whereupon he let himself loose against the unlearned. Whether God is, and what He is, philosophy alone teaches, he said; and without philosophy you can have no thoughts of God. Well, no one can say, with any truth, that I am a philosopher; but I never go through a wood that I don't fall thinking who made the trees grow. Then he spoke of hills and valleys, and sun and moon, as if he had helped to make them. I used to think of the hyssop upon the wall, but, to say the truth, it never came into my head that our master was as wise as Solomon. It strikes me that he that knows what is right, must, must—if I only saw such an one, I would know him, and I could sketch him with his clear, bright, quiet

eye, his calm large consciousness. Such an one must not give himself airs, least of all despise and scold others. Oh, self-conceit is a poisonous thing; grass and flowers cannot grow in the neighbourhood."

Clearly, such teachers could do little for him; and, as he says, his university was a group of friendly students. And, to more than him, such are the truest Alma Mater that their later life recognises,—living books from which they have drawn endless variety of living teaching. The genial collision of fresh and eager minds, and interchange of open friendly opinion; country walks, sustained with keen and humorous debate; and evenings in friendly chambers, where the converse runs gloriously on into the night,—it is these that have helped on the thought that a hundred lectures would never have reached. Nothing has been preserved of that Jena circle which, we are told, grouped itself into a "German Society," and strove after higher things than beer and the duello; nor is there other notice of that university career, save one, characteristic in its very sorrow. Josias died of the complaint that had threatened his brother, and young Matthew, then twenty, uttered a funeral oration, after the somewhat barbarous custom, before the faculty and students, on the thesis, *Whether and how far God determines the death of men.*

Three years later, he made his first literary venture, and left the University. The book was of no value, and but one trifling poem was rescued by his later judgment; but it was significant. Book-writing was manifestly to be his vocation, and he took no steps to any other. In Germany, the law throws open a variety of occupations inconceivable in this country; yet he remained passive at home. It may have been "shyness," as some suggest, or the "demand of a contemplative nature." Probably it was something more commonplace, a defective business faculty, and a poor knowledge of his profession. He expressed to Herder a modest view of his acquirements in that direction:—"I can write and cipher; I don't know much of law, either national or international; I could once write Italian, and still write French grammatically but not idiomatically; I understand Greek, Latin, English, Danish, Dutch, and some Swedish and Spanish; I heard lectures on the Institutes, and Pandects, and history, but I really know nothing more of Institutes, Pandects, and history than bare necessity compels." To those acquirements he might have added mathematics, a science that he pursued with uncommon zeal and skill, and even taught with some success; music, for which he had a genuine passion; the modern literature of his country, and a faculty of verse. Yet none of them promised much help to the lawyer; and young authors cannot afford to live on the strength of a book that no one will buy. So he went for a year to Copenhagen, as secretary to a Count von Holstein, then loitered three years again at Reinfeld, and, in 1768, went to Hamburg as a writer for the press.

The poetic life within him was struggling into activity, and from the day of his acquaintance with Klopstock, poetry wore a new meaning. "Mr. Ahrens used to say to us at school, 'No, no; these are not verses; verses must rhyme.' He would put me before him, and pull me first by the one ear and then by the other, and say, 'There 's an ear, and there 's an ear, that rhymes; and verses must rhyme.' Why, I can read two hundred verses an hour, and it is much the same as wading through water; but here [it is Klopstock's *Odes*] I cannot lift my eyes from the book, and it is as if forms I had once seen in dreams stood before me. . . . I had heard from Mr. Ahrens that verses were a kind of foamy froth that must rhyme; but my cousin says that they must not froth at all, but must be clear as drops of dew, and penetrating as the sighs of love." Another acquaintance was exercising no little influence upon him. This was Schönborn, the son of a Holstein pastor, whose brilliant intellect and energy won him a place among the best men of his time; "with a face," as Claudius describes him to Herder, "like oak-bark, a heart like the down of flowers, and the mind of Newton and Cartesius." Intercourse with other minds was bringing him into personal contact with the questions of the day. It was when the long reign of lifeless orthodoxy and propriety was drawing near its end, and the reign of doubt was beginning. The younger intellects were on the the side of scepticism; they were impatient of mathematical demonstrations of truth and right; the old world of thought had become hollow and artificial; and honest inquirers shrunk from it in dismay. Lifeless orthodoxy had almost ended in lifeless scepticism; and should any life come into scepticism, orthodoxy was in danger of being wholly swept away. The older men clung to the church and its forms and its rules with a desperate tenacity; as for any living power in the word of truth that carried its force of conviction within itself, they knew nothing, nothing but bare formulas. The younger men were weary, and sought something higher and worthier; but in the search they went adrift over the great sea of speculation, and took no guide. To them also the Word had no living power, and they cast it aside; but they looked for what *had* power, and believed they could find it, enthusiastic and warm as they were with the heat of youth. Such opposite parties were likely to stir many questions, and among them the very deepest. There was already beginning the strange and chaotic ferment of opinion that closed the century. And Claudius was now fairly in the fight with the rest. He had learned something in Copenhagen, been at least roused and startled there; he had gained much in the leisure years of thought that followed; and at Hamburg he was thrown again into the strife. Lessing, Herder, Klopstock, were among his friends; at the house of the younger Reimarus he met the freethinkers; at the Sievekings whatever of true culture and intellect and goodness there was in Hamburg. His own powers rapidly developed; energy stimulated their growth; and instead of being a mere unit in the brilliant literary society, he became one of its noted members.

His connexion with the first newspaper was dropped in less than two years, and he was only saved from absolute want by obtaining a place in the "Wandsbeck Messenger." This petty paper was printed at Wandsbeck, a pretty little village

just out of Hamburg, and thither Claudius removed, and was content; though on how little, let under-writers for the German press declare. In one of his papers he alludes in his jesting way to Tycho Brahe's residence at Wandsbeck: "for you have no doubt heard that Tycho, maker-of-calendars, and peeper-at-the-stars, used in his time to observe the course of the stars from Wandsbeck, and that this Tycho Brahe had a nose of silver and gold and wax, since in the night-time a nobleman had duelled off his nose of flesh. I call him to witness that I have no nose of gold and silver and wax, and that *by consequence* I do not observe the courses of the stars from Wandsbeck." If the pay is little and the wit is dull, and of that peculiar character known in Germany as *humor*, at least the writer is in good spirits, and looks cheerfully and bravely out at the world from the little red-roofed village street, not dreaming as yet that Wandsbeck would be better known to after generations by its sad-coloured and over-scanty *Messenger*, than by any number of observations on the heavens.

Other stars than heavenly, indeed, he found leisure to observe, for, watching the village street, Claudius caught a new interest that absorbed him for the time. There are schools in Germany for knitting, and other housewifery work of that patient kind,—excellent institutions in their way, although not intended for what came of one in the sexton's house at Wandsbeck. Passing to the school, an "uncommonly beautiful, lively and lovable" young girl threw her pleasant shadow across the editor's window twice a day. This was too much for a poet, and *homme de lettres*. He learned that she was the best answerer in the catechizing at church and that her father was a carpenter, and struck up an acquaintance by a true lover's ingenuity. He found that he wanted a large table, and that no one could make it but the carpenter Behn, yet so many alterations came about in that piece of furniture (happily still extant), and so many visits must be paid to carpenter Behn's house, that having one day invited some Hamburg friends and a clergyman, he surprised them by pulling the licence out of his pocket, and begging them remember they were wedding guests. The marriage was as happy in its results as odd in its conception; and the charming purity and reality of the family life, so naïvely described by Claudius in his letters to Andrew, was long a healthy and noble protest against the Wertherisms and other hollow sentimentalities that at that time overran Europe. "She had a pair of blue eyes," he says himself, "and her face was white and red. As it many a time happens that a blind hen finds a corn, so it was now. *De gustibus non est disputandum;* in short, once she pressed my hand under four eyes, and said that I was the one, and that so I should remain. I can never say what a stone fell off my heart, and how short the day and night grew, and how easy everything went." And in a poem to his wife on her silver wedding-day he says with deeper earnestness:—

> "Fortune and weal of all my life art thou,
> Full wise was I to find thee for my own:
> And yet not I. God gave thee then and now,
> Such blessings come from His dear hand alone."

Wandsbeck was the place for an idyl, and Claudius and his young wife entered on life in a purely idyllic way. Voss, the translator of Homer, and editor of the Göttingen "Almanack of the Muses," was there, and he writes:—"We are all day with brother Claudius, and commonly lie in the shaded arbour of the bowling-green, and listen to the cuckoo and the nightingale. His wife lies beside us, dressed as a shepherdess, with loose flowing hair, and her child in her arms. We drink coffee and tea, smoke a pipe, and prattle, or compose something for the *Messenger*." And even some years later, Voss's wife, beautiful, true-hearted Ernestine Boie, supplies a companion picture. "We visited Claudius' mother-in-law very often. She had a hostelry for honest citizen's families, and, with her two daughters, was right well skilled in serving the guests. There were two nine-pin alleys in her garden, and we took possession of one. Claudius was president of the society, and no one was invited without his permission. Every luxury was strictly forbidden, even coffee and tea. There was only Kaltenhof beer (Claudius' ideal), and pure water from the well, bread and butter, cheese, and cold meat. Many a time we played till ten o'clock, and in the moonlight." But life is more than playing nine-pins and dressing like shepherdesses; and when two daughters were born, and the semiquarto *Messenger* remained almost stationary, life assumed a rough and anxious aspect, and the prattling under green trees was exchanged for eager letters for help. To this end, Herder was busy at Darmstadt, and obtained at last a secretaryship to the Chancellerie. Claudius, whose wishes were rather for "some quiet post, such as director of an hospital, or other charity, in a wood; steward of a hunting-seat, garden-inspector, village-bailiff," or other like modest work, shrunk from the higher station. He tried republishing his contributions to the *Messenger;* his friends tried for a situation; he even betook himself to translation, most hazardous and toilsome of all literary expedients. And he went about it with a buoyancy and simplicity of soul, and freedom from final apprehension, that tell much for his family peace. He was, indeed, never meant for a mere writing-machine. He would only write when he could, when his thoughts needed writing; and to go on pouring out words in continuous flow for a return of so much bread, was a task-work, and sacrifice of truth and dignity, that was impossible. Yet he was a Man of Letters,—born for that as it seemed.

At this juncture the problem was solved by another Darmstadt offer; and to Darmstadt he repaired, to be one of the Commissioners of Land, with 600 florins of income. It has never been clearly made out what that office was in Claudius' mind. "Mumsen asked him what he had to do? 'Nothing,' he replied; 'but let everything go on!'" He lived "pleasantly and quietly," had some genial literary intercourse, yet longed for the arbours of Wandsbeck. And when the Land Commission broke down within a year, he made joyful speed to the pretty idyllic village, with these thoughts for the future:—"Translation, continuation of *Asmus*, and *commit thou all thy ways*." This slender provision is characteristic. Life might be

rough and harsh upon occasions, but he met it with the simple smile of present trust. He had few wants, and, if only he could live it was enough. For two years, the sons of the philosopher Jacobi were boarded with him, and helped somewhat. But when they left, and he saw eight children about him, and felt how little his pen could do for so many, he took a singular step. For he wrote to the King of Denmark, then Regent, for "some post, not very lucrative;" and as he felt himself incapable of all posts, he begged the Crown Prince "to speak a word of power, and to order for him what he was fit for." Probably no one but Claudius would have thought of such a letter, and quite certainly no one else could have written it. The result came, with scarce any delay, in the shape of a bank appointment at Altona, involving no change of residence, requiring little attention, and bringing a salary of £150 a year. From this time he could write his fancies in peace, secure against the hunger-fiend. As a mercantile transaction, it was scarcely prudent; and it would not be for the interest of banks to appoint every dreamy Man of Letters a director, and to leave them wooing the Muses in every pretty village of their liking. But it would not be in the interest of the world that Men of Letters should die of hunger; and it never has been in the interest of the world that it suffered its Men of Letters to starve in garrets, and roam through the homeless streets, and languish without hope in Grub Street. That has been so much of the truest light that was in the world extinguished, trampled out by that world with its careless foot, while it strode haughtily on in its darkness. It is becoming slowly conscious of that now, establishing pensions and civil lists, and like institutions. Its Men of Letters are a glory to it; it would wear them as decorations, as many as can show on its broad breast. It would even pet and huzza them — when they have shown that they cannot be put down. But it has not yet got to feel that they are its workers, as genuine and necessary as any other. And until then, we must accept such clumsy and harmless expedients as drew Claudius an income out of the Altona bank, and honour them as instalments of what is due, and as isolated, righteous, and beneficent acts.

As Man of Letters, Claudius was true to his calling. Perhaps it is the best thing that can be said of him as such. He felt it to be something noble, almost sacred, not to be paltered with for bread or reward, not to be lowered into mere drudge work, counted out by the page, and weighed by the silver. He had no foolish scorn for the money value of thought. He had set himself to live by thought, if it would support him. "I beg all editors of newspapers, and the rest," he wrote half piteously, "not to clip out my book into their columns, for it is my staff of life." But if such thoughts as he could fairly write would not support him, he would use no other. He wrote with a high and earnest purpose, as one who knew he uttered the inarticulate thoughts of many, and that when they became articulate they would, in whatever feeble way, be a power in the world, and influence the hearts and lives of men; and it concerned him that it should be such influence as he could honestly stand over. Soon after settling at Wandsbeck he had republished his contributions to the *Messenger*, and the success of that venture induced him to continue. What he had to say was thus given to the world in thin and irregular volumes, appearing at intervals between 1774 and 1814, and bearing the name of "Collected Writings of the Wandsbeck Messenger, or *Asmus omnia sua Secum portans*." It was of the most various and miscellaneous character: epigram, parable, essay, song, speculations on philosophy, criticism on current literature, letters, proverbs, dialogues with the Emperor of Japan, flights at politics, religious musings, all clustered together without effort at arrangement. From his editorial desk he looked out on the broad world as on some huge extent of panorama, slowly unfurling, and passed his remarks freely on whatever caught his notice, or sat silent as it pleased him. He is intensely personal, holds you by the button till he delivers his opinion; a pleasant, satirical, not voluble companion, and never egotistical. Bidding farewell to his readers, he says, "I make no apology for my writings. I am not a learned man, and never gave myself out for it. What I have done has been to the best of my ability, and I say in all frankness, that I could have brought together nothing better." This earnestness and honesty of purpose, and frankness of self-estimate, give character to the eight volumes; his own presence in every page lends them a peculiar piquancy and charm. He reveals himself in the pleasantest little touches of character, with the ease of being perfectly natural. He tells us how the tears sprung into his eyes while his mother told him that the moon went seeking Endymion through the sky; that he could not bear to see even a dog die; that he loved to wander through the deep woods singing his Psalm; that he and his wife used to walk out under the silent, solemn stars; and when Paul (the thief!) had stolen his hard-earned crowns, he walked into the country, and saw a river and soft meadow-land and horses and cows and sheep on the bank, and the cows well up in the water, leisurely drinking, "and I forgave him in my heart where I stood, and went home." It was so gentle a nature, so exquisitely sensitive to all influences of earth and sky, so humble and tender and reverent and pure. There never was an evening hymn as compact of calm and loving and holy thoughts, as truly a bridal of earthly beauty and heavenly peace, as his *Now rest the woods again*, for which readers are referred to Miss Winkworth's excellent translation. Yet there was nothing sentimental about him, but, on the other hand, great moral strength and healthiness. "If the sunrise does not move you, and you must squeeze tears into your eyes, then spare such made water, and let the sun rise without tears." "Poor Werther," he says again, "if he had only just travelled to Paris or Pekin!" And his parallel between Shakspere and Voltaire is worth preserving: "The one *is* what the other only *appears*. Voltaire tells you, 'Now, I shall weep,' and Shakspere weeps." No modern German poet has written a healthier song than his *Rheinweinlied*, mighty and strong as the Rhine itself. His "Peasant's Song" has all the breadth and manliness of Robert Burns, and what Burns had not, an outspoken and thankful faith in God: for, as he says himself, "a poet

should be a pure flint from which the fair heavens and the fair earth and our holy religion strike out clear, bright sparks."

Claudius, however, was more than Man of Letters. His instincts and tastes were purely literary; his life was a literary venture; but the literature was the noblest. He was a sturdy fighter for truth in an age when doubt was put forward as a healthy condition of mind. He loved, and searched, and battled for it with a passionate devotion. And it was the one absolute truth, *the truth as it is in Jesus*. To this end he wrote with a unity of purpose that underlies the most humorous and playful of his utterances, and gives his papers a completeness that so fragmentary and often whimsical a writer could never otherwise have attained. From the opening of the *Messenger*, his deep loving reverence for the Bible shows itself in contrast as much to the dogmatic orthodoxy as the rude unbelief of his time. "From my youth up," he says, "I have delighted to read in the Bible. Every word that proceeded out of the mouth of Christ, every movement of His hand—His very shoe-latchet, are sacred to me;" while over the very portal of his life as Man of Letters there are these words: "Most of all, I love St. John. There is something altogether wonderful in him. Twilight-dusk and night, and the quick start of the lightning through it! Soft evening clouds, and behind them the great full moon bodied forth. There is something so pensive, and lofty, and foreseeing, that one can never have enough. When I read in John, I always feel as if I saw him before me, lying on the Master's breast at the Last Supper; as if his angel held me the light, and at certain passages fell upon my neck and whispered in my ear." He would often pause from his chapter, in silent tears, and fold his hands and pray. The orthodox partisan said the Bible was true; would prove it, as his old teacher would prove a student not to be a rhinoceros. Claudius *felt* it, and spoke only as he felt. Religion which "is not in shallow dogmatics, nor unbelief, nor among the degenerate sons and whitened sepulchres of faith, which is not of the pure reason, nor orthodoxy, nor monachism" was to him for children. And in the spirit of a child he searched the Scriptures. Take, for instance, his comments on the Lord's Prayer:—

"When I am to pray it, I think first of my father, and how good he was to me while he lived, and how willingly he gave to me. And then I put the whole world before me as my Father's house, and all the people in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are then my brothers and sisters in my thoughts; and God sits in heaven on a golden throne, His right hand stretched forth over the sea and even to the ends of the earth, and His left hand full of salvation and good, and the tops of the mountains smoke, and then I begin:—

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.

I do not yet quite understand that. It may be the Jews knew certain mysteries of the name of God. I let that alone, and only wish that the thought of God, and every step by which we could reach to know Him, were above everything else great and holy to me and all men.

Thy kingdom come.

At this I think upon myself, what currents drive me hither and thither, and how one thing and another rules me, and that it is all vexation of spirit, and I never find a green twig. And then I think how good it would be if God would make an end of all strife, and rule in me.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

At this I see heaven, with the holy angels who do His will with joy, and that never a sorrow vexes them, and they rejoice night and day; and then I think: if it were also so upon earth!

Give us this day our daily bread.

Everybody knows what daily bread is, and that we must eat as long as we are in the world, and that it is a right pleasant thing. And I think upon it. And my children come into my mind, for they are so ready to eat, and run so quickly and heartily to the dish. Then I pray that our dear God will always give us something to eat.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

It is hard to suffer wrong, and revenge is sweet to man. That is my own experience, and I could have a great desire to revenge; but then I seem to see the wicked servant out of the gospel; and I have no heart for it, and I determine to forgive my fellow-servant, and will never say a word to him about the hundred pence.

And lead us not unto temptation.

Here I think of examples of every kind, of people who, under different circumstances, have quitted and turned away from the good, and that it would be no better with me.

But deliver us from evil.

Temptations are still in my mind here, and that a man can be so easily led astray, and wander from the right path. At the same time I think of the burden of life, of consumption and old age, of childbirth, and gangrene, and idiocy, and of the thousand pains and sorrows that are in the world, and whereby poor human beings are plagued and martyred, and no one can help them. And you will find, Andrew, if the tears have not come into your eyes before, that here they will come of a certainty, and one has such pitiful longings, and is as sorrowful and cast down as if there were no help. Yet must one be of good courage, and lay the finger on the lips, and march on as if in triumph:—

For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for ever. Amen.

With what *naïveté*, and what singular depth and accuracy this is written; a strictly personal comment in which the writer takes you into his confidence; nothing formal or elaborated, but only a personal experience; yet where else in the same compass should we look for so much poetry of feeling and exquisite perception of truth? This childlike spirit he carried into the great religious, rather irreligious controversies of his time, and met the doubts and innuendoes and assaults of the sceptic with the positive strength of a man of faith. Religion was to him a personal matter, and had its surest ground

and reality in the personal relation to God. It was out of this that his appeal went forth, and it was in this that his real power lay. His relation to his time,—to its scientific theology, and philosophical doubting, and incipient rationalism,—may be seen in such passages as these :—

"Certain deistical gentlemen and Chinese wiseacres have equipped a host of objections and doubts out of Aristotle's *Organon*, Count Welling's *Salzlehre*, Descartes' Mathematics, Wolfen's Experimental Physics, Geriken's Air-Pump Theories, etc., and have advanced to make a breach in the Mosaic cosmogony. Light, for example, should not have appeared on the first day, and the sun three days too late; grass and trees should not have grown on the third day, when there was no sky till the fourth, and so on. And certain theological gentlemen and broad-minded philosophers have raised up a host of answers and solutions against them, even out of Geriken's Air-Pump Theories, Wolfen's Experimental Physics, Descartes' Mathematics, Count Welling's *Salzlehre*, Aristotle's *Organon*, etc., and thereby have made the breach yet wider, seeing that the Mosaic cosmogony is not measured off according to Aristotle's *Organon*, Geriken's Air-Pump Theories, Descartes' Mathematics, Count Welling's *Salzlehre*, nor Wolfen's Experimental Physics, and therefore is neither to be assailed nor defended by these. But if the Mosaic cosmogony is to be justified by none of these, it is not the fault of the lock but the locksmith. It needs no such artificial justification, and soars away on the *wings of the morning* high above all objections and doubts, yea, and triumphs."

"Some famous learned men have thought out another plan of nature. Species, they say, are only resting-points and steps, where Nature rests and collects herself in order to go on further, and always from the lower to the higher and more developed, so that an oyster ends in a crocodile, and a gnat in a serpent, and from the most developed of the lower animals come at last men and angels. This is put forward cleverly enough; only that the first and chief argument against it is, it is not true. So little does Nature advance from one species to another, that she never alters the same species or makes it more perfect. The autumn spider spun its web among the Romans in the same wonderful mathematical form, with peripheries, radius, and centre, and already Ælian remarks that it does its work without Euclid. He relates, moreover, that it sits in ambush in the centre of its web, as we see it sit after more than a thousand years."

"*Emperor of Japan.* As I hear the world is everywhere the same, of course, then, you don't want in Europe for objections and doubts against religion?

Asmus. Mr. Lessing recently gave to the public various doubts of an anonymous writer, some of which are truly learned and clear. He has refuted them, however.

E. Mr. Lessing belongs to the bench of philosophers?

A. I should say that your Majesty had better set him on his own chair. The common benches do not suit him, or rather he does not suit the benches.

E. How has he managed with those doubts?

A. In the usual way. He that is right will maintain the right. He ought to maintain it, and dare not shun the open field. So Mr. Lessing lets the doubts march on with upper and under arms, and the man with the truth marches against them. But as a troop of religious doubts is like a rattlesnake, and falls upon the first unarmed man, he will not allow that, and therefore he puts a muzzle upon every doubt; something to gnaw at, until a learned and understanding theologian is equipped. And, says he, we must meet the foe honourably; and no one is to cry victory because he has fired off an old rusty musket with powder only; and no one is to take up more ground than he can defend, and than the foot of religion needs.

E. Mr. Lessing pleases me. Do you think he would care to come to Japan?

A. I am not aware, Sire; your Majesty at least must make the conditions very minute and conclusive, for he must see everything clearly with his own eyes.

E. It seems the refutation is not of much importance?

A. Of none at all, Sire. By the help of Mr. Lessing's electric spark I seem to see Religion as a medicine, and the doubter as Dr. Peter, and the refuter as Dr. Paul, and they quarrel over the medicine as it lies before them on the table. If I stood sick and wretched beside the table and the two doctors, and would willingly be relieved, and Dr. Paul was right, yet I would not be cured if I did not take the medicine; and if I did take it, and it were good, I would be cured, even though Dr. Peter were right. So the maintaining of what is right is only for the gentlemen who can look on and listen; but the taking of the medicine is the real business; and one patient, Sire, who was cured, would prove more for those gentlemen who listen, than a hundred victories of Paul over Peter."

Should it be inquired what was the secret of the influence he wielded as a Christian thinker, it was just this, that he was a Christian thinker. He was content to be that, and his contemporaries were not. He clung to positive truth, not as a bulwark against infidelity, but as the life and joy of his own heart. The rest were looking at it critically, scientifically, poetically, as men of taste, and learning, and feeling. He looked at it as his possession, of which if a man robbed him, he might as soon rob him of life. There were certainly greater men in his day, though not so much greater as his modesty made him believe; men who speculated and wrote on the questions that came up in his papers; yet there is not one that has left the same healthy influence. Lessing opened a door to doubt which he was not willing to close; Herder preached himself into an unconscious pantheism; Jacobi was philosophically neutral; Stolberg followed sentiment into the Church of Rome.

Claudius held on by Christ as by a rock; wrote letters to Andrew on the miracles; expounded Christianity to his children; put forward essays on prayer; and each new volume became more thoroughly imbued with Christian thought. We know little of the way by which he was led to Christ as a Saviour. Hamann and Lavater seem to have had much

power over him at the time, and he turns back to them with thankfulness. It would seem he had to pass through much personal struggle, and "to wander in defiles and labyrinths before reaching the doors of peace." It would seem also that from this time old friends separated from him, dropped at least the constancy of their intercourse. As years rolled on he kept more within the family life at Wandsbeck, where the days passed in the cheerfullest simplicity. One daughter, Christiana, died; another, Caroline, was married to Perthes the bookseller. Of Christiana he has touchingly written:

"A star rose in the sky,
And flung mild radiance down,
And softly shone and high,
Softly and sweetly down.

"I knew the very spot
Of sky that held its light,
Each sundown had I sought,
And found it every night.

"The star is sunk and gone;
I search the sky in vain:
The other stars come one by one,
But it comes never again."

Caroline's life is before the world, and has been, and will long be, a strength and comfort to many hearts. In those noble womanly letters that are the greatest charm of the *Life of Perthes*, she has revealed the genuine force and tenderness of that Wandsbeck home. Another daughter was married to young Jacobi. And while his family was scattering from him, friends were passing away. Schönborn, it is true, had returned, a sluggish old man, wrapped for most of the day in a dressing-gown, not of the cleanest, or standing in the doorway in long loose overcoat; silent as if in a dream, or rude of speech, with rough Low-Saxon idiom; talking the boldest and grandest thoughts; "the most thorough sceptic that ever existed;" perfectly friendless, and cast among a new generation of literary men; a nuisance on the whole, but with a kingly mind, and so reluctant to die that he absolutely refused for more than a week, shocking all the proprieties of medicine. Claudius could not have much intercourse with *him*. Schlosser, Lavater, Klopstock, Herder, Princess Gallitzin, and young Runge, the painter, were already gone. He might have said with Wordsworth:—

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids, from infant slumber,
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'"

He did not long survive the trials of the French occupation. On New Year's Day, 1814, he published a Lay Sermon to the German people. "Sorrowful and anxious ones," it concluded, "who weep over your loss, for your sons, your friends, your well-loved, do not despair; and if the comfort that they have suffered and died for freedom and fatherland, cannot comfort you, there is in Jesus Christ a prospect which can raise you over death and the grave, and all that is earthly, and thoroughly dry your tears." Next New Year's Day he lay on his death-bed in Hamburg. "I have all my life," he said, "reflected on these hours, and now they are come." He was quiet and joyful, and retained all his originality and peculiarities. He was constantly in prayer. One afternoon it was, *Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.* "An hour later he said *Good-night* several times, and in the moment of departure, he opened his eyes, and looked lovingly upon his wife and children." "The expression of the whole person," writes Perthes immediately after, "is still very striking; there is an air of weariness, as if he were satisfied and pleased to have done with the earthly; while the brow retained its beauty and power, and the mouth all the fulness of affection, which characterized them in life. The end of this man was indeed great and noble."

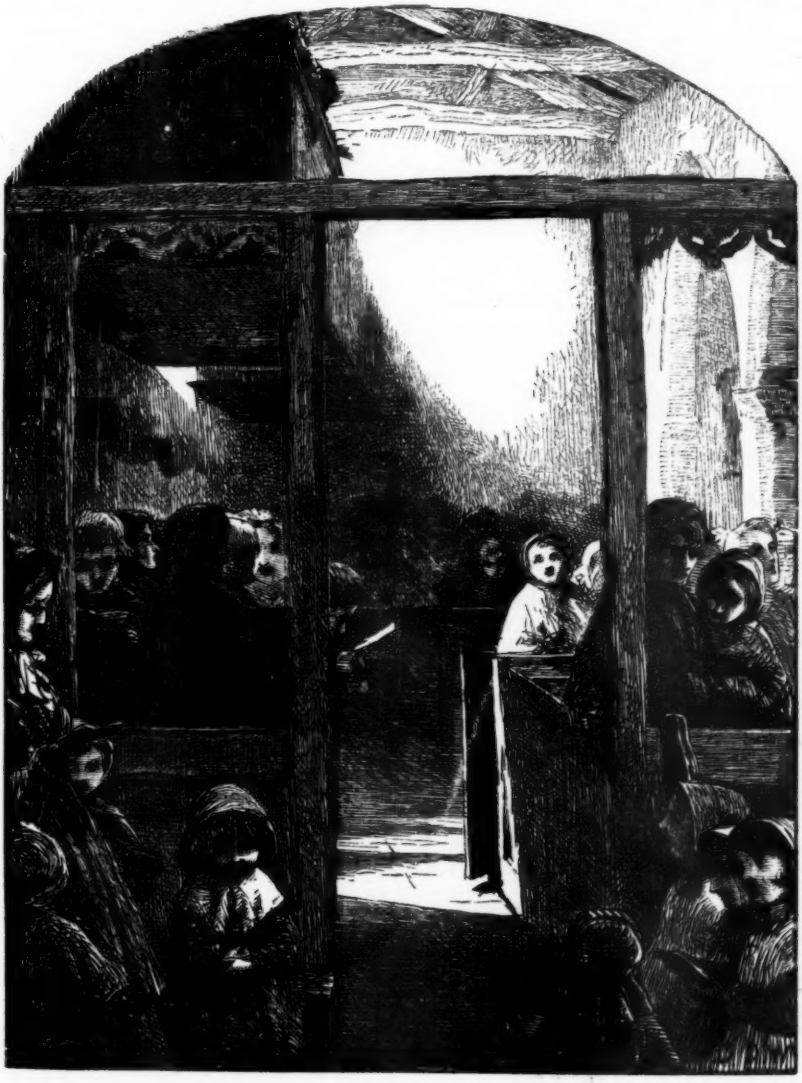
The calm of that awaited death is in harmony with the rest. The shrewdness, and irony, and whim are stilled in the silent and thankful communion with God, and the veil is drawn softly over the sickly face and the "heavenly blue eye," over five-and-seventy years of a life that was not without its harshness, and coarse, strong lines, but that, as quaint, original, sincere, devout, was unsurpassed. Age had ripened his Christian faculties, and made him only more decided for the truth. "You write, Andrew, that it makes your hair grey to see Christ denied and despised. You, dear, righteous soul, and well it may; but whoso carries grey hairs for Christ carries a crown." "Whoever," he wrote again, "will not believe in Christ, must just see how to get on without Him. You and I cannot." He translated Fénélon in his latter days, grew somewhat mystical about the inner life, dwelt upon the perfect union of the soul with Christ, and wrote so earnestly that men said the old Messenger had got tiresome. To many he was scarce intelligible. They had relished the Man of Letters; they grew weary and dull over the Man of God. Often Novalis is unintelligible for the same reason. When he rises into the sphere of religious feeling, readers and critics, and very friends, apologise for his obscurity. Knowledge of the intricacies of German thought is not enough to interpret him, though that impression is left by a recent and otherwise fair writer on *Guessers at Truth*. Knowledge of spiritual life is more essential; sympathy with spiritual thought. And Novalis has been unfortunate in being edited and reviewed, and introduced to us in England by those who frankly disavow a power of spiritual perception in any positive Christian sense. It is for the Christian thinker he has the profoundest interest, and to him he will yield the richest fruits. And it will be found that, where Claudius repels the mere literary seeker, there are hidden, but easily-yielded treasures for the spiritual mind.

Wandsbeck still draws an occasional pilgrim to its shrine. The Messenger has passed into other lands; his writings flourish in a seventh edition in his own. There is not a German student that does not sing his songs; there is not a Holstein peasant that does not hum his pleasant rhymes. But deeper than all, he has struck root in the religious heart of Germany, and survives as the simple-minded Man of Letters who was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY A WORKING MAN

FOR THE CHILDREN TO SING AT AN ANNIVERSARY MEETING IN HERTFORDSHIRE.



THE SABBATH DAY.

THE merry Birds are singing,
And from the fragrant sod
The Spirits of a thousand flowers
Go sweetly up to God:
While in His holy temple
We meet to praise and pray,
With cheerful voice, and grateful heart,
This Summer Sabbath Day.

We thank thee, Lord, for one day
To look Heaven in the face!
The Poor have only Sunday;
The sweeter is the grace.
'Tis then they make the music
That sings their week away:
Oh, there's a sweetness infinite
In the Poor Man's Sabbath Day.

'Tis as a burst of sunshine—
A tender fall of rain,
That set the barest life a-bloom—
Make old hearts young again.
The dry and dusty roadside
With smiling flowers is gay;
'Tis very heaven once a week,
The Poor Man's Sabbath Day.

'Tis here the weary Christian
Doth reach his House of Ease;
That blessed House called "Beautiful,"
And that soft chamber "Peace."
The River of Life runs through his dream,
And the leaves of Heaven are at play:
He sees the Golden City gleam,
This shining Sabbath Day.

Take heart, ye faint and fearful,
Your cross with courage bear;
There's many a face now tearful
Shall shine in glory there!
Where all the sorrow is banished,
All tears are wiped away;
And all eternity shall be
One endless Sabbath Day.

Ah! there are empty places,
Since last we mingled here,
And there'll be missing faces
When we meet another year!
But heart to heart before we part
We'll altogether pray
That we may meet in heaven, to spend
The eternal Sabbath Day.

OUR SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

Behold me standing at the door,
And hear me pleading evermore;
With gentle voice above the din,
"*May I come in? May I come in?*"

I fought for thee with Death's grim wave,
I burst the dungeons of the grave;
I would my rightful guerdon win.
"*May I come in? May I come in?*"

Wearing the cruel thorns for thee,
I listen long and patiently,
To hear the footsteps from within.
"*May I come in? May I come in?*"

Poor soul! so dismal is thy sight,
And lo, I am the Living Light,
That smiles away all mists of sin.
"*May I come in? May I come in?*"

There's surely room upon thy breast,
For one more loving head to rest;
One empty place for kith and kin.
"*May I come in? May I come in?*"

I would not have *thee* beat in vain,
My Father's door, and plead in pain,
When Heaven and all its joys begin.
"*May I come in? May I come in?*"

THE PARENT'S PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN.

Christ on Earth, in Heaven the King,
As we heard the Children sing;
How the thought within us smiled—
Thou wert once a little Child.

Hover near then, Heavenly Dove,
With thine overshadowing love;
Keep them pure and undefiled:
Thou wert once a little Child.

See them playing on the sands,
'Twixt two tides with helpless hands;
Save them when the waves grow wild:
Thou wert once a little Child.

Bless them in their joyousness,
Hear them, help them, in distress;
Be their Shepherd when beguiled:
Thou wert once a little Child.

Let their feet be firmly shod;
Let them not go back to God,
With immortal Jewels soiled:
Thou wert once a little Child.

Take them, when the Peril's past,
To thy Father's Home at last,
He remembers, and is mild, stress;
Thou wert once a little Child.

OUTSIDE.

THERE is a tremendous difference between being Inside and being Outside. The distance in space may be very small: but the distance in feeling is vast. Sometimes the outside is the better place, sometimes the inside: but I have always thought that this is a case in which there is an interruption of Nature's general law of gradation. Other differences are shaded off into each other. Youth passes imperceptibly into age: the evening light melts gradually into darkness: and you may find some mineral production to mark every step in the progress from lava to granite, which (as you probably do not know) are in their elements the same thing. But it is a positive and striking fact, that you are outside or inside. There is no gradation nor shading off between the two. I am sitting here on a green knoll: the ground slopes away steeply on three sides, down to a little river. The grass is very rich and fresh: and it is lighted up with innumerable buttercups and daisies. You can see that the old monks, who used to worship in that lovely Gothic chapel, brought these acres under cultivation in days when what is now the fertile country round, was a desolate waste. And the warm air of one of the last days of May is just stirring the thick trees around. But all this is because I am outside. There is an inside hard by where things are very different. Down below this green knoll, but on a rock high above the little river, you may see the ruins of an old feudal castle. Last night I passed over the narrow bridge that leads to the rock on which the ruins stand: and a young fellow, moderately versed in its history, showed me all that remains of the castle. You go away down, stair after stair, and reach successive ranges of chambers, all of stone, formerly guardrooms and kitchens. These chambers are sufficiently cheerful; for though on one side far underground, on the other side they are high above the glen and the river. The setting sun was streaming into their windows: and the fresh green of beeches and pines looked over from the other side of the narrow gorge. But now the young fellow mentioned that the dungeons were still far beneath: and in a pitch-dark passage, he made me feel a small doorway, black as night, going down to the horrible dark recesses below, to which not a ray of light was admitted, and to which not a breath of the fragrant spring air without could ever come. You could not but think what it must have been, long ago, to be dragged through those dark passages, and violently thrust through that narrow door, and down to the black abyss. You felt how thoroughly hopeless escape would be: how entirely you were at the mercy of the people who put you there. And coming up from those dungeons, climbing the successive stairs, you reached the daylight again: and descending the steep walks of the garden, you reached a place just outside the dungeons: which on this side are far above ground. There was the pleasant summer sunset: there were the milk-white hawthorns and the fragrant lilacs: there was an apple-tree, whose pink-and-white blossoms were gently swayed by the warm wind against the outside of the dungeon wall. And, almost hidden by green leaves, you could hear the stream below, whose waters (it is to be confessed) had suffered somewhat from the presence, a few miles above, of various paper-mills. And here, I thought, were the outside and the inside: only six feet of wall between: but in all their aspect, and above all in the feeling of the crushed captive within, a thousand miles apart. Of course, there was no captive there now: but all this scene was the same in the days when those dungeons were fully inhabited. And doubtless, many of those who were then thrust into those dismal places, liked them just as little as you and I should; and were missed and needed by some outside, just as much as you or I could be.

In this case, you observe, it is better to be outside than to be inside. But there are many cases in which it is otherwise.

You may be outside physically: as you would be if you were to fall, unnoticed, and in the night, overboard from a ship; and it to pass on, and leave you to perish in the black waters. Many human beings have done *that*: an old school-fellow of mine did. It must be a dreadful thing. It would be better, in such a case, not to be able to swim: for then the suffering would be the sooner over; and the mind would be in such a bewildered, hurried state, that there would be less room for the agony of thought. But in warmer seas, where the chill of the water would not speedily benumb into loss of power and consciousness, the single hour through which, as Cowper tells us, an unaided swimmer might sustain himself in life, would seem like a lifetime. I know a man who supported himself for a whole night, by the help of two oars, after his vessel had gone down in the Indian Ocean. His wife and child went with it: and after desperate efforts to save them, he found himself in the water, clinging to his two oars. Three times, through that awful night, he cast the oars away from him, and dived deep under the surface, hoping that he might never come up: but the in-

stinctive clinging to life was too strong: and each time he faintly struggled back to his oars again.

Then you may be outside morally. You may somehow have turned out of the track in which those who started with you are going on in life. Perhaps through folly: perhaps through sin: you have got beyond the pale. There is a narrow passage in a certain city, a steep and narrow passage of evil odours, through which many clergymen are wont to go to a certain building, in which a great ecclesiastical council meets. In a dark recess, opening into that narrow passage, and leading to various wretched dwellings, I have beheld a deposed and degraded minister standing in the darkest shadow he could find, and watching those who were once his brethren going up by the way he once used to go: but shrinking back from their notice. Alas for the poor outsider: so near physically to the place where he used to be: but morally so far away! Surely his case is worse than that of the castaway, swept from the deck into the boiling ocean. After that sad instance, we shall feel the less sympathy for such moral outsiders as those who suffer through the existence of lines of social cleavage: the people who chafe at being excluded from the society of the great and exclusive First Circle of a little country town; or who complain keenly that some wealthy or perhaps noble neighbour keeps them on the outside of his dwelling. Probably you have known people feel this moral exclusion very bitterly. You may have heard a lady in some small community complain with extreme severity that she was thus made an outsider; and that, in the festive tea-parties which went on in the halls of light around her she was permitted to have no part. At the same time she probably showed, with great force of statement and argument, that she was in all respects a great deal better than the people inside that charmed circle to whose outside she was condemned. You could but sympathize with the individual in her sorrow; and advise her not to mind. Every one has known the wrath and jealousies which have arisen from thus putting people morally outside: from not sending them cards on the occasion of a marriage: from not inviting them to some entertainment. You may remember a classical instance of the wrathful spirit awakened in a human being stung by the sense of being outside. Mr. Samuel Warren describes a man as standing in Hyde Park on an afternoon in the fashionable season: seeing all that gay life going on; and feeling that he had nothing to do with it; and bestowing on the whole system of things his extremest malison. Perhaps a worthier nature might have looked on in kindly interest at a class of concerns and a mode of existence in which he had no share: and hoped that all paths through this world, however far apart in time, might yet end and meet in the same happy place together. We may wish well, my reader: and I trust we shall wish well: even to those with whom we have little in common; even to those beyond the circle of whose sympathies we stand, and beyond whose comprehension our great interests lie.

Moral outsideness may co-exist with physical insideness. This truth is well known to unpopular officers in regiments, who though physically inside are morally outside: also to schoolboys who for some offence have been temporarily sent to Coventry by their young companions. And probably such find it a heavy trial to be placed outside the pale of society: to sit on a form at school with thirty other boys, none of whom will speak to them: to be cut off from joining in the games of the playground. There used to be a vulgar expression current among Scotch schoolboys: probably it is current still: which was founded on this principle: that a human being though physically an insider may be morally an outsider. You spoke of being *in with* such a youthful companion; and *out with* such another. You are aware how consignment to moral outsideness often serves as a fearful punishment of offences to which laws cannot reach. To be entirely repudiated and cast off by the society amid which you live, whether lofty or lowly: to be made a social outlaw and outsider: is something not easily borne even by the most callous: something which right-thinking men could support only by the firm conviction that solemn principle prompted the conduct which brought down this reprobation. It is not nearly so lonely a thing to dwell in the wilderness, never seeing a human face: as it would be to live in the town in which you were born and brought up: and to see, as you walked its streets, scores of faces you know well, but each averted as you pass. You may have seen poor women bear this: with what crucifixion of the whole nature they only know: you may have beheld them face the unconsciousness of their presence on the part of old friends with a disdainful smile; or meet it with the look that betokened a breaking heart. I have witnessed this, my reader, more than once; and I doubt not you have done so too. As for men, they can stand all this better. *They* can always find a certain class who are content to associate with them: a class of people like themselves. And with a great injustice, not indeed without some reasons in its favour, you know how even the most reputable society passes lightly in a man what it visits with its severest reprobation in a woman. Yes: you may have witnessed a brazen outsider, who ought never to have been suffered inside again, gradually elbowing himself, by force of face, into weight in the senate of a certain moral country. You may have known an unrepenting

blackguard, once cast out by the society of the town and the county, and who never afforded the faintest reason why he should be let in, step by step getting in again; till at length the aged reprobate was in high favour in families abounding in girls, and saw clergymen of great pretensions seated at his hospitable board. Yet, in the main, a man becomes an outsider by deserving it. I mean an outsider with people with whom he would wish to be an insider. With others, it may be different. I have heard of a young midshipman who was made an outsider because he read his Bible morning and evening; and because he would not get drunk when the rest did. A man would be made an outsider in certain parts of this empire, unless he helped to screen the sneaking, cowardly murderer who shoots his landlord from shelter of a tree, because asked to pay his rent. And there are parts of America in which you would become an outsider unless you spoke in praise of the biggest and blackest outrage on humanity that the sun looks down on: I mean negro slavery. Of course, among thieves you must say nothing against stealing: or they might turn you out. But in the main, in this country, people are put outside because it serves them rightly. And the punishment is a fearfully severe one: reaching to sins and to people not otherwise easily punished. You have known persons obliged, by this moral outlawry, to go away from the district or the country where all their interests lay: even great wealth and rank have not sufficed to prevent a man's feeling bitterly that he was made an outsider. You may have seen the fair mansion and the noble trees which their owner could never enjoy, because he durst not show his face where he was known. There was once a man of no small position who was master of a pack of fox-hounds, let us say in Ethiopia. On a certain Sunday, that man chose to amuse himself by taking out his hounds, and chasing a fox which he had caught: having cut off the poor fox's feet previously to turning it out to be chased. Of course, the brute (I mean the master of hounds) was brought before the magistrates of that part of Ethiopia; and heavily fined. The law could do no more: and the punishment was most insufficient. The brute probably cared very little for that. But he probably cared a good deal when in a day or two he received a communication from all the princes and nobles of that district, in which they told him that they withdrew from his hunt and cut his acquaintance. Prompt and resolute outsiding inflicted justice in the most satisfactory way.

I have more to say of moral outsiders: but at this point I cannot help looking round, and thinking what a blessing it sometimes is to be physically outside. Not far away, there lies the great city. Inside it the writer lives; and he judges it the best of cities: but now he is beyond it: he is an outsider for three days of perfect rest in the quiet country. It is often worth while to go in, that you may fully appreciate the blessing of coming out. Did you ever, reader, live in July, on that most beautiful Frith of Clyde? After a week in that pure air, and amid that scenery that combines so wonderfully richness and magnificence, you cease fully to understand what a privilege you are enjoying. But go up for a day to the hot, choky Glasgow of July! Remain for five hours in that sweltering atmosphere, hurrying from place to place on business, and stunned by the ceaseless whirl of that hearty and energetic town: and then go back to the seaside! Oh, how delightful to get away into the clear air and the quiet again! And in this green place, I think of the city already spoken of; and of much work and worry there: and feel that here for a little one is outside it all. I think of a certain Gothic building, in which is now sitting a council I much revere. I think of the hot atmosphere: of the buzz: of the excitement: of the speeches so very interesting and so very long. I observe from the newspaper that yesterday two gentlemen spoke four hours each. And then I look at that rich sycamore, with foliage so thick: and at the hawthorn blossoms: and at the yellow broom: and at the green grass (for there is "much grass in this place"): and thank God for all!

Last night, on the little village green, I saw several moral outsiders: I mean members of a class from which respectable folk would for the most part shrink away. There were four poor fellows, acrobats or tumblers: and a girl who is a rope-dancer. They had sent in advance a large bill, which was stuck on a tree, to say there was a grand entertainment coming. The entertainment hardly came up to its description. Still the men did many really wonderful gymnastic feats. They had a striking scene in which to display their ability. It was a beautiful twilight: the little green had fine large trees round it: in the distance there was a great purple hill: and close by was the grey old chapel. The only drawback was a very cold wind. There was a large assemblage of country folk, not very hearty or appreciative spectators: and all evidently regarding themselves as on a totally different level from the poor wanderers. The four men turned somersaults and the like: the poor girl, in her sorry finery, stood by: wrapped in a large shawl till the time of her performance should come. I observed that when the hat went round, the rustic audience evinced great economy in their gifts. The Fool, poor fellow, his face bedaubed with coarse red and white, and wearing a cap with two ears, simulated great spirits, and made many jokes. I looked at him with great

pity: and wondered if any human being ever deliberately chooses that way of earning his bread: or whether some men are gradually hedged up to it, without having had a chance of anything else. I was specially sorry for the poor girl, standing with the cold wind blowing through her thin dress. The rustics roared with laughter, as the fool quoted Shakespere. He was evidently a man of better education than the rest. His most effective point was when he took up a small looking-glass, which was to be given as a prize in some way I did not make out: and looking into the glass, exclaimed, "Ah, that face: that fine old face! He was a man, take him for all in all,"—and so forth. Not since I was a child have I seen such people: and I was greatly touched by the sight of them, and by thinking what kind of life they must lead. I wondered if they ever went to church; or if any clergyman cared for them when they might be sick or dying. And if I had been able, I should assuredly, in defiance of all the laws of Political Economy, have seized them, and taken them away from their sorry occupation: and set them to respectable work: and made them go regularly to church: and in short, brought them inside!

There is a curious feeling of the difference of being inside and outside, when you are sitting in the cabin of a ship at sea. It is so, even if you be making a voyage no longer than that from Glasgow to Liverpool. It is more so, if you be sailing on distant seas. Fancy a snug little sleeping-cabin; and you lying there in a comfortable berth placed against the side of the ship. You lazily lay your head upon the end of the pillow next the ship's side: about six inches distant from you, but outside, there is a huge shark rubbing its nose against the vessel. Your head, and the horrible head of the strange monster, are but a few inches apart; happily you are inside, and the monster outside. Somehow it seems as if it were a more remarkable thing for a homely Scot, who went in his youth to a Scotch parish school, and a Scotch parish church, to be eaten by a shark in a far-away place, than it would be for almost any other human being to meet a like end. The parish school and the Shorter Catechism are things wholly inconsistent with a man's living any other than a decent life, or meeting any other than a quiet Christian close. You know how pleasant and refreshing it is, when you are walking along a dusty road in June, outside some beautiful park, to come to a spot whence you have a view into a green recess of the woods within. And probably you know a city where, as you walk the glaring summer streets, you can look in many places through iron rails into depths of cool grass and verdant leaves that gladden eyes and heart together. And if you pay a yearly subsidy for a share in such a place, you know that when the iron gate swings noisily into its place behind you, and you pass from the pavement to the neat gravelled walk or the cool turf, though it be but for a quarter of an hour at the close of a busy afternoon, you have felt that there is far more than a physical difference between the outside and the inside: you have felt that breaths of balmy country air come back to you, and the remembrance of pleasant country cares. There are human beings, the possessors of fair domains, who seek by lofty walls to keep their fellow-creatures outside their belongings: even to prevent their fellow-creatures from refreshing their weary eyes by looking upon green expanses which they are not likely to tread. It is a narrow and unworthy mind that feels it cannot fully enjoy its own possessions, unless all mankind be kept definitively outside them! But it testifies to a truly noble nature, when we see what may be seen in many places now: the possessor of a beautiful stretch of landscape around his dwelling, cordially welcoming his humbler neighbours to its paths and glades; giving up the prettiest portion of his park for a cricket-ground for the lads of the adjoining village: and judging that his charming acres look all the more charming when they cease to be a charming solitude, and are lighted up by happy faces. But a sweet country place is usually in the midst of a sweet country: and there is no place where you value green grass and green trees so much, as when you see them in contrast to the streets of a town; and especially to the ugliest streets of a town. I know a spot, which on a summer day, is peculiarly stifling and dusty: the dust being mainly the dust of coal. There is a suburban railway station: there are various mills: there are houses of unattractive exterior: everything is glaring in the sunshine: everything is covered with dust. But you enter by a door in a lofty wall: and you feel the difference between being outside and inside. There is a curious old-fashioned house, surrounded by a pretty garden, laid out with much taste. Everything is green, fresh, cool, quiet. It would be a pleasant spot anywhere: but being where it is, it is a true feast to the eyes. You enjoy the inside so much more keenly, for the contrast with the outside. Green grass: green trees: clear water: abundant flowers and blossoms: freshness and fragrance in the air. And outside the coal-dust, the glaring pavements, the railway station!

I suppose most people like to contrast insides and outsides, that they may relish one or other the more. Did you ever, my reader, sit in your warm, cheerful library, on a cold winter night, away in the country, which in winter (it must be confessed) looks dreadfully bleak to people accustomed to the town? Your curtains are drawn, and your lamp is

lit; and there are your familiar books all round, with their friendly-looking backs. There is the blazing fire: and notwithstanding the condemnation of a certain great Bishop, you do not think it wrong to possess various easy-chairs. All this is pleasant. There is an air of snugness and comfort: and you feel very thankful, it is to be hoped, to the Giver of all. But you do not know, from the survey of the mere interior, how pleasant it is. Go away out; and look at the cold wall outside your chamber. There it is, dark with the plashes of rain, which the howling blast bitterly beats against it. There are the leafless trees, shivering in the blast. There is the stormy sky, with the racking clouds; which the chilly moon is wading through. If you try to make out the landscape as a whole, there is nothing but a dense gloom, with a spectral shape here and there, which you know to be a gate or a tree. On a moonless night, the country is terribly dark. It is dark to a degree that townfolk, with their abundant street lamps, have no idea of. After beholding all these things outside, come in again: and you will understand in some measure how well off you are. You will know the distance there may be, between the two sides of a not very thick wall.

Less than a wall may make the distance. You have probably travelled in a railway carriage through a dark stormy night. If you are a quiet, stay-at-home person, who do not travel so much that all railway travelling has come to be a mere weariness to you, you will enjoy such a night with considerable freshness of interest. And especially, you will feel the distance between being outside and being inside. Inside, the thick cushions: the two great powerful lamps, which give abundant light: the warm rugs and wraps: the hot water stool for your feet: the newspapers, and the new magazine: one or two pleasant companions, who do not trouble you by talking, except at the stations: the stations forty miles apart. There you lie in luxury, with the feeling that you may honestly do nothing: that you may rest. And looking through the window, there is the bleak, dark landscape, with all kinds of strange shapes which you cannot make out: the glare cast upon cuttings through which you tear: the fearful hissing and snorting of a passing engine: the row of lighted windows of a passing train: the lurid flame of distant furnaces: the lights of sleeping towns. Yes, a night's travelling between Edinburgh and London is as wonderful a thing as anything recorded in the *Arabian Nights*, if it were not that it has grown so cheap and common!

Looking out of the carriage-window over the tracts on either side; and thinking how little parts you from them: you may call to mind a certain ghastly journey by a night-train. A deliberate and cruel murderer, who had committed (it was believed) more than one or two murders for gain, was very justly sentenced to be hanged. He was tried and sentenced in London: and then he was conveyed in a railway carriage a journey of a hundred and forty miles to the place of execution. He sat, manacled, between two officers of justice, through these hours of travelling. It must have been an extraordinary journey! It was a near glimpse of freedom for a man to have when the tightest meshes of the law had grasped him. There he was, inside: a person going to a dreadful death: and outside, stretching away and away, the free fields: and only the two or three inches between that inside and that outside! I can imagine how the poor wretch thought, Oh if I could but get into the middle of that thick wood: if I could but hide under that ivied bridge: if I could but put a hundred yards of midnight darkness between me and those terrible keepers who have me in their charge! I can imagine how, as he felt rapid mile after mile bringing him nearer the scaffold, he would wish for some terrible accident: some awful smash: nothing could come amiss to him: nothing could make *him* worse! But in such a case, of course, the little partition between the inside and the outside,—the couple of inches of timber and cloth, the eighth of an inch of glass,—was the little indication of an awful gulf, that had been making for months and perhaps years. Sometimes, indeed, the grievous moral lapse that puts a man in the cage of which he can never get out; or that puts him outside the pale through which he can never afterwards get in: may be the doing of a very short time. The hasty blow: the terribly wrong turning: may have marked a change as definite as that when the poor castaway is swept from the ship's deck into the waves of the Atlantic.

In old days, when society was unsettled, it seems as if one would have felt, more vividly than now, the difference between being inside and being outside, in the matter of safety. There must have been a pleasant feeling of security in looking over the battlements of a great castle, and thinkingthat you were safe inside them. The sense of danger with which men must in those days have gone abroad, would be compensated by the special enjoyment of safety when they were fairly inside some place of strength. Human nature is so made that even though you are aware that no one desires to attack or injure you, still there is a pleasure in thinking, that even if any one had such a desire, he could not. You know how children like to imagine some outer danger, that they may enjoy the sense of safety inside. It is with real delight that your little boy, sitting on your knee, suddenly hides his face in your breast,

exclaiming loudly that there is a great bear coming to eat him. He feigns a danger outside, that he may enjoy the feeling of being safe from it. So you will find a man who has been labouring hard, going away for a little rest to some remote quiet place. He tells you, no one can get at him there. The truth is, nobody wants to get at him; but like the child with the great bear, he calls up some vague picture of a great number of people coming to worry him about a great many matters, that he may have the pleasant feeling that he is safe from them where he is. You can think of a man who has committed some crime, flying from justice: and as he puts mile after mile of desolate country between him and the place from which he has fled, thinking that surely he is safe in this retreat. You can think of the forger, a few years since, who fled across the Atlantic: fled from the American seaboard and penetrated deeper and deeper into the backwoods, till he stopped in an utter solitude somewhere in the Far West. You can think how, as week after week went on, he began to feel as if he might breathe in peace at last: and think of the poor wretch, sitting one evening in his little log-house, when two London detectives walked in, having tracked him all this way!

Did you ever see a foolish duck dive at a hole made in the ice; and come up again under the ice at a hopeless distance from the opening? It is a sad thing to see even that poor creature perishing, with only an inch or two of transparent ice between it and the air. You hasten to break a hole near it to let it escape: but by the time the hole is made, the duck is twenty yards off. The duck I have seen: but it must be a fearful case when a human being gets into the like position. You may have lately read how a man was at the bottom of a deep well, when the earth near the top fell together and shut him in. There were ready hands to rescue him: and he was not so shut in but that his voice could be heard hurrying his deliverers. He told them that the water was rising: that it was at his knees, at his breast, at his neck: and the workers above were too late to save him. I suppose it is quite ascertained that in those wicked and cruel ages which ignorant people call the good old times, it was not unusual to wall up a nun in a niche of a massive wall, and leave her there to perish. *Vade in pacem*, were the words that sentenced to this doom; which the reader probably knows, mean not *Depart in peace*, but *Go to rest*. Such was the kindly repose provided in those happy days. And another dismal inside is that of which Samuel Rogers tells us the true story: the massive chest of oak in which a poor Italian girl hid herself, which closed with a spring-lock, and never chanced to be opened for fifty years. You can think of the terrible rush of confused misery in the poor creature's heart when she felt herself shut in, and heard the voices that seemed approaching her die away. But half a century after, when the chest was drawn out to the light and its lid was raised, there was no trace in the mouldering bones of the thrilling anguish which had been endured within that little space. It is a miserable story. Yet perhaps it has its moral analogies not less miserable. There are human beings who by some wrong or hasty step have committed themselves like the poor girl that perished: who have, in a moral sense, been caught, and who can never get out.

Yes: it is a great question, Outside or Inside: and I remember, drawing these desultory thoughts to a close, that the testing question which puts all mankind to right and left, is just the question, in its most solemn significance, which may be set out in that familiar phrase. There is the Christian fold: there is the outer world: and we are either within the fold of the Good Shepherd of souls, or without it. It is not a question of degree, as it might be if it founded on our own moral character and deservings. It is the question, have we confided our souls to the Saviour or not: are we right or wrong: are we within or without? And the two great alternatives, we know, are carried out, without shading off between, into the unseen world. We know that there, when some have gone in to the feast, the door is shut: and others may stand without, and find no admission. Let us humbly pray, that He who came to seek and to save that which was lost, may find each reader of this page, a lost sheep by nature, a poor wanderer in the outer wilderness; and draw all with the cords of love within his fold. And let us humbly pray that at the last, we may all, however our earthly paths have varied, find entrance into that Golden City, which has a wall great and high, whose building is of jasper, and which shall exclude all sin and sorrow: through whose gates, though not shut at all by day (and there shall be no night there), "there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth:" and where the blessed inhabitants "shall go no more out," but be safe in their Father's house for ever!

A. K. H. B.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF JULY.

FIRST EVENING.

THE MEETING.

"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.

IN the foreground of the old Hebrew prophet's vision lies a dull sad earth; but in the distance a bright heaven shines. Here, some faithful men go forth weeping, bearing precious seed; but, yonder, they are bringing back the sheaves rejoicing. What good men spoke to each other on the earth, God heard and recorded in heaven. Such is the two-fold message that Malachi proclaimed. He tells us first of the spoken words, and then of the written record. These two in their order and relations correspond, in some measure, to the Meeting and the Minute-Book.

THE MEETING.—"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

1. *The Persons.* "They that feared the Lord." The appellation is generic, and not specific. It indicates generally what side they had chosen, but does not specify particularly what character they bore. They were the religious men of that day, as distinguished from their profane or vicious contemporaries. From the time of Cain and Abel these two classes have lived together in the world, more or less commingled; and they will live together in the world, in spite of all human ministries, until angel-reapers shall finally separate the tares from the wheat at the second coming of the Lord. That primeval pair of brothers were typical as well as historical personages. Then, as now, the fear of God and a regard for man were associated features of human character. When the first was wanting, the second also disappeared.

They who fear the Lord are, like Abel, at once devotional and humane. Tenderness to a brother is the under side of trust in God. Scripture and reason unite in discrediting the profession of godliness in the heart, if brotherliness do not appear in the life. "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother."—1 John iii. 10.

The expression "fear of the Lord," employed in its generic sense to designate the godly, is spread over the whole Bible—alike the Old Testament and the New. The fear of the Lord, specifically understood, conveys not only a different but even an opposite meaning. Fear grows in guilt, and hides from the holy. Its descriptive characteristic is, that it "hath torment." This fear fades away before reconciliation. "Perfect love casteth out fear." They who generically fear the Lord are specifically free from fear. The original fear that possessed the heart of the sinful is, through faith in Jesus, resolved into its elements, reverence of the Divine, and dread of the Pure. Pardon bestowed and accepted dissolves the dread, and leaves the reverence in all its integrity. Reverence of the Divine, left in possession and relieved of its carnal complement, assumes to itself a filial confidence as its fellow. Henceforth, in the new nature, fear and trust constitute one character, known, in the Scriptures, by the general term fear, but as widely different from guilty terror, as day is from night. In the dear child's love of his heavenly Father, there is as much fear as suffices to guard against every approach to presumption; and in the creature's fear of the righteous Judge, there is as much filial love as suffices to eliminate all the terror. Those whom Malachi designates as the God-fearers of his day approached the altar, as the disciples afterwards departed from the sepulchre of Jesus, "with fear and great joy." These two, when normally combined in the spiritual life, constitute a character more lovely and more precious than either ingredient when it stands alone.

2. *The Period.* "Then," the godly in Israel met and held converse. The date of the transaction is important. Indeed, in all events, ancient and modern, civil and sacred, it is impossible to over-estimate its importance. Facts, however great and however clearly reported, lose often half their value, if we are not able to ascertain when they occurred. The religious men of Malachi's day bore their testimony to truth in a peculiar crisis of the nation; and the peculiarity of the crisis affected the conduct of the witnesses. They stood on a narrow ledge with a deep dark chasm on either side. Behind, was a restless sea of individual wickedness and national apostasy; before, a long dark night was lowering over a trackless desert. They were already on the edge of that broad dark border that separated the revelation of the Old Testament from that of the New. It was, spiritually, a waste howling wilderness that lay between Malachi and the Baptist; and although, throughout the ten times forty years of Israel's wandering there, a human leader sometimes rose up to take the place of Moses, no light from heaven appeared instead of the ancient guiding pillar. To thoughtful men, it was a more solemnizing position than that of their fathers when they stood on the edge of the desert, and strained in vain to look across the dreary interval that lay between them and the Promised Rest. The setting sun threw a melancholy red light from the great sea athwart the mountains that stand round Jerusalem; and a long, long night must intervene before the dawning of another day. True, they possessed the promise, "Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of

righteousness arise with healing in his wings;" but as sight failed, and faith was feeble, no wonder that their hearts were sad.

It was a season of national degeneracy. The testimony of their latest prophet is singularly clear and specific. He openly charges them with ungodliness, and specifically libels the details of their guilt. They refused to serve God, and then justified their disobedience by blasphemy. Their words were stout against the God of their fathers, and their life was one long violation of His law.

It was in such a crisis that pious men sought out each other, and held meetings for consultation and prayer. Thus it has ever been. When Sodom has nearly filled up the measure of her guilt, and the final judgment is about to descend, then the Abrahams of the time and place may be seen on the brow of the neighbouring hill, pleading with God for mercy, or urging men to repent. The faithful, in an evil day, constitute the preserving salt of an apostate community; but the community, in the nature of the case, cannot recognise their benefactors. To know and acknowledge the worth of the worthy would imply already repentance and reformation. Meantime it is consoling to observe in such an example, that all things work together for good to them that love God. The darkness of the night quickened the watchmen's longings for the dawn. The wickedness of men drove the faithful closer to God. The want of sympathy on earth increased their intercourse with heaven.

3. *The Transaction.* They "spake often one to another." Meetings and mutual counsel were not peculiar to the faithful in those days, and are not peculiar to them in ours. Other classes also held conferences, and exchanged views. Like drew to like. Birds of a feather flock together, whether the feather be white or black. Those who had sown much and reaped little would doubtless have something to say about the failure of their crops. Perhaps there were philosophers in those days who traced effects to their causes, and discovered that mildew and caterpillars were generated according to the laws of nature. Perhaps they said smart things about the softness of the saints in supposing that the blood of a lamb reverently poured on the altar could have any effect on the corn-fields. The merchants also, who earned much money, and then lost it all through holes in the bag—through the failure of the investments which they had deemed profitable and safe—the merchants were able to demonstrate that the commercial crisis was due to the conjunction of a bad harvest with civil commotion, and that these, again, were caused by the elements of nature on the one hand, and the ambition of powerful chiefs on the other. Fortified by this investigation, they could boldly proclaim that the same misfortunes would have certainly befallen them, although they had sacrificed a hecatomb, and spent all their days and nights in saying prayers. Satisfied with philosophy, they dispensed with faith. Having discovered Nature, they discarded God.

Probably the saints of that day did not find it necessary, in accepting one of these two, to reject the other. They may have been able to see as far as their neighbours into the generation of caterpillars, and the failure of trade. But after they had pushed their inquiries as far as the line of reason could reach, they did not venture to determine and pronounce that no God lived, judged, and acted in the unexplored region beyond. Although they observed the operation of the natural laws, they believed in a personal, living Lawgiver. The Supreme Ruler was their Father and their friend. They felt his chastisement, and yet did not distrust his love.

A group of these good men have congregated casually at the gate. Some bargains must be made, and some balances settled; but when these transactions have been completed, this knot of grave Hebrews still remains upon the spot. They are conversing now upon a subject that bulks more largely in their hearts than the business of the day. The nation's apostasy, the judgments of God, the duty of the faithful—these and similar themes circulate with bated breath in earnest whispers. Look on those men! These are the Lord's remembrancers. This company constitute the unobserved conductor that receives the lightning from the sky, and guides it to the ground. The proud tower still stands erect, because this saviour stood between it and its doom.

We give up hypocrites of all degrees to the will of their enemies. From non-believers we ask no quarter for any lie. Wherever and whenever falsehood is detected, let it be unsparingly condemned. But we venture to believe that, after the spurious profession has been all eliminated, a large residuum of true godliness remains in our own land in our own day. A multitude whom no man can number walk with God in white along the common paths of life. We rejoice, we exult in the belief that this land teems with true disciples of the Lord Jesus. Accusations of hypocrisy flung out at random will neither destroy their title nor change their character. Let Christians take the hint for their own benefit that no efforts by adversaries can do them any harm. If they are true to themselves, nothing else will hurt them.

When Christians meet in small companies, or in large assemblies; on the Sabbath, or during the week; in the place of business, at the family hearth, or in the reunion for prayer,—they should have somewhat to say to one another about the kingdom of God within their own hearts and throughout the world. It is said in Scripture that where the treasure is there will the heart be also: the principle might be safely employed in constructing a parallel rule,—where the treasure is, thither will the conversation tend. We do not prescribe it as a duty that people, when they meet in the house or on the highway, should call to mind their profession, and bring in a bit of religious conversation in order to preserve their consistency. No; this is the province of the heart and the will, rather than of the memory and judgment. Good things put on after this manner never fit closely. The religious conversation must spring up like water in a well. But when the spiritual affections are stirred, they should not be artificially suppressed. Permit them to flow freely. When a few persons meet, who have a common interest in one great event or project, they instantly fall into conversation upon the sub-

ject. If they should remain silent, or speak on some trivial theme, the fact would prove that they were under restraint. As soon as they feel themselves free, they will glide into the subject that lies nearest their hearts. The disciples of Jesus, when they meet, should freely hold intercourse regarding the kingdom of God. Sometimes of set purpose in meetings for reading the Scriptures and prayer, sometimes casually, or rather providentially, when brothers and sisters of God's family meet on the edge of the world's broad highway, they should take counsel together as to the growth or fading of grace in their own hearts, and in the Church at large.

If your hope is bright, brother, and your faith firm, do not hide under a bushel the light that the Lord has given you. Your neighbours need your aid. By introducing gently, naturally, modestly, the preciousness of Christ as a subject of conversation, you may be the means of fanning into strength some expiring spark of grace, or of kindling first conviction in some dark soul. The children of the kingdom should have something to say to one another about the King.

SECOND EVENING.

THE MINUTE-BOOK.

"A book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.—MAL. iii. 16, 17.

"THE Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him." We are familiar with the thought that God is the "hearer of prayer;" but in this case no mention is made of prayer offered by the knot of believing Hebrews who conversed with each other in the gate; and yet the words which they spoke on earth were heard in heaven. The voice of prayer is not the only voice that reaches the ears of the Lord of hosts. The Redeemer and Judge of men hears what we say to each other as well as what we say to himself. The Divine omniscience is dreadful to man until he is reconciled to God. It makes indifference in religion impossible. Suppose you should discover to-day that some one has heard every word that you have spoken, and known every thought that has passed through your mind, with what feeling would you henceforth regard him? Not with indifference: that is no longer possible. If you do not confide in him with a perfect love, you hate him with all the force of your being. Whether they confess it or not, unreconciled sinners hate God for hearing them, and searching their hearts.

But while the intrusion of an alien into the deepest privacy of your soul is unspeakably distasteful, the presence of a friend, especially in times of darkness, is unspeakably sweet. In a multitude of cases the same words of Scripture convey to one class a promise, to another class a threat. "The Lord hearkened and heard" what men said to each other in their companies, casual or pre-arranged. What then? The intimation is comfort to every dear child of God's family, but terror to every alienated heart. "Rightly dividing the word of truth" is the occupation and the art of every faithful minister; but the word of truth sometimes divides itself without the intervention of human ministry, sending out from the same sentence on one side a sharp arrow to pierce a hard heart, and on the other side the oil of gladness to heal a broken one. Different, opposite emotions are awakened in different persons by the simple intimation that God hears the softest whispers in which a friend confides his secret to a friend. Would that you and I, reader, were so at peace with God in the Mediator, that we should absolutely have no wish, although we had the power, to keep a secret from his ken. In this matter the only two methods endurable are that of hiding all, and that of having nothing to hide. These two are conceivable, but the latter alone is possible to man. The first is the plan which the wicked vainly try; the second is the plan which the ransomed of the Lord successfully adopt.

"*A Book of Remembrance was written before Him.*" This is one of those accommodations to human conceptions and human forms of speech which abound in the Scriptures, and which must abound in any revelation from God that shall be intelligible to man. What sort of a book it is, and how it is written we do not know. It is called specifically a book of remembrance. This phrase suggests that it is more closely analogous to human memory than to books that are made by human hands. The memory is a more wonderful thing than a book. How many facts and dates and figures can be written over and over each other on its single page, without effacement or confusion! Consider a human memory with its crowded record of threescore and ten years, all legible still at the close, and then think of its duration and its power multiplied by infinity. As all events lie in the Divine prescience before they happen, so they all abide remembered in the omniscient mind after they have emerged into fact. The book is "written before him." We are writing it from day to day, and from hour to hour. They photograph a criminal now, and by aid of the picture detect him more surely when he commits another crime. Our hearts, throwing out a stream of thoughts as they heave, are all and always open in the sight of Him with whom we have to do. It is as if the words and the seed-thoughts whence they spring should rise invisible like water evaporated in the sun, and strike against the outspread canopy of heaven, and print themselves indelibly on its ample page. There they remain recorded till the judgment is set and the books are opened.

But although it is in the main a consolation to the children of God to know that all their words and thoughts are written in their Father's book,

does not this intimation prove too much, and cast down again by its terror those whom in tenderness it lifted up? The record cannot be partial; and if all is written, how can the holiest stand?

True, even a renewed man dare not in the judgment appeal to the record of his life. In the words of the Psalmist he abandons that plea: "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?" But when the law closes one door, the gospel opens another. The alternative immediately follows, "But there is forgiveness with thee."

A Christian's page in God's book is like some accounts that I have seen in the processes of commerce; the page is double, and it is written on both sides, on the left hand and on the right. The two sides are corresponding and opposite. The one is called Charge and the other Discharge. I observe in settled accounts, although on the side of charge the vast page may be crowded with a multitude of entries, while on the side of discharge there may be only a single line, yet the amounts at the bottom are equal and balancing. I see some name written underneath; that name written gives and secures the discharge. Ah, the life-course of a disciple fills up his charge in God's book, and that account at life's close is a heavy debt; but Christ's name and merit are marked to his account, and all is thereby blotted out. No man could hope to meet the opened book in the great day unless his Redeemer's name were written there. It is on the letters of that blessed name that a humble believer looks when he dares

> "To read with glistening eyes,
> His title to a mansion in the skies."

You may boldly read your own sin-debts, my brother, with your own eyes in God's book of judgment at the great day, when you see them written over the Discharger's name.

The persons for whom the book is written are characterized, not only generally, as those who feared the Lord, but also specifically, as those who "thought upon his name." This last characteristic of ancient Hebrew piety possesses a peculiar interest when set in the light of their institutions and their history. It was not lawful to write in full, or to speak articulately the awful name, Jehovah. All the more reverently and intensely on that account did the faithful think upon it in an evil day. That hidden name is now unveiled. The Father is manifested in the incarnation of the Son. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory." "No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." Between the ministry of Malachi and the preaching of the Baptist, there were, doubtless, always some faithful witnesses, although from our standpoint they are "hidden ones." Those devout thinkers on God's great name had successors running in an unbroken line through the intervening generations until it leant on Christ. In the course of those ages their name was changed, but their nature and their occupation remained the same. In Malachi's time they thought upon Jehovah's name; in the Baptist's day, they "waited for the consolation of Israel." Those watchful hearts and straining eyes were at length gladdened by the dawn. The Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings. The perennial promise of the New Testament is "to them that look for him, He shall appear."

Nor should we fail to notice—for under the full light of the gospel, the minute and half-hidden trait springs up into first-rate importance—that the Book of Remembrance is written for the persons who spoke to each other and thought on the Lord's name, rather than for the words which they uttered, and the thoughts which they cherished. The Scriptures contain distinct reference to two books. To have my name written in the Lamb's Book of Life is one thing; to have my thoughts, words, and actions recorded in God's book of judgment is another. I may be personally dear to the Lord that bought me; while my life at the best has been evil, not only in God's sight, but even in my own. Let the book be written for me, and not for my words and thoughts. Blot out all my life, Lord, from thy book of judgment, but blot not me from the Book of Life. To those who look on the gospel of Christ as they look on a mathematical problem or a theory in political economy, the distinction may seem a very small point; but to a soul that has been convinced of sin, and drawn to the Redeemer, it is a point on which life or death eternal turns round. If my life-deeds are marked mine in the great day, I perish; if these are all blotted out, and my name recorded as one of the Lord's redeemed, I shall hear the welcome, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." I stake all on this. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Not obscurely, considering the time and circumstances of the revelation, a great glory of the gospel shines through the prophetic imagery here. Not only is the Saviour precious to his people; his people are also precious to the Lord. He is their portion,—that is one truth; but another and greater is, they are His. In the New Testament, Christ invites sinful men to come to himself and be saved; cries aloud to them when they disregard his word; weeps for them when they will not heed his cry; rejoices over them when they come; sees in them of the travail of his soul when they are saved, and is satisfied with them as his company for ever. "My jewels:" that is the name by which the Redeemer knows his believing people. He counts on them for setting in his crown. How safe they are! None shall be able to pluck them out of his hand. How highly he values them!—how highly, therefore, should they esteem themselves! Here lies the strongest motive to practical purity. Defile not these jewels that are destined to be set in Christ's glorious crown.

And, last not least, under the folds of Malachi's prophetic drapery lies a lesson, all the more acceptable that it is found where it was not expected, on patience in tribulation. Sharp strokes and hard rubs should not surprise the dear children of God's family, nor make them doubt a Father's love. This discipline is all needed, that the jewels may be more shapely and more shining, when the trials are over and the rest begins.

THIRD EVENING.

A QUESTION ASKED IN SORROW.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—ROM. vii. 24.

A Christian Frenchman, still living, of great attainments and high position, owes his conversion, instrumentally, to the skill of a village shoemaker in explaining the difficult doctrinal writings of Paul. The philosopher had, by other means, been led to make inquiry for himself on religious subjects. He began to search the Scriptures, as he had previously been in the habit of searching nature, with a simple desire to discover truth. Advancing step by step in his investigation, like a traveller attempting to cross a stream, he came at last to a place beyond his depth, in the 3d chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Conscious of a certain pure sublimity in the tone of the whole, but unable intellectually to comprehend the parts and their relations, he halted, and remained for some time in a condition of suspense. Having mentioned his effort, and indicated his position to a lady in whose house he was a visitor, she assured him that a shoemaker lived in the neighbouring village who could solve his difficulties. Curious, but incredulous, he suffered himself to be led to the cottage of the untaught theologian. There, from a humble artisan, he learned what he had not been able by his own researches to discover. He found the key, and opened the mystery. He saw the light, and felt its power; he became and remains a trustful disciple of Jesus.

The facts are well authenticated. The case is striking, but neither unprecedented nor inexplicable. The themes of the Pauline theology, when they are at once ardently and exactly studied, are eminently fitted to exercise and develop the intellectual faculties. More especially when a mind of great natural vigour, awakened by a sound elementary education, and not distracted by other inquiries, concentrates its strength on these themes, as they lie in their germ in the evangelical histories, and spread out into their logical developments in the Pauline epistles, a character emerges which has grown, indeed, according to natural laws, but seems a prodigy to the onlooker when he first discovers it. Besides, when a man of good natural ability has been spiritually enlightened, he possesses an advantage over a mere scholar, even in ascertaining and comprehending intellectually the deep things of the Scripture. According to the express testimony of the Master himself, a man who is not born again "cannot see the kingdom of God," however distinctly it may be revealed in the gospel. No one who is acquainted with the early history of missions to India will count it a thing impossible that a shoemaker could unravel the knotty points of Paul to a French philosopher. Our own Carey, "the sanctified cobbler" of contemporary wits, is already a bright particular star not only in the circle of Christ's disciples, but also among the great men of his land and his day.

The doctrinal discussions which abound in the writings of Paul, besides their direct and highest use in explaining how the sinful may be saved, have, by a secondary subordinate operation, proved an unspeakable boon to Protestant Christendom. The study of these writings makes the learner both acute and grave. It gives sail and ballast at once. Peasants who have devoutly tunnelled their way through the Epistle to the Romans may generally be governed without the aid of an armed police. Although, as the annals of Scotland testify, they stand in a tyrant's way, they constitute a pillow, without a thorn, on which the head that wears a righteous crown may sleep in peace.

We approach, at this time, one of the great apostle's weighty sayings, hoping that, through the teaching of the promised Spirit, we may in some measure perceive its meaning, taste its sweetness, and submit to its power. In such an exercise we labour under the disadvantage of dealing with a single sentence, arbitrarily broken off from a discourse whose texture is continuous and close. But this disadvantage may be practically reduced to a minimum, if not altogether removed, in a land where every reader has a Bible at hand, and is already in some measure acquainted with the context.

The portion which we have selected for examination consists of a question and its answer, emerging by way of conclusion from a lengthened process of spiritual self-dissection, recorded in the preceding part of the chapter. The question and its answer, both in essence and in form, constitute an impassioned exclamation. In point of fact, the emotional characterizes the writings of Paul as much as the intellectual. Although his words are always cutting, they are never cold. They glow as they penetrate, and therefore they kindle while they convince.

"O wretched man that I am!" Obviously he is suffering; and the cause of his distress is something that he calls "the body of this death." What may that be? The expression is peculiar; yet by aid of the context, and the analogy of the Scripture at large, its import may be substantially, and even accurately, ascertained. The three principal terms are, (1.) *Death;* (2.) *This* Death; and, (3.) the *Body* of this Death. We must examine these terms separately and in their reciprocal relations.

1. *Death.* We can scarcely err here. Natural death is not the apostle's theme in this passage. He is not speaking, he is not thinking of it. The death of which he speaks is something from which he would fain be delivered. But the man is living, and no immediate danger threatens his life. He is not in, he is not near death temporal; and therefore it is not death temporal of which he speaks when he prays for deliverance from its power. It is death spiritual. It is sin. No reader of Scripture will be at loss to realize this conception. The death which the man feels, and of which he complains, is sin in his own heart and life. What aspect of his own sin his exclamation indicates will immediately appear.

2. *This Death.* The preceding context is a

vivid narrative of his own present spiritual experience. It is a sun-picture of the inner man, as he then was and felt himself to be. The ailment is present and personal. Throughout those keen, self-dissecting sentences, the patient appears writhing in agony before the spectators. His eye, meantime, is not straining into the dim, troubled future,—striving to catch the outline of unknown but apprehended terrors; his eye is turned inward upon the thoughts of his own heart. It is *this* death that troubles him,—the death that gnaws his vitals now.

That death is an object of terror to many who sit at ease in *this* one. The distress that the earliest convictions generally produce in the conscience consists in the dread of a death that threatens to overtake, rather than the loathing of a death that has already overtaken the guilty. In short, and to speak without a metaphor, the punishment of sin hereafter is often dreaded more than the pollution and power of sin now. A test whereby one may try the truth of his religion is supplied here: Would you be comfortable and content in *this* death, which is already in your soul, if you could make sure of escaping *that* death which threatens the guilty from the judgment-seat of God?

"O wretched man that I am!" and wherefore wretched? Is it because "the wicked shall be turned into hell?" If this be all, the devils are as far advanced in religion as you are; for they tremble at the prospect of that second death. Let it be distinctly conceded, however, that a dread of punishment from God for sin is neither wrong nor useless. In itself, and as far as it goes, it is not evil, and may lead to good. But fear of punishment is not sorrow for sin. If it linger alone in the soul, and do not lead forward to something better than itself, it becomes a symptom of love to sin, and of grief that God does not love it too.

3. *The Body of this Death.* The language is figurative, and the figure is abrupt and bold; but in nature and in Scripture we shall find analogies sufficient to direct our inquiry, and insure a safe result. Spiritual death—another name for sin—is personified. It is conceived and spoken of as an existing substantive being, capable of acting and suffering. Thus "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death;" and "O death, where is thy sting?"

From the conception of death or sin as a person and a power, it is only one step to the conception of it as consisting of soul and body. In this view, it was its body, and not its soul, that afflicted Paul throughout his Christian course, from his conversion to his departing hour. The soul of sin had in him and for him been destroyed at the moment of his union to Christ in faith. When he became one with his Saviour as a branch is one with the vine in which it grows, when his life was hid with Christ in God, he was in one important sense delivered finally from sin. The sentence of guilt was then removed. He was at peace with God. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." He was reconciled. He counted thenceforth on God's favour for Jesus' sake. Sin could neither rule him while he lived, nor cast him away when he died. The soul of sin was for him destroyed. Its immortal part was taken away. It had not now that terrible vitality and immortality which makes it dreadful. It could not outlive the man, and meet him again at the judgment-seat.

Yet Paul, when forgiven and justified, was not done with sin. It was no longer his master, but it availed to torment him still. It could not cut off the future life of blessedness, but it disturbed the present life of trial. It could not reign over the man with sovereign power, but it lingered in the man with a defiling presence. The serpent that possessed Saul of Tarsus had been thrust through, so that its spirit fled; but its body lay in Paul the apostle a loathsome and noisome carcase, dimming all his joys and impeding him at every step of his course.

The body of sin, then, represents the actual impurity that remains in the heart and life of a Christian after he has been forgiven and renewed. Sin as a reigning power, as a nature in the man, and an enmity against God in his soul,—*sin* in these aspects has been taken away. It has been blotted out in the blood of the Lamb; but *sinning* still continues more or less in the life of renewed men. The life, the power, the soul of sin has been destroyed, and the remaining imperfections of the Christian constitute its body, which defiles and disturbs him all his days.

Observe, it is of the body, and not the soul, of this death that the apostle complains. This was a new complaint. It began on the way to Damascus, when he fell to the ground at the feet of Jesus, and rose again at his word. This death, this sin, was in Saul when he kept the clothes of the ruffians who murdered Stephen. It was in him then uninjured, soul and body too, but he did not loathe the inhabitant of his own heart, and did not cry for deliverance. Why? Because it was not then the body, or corpse of this death. It was the living person, his companion, his inhabitant, himself. No man truly desires to be delivered from sin, as long as sin lives uninjured in his breast. As long as it is living, he cherishes it. He has no desire to be free from its embrace. While spiritual death is complete in a sinful man, the sinful man does not feel uneasy under spiritual death. The body of this death is not disagreeable as long as the soul is in it.

It is when his sin is pardoned that a sinner truly dislikes sin. While it has power to cast him into hell, he loves it: when it can no longer do him permanent harm, then he fears and hates it. This is one of those paradoxes which consist of more condensed and intensified truth. At this point, the bold figure of the text greatly aids our conception. A wicked companion, if he has won your heart, and holds it as by a spell, is loved, and at all hazards held to your bosom. But if the fascinating serpent that coils round your heart, as if his folds were its own fibres, be secretly smitten dead by the hand of a Mighty One who wisely loves you, while the material folds of the dead ensnarer remain still warped about your being, your love is infallibly turned into loathing. You will be constrained to cry, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body, the carcase, of this reptile! The sins that still linger in his soul, contrary to the will of his new nature, are loathsome to a converted and forgiven man, as the corrupting carcase of a dead companion would be if it remained hanging on his living limbs.

FOURTH EVENING.

THE ANSWER GIVEN IN GLADNESS.

"I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vii. 25.

Before going forward to consider directly the glad, grateful answer which Paul got and gave to his own sad question, it will be expedient to recur for a moment to the doctrine which the question contains. The theme is difficult; but it is deeply interesting, and its difficulties are by no means insoluble. They are precisely such difficulties as might be expected to occur in the revelation of God's will. We might expect that Revelation, although not beyond men's understanding, would exercise it to the full. They who cast the Scriptures aside, because in some parts they are not so easy and interesting as the last novel, do violence to the doctrines of Natural Theology, as well as to the letter of Scripture. The truth taught in this text is, moreover, of a kind that will bear and repay some repetition in the effort to expound it. If it glide over the surface at the first enunciation, we may grasp and retain it at the second.

If the body of sin were wholly removed at the moment when its spirit is destroyed, there would be no interval of discipline for Christians in the body. If a man were for ever absolutely sinless from the moment his sin was forgiven, no such cry of spiritual distress as Paul emitted could be heard on earth. But in the purpose of God and the experience of his people, a period of trial intervenes between the decisive turning from sin and the attainment of perfect holiness. After the soul of this spiritual death has departed at conversion, the body of it remains a while; and it is when the soul of it is gone that the body of it is felt to be loathsome. When a man's love of sin has departed, and his sinning still remains, he becomes wretched, and cries for deliverance. While your favourite lives and lies in your bosom, although he is destroying you, you are content with his company; but when he dies, and therefore can no longer deeply or permanently hurt you, you loathe his lifeless frame. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

You may discover here the explanation of a fact on which many have stumbled. Both in the Scriptures and in the present experience of Christians, you find that those who are furthest advanced in holiness complain most bitterly of their own sinfulness. To one who looks on the Christian experience from without, this seems an anomaly. Both publicly and privately these expressions have in many cases been credited to the account of hypocrisy. When a Christian counts and calls himself a chief sinner, they say that he really is a better man than most of his neighbours, and that he knows the fact right well. They regard his profession of humility as a disguise to cover his pride. This judgment is a mistake founded on ignorance. When a pardoned and renewed man confesses that he is more vile than others, his judgment is just. As the stars, in the beginning of Genesis, in respect to the sun and the moon, are rightly called "lesser lights," although most of them are absolutely larger; so, in the quickened inquirer's view, his own sins are greater than the sins of all the world besides. Small portions of corrupting dead flesh lying in your bosom are more loathsome to you than heaps of corpses at a distance. So, when the spiritual sensibility has become pure and tender, a man is, in point of fact, more disgusted with the impurity within his own heart, than with all the impurities that adhered to other men. In the sensations of the soul, as in those of the body, the revulsion from vileness is strong not in proportion to its quantity but in proportion to its nearness. Those who hate sin truly at all, hate their own most, because it is their own. To mark and stigmatize the failings of a neighbour and overlook our own is ever a sure mark of self-deception.

Notice now the glad, hopeful answer which the apostle has given to his own interrogation, "I thank God." His confidence is as sure a mark of discipleship as his plaint. If he had not been a true Christian, he would not have been troubled by such a grief; he would not have been animated by such a gladness. How readily he falls in with the precept "in everything give thanks"! If any condition could claim exemption from that rule it was his. A wretched man, with the body of sin coiled round his heart, and no deliverance yet wrought, whatever hope there might be in the future,—if any man might be excused from the duty of thankfulness to God, it was this man. But he no more desires exemption than a thirsty man desires exemption from the duty of drinking water. Already, while he is a sufferer, and the deliverance which he sought lying far in the future, already he breaks forth into thanksgiving. He is not content with registering a vow that he will thank God if he is delivered, and when he is delivered. In his agony he begins a hymn of praise.

And well he may. There is hardly anything, short of an actual entrance into heaven, better fitted to make a sinful man glad than to feel that his own sins have begun to trouble him. Ah, friend, when your sin begins to be your tormentor, fall down on your knees and give thanks to God for the fact. Your enemy would not have done this. The Tempter would have kept you in a deep sleep if he could. When a patient has fainted so profoundly that his friends are in doubt whether he has died, the sight that relieves them is the quivering of his hand under the sense of pain when they prick its flesh. The feeling of pain is a sign of life. When my own sins become loathsome to my own heart, my deliverance is sure in God's good time. I shall praise him now for the symptoms of complete redemption coming soon.

These are strange bedfellows! Grief and gladness lie side by side in this man's heart. There is a wretchedness that draws a scream of agony from his lips; and, at the same moment, a joy that bursts into an anthem of praise. Ah, when your sin is your sorrow, your comfort is near! The Spirit of God who made this wound is ready on the instant to pour in the healing balm. Cooling

water is at hand; the thirsty soul will soon be satisfied. But the soul that is not thirsty? Ah! for that soul, the living water springs up in vain.

But, although he is glad already, he has not yet obtained the deliverance for which he pleaded. As yet he holds the boon only by hope. He does not, and cannot say, My God has delivered me; grammatically and logically the answer must be filled in from the question. It runs thus: "Who shall deliver me? I thank God, He shall." Let it never be forgotten that he had already obtained one deliverance, and is now crying for a second. He is already freed from the soul of sin, and now he longs to be freed also from its body. Or to speak without a figure, he has been redeemed by the blood of Christ from the guilt and curse of sin, and he desires to be also emancipated wholly from the habit and acts of sinning. Sin cannot condemn him at last; but he weeps, because it defiles him now. The salvation that he has already obtained consists in pardon of sin and reconciliation with God; the salvation he still seeks is perfect holiness of heart and life. This latter side of his redemption lies yet in the future, and he holds it only by hope. He knows it is coming, but, alas! he feels in bitterness that it has not come. He does not count that he has attained. He forgets the things that are behind, and reaches forward to the things that are before. He presses toward the mark—a mark that God has fixed on high, and on which his longing eyes are stedfastly set—the mark, —"Be ye holy as I am holy." Besides ascribing his expected deliverance to God, the giver of all good, he specifically names the name of Jesus, as the channel through which the blessing flows. The full expression is, I thank God; for he shall deliver me from the body of this death through Jesus Christ our Lord. This leads us back yet once more to the cardinal principle of our exposition. It is through Christ we know that he obtained the first part of redemption; and now we learn that it is through Christ also, that he expects the second. We know he owes justification to the one Mediator between God and man; and here he confesses that sanctification must come through the same channel.

The death of Christ destroys, as it were, the soul of sin in his people, deprives it of life and immortality. After that mortal wound, its body, although its filthy fragments may long adhere, will inevitably drop off at last. Stated in the forms of systematic theology, it stands thus:—When the guilt of sin has been freely pardoned, the power of sin will inevitably wane away, and at last perish utterly. Justification is the certain germ of sanctification. If sin is not now reckoned to your account, it cannot always reign in your members.

The text is difficult; and the sermon too. The subject does not suit an indolent or frivolous mind. It demands close, sustained attention. It puts the faculties upon the strain. Perhaps the understanding, put upon the strain, is wearied by the effort. Possibly there may be a measure of resentment, as if we should do well to be angry with any one who demanded attention to a theological argument. Let me entreat my readers to beware how they entertain, and how they dismiss this subject. God has folded up in these sentences something unspeakably precious for you. That which he has laid up here for you is your life. It is at your peril that you miss or neglect it. Beware lest any irksomeness in the exposition of the word, tempt you to fling the word away. Nay, cast it not away, for a blessing is in it. If you do not get the blessing that is bound up there, you remain under the weight of your own guilt.

Suppose you were led through an agricultural museum. Besides specimens of implements, soils, and manures, you observe the various kinds of grain, each in its own place under a glass covering, and each labelled with an uncouth name. Perhaps you are wearied. You have no taste for these classifications. You see no beauty in those dry, mummy-like specimens. Well; you may perhaps not lose much by your neglect of these scientific arrangements, and that harsh nomenclature; but, if from dislike to the arranged and labelled specimens of grain, you refuse or neglect to eat bread, the neglect will cost you your life.

Some may have not much power to apprehend theological argument; and no taste for theological terms. Be it so; but if you neglect our exposition, neglect not the things which we have endeavoured to expound. Our method of arranging and naming the cereals may be intricate and difficult; but bread is to you a necessity of life.

Sin at first lives in you, and reigns over you, and holds you bound over to the second death. As long as it has the power and mastery you love it, and cling to it. If you are comfortable in its company at present, it has power to cast you away at last; whereas, if it distresses you now, you will soon be quit of it for ever. The Apostle, describing his internal conflict in the preceding portion of the chapter, exclaims, "I am carnal!" We know well that by this time he was spiritual. What then? Is his complaint real and true? Yes, and it could not have been true in any other conjunction of circumstances. Although he is spiritual, he truly laments his carnality; nay more, *because* he is now spiritual he laments that he is carnal. While he was carnal,—that is, a self-pleasing, unconvicted, unconverted sinner,—he made no complaint. He was carnal to the heart's core while he kept the clothes of Stephen's murderers, and as soon as one foul job was done started for Damascus on the scent of another; but in those days no self-accusing cry ever escaped his lips. He is now a better man; but precisely because he is better, he counts and calls himself worse. A carnal man, whatever form of words he may repeat, never truthfully complains that he is carnal. None but the living complain sincerely of the presence of "this death." Thus the paradox, when subjected to analysis, turns out to be "truth and soberness."

These two things are needful: First, your sin must be blotted out, all forgiven through the death of Christ; this destroys the soul of your destroyer. Next, acts and habits of actual sin, remaining still in your thoughts and actions, must be loathsome as the carcase of the dead clinging to your living body. When your heart detests them thus, you will with all your might put them away; and when you put them away with all your might, a might greater than your own will be given to you; you will be more than conqueror through Him that loved you.

W. ARNOT.

RAMBLING NOTES ON A RAMBLE TO NORTH ITALY.

BY THE EDITOR.

We would never urge any man or woman to cross the Channel, until they were tolerably well acquainted with the chief things worth seeing on this side of it. We are old-fashioned enough to believe that this "nice little, tight little island" contains within its rocky shores as wondrous a combination, and as great a variety of scenery as can be found in any one portion of the Continent of Europe twice its extent in surface. We back Great Britain and Ireland—not omitting even "the adjacent islands of the Great and Little Cumbraes"—against the world, for possessing the richest treasures of all that is beautiful, grand, and loveable in Nature. We may be pitied as ignorant provincials for such beliefs; but we are as nearly as possible in sober earnest when we declare them to be ours, after comparing both sides of the Channel many a time and oft during these last thirty years: and so with our whole hearts we sing with Coleridge—

> "O dear Britain! O my mother isle!
> Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy," etc.

You know the rest, good reader: if not, please read for yourself "Fears in Solitude," for there are many things in the poem worth marking and digesting at the present time.

There is one good at least which is gained by going abroad that cannot so well be obtained at home;—we are thereby helped to the possession of the rare enjoyment of being able more easily to forget ourselves, by getting quit of a hundred things which at home constantly remind us of our existence,—State politics and Church politics, all the vexatious and troublesome questions which one is compelled to think about and talk about are left behind, and we go forth unknowing and unknown, desiring only to keep alive the consciousness that we are men and Christians. With Clough we exclaim,—

> "It is a blessing, no doubt, to be rid, at least for a time, of all one's friends and relations,
> All the *assujettissement* of having been what one has been,
> What one thinks one is, or thinks that others suppose one."

We enjoyed a short tour in Italy during May and June of this year. Leaving Paris we crossed Mont Cenis, and proceeded by railway to Genoa, where we made our first halt for a few days. From thence we proceeded, by vetturino, along the Riviera shore, to Pisa and Florence, crossed the Apennines to Bologna, and reached Venice *via* Ferrara and Padua. From Venice we proceeded to Lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, thence to Milan, and finally to Courmayeur and Mont Blanc, recrossing the Alps by the Pass of the Great St. Bernard, and returning to Paris by Martigny, Neuchatel, and Basle.

Considering all that was to be seen we could afford but "a peep" at the chief attractions of the route.

Travellers who have abundance of time and money at their disposal—"old stagers," as they are called—who every year loiter for months on the Continent, until their faces are as familiar to hotel-keepers as those of "commissionnaires," are no doubt disposed to look with feelings like contempt upon those less favoured brethren of the pilgrim-staff whose time and money necessarily limit their journey, or condense it into a mere "peep." I admit that in the old days of travel, before railways gridironed the earth, there was a sense of distance, a sense of being really abroad, which it is hardly possible to realize now, when a few days or hours suddenly convey us from the busy streets of London to the solitudes of the Alps, or the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. In the days when we were young—"ah! woful, *when!*"—the distant points of chief interest in Europe were reached slowly, and by such sacrifices of time and comfort as enhanced the value of the long-wished-for result. The stage-coach journey first from Scotland, for example, to London; the lumbering diligence, rattling for days and nights along the strait lines of paved roads, when towns, which are now passed with the speed of wind, were necessary resting-places for dusty and deliquescent passengers; in all this there was a respectful, solemn approach made to Vienna, Rome, or even Switzerland, which one felt to be more becoming their dignity than to rush impetuously into their presence in a cloud of steam. We naturally valued more the object attained by such labour, and did not, therefore, hastily part from it. Letters took weeks to reach the *poste restante*. We began to feel soft-hearted, on our first journey, as we thought of our absent friends; and it is possible even that we sung "Home, sweet home," with tears. We thus seemed to be gradually educated to *see* the Continent with the eyes of continentals; becoming acclimatized, so as to grow out of its soil, and expand in its atmosphere. But now it is difficult to get quit of the presence of Edinburgh, Dublin, or London. We fall asleep in these home cities, and dose on until our passports are demanded, or our luggage is examined in some foreign country, about which long books of travels were written "when we were

young." The novelty, the wonder, the freshness have vanished with "Bradshaw." Yet, after all, these days of prosaic railways and of rapid travelling have their advantages, especially for the class —in railway nomenclature, 2d and 3d—to which so many of us belong, who have little time and money, but who nevertheless wish to get even a peep at some of the glories of nature and art beyond the Channel. Most places of interest on the Continent can now be reached in a space of time much shorter than those who never leave home, and have not been educated to study vulgar "Bradshaw," the more learned and aristocratic "Murray," or the sensible "Shilling Guide," have any idea of. Last month, for example, we reached Genoa very early one Saturday, having left Paris on Thursday night. A friend who was obliged by business to part from us at Venice on Monday morning, reached Edinburgh on Thursday morning. Then, again, as to expense, it is the old story of one pound per day, on an average, to cover the expenses of the most rapid travelling compatible with comfort and seeing anything in peace, while for half that sum days may be spent at the best hotels, *en pension*, or as boarders. The great benefit of railways is that they enable the traveller to hurry over distances which have no special interest, and to spend the more time in those which have. And it is quite a mistake to suppose that comparatively little time for what is called "sight-seeing" (that intolerable bore!) is incompatible with seeing sights which, once seen, can never be forgotten, but must remain as photographs upon the mind for ever, to be reproduced at will in after years, when sickness or old age may confine the traveller to a journey from his bed to his chair, and when those old visions will "flash upon that inward eye," accompanied by many of the delightful feelings and associations with which they were at first beheld. Let any man, for instance, who wishes to receive an undying impression of Alpine grandeur, spend but a day on the Görner Grat, above Zermatt, and gaze upon the glacier world around Monte Rosa and the gigantic Matterhorn; or let him with reverence look up to the august "monarch of mountains" from the Allée Blanche at Courmayeur; or if he would fill his soul with a sense of the beautiful, let him at Genoa "the superb" ascend the old lighthouse, and look from its summit at the city, its surrounding hills, and along the winding shore; or for one evening sit in silence on a balcony at Belaggio, hanging over the waters of Lake Como; or stand on the heights of Fiesole as the sunset is steeping Florence and its plain in its golden glory; or if he wishes to see what no other spot on earth can disclose anything like, let him row down the Grand Canal from the Rialto to St. Mark's, and watch a sunset on the Alps from the Giudecca; or, if he desires to obtain a glimmer of art-glory which will surpass all he has ever conceived of, let him stand in silence before the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, in one spot in one gallery, such as in the tribune in the Pitti Palace; or, if he would receive some impression of the majesty, power, and beauty of architecture, he may do so within those wondrous spots in Pisa and Florence, which are each occupied by their respective campanile, cathedral, and baptistry, or let him pass as in some enchanting dream around the Place of St. Mark's in Venice, or ascend the spire of Milan, and while able to see afar off Monte Rosa "glowing in roseate hues at even," and beneath him the great sea of the Lombard plain, he will find himself—

> "Amid that aërial host
> Of figures human and divine,
> White as the snows of Apennine
> Indurated by frost,"

that must fill him with a sense of the beautiful as well as the grand, which even the more majestic Cologne does not impart—let him do even this much, and all this he can do in a few weeks, and though he may almost weep because he has only days instead of months to take in the grandeur from nature and from art, and from many memories, yet he must feel that he has become possessed of treasures whose value no time nor money can express. The peep may be short, but it is like a peep into paradise!

The practical conclusion from all this is, that it is better to have seen in haste than never to have seen at all.

But we must break up this tour a little more into some of its most interesting portions.

The scenery best worth seeing, as we have already hinted, is unquestionably the Italian lakes; the Riviera stretching between Genoa and Massa; and the Mont Blanc from Courmayeur. I do not mean to affirm that the other portions of the route were stupid; for, except where one crosses the dead, flat plain of Lombardy—which has its own peculiar interest—every mile almost was worth seeing. The line of railway from Chambery until it ends at Mont Cenis, is highly picturesque; so is the Mont Cenis Pass itself, and the Suza Valley, which leads to Turin; so is the line from Venice to Milan, which skirts the Alps; and the road from Ivrea to Courmayeur is one of the most interesting I ever journeyed.

Of most of those beautiful scenes I need not say anything, nor of the Italian lakes, as every person who has visited the north of Italy is acquainted with them. But one word or two about others, which are not so frequently visited. The road from Nice to Genoa (the *Corniche*, as it is called)

is of the same character with its continuation along the Riviera from Genoa to Pisa, or at least to beyond Spezzia, as far perhaps as Massa. We travelled the latter portion only by vetturino, —that is, with a hired carriage driven with two horses, for about £2 per day. The journey occupied two and a half days, sleeping the first night at Sestri, and the second at Spezzia. It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of this excursion, which can hardly be matched perhaps in the world, except on the Neapolitan or Sicilian coast. The Apennines here run, a few miles off, parallel to the Mediterranean, to which they connect themselves by long spurs or ridges which rise up into conical hills, wind round deep valleys, range themselves into high mountain passes with rock and precipice, open out at the sea into wide bays with beaches of pure sand, or end in bold headlands, like Porto Fino, which abruptly plunge themselves into deep water. But who can describe the endless beauties of this scene, when every turn of the road reveals some new grouping of marvellous beauty! To the right, is the glorious ocean; is it green as emerald, blue as lapis-lazuli? or do not the colours of the topaz and amethyst mingle with these? It is dotted with pure white sails, like sea-birds on its bosom, and loses itself in the horizon on the way to Egypt and Palestine. The road sometimes passed so near its margin that one gazed down into the crystal depths, and heard the laughter of the waves on the shore; the air was loaded with the perfume of orange-trees and the most subtle and delicate odours; everywhere, as far as the eye could see inland, were festooned vineyards, groves of olives, with figs, chestnuts, dark cypresses—every shade of green lighted up by flowers of every hue; everywhere, from sea to mountain, white cottages like specks of light relieving the foliage; villages perched on the sides, and on the tops of the hills, nestling deep down or far up in the valleys, and each with its attendant church spire, all filling the air at evening with the echoing chimes of bells;—and then overhead the dome of the blue sky that no art ever can picture, and all day enjoying an atmosphere which glorified every object with its luminous splendour! Ding, ding, ding, rung the bells of our little horses, as we wheeled through this scene hour after hour, until, from expressing our wonder as every moment some new view burst upon us, we became weary of speech, and gazed in silent and absorbed admiration, until some object for a moment concealed the view, and then we drew our breath and gave vent to our common sense of the surpassing beauty around us. If the reader ever visits Genoa and cannot take this journey, let him even go four miles out to Quarto, where Garibaldi's villa is, and let him stand on the point on which is reared the small obelisk below his home, which marks the little bay from whence he and his brave band sailed on that memorable expedition to free Sicily—and if he goes no farther, I promise him that he will "rest, and be thankful." But should he go the whole way, he will never forget the pictures presented by Chiavari, Sestri, or Spezzia. The detour by Carrara to Massa, though a very rough drive, is, I have been told, well worth another day's labour to those who have strength and time to undertake it.

I have seen nothing like the scenery of these southern lakes and coasts anywhere in the North. The lakes of Killarney are beautiful and lonely; many of the lakes of Scotland have rare beauty, as Loch Awe, Loch Lomond, through the Trosachs, etc., and most of our "lochs" are characterized by wild and dreary grandeur. The lakes of Sweden are desolate and tame. The lakes of North America—I mean Lake George and Lake Champlain, for the great lakes are but inland oceans—are beautiful also, with an undefined Indian wilderness-grandeur about them; but no lakes, except those of Westmoreland, comprise beauty, cultivation, and *inhabitiveness*, with mountain wildness, as do those of Italy. The richness of the shores, with the magnificence of the Alpine background, form a combination which nowhere else can be found, unless on the lakes of Switzerland such as those of Lucerne and Zurich. Then again, as to the coast scenery of the North, it must in every case (except perhaps on the Devon coast) yield to the South in rich and varied beauty. The coast of Finland is interesting with its endless archipelago of wooded islands, and on shore its many small lakes, wild forests, and fantastic boulders; but it has no variety and less beauty. The Irish coast is wildly picturesque and full of interest, as, for example, at the Killeries and Antrim. The Scottish coast in many respects stands alone with its grand ocean-line, its islands, headlands, precipices, bays, distant mountain ranges, and vast stretch of view. There is hardly in the world a grander scene (when the day is favourable!) than mid-channel between Oban and Mull, or when voyaging between the point of Ardnamurchan and Skye. But the coasts of Italy, taking into account at once the sea, sky, atmosphere, vegetation, and cultivation, stand alone for perfect beauty. But as I am writing of the beauty of the South, I must here notice a scene, which verily comes under that designation, although in the midst of a crowded city. There are in Venice a band of singers, numbering about twenty, who, for about two shillings a head, will give a concert upon the water. A few of us united to hire them. We met in our gondolas about nine at night, beneath the Bridge of the Rialto. The first chorus

is always sung here on such occasions, probably to gain effect, from the reverberations of the arch over-head. The gondola with the singers then slowly floats down the Grand Canal, followed by the other gondolas with the listeners, song after song being sung until midnight. The night we tried this experiment, last June, was perfect. A full moon shone from a cloudless sky,

> "And looked round her with delight, the heavens all bare."

The water glanced in golden waves. Palaces and churches were steeped in the calm brilliancy of the southern night. There was a silence such as could not reign in any other city on earth. A whisper,—one's very breathing might be heard. Every palace was visible as in daylight, and, except for the forms of dark gondolas which glided past, or a few lights that, like fire-flies, darted amidst the darkness of the mysterious water-streets which opened into the Grand Canal; the city seemed as if dead. The beauty of the scene, combined with memories of the past, and all that Venice was and is, lay upon the heart, suggesting thoughts and feelings dim, impalpable, oppressive, yet most exciting to the imagination, and which were relieved though not changed by the next choral burst of some old Venetian boat-song, which rose from the shadowy gondola that was leading us onwards. Venice is Venice still! Even the Austrians cannot destroy its attractions.

Let us turn to a very different scene: Mont Blanc. The Italian side of Mont Blanc can be reached from various points; in two days or more, for example, from Chamouni, by the Col de Bon Homme; or walking sixteen hours, by the difficult pass from the Mer de Glace over the Col du Geant; or from Martigny by the Col de Ferret in eleven hours' riding; or by the Great St. Bernard in twelve, which latter route joins at Aosta the one we necessarily took, ascending from Italy. The easiest approach from the north side of the Alps is, therefore, for one who is not a pedestrian, by the St. Bernard, as the whole road can be driven, except two hours on mules, ascending from St. Pierre, and two hours descending to St. Remy —along a perfectly safe and easy path. The hotels at Courmayeur are good. We were the first visitants this season, and had all to ourselves. As we approached the hotel, it seemed to be wrapt up in the frost of winter. The air was bitterly cold, although we had left scorching heat in the valley. As we drove into the large court of the hotel late in the afternoon, all was silent. The "Casino"—which by an immense advertisement on a board, hung up with vulgar impudence opposite Mont Blanc and its glaciers, promised us all sorts of English periodical literature, from the *Times* to the *Ladies' Magazine*—was not yet opened except to spiders. Not a dog was heard, nor a landlord's voice, as up to the door we hurried. But soon an astonished waiter, who seemed to have been hybernating since the previous season, appeared adjusting a white neckcloth, and then an amazed landlord rushed out of hiding, and all seemed to ask, "What has sent you here in the depth of winter? It is only the month of June!" No bedroom was ready, and we were ushered for a time into a *salle à manger* with closed window-shutters, which, when opened, disclosed a long room with a horse-shoe table, capable of dining about 150 people, with chairs and sofas piled up on it, as if they had fled from some avalanche, the whole room being a dim prophecy of expected summer and expected guests. A wood fire gave some life to it and us.

I have never seen any mountain view, or rather the view of any mountain, to be for a moment compared to the view of Mont Blanc from the Italian side. The approach to it from Aosta is in every respect worthy of the great monarch into whose presence it leads. Every mile increases in beauty, while some portions of the road have gorges as deep and wild almost as the Via Mala, with most picturesque villages, noble mediæval castles, and ever and anon never-to-be-forgotten glimpses of Mont Blanc, with everywhere snowy peaks marking the summits of the high Alps. As to the immediate view of the great mountain itself, I cannot imagine anything on earth more overpoweringly magnificent. The Chamouni side we had formerly seen in most favourable weather; but while it has its own peculiar glory, which must ever make it one of the most interesting centres of attraction in Switzerland, yet from the Allée Blanche alone, near Courmayeur, can be viewed the whole glory of the Monarch, from his footstool on the green earth up to his crown of pure snow in the azure sky. The great advantage of this view is, that without any difficulty, and in an easy ride or walk of two hours, one can get to the very base of the mountain, and then look up from, as from above the Glacier de la Brenva, for example, up to its Névé, and up, up, through ice-falls, alabaster snow, black jutting rocks and gigantic precipices,—up, up, until almost in the zenith overhead the eye rests on that pure white dome, reposing on the pure blue sky—up where no mountain-top was ever seen by you before—up, where you have been accustomed to gaze only on fleecy clouds or silent stars—up, for miles untrodden by foot of man, though perhaps by passing angel in his flight, for well might he fold his wings on some message of love and grace and rest upon those pure heights, as on a throne in the third heavens. As one looks in silence upon this

marvellous panorama from the *aiguilles*, which rise like a wall from amidst the flowers of the Allée Blanche, along the mighty mass of precipice and glacier, until the view is bounded by the tremendous buttress of the Grande Jorasse,—the lips fail to express in words the emotions of the heart, but tears will come uncalled to the eye, from a sense of joy and blessedness in being able to see and possess such an inheritance as this on earth.

We had a well-known guide with us, Chabot, commonly called Turin. I know not how it is, but famous Swiss guides,—such men as Balmat, for instance,—who have, like high priests, entered reverently into these holy places in the high Alps, fill me with great respect. There is a quiet dignity about them, that shrewd, thoughtful, undemonstrative look, such as one sees in old pilots or old brave soldiers, and that belongs to men only who have been in the habit of meeting and encountering great perils. They possess a solemn earnestness, yet cheerful hopefulness, with a humility and modesty which are singularly attractive. Turin professed the greatest admiration for the English "Lords." "Bah!" he said, "these Italian gentlemen go from caffé to caffé, from theatre to theatre, but these young Englishmen walk from glacier to glacier, and from one mountain peak to another."

We returned, as I have already said, by the St. Bernard, reaching the Hospice with great ease in twelve hours, from Courmayeur. After enduring for a few hours excessive heat in the valley we again entered upon bitter cold at St. Bernard. The mist hung like a damp sheet over the small lake on the summit, and partially revealed the high white walls of the Hospice, like a ghost rising from the grave. We found the monks and dogs in good health, and passed through the usual routine so familiar to travellers, who know the comfort afforded by this convenient ecclesiastical hotel.

We received the courteous attention of one of the brethren; enjoyed music in the evening from performances on a pianoforte presented by many noble ladies in England, and a fine harmonium gracefully sent by the Prince of Wales to cheer the wintry solitude. In the morning at six we were roused by the organ of the chapel booming through the corridor, then after taking a peep into the morgue, that temple of death in all its vileness, and depositing our money in the poor's-box, and paying the waiter, we departed, and soon were among the green pastures, alive with the herds of cattle belonging to the Hospice.

It is impossible, when passing along this route, to forget the famous march of Napoleon, when, for twenty days, he poured his legions over these snows, and along those mountain tracks, to the plains of Italy. The grave of Dessaix, killed at Marengo, and his monument in the lonely Chapel of St. Bernard, vividly recal that memorable period. But not more so than does the fortress of Bard, which so nearly checkmated the First Consul. A more formidable opponent than it presents in the gorge of the valley, between Ivrea and Chatillon, can hardly be imagined. It rises, a sharp conical rock, like a small and impregnable Gibraltar, covered with batteries, tier above tier, like a six-decker. Abrupt precipices rise on each of its flanks; the separating space on the one side being filled up by the raging glacier-torrent of the Doire (for the road now cut out of the rock is recent), and on the other, by a small village which nestles between the fortified rock and the mountain wall, as if in the ditch of the citadel. Through this village the old road along the valley passes. And it is only when one sees the wild and steep ravine, two miles or so from the fortress, up which Napoleon led all his army, by a pass which descends beyond it on the south side, and wholly concealed the enemy, that one fully realizes the daring and *élan* of that army and its general. The carriage of his artillery under the very guns of the fort, along the streets of the village, laid with straw to conceal the noise, strikes one in looking at the scene as being hardly possible, without either detection or destruction.

But I must conclude my rambling remarks upon this short tour. The Editor commands the writer to stop. I regret, therefore, that I am thus prevented from giving my readers such solid information upon Italy and the Italians as every man is charitably understood to possess who has entered the country—more especially when he is practising, as I must do, that silence and reticence which are so frequently accepted as signs of deep wisdom, and of thoughts too weighty to be easily or rapidly rolled out of the teeming head. Methinks, however, I hear those who have been good-natured enough to begin this article, inquire with some ill-nature, as it is about to end, "Can you really give us nothing new or worth knowing from Italy?" About what, inquiring reader? I patiently wait for your questions, and will reply to the best of my ability. But they and the answers must be brief. "What sort of man is Victor Emanuel?" I have seen his likeness only; he seems very ugly, and is, I hear, a remarkably healthy, active, powerful animal, but yet is honest as a king. "What of Art in Italy?" Much more beautiful, I assure you, and better worth seeing than Victor Emanuel. But until the Editor gives me room for several articles on the subject (which I hope he won't do, as I don't understand a bit about it), I must refer you to Ruskin, Kügler, and Murray. I am bound, however, to confess that I am a confirmed pre-Raphaelite, and would return, if to see nothing

more than the frescoes of Giotto. "What of men and manners, then?" I know nothing of either, except what I gathered from meeting waiters and vetturinos. "What know you of the Piedmontese or the Neapolitans?" Little of the one and nothing of the other. The former look like men, and I believe are almost equal to ourselves in sense and courage; but I have been credibly informed that the great mass of the Neapolitans are the veriest cowards and rascals on earth. "Do you know the present phases of Italian politics?" Only from the English papers, and also from having sat in the Parliament House in Turin,—when no person happened to be in it but myself. I proposed that Ratazzi should be dismissed, as too much of the mere lawyer, and Ricasoli recalled as the right man; but there being no one to second my motion, it was negatived without a division. The people also seem fond of newspapers, and eagerly devour them. This is more than I can say of the people of Venice or Verona. The Austrians are so sunk in ignorance that, begging the Editor's pardon, they don't seem to know even the existence of *Good Words!* "Can you tell us anything of the priests?" Nothing except what every person has known during many centuries,—that they are very numerous, some being good, many of them bad in every sense, and all aliens from the commonwealth, and that, except English perverts, no man of any education has faith in them.

"And, finally"—I am glad it has come to this—"what of Protestantism and its prospects?" The hardest question of all! How shall I answer it seriously? I may do so safely by saying that I really know little about it beyond what one reads in religious papers, and hears from one-sided sources. To know a country and its people, one must live in it for many years, and mingle intelligently with all classes of society and with all parties. As to the prospects of true religion in Italy, I believe that though as yet there have been but few and very doubtful conversions from Romanism, hopeful signs are not wanting of coming good. There are honest and able men in Italy who preach the gospel, and others who (like the Free Church missionaries) wisely aid the native churches. Many thousand Bibles are everywhere sold. But, above all, sufficient political and religious liberty exist to enable sensible and good men to make known to others what they believe to be the truth. In this respect the revolution in Italy is immense. An age seems to have passed since the old regime existed, which wicked men, and some political dotards on both sides of the Channel, would dare to bring back. Let us have patience. It may be that as none of the slavish and ignorant generation which left Egypt could form the germ of a new nation, but were left to die out in the wilderness, so perhaps must this generation in Italy pass away, save here and there a Caleb and a Joshua, ere a united, and educated, and free nation is established. Forty years is surely not too long a period to wait for such a boon! Then as to the Church of the future in Italy, one may question whether as yet there exists its faintest shadow. In the meantime, it would be well if the several small Christian societies who meet together for worship would each attend to their own work, without meddling with their neighbours;—that "Plymouthists," who are as likely to become the Church of the future as wild-flowers are to become oaks, would let the Vaudois and other bodies alone; that the Vaudois would return the compliment, and not be disappointed if Italy refuses to be moulded by these northern mountaineers;—that all would concentrate themselves upon one work, preaching eternal truth by word and life to the human heart and human conscience, leaving the results to God, who may rear up a church which will gather into its bosom old and new elements of life from the Catholic clergy and laity,—a church which, rooting itself in the historical past of Italy may, in its development follow more the type of the English than that of any other Reformation. Anyhow, let us labour, pray, and hope. The darkest hour may be nearest dawn, in spite of Pope or Kaiser. He who has ceased to be afraid of the devil gaining possession of the world, need not fear his earthly agents; and he who believes that Jesus, the world's Maker and possessor, "must reign" until all the enemies of righteousness are put under his feet, may be at peace regarding the future even in Italy or Rome.

And now I must conclude, having no time or space to say anything about palaces and pictures; antiquities from the days of the Etruscans downwards; banditti, and various adventures by sea and land; with sketches of Yankees, their mouths full of the war and tobacco; remembrances of many pleasant travelling acquaintances full of adieus that are fresh in memory; with many other observations upon literature, agriculture, art, science, politics; the last authentic news about Venetia; the present state of society in Turin, Florence, Milan, Venice; with luminous sketches of the past history of the Italian republics, including notices of all the great rogues who once ruled and fought in turn, as well as of the great poets and artists from Dante downwards, and finally, the real policy of Austria, as told me in confidence by a Hungarian drummer,—all of which I grieve to think must be lost to posterity from the paltry jealousy and tyranny of the Editor

VISTAS IN THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

PART FIRST.

"THE longer we live, and the older grows the world, by just so much the more do we come to know of early times and primeval races of men," exclaimed lately, in an apparent paradox, one of our public chroniclers of passing events. He was partly led to his involuntary remark by recent news from the Mediterranean, descriptive of the excavation of an Athenian building in such perfect preservation, as to show for the first time clearly, to modern men, some of the pristine social regulations customary in ancient Greece; and to this, having added accounts of discoveries among Etrurian tombs, and of further researches in Egypt, with successful translation of its sacred character; and then, taking all these in connexion with that grandest as well as least-expected series of revelations of Nineveh's royal palaces and public records, brought, within a few years past, to the light of day once again,—he insisted that the idea, so far from being paradoxical in a fallacious point of view, was in reality, and as we ourselves also are inclined to think, nothing but simply and absolutely true.

This increased knowledge of ancient times and things is, indeed, one of the most remarkable among the many signs of the age in which we live; pervading, as it does, almost all our thoughts, occupations, and pursuits, but none of them more than religion itself; and there, to the utter confusion of that materialistic calculation, which vainly announced the other day, in a neighbouring country, as a necessary result of anything with which man had to do, that in precisely such and such a number of years the Christian faith must literally wear out, fade away, and be forgotten in the world. The principal fallacy in the so-called calculation must be too apparent before all our readers to need being specially pointed out for them; and it rather accords with our present object to remark, on the irrepressible impulse which seems day by day to be growing on Christians of every denomination, to ascend continually upwards, through, and beyond—but not leaving behind—their home instruction, their school teaching, their church ordinances, and their national traditions,—to the very origin and fountain-head on earth of their sacred faith; there to study anew the language in which the Gospels were first written; and learn, by actual visitation of the grand memorials left behind in the East, both the fulfilment of prophecy and the exact nature of the very circumstances and surroundings of the daily life of our Saviour, when in the streets of Jerusalem or on the hills of Judah.

Not otherwise is it in principle, though the chief purpose be less prominent, that in ordinary literary pursuits hardly any theological question can now be raised amongst us, without reference not merely to existing, but to past, authorities; not only to the opinion of early reformers in these realms, but, if it admits of that treatment, to the fathers of the Vatican as well; and all their experience for a thousand years before our Church was born, is tested and re-examined that we may profit thereby.

In all this we must and do rejoice, and thankfully share in the lessons of wisdom which are thus prepared equally from the failings, as the successes, of whole ages of past men. There is no fault, too, to be found either in the scope or breadth with which, both in time and geographical space, these researches are being carried on by our professional writers,—unless, indeed, we venture to hint that there is one failing frequent amongst them, quite the rule apparently with almost all denominations in the west of Europe; and that is, to say nothing, or next to nothing, of nearly all such events as are connected with the Russian, and more generally the Eastern, Catholic Church; in fact, practically to ignore its existence, though it numbers upwards of sixty-four millions of living souls, and is professed over a chief part of the earth; or, as a Russian author has it, "may count her children from the shores of the Adriatic to the bays of the Eastern Ocean on the coast of America, from the ice-fields which grind against the Solovetsky Monastery on its savage islet in the north, to the heart of the Arabian and Egyptian deserts, on the verge of which stands the Lavra of Sinai." *

In extenuation apparently of such an omission, we are told, in some quarters, that the Russian Church is not worth studying, that it has been barren from its origin, and never enriched by that brilliance of illustration which the more independent genius and deeper learning of Western Europe has thrown around every form of faith ever domiciled there.

Yet such is neither a just nor charitable line of argument; and may indeed call up in some minds amongst us a historical remembrance, of how the pure belief in Christ was at one time in these

* Blackmore's Translation of Mouravieff's *History of the Russian Church.*

realms of the West rather too much interfered with, and even so entirely overlaid, by man's devices, that our whole people was obliged to rise in protest and for reform; and when the nation had accordingly thus reformed itself and become Protestant, it was then found far nearer in many points to the so-called unimproved Eastern, than to the formerly dominant Roman, Catholic Church. So near, we may add, that it seems there actually was, about 150 years ago, a proposal seriously entertained in the existing Anglican Church, of making a "solid union" with the Church of Russia.

Though, too, hardly anything is openly said now-a-days, there is little doubt that an under-cur-



One of the middle panels, from the ancient brazen gates of Kerson, at Novgorod.

rent is beginning again to flow in the same direction, through some parts of Scotland too, as well as England; manifesting itself occasionally in unexpected quarters, at certain times very admirably, but at others merely by some eloquent statesman, who, from his devotion to ecclesiastic furnishings of the richest designs, had been thought by many to be half a Roman Catholic, yet, notwithstanding, breaking out in frequent fierce tirades against the Papal rule, and with more determined opposition than Presbyterians themselves.

It is doubly necessary therefore for us, as well as philosophically advisable, to know something in the present day of the real characteristics of the Eastern Russian Church, the most flourishing branch of that earlier one which once and for so long

divided the rule of the world with Rome; and while the great events which undoubtedly marked its plantation and gradual development cannot but be historically instructive, there will be found, by those who take the trouble to inquire, many lesser features far more edifying to the soul, than those too prominent ones of church adornments, occasionally thought to be the only lessons it teaches; indeed, there would seem to be some things of purest promise and most spiritual tendency for the Church of the future.

Such, at least, was the nature of many of the views opened up to ourselves on actually visiting Russia, and striving when there, while steadily



One of the upper panels, from the ancient brazen gates of Kerson, at Novgorod.

and perseveringly seeing and hearing all things, to cull always the best. A slow process though for a stranger; for all the surrounding circumstances in Russia are so perfectly different to what we are accustomed to in Britain, that, on a first visit, extreme surprise must be the leading impression; and this is again so immediately succeeded in too many cases by distaste, or repugnance, arising out of strangeness, that understanding is a long time in following; and until that be well established, vainly may one wait for either kindly feelings or charitable sympathy to supervene.

An immense deal of Russian experience therefore requires to be waded through, before the work-

ings of the Russian mind can be fully appreciated by any one of another nation; and though, in the space of this short article, little more can be attempted than merely to indicate the leading nature of much of the information to be collected on the spot, yet it may possibly prove of service to many in this country, to exhibit a glance here and a glade there of scenes which had to be passed through, before finally arriving at what appeared in our humble estimation the more precious results.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

In a very short time after arriving in the modern capital of Russia, any and every stranger must have easily discovered that he is amongst a population greatly guided and very deeply impressed by religion,—impressed, too, more from inward feelings and convictions of their own, than the mere domination of priestly rule. A mighty source, therefore, such a quality for moral national agency; though as yet, and at least so far as meets the untutored eye, there has been little founded upon it except one of the grandest of Church and State establishments.

Symptoms of this practical result meet one everywhere, and as it appropriately forms one of the first problems to be studied, let us sail with the stream; and then, beginning with mere architecture, immediately we behold the great capital on the banks of the Neva, beaming with gold-adorned churches. Not only are the terminal crosses thereof both large and golden always, but the huge surfaces of the domes, where that is the style of building, are either decorated with gold or completely gilt, or actually plated with sheets of the precious metal. On the new Izak Cathedral, its one grand dome and four smaller surrounding ones,—a very frequent arrangement in the city,—there is spread gold to the value, as it is said, of £50,000; and neither there, nor in the little golden dome on the summit of the Alexander Nevski Chapel on the Nikolayevski Bridge—a mere sentry-box affair for size,—is there the smallest fear of violence or plunder by night from any member of a true Russian population; for sacrilege is a thing they would most extraordinarily abhor.

Some again of the churches aim, architecturally, at the tallest and thinnest of spires; as that of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Fortress, 393 feet in height: but all the spires are plated more or less with burnished gold; producing under a powerful continental sun, and in varied positions of the spectator and illuminating orb, a thousand brilliant, and to a certain extent, pertinent effects; for sometimes, in the approaching shades of evening, you see a pillar of living light extending as it were from earth to heaven, and think of the miraculous march of the Israelites; while sometimes again, at noon-day, you look up to the giant dome of St. Izak, 250 feet high from the ground, and behold a magnificent crown, composed of reflected solar images, laid on the general rotund surface obliquely, and as it were a testimony, by all nature, in remembrance of the cruel crown of thorns.

Of the structure otherwise of St. Petersburg churches, there is little to be said; for it is not so much national, as savouring of State and bureaucratic arrangements; each church being erected generally by official order, and in slavish political imitation of western countries and the fanes of a foreign faith. Since the time of Peter the Great, in truth, the power of government over all the material of ecclesiasticism has been strong indeed; and in his own city, under the immediate eye of the ruler, the people have their churches built for them, whether they like it or not, by the Imperial Architectural Department, which is of no necessary religious profession whatever.

The citizens, however, both high and low, are docile; and crowd devoutly to their appointed places of worship. Every church floor is completely thronged with them, both men and women; they all stand, for there are no seats of any description; while a service is performed before them by the priesthood, which is without doubt descended nearly unchanged from very early times; and, in the opinion of their orthodox writers, "enables us to see with our own eyes those very things which Christians saw in the times of the Apostles, and to make the same confessions of faith as they did." "The holy doctrine of our faith," they also insist, "the offices of the priest, the prayers, the very robes of the ministers of the altar of our Lord, all breathe the first ages of Christianity; for the Russian Catholic Church remains hitherto the same, both as far as regards the ancient external appearance of its rites, as well as the internal spirit of its unchangeable doctrines;—its divine doctrines which it has preserved entire and unchanged as they were taught by Christ, without adding to them anything from the spirit of human sophistry; and the yearly circle of our services includes in its chantings the full course of ancient orthodox theology, serving as a perpetual and lively testament of the primitive Church to the remotest ages."

To the eye, nevertheless, of a Protestant stranger, the Russian service appears, at first sight, only far too like the rich displays in a Roman Catholic cathedral, amid golden candlesticks and jewelled pictures; and he must find great difficulty, though ever so well inclined, in reconciling the gorgeous robes of priests clothed in purple and gold and the richest of silk, with the modest raiment of certain poor fishers in the Sea of Galilee, apostles of a

faith which the rich man was ever proverbially to find untoward of entrance to all of his kind. Yet patient attention is soon rewarded; for, before long, one peculiar feature after another becomes evident, and manifests itself to be as different as anything well can be from the Church of Rome.

The service, for instance, is in the people's own language, the Slavonian; rather an ancient variety perhaps, but fully understood by the mass of them. There are no musical instruments, only the human voice being thought to be apostolically enjoined, or to be really worthy, to be employed in praising the Lord. The Holy Bible is abundantly read from, and not out of any enclosed pulpit-height, accessible solely to the presiding priest, but in the middle of the floor of the church amongst all the people, priests and laymen there mingling with each other like brethren met together in unity.

Even on the occasion of the celebration of our Lord's Supper, there is no turning of the priest's back to the people, and appropriation to himself of the most precious symbolic part of the sacrament; for, on the contrary, nearly everything is done looking the people full in the face, and not despising them, but considering them, in law and in love, an honourable and essential portion of the Church. Or as Platon more particularly describes these solemn proceedings:—"Being assembled in the holy temple, as in Zion's Court, we begin the praises of God by singing psalms; then, after reading certain passages out of the Holy Scriptures, the servant of Christ, according to our Lord's example, blesseth and giveth thanks to our heavenly Father, that is, enumerates all his benefits to the children of men, and particularly that he sent His only begotten Son, and delivered Him up for us all; and for this, in the name of the whole Church, he offers up most sincere thanksgiving. After having thus sanctified the holy gift by invocation of the Holy Ghost, he partakes of the communion himself, and then distributes unto all the communicants, who partake of both signs. I know not therefore, what answer the superstitious Pope will be able to give at the awful day of judgment, for having, in evident opposition to the words of the Lord, taken away the cup of communion from the common people, and for giving them the communion only in unleavened wafers."

But then, again, the interior of the building all this time is almost darkened of ordinary daylight, and a flickering of wax-candles introduced in its place, to the no small emblazonment of the temporal riches around; while each person crosses himself continually, or even prostrates on the floor, and a kissing of frames of pictures is frequent! Russian divines attempt to excuse these things on the plea of "traditions which have the prestige of all antiquity, are not contrary to the Word of God, and though salvation does not consist in them, yet they have a share of usefulness;" therefore, add they, "We use candles in our churches as a mark of our burning faith; we incense with a censer as a mark of the offering up of our prayers; we cross ourselves, thereby testifying our faith in the crucified Saviour; we consecrate the waters in remembrance of the Lord's baptism as well as of our own; we adorn our churches with honourable pictures, that in beholding them we may be excited to imitate those whom they represent; and we keep different holidays in remembrance of the gracious acts of God, and thereby we are the more excited to godliness."

But this is far from satisfactory to many fervent Christians; for a sad increase of liability to abuse and of stumbling to the weaker brethren creeps in; and more inquiry into both the history and working, as well as individual estimation, of these things must be instituted. From the new metropolis, therefore, that has sprung up of late years, like a Jonah's gourd, in the north-west of Russia, let us hasten southward and eastward to the longer established and more central city of Moskva (usually, though improperly, written Moscow in non-Russian countries), "the heart," as they fondly term it all over the empire, "of the orthodox faith."

THE CHURCH OF MEDIÆVAL RUSSIA.

Approached from either the south, or west, the city of Moskva exhibits even more than a fair sight, flashing along several miles of horizon, with its thousand of glittering golden domes, each of them invariably marking the position of a church. A "sorok sorokof," or forty times forty, of churches, the "Holy Mother city" is by some actually said to contain: not indeed that number of separate buildings—for many fanes, each complete in itself, and furnished with everything necessary for what is there thought the decent and fit mode of conducting a public religious service, are grouped under a single general roof. But the effect is striking when viewed, as well from the country without as the city within; for there, whether with wisdom or not, the spectator must confess, is a region wherein has been, and is still, manifested great zeal for the Lord. To their largest temples too, and their smallest chapels, the inhabitants crowd to offer up their prayers; and at all hours of the day and night their active devotions may be witnessed; for many are there who, finding no vacant space within the walls, throw themselves down on their knees or their faces in the streets outside, and wrestle in prayer or praise, repentance or thanksgiving, as though they were still of the number of early Christians chastising their souls, in contrite seclusion of the lone wilderness.

The simplicity of primitive times is thus strongly

mixed up both with the grandeur properly belonging to the capital of a state "ruling over the ninth part of the globe, which scarcely finds room upon its surface for one such empire as Russia;" and with the commerce and manufactures of a busy, wealthy population. The church buildings are as various as they are numerous, and no two churches are erected alike, though they generally display some common features in the tendency to a multitude of small domes, five or seven, or nine, or even eleven and thirteen, grouped on the general roof; and "because," they say, "the Holy College or Synod of the apostles on Mount Zion serves as the foundation and type of all the college or cathedral churches of our country."

The domes are more generally golden, though sometimes of silver, and sometimes merely coloured, but always surmounted by vast crosses and chains of gold, and are further distinguished by much refined art in the beauty of the curved outline; but below, the building shows little save unmannerly brick, plastered and whitewashed; for in all the wide alluvial plains of central Russia, hardly a trace of proper building stone is to be found; and even when good specimens are brought, at great expense, from remote distances, the severity of Russian drought in summer, and cold in winter, quickly destroy them when employed for any outside work. The interiors, therefore, rather than the exteriors, of Russian churches, are where we have chiefly to look for traces of the antiquity that is amongst them, and for all such precious things as they have for long ages cherished up in their affections. Just so, too, must we endeavour to get at the national faith of Russians, not by noting solely their outward observances, but by hearing and discussing with them the feelings under which they act.

It may be a dangerous argument to prosecute too far, that material wealth and a kingdom in this world have necessarily accrued to a nation through its possession of true Christian religion; though this line is sometimes employed even by the most evangelical of our writers, from the simple step of describing a Polynesian family, when Christianized, being found markedly better dressed and more comfortably housed than their neighbours; to the millions of money which Britain once paid out for the freedom of her slaves, being returned again into her bosom, full measure, pressed down and running over; or to the vigorous and improving character of all Protestant countries, and to that large copy of the Bible exhibited at the International Exhibition of manufactured goods, with the motto placed over it by the hand of man, "the source of all national greatness." But really, in presence of the city of Moskva, with its several successive ring-like growths, the Slobodi, Zemlianoi-gorod, Beloi-gorod, with the Kitai-gorod, and the sainted Kremle in the centre, we must give place for a time to the feelings of every Russian, who humbly yet steadfastly looks on all these things as gracious acts of approval from on high, and connects indissolubly his national advancement with the growth of his national faith.

The existing size and splendour of his mediæval metropolis every Muscovite does indeed regard with wonder, love, and fear, giving glory to God, and acknowledging that without his direct assistance such a result could never have been obtained; and not, in this, merely looking to actual city growth, but through and by means of that, seeing all the story of the formation of Russian tribes into a great nation, their arriving at a knowledge of religion and morals, and more especially the lifting their head out of Tahtar bondage.

Without our attaining to some vital appreciation of the terrible greatness of Tahtar power in its day of victory, the dreadful oppression of its despotic rule over Russia, and the isolated position which the latter country was left in by all the rest of Christendom during three hundred years of misfortune, no common line of thought or feeling with a single native Russian will ever be obtained. To that nation it was indeed an age of agony and woe, of bearing and enduring, of striving and attempting all things, until by the help of God and their own right arms, they emerged from the sea of slavery. Like many other patriots they came out of their struggle ragged, maimed, and greatly lost to the amenities of that civilisation which had in the meantime grown up in western countries. They were therefore called barbarous; but little recked they, so long as they possessed their souls subdued to pride and attuned to Christian precepts; and they still remember how it was in the midst of their blackest night, when the Tahtar tyranny seemed most grinding upon them, that with accompaniments of tears and lamentations, Moskva was chosen for their capital city; a church of penitence and prayer was erected in the enclosure of its Kremle hill; and from that moment (A.D. 1326), though at first and for long very slowly, the dawn of better things for them as a nation began.

Of those who assisted in commencing this new movement, and leading the nation to public repentance of past sins and submission to God's mercy, Peter, then the metropolitan of Vladimir, contributed more than all, through the example of his meek and chastened spirit. Unity, both in love and faith, he desired so above all things to see amongst his countrymen, that when an envious ecclesiastic had lodged a slanderous accusation against him, and arraigned him before a Synod,—Peter, still looking to the general weal more than

his own individual position in the world, requested the council, "if he was the cause of that storm, to throw him, like Jonah, out of the ship, and all would be still." But the trial was carefully gone into, and when his innocence was at last proved incontestably, and he was restored to power, he only said to his slanderer, "Peace be with thee, my son! This was no deed of thine, but his, who from the beginning is the envier of the human race, the devil; as for thee, take care of thyself for the future; and for the past, may God forgive thee."

It was one of the last acts then, of this man's noble life, to begin the erection of the first church, now the Uspenski Sobore, on the Kremle hill of Moskva; and dying within a year after, his remains were enclosed in a tomb which he had himself built in its deep-laid foundations. How the walls of the Kremle became afterwards "as a roll on which were inscribed each of the successive glorious advances in the sacred history of the country," space forbids us now to say more; but through all the most troublous periods, when division was still in the camp, and the enemy at the gate, and the church the sole bond of union to the nation, endeavouring to heal its wounds, persuade to union and concord, and promote the return of peace and prosperity,—it is most noteworthy, that Russian missionary enterprise was then also most active and flourishing. Not indeed by going forth in ships to distant islands of the ocean, but by travelling on foot through the plains more than ocean broad of central Europe and Asia, to the innumerable heathen tribes of diverse origin scattered thereabout; and if the Russian empire now looms so mighty before the smaller kingdoms of the West, it is to no inconsiderable degree in consequence of the success that was poured forth on those early missionary enterprises, concerning which we have hitherto cared to inquire so little. Yet not to their full extent, were they known or appreciated even by the rulers of their own time and country, for these works were generally the spontaneous result of a few earnest private men, sent forth by their own consciences to do the will of the Lord.

Thus we read in the historian, under date A.D. 1417, merely as one example, "that not far from Bielo-ozero, one of the princes of that place discovered a whole community of monks on a desolate and rocky island of the Koubensky Lake, who occupied themselves solely with preaching the Word of God to savage tribes of the Tchoudes;" and again, that "Great Perm was acquired to Russia by a single monk, through the preaching of the name of Christ. This man, Stephen, penetrated with an apostolic zeal, felt his heart pained at the gross heathenism of the inhabitants of Perm, and having thoroughly known their tongue from a child, invented letters for it. He went alone to preach Christ in the deep and silent woods of Perm, and by faith overcame all the opposition of the heathen priests, who were his enemies. He founded for them their first church, a poor and simple structure, on the river Viuma, and from thence, by little and little, the doctrine of salvation was spread abroad."

THE CHURCH OF VLADIMIR, KIEV, AND NOVGOROD.

Directing our glance next to these several cities, each in its turn the metropolis of Russia before the day of Moskva had begun, we open up at once a view of both the founding of the Russian Church, and some of the more trying of her subsequent persecutions.

The seat of government, as well as the abode of the metropolitan, had been already removed from Kiev to Vladimir, when the Mongol invasion under Batu Khan took place, A.D. 1240; but both cities, with their inhabitants, alike suffered siege, slaughter, and burning. Under the ashes of her towns, the land was quiet at last; and the peasants, mostly decimated and led off to a life of slavery, had only the satisfaction of occasionally meeting each other in the wilds of Tahtary, exchanging the names of the villages in beloved Russia from which they were taken, and strengthening themselves mutually in their Christian faith.

Then, far removed from the ministrations of any organized priesthood, beamed forth the advantage of their long having had the Bible translated into their own Slavonic tongue, so as to be accessible to the heart and understanding of every one Russian born. This had been mainly the doing of Yaroslav, son of Vladimir the Great (A.D. 1037), and he was followed in idea by many of the churchmen, especially the metropolitan Cyrill, who, desiring of the canons of the Fathers, and of any other writings then in theological esteem, that they should, to use his own expression, "not be veiled to his countrymen as by a cloud, under the wisdom of the Greek tongue, but that they should shine clear and enlighten all with rational light," assiduously employed himself in their translation.

But the remnants of inhabitants left behind in the land fared little better than the deported prisoners, especially in the western districts, for no sooner had the Tahtars retired therefrom, than Swedes, Lithuanians, Poles, and Hungarians, advanced and subjugated to themselves all Russia west of the Dnieper. They cut it off from wholesome access to the sea in the north-west, and separated several of the finest provinces of the empire of St. Vladimir the Great; and though some have since been regained, Galich has never been recovered; Galich, which, with its loyal princes, went forth to the

earliest battles against the Tahtars, and had ever furnished its quota in resisting Polovtsi, Petchenagues, and all Russia's eastern enemies; Galich, with its Greek communion, and its severed men of Russian descent, still a standing example of the perfidy of neighbouring Christian states in the time of Russia's distress from the infidels.

Yet none of these conquered provinces seem to have been treated so cruelly as those which fell under the dominion of the turbulent monarchy of Poland. There, nothing was constant, nothing steady, except the persevering designs of the Church of Rome to oblige captive Russians to leave their own religion and adhere to the Latin. Persecution was tried in various forms on both clergy and laity without effect, until at length the scheme of the "Unia" was invented. The Russians might retain their books, their priests, their services, everything except this one point, viz., that they were to leave off saying that "Jesus Christ was the Head of their Church," and to acknowledge the Pope of Rome in his stead. Some congregations did assent, but they obtained none of the promised political advantages; while, the small end of the wedge having once been introduced, they soon found one article of their faith after another prohibited. Romish priests simulating the Greek were introduced into their churches, and at last the Slavonian language was exchanged, by order, for the Latin; or, if any still remained orthodox, their churches were given ingeniously on loan to Jews, who extorted their own prices for every act of devotion performed in them to the Saviour they themselves denied, and whom they still rejoiced to persecute in His followers; and then, when despair at last provoked resistance and unavailing war, many miserable Russians were boiled in caldrons, or burned on coals, or spitted on sharp spits, or torn with iron-cats in the squares of Warsaw.

Such scenes, however, only prepared the way for the subsequent fall of Poland, caused the Russians to adhere more strongly than ever to their religion, and keep vividly in their remembrance, as though it were but yesterday, the times of their great Prince Vladimir, the more than Charlemagne, the Constantine rather, of the North, under whom, A.D. 992, their nation changed at once from paganism to almost exactly its present form of faith. On revisiting now the scenes of the overthrow of their ancient idols, and the baptism of the Russians in crowds, as a nation, in the waters of the Dnieper and the Volkov, the whole surrounding country appears to teem with reminiscences of the almost incredible event. The memory of most of their later emperors pales in the minds of the peasant population, before that of him who procured them the inestimable opening to spiritual salvation; and who prayed in the midst of his triumph, "O great God! who hast made heaven and earth, look down upon these thy new people, and grant them, O Lord, to know thee, the true God, as thou hast been made known to Christian lands; and confirm them in a true and unfailing faith."

The churches which Vladimir immediately thereupon erected are still pointed out, and the schools which he established, and the missionary enterprises on which he set out, in company with his bishops, are yet spoken of; even too the very gates, or at the least, brazen gates for long ages believed to be those, of Kerson in the Crimea, which he brought away with him from thence in token of his own conversion and baptism there, are presently shown in the cathedral of St. Sophia in Novgorod.

Two panels, about one thirteenth part of the whole, from these interesting relics—carefully engraved from photographs taken by ourselves from the originals in 1859—are prefixed to this article; and when taken in combination with what may still be seen in Novgorod as impressive as ever, of that broad flowing Volkov river; of the dark wood-bearing plains, with horizons interminable; of the sea-like expanse and sounding waters of the ever-agitated Ilmen lake; and the occasional modest square block of a church, of primitive type but with its little golden dome, which is sure to be found wherever two or three wooden huts are gathered together over the vast solitude, islets of light scattered at distant intervals over Russia's world-wide plains,—all these things may tend to enable one to appreciate a something of that early period in which the Russian established Church had its rise, and from which time it declares itself never to have changed.

Let it be so, for the moment; but nevertheless grant us leave to inquire, how nearly that establishment now satisfies individual consciences, illuminated as they should be by the greater knowledge at present existing in the world, concerning earlier times still than those of the Great Vladimir; and guided by more extensive and habitual searching of Scripture.

C. PIAZZI SMYTH.

OUR NEIGHBOUR.

BY THE EDITOR.

I. ON LOVING OUR NEIGHBOUR.

A POOR working man is apt to think that he is of very little importance in the world. I do not wonder at this. He hears the rich, the great, the eloquent, and the powerful, much spoken of; and he perceives of what importance *they* are; but as for himself, he is hardly known, even by name, to his nearest neighbours. Whether he is happy or sorrowful, well-doing or ill-doing, alive or dead, what matters it to them! how much less to the town, or to the parish in which he lives—nothing at all to the great world! He thus fancies himself to be like a leaf in the forest, unnoticed while it grows, and never missed when it withers and dies. He feels himself a small, valueless fraction, in the immense mass of mankind, whose presence does not sensibly increase, or whose absence does not sensibly diminish the great whole. Such thoughts as these often produce a careless, selfish spirit; and if they do not stir up a wicked and unloving feeling towards God (as if even he did not know, or care for us!) they frequently give rise to unkindness towards our fellow-men. For I have more than once heard a working man ask, in the bitterness of his soul, "What am I to others, and what are others to me?" I have known many, under the influence of such feelings, "hide themselves from their own flesh;" and nothing is more common than to hear people say, and that too with pride and self-satisfaction, "We don't meddle with our neighbours, and we do not wish our neighbours to meddle with us." "We keep ourselves to ourselves." Now, I am sure you will admit, that wherever this spirit exists, it is not the spirit which is breathed in this beautiful command:—"Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification;" nor is it the spirit of him by whose example the command is enforced, "for even Christ pleased not himself."

But yet no two errors are more common in daily life, than supposing, either that others are of no importance to us; or that we are of no importance to others. These errors stand and fall together. The moment we discover how much our state is affected by others, that moment we also discover how much the state of others is affected by our own. Now, when you ask, "What are others to me?"—as if they really were nothing to you!—it is impossible that you seriously believe this to be true, or that you can imagine yourself to be so separated from your kind as to be beyond the reach of their influence. Let us consider the matter calmly. If you were in deep family affliction—if you had lost a beloved wife or child, and your heart was breaking beside your lonely fireside—and if a neighbour who was hitherto almost a stranger to you, entered your house, and spoke kind and sympathizing words to you—shed his tears with yours, and convinced you by his whole manner, that he felt for you with a brother's heart,—could you say then, "My neighbour is nothing to me?" If you and your family were confined to beds of sickness, with little in the house to support you, and everything going to wreck and ruin; and if this man or woman visited you, cheered you up with words of hope, shared their food gladly with you and your children, and with ready hand performed those little domestic duties to your household, which restored a look of comfort and neatness to your dwelling,—would such neighbours be nothing to you? If you were in spiritual difficulties and soul distresses; if in your hour of darkness, when temptations were overcoming you, when you were backsliding from God, or when you had fallen into sin, and were, by your own carelessness and godlessness, becoming separated from your best friends; yea, if when you were seeking to live without God in the world, a Christian neighbour came to you—not in the spirit of anger to upbraid you, or in the spirit of pride to trample you down—but, in the spirit of meekness and of love, to carry your heavy burden, making it his own; grieving over your misery; helping to restore you to God, and to restore you to yourself; if he affectionately warned you, encouraged you, read God's Word to you, and earnestly prayed with you,—tell me, would such a neighbour as this be nothing to you? I will not multiply the various ways in which a neighbour might please you for your good. And I need not ask, if such brotherly kindness would touch your heart. I know it would. Deeds far less considerate than these excite your gratitude; you feel that such neighbours would make the world look to you far brighter than it now does, and that life, in spite of its sorrows, would be a very sunshine. After such experience of goodwill from your fellow-men, you would never again say, "My neighbour is nothing to me;" but you would rather confess with thankfulness: "my neighbour is everything to me; he is my help, my counsellor, my friend. I know not what I should have done without him." Ah! then, you cannot choose but see what an effect such neighbours would have upon your good and happiness. And why? Is it because they were rich? No! for they are poor working people like yourself. Have they learning? not what the world calls learning. They can read God's Word, to be sure; and maybe have gathered no small share of wisdom from Bunyan, and Howe, and Henry, and Flavel, and Baxter, and Willison,—those holy companions of many a Scottish home. Are your neighbours much spoken about, then? Does the world know or care for them? No! They are humble unknown men and women; poor and unknown, as were Jesus Christ and his parents for many a day. What have they, then, which has made them of such importance to you? They have *hearts*,—hearts touched with the love of God and man.

Silver and gold they had none; but what they had they gave to you,—tender sympathy, willing aid, sincere prayers, sweet and tender charity; and this, thank God, the poor can give the poor; and upon the giving of this depends the world's good and happiness, more than on aught else beside! Your neighbour has learned this grand lesson from his Master,—not to please himself, but to please you for your good; he has trampled under foot the selfish and unchristian saying, "I keep myself to myself;" and he has put in its place one more worthy of a follower of Christ, "I give myself to thee." And though this poor neighbour is of little importance to the big, noisy world, he is of great importance to you. He is like the candle or the food in your house,—if the one was extinguished, and the other removed, neither would be missed by the world; but they would be greatly missed by yourself and by your family.

But if you now see clearly how others may tell upon your good and happiness, I hope you also see how, in the very same way, you may tell upon the good and happiness of others. What does any neighbour do to you which you may not do to others? He commenced this kind intercourse. Until he entered your door, you had no idea there was so much love in the world,—you had hard thoughts of men; but this kind brotherly dealing gives you a new view of things. You begin to think that such Bible texts as these,—"Be kindly affectioned one towards another, in honour preferring one another;" "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;" "Consider one another, and provoke to love and to good works;" "Love seeketh not her own;"—are not heard from the pulpit or read in a book merely, but are seen in living epistles and are read in the lives of Christian men. Nay, that Christian neighbour has brought out of your own heart feelings of gratitude, kindness, and sympathy, which you thought were dead; but which were only sleeping there; and, by so doing, he has made you better,—he has made you happier. Well, then, *what he has been to you, you may be to others.* Go thou and do likewise. Some of your neighbours have hard or indifferent thoughts of you, as you once had of the world. Go and change them! Some are saying, "We have heard of Christianity. We should like to see a Christian." Go and show them one by opening to them a Christian's heart and life, and not a Christian's opinions merely. And as that good neighbour made you feel he was of importance to you, so may you, as a good neighbour, make yourself felt to be of importance to others. I repeat it, you need nothing else than a heart which truly loves God and man—that is the heart of a child of God—to be an unspeakable blessing, and of immense importance in your present place in society. Your words and example may awaken in many a now miserable home a note of gladness, which will be echoed on earth through many generations, and endure for ever in heaven. No man is commonplace who loves God and his fellow-men; this makes every man great. Pray to God, then, to deliver you from the cursed spirit of selfishness, and to help you every day to be more and more like Jesus Christ, who pleased not himself,—who *gave* himself a sacrifice for others,—and whose common saying was, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Pray for more of the spirit of self-sacrificing love, which can alone overthrow the many terrible barriers which now separate between man and man. Finally, *act.* Do not spend your time in reading or hearing about the right thing which should be done by others; but do the right thing yourself. *Some one must begin;* and if you are a professed follower of Christ, who should begin before you? You are not responsible for others, you are responsible for yourselves. See, then, that you never again shut your heart against your neighbour, nor with a Cain-like spirit ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but rather, with a Christ-like spirit, seek "to please him for his good to edification," and to "love him as yourself!" and I doubt not you will very soon, even in this world, have your reward,—the highest reward which a loving heart seeks—to be loved in return.

II. ON PLEASING OUR NEIGHBOUR.

"Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification," says the Apostle Paul. There is a pleasing of our neighbour which is very different from this;—a pleasing him by chiming in with his prejudices—by flattering his infirmities—by complying with his sinful wishes—by laughing at his wicked jokes—by countenancing him in his evil ways; in short, by doing, or *not* doing, that which will insure us *popularity* with our neighbour, though at the expense of principle in ourselves. This is indeed pleasing him, as we please the drunkard when we give him drink, or the self-willed when we give them their own way; but it is not pleasing him "for his good to edification," but rather for his injury to his destruction. And nothing, I repeat it, is more common than this sort of pleasing of each other. It is done, people say, "for the sake of peace," "to give no offence," "because to find fault is none of our business." With these plausible excuses, men cloak over their own unprincipled and slothful selfishness and want of love to their neighbours. For if they really loved their neighbour,—if they felt themselves responsible for their conduct towards him,—if they were concerned for his *good*, they would seek to please him, consistently with that good, and in such a way as he would thank them for when on his dying bed, or at the day of judgment. What we all must learn, is to seek our neighbour's well-being, so that his evil should be our burden, and his good our happiness and reward. We must learn *so* to love him, as that we shall, if necessary, *dis*please him, and put him to pain, and make him perhaps angry with us for a time, if in this way only we can do him good *in the end;* just as a kind surgeon will put us to pain in order to save our lives.

"*Every one of us*" must thus please his neighbour; because every one has some neighbour thus to please. Do you ask, "Who is my neighbour?" I reply, that person, whoever he be, with whom God in his providence brings you in contact; whether you meet him by accident for a few minutes only, or associate with him every day of your life; the person, in short, who can in any way be in-

fluenced by you,—by what you *are*, as well as by what you *do:* that person is *your* neighbour; he is more or less closely "bound up in the bundle of life" with you—and in as far as you can by word, look, or action, "please him for his good," so far it is your duty and privilege, as fellow-workers with God, to do so. And a moment's consideration will show you, that there is no one, however poor, however unknown, however unlearned, but has, at least, *one* talent of influence which he may use, and which he *dare* not lay up in a napkin. Not only so, but that he possesses greater opportunities of influencing one or more individuals, than any other on earth has. I ask you, reader, is there not some one whom you know better, and come in contact with more frequently than any others do? It may be your child or parent, your brother or sister, your fellow-workman or daily acquaintance; but some one there is whom *you* know better than any one else does, and who is, therefore, in a *special* sense, your neighbour,—for whom you are, in a special sense, responsible. This one talent, I say, every man possesses, while thousands, from their position in society, possess many more: this one work each one of us may do for others, and, perhaps, no one else can do it so well. The opportunity of doing this good is a power given us by God, which is peculiarly our own. You cannot point to a single case in which this will not hold true. That old decrepit woman, for instance, who cannot stir from her chair by the fireside, may, day by day, "please" the children who play around her knee, "for their good to edification,"—a good which may tell upon families yet unborn. That poor invalid who can scarcely move or speak, may, by patience, and love, and meekness, and consideration of the feeling of others, springing from trust in God, shed a holy influence around her dying bed. That sick-nurse, who watches beside this other sleepless sufferer, may, in the silence of the night, speak words which, by God's blessing, may end in life everlasting. That infirm man, who, for support, leans on his staff, may, by his affectionate advices to the young—his pious visits, rich in prayer, to his sick neighbours; his kindly words, and peaceful, happy walk before all,—scatter blessings round him while he lives, and leave them behind him in the hearts of many when he dies. But not to multiply instances, or to select them from higher walks in life, it will suffice to say, in conclusion, that if we only remember how each one of us comes in contact with many individuals every year, and how every hour we cannot but exercise *some* influence upon others, we must see how we never can want neighbours, whom we have the means of "pleasing for their good to edification." This talent of doing good or evil to others is a very solemn one. But it is a fact; and no power of ours can alter it; nor should we seek to have it otherwise; for all God's appointments are good, both for the world and for us. In order to make this great talent gain other talents, one thing alone is needful; but that is everything, viz., *that we be good ourselves.* If we first please God, by giving him our hearts for our own good to salvation, then we cannot but choose to please our neighbour for *his* good to edification.

III. ON THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF LOVE.

THE apostle sets before us Jesus Christ as the great example of self-sacrificing love, when he says "Even Christ pleased not himself." Even Christ! he who is "the first-born of every creature, heir of all things,"—"in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead,"—"who is God over all, blessed for ever." Even *he* "pleased not himself," but sacrificed himself for the good of others. By this glorious example does the apostle, in writing to the Philippians, exhort Christians to consider the well-being of others. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

"Even Christ pleased not himself." These words describe his character. For the sake of others, he came into the world; for others he lived; for others he prayed; for others he wept; for others he died; for others he intercedes; and for others he will come again! The works and words of every day he spent upon earth are a comment upon this beautiful picture, "He pleased not himself."

That you may realize to yourselves the unselfishness—if I may so speak—of our blessed Master's character, let us glance at that portion of his history which is embraced in the last week of his life; and see how, in the most overwhelmingly trying circumstances, he ever forgot himself in seeking the good of others.

A few days before his crucifixion, he entered Jerusalem as a King: multitudes met him by the way and welcomed him with loud hosannahs: never before had he been so honoured or received. It was the only day of triumph he had in his life. He reached the brow of the hill which overlooked Jerusalem. "He beheld the city!"—the city so long highly favoured by God, and now about to perish for its impenitence, and that sight absorbs his whole thoughts. He thinks not of himself; nor is he attracted by the applauses of the people. His heart is with his eye; and both rest upon desolate Zion. He weeps bitter tears; and his wailing cry is, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! O that thou, even thou, hadst known the things of thy peace!" In the beautiful language of Jeremy Taylor, "He wet the palms with his tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls that descended on Mount Hermon; weeping, in the midst of his triumph, over obstinate, perishing, malicious Jerusalem. For this Jesus was like the rainbow; he was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud; in his best days he was but of half triumph, and half sorrow!" Behold him again the evening before his death, seated at the paschal supper with his disciples! What an utter forgetfulness of himself

—what a seeking of the good of others—does he manifest in all he said, and in all he did! He does not ask his disciples to comfort *him*, to sympathize with *him*, though *he* was to be the sufferer. His whole time is occupied in "pleasing *them* for their good to edification,"—"Let not *your* hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." There is not a thought about himself expressed. He warns, he exhorts, he instructs, he cheers his disciples, and prepares them for coming trial, and for temptation. He is indeed troubled in spirit; but it is when making the sad announcement, that one whom he had always trusted as his friend is about to betray him.

The supper is over; "his hour was come that he should depart out of this world to his Father." Yet, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end." That love, like all true love, will stoop to do the humblest acts, in order to do good to the beloved object. We read, accordingly, that "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God, and went to God," —what then? with the full knowledge of the glory which he had left, and to which he was about to return, and of the universal dominion which the Father had given,—yet, oh! marvellous love, which seeketh not her own,—"he riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments, and girded himself, and poureth water into a basin, *and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.*" How true is it, that "even *Christ* pleased not himself!"

Our Lord is in the garden of Gethsemane. He is about to pass through unheard-of agony, as our atoning Saviour—agony immeasurable, incomprehensible! But he thinks of the good of his disciples, while "the chastisement of our peace was upon him." He leaves them, in order to be alone in his sorrow. The sight was too trying for their weak faith. "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." When he finds them asleep, there are no reproaches for their want of sympathy with him. How tender the slight rebuke! How mingled with it is the comfort!—"What! could ye not watch with me one hour? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak!" Even Peter's special danger, from overweening confidence, is not overlooked by him. He would quicken him to watch and pray against temptation, by the question,—"Simon, sleepest *thou?*" In all this he was mindful of the good of others.

The cruel band of soldiers, led by the traitor, approach; they surround Jesus. His first thoughts are for the safety of his disciples,—"Let these," he says, "go away." Peter wounds Malchus: Jesus attends to the sufferer, though an enemy, and heals him!

But he is at last alone, and in the presence of his tormentors; all his disciples have forsaken him. He is standing before the High Priest, at early dawn, after his night of toil and horror; he is buffeted, insulted, blasphemed. Yet even then he thinks of others. He is yearning over the fallen disciple. He hears him curse and swear that he knew him not,—"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter,"—a look of pity, reproach, and love, which broke his heart with godly sorrow, and saved his soul.

Jesus is carrying his cross; the women of Jerusalem alone feel for him, and they accompany him on his way with bitter lamentations. But he "will seek the good of Zion," rather than the comfort offered by "Zion's daughters." "Women of Jerusalem," he says, "weep not for me; but weep for yourselves!" and he warns them of the coming destruction of their city!

Jesus is hanging on the cross! Never was there such an hour as this in the history of the universe. Who but God can measure the greatness of our Saviour's sufferings when nailed to the accursed tree? "There was no sorrow like his sorrow." Can he think of others then? Yes. The infinite love which brought him into the world in order to live and die for others; which enabled him, for the salvation of guilty men, to drink the cup in Gethsemane, and to endure the cross, and despise the shame on Calvary; that self-sacrificing love was displayed to all around him, while "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." He thinks of his weeping, agonized mother, and commends her to his beloved disciple, saying, "Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother!" He thinks of a dying thief, who cries, "Remember me!" and gives peace to his troubled soul by the blessed assurance, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." And before he resigned his spirit into his Father's hands, he thinks of his cruel murderers, and cries, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Such is Jesus. Well might the Apostle say, "He pleased not himself." And such is the "mind" which must be in us if we are "in him." "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not himself. Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one toward another, according to (*i.e.*, after the example of) Jesus Christ." Let the enmity to the living God which is in our natural hearts, be slain by faith in his love to us through Christ, and then shall all enmity to our fellow-men be slain also. Let God's love to us be shed abroad upon our hearts by the Holy Spirit, and then shall these hearts be shut no longer by wicked selfishness against our neighbour. Let us carry our Lord's cross, and then we shall carry our brother's burden. "Hereby," says the apostle John, "perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us—and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "This is my commandment," says our Lord, "that ye love one another, *as I have loved you!*"

WICLIF'S VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

It was in or about the year 1380 that Wiclif published his English Bible. Of all the books that have been published in this land, Wiclif's version of the Scriptures is certainly one of the most interesting to British Christians, partly because of the light which it throws on the character and growth of the English language, but chiefly because of the great influence which it exerted in bringing about the Protestant Reformation. It is intended in this paper to lay before the readers of *Good Words* a few of the peculiarities of Wiclif's version, and, lest the field should prove too extensive, all the instances referred to will be taken from the New Testament.

Wiclif translated from the Vulgate, and his version, therefore, partakes of the Vulgate's imperfections. It is almost needless to observe, that it is in many respects inferior to that which was published in 1611, and which is called the Authorized Version. It is to be presumed that each translation and revision, from 1380 to 1611, was an improvement on its predecessors, and, without entering into the question of the expediency of a new translation or revision, this much may be said, that there is no reason to suppose that in the version of 1611 perfection was attained. In many respects, then, Wiclif's version is not equal to the authorized, but in a few it is perhaps superior. I have noticed a considerable number of passages to which, I think, this remark applies; to some of these passages I shall presently refer, and the reader shall judge for himself.

The change that has taken place in the English language during the last 500 years is certainly very great. Many words that were commonly used in Wiclif's time have utterly disappeared; many others have been strangely altered in their orthography; and others, again, are no longer used in the sense which they formerly bore. In the course of a few generations Wiclif's version will be as unintelligible to the unlearned Englishman as the Vulgate from which it was taken.

Already it is difficult for the English reader to recognise in Wiclif's version some of the proper names in Scripture with which he is most familiar. The difficulty is enhanced by the fact that Wiclif so often gives proper names of both persons and places without an initial capital. Perhaps "pilat of pounce" may easily be made out; nor does "farao" puzzle us much; nor is it hard to recognise in "tite" the good man whom Paul left in Crete; but it is no easy matter to discover in "sache," "Zaccheus;" in "caym," "Cain;" in "astirak," "Aristarchus;" in "oold poul," "Paul the aged;" in "a mighti man," "Tyrannus;" in the "chepinge of Appius," "Appii Forum;" in "a child mak," "Aceldama."

Again, the reader is sometimes perplexed by the fact that there are words which Wiclif has not translated, and for which English equivalents are given in the Authorized Version. For instance, the gospel is often with Wiclif "the evangeli;" the pearl of great price is "o precious margerite;" the music which the elder brother heard in his father's house is "symfonye;" the napkin in which the pound was laid up is a "sudari;" the governor of the wedding feast at Cana appears as the "architriclyn;" the feast of tabernacles is the "senofegia;" the place that is called the pavement is the "lithostratos;" the festival of the new moon is the "neomynye." There is, however, one word which Wiclif has very sensibly translated, and which in the Authorized Version is untranslated: that word is Mammon. Wiclif leaves the unlearned reader in no doubt as to this word,—"ye moun not serve God and ricchesse."

Occasionally, too, a Latinism of unusual form perplexes the plain unlettered Englishman, as he reads Wiclif. He will meet with the "loaves of proposisioun," instead of the shew-bread; for principality and power, "principat and potestat;" for idols, "symylacris." Generally, however, this last word is rendered by an equivalent even more perplexing to the English reader than "symylacris." Wiclif's almost constant word for idols is "mawmets;" a very curious word with a very curious history, as will be seen on consulting the following extract from Selden's *Table Talk*, Art. Popery:—"We charge the prelatical clergy with Popery, to make them odious; though we know they are guilty of no such thing; just as, heretofore, they called images mammets, and the adoration of images mammetry, that is, Mahomet and Mahometry; odious names; when all the world knows the Turks are forbidden images by their religion." Anything, however false, that could bring the Mahometans into disrepute, was welcome, and so they were represented as worshippers of idols, although iconoclasm was a main article of their religion. Mahomet, mawmet, and idol, became equivalent terms, and Wiclif, falling in with the general prejudice, adopts this product of spleen and misrepresentation, and says, "Little children, keep yourselves from mawmetis."

Wiclif's version has also much of this defect, viz., the numberless multiplication of English words where there is but one in the original. Our own version is by no means free from this fault. In one verse we have the untranslated word Areopagus, and three verses afterwards the very same word is translated Mar's Hill. One of the noblest words in Scripture is, without any reason, sometimes rendered by love, sometimes by charity; another is translated atonement here, and reconciliation there. Dean Trench, in his work on the Revision of the New Testament, points out many cases of the needless multiplication of English words, where one would have answered better. This fault appears often in Wiclif. Thus the chief priests are sometimes called the "Princis of Priests," sometimes "Bischopis"—"the Bischopis answeride we have no kyng but the emperour." For the sop that was given to the traitor we have three words, "soppe," "mossel," and "mussel;" and for one and the same word we have "elder men," "senyouris," and "preestis." Wiclif, how-

ever, does not commit the egregious blunder of calling the passover Easter; with him the passover, I believe, is always, or almost always, "pask." And I have observed instances in which two words given in the original, which are translated by one in the authorized version, are properly distinguished by Wiclif. For example, in the beginning of Luke vii. we read of the centurion's servant whom Jesus healed. In the authorized version the word servant is used all through the narrative. But in the original, two words are used: one denoting a servant or slave; the other also denoting a servant, but having, in addition, the sense of child, a term indicative of affection. Now, we read that the servant was dear to the centurion. In the first place, the servant is spoken of as a servant; but when the centurion speaks of him in verse 7, the word indicative of affection is used. This distinction, which is overlooked in the authorized version, is preserved by Wiclif. Verse 2, "A servant of a centurion, that was precious to him, was sike." Verse 7 (here the centurion speaks), "Seie bi word, and my child schal be heelid." How beautifully does the affection, asserted in verse 2, come out in verse 7, where this word has full justice done to it. Here, I think, Wiclif is decidedly in advance of the authorized version. Dean Trench complains of the authorized version, that it often renders by one English word several not perfectly synonymous Greek words. He mentions in particular two cases, in each of which there are twelve Greek words, and but one English equivalent in the authorized version. Now, on consulting Wiclif, it will be found that for the first twelve he gives six English words, and for the other twelve, seven. In these cases, notwithstanding the enrichment of our language, which took place between the years 1380 and 1611, we find the earlier version much wealthier than the later.

It is very curious to observe what extraordinary alterations have taken place, since Wiclif's time, in the accepted meaning of words. Thus the verb to sue has now an almost exclusively legal signification; to sue a man is to prosecute a man for the payment of a debt. But this is Wiclif's word for follow, although he uses follow as well. Christ said to Matthew, "Sue thou me: and he rose and followed him." In connexion with Matthew's call, we have another word which is used in a very different manner now. In our version we read that Matthew, when called, was sitting at "the receipt of custom." Wiclif tells us that he was sitting "in a tolbothe." The word tolbooth now means a Scotch prison, but it was originally applied to a hut erected at a fair for the purpose of accommodating the takers of tolls or customs; and, so, Wiclif is perfectly correct; and, indeed, the "tolbothe" is a rather better rendering than "the receipt of custom." As Wiclif calls the "receipt of custom," or, rather, the custom-house, a "tol bothe," so, when he translates the passage "custom to whom custom," he renders it, "to whom tol, tol." The word duke is another that has been somewhat altered in its range of application. Wiclif applies it to Christ in Matt. ii. 6. Sovereign is a word of very high import now, and is set apart for the greatest person in the state; but Wiclif gives it to Christian ministers. "Have ye mynde of youre sovereyns that have spokun to you the word of God." One of the most singular specimens of change in the application of words is to be seen in this passage:—"Also I preie and the german felowe." My readers may well wonder what German felowe is to be found in the New Testament; they will discover him in Phil. iv. 3, "And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow." If an Englishman, utterly unacquainted with the authorized version, were to take up Wiclif, he would be astonished to find what a number of castles Jesus and his disciples visited. Their whole progress seems to have been a series of journeys from one castle to another. "Jesus made iournee bi citees and castels prechynge." "Jesus came not yit in to the castel." Castle is Wiclif's usual word for village. But his use of the word town is still more curious. It is rather startling to find one of the men who excused themselves from the supper saying, "I have bought a toun, and I have nede to go and see it." But town is Wiclif's word for a field. Indeed, I may say that toun is Wiclif's word for country. In our version we read that Simon the Cyrenean was coming out of the country when he was compelled to carry Christ's cross. Wiclif tells us that he was coming "fro the toun." It seems to be a hopeless contradiction, but it is not; both are right, because town is a word which properly signifies any enclosed space; in fact, its radical meaning seems to be a hedge; it is, therefore, applicable to a field, to a farm, in fact, to the country. Sad is a word which Wiclif uses in a manner which, to the modern Englishman, must appear very strange. With us it has an exclusively mournful signification, and suggests nothing but sorrow and affliction. Having only this idea of the word, we may well be perplexed on finding it asserted that the wise builder's house fell not, because it was founded on "a sad stoon;" that Paul rejoices to behold in the Colossians the "sadnesse" of their faith in Christ; that Peter warns Christians not to fall away from their "sadnesse;" that hope is a "sad" anchor of the soul. But such is Wiclif's word for firm, stedfast, and it is, in fact, the past participle of the verb to set. Cunning was once a very noble word; used as a noun it meant knowledge, science, skill; used as an adjective it had a corresponding signification. It has been degraded, the crown has fallen from its head. To be called cunning was once the highest compliment, the application of such an epithet we should now resent as an insult, because the word savours of rascality; its better meaning is rapidly disappearing, and probably can never be restored. In Wiclif's time it was a word capable of the highest service, and incapable of any base occupation. With Wiclif, the key of knowledge is "the key of kunnynge." Paul has great satisfaction in feeling that the Christians in Rome are filled with all "kunnynge;" he thanks God that the Corinthians are rich in all "kunnynge;" and in one of the apostle's most magnificent passages, he says, "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and 'kunnynge' of God." Wit, originally synonymous with cunning, has, like its synonyme, gone the downward road, though not in the same

direction, nor in so discreditable a direction. It has not a bad sense like cunning, but it has acquired a somewhat paltry sense. Wit now shows itself for the most part in joking; it used to show itself in every form of intellectual effort; it is now that which makes men laugh, it was that which made men think; in fact, it was wisdom, it was understanding. And, so, Wiclif translates Paul as exhorting the Corinthians not to be children in "wittis," to be in malice children, but in "wittis" men. Gal. iii. commences thus: "O unwitti Galathianes;" and in Rom. xi. 33, we have this question, "For whi, who knewe the witte of the Lord?" As it is with families, so it is with words; some go down and some go up. Cunning and wit have each fallen from the noblest position; the one has become a knave, and the other a trifler. There is, however, one word at least which, since Wiclif's time, has evidently improved itself, and is now used in better service than that which it frequently discharged 500 years ago. I refer to the word virtue. This word Wiclif generally uses in its ancient sense of strength; it is his standard word for power, whether physical or spiritual, but he uses it altogether irrespectively of any moral value. The miracles of Christ are with Wiclif virtues, of which application a remnant exists in the authorized version, where we read, concerning the Saviour, that "there went virtue out of him, and healed them all." But in Wiclif the word is of perpetual occurrence. Paul is persuaded that neither angels, nor principalities, nor "virtues," shall be able to separate us from the love of God; and in 2 Thess. ii. 9, he speaks of that wicked one, "whose coming is after the working of Satan, in all 'vertu,' and signs, and lying wonders." Virtue, we thus perceive, was ascribed to Satan and other wicked beings; virtues were among those elements which might tend to separate Christians from the love of God; the word has been rescued from this degradation, and now has an exclusively good signification. Much the same honourable history pertains to the word famous. It has not attained the same moral standing as virtue, but still it is so far on the side of goodness that we are obliged to use its exact contrary—"infamous"—when we speak of something particularly bad. But the word famous had not, in Wiclif's time, established for itself a good character, for I find that Pilate had a "famous" prisoner called Barabbas. There is another word which, I think, has very properly been degraded, or rather, it has been restored to its proper position from a higher, which all, excepting very ill-natured people, will agree it never ought to have occupied. I refer to the word leech. Wiclif, in common with many later writers, applies this term to physicians. The woman with an issue of blood had "receyved many thingis of ful many lechis;" and instead of "Luke the beloved physician," we have "luk the leche moost dere." Wiclif's version brings before us another word which, unhappily, has suffered in the lapse of time. Health is a word which has now an almost exclusively physical meaning, or at most a physical and intellectual one. We speak of bodily and mental health, and, in a figurative sense, we speak of a healthy trade; but we do not apply either health or healthy in a purely spiritual sense. This, however, is Wiclif's constant practice. Health is, in fact, his standard word for salvation; the knowledge of salvation is "the science of helthe;" the gospel of salvation is "the gospel of helthe;" the way of salvation is "the way of helthe." A thoroughly Saxon word instead of the Latin, and a word, perhaps, better than salvation in some respects, because it seems to carry with it the idea of sanctification as well as that of justification, which, to most persons, salvation does not; for salvation, as generally understood, means deliverance from some external evil, *e.g.*, hell torments. But this word health teaches us to consider the subjective in religion; it reminds us not only of danger, but of danger proceeding from disease; it tells us that salvation must be wrought in us as well as for us, that it is a subjective as well as an objective process. It were well if this fine word could be restored to its former position, if the spiritual could be again associated with it; so that every man might be reminded that, however strong he may be in body and in mind, he is not in a healthy state unless he is a believer in the Son of God. A thoroughly religious man is the only healthy man. Such is the train of thought suggested by Wiclif's use of this word.

Some of Wiclif's words have altogether gone out of common use. The loss of some of them will not perhaps be very much regretted; for example, "bilipre," for which we have "measure;" "volatilis," for which we have "fatlings;" "chepynge," which is Wiclif's word for market, and which, perhaps, still exists in its old signification in Cheapside. We can also dispense with "erthetiliers," although it is much more to the purpose than husbandmen; for why a husbandman shoulde be a farmer any more than a blacksmith it would be very difficult to show; judge serves as well as "domesman," and officer as well as Wiclif's "maisterful axer," who casts the insolvent debtor into prison; murderers, too, are neither better nor worse than "manquellers," and we understand talents better than "besauntis," and unleavened bread better than "therf loaves." But there are some words the loss of which we have, I think, reason to regret; such, for example, are "soth" and "sothfast." Truth and truthful are as good, but still for words which, happily, are in such great request, the more synonyms the better. "Soth" and its kindred terms appear often in Wiclif. "Sothli, sothli," for verily, verily; Nicodemus says to Christ, "Maister, we witen that thou art sothfast;" the Ephesians are exhorted "to stand, having their loins girt about with 'sothefastness;'" and Paul asks the Galatians whether he was become their enemy because he tells them the "sothe." This word, however, has almost disappeared, and what traces are left of it are discreditable; as, for instance, in forsooth, which is a word of contempt, and in soothsaying, which is anything but truthsaying. If the loss of the word "sooth" is to be regretted, much more may we regret the loss of the word "ruth." This is one of Wiclif's favourites; it means compassion, and is a fine Saxon equivalent for this Latin word which has superseded it, but is by no means its superior: Jesus had "ruth"

upon the multitude. And now what is left of this word? We certainly have it, we have it entire, but we have it with an addition that destroys it—ruthless. What shall we say? Is it true that we have lost the "ruth," and are indeed ruthless? Our language, at all events, is all but ruthless, seeing that "ruth" is scarcely recognised amongst its words, certainly not amongst its leading words. But it will be said we have rueful, which is equivalent to ruthful. Yes, we have rueful; but rueful is not, as used by us, the opposite to ruthless; that is to say, rueful does not mean compassionate, unless it be compassion for one's-self. Rue and rueful are used exclusively in a subjective sense. I do not rue another man's mistakes or misfortunes, but my own; my countenance is rueful when I contemplate my own misery, not when I contemplate my neighbour's sorrows. Thus, what little of "ruthfulness" is left us we keep to ourselves; it has become so scarce that we have none to spare for others; and the word is chiefly known by its appearing simply in order to deny itself in "ruthless." According to Wiclif, John the Baptist tells the soldiers (whom Wiclif always calls "knyghtis") to be content with their "soudis." These "soudis," meaning wages, are so intimately connected with soldiers, that they seem to favour that melancholy and discreditable etymology which connects soldier and sell, and which, in fact, proclaims a soldier to be a man who has sold himself for pay. On this derivation, however, I venture to offer no further opinion.

The Authorized Version is justly admired and prized as a noble specimen of the Anglo-Saxon tongue; but, as the reader will naturally expect, Wiclif is still more Anglo-Saxon than those who lived more than 200 years after him; and perhaps it is not until we read Wiclif that we are forcibly reminded of the great extent to which the Latin element pervades the Authorized Version. Without being very careful in my search, I have found more than fifty distinct words and phrases which Wiclif renders in his own native tongue, but for which the translators of 1611 have had recourse to the Latin. Some of these Anglo-Saxon words have died out, or nearly so; for instance, "stie," which Wiclif constantly uses for ascend: "Ye shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God 'stiynge' up and coming down upon the Son of man;" or, as Wiclif generally, if not always renders it, "mannes sone." This word, I suppose, is still found in "stairs," things by which we "stie" or go up. "Outakun" may also be regarded as obsolete, although the reader will perceive that it is exactly equivalent to except. Wiclif's most usual word for except, however, is but = be-out; that is to say, *minus; e.g.*, "But a man be borun agen he mai not se the kingdom of God." "Sourdough" is a word which can scarcely be looked upon as extant, although each of its component parts is in general use; at all events, sourdough is a term no longer employed in the sense in which it occurs in Wiclif, viz., as equivalent to leaven. "The kingdom of heaven is like to sourdough." "Beware of the sourdough of Pharisees and Saducees." Again, we scarcely ever use the word "fieldy;" Wiclif speaks of a plain as "a fieldi place." Compare Matt. xxiii. 12, in the authorized version, with Wiclif, and you will find a good specimen of old Anglo-Saxon, and its capability of expressing ideas which are now commonly expressed in terms derived from the Latin: "For he that higheth hym self shall be mekid, and he that mekith hym self schal be enhaunsid." This last verb, it should be remarked, is not Saxon. Another and very similar instance will be found in John iii. 30, "It bihoveth hym to wexe, but me to be made lasse." Another old English word is "arede," used by Wiclif instead of prophesy, which we have in our present version, "Thou crist, arede to us who is he that smote thee" (Matt. xxvi. 68).

The following are specimens of Saxon terms in Wiclif which are represented by Latin in the authorized version. It should, however, be observed that Wiclif does not constantly use these words; thus, for example, he has redemption as well as "agenbiynge," and "regeneracioun" as well as "agenbigetinge." Still, "agenbiynge" is his usual word for redemption. "Thou were slayn, and agenboughtest us to God in thy blood," Rev. v. 9. So, again, his usual word for resurrection is "agenrisynge;" "I am demed of the hope and of agenrisynge of deed men," Acts xxiii. 6. Then we have in Wiclif "endid," for perfected; "goynge out," for decease; "hunger," for famine; "gode doers," for benefactors; "token," for sign; "showid," for revealed; "teeld out," for declared; "dwellyngis," for mansions; "putte," for ordained; "make redi," for prepare; "liknes," for similitude, and for parable; "gilte," for offence; "lived agen," for revived; "feynynge," for dissimulation, and for hypocrisy; "schepardis," for pastors; "gilour," for deceiver; "beheestis," for promises, and "bihote," for promised; "halowynge of the temple," for dedication; "holi men," for saints; "goostli," for spiritual; "sle" (slay), for mortify; "undeedliness," for immortality; "sight," for vision; "nigh goynge," for access; "turnynge up so doun the folk," for perverting the nation; "moot halle," for judgment hall. Instead of "suppose," Wiclif generally has "gesse," using it exactly as the people of the United States use it now, *e.g.*,—"Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I 'gesse' that he to whom he forgave most." We also find the word "dresse" used by Wiclif where the authorized version has direct, *e.g.*, "But God himself, and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, 'dresse' our way unto you." This meaning of the word "dress" still lingers in "address;" that which directs a visitor or a letter to a man's house. But, perhaps, the most remarkable of all Wiclif's Saxonisms is that by which he avoids the Latin word "create." To create is not to make up or fashion anything out of existing materials, but to bring it into existence out of nothing. "Create" and "creator" are, certainly, very convenient words, as will be seen when we notice Wiclif's rather clumsy substitutes, *e.g.*, "For thy pleasure they are and were created;" "for thy wille the werun and ben made of nought" (Rev. iv. 11). "A faithful creator;" "the faithful maker of nought" (1 Peter iv. 19).

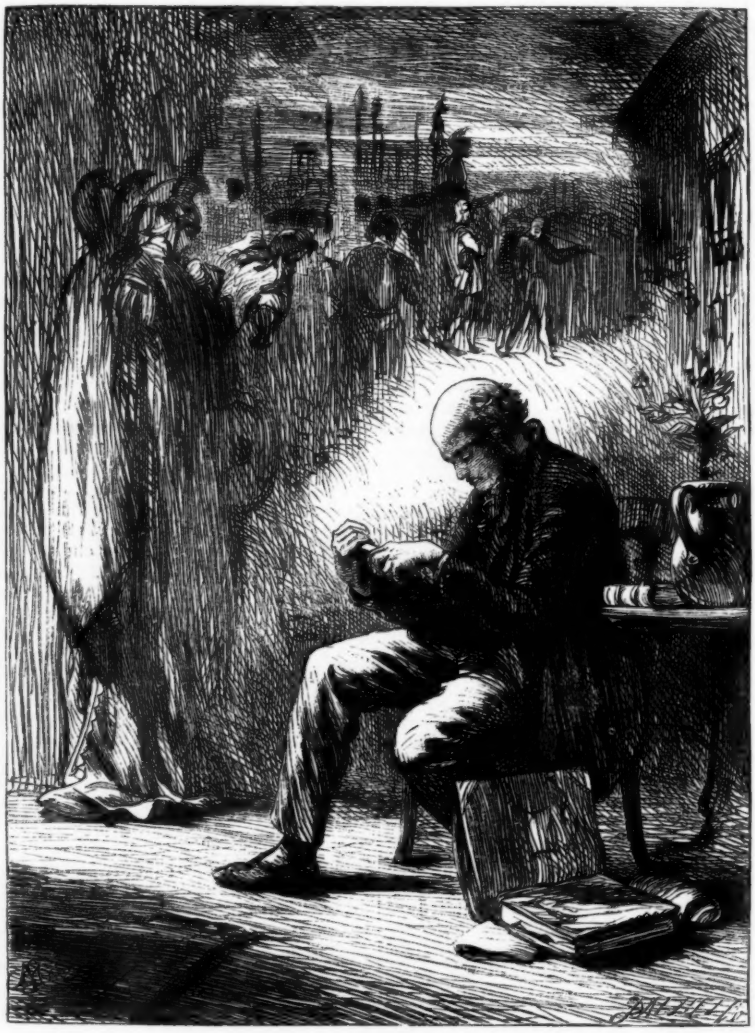
In some of the above instances it will, I think, be seen that, for the unlearned Englishman, Wiclif

is, even now, a better translator than the learned divines of 1611. Ministers find that they must explain such words as similitude, parable, and redemption; but "liknes" and "agenbiynge" explain themselves; put them into modern orthography, and every man who can read them will understand them. Other cases might be given; for example, the word "prevent" has become so altered in its meaning that we may truly say that it suggests an idea exactly the reverse of that which it once conveyed, and when we read, "We which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep," we find it necessary to enter upon an explanation, if we have to address ignorant persons; but Wiclif, using instead of prevent "come bifor," gives the apostle's meaning clearly and at once. In the authorized version of John x. 1, the words thief and robber do tolerably well convey the distinction implied in the original terms, the thief being the man who secretly appropriates that which is another's; while the robber does so openly and with violence; but this distinction, if not more accurately marked, is much more strongly given, by Wiclif, who calls these characters respectively, "a night theef and a day theef." Dean Trench considers it probable that in the expression "which strain at a gnat" an error has crept into our version, through the carelessness of some printer, and that the translators intended us to read "which strain out a gnat." However this may be, "straining at a gnat" is a phrase almost destitute of meaning. Wicliff reads, "blinde leders clensynge a gnat, but swolowynge a camel;" this, though not very clear, seems a nearer approach to the idea of carefully removing a gnat from the cup than the authorized version affords. When we read that the Baptist's head was put into a charger, we have by no means so plain a statement as Wiclif gives us by using the word "dische." "Do violence to no man," seems to be rather a strange injunction to soldiers, who are in the same sentence told to be content with their wages, and who, therefore, are permitted to continue in the service. Wiclif's version, if not so literal, seems to be more in accordance to the spirit of the passage,—"smyte ye wrongfulli no man." "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee;" here our version is certainly not literal, nor does it well express our Lord's meaning. Wiclif renders the passage thus, "Fool, in this night thei shalle take thi liif fro thee." To whomsoever the plural pronoun refers, the original is plural, and the propriety of altering the expression into an impersonal form is, at least, questionable. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." I do not know that I have ever met with a man who thought himself rich; as long as any person knows of another who is wealthier than himself, he thinks himself very poor; and so these solemn words are words which often fail to reach a rich man's conscience; while a comparatively poor man, however greedy of gain, thinks that because he has not £10,000 a year the text cannot have any reference to him. Now, I think that Wiclif's version is more literal, and at the same time more calculated to impress us all with the danger arising from the love of gain,—"How hard thei that han money schuln entre into the kyngdom of God." Most justly do we find fault with the epithet which the authorized version introduces in the passage, "who shall change our vile body" (Phil. iii. 21). Alford, Ellicott, and others, reject this adjective in a most decided manner, and read, "the body of our humiliation." But Wiclif anticipated our modern scholars, "whiche schal refourme the bodi of our mekenesse." When in our version we read, "Whether it be to the king, as supreme" (1 Peter ii. 13), we apply to a creature an epithet which seems more fitting for the Creator, whom, accordingly, we call "The Supreme Being." I do not know whether it was the desire to gratify James I.'s lofty notions of the royal prerogative that induced the translators of 1611 to adopt this word; I believe it is not to be found in any of the earlier English versions of the passage. Wiclif does full justice both to the text and to the king by reading the clause thus:—"Be ye suget . . . . to the kyng as to hym that is higher in state." Our version tells us that the prophets testified concerning the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow" (1 Peter i. 11). Glory is in the original a plural noun, and so Wiclif has rendered it, giving us, as the inspired author intended to give us, a better, a more comprehensive idea than our version suggests. Not one glory but many followed the Saviour's sufferings. Once more, the phrase "a peculiar people" (1 Pet. ii. 9), is so utterly incapable of conveying the sense of the original to the generality of readers, that it has to be most carefully explained. For anything that appears to the contrary, the word peculiar may refer to this or that quality, property, or characteristic of Christians; to anything that causes them to differ from the unconverted. To very few readers will it occur that the great doctrine of redemption is contained in this word. Such, however, is the fact, and Wiclif shows it, not perhaps in the very clearest manner, but still in such a manner that nothing but great stupidity can permit any reader to miss it. Wiclif reads, "a people of purchasynge;" *i.e.*, a people whom Christ has bought with his blood; this it is that makes Christians "a peculiar people."

I have thus endeavoured to present some of the most remarkable features of the version made by our great Reformer; and I hope that, whether considered in a literary or a theological light, this article may prove not altogether destitute of interest and instruction.

HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

ON SOLITUDE.



We can journey from London to Paris in ten hours. The tourist can cross the Alps as lightly and swiftly almost as the breeze or the rain-cloud. Messages are continually travelling through the midnight of the sea; the reader of the daily newspaper has brought to him every morning the execution in the remote country-town, the scandalous revelations of the law courts, the last night's speeches in Parliament, the details of American battles, the arrests in Paris, the sputter of musketry in Warsaw,—whispers, in fact, from every quarter of the planet. This is very wonderful. In the crowd and tumult of modern life, we cannot help thinking the world must have been very silent two centuries ago. And the railroad and the telegraphic wire are not mechanical triumphs alone: by the one, a man is not merely transported swiftly from one quarter of the world to another; by the other, distant countries are not merely, as it were, brought within speaking distance. These things have in truth to do with other matters than our persons, our pleasures, our ledgers. They

subserve spiritual interests; they feed the spirit. They quadruple experience; in some respects a single life led in the present century is worth a dozen lives led in the sixteenth century. On the one hand, from the crowd of transcendent interests in which one is immersed, we snatch a certain taste of immortality; on the other, and for the same reason, we are made more loth to die. Having seen so much of the game, we naturally desire to see it played out. Which amongst us does not wish to know, for instance, what will be the upshot in France and in Europe of the death of the present French Emperor. This is not an idle curiosity; and I can conceive a dying man—who has taken an intelligent interest in the events of his period, and who is perfectly alive to the personal solemnities of his condition—curiously interested in his last morning's *Times*. Was not the great Prince, whom we so recently lost, think you, anxious what reply America would make to England's message on the matter of the *Trent?* And did not the knowledge that he *could* not know embitter his last hours as much as the last hours of so good a man, and one so much beloved, could be embittered? We are curious about dead kings, and old battles, and extinct forms of government, and it is not unnatural that we should be curious about the events of our own time. These will be history some day, and will breathe potent lessons enough. But, admitting to the full the advantages of the railroad, the telegraphic wire, the daily newspaper, one may be permitted to say that they have their disadvantages. There is no gain without a corresponding loss. And among the disadvantages attendant on the present state of things may be reckoned the decease amongst men of the solitary taste, the impossibility almost of procuring anywhere a solitude. It is true enough, that poets and philosophers inform us that a man may be as solitary in the Strand as in the desert; but then they refer to the painful feeling of solitude—the lonely sense of being a unit amongst a multitude, the weight of unknown identities pressing one into an intenser consciousness of one's own identity—rather than to that habit of mind which seeks removal from the crowd, and finds its happiness alone. There is no spot so remote that an echo from the world will not reach. "The world is too much with us." We gad through all the bazaars of vanity, listen eagerly to the babble of the market-place, and are as seldom as possible at home. We know everything except ourselves. Modern life is against the solitary habit. Wordsworth was one of the last of our lovers of solitude; but before he died, he could see red embankments and troops of navvies creeping along the Cumberland vales, and launching a beautiful but ineffective sonnet at the advancing locomotive, the indignant bard turned on his heel. There are no hermits amongst us, and seclusion cannot readily be procured in a country like this.

The tourist visits Rome; he glides in a gondola along the Venetian lagoons; he climbs the pyramids; he sails on the Mediterranean; but he does not know, with any intimacy, the features of his native country. In a little book now before me, I find the following passage:—"There is a story told of a gentleman who, having boasted that he travelled far to see a celebrated landscape on the Continent, was put to the blush by being compelled to own that he had never visited a scene of superior loveliness which was situated on his own estate, and near which he had spent the greater portion of his life." I take it we all make the mistake of this gentleman. We travel abroad for what we can find more easily at home. We know everything, as I have said, but ourselves.

And the truth is, a man measures everything by himself. His own experience is the candle which he takes into the world with him; and he perceives only what the brightness and the extent of the flame allows him; his vision ceases without the range of that illumination. If I have never loved, what mean all the raptures of the poets about that passion? Romeo is at once stricken with idiocy. When I read the poets or the essayists, and cry out "how fine," "how true," I am really recognising in the admired passage a bit of myself. I have found a consummate expression of my obscure feeling; and immediately after reading the poet's lines or the essayist's sentences, I feel as if I had written them. This feeling it is that the philosopher refers to when he tells us, that in reading books our own thoughts are constantly coming back upon us with a certain majesty. And the more a man knows about his own thoughts, the more he is given to the habit of solitariness and meditation, the more frequently does he experience this,—the more frequently does he find himself kin with great writers, Dante, Shakspere, Montaigne, and the rest. He is continually explaining them, they are continually explaining him. Unless we can take and give in this way, we need not read at all. Without this, Chinese is as intelligible as English. Then the solitary habit of mind induces a certain stoicism and a moral hardihood, which are a man's best armour in the battle of life. The estimates of the solitary man are different from the estimates of the crowd. He knows that the bad man is often apparently happy; that the stupid man has often a popular ascription of intellect; that prosperity comes and goes like the tide; that gold brings cares; that content may often reside with scanty furniture and hard fare; and that the applause or censure which follows an act are not infallible

measures of the merit or demerit of the act. Consequently, he takes the laurel crowns out of the keeping of the world, and holds them in his own. As a wise man, he despises none of the good things of this life; he values reputation and wealth, and soft living and troops of friends; but he is not the slave of any of these. He does not lose his head in prosperity; misfortune does not drive him to despair. Vanity and despair are the destroyers of mankind; and he is to a certain extent unaffected by either. I admire much the man, in Mr. Helps' Essay, who declared that, given a pure conscience and one side of a sufficient iron grating, he could listen to the hisses of the whole of Europe on the other side with tolerable equanimity. It is quite curious when one thinks of it—and particularly when one considers how many blockheads there are in the world,—how much men are affected by public opinion. A sneer makes supple the firmest resolve. A laugh demolishes your carefully concerted scheme, as the touch of a hand demolishes a castle of cards. Praise makes your forehead strike stars. You are uncomfortable if you hear that the foolishest person of your acquaintance has spoken ill of you. When you are flattered, and when you are perfectly conscious that you *are* flattered, have you not, if you choose to confess, in your inmost spirit, a secret titillation of pleasure? Lord Byron, it is said, would have gone into hysterics had a tailor laughed at him. In bitter enough mood Burns walked the shady side of the Dumfries street when the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who did not care to recognise him, promenaded on the other. He could have despised any single member of the crowd, but their number crushed him. And then, how men cling to the memory of their former greatness or riches, when the greatness and the riches are gone! "I once dined off silver plate, drove my carriage, drank the finest wines, had lords at my table—fellows who won't speak to me to-day," says the broken Timon, with a gulp in his throat, to his chance acquaintance in the twopenny cook-shop. "What a genius I once was," cried the great Swift, withering atop, as he gazed on one of his early productions. Think with what bitterness Napoleon, at St. Helena, remembered the cheers of Arcola and the sun of Austerlitz. Now, all this is weakness, and should be struggled against. Fortune, misfortune, wealth, poverty, reputation, neglect, are neither me nor you; they are merely our appurtenances, our furniture, our clothing. In a world like this, it is wisdom to deaden our most sensitive nerve. Then the man with a taste for solitude is generally a great reader, and has an imaginative sympathy with alien circumstances of life. He tastes the wealth of Crœsus, he touches Juliet's lip, he groans with Job under the exhortations of his friends. By this curious sympathy, he projects himself into distant times and lands. He passes into Abraham's tent: for him Pharaoh is not a mummy; Cleopatra has not lost her swarthy bloom. He peoples vacancy; he selects his friends from the race, and depends neither for solace nor amusement nor interest on contemporary acquaintance. The man who is familiar with Homer and Shakspere need not tear his hair because Tomkins omits to leave his card. And, in this way, knowing all forms and conditions of life—success, reverse, health, illness, wealth, poverty—the vicissitudes of fortune do not surprise him, or take him off his guard. If he is called upon to fight, he fights like a general on ground which he has carefully reconnoitred. In whatever circumstances he is placed, he is never lonely; such a man has companionship on a throne or in a dungeon. Wherever he goes he is walking in human footsteps, and he knows in whose footsteps he walks. I can feel no pain which some one has not felt before me; and no valuable, spiritual or material, can come into my possession which has not already belonged to some one.

Lord Bolingbroke discourses thus on Exile—the sorest evil, perhaps, which can befall an ambitious politician, and the bitterness of which the writer had tasted: "Let us march, therefore, intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which are established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun: from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars, hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon."

This is noble rhetoric, you must admit; but perhaps you have an uneasy suspicion that it is noble rhetoric only. Ravished with that vision of the fixed stars, it may import but little on what ground

Lord Bolingbroke treads; it may import but little whether his Lordship had a guinea in his pocket; whether next morning he might have a breakfast on his table. When the fixed stars are considered, the one matter seems of as little consequence as the other. Rapt in admiration of nocturnal splendours, is not the payment of my tailor's bill—six months overdue perhaps—a very paltry affair? In any case, the contemplation of these sublime objects will be as ravishing from Pope's Villa at Twickenham as from France, to which country Lord Bolingbroke had withdrawn with an angry enough heart. Exile is exile, you will say, not to be sweetened, save in the slightest degree, by any such considerations. The stars are brightest when viewed from one's native soil. The Southern Cross is not so dear to us as the familiar constellation of the Plough. His Lordship's eloquence is brilliant special-pleading. To pooh-pooh what we are never likely to possess, is wonderfully easy. The confirmed celibate is loudest in his denunciations of matrimony. In Æsop, it is the tail-less fox that advocates the disuse of tails. It is the grapes we cannot reach that we call sour. The sentences I have written in praise of the solitary life, you may suppose open to the objection which I imagine you to raise against Lord Bolingbroke's periods. You may say that no man is a solitary who can be anything else. That disappointment, unfitness for the world and its duties, a melancholy temperament, a diseased vanity, are the things which drive men to solitude, and that nurse the solitary taste. And I frankly admit there is something in what I have supposed you to have urged, but it does not cover the whole matter.

It is true enough that men are driven into solitude by wounded vanity, by disappointed ambition, or disappointment in the passions; but many others seek it by native instinct as a duckling seeks water. Personally I have taken to solitude, such as it is, impelled by an indolent turn of mind, and by an imaginative sympathy which re-creates the past for me: the past of the world, as well as that which belongs to me as an individual, and which makes me independent of the passing moment. I see every one struggling, the grocer as well as the Premier, after the unattainable; but I struggle not. I sit where I am, and save myself the pangs of disappointment and disgust! I have no ventures at sea, and I do not fear the arrival of evil news. I have no great desire to act any prominent part in this world; but I am prompted by an unappeasable curiosity as to the men who act. Adam Smith thanked God that he knew Milton wore latchets in his shoes; in like manner, I am grateful for the merest crumb of information respecting great men. I am not an actor, but a spectator. My sole occupation is sight-seeing. I am continually feeling pulses. Ambition! What do I care for ambition? The oyster with much pain produces its pearl. I take the pearl. Why should I produce one after the miserably painful fashion? Probably it would be but a flawed one at best. These pearls I can pick up by the dozen. The production of them is going on all around me, and there will be a nice crop for the solitary man of the next century. Look at a certain silent Emperor, for instance: a hundred years hence *his* pearl will be handed about from hand to hand; will be curiously examined and valued; will be set in its place in the world's cabinet. I confess, as I confessed before, that I should like to see the completion of that filmy orb. Will it be pure in colour? Will it be suffused with a sanguine flush? Of this I am certain, that in the cabinet in which the world keeps these peculiar treasures no one will be looked at more frequently, or will provoke a greater variety of opinions as to its intrinsic worth. Why should I be ambitious? Shall I write verses? I am not likely to surpass Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning in that walk. Shall I be a musician? The blackbird singing this moment from the tree-top in my garden puts me to instant shame. Shall I paint? The intensest scarlet on an artist's palette is but as ochre to that I saw this morning at sunrise burning over the German Sea. No, no; let me enjoy Mr. Tennyson's verse, and the blackbird's song, and the colours of sunrise, but do not let me emulate them. I am happier as it is. The cook makes the dinner, the guest eats it, and the last, not without reason, is considered the happier man.

I am indolent, but then I have a sufficient reason for my indolence. My life is not an active one because I do not see what good will result from activity. I prefer other men's experience to my own, and I do not care much to verify their experiences. I would rather make love with Romeo than make love in my own person. I am content that Alexander conquered the world, and then blubbered for the moon; even if I had the power, I would not care to repeat the feat of the Macedonian—and then to blur the glory with a drunkard's tears! I am quite contented as I am. I inherit the world. I do not live my own life, I live the life of the planet. I go into my library, and, like some great panorama, all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world, while the scent of Eden's roses yet linger in it, when it was thickened only by the sigh of Eve. I see the pyramids building; I hear Memnon murmur, as the first morning sun touches him; I see the Sphinx when she first began to ask her eternal question. I sit as in a theatre; the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! what kingly pomp, what processions pass by, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at

the wheels of conquerors! I hiss or cry "bravo" when the great actors come on shaking the stage. In my solitude I am only myself at intervals. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the outcomings and outgoings of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession,—all these things I can find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in these old books, what green pastoral rest, and yet what indubitable human existence. Across the brawling centuries of blood and war that lie between, I can hear the bleating of Abraham's sheep, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. O men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know you all! Books are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of the dead converse, couched on flowers, and to these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom? All the wit of all the world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan's pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Sitting in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down, and it immediately speaks with me, it may be in a tongue not now heard on earth; it may be of men and things of which it alone possesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Tamerlane or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead not the living that attend my levees.

I think if I have any faculty more than ordinarily developed, it is the faculty of watching people. I watch from no motive of censoriousness, from no proclivity to batten on the evil and the weakness of human nature, but simply from an intense interest in men and women, and, it may be at times, for my own amusement. A market-day in the little town in which I dwell, a social party at the house of one or other of my neighbours, is to me as good as a novel. People, to an observant eye, *do* wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Culture the human garden as carefully as you will, a bit of aboriginal soil, in which blow the wild-flowers of character, is sure to be left in some unnoticed corner. I think I can read a biography in a tone of the voice, in a turn of the head. A bluff farmer in the market-place is a study to me. A white-muslin young lady at one of our evening parties is a charming enigma. Her lover would be jealous if he knew how much she fills my thoughts. I parry her music, her pretty airs, her smiles, and strive to reach her heart. I always feel on meeting a man for the first time as if I had visited a foreign country. I don't care so much what kind of man he is: he may be a fertile Lombardy, with vineyards, and marble cathedrals, and picture-galleries; he may be a sandy Sahara, fluctuating only less than the sea; he may be an ice-bound Labrador; it doesn't matter; he is new, he is a puzzle, he piques me. I wish to travel over him, and look up his beauties and visit his "lions." Of course, living as I do here, one has no great opportunity of seeing strangers. My acquaintance are few, my friends fewer still. There is my friend the doctor; constantly in his gig, skirring along the country roads, fighting valiantly against disease, continually helping boys and girls into this rough world, continually smoothing the passage of old people into the next, scaring blue devils everywhere by his portly presence and hearty laugh. There is my dear friend the clergyman—a flesh-and-blood edition of the "Whole Duty of Man," bound in clerical black—with his grey hair, his mild eye, a certain sacredness in his lightest conversation, as if one of his sermons had been melted down into it. His discourses are not very brilliant, perhaps; but I do not care much for brilliant discourses in a country place. The green graves in the churchyard throw all their weight on the side of the text. In a great city it is different. His life is a better sermon than any he has written or ever will write. And then there is my pleasantest friend of all, "the town fool" who runs my messages for me, and who occasionally trims my garden borders. With him I hold frequent converse, and people here, I have been told, think we have certain points of sympathy. Although this is not meant for a compliment, I take it for one. The poor faithful creature's brain has strange visitors; now 'tis fun, now wisdom, and now something that seems in the queerest manner to be compounded of both. He lives in a kind of twilight which obscures objects, and his remarks seem to come from another world than that in which ordinary people live. He is the only distinctly original person of my acquaintance; his views of life are his own, and form a singular commentary on those generally accepted. He is dull enough at times, poor fellow; but anon he startles you with something, and you think he must have wandered out of one of Shakspere's plays into this out-of-the-way place. I know the banker who has for daughters the white-muslin young ladies already referred to; some half dozen farmers, learned in guano and top-dressing; the postmistress from whom I get my newspapers; and a tall, gaunt atrabilious confectioner, who has a hankering after red repub-

licanism and the destruction of Queen, Lords, and Commons—Guy Fawkes is, I believe, the only martyr in his calendar—the sourest-tempered man, I think, that ever engaged in the manufacture of sweetmeats. I wonder if the oddity of the thing never strikes himself. I constantly expect that he will put poison in his lozenges. If he does not, his practice is better than his profession. It is true, I have no great variety of character within my reach, not a single hero or heroine, but then I have sufficient to satisfy me, sufficient to interest me, and watching these people there is always something new turning up. You never completely know a man. You may be his intimate friend for years, you understand every nook and cranny of his character, you think, but suddenly something in him surprises you, overturns all your preconceived notions; the friend whom you supposed stood so close to you that you could hear his heart beat, is in a moment a thousand miles away. But in any case, even if men were not constantly bewildering their most intimate friends, the half-dozen people or so I have mentioned are sufficient to keep the blood in circulation. Chess is eternally new in its combinations, although you play always with same pawns, knights, bishops, kings, and queens.

Clustering its peaked and red-tiled houses in a crescent sandy bay, the little town I dwell in looks sleepily seaward. Along that crescent of yellow sands, stretched from pole to pole, nets are continually streaming to the drying wind. A whole congregation of fishing-boats lie lazily on their sides there, the pitch with which they are covered cracking and sweating in the hot sunshine. Tarry fishermen with great boots and strangely-fashioned hats, and coloured shirts, stand in groups about the boats, or mend nets just where the grey grass ends and the sand begins, or sit on the little jetty smoking short pipes and discoursing of their craft. A mile or two out to sea rises a great rock;—once a prison in old cruel times; now the sea-mews perch by thousands on its shelves, and sweep like smoke-drifts around its precipices. On the high shore just opposite this rock towers a ruined castle with innumerable chambers in which the ancient man-at-arms heard the thunder of the sea far below on stormy nights—heard and crossed himself, and turned to sleep again. It thrilled to the trumpet's cry once that old castle, feasts were spread in its halls, it shook out its banners to the breeze, and foemen's arrows pattered on its walls like hail, occasionally finding through a loophole an inlet to a defender's brain. Now it topples over the flood like old Lear, with heath and fumiter, and all kinds of wild-flowers stuck in his grey hairs. There is not much stir in the place save on market-days. Existence moves on sleepily here; and on the links which adjoin the sea, just beyond the fishing-boats, a couple of ancient golfers are pursuing the devious flying ball. In their scarlet coats the ancient worthies look like poppies on the sward. Far away to the east hangs the grey city, picturesque, smoke-wreathed—smouldering at this moment in pale vapour against the darkness of a shower. On the other side of the Firth, the shores curve into sandy bays like our own, with little sea-towns like our own nestling under the rising grounds, where boats also lie on their sides in the sunshine, where nets also dry in the wind. They are bordered also with links, on which (with a telescope) ancient red-coated gentlemen can be seen pursuing their game. Existence is just as sleepy there as here. The life of the picture is to be found on the broadening Firth; the steamer passes by, the war-ship stored with thunder, fleets of brown fishing-boats come out from the sleepy sea-towns on either side; all the towered vapours of the summer firmament are mirrored on its broad expanse; morning and afternoon it is transfigured, illuminated. Sunrise runs up into it blood red from the ocean; after receiving the falling sun it runs down into the ocean in sleek and molten gold.

The house I dwell in stands apart from the little town, and relates itself to the other houses as I do to the inhabitants. It sees everything, but is itself unseen, or at all events unregarded. My study window looks down upon the sea, houses, the sandy beach on which in silence the lazy wave curls and breaks in foam, the boats, fishermen, golfers, like a meditative eye. Without meaning it, I feel I am a spy on the ongoings of the quiet town. Around my house there is an old-fashioned, rambling garden, with close-shaven grassy plots, and fantastically clipped yews standing in gloomy procession, and dials in which the sun is continually telling his age, and statues weed-grown and green with neglect and the stains of the weather. My stony nymphs might almost be mistaken for mermaids with fairy locks crouching in the shrubbery. The garden I love more than any place on earth; it is a better study than the room inside the house which is dignified by that name. I like to pace its gravelled walks, to sit at noonday in the moss-house, always filled with a tender gloom, and warm and cozy as a bird's nest, to enjoy the feast of colour spread for me in the curiously-shaped floral spaces. My garden, with its silence, and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me like sweet music. Care stops at the gates, and looks at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees, nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe as freely as the first man. It is curious, pathetic almost, I sometimes think, how deeply seated in the human breast is the liking for gardens and gardening. The sickly seamstress in the narrow city lane tends her box of sicklier mignonette. The retired merchant is as fond of tulips as ever was Dutchman in the famous mania. The author finds a garden the best place to think out his thoughts. In the disabled statesman every restless pulse of regret or ambition is stilled when he looks upon his blossoming apple-trees. Is the fancy too far brought that this love for gardens is a reminiscence, haunting the race, of that remote time in the world's dawn when but two persons existed,—a gardener, named Adam, and a gardener's wife, called Eve? In my garden, I spend the greater portion of my time; for there, silently as the day upon my dials, is the year measured out to me in a crescendo of colour and odour. First out of the wet mould come pure bunches of snowdrops—then yellow crocuses flame along the walks like the footlights in a theatre—then the rhododendron cracks into broad purples—the crimson deepens on the cheek of the tulip—roses bud—the laburnum shakes out her golden hair—the chest-

nut puts forth its multitudes of milky cones—and the spare and slender mountain-ash is white with patches of fragrant snow. From the love I bear to flowers, and from the pleasure I take in watching their progress, I can fancy the feelings of a father as he notices, day by day, character unfolding itself in his little boy or girl. The flowers you have sown, the trees you have planted, become in a sense your children. You are the author of their beings; but for you they had not been, and you take an interest in them as if they were living things. A man may be a miser of his wealth; he may tie up his talent in a napkin; he may hug himself in his reputation; but he is always generous in the matter of his love. Love cannot stay at home; a man cannot keep it to himself. Like light, it is constantly travelling. A man must spend it, must give it away. If matters had turned out differently years ago, I might have had voices on my stairs and the patter of little feet on my floors; and round arms thrown round my neck for a morning's kiss —these things cannot be now, and the love which might have made happy children of my own is wasted on flowers and trees. And yet *not* wasted. One must love something. The prisoner in his dungeon loves the bright-eyed mice which he feeds with crumbs, and which play around his chains, and the death of one of them shakes him as the death of a father or a mother shakes a happier man. Sterne, if placed in a desert, has told us, he would have loved a tree. So I love my trees and flowers; they are all I have. They are my children silent and beautiful, untouched by any passion, unpolluted by evil tempers; they cannot bring me to shame, 'tis an affection that knows no heartache. They die in Autumn, or put off their rich apparel, but next year they are back again with dresses as fair as ever. When people speak of their girls, I point to my roses white and red; when of boys, I point to my monstrous vegetable marrows lolling on their slates in the hot sunshine. And so like a wise man I content myself with what I have, and eke out my riches with my fancies. It is the coins in my own pocket, not those in the pockets of my neighbours that are of use to me. Envy never has a doit in her purse, and discontent is the most poverty-stricken of the passions.

This spring a chaffinch built a nest in one of my yew-trees. The particular yew, which the bird did me the honour to select, had been clipped long ago into a similitude of Adam. The resemblance to a human figure was of course remote; but the intention was good. In the black, shock head of our first parent, did the birds establish their habitation. A prettier, rounder, more comfortable nest I never saw, and many a wild swing it got when Adam bent his back, and bobbed and shook his head, when the bitter east wind was blowing. The nest interested me, and I visited it every day from the time that the first, stained turquoise sphere was laid in the warm lining of moss and horse-hair, till when I chirped, four red hungry throats eager for worm or slug, opened out of a confused mass of feathers. What a hungry brood it was, to be sure, and how often father and mother were put to it to provide sustenance for their family! I went but the other day to have a peep, and behold brood and parent birds were gone, the nest was empty and cold, Adam's visitors had departed. Peace go with them! I do not think the world contains a prettier sight than the nests of some of our common birds, when the eggs are laid. I can remember perfectly well the first bird's nest I ever saw. It was a hedge-sparrow's, and was built in a bush which overhung a tiny streamlet. The lining of it gave me a sense of warmth, far more than my own crib at home did; the five gleaming eggs dazzled me. Talk of the Pleiades in comparison. Bah! Although far from my home, I visited it often, and one day I found it "harried"—as we say in Scotland—to my intense grief. I do verily believe that for a week after my loss, the world seemed a place hardly worth living in. I have had greater misfortunes since, but I don't think I ever felt one so much. For more than twenty years now, the train running between two great cities passes over the spot where the bush stood which contained my treasure. Time changes man and places so. In the corner of my bed-room window I have a couple of swallows' nests, and nothing can be pleasanter in these summer mornings than to lie in a kind of half dream, perfectly conscious all the while of the chatterings and endearments of the man-loving creatures. Beautifully restless they are; they dart like lightnings round their nests in the window corners. All at once there is a great twittering and noise; something of moment has been seen, something of importance has occurred in the swallow world, perhaps a fly of unusual size and savour has been bolted. Clinging with their feet, and with heads turned charmingly awry, they chatter away with great sweetness and volubility; then with a gleam of silver they are gone, and in a trice one is poising itself in the wind above my tree-tops, while the other dips her wing as she darts after a fly through the arches of the bridge which lets the slow stream down to the sea. I know not what of romance attaches in my mind to the swallow. It is a biblical bird, and has its biblical associations. Abraham knew it, and David, and it built its nest in the pinnacles of Solomon's temple. It has no native country; it is a stranger and visitor everywhere. It follows summer round the world; it makes its home with man. The swallows at my window have occupied the same nest for several years now, and where they go I cannot tell. They may chatter on dewy mornings around the kraal of the Hottentot, skim in golden air above the mosques of the Mahometan, or hang their procreant cradles from the capital of one of the six pillars of Baalbec.

This, then, is the solitude I have shaped for myself; in this manner my life flows on. You see it contains no great event,—the watching of life in a small fishing town,—sunrise and sunset,—the nest and eggs of a chaffinch,—the blowing of flowers,—the chattering of swallows at my window. But it is enough for happiness. Even I have hope and expectation. In a month my sun-flowers will ray out gorgeous orange from their chocolate disks; in a month my hollyhocks will have blossomed like the rod of Aaron. I can live for that.

ÆNEAS SAGE.

ALBERT'S TOMB.

Some two-and-twenty golden years ago,
A noble Wooer to our England came;
To-day he has won her! but lies pale and low.
Albert the Good we write his royal name.

The Power that sits enthroned by open graves
Hath risen to rule the air. His death-bell tolls,
And rolls upon us in dull heavy waves,
Sepulchral shadows over living souls.

On every loaded wind the sound is borne,
Invisibly swift the sparks electric slide;
Till, under archways of full many a morn,
The darkness of our loss will visibly glide.

The meanest doorway darkens at this cloud,
The poorest poor have lost a personal friend;
Down to one level are the loftiest bowed;
In the large clasp of nature all hearts blend.

And dark in His extinguished light we stand,
In every face we read how much bereft!
A sterner pressure of the grasping hand
Tells of our loss, and clings to what is left.

For he was one of those we never know
Till they have left us, nor how great the love
We bore them; they are all too meek to show
Their dearness, till they stand our praise above.

We met him coldly, and we look back now
To see how naturally he kindled mist
And murk into a glory for his brow;
And all our dimness into splendour kissed.

At last our clouds of earth are cleared away:
Albert the Good and patient goes to God,
Smiling back to us with his clear blue day;
And leaving shining footprints where he trod.

How could we mirror truly when a breath
Sets all the surface in a blurring strife?
We are calmer now!—touched by the hand of Death!
To hold the lustrous image of his life.

We know that when our mortal work is done,
Few to the Master's keeping will return
A fairer copy of the life His Son
Once left us, or a warmer "well done" earn.

Down goes the scaffolding; the work is crown'd;
Much that was hidden from us may be read,
And for the first time we can look all round
The Statue of his life now perfected.

In the cold hand we fain would place the palm;
Tried in the fire our love comes forth pure gold!
We loved more than we knew. We would embalm
Our Dead with honey, as they did of old.

We see the glory in the goodness veiled;
The greatness that in bounds so narrow moved:
Our peaceful Hero—King who reigned unhailed,
And ruled by loving, and by being loved.

The Flower of Chivalry upon the height,
He could as featly bend to lowliest place;
With something in him of the lofty light
That shone in Philip Sidney's cordial face.

His natural kingliness made crowns look wan,
Whom God had set amongst the Lords of Earth,
To show them how the majesty of Man
May shine above the starriest badge of Birth.

He made the Palace fragrant with fresh health;
He strove to set his jewels in God's light;
He was a light 'twixt Poverty and Wealth;
He wrought for all and reverenced only Right.

The broad daylight of truth was on his face,
That made the silence golden with its smile;
He tempered our harsh judgments with his grace,
And kept his covenant without gloss or guile.

He held for ever hallowed the dear breasts
Where nestling Love and its sweet babes had lain;
For ever sacred kept Home's secret nest
Of purest pleasure and of proudest pain.

His life, cut down, smells sweet as hay new-mown;
In England's heart we find our throne for him;
His memory shall add to England's crown
One of the precious gems Time cannot dim.

A calm, high life, crown'd with a quiet death:
His robe of pain around him folding, he
Was not the man to waste his dying breath;
Who nobly lives, can die with dignity.

The gentle spirit did not wish to hear
The women moaning thro' the house for him,
But only sought to feel its darlings near
Enough to bless them when 'twas getting dim!

No need of courtly lies for comforting;
For he can face the truth, tho' stern and wild:
Thro' spiritual rehearsal, he can wring
The victory! and his soul within him smiled.

And 'tis not near so hard for one to bow
And enter the dark door-way of the tomb,
Who has learned to meet Death kneeling with bent brow;
Whose inner light can pierce that inner gloom.

And while in sorrow here we dimly sit,
We lift the head, to ease an aching breast,
And, looking up, behold the Stars are lit;
And there's another in the realms of Rest.

Rest, happy soul, in thy salvation deep;
The top of life, and endless day for thee;
While in the valley here we sit and weep
Among the shadows of Eternity.

We can but kneel, and grope, and kiss His feet
Who takes thee to His infinite embrace;
We feel transfigured if our touch may meet
His garment's hem; but *thou* dost see His face.

Poor widowed Queen! we see her as she trod
The Aisle where Music's mellow thunders rolled,
And Heaven opened, and the smile of God
In sunbeams crown'd her head with saintly gold.

And how we listened—knowing she was bless'd—
To the proud murmurs of the brooding dove;
Home-pleasures round the royal Mother pressed,
And God gave many voices to her love.

And now the cloud of this calamity
Darkens the crown we set on her young brow:
Ah, look up to the side next heaven, and see
'Tis God Himself that crowns our lady now!

With all hearts aching for the dear bowed face,
We can but grasp His hand in prayer for her!
So lonely in her desolate, high place;
And leave her with the Eternal Comforter.

Though two be parted in that shadow drear,
Where one must walk alone, yet is it given
For the dear blessed spirit to be near;
The human vision with the voice in heaven.

It is my faith they tend us in our need;
With tender chords they draw us where they move;
And often at the noon of night they feed
With dews of Heaven the lilies of their love.

Warm whispers will come stealing like a glow
Of God, to kiss the spirit's inner eyes
Till they be opened, and true love doth know
Its marriage garden blooms in Paradise.

Here hearts may beat so close that two lives make
Only one shadow in the sun we see,
But, in the light we see not, these shall wake
One angel—wedded for eternity.

This mourning shall be made majestic mirth;
This grief shall be a glory otherwhere;
The music that we hear no more on earth
Will help to make up Heaven when we are there.

And Thou, Young Prince, whose Pilot saw thee tide
Safe o'er the reefs beyond the harbour-bar,
Then left thee, o'er the waters as ye ride,
This Star of morn shall rise, thy evening Star.

Think of the dear face dark beneath the mould,
And be thou to us what he would have been;
So shall the secret springs of sorrows old
Give to thy future paths a gladder green.

May thy life flourish, ripen hour by hour,
And heavenward draw the virtues of thy root;
Our eyes have seen the beauty of the flower,—
Do thou unfold the glory of the fruit.

We build his Monument, but men may see
His steady lustre live in thee and thine;
And thou mayest bear, to Empires yet to be,
The goodness and the glories of thy line.

This is a waiting hour of wonder for
A world; our England looks across her waves!
Will the Dove seek her bosom, or red War,
Whose footprints stamp deep pits for bloody graves?

Is it the kiss of Peace and Righteousness,
That softly thrills the husht, grim silence through,
Or Battle's bugle-cry that makes us press
All sail—send up our brave old bit of blue?

We know not. But, if foot to foot we stand,
On slippery boarding-plank, or ruddied sward,
'Twill be the sturdier stroke for this dear Land
That holds another noble grave to guard.

And all is well that makes a People one,
Even though the meeting-place be Albert's tomb:
We gather grapes of joy up in the sun,
But God's best wine must ripen in the gloom.

Many true hearts have mouldered down to enrich
The roots of England's greatness underground;
Until, below, as wide and strong they stretch,
As overhead the branches reach around.

And so our England's glory ever grows,
And so her stature rises ever higher,
Until the faces of her farthest foes
Darken with envy, overshadowed by her.

So climb the heavens, Old Tree, until the gold
Stars glisten as thy fruitage—heave thy breast
Yet broader, till the fiercest storms shall fold
Their wings within thy shelter and find rest.

GERALD MASSEY.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning, while with that cheerful unanxious countenance, which those about an invalid must learn continually to wear, Elizabeth was trying to persuade her mistress not to rise, she heard a knock, and made some excuse for escaping. She well knew what it was, and who had come.

There, in the parlour, sat Miss Hilary, Mrs. Jones talking at her rather than to her, for she hardly seemed to hear. But that she had heard everything, was clear enough. Her drawn white

face, the tight clasp of her hands, showed that the ill tidings had struck her hard.

"Go away, Mrs. Jones," cried Elizabeth, fiercely. "Miss Hilary will call when she wants you."

And with an ingenious movement that just fell short of a push, somehow the woman was got on the other side of the parlour-door, which Elizabeth immediately shut. Then Miss Hilary stretched her hands across the table, and looked up piteously in her servant's face.

Only a servant; only that poor servant to whom she could look for any comfort in this sore trouble, this bitter humiliation. There was no attempt at disguise or concealment between mistress and maid.

"Mrs. Jones has told me everything, Elizabeth. How is my sister? She does not know?"

"No; and I think she is a good deal better this morning. She has been very bad all week; only she would not let me send for you. She is really getting well now; I'm sure of that."

"Thank God!" And then Miss Hilary began to weep.

Elizabeth also was thankful, even for those tears, for she had been perplexed by the hard, dry-eyed look of misery, deeper than anything she could comprehend, or than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

It was deeper. The misery was not only Ascott's arrest; many a lad has got into debt and got out again—the first taste of the law proving a warning to him for life; but it was this ominous "beginning of the end." The fatal end—which seemed to overhang like an hereditary cloud, to taint as with hereditary disease, the Leaf family.

Another bitterness (and who shall blame it, for when love is really love, have not the lovers a right to be one another's first thought?)—what would Robert Lyon say? To his honest Scotch nature poverty was nothing; honour everything. She knew his horror of debt was even equal to her own. This, and her belief in his freedom from all false pride, had sustained her against many doubts lest he might think the less of her because of her present position, might feel ashamed could he see her sitting at her ledger in that high desk, or even occasionally serving in the shop.

Many a time things she would have passed over lightly on her own account, she had felt on his; felt how they would annoy and vex him. The exquisitely natural thought which Tennyson has put into poetry—

> "If I am dear to some one else,
> Then I should be to myself more dear"—

had often come, prosaically enough perhaps, into her head, and prevented her from spoiling her little hands with unnecessarily rough work, or carelessly passing down ill streets and byways, where she knew Robert Lyon, had he been in London, would never have allowed her to go. Now what did such things signify? What need of taking care of herself? These were all superficial, external disgraces, the real disgrace was within. The plague-spot had burst out anew; it seemed as if this day were the re-commencement of that bitter life of penury, misery, and humiliation, familiar through three generations to the women of the Leaf family.

It appeared like a fate. No use to try and struggle out of it, stretching her arms up to Robert Lyon's tender, honest, steadfast heart, there to be sheltered, taken care of, and made happy. No happiness for her! Nothing but to go on enduring and enduring to the end.

Such was Hilary's first emotion: morbid perhaps, yet excusable. It might have lasted longer—though in her healthy nature it could not have lasted very long, had not the reaction come, suddenly and completely, by the opening of the parlour-door and the appearance of Miss Leaf.

Miss Leaf—pale, indeed; but neither alarmed nor agitated, who hearing somehow that her child had arrived, had hastily dressed herself, and come down stairs, in order not to frighten Hilary. And as she took her in her arms, and kissed her with those mother-like kisses, which were the sweetest Hilary had as yet ever known—the sharp anguish went out of the poor girl's heart.

"Oh, Johanna! I can bear anything as long as I have you."

And so in this simple and natural way, the miserable secret about Ascott came out.

Being once out, it did not seem half so dreadful; nor was its effect nearly so serious as Miss Hilary and Elizabeth had feared. Miss Leaf bore it wonderfully; she might almost have known it beforehand; they would have thought she had, but that she said decidedly she had not.

"Still you need not have minded telling me; though it was very good and thoughtful of you, Elizabeth. You have gone through a great deal for our sakes, my poor girl."

Elizabeth burst into one smothered sob—the first and the last.

"Nay," said Miss Leaf, very kindly; for this unwonted emotion in their servant moved them both. "You shall tell me the rest another time. Go down now, and get Miss Hilary some breakfast."

When Elizabeth had departed, the sisters turned to one another. They did not talk much; where was the use of it? They both knew the worst, both as to facts and fears.

"What must be done, Johanna?"

Johanna, after a long pause, said, "I see but one thing—to get him home."

Hilary started up, and walked to and fro along the room.

"No, not that. I will never agree to it. We cannot help him. He does not deserve helping. If the debts were for food now, or any necessaries; but for mere luxuries, mere fine clothes; it is his tailor who has arrested him, you know. I would rather have gone in rags! I would rather see us all in rags! It's mean, selfish, cowardly, and I despise him for it. Though he is my own flesh and blood, I despise him."

"Hilary!"

"No," and the tears burst from her angry eyes, "I don't mean that I despise him. I'm sorry for him; there is good in him, poor dear lad; but I despise his weakness; I feel fierce to think how much it will cost us all, and especially you, Johanna. Only think what comforts of all sorts that thirty pounds would have brought to you!"

"God will provide," said Johanna earnestly. "But I know, my dear, this is sharper to you than to me. Besides, I have been more used to it."

She closed her eyes, with a half shudder, as if living over again the old days—when Henry Leaf's wife and eldest daughter used to have to give dinner-parties upon food that stuck in their throats, as if every morsel had been stolen; which in truth it was, and yet they were helpless, innocent thieves; when they and the children had to wear clothes that seemed to poison them like the shirt of Dejanira; when they durst not walk along special streets, nor pass particular shops, for the feeling that the shop-people must be staring and pointing and jibing at them, "Pay me what thou owest."

"But things cannot again be so bad as those days, Hilary. Ascott is young; he may mend. People *can* mend, my child; and he had such a different bringing-up from what his father had, and his grandfather, too. We must not be hopeless yet. You see," and making Hilary kneel down before her, she took her by both hands, as if to impart something of her own quietness to this poor heart, struggling as young, honest, upright hearts do struggle with something which their whole nature revolts against, and loathes, and scorns,—"you see, the boy is our boy; our own flesh and blood. We were very foolish to let him away from us for so long. We might have made him better if we had kept him at Stowbury. But he is young; that is my hope of him; and he was always fond of his aunts, and is still, I think."

Hilary smiled sadly. "Deeds, not words. I don't believe in words."

"Well, let us put aside believing, and only act. Let us give him another chance."

Hilary shook her head. "Another, and another, and another,—it will be always the same. I know it will. I can't tell how it is, Johanna; but whenever I look at you, I feel so stern and hard to Ascott. It seems as if there were circumstances when pity to some, to one, was wicked injustice to others; as if there were times when it is right and needful to lop off, at once and for ever, a rotten branch, rather than let the whole tree go to rack and ruin. I would do it! I should think myself justified in doing it."

"But not just yet. He is only a boy,—our own boy."

And the two women, in both of whom the maternal passion existed strong and deep, yet in the one never had found, and in the other never might find, its natural channel, wept together over this lad, almost as mothers weep.

"But what can we do?" said Hilary at last. "Thirty pounds, and not a halfpenny to pay it with; must we borrow?"

"Oh! no, no," was the answer, with a shrinking gesture; "no borrowing. There is the diamond ring."

This was a sort of heirloom from eldest daughter to eldest daughter of the Leaf family, which had been kept, even as a sort of superstition, through all temptations of poverty. The last time Miss Leaf looked at it, she had remarked, jestingly, it should be given some day to that important personage, talked of for many a year among the three aunts—Mrs. Ascott Leaf.

"Who must do without it, now," said Johanna, looking regretfully at the ring. "That is, if he ever takes to himself a wife, poor boy."

Hilary answered, beneath her breath, "Unless he alters, I earnestly hope he never may." And there came over her, involuntarily, a wild despairing thought, Would it not be better that neither Ascott nor herself should ever be married, that the family might die out, and trouble the world no more?

Nevertheless, she rose up to do what she knew had to be done, and what there was nobody to do but herself.

"Don't mind it, Johanna; for, indeed, I do not. I shall go to a first-rate, respectable jeweller, and he will not cheat me; and then I shall find my way to the sponging-house—isn't that what they call it? I daresay many a poor woman has been there before me. I am not the first, and shall not be the last, and nobody will harm me. I think I look honest, though my name is Leaf."

She laughed — a bitter laugh; but Johanna silenced it in a close embrace; and when Hilary rose up again, she was quite her natural self. She summoned Elizabeth, and began giving her all domestic directions, just as usual; finally, bade

her sister good-bye in a tone as like her usual tone as possible; and left her settled on the sofa in content and peace.

Elizabeth followed to the door. Miss Hilary had asked her for the card on which Ascott had written the address of the place where he had been taken to; and though the girl said not a word, her anxious eyes made piteous inquiry.

Her mistress patted her on the shoulder.

"Never mind about me; I shall come to no harm, Elizabeth."

"It's a bad place; such a dreadful place, Mrs. Jones says."

"Is it?" Elizabeth guessed part, not the whole of the feelings that made Hilary hesitate, shrink even, from the duty before her, turning first so hot, and then so pale. Only as a duty could she have done it at all. "No matter, I must go. Take care of my sister."

She ran down the door-steps, and walked quickly through the Crescent. It was a clear, sunshiny, frosty day; such a day as always both cheered and calmed her. She had, despite all her cares, youth, health, energy; and a holy and constant love lay like a sleeping angel in her heart. Must I tell the truth, and own that before she had gone two streets' length, Hilary ceased to feel so very, very miserable?

Love—this kind of love of which I speak—is a wonderful thing; the most wonderful thing in all the world. The strength it gives, the brightness, the actual happiness, even in hardest times, is often quite miraculous. When Hilary sat waiting in the jeweller's shop, she watched a little episode of high life,—two wealthy people choosing their marriage-plate; the bride, so careless and haughty; the bridegroom, so unutterably mean to look at, stamped with that innate smallness and coarseness of soul which his fine clothes only made more apparent. And she thought—oh, how fondly she thought!—of that honest, manly mien; of that true, untainted heart, which, she felt sure, had never loved any woman but herself; of the warm, firm hand, carving its way through the world for her sake, and waiting patiently till it could openly clasp hers, and give her everything it had won. She would not have exchanged him, Robert Lyon, with his penniless love, his half-hopeless fortunes, or maybe his lot of never-ending care, for the "brawest bridegroom" under the sun.

Under this sun—the common, every-day, winter sun of Regent and Oxford Streets—she walked now as brightly and bravely as if there were no trouble before her, no painful meeting with Ascott, no horrid humiliation from which every womanly feeling in her nature shrunk with acute pain. "Robert, my Robert!" she whispered in her heart, and felt him so near to her that she was at rest, she hardly knew why.

Possibly, grand, or clever, or happy people, who condescend to read this story, may despise it; think it un-ideal, uninteresting; treating of small things and common people; "poor persons," in short. I cannot help it. I write for the poor; not to excite the compassion of the rich towards them, but to show them their own dignity, and the bright side of their poverty. For it has its bright side; and its very darkest, when no sin is mixed up therewith, is brighter than many an outwardly prosperous life.

"*Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.*

"*Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices and strife.*"

With these two sage proverbs — which all acknowledge, and scarcely any really believe, or surely they would act a little more as if they did—I leave Johanna Leaf sitting silently in her solitary parlour, knitting stockings for her child; weaving many a mingled web of thought withal, yet never letting a stitch go down; and Hilary Leaf walking cheerily and fearlessly, up one strange street and down another, to find out the "bad" place, where she once had no idea it would ever have been her lot to go. One thing she knew, and gloried in the knowledge, that if Robert Lyon had known she was going, or known half the cares she had to meet, he would have re-crossed the Indian seas,—have risked fortune, competence, hope of the future, which was the only cheer of his hard present,—in order to save her from them all.

The minute history of this painful day I do not mean to tell. Hilary never told it till, years after, she wept it out upon a bosom that could understand the whole, and would take good care that, while the life beat in his, *she* never should go through the like again.

Ascott came home—that is, was brought home—very humbled, contrite, and grateful. There was no one to meet him but his Aunt Johanna, and she just kissed him quietly, and bade him come over to the fire; he was shivering, and somewhat pale. He had even two tears in his handsome eyes, the first Ascott had been known to shed since he was a boy. That he felt a good deal, perhaps as much as was in his nature to feel, there could be no doubt. So his two aunts were glad and comforted; gave him his tea and the warmest seat at the hearth; said not a harsh word to him, but talked to him about indifferent things. Tea being over, Hilary was anxious to get everything painful ended before Selina came home,—Selina, who, they felt by instinct, had now a separate interest from themselves, and had better not be told this sad story if possible; so she asked her

nephew "if he remembered what they had to do this evening?"

"Had to do? Oh, Aunt Hilary, I'm so tired! can't you let me be quiet? Only this one night. I promise to bring you everything on Monday."

"Monday will be too late. I shall be away. And you know you can't do without my excellent arithmetic," she added, with a faint smile. "Now Ascott, be a good boy—fetch down all those bills, and let us go over them together."

"His debts came to more than the thirty pounds then?" said his Aunt Johanna, when he was gone.

"Yes. But the ring sold for fifty." And Hilary drew to the table, got writing materials, and sat waiting, with a dull, silent patience in her look, at which Johanna sighed and said no more.

The aunt and nephew spent some time in going over that handful of papers, and approximating to the sum total, in that kind of awful arithmetic when figures cease to be mere figures, but grow into avenging monsters, bearing with them life or death.

"Is that all? You are quite sure it is all?" said Hilary at last, pointing to the whole amount, and looking steadily into Ascott's eyes.

He flushed up, and asked what she meant by doubting his word?

"Not that, but you might easily have made a mistake; you are so careless about money matters."

"Ah, that's it. I'm just careless, and so I come to grief. But I never mean to be careless any more. I'll be as precise as you. I'll balance my books every week—every day if you like—exactly as you do at that horrid shop, Aunt Hilary."

So he was rattling on, but Hilary stopped him by pointing to the figures.

"You see, this sum is more than we expected. How is it to be met? Think for yourself. You are a man now."

"I know that," said Ascott sullenly; "but what's the use of it?—money only makes the man, and I have none. If the ancient Peter would but die now, and leave me his heir, though to be sure Aunt Selina might be putting her oar in. Perhaps—considering I'm Aunt Selina's nephew—if I were to walk into the old chap now he might be induced to fork out! Hurrah! that's a splendid idea."

"What idea?"

"I'll borrow the money from old Ascott."

"That means, because he has already given, you would have him keep on giving—and you would take and take and take—Ascott, I'm ashamed of you."

But Ascott only burst out laughing. "Nonsense!—he has money and I have none; why shouldn't he give it me?"

"Why?"—she repeated, her eyes flashing and her little feminine figure seeming to grow taller while she spoke,—"I'll tell you, since you don't seem yourself to understand it. Because a young man, with health and strength in him, should blush to eat any bread but what he himself earns. Because he should work at anything and everything, stint himself of every luxury and pleasure, rather than ask or borrow, or, except under rare circumstances, rather than be indebted to any living soul for a single halfpenny. I would not, if I were a young man."

"What a nice young man you would make, Aunt Hilary!"

There was something in the lad's imperturbable good humour at once irritating and disarming. Whatever his faults, they were more negative than positive; there was no malice prepense about him, no absolute personal wickedness. And he had the strange charm of manner and speech which keeps up one's outer surface of habitual affection towards a person, long after all its foundations of trust and respect have hopelessly crumbled away.

"Come now—my pretty aunt must go with me. She will manage the old ogre much better than I. And he must be managed somehow. It's all very fine talking of independence, but isn't it hard that a poor fellow should be living in constant dread of being carried off to that horrid, uncleanly, beastly den—bah! I don't like thinking of it—and all for want of twenty pounds? You must go to him, Aunt Hilary."

She saw they must, there was no help for it. Even Johanna said so. It was after all only asking for Ascott's quarterly allowance three days in advance, for it was due on Tuesday. But what jarred against her proud, honest spirit was the implication that such a request gave of taking as a right that which had been so long bestowed as a favour. Nothing but the great strait they were in could ever have driven her to consent that Mr. Ascott should be applied to at all: but since it must be done, she felt that she had better do it herself. Was it from some lurking doubt or dread that Ascott might not speak the entire truth, as she had insisted upon its being spoken, before Mr. Ascott was asked for anything? Since whatever he gave, must be given with a full knowledge on his part of the whole pitiable state of affairs.

It was with a strange, sad feeling—the sadder because he never seemed to suspect it, but talked and laughed with her as usual—that she took her nephew's arm, and walked silently through the dark squares, perfectly well aware that he only asked her to go with him in order to do an unpleasant thing which he did not like to do himself, and that she only went with him in the character of watch, or supervisor, to try and save him from

doing something which she herself would be ashamed should be done.

Yet he was ostensibly the head, hope, and stay of the family. Alas! many a family has to submit to, and smile under an equally melancholy and fatal sham.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Ascott was sitting, half asleep, in his solitary dining room, his face rosy with wine, his heart warmed also, probably from the same cause. Not that he was in the least "tipsy," that low word applicable only to low people, and not to men of property, who have a right to enjoy all the good things of this life. He was scarcely even "merry," merely "comfortable," in that cosy, benevolent state which middle-aged or elderly gentlemen are apt to fall into after a good dinner and good wine, when they have no mental resources, and the said good dinner and good wine constitutes their best notion of felicity.

Yet wealth and comfort are not things to be despised. Hilary herself was not insensible to the pleasantness of this warm, well-lit, crimson-atmosphered apartment. She as well as her neighbours liked pretty things about her, soft harmonious colours to look at and wear, well-cooked food to eat, cheerful rooms to live in. If she could have had all these luxuries with those she loved to share them, no doubt she would have been much happier. But yet she felt to the full that solemn truth, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesses;" and though hers was outwardly so dark, so full of poverty, anxiety, and pain, still she knew that inwardly it owned many things, one thing especially, which no money could buy, and without which, fine houses, fine furniture, and fine clothes—indeed, all the comforts and splendours of existence, would be worse than valueless, actual torment. So, as she looked around her, she felt not the slightest envy of her sister Selina.

Nor of honest Peter, who rose up from his armchair, pulling the yellow silk handkerchief from his sleepy face, and, it must be confessed, receiving his future connexions very willingly, and even kindly.

Now, how was he to be told? How, when she and Ascott sat over the wine and dessert he had ordered for them, listening to the rich man's complaisant pomposities, were they to explain that they had come a-begging, asking him, as the climax to his liberalities, to advance a few pounds, in order to keep the young man whom he had for years generously and sufficiently maintained, out of prison? This, smooth it over as one might, was, Hilary felt, the plain English of the matter, and as minute after minute lengthened, and nothing was said of their errand, she sat upon thorns.

But Ascott drank his wine and ate his walnuts quite composedly.

At last Hilary said, in a sort of desperation, "Mr. Ascott, I want to speak to you."

"With pleasure, my dear young lady. Will you come to my study.—I have a most elegantly furnished study, I assure you. And any affair of yours"—

"Thank you, but it is not mine; it concerns my nephew here."

And then she braced up all her courage, and while Ascott busied himself over his walnuts—he had the grace to look excessively uncomfortable—she told, as briefly as possible, the bitter truth.

Mr. Ascott listened, apparently without surprise, and anyhow, without comment. His self-important loquacity ceased, and his condescending smile passed into a sharp, reticent, business look. He knitted his shaggy brows, contracted that coarsely-hung, but resolute mouth, in which lay the secret of his success in life, buttoned up his coat, and stuck his hands behind him over his coat-tails. As he stood there on his own hearth, with all his comfortable splendours about him—a man who had made his own money, hardly and honestly, who from the days when he was a poor errand-lad had had no one to trust to but himself, yet had managed always to help himself, ay, and others too—Hilary's stern sense of justice contrasted him with the graceful young man who sat opposite to him, so much his inferior, and so much his debtor. She owned that Peter Ascott had a right to look both contemptuous and displeased.

"A very pretty story, but I almost expected it," said he.

And there he stopped. In his business capacity he was too acute a man to be a man of many words, and his feelings, if they existed, were kept to himself.

"It all comes to this, young man," he continued, after an uncomfortable pause, in which Hilary could have counted every beat of her heart, and even Ascott played with his wine-glass in a nervous kind of way,—"you want money, and you think I'm sure to give it, because it wouldn't be pleasant just now to have discreditable stories going about concerning the future Mrs. Ascott's relatives. You're quite right, it wouldn't. But I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff for all that. You must rise very early in the morning to take *me* in."

Hilary started up in an agony of shame. "That's not fair, Mr. Ascott. We do not take you in. Have we not told you the whole truth? I was determined you should know it before we asked you for one farthing of your money. If there were the smallest shadow of a chance for Ascott in any other way, we never would have come to you at all. It is a horrible, horrible humiliation!"

It might be that Peter Ascott had a soft place in his heart, or that this time, just before his marriage, was the one crisis which sometimes occurs in a hard man's life, when, if the right touch comes, he becomes malleable ever after: but he looked kindly at the poor girl, and said in quite a gentle way,—

"Don't vex yourself, my dear. I shall give the young fellow what he wants; nobody ever called Peter Ascott stingy. But he has cost me enough already; he must shift for himself now. Hand me over that cheque-book, Ascott, but remember this is the last you'll ever see of my money."

He wrote the memorandum of the cheque inside the page, then tore off the cheque itself, and proceeded to write the words "Twenty pounds," date it, and sign it, lingering over the signature, as if he had a certain pride in the honest name "Peter Ascott," and was well aware of its monetary value on 'Change and elsewhere.

"There, Miss Hilary, I flatter myself that's not a bad signature, nor would be easily forged. One cannot be too careful over — What 's that? a letter, John?"

By his extreme eagerness, almost snatching it from his footman's hands, it was one of importance. He made some sort of rough apology, drew the writing materials to him, wrote one or two business-looking letters, and made out one or two more cheques.

"Here's yours, Ascott; take it, and let me have done with it," said he, throwing it across the table folded up. "Can't waste time on such small transactions. Ma'am, excuse me, but five thousand pounds depends on my getting these letters written and sent off within a quarter of an hour."

Hilary bent her head, and sat watching the pen scratch, and the clock tick on the mantel-piece; thinking if this really was to be the last of his godfather's allowance, what on earth would become of Ascott? For Ascott himself, he said not a word. Not even when, the letters despatched, Mr. Ascott rose, and administering a short, sharp homily, tacitly dismissed his visitors. Whether this silence was sullenness, cowardice, or shame, Hilary could not guess.

She quitted the house with a sense of grinding humiliation almost intolerable. But still the worst was over; the money had been begged and given —there was no fear of a prison. And spite of everything, Hilary felt a certain relief that this was the last time Ascott would be indebted to his godfather. Perhaps, this total cessation of extraneous help might force the young man upon his own resources, compel his easy temperament into active energy, and bring out in him those dormant qualities that his aunts still fondly hoped existed in him.

"Don't be down-hearted, Ascott," she said; "we will manage to get on somehow, till you hear of a practice, and then you must work—work like a 'brick,' as you call it. You will, I know!"

He answered nothing.

"I won't let you give in, my boy," she went on kindly. "Who would ever dream of giving in, at your age, with health and strength, a good education, and no incumbrances whatever—not even aunts! for we will not stand in your way, be sure of that. If you cannot settle here, you shall try to get out abroad, as you have sometimes wished, as an army-surgeon or a ship's doctor; you say these appointments are easy enough to be had. Why not try? Anything; we will consent to anything, if only we can see your life busy and useful and happy."

Thus she talked, feeling far more tenderly to him in his forlorn despondency, than when they had quitted the house two hours before. But Ascott took not the slightest notice. A strange fit of sullenness or depression seemed to have come over him, which, when they reached home, and met Aunt Johanna's silently questioning face, changed into devil-may-care indifference.

"Oh yes, aunt, we've done it; we've got the money, and now I may go to the dogs as soon as I like."

"No," said Aunt Hilary, "it is nothing of the sort: it is only that Ascott must now depend upon himself, and not upon his godfather. Take courage," she added, and went up to him and kissed him on the forehead; "we'll never let our boy go to the dogs! and, as for this disappointment, or any disappointment, why it's just like a cold bath, it takes away your breath for the time, and then you rise up out of it, brisker and fresher than ever."

But Ascott shook his head with a fierce denial. "Why should that old fellow be as rich as Crœsus, and I as poor as a rat? Why should I be put into the world to enjoy myself, and can't? Why was I made like what I am, and then punished for it? Whose fault is it?"

Ay, *whose?* The eternal, unsolveable problem rose up before Hilary's imagination. The ghastly spectre of that everlasting doubt, which haunts even the firmest faith sometimes—and which all the nonsense written about that mystery which,

> "Binding nature fast in fate,
> Leaves free the human will,"

only makes darker than before—oppressed her for the time being with an inexpressible dread.

Ay, *why* was it that the boy was what he was? From his inherited nature, his temperament, or his circumstances? What, or more awful question still, *who* was to blame?

But, as Hilary's thoughts went deeper down, the question answered itself—at least as far as it ever can be answered in this narrow, finite stage of being. Whose will—we dare not say whose blame—is it that evil must inevitably generate evil? that the smallest wrong-doing in any human being, rouses a chain of results which may fatally involve other human beings in an almost incalculable circle of misery? The wages of sin is death. Were it not so, sin would cease to be sin, and holiness, holiness. If He, the All-holy, who for some inscrutable purpose saw fit to allow the existence of evil, allowed any other law than this, in either the spiritual or material world, would He not be denying Himself, counteracting the necessities of His own righteous essence, to which evil is so antagonistic, that we cannot doubt it must be in the end cast into total annihilation—into the allegorical lake of fire and brimstone, which is the "second death?" Nay, do they not in reality deny Him and His holiness almost as much as Atheists do, who preach that the one great salvation which He has sent into the world is a salvation *from punishment*—a keeping out of hell and getting into heaven—instead of a salvation *from sin*, from the power and love of sin, through the love of God in Christ?

I tell these thoughts, because like lightning they passed through Hilary's mind, as sometimes a whole chain of thoughts do, link after link, and because they helped her to answer her nephew quietly and briefly; for she saw he was in no state of mind to be argued with.

"I cannot explain, Ascott, why it is that any of us are what we are, and why things happen to us as they do; it is a question we none of us understand, and in this world never shall. But if we know what we ought to be, and how we may make the best of everything, good or bad, that happens to us, surely that is enough, without perplexing ourselves about anything more."

Ascott smiled, half contemptuously, half carelessly; he was not a young fellow likely to perplex himself long or deeply about these sort of things.

"Anyhow, I've got £20 in my pocket, so I can't starve for a day or two. Let's see; where is it to be cashed? Hillo! who would have thought the old fellow would have been so stupid! Look there, Aunt Hilary!"

She was so unfamiliar with cheques for £20, poor little woman, that she did not at first recognise the omission of the figures "£20" at the left-hand corner. Otherwise, the cheque was correct.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Ascott, exceedingly amused, so easily was the current of his mind changed. "It must have been the £5000 pending that muddled the 'cute old fellow's brains. I wonder whether he will remember it afterwards, and come posting up to see that I've taken no ill-advantage of his blunder; changed this 'Twenty' into 'Seventy.' I easily could, and put the figures £70 here. What a good joke!"

"Had ye not better go to him at once, and have the matter put right?"

"Rubbish! I can put it right myself. It makes no difference who fills up a cheque, so that it is signed all correct. A deal you women know of business!"

But still Hilary, with a certain womanish uneasiness about money matters, and an anxiety to have the thing settled beyond doubt, urged him to go.

"Very well; just as you like. I do believe you are afraid of my turning forger."

He buttoned his coat with a half-sulky, half-defiant air, left his supper untasted, and disappeared.

It was midnight before he returned. His aunts were still sitting up, imagining all sorts of horrors, in an anxiety too great for words; but when Hilary ran to the door, with the natural "Oh, Ascott, where have you been?" he pushed her aside with a gesture that was almost fierce in its repulsion.

"Where have I been? taking a walk round the Park; that's all. Can't I come and go as I like, without being pestered by women? I'm horribly tired. Let me alone,—do!"

They did let him alone. Deeply wounded, Aunt Johanna took no further notice of him than to set his chair a little closer to the fire, and Aunt Hilary slipped down stairs for more coals. There she found Elizabeth, who they thought had long since gone to bed, sitting on the stairs, very sleepy, but watching still.

"Is he come in?" she asked; "because there are more bailiffs after him. I'm sure of it; I saw them."

This, then, might account for his keeping out of the way till after twelve o'clock, and also for his wild haggard look. Hilary put aside her vague dread of some new misfortune; assured Elizabeth that all was right: he had got wherewithal to pay everybody on Monday morning, and would be safe till then. All debtors were safe on Sunday.

"Go to bed now,—there's a good girl; it is hard that you should be troubled with our troubles."

Elizabeth looked up with those fond grey eyes of hers. She was but a servant, and yet looks like these engraved themselves ineffaceably on her mistress's heart, imparting the comfort that all pure love gives, from any one human being to another.

And love has its wonderful rights and rewards. Perhaps Elizabeth, who thought herself nothing at all to her mistress, would have marvelled to know how much closer her mistress felt to this poor,

honest, loving girl, whose truth she believed in, and on whose faithfulness she implicitly depended, than towards her own flesh and blood, who sat there moodily over the hearth; deeply pitied, sedulously cared for, but as for being confided in, relied on, in great matters or small, his own concerns or theirs,—the thing was impossible.

They could not even ask him,—they dared not, in such a strange mood was he,—the simple question, had he seen Mr. Ascott, and had Mr. Ascott been annoyed about the cheque? It would not have been referred to at all, had not Hilary, in holding his coat to dry, taken his pocket-book out of the breast-pocket, when he snatched at it angrily.

"What are you meddling with my things for? Do you want to get at the cheque, and be peering at it, to see if it's all right? But you can't; I've paid it away. Perhaps you'd like to know who to? Then you shan't. I'll not be accountable to you for all my proceedings. I'll not be treated like a baby. You'd better mind what you are about, Aunt Hilary."

Never, in all his childish naughtiness, or boyish impertinence, had Ascott spoken to her in such a tone. She regarded him at first with simple astonishment, then hot indignation, which spurred her on to stand up for her dignity, and not submit to be insulted by her own nephew. But then came back upon her her own doctrine, taught by her own experience, that character and conduct alone constitutes real dignity or authority. She had, in point of fact, no authority over him; no one can have, not even parents, over a young man of his age, except that personal influence which is the strongest sway of all.

She said only, with a quietness that surprised herself—"You mistake, Ascott; I have no wish to interfere with you whatever; you are your own master, and must take your own course. I only expect from you the ordinary respect that a gentleman shows to a lady. You must be very tired and ill, or you would not have forgotten that."

"I didn't; or, if I did, I beg your pardon," said he, half subdued. "When are you going to bed?"

"Directly. Shall I light your candle also?"

"Oh, no; not for the world; I couldn't sleep a wink. I'd go mad if I went to bed. I think I'll turn out, and have a cigar."

His whole manner was so strange that his Aunt Johanna, who had sat aloof, terribly grieved, but afraid to interfere, was moved to rise up and go over to him.

"Ascott, my dear, you are looking quite ill. Be advised by your old auntie. Go to bed at once, and forget everything till morning."

"I wish I could; I wish I could. O Auntie, Auntie!"

He caught hold of her hand, which she had laid upon his head, looked up a minute into her kind, fond face, and burst into a flood of boyish tears.

Evidently his troubles had been too much for him; he was in a state of great excitement. For some minutes his sobs were almost hysterical: then by a struggle he recovered himself, seemed exceedingly annoyed and ashamed, took up his candle, bade them a hurried good-night, and went to bed.

That is, he went to his room; but they heard him moving about overhead for a long while after; nor were they surprised that he refused to rise next morning, but lay most of the time with his door locked, until late in the afternoon, when he went out for a long walk, and did not return till supper, which he ate almost in silence. Then, after going up to his room, and coming down again, complaining bitterly how very cold it was, he crept in to the fireside with a book in his hand, of which, Hilary noticed, he scarcely read a line.

His aunts said nothing to him; they had determined not; they felt that further interference would be not only useless, but dangerous.

"He will come to himself by and by; his moods, good or bad, never last long, you know," said Hilary, somewhat bitterly. "But, in the meantime, I think we had better just do as he says—let him alone."

And in that sad hopeless state they passed the last hours of that dreary Sunday—afraid either to comfort him or reason with him; afraid, above all, to blame him, lest it might drive him altogether astray. That he was in a state of great misery, half sullen, half defiant, they saw, and were scarcely surprised at it; it was very hard not to be able to open their loving hearts to him, as those of one family should always do, making every trouble a common care, and every joy a universal blessing. But in his present state of mind—the sudden obstinacy of a weak nature conscious of its weakness, and dreading control—it seemed impossible either to break upon his silence or to force his confidence.

They might have been right in this, or wrong; afterwards Hilary thought the latter. Many a time she wished and wished, with a bitter regret, that instead of the quiet "Goodnight, Ascott," and the one rather cold kiss on his forehead, she had flung her arms round his neck, and insisted on his telling out his whole mind to her, his nearest kinswoman, who had been half aunt and half sister to him all his life. But it was not done: she parted from him, as she did Sunday after Sunday, with a sore sick feeling of how much he might be to her, to them all, and how little he really was.

If this silence of hers was a mistake—one of those mistakes which sensitive people sometimes make—it was, like all similar errors, only too sorrowfully remembered and atoned for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The week passed by, and Hilary received no ill tidings from home. Incessant occupation kept her from dwelling too much on anxious subjects: besides, she would not have thought it exactly right, while her time and her mental powers were for so many hours per diem, legally Miss Balquidder's—to waste the one, and weaken the other, by what is commonly called "fretting." Nor, carrying this conscientious duty to a higher degree, and towards a higher Master, would she have dared to sit grieving overmuch over their dark future. And yet it was very dark. She pondered over what was to be done with Ascott, or whether he was still to be left to the hopeless hope of doing something for himself:—how long the little establishment at No. 15 could be kept together, or if, after Selina's marriage, it would not be advisable to make some change that should contract expenses, and prevent this hard separation, from Monday to Saturday, between Johanna and herself.

These, with equally anxious thoughts, attacked her in crowds, every day and every hour; but she had generally sufficient will to put them aside: at least till after work was done, and they could neither stupify nor paralyse her. Trouble had to her been long enough familiar to have taught her its own best lesson—that the mind can, in degree, rule itself, even as it rules the body.

Thus, in her business duties, which were principally keeping accounts; in her management of the two young people under her, and of the small domestic establishment connected with the shop, Hilary went steadily on, day after day; made no blunders in her arithmetic, no mistakes in her housekeeping. Being new to all her responsibilities, she had to give her whole mind to them; and she did it; and it was a blessing to her—the sanctified blessing which rests upon labour, almost seeming to neutralize its primeval curse.

But night after night, when work was over, she sat alone at her sewing—the only time she had for it—and her thoughts went faster than her needle. She turned over plan after plan, and went back upon hope after hope, that had risen and broken like waves of the sea—nothing happening that she had expected: the only thing which had happened, or which seemed to have any permanence or reality, being two things which she had never expected at all—Selina's marriage, and her own engagement with Miss Balquidder. It often happens so, in most people's lives, until at last they learn to live on from day to day, doing each day's duty within the day, and believing that it is a righteous as well as a tender hand which keeps the next day's page safely folded down.

So Hilary sat, glad to have a quiet hour, not to grieve in, but to lay out the details of a plan which had been maturing in her mind all week, and which she meant definitely to propose to Johanna when she went home next day. It would cost her something to do so, and she had had some hesitations as to the scheme itself, until at last she threw them all to the winds, as an honest-hearted, faithful, and faithfully-trusting woman would. Her plan was, that they should write to the only real friend the family had—the only good man she believed in—stating plainly their troubles and difficulties about their nephew; asking his advice, and possibly his help. He might know of something—some opening for a young surgeon in India, or some temporary appointment for the voyage out and home, which might catch Ascott's erratic and easily-attracted fancy; give him occupation for the time being, and at least detach him from his present life, with all its temptations and dangers.

Also, it might result in bringing the boy again under that influence which had been so beneficial to him while it lasted, and which Hilary devoutly believed was the best influence in the world. Was it unnatural, if, mingled with an earnest desire for Ascott's good, was an underlying delight that that good should be done to him by Robert Lyon?

So when her plan was made, even to the very words in which she meant to unfold it to Johanna, and the very form in which Johanna should write the letter, she allowed herself a few brief minutes to think of him—Robert Lyon,—to call up his eyes, his voice, his smile; to count, for the hundredth time, how many months—one less than twenty-four, so she could not say years now—it would be before he returned to England. Also, to speculate when and where they would first meet, and how he would speak the one word—all that was needful to change "liking" into "love," and "friend" into "wife." They had so grown together during so many years, not the less so during these years of absence, that it seemed as if such a change would hardly make any difference. And yet—and yet—as she sat and sewed, wearied with her day's labours, sad and perplexed, she thought—if only, by some strange magic, Robert Lyon were standing opposite, holding open his arms, ready and glad to take her and all her cares to his heart, how she would cling there! how closely she would creep to him, weeping with joy and content, neither afraid nor ashamed to let him see how dearly she loved him!

Only a dream! ah, only a dream! and she

started from it at the sharp sound of the door-bell —started, blushing and trembling, as if it had been Robert Lyon himself, when she knew it was only her two young assistants whom she had allowed to go out to tea in the neighbourhood. So she settled herself to her work again; put all her own thoughts by in their little private corners, and waited for the entrance and the harmless gossip of these two orphan girls, who were already beginning to love her, and make a friend of her, and towards whom she felt herself quite an elderly and responsible person. Poor little Hilary! It seemed to be her lot always to take care of somebody or other. Would it ever be that anybody should take care of her?

So she cleared away some of her needle-work, stirred the fire, which was dropping hollow and dull, and looked up pleasantly to the opening door. But it was not the girls: it was a man's foot, and a man's voice.

"Any person of the name of Leaf living here? I wish to see her; on business."

At another time she would have laughed at the manner and words, as if it were impossible so great a gentleman as Mr. Ascott could want to see so small a person as the "person of the name of Leaf," except on business. But now she was startled by his appearance at all. She sprang up only able to articulate, "My sister"—

"Don't be frightened; your sisters are quite well. I called at No. 15, an hour ago."

"You saw them?"

"No; I thought it unadvisable, under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"I will explain, if you will allow me to sit down, bah! I've brought in sticking to me a straw out of that confounded shaky old cab; one ought never to be so stupid as to go anywhere except in one's own carriage. This is rather a small room, Miss Hilary."

He eyed it curiously round: and, lastly, with his most acute look, he eyed herself, as if he wished to find out something from her manner, before going into further explanations.

But she stood before him, a little uneasy, and yet not very much so. The utmost she expected was some quarrel with her sister Selina; perhaps the breaking off of the match, which would not have broken Hilary's heart at all events.

"So you have really no idea what I'm come about?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well!" said Peter Ascott, "I hardly thought it; but when one has been taken in, as I have been, and this isn't the first time by your family"—

"Mr. Ascott! will you explain yourself?"

"I will, ma'am. It's a very unpleasant business I come about; any other gentleman but me would have come with a police-officer at his back. Look here, Miss Hilary Leaf,—Did you ever set eyes on this before?"

He took out his cheque-book, turned deliberately over the small memorandum halves of the page, till he came to one in particular, then hunted in his pocket-book for something.

"My banker sent in to-day my cancelled cheques, which I don't usually go over oftener than three months; he knew that, the scamp!"

Hilary looked up.

"Your nephew, to be sure. See!"

He spread before her a cheque, the very one she had watched him write, seven days before, made payable to "Ascott Leaf, or bearer," and signed, with the bold, peculiar signature, "Peter Ascott." Only instead of being a cheque for twenty pounds, it was for seventy.

Instantly the whole truth flashed upon Hilary: Ascott's remark about how easily the T could be made into an S; and what a "good joke" it would be; his long absence that night; his strange manner; his refusal to let her see the cheque again; all was clear as daylight.

Unfortunate boy! the temptation had been too strong for him. Under what sudden, insane impulse he had acted; under what delusion of being able to repay in time; or of Mr. Ascott's not detecting the fraud; or if discovered, of its being discovered after the marriage, when to prosecute his wife's nephew would be a disgrace to himself, could never be known. But there, unmistakable, was the altered cheque: which had been presented and paid, the banker, of course, not having the slightest suspicion of anything amiss.

"Well, isn't this a nice return for all my kindness? So cleverly done, too. But for the merest chance, I might not have found it out for three months. Oh, he's a precious young rascal, this nephew of yours. His father was only a fool, but he— Do you know that this is a matter of forgery, —forgery, Ma'am," added Mr. Ascott, waxing hot in his indignation.

Hilary uttered a bitter groan.

Yes, it was quite true. Their Ascott, their own boy, was no longer merely idle, extravagant, thoughtless; faults bad enough, but capable of being mended as he grew older: he had done that which to the end of his days he could never blot out. He was a swindler and a forger.

She clasped her hands tightly together, as one struggling with sharp physical pain, trying to read the expression of Mr. Ascott's face. At last she put her question into words.

"What do you mean to do? Shall you prosecute him?"

Mr. Ascott crossed his legs, and settled his neck-

cloth, with a self-satisfied air. He evidently rather enjoyed the importance of his position. To be dictator, almost of life and death, to this unfortunate family was worth, certainly fifty pounds.

"Well, I haven't exactly determined. The money, you see, is of no moment to me, and I couldn't get it back anyhow. He'll never be worth a halfpenny—that rascal. I might prosecute, and nobody would blame me; indeed, if I were to decline marrying your sister, and cut the whole set of you, I don't see," and he drew himself up, "that anything could be said against me. But—"

Perhaps, hard man as he was, he was touched by the agony of suspense in Hilary's face, for he added—

"Come, come, I won't disgrace your family; I won't do anything to harm the fellow."

"Thank you!" said Hilary, in a mechanical, unnatural voice.

"As for my money, he's welcome to it, and much good may it do him. 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil,' and in double quick time too. I won't hinder him. I wash my hands of the young scapegrace. But he'd better not come near me again."

"No," acquiesced Hilary, absently.

"In fact," said Mr. Ascott, with a twinkle of his sharp eye, "I have already taken measures to frighten him away, so that he may make himself scarce, and give neither you nor me any farther trouble. I drove up to your door with a policeman, asked to see Mr. Leaf, and when I heard that he was out—a lie, of course—I left word I'd be back in half an hour. Depend upon it," and he winked confidentially—"he will smell a rat, and make a moonlight flitting of it, and we shall never hear of him any more."

"Never hear of Ascott any more?" repeated Hilary, and for an instant she ceased to think of him as what he was—swindler, forger, ungrateful to his benefactors, a disgrace to his home and family. She saw only the boy Ascott, with his bright looks and pleasant ways, whom his aunts had brought up from his cradle, and loved with all his faults—perhaps loved still. "Oh! I must go home. This will break Johanna's heart."

Mr. Peter Ascott possibly never had a heart—or it had been so stunted in its growth—that it had never reached its fair development. Yet he felt sorry in his way for the "young person," who looked so deadly white, yet tried so hard not to make a scene; nay, when her two assistants came into the one little parlour, deported herself with steady composure; told them that she was obliged suddenly to go home, but would be back, if possible, the next morning. Then, in that orderly, accurate way which Peter Ascott could both understand and appreciate, she proceeded to arrange with them about the shop and the house, in case she might be detained till Monday.

"You're not a bad woman of business," said he, with a patronizing air. "This seems a tidy little shop; I daresay you'll get on in it."

She looked at him with a bewildered air, and went on speaking to the young woman at the door.

"How much might your weekly receipts be in a place like this? And what salary does Miss—Miss What's-her-name give to each of you? You're the head shop-woman, I suppose?"

Hilary made no answer; she scarcely heard. All her mind was full of but one thing. "Never see Ascott any more!" There came back upon her all the dreadful stories she had ever heard of lads who had committed forgery, or some similar offence, and in dread of punishment, had run away in despair, and never been heard of for years; come to every kind of misery; perhaps even destroyed themselves. The impression was so horribly vivid, that when, pausing an instant in putting her books in their places, she heard the door-bell ring, Hilary with difficulty repressed a scream.

But it was no messenger of dreadful tidings; it was only Elizabeth Hand: and the quiet fashion in which she entered showed Hilary at once that nothing dreadful had happened at home.

"Oh, no; nothing has happened," confirmed the girl. "Only Miss Leaf sent me to see if you could come home to-night instead of to-morrow. She is quite well, that is, pretty well; but Mr. Leaf—"

Here catching sight of Miss Hilary's visitor, Elizabeth stopped short. Peter Ascott was one of her prejudices. She determined in his presence to let out no more of the family affairs.

On his part, Mr. Ascott had always treated Elizabeth as people like him usually do treat servants, afraid to lose an inch of their dignity, lest it should be an acknowledgment of equal birth and breeding with the class from which they are so terribly ashamed to have sprung. He regarded her now with a lordly air.

"Young woman—I believe you are the young woman who this afternoon told me that Mr. Leaf was out. It was a fib, of course."

Elizabeth turned round indignantly. "No, sir; I don't tell fibs. He was out."

"Did you give him my message when he came in?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did he say, hey?"

"Nothing."

This was the literal fact; but there was something behind which Elizabeth had not the slightest intention of communicating. In fact, she set herself, physically and mentally, in an attitude of

dogged resistance to any pumping of Mr. Ascott. For though, as she had truly said, nothing special had happened, she felt sure that he was at the bottom of something which had gone wrong in the household that afternoon.

It was this. When Ascott returned, and she told him of his godfather's visit, the young man had suddenly turned so ghastly pale, that she had to fetch him a glass of water; and his Aunt Johanna—Miss Selina was out—had to tend him and soothe him for several minutes before he was right again. When at last, he seemed returning to his natural self, he looked wildly up at his aunt, and clung to her in such an outburst of feeling, that Elizabeth had thought it best to slip out of the room. It was tea-time, but still she waited outside for a half-hour or longer, when she gently knocked, and after a minute or two, Miss Leaf came out. There seemed nothing wrong, at least not much—not more than Elizabeth had noticed many and many a time after talks between Ascott and his aunts.

"I'll take in the tea myself," she said; "for I want you to start at once for Kensington, to fetch Miss Hilary. Don't frighten her—mind that, Elizabeth. Say I am much as usual myself; but that Mr. Leaf is not quite well, and I think she might do him good. Remember the exact words."

Elizabeth did, and would have delivered them accurately, if Mr. Ascott had not been present, and addressed her in that authoritative manner. Now, she resolutely held her tongue.

Mr. Ascott might in his time have been accustomed to cringing, frightened, or impertinent servants, but this was a phase of the species with which he was totally unfamiliar. The girl was neither sullen nor rude, yet evidently quite independent; afraid neither of her mistress, nor of himself. He was sharp enough to see that whatever he wanted to get out of Elizabeth must be got in another way.

"Come, my wench, you'd better tell; it'll be none the worse for you, and it shan't harm the young fellow, though I daresay he has paid you well for holding your tongue."

"About what, sir?"

"Oh! you know what happened when you told him I had called, eh? Servants get to know all about their master's affairs."

"Mr. Leaf isn't my master, and his affairs are nothing to me; I don't pry into 'em," replied Elizabeth. "If you want to know anything, sir, hadn't you better ask himself? He's at home to-night. I left him and my missus going to their tea."

"Left them at home, and at tea?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

It was an inexpressible relief. For the discovery must have come. Ascott must have known or guessed that Mr. Ascott had found him out; he must have confessed all to his Aunt, or Johanna would never have done two things which her sister knew she strongly disliked—sending Elizabeth wandering through London at night, and fetching Hilary home before the time. Yet they had been left sitting quietly at their tea!

Perhaps, after all, the blow had not been so dreadful. Johanna saw comfort through it all. Vague hopes arose in Hilary also; visions of the poor sinner sitting "clothed and in his right mind," contrite and humbled; comforted by them al with the inexpressible tenderness with which we yearn over one who "was dead and is alive again, was lost, and is found;" helped by them all in the way that women—some women especially, and these were of them—seem formed to help the erring and unfortunate; for, erring as he was, he had also been unfortunate.

Many an excuse for him suggested itself. How foolish of them, ignorant women that they were, to suppose that seventeen years of the most careful bringing up could, with his temperament, stand against the countless dangers of London life,—of any life, where a young man is left to himself in a great town, with his temptations so many, and his power of resistance so small.

And this might not, could not be a deliberate act. It must have been committed under a sudden impulse, to be repented of for the rest of his days. Nay, in the strange way in which our sins and mistakes are made not only the whips to scourge us, but the sicknesses out of which we often come, —suffering and weak indeed, but yet relieved, and fresh and sound,—who could tell but that this grave fault, this actual guilt, the climax of so many lesser errors, might not work out in the end Ascott's complete reformation?

So in the strange way in which, after a great shock, we begin to revive a little, to hope against hope, to see a slender ray breaking through the darkness, Hilary composed herself, at least so far as to enable her to bid Elizabeth go down stairs, and she would be ready directly.

"I think it is the best thing I can do,—to go home at once," said she.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Ascott, rather flattered by her involuntary appeal, and by an inward consciousness of his own exceeding generosity. "And pray don't disturb yourselves. Tell your sister from me—your sister Selina, I mean—that I overlook everything, on condition that you keep him out of my sight, that young blackguard!"

"Don't, don't!" cried Hilary, piteously.

"Well, I won't, though it's his right name,—a

fellow who could— Look you, Miss Hilary, when his father sent to me to beg ten pounds to bury his mother with, I did bury her, and him also, a month after, very respectably too, though he had no claim upon me, except that he came from Stowbury. And I stood godfather to the child, and I've done my duty by him. But, mark my words, what's bred in the bone will come in the flesh. He was born in a prison, and he'll die in a prison."

"God forbid!" said Hilary, solemnly. And again she felt the strong conviction, that whatever his father had been, or his mother, of whom they had heard nothing till she was dead, Ascott could not have lived all these years of his childhood and early boyhood with his three aunts at Stowbury without gaining at least some good, which might counteract the hereditary evil; as such evil 'can be counteracted, even as hereditary disease can be gradually removed by wholesome and careful rearing in a new generation.

"Well, I'll not say any more," continued Peter Ascott; "only, the sooner the young fellow takes himself off the better. He'll only plague you all. Now, can you send out for a cab for me?"

Hilary mechanically rang the bell, and gave the order.

"I'll take you to town with me if you like. It'll save you the expense of the omnibus. I suppose you always travel by omnibus?"

Hilary answered something, she hardly knew what, except that it was a declining of all these benevolent attentions. At last she got Mr. Ascott outside the street-door, and, returning, put her hand to her head with a moan.

"Oh, Miss Hilary, don't look like that!"

"Elizabeth, do you know what has happened?"

"No."

"Then I don't want you to know. And you must never try to find it out; for it is a secret that ought to be kept strictly within the family. Are you to be trusted?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

"Now, get me my bonnet, and let us make haste and go home."

They walked down the gas-lit Kensington High Street, Hilary taking her servant's arm; for she felt strangely weak. As she sat in the dark corner of the omnibus, she tried to look things in the face, and form some definite plan; but the noisy rumble at once dulled and confused her faculties. She felt capable of no consecutive thought, but found herself stupidly watching the two lines of faces, wondering, absently, what sort of people they were; what were their lives and histories; and whether they all had, like herself, their own personal burthen of woe. Which was, alas! the one fact that never need be doubted in this world.

It was nigh upon eleven o'clock when Hilary knocked at the door of No. 15.

Miss Leaf opened it; but for the first time in her life she had no welcome for her child.

"Is it Ascott? I thought it was Ascott," she cried, peering eagerly up and down the street.

"He is gone out, then? When did he go?" asked Hilary, feeling her heart turn stone-cold.

"Just after Selina came in. She—she vexed him. But he cannot be long? Is not that man he?"

And just as she was, without shawl or bonnet, Johanna stepped out into the cold damp night, and strained her eyes into the darkness; but in vain.

"I'll walk round the Crescent once, and maybe I shall find him. Only go in, Johanna."

And Hilary was away again into the dark, walking rapidly, less with the hope of finding Ascott than to get time to calm herself, so as to meet, and help her sisters to meet, this worst depth of their calamity. For something warned her that this last desperation of a weak nature is more to be dreaded than any overt obstinacy of a strong one. She had a conviction that Ascott never would come home.

After a while, they gave up waiting and watching at the front-door, and shut themselves up in the parlour. The first explanation past, even Selina ceased talking; and they sat together, the three women, doing nothing, attempting to do nothing, only listening; thinking every sound was a step on the pavement or a knock at the door. Alas! what would they not have given for the fiercest knock, the most impatient, angry footstep, if only it had been their boy's?

About one o'clock, Selina had to be put to bed in strong hysterics. She had lashed her nephew with her bitter tongue till he had rushed out of the house, declaring that none of them should ever see his face again. Now she reproached herself as being the cause of all, and fell into an agony of remorse, which engrossed her sisters' whole care; until, her violent emotion having worn itself out, she went to sleep, the only one who did sleep in that miserable family.

For Elizabeth also, having been sent to bed hours before, was found by Miss Hilary sitting on the kitchen stairs, about four in the morning. Her mistress made no attempt at reproach, but brought her into the parlour to share the silent watch, never broken except to make up the fire or light a fresh candle; till candles burnt up, and shutters were opened, and upon their great calamity stared the broad unwelcome day.

PAGES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

I.—DURATION OF LIFE.

MANY attempts have been made—all of which appear to me total failures—to make out the ratio of man's whole life to the portion required for reaching *maturity*, to be the same as with other animals. As far as I can make out, the time for full growth, in the other mammals, is *one-seventh* of the natural term of existence; and in man, ONE-FOURTH at the *very utmost*. To take eighty as about man's natural term (when acute diseases and accidents do not intervene) is rather the outside; and the full growth of the bones is seldom complete before twenty; often not till later.

A horse that has not been *worked when young* (which nineteen-twentieths or more are), and is complete at five, is not older at thirty-five than a man at eighty. A dog, which is complete at or before two years, will live (if allowed) to thirteen or fourteen. And I believe the like ratio will hold good with most of the mammals, when fairly used, viz., one-seventh of the life is taken up in reaching maturity. Man, therefore, ought, by the same rule, to reach his regular term at *one hundred and forty* years—double of the Psalmist's allowance. As for the physical cause of the long duration of life in the early ages of the world, I think the only plausible theory is that which attributes it to the use of the tree of life by our first parents, before they were expelled from Paradise, which was likely to have imparted to the constitution of their descendants a strength which was *slowly and gradually* worn out in many generations.

With reference to the *final* cause—the purpose to be answered—great longevity was manifestly of great importance, with a view to the invention of the arts of life before writing was in use, that each man might have the benefit of his own very long experience.

II.—HYPOCRISY.

ROCHEFOUCAULT'S remark, that "Hypocrisy is the *homage* which vice pays to virtue," has become almost proverbial, and is cited with full approbation by writers of repute. I long assented to it without much reflection; but it will not hold good in the ordinary and obvious sense of the words; i.e., if by "homage" you understand a sincere acknowledgment that virtue is intrinsically superior to vice. There is only an acknowledgment that most men *like* it better, and *trust* it more. Now, a crafty knave will often feign not only *honesty*, but *ignorance* and *silliness*, in order to throw men off their guard. He does not like to be thought knowing and clever, in most cases. And a skilful general will often disguise the *strength* of some post, in order to tempt the enemy to attack it, and draw them into an ambush. You may call this, if you will, the homage which intelligence and skill, and knowledge and strength pay to ignorance and weakness.

The true homage paid by vice to virtue is the genuine disgust and abhorrence which a bad man expresses and feels for all people's *faults, except* his own, and sometimes just such as he is himself guilty of. Selfish people, for instance, and sharp dealers in money matters, will often comment very freely, and very justly and sincerely, on those faults in their neighbours.

III.—THE CHURCH OF ROME A PARTY.

THE Church of Rome is of the character of a party, and ours is not; because that is *indefinite*, and ours is definite. Our Church lays down, whether rightly or wrongly, what its members are expected to assent to, and binds them no further; but a member of the Church of Rome has, in fact, subscribed to an *Et cetera*. He must comply with whatever the Church *may hereafter* decree. That Church accordingly laid down a new dogma a few years ago, and may another next year. Now, this *indefiniteness* is just the distinguishing mark of *a party*. The Church of Rome (as is the case of other *parties*) is of the character of an ordinary partnership, in which a man is *fully* answerable for *all* the acts, and all the debts of the body.

Our Church, on the contrary, and all associations similarly constituted, is like those partnerships founded on the system of "*limited liability*," in which no one is liable for more than what he stakes, and every one knows beforehand what that is.

When a man joins, for instance, a political party, though we are bound in charity to suppose that he approves of their *general principles;* he cannot foresee what *particular measures* he may be called upon to support or to oppose, on pain of being called a deserter. And so it is with all other *parties*, properly so called.

There is, however, an important distinction between the Church of Rome, on the one hand, and most other religious parties on the other. *She* requires you to *profess* your membership, your complete surrender of your private judgment, and your implicit submission to her decrees: while most other religious parties will generally

be found requiring the *direct contrary;* requiring you to disown all *party*, and to *profess* an unbiassed exercise of your own judgment. This is, in fact, putting upon you *two* yokes, instead of one.

You are not only to think and speak and act as others dictate, but to declare (and—if *you can*—believe) that this is your *own* free and *un*biassed decision. But very frequently a man succeeds in convincing himself that he really *is* independent of party; and thus he submits the more patiently to this double yoke.

This disavowal of party in those who are really partisans, renders the approaches of party-spirit the more insidious. In conferring with one who makes this disavowal, especially if it is done with perfect sincerity, there is great danger of being yourself drawn in by little and little; and like a ship drawn in by a whirlpool at sea (as I have elsewhere observed), not to perceive your danger till escape is next to impossible. And if you feel fully confident that you are in no danger of party, this very confidence places you in the greatest danger.

One person to whom (among others) I had shown this article, replied to me by urging, as a ground of safety, the very *self-confidence* for which I had been endeavouring to substitute *self-distrust*, —setting forth, with solemn earnestness, the most vehement and uncalled-for protestations of sincere conviction and entire independence of party;—as if it had not been my very object to point out that this is one of the requisitions of party; that you are required to protest, and if possible to believe, that every opinion dictated to you is your own perfectly independent judgment! Of so little use is it to pour water on a thoroughly-kindled mass!

This also is to be observed, that in any conference between a partisan and an independent thinker, the former is the more likely to gain ground upon the other when other things are equal. If he brings *you* over to his opinion upon any point, it is likely that he will have gained that point PERMANENTLY; but if, on the other hand, you convince HIM on any point, you will find him next day just where he was before,—you will have been writing on the sea-sand what will be washed out by the next tide.

IV.—ANOMALIES IN LANGUAGE.

THERE are in our language sundry anomalies, some of them of recent introduction, and some of long standing.

(1.) In colloquial language it is common to hear persons say, "I won't do so-and-so more than I can help;" meaning, "more than I can *not* help."

(2.) There is an impropriety which one may meet with, not only in conversation, but even in books, of using "don't" instead of "does n't." "I don't think so-and-so," *i.e.*, "I do not think so," is good English. But we should not say, "he don't think so," but "he *does n't* think so," *i.e.*, he does not think so.

(3.) "*Mutual*" is often used improperly instead of "*common*." Two persons may afford mutual assistance, *i.e.*, assistance to each other; but we ought not to speak of their having a mutual friend, *i.e.*, a friend common to both of them.

(4.) "Own" is often improperly used in the sense of "*for one's-self*." A person is often said to make his own clothes, to damage his own character, etc.; meaning, to do these things *for himself*. Properly, to make his own clothes is to distinguish it from his making another person's clothes; to damage his own character, from damaging another's, etc.

(5.) The American use of the word "*realize*" is very much creeping in. In proper English, to *realize* a large fortune, or a comfortable situation, means to *acquire* it. In the Yankee, it signifies to think a great deal about it. In their country, many a slave, probably, realizes the happiness of freedom, *i.e.*, forms for himself a vivid picture of it; but in the language of Old England, it would be confined to those who have obtained their freedom. This anomaly has been vindicated on the plea, that we have no *one* word answering to the American sense of "realize;" but circumlocution is better than ambiguity.

(6.) An anomaly of very ancient standing is the use of the word "*either*" in the sense of "*each*." "A man may carry a watch on either side," would properly denote that he may wear it on the right side, *or else* on the left; not that he may carry two watches, one on *each* side, *i.e.*, one on the right side, and one on the left. Yet this latter is the sense in which the word is used in our Bible version, and elsewhere.

(7.) "*By no means*" is continually used in the sense of "not at all." Thus it is very proper to say, "I can by no means effect this," *i.e.*, there are no means by which I can effect it. But it is an anomaly to say, "this article is by no means costly;" for you could not say, "there are not any means by which it would be costly." "The sermon was by no means a long one," should have been, "the sermon was far from being a long one."

(8.) The use of "*as though*," in the sense of "*as if*," is an anomaly of very old standing. It is regular to say, "I form my decision in this case, as though I had consulted no one," *i.e.*, as I should have done, even though I had not consulted any one. It is irregular to say, "you treat me *as though* you thought me culpable;" which would imply, "as you would do even though you thought

me culpable." It should be, "*as if* you thought me culpable," *i.e.*, as you would do if you thought me culpable."

(9.) "*Avocation*" means properly interruption, calling off from what we are about; but is often improperly used in the sense of *occupation*.

(10.) We often hear of such a one's "two eldest" children, instead of his *eldest two;* or singing the "*four first*" verses of such or such a Psalm. I never could find but one first verse in a Psalm.

(11.) It is an anomaly to talk of "ever so many," "ever so much," instead of "never so many," etc. This is a modern corruption which does not occur in our Bible version. In the account of Dinah in the book of Genesis, the Prince says, "Ask of me never so much dowry, and I will give it," *i.e.*, "ask me so much, as there never was so much asked before;" but "ever so much" is quite an anomaly. If the word be used, the phrase should be "ever *as* much," not "ever *so* much."

(12.) We often hear the expression, "*would to God* so-and-so were the case." In our Bible version we read, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria;" that is to say, "O that God would grant." The anomaly seems to have arisen from the French "plût au Dieu," *i.e.*, may it be pleasing to God.

(13.) There is an anomalous use of the plural for the singular, which is more common among women (even the best educated) than among men: "If any one thinks so-and-so, *they* are very much mistaken." A *man* will generally say, "*he is* mistaken;" but women, it would seem, do not like to use the masculine pronoun, and therefore employ the plural "*they*," which is of the common gender.

V.—OF HOT WATER.

It has been said that "An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman never at peace but when he is fighting."

Certain it is that there are some persons (both Irish and others) who delight *to live in hot water;*—who seem to enjoy themselves and thrive in the midst of perpetual contests. And if a man is always in hot water, there is some *presumption* that he is either one of these, or else so injudicious in his measures as to provoke hostility. But a presumption does not imply full proof, nor even a strong probability. It only throws the burden of proof on to the opposite side. *He* may be called on to show how it can be that, without being of a pugnacious disposition, he may yet be often in hot water. And this, I think, *may* be shown.

(1.) A man in public life who belongs to no *party*, and openly avows his disapprobation of parties, will be likely to incur the inveterate hostility of all party men; who are a large portion of mankind.

It is remarked by Thucydides, in writing of the civil contests in Greece, that those who steered a middle course were destroyed by both parties, in resentment at their not joining them, or from grudging them an escape. This is one way in which a peaceably disposed man may incur hostility.

(2.) If he attempts to make peace between those who are contending, he is likely to verify the Scotch proverb, that "the ridder gets aye the worst stroke in the fray." If he decides completely in the favour of one of the parties, he will, of course, have the other against him; and if he perceives that each party is somewhat to blame, though somewhat less so than their opponents represent, he will be likely to have both of them upon him. For those who are engaged in a contest are apt to see no evil on their own side, and no good on their opponent's.

(3.) If he is an enemy to jobs and abuses of all kinds, he will incur the hostility of all those (and they are not a few) who from these derive some advantage. And he will probably be disliked, not only by those whom he has immediately to deal with, but also by others who may suspect that their turn will come next: even as pickpockets, when not actually detected, hate the sight of a policeman; and as rats have a universal antipathy to a ferret.

(4.) A large portion of mankind have something of sham about them; something of disguise or pretension, and profession of one motive while another, the real one, is suppressed. All such persons feel an instinctive aversion and dread towards any one whom they believe to see through them. They remind one of a sort of fairies of Scandinavian mythology, who had the appearance of beautiful damsels, and endeavoured to allure an incautious stranger, but, in reality, were hollow like masks, and were therefore most cautious not to let any one get behind them, and thus detect their emptiness.

(5.) Any one who is so far ahead of his age as to foresee future dangers, and difficulties, and needs, that are overlooked by most of his neighbours, will be almost sure to be vehemently denounced by them as a dangerous innovator, for proposing precautionary steps. And if anything does take place which he had predicted and forewarned them of, they will perhaps be even the more displeased with him on account of the superior foresight which he has displayed, which they feel as a kind of reproach to themselves.

From any of these causes, and much more from all of them combined, it may happen that a peaceable man will often be in hot water.

THE HUMAN EYE: ITS PHENOMENA AND ILLUSIONS.

If the human eye is wonderful in its structure and in its visual powers, it is not less wonderful when we study the ordinary and abnormal phenomena which it presents to us.

In the organ of hearing, the sensation is produced by vibrations of the air striking upon the drum of the ear, which communicates them by a beautiful mechanism to the auditory nerves. In the other senses, the sensation is produced by pressure, or by the contact of certain material bodies with the nerves of the organ; but when the material body is heat, as in the case of touch, or light, as in the case of vision, it is still an undecided question, whether the nervous membrane is excited by material particles issuing, like those of odoriferous bodies, from the source of light and heat, or by the vibrations of a medium called *ether*, which exists throughout space, and penetrates all transparent bodies; but whichever of these theories be true, light is produced by the pressure or impulse of the solid particles, or of the material undulation upon the retina.

This is finely shown by pressing the eyeball in either corner of the eye. If the pressure is made in a dark room, we shall see a brilliant spot of light on the side of the eye opposite to the place where the pressure is made. If this experiment is made in day-light, the luminous spot will be surrounded with a broad black ring, and this ring with another ring of light. If we compress with the the point of the finger a caoutchouc ball filled with water or even air, we shall see that it is compressed immediately under the finger, but extended or dilated for a certain space round, and then round that space again compressed, the two pressures producing light, and the dilatations or extensions producing darkness. Different observers have seen rings of colour produced by pressure which are particularly beautiful when the pressure is made on the front of the eye. Sir Isaac Newton describes the effect of pressure between the eyeball and the nose "as a circle of colours like those on the feather of a peacock's tail," "the colours vanishing in a second if the eye and the finger remain quiet, but reappearing if the finger be moved with a quavering motion."

The light thus produced by pressure is exhibited on various occasions. A blow on the eye or the head propagated to the retina makes a flash of light shoot from the eyeball. In the act of sneezing, gleams of light are emitted from each eye, and on blowing the nose, two patches of light appear in front of the eye. Even when we turn the eyeballs quickly, the retina is pressed at the places where the muscles are inserted, two semicircles, and sometimes even whole circles of light, are seen towards the nose.

In certain states of the body, particularly affections of the stomach, the pressure of blood-vessels upon the retina generates, even in total darkness, a faint *blue* light floating before the eyes, disappearing and reappearing, becoming *green*, *yellow*, and even sometimes *red*. On some occasions the whole retina is affected, and the patient at midnight will be surrounded with light which does not illuminate the objects around him. When we consider the variety of forms which in perfect health the imagination can conjure up when looking into a fire, we may readily conceive how the masses of coloured light which float or remain *stationary* before the eye, may be moulded into those fantastic or natural shapes which haunt the couch of the invalid, even when the mind retains its energy and is conscious of the illusion! A sailor who had strengthened a thin sail by brushing a part of it with tar, saw upon it, when hoisted up, a gallows and a man under it without a head. He pointed it out to his shipmates as indicating "that something would happen." The picture was so strongly delineated that he could not bear the sight of it, and as soon as the sail was taken down in a calm day, he covered the figure with a piece of canvas. His anticipation was verified. He was himself executed for piracy and murder.

When we look at a luminous object, it remains visible and of the same colour for nearly the eighth part of a second after the eye is shut. This effect is well seen in the circle of red light produced by whirling round a burning stick in the dark; and in railway travelling it is finely displayed in the visibility of objects eclipsed by a hedge, or a paling with broad vertical bars separated by narrow openings. The light from the objects which passes through one narrow opening continues to impress the retina till the light from the next opening renews it, so that the hedge and the paling are actually so transparent as to allow us to see objects behind them, which if in a state of rest would be absolutely invisible.

This duration of impressions on the retina is the principle upon which the late Dr. Paris constructed his pretty little toy called the *Thaumatrope*, or Wonder-turner. A *cage*, for example, is drawn on

one side of a circular disk of cardboard, and a *bird* on the other. By twirling the disk with two strings fixed to its circumference, the bird will be seen in the cage, the picture of the cage remaining impressed upon the retina till the picture of the bird comes round, and is seen at the same time. Portions of letters or of sentences may be placed on each side of the card, and united, by twirling the card, into whole letters or sentences. It is upon the same principle that Professor Plateau has constructed his *Phenakistoscope*, or Magic Disk, by the rotation of which the pictures of animals are made to appear in motion, and the pictures of machinery to be actually working.

When we look long at any ordinarily luminous object, and turn the eye away from it upon a white ground, we shall for a short time see a distinct picture of it, of a different colour from the object itself. This picture is called an ocular spectrum. If the object is *white* upon a dark ground, the spectrum will be dark. If it is *dark* upon a white ground, it will be luminous or white. If it is *red*, the spectrum will be *green*, or *vice versa*. If *blue* it will be *yellow*, the spectrum having always the colour which that of the object wants to make white light. Hence these colours are called *complementary*.

If the light of the object is white and very strong, such as that of the sun, the spectra are not black, but of various colours. If we look at the sun near the horizon, the ocular spectrum will, when the eye is open, be a *brownish red*, with a *sky-blue* border, and when the eye is shut, a *green*, with a *red* border. The colour of the spectrum will change till the impression is gradually worn off, but even then it may be revived by a gentle pressure on the eyeball.

In some eyes these ocular spectra are more easily produced than in others. The celebrated Boyle knew one gentleman who "had injured his eyes by looking too fixedly upon the sun through a telescope without a coloured glass." His eyes were so affected by this excess of light, that for nine or ten years after the accident, he "saw a globe of light the size of the sun whenever he turned to a window or any white object." When Locke heard of this curious case, he requested Sir Isaac Newton's opinion on the subject, and was surprised to learn that he had himself seen the same phenomenon. After looking at the sun in a looking-glass, and studying the rings of colours surrounding the sun's image on the retina, his eye was so impressed, that "whenever he looked upon the clouds, or a book, or a bright object, he saw upon it a round, bright spot of light like the sun." The effect of this experiment, repeated three times, was such that he durst neither read nor write, but was obliged to shut himself up in a dark room for three days, till he recovered the use of his eyes. For some months, however, he saw the picture of the sun whenever he thought upon it, even when he was in the dark, and many years afterwards he was of opinion that "he could still make the phantom return by the power of his fancy."

Another very remarkable condition of the eye is, what has been called *hemiopsy*, or *half-vision*, under the influence of which we lose sight of half of every object at which we look, such as the half of a man whom we meet, or half of a name upon a sign-board. The half which disappears is sometimes on the left hand, and sometimes on the right. This half-blindness, as we may call it, is always temporary, and arises from the paralysis of a corresponding part of the retina in each eye. It is often produced by violent exercise, or from the eyes being much fatigued with reading, or work of any kind. Sometimes the paralysis is partial, running in lines, and obliterating letters or parts of lines in the book which we are reading. This condition of the eyes is generally found in persons in perfect health, and frequently continues for a very short time; but when the hemiopsy is perfect, that is, when it shows half of an object, it may produce effects approaching to the supernatural. At certain distances, one of two or more persons will necessarily disappear, and reappear by a slight change of position either in the observer or the person observed. When only one person is in view, he may disappear altogether, under circumstances which would be inexplicable to the observer.

The appearance and disappearance of figures seen in the dark, or in very faint lights, furnishes us with an explanation of various apparitions which have been referred to the supernatural. The ghost never shows himself in the broad light of day, when he may be traced to his origin, either as an illusion of the brain, or as a carnal imposition upon the timid and the credulous. If the former, you could neither double him by squinting, nor multiply him by a multiplying-glass, nor displace him by refracting or reflecting the light by which he shines. If the latter, you may double him, or multiply him, or displace him, by the infallible ordeal of an optical inquisition. In neither case can the priest exorcise him. In the one you must appeal to the lancet or some salutary mixture; in the other, to the police and the magistrate. It is in the twilight, or under the pale radiance of the moon or stars, or under the almost utter darkness of midnight, that these spiritual burglars hold their orgies, and revel without challenge or detection. In the light which falls upon objects thus faintly illuminated, various remarkable effects are produced. We have seen that objects seen obliquely, even in the light of day, vanish and re-

appear; but it is equally true that objects faintly illuminated disappear and reappear even when the eye is fully directed to them, and is most anxious to scrutinize them. The darker portions of a figure will disappear when the rest of it is visible, and under the ever-varying lights and shadows of the night, objects moveable and immoveable will suffer changes of form which a timid or credulous observer will rank with the supernatural.

There is another property of the eye which, under certain circumstances, may perplex the observer. If in using one eye it has a fixed position, or is obliged to look through an aperture at any distant object eclipsed by a nearer one, *the invisible body will appear by looking away from it;* or if it is visible near the edge of the eclipsing body, when we look away from it, *it will disappear by looking at it.*

One of the most remarkable conditions of the eye is that under which *Spectral Illusions* are seen in the light of day, and even within the social circle. This class of illusions was first distinctly described by M. Nicolai, a bookseller in Berlin. In 1791, when agitated by some misfortunes, Nicolai saw before him the figure of a deceased friend, which accompanied him into another apartment, alternately vanishing and reappearing. After his health had been somewhat restored, this figure never appeared again, but others took its place, and underwent the most extraordinary transformations. The figures were sometimes persons known to him, or sometimes strangers, sometimes persons alive, but more frequently persons deceased. They were generally persons of both sexes, who, like people at a fair, passed to and fro as if they had no mutual connexion. On some occasions he saw persons on horseback, dogs and birds, all of their natural size and colour. The human spectres occasionally addressed one another audibly, and he sometimes heard their conversation in society intermixed with that of the company. These visions became at last so frequent as to disturb him during the night, and he found it necessary to apply leeches to his head. During this operation the room swarmed with human forms of every variety, crowding fast upon one another. They continued in this state for five hours, when they became paler and moved more slowly. Their colour was now white, though their form was perfectly distinct. Instead of moving off and vanishing as before, they dissolved immediately into air, whole pieces of some of them continuing for a length of time, and finally disappearing. At the end of nine hours from the application of the leeches not a vestige of them remained, and Nicolai was never again disturbed by these amusing visitors.

Our countryman, Sir Robert Liston, was subject during the last ten years of his life to almost daily visitations from these spectral forms. Dr. Abercrombie, who received a description of them from Sir Robert, when upwards of eighty years of age, has given a particular account of this interesting case. The spectres seen by Sir Robert were generally human figures, sometimes the size of life, and sometimes in miniature, but always having "the clearness and minuteness of the finest painting." The head and upper parts of the body were distinctly defined, while the lower parts were often "lost in a kind of cloud." The figures appeared in various dresses, such as that of the age of Louis XIV., the costumes of ancient Rome, and that of the modern Turks and Greeks; but the most remarkable dress was that in which an elderly woman appeared, namely, "an old-fashioned Scottish tartan plaid, drawn up and brought forward over the head, and then crossed below the chin, as the plaid was worn by aged women in Sir Robert's younger days." "This spectre had a peculiarly arch and playful expression, and a dazzling brilliancy of eye, and seemed just ready to speak to him." Sir Robert's "own face was occasionally presented to him, gradually undergoing the change from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age." Various fashions of wigs and head-dresses, and particularly the flowing full-bottomed wig of a former age, crowned his male and female visitors. Any addition to his usual quantity of wine, which was small, increased the number and vivacity of these spectres.

One of the most remarkable and best observed cases of spectral illusions, is that of a lady of our acquaintance, who is still living, having been subject to them for more than thirty years. From her previous knowledge of the subject, this lady studied her own case as one of spectral illusions, and she was never inclined to misinterpret her perceptions by any superstitious fears, or to exaggerate them by any love of the marvellous. On several occasions this lady saw the spectres of deceased relatives in the dresses which they had formerly worn; and when of these, a female relative had seated herself in an easy-chair at the fireside, the lady dissolved the spectre by sitting down in its lap. When sitting by the window with her husband, "a carriage and four appeared to her to be driving up the avenue to the house. As it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare for receiving company, but as if spell-bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and when it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postilions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons and other hideous figures. On another occasion, she saw her husband's brother, who was then alive and well in London, seat himself in a chair opposite to her, but dressed in grave-

clothes, and with a ghostly countenance, as if scarcely alive. After a fatiguing drive during the day, the lady was preparing to go to bed about eleven o'clock, P.M., and was seated before a dressing-glass arranging her hair. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly startled by seeing in the mirror the figure of a near relative, who was then in Scotland and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave-clothes closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head and under the chin, and though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the reality over her shoulder, but it was not to be seen, and had also disappeared over her shoulder.

One of the most remarkable illusions to which we are exposed, arises from the use of two eyes in combining the pictures of objects formed on their retina. We do not refer to the marvellous phenomena of relief produced by uniting in the stereoscope, or by the convergency of the optic axis, the two dissimilar plane pictures which are formed by each eye. The illusion thus produced is only the reproduction of what we actually see, and can in no case alarm the timid or the credulous. The illusion which we are about to explain takes place within our own apartments, and is most likely to be seen by the student at his desk,—the lady with her novel,—the invalid in his couch, or the jovial frequenter of St. Stephen's, who may be accustomed to the vision of two speakers. If his apartments are painted with a uniform tint, or decorated with paper-hangings, with patterns small and irregularly disposed, the observer will not have the opportunity of studying, or be exposed to the risk of being startled at the illusion to which we refer. It is to an apartment where the paper-hangings consist of geometrical patterns, or of figures regularly placed at equal distances, that we must now conduct the reader.

Let us suppose that the paper of the room consists of flowers placed at the distance of twelve inches, which we can unite by squinting, or converging the optic axis to a point between ourselves and the wall. By a greater effort we can unite two flowers twenty-four inches distant, and by a greater effort still we can unite two flowers thirty-six inches distant. If we unite the flowers twelve inches distant, when standing *three* feet from the wall, all the flowers on the wall will be united, each flower consisting of two superimposed, and appearing at the point to which the eyes converge. The whole papered wall, therefore, with all its flowers, in place of being seen, as in ordinary vision, at the distance of *three feet, will now appear suspended in the air, at the distance of six inches from the observer.* The eye will at first experience a disagreeable sensation, but it will soon disappear, and the suspended picture will be seen with as little strain as if we were looking at the wall itself. The surface of the picture is slightly curved towards the eye, with a silvery aspect, and is more beautiful than the real paper. It will move with the slightest motion of the head, and if we retire from the real wall, the suspended wall of flowers will follow us, moving farther and farther from the real wall; and also, but very slightly, farther and farther from ourselves. If we unite the flowers twenty-four or thirty-six inches distant, by a greater strain of the eye, the suspended wall will stand nearer us, but the other phenomena will be the same as before.

In examining this picture, some curious phenomena present themselves. Some of the flowers appear slightly in relief, the stalk, or some of the leaves retiring from, or rising above the plane of the picture, owing to slight inequalities in the combined flowers. In some cases a portion of one of the pieces of paper, and sometimes a whole stripe, or even two, from the roof to the floor, will retire from the general plane of the picture, forming a recess, or rise above it forming a projection, thus displaying on a large scale an error in the cutting of the paper, which it would have required a narrow inspection to discover. Illusions similar to those described, may be seen by uniting the figures on carpets, but the operation is more difficult, owing to the obliquity with which we must view the figures, unless they are suspended vertically. They may be seen also in all those painted decorations on which a series of similar patterns form a uniform surface.

The phenomena above described have been actually seen by persons who, at the time, were unacquainted with their causes. A gentleman who had taken so much wine as to see the figures on a papered wall double, got to a distance from it, at which it appeared suspended in the air. A more interesting case was communicated to us by one of our most distinguished physicians (Professor Christison), to whom it was at first a natural source of alarm. "Some years ago," he says, "when I resided in a house where several rooms are papered with rather formally recurring patterns, and one, in particular, with stars only; I used occasionally to be much plagued with the wall suddenly standing out upon me, and moving, as you describe, with the movements of the head. I was sensible that the cause was an error as to the point of union of the visual axes of the two eyes; but I remember it sometimes cost me a considerable effort to rectify the error; and I found that the best way was to increase still more the deviation, in the first instance. As this accident occurred most frequently while I was recovering from a severe attack of

fever, I thought my near-sighted eyes were threatened with some new mischief; and this opinion was justified in finding that, after removal to my present house—where, however, the papers have no very formal pattern—no such occurrence has ever taken place. The reason is now easily understood from your researches."

From these results some useful lessons may be learned. The ghosts of paper-hangings need not greatly alarm us. Although we can exorcise them by simply shutting one of our eyes, we would advise the patient to send for his physician. When they appear after dinner, the observer should take the pledge of total abstinence. In the decoration of our apartments, and in dresses male and female, small recurring patterns should be avoided, and particularly smallsquares like those in plaid fabrics. The observer can hardly avoid uniting these squares, or analogous figures in female dresses, thus causing part of the dress either to bulge out or sink into hollows, a result which while it gives pain to the eyes of the observer, does not improve the person who is observed.

A very remarkable condition of the eye is that under which it is blind to certain colours. This *colour-blindness*, as it has been called, seems to be a modern affection of the eye unknown to the ancients. The earliest case of it was described by a Dr. Turberville of Salisbury, who found it in a maid servant, who could only see *black* and *white*, being blind to all proper colour. In consequence of Professor Dugald Stewart, Dr. Dalton, and Mr. Troughton, being blind to certain colours, the subject has recently excited so much interest that the late Dr. George Wilson has written a whole volume on the subject. This defect is of *three* kinds: 1, an inability to perceive any colour but *black* and *white;* 2, an inability to distinguish *browns*, *greys*, and neutral colours; and 3, an inability to distinguish between *red*, *blue*, and *yellow*, and between *green*, *purple*, *orange*, and *brown*. The *first* of these varieties is very rare; three or four cases only are known, and these have been very imperfectly described. In the *second* of these varieties, the mere shades of the more compound colours are alone mistaken, such as *browns*, *greys*, and neutral tints. The most common difficulty is to distinguish *pink* from *pale blue*, owing to the insensibility of the eye to *red* light. In the third variety, the primary colours of *red*, *blue*, and *yellow* are confounded with the secondary and tertiary colours, such as *green*, *purple*, *orange*, and *brown*.

This imperfection of vision is, in many cases, hereditary. There are several examples in which almost all the members of a family have been afflicted with it. Dr. Wilson informs us that, with few exceptions, each colour-blind person whom he examined had near relatives as colour-blind as himself. Five had each a brother colour-blind. One had five brothers equally defective. Another had his father, brother, sister and nephew in the same predicament. The Countess of D.'s brother, son, and two nephews are colour-blind, and a Mr. P. has or had *five* near relatives equally so.

From a great number of observations, Dr. Wilson is of opinion that one person in every fifty mistakes *red* for *green*, *brown* for *green*, *purple* for *blue*, and occasionally *red* for *black;* and including all kinds of colour-blindness, he thinks that one in twenty is colour-blind.

It is obvious that this imperfection of sight disqualifies the person for all professions that require a knowledge of colours. Colour-blind sailors or railway servants, who daily peril life and property in the case of red or green signals, are dangerous functionaries; and we have no doubt that Dr. Wilson is right in his suspicions that fatal shipwrecks and collisions at sea have arisen from the mistaken colour of a harbour-lamp, or a lighthouse beacon. Serious as such risks are, there are others of a higher order which may arise from this defect of vision; in the preparation of medicines; in the manufacture, adulteration, and preparation of food; in the operations of war, and in criminal trials. A colour-blind compounder of coloured ingredients; a colour-blind manufacturer of food and even of beverages; a colour-blind officer or sentinel, and a colour-blind witness, would all be dangerous characters in their respective spheres.

A very curious and often alarming affection of the eyes has received the name of *Muscæ Volitantes*, or *floating flies*. The spots, thus named from their resemblance to flies, are seen only under particular lights, unless when they are of a considerable size. They exist, to a certain extent, in the eyes of all persons, whether young or old, and may be best seen by looking through a pinhole in a piece of brass or lead, or through a lens of very short focus. The field of light will be seen covered with what have been called twisted semi-transparent tubes or fibres, and various minute globules, sometimes separate, occasionally attached to the tubes, and often apparently within them. These different bodies have their axes or centres luminous, and on each side of the axis of the tubes are two black lines parallel to which are coloured fringes produced by the inflection or diffraction of light. These bodies may be made to move by a toss of the head, and change their place even when the eye is fixed. Some of the tubes or fibres are twisted as if knots had been tied upon them, and these knots are the true *Muscæ Volitantes*. These muscæ, and the objects accompanying them, are the remains of vessels whose

functions in the eye have been already performed. They exist principally in the cells of the vitreous humour, those which are most distant from the retina, having a wider range in their apparent motions, while those in cells close to that membrane seem almost fixed, and have, from this cause, been an unreasonable source of alarm as the harbinger of cataract or amaurosis. These muscæ, even when large and numerous, are quite harmless. They sometimes, however, interfere with distinct vision in observations with the telescope and microscope.

A series of very interesting illusions relates to the vision of forms, such as plane surfaces and lines stretching out from the eye, or standing vertically before it. In estimating the inclination of declivities, Bouguer found that the difference between the *real* and the *apparent* inclination varied from 0° to 25°, or 30° at a maximum. A horizontal plane appears to rise above the horizon 4° or 5°. The difference between the two increases with the inclination of the real plane, and at a particular inclination, not exactly determined, the difference is about 25° or 30° ; a difference exists between the two when the inclination is 90°, or where the plane is vertical, like the wall of a house. In this case the wall appears to hang over as if falling toward the observer. When the plane dips below the horizon, the apparent plane is still above the real one ; that is, the real is *steeper than the apparent plane*. When the downward inclination of the plane is between 20° and 25°, *the real and apparent plane coincide*, and beyond this inclination the *apparent is steeper than the real plane.*

Bouguer has found also that the *form* of a plane changes with the height from which we view it. It has the appearance of a curved surface. The first part of the curve, where it springs from the feet of the observer, is inclined to the horizon about 4° or 5°. Beyond this the curvature increases, but quickly passes into a straight line. As these observations are true of surface, they must be true also of their sections, or of straight lines, and hence we may see the reason of the remarkable facts in architecture, lately placed beyond a doubt, that the lines of the architrave and basement of the Parthenon and Theseum are curved upwards, and why every column has an inclination towards the centre of the temple. They may explain also other two remarkable facts, "that no two columns of the Parthenon correspond exactly," and that "the axis of no column is exactly through its centre." The beauty and apparent symmetry of architectural forms must therefore depend on a certain class of optical illusions, which have not yet been sufficiently studied, either by the architect or the man of science.

The last classes of ocular illusions, to which our space will allow us to refer, are what have been called the *Inversion of Perspective*, and the *Conversion of Relief*. If we look obliquely through a telescope or opera-glass at a sign-board, for example, one with the word BAKER upon it, the letter B being nearest the eye, the letters which are most distant will appear largest, thus BAKER and the sign-board if it is an accurate rectangle ▭ will appear ▱. The same illusion may be seen, though less distinctly, without a telescope. This tendency of the eye to invert the perspective of rectangle, prevents or diminishes that appearance of convergency on the plane face of a lofty square tower, when we are standing not very far from its base. A photograph of the tower taken from the same spot would exhibit a painful convergency upwards which is not seen by the eye.

The *Conversion of Relief* is finely shown by looking at the hollow device upon a seal with the inverting eye-piece of a telescope. The hollow device rises into relief, like the wax impression which is taken from it. In like manner, every intaglio or hollow surface rises into a cameo, and every cameo sinks into an intaglio : the same effect may be produced by the eye alone, when it makes itself believe that the light which illuminates the raised or the depressed surface comes from the opposite side. From causes which have not yet been explained, the hollow footsteps of persons or animals, or the ruts of wheels upon a sandy beach, are occasionally seen to rise into relief, to sink again into hollows, and to rise again, without any apparent change, either in the position of the observer, or in the light which falls upon the footsteps. The phenomena is most easily seen when the sun is setting on one hand, and the sea with luminous breakers is on the other.

DAVID BREWSTER.

MY TREASURE.

I.

I HAVE a treasure. What is it, say,
O lady fair, O lady fair ?
Is it a mirror to shine all day,
Or pearls to braid my brown, brown hair ?

II.

A diamond buckle to clasp my shoon ;
A satin robe—like the glistening crest
Of the lake that ripples under the moon—
Zoned with rubies beneath my breast?

III.

Is it a castle, with broad fair lands;
A magic purse of caged red gold,
Whose swelling meshes within my hands
Exhaustless store of riches hold?

IV.

Is it some wondrous beauty-charm,
To steep my lips in brilliant dyes,
To mantle my neck in tresses warm,
And tint my cheek and light my eyes?



V.

Is it a crown and a throne of state,
And a wand to wave o'er subjects leal,
With mailèd guards at my palace-gate,
And a royal will to say and seal?

VI.

I tell thee, no: it is none of these,
O lady fair, O lady fair!
But a little babe upon my knees
To toss and pull my brown, brown hair.

R. M.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF AUGUST.

FIRST EVENING.

THE NEW CREATURE.

"Make the tree good, and his fruit good."—MATT. xii. 33.

"MAKE the tree good:" a very necessary and useful work, but can it be done? Given a corrupt tree, bearing bad fruit, is there any method known and practicable whereby the double ailment may be effectually cured? Can a tree be converted? Can a tree be born when it is old? It may.

You stand in the garden and gaze on a full-grown fruit tree. Its brawny roots strike deeply into the soil; its gnarled branches radiate upward and all around. Its fruit, peeping out plentifully from beneath the veil of leaves, is swelling, colouring, sweetening, and ripening in the sunlight. You are in presence of a mystery. The tree was evil. As it sprang from the seed it was corrupt, and would have been barren or borne only bitter fruit all its days, if it had been let alone. But its owner and watcher did not let it alone. He cut its strong young stem sheer through in the middle, throwing its branching leafy head into the fire, and leaving its bleeding stump in the ground. Into that stump, at the wound, he inserted another stem taken from a good tree. The new head took band and grew. Up sprang the good tree on the old root: or to express otherwise the same operation, the old root which was evil, sending up its life-juices through the new engrafted stem, lived thereon a new, a changed life. Now, that old tree, as through its holy head it bears mellow fruit in harvest, may accommodate the words of Scripture, and say: "I was cut off, and died; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but the good tree liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the ground, I live through union of the good branch which loved me, and gave itself to me." It is the same tree that grew from seed long ago on the spot,—grew wild and worthless. But this evil tree put off itself, and put on another—one that was good. Now, while the original tree puts forth its energy after its kind, that energy is received and hallowed by the better nature that receives it, and expended in producing precious fruit. Many evil trees grow from seed in the same garden: from one good tree branches were taken to convert them all. By the goodness of one many have been made good.

That mystery of Nature corresponds closely, in many of its features, to the great mystery of grace. All men grow up morally corrupt. A man's nature cannot be changed unless he is born again: but can a man be born when he is old? He may. Man, made at first in God's image, fell by sin. The posterity of the fallen are fallen too. As trees springing from seed grow up evil, so men grow up sinful. By seedlings was the earth replenished, and not one of them was good. Many varieties appeared in different countries and different ages; but they were only varieties of evil.

It did not seem good to God our Maker to root out all the evil, and cast them away. This creature was of a grade too high for being flung away as useless when he fell. He was made the son of God: another kind of creature the author of his being did not desire. To engraft a new, holy, spiritual nature on the stock of the old nature that had become corrupt by sin,—this was the purpose of God; for this the Gospel was planned and proclaimed.

God spared man after he had become corrupt. Our Father the husbandman did not cast out the trees from his ground because they were evil. He was satisfied with the constitution of his creature. Man remained man even when all his faculties were tainted by sin. On this basis redemption proceeds. It is not the creation of a being constitutionally different from man. It is rather a deliverance and a restoration. All the plants that shall bloom for ever in God's upper paradise are originally seedlings from the first corrupt tree. They have put on a new spiritual character, but constitutionally and in their roots they remain the same.

The glory of God was concerned in this. The wile of the Tempter did not subvert the plan of the Omniscient. It is the triumph of divine wisdom and love, that men who suffered and sinned on earth shall inhabit a holy heaven, the inhabitants as pure as their dwelling. Had humanity when damaged been thrown away, and others sought as sons and servants of the Lord Almighty, it might have seemed as if the Adversary had gained his object. Rather than cast mankind away, God became man, and dwelt among us. A holy seed, in our own nature, undertook our cause. When he is united to his people, they are just with God.

There will not be one of the human race in heaven who was not once a corrupt, sinful creature in the body here; and yet though Satan should show himself among the sons of God in their home on high, he would not be able to upbraid their Redeemer with admitting any unclean thing into his dwelling-place. A Christian, whether he is still sojourning here, or already admitted into rest, is the fallen son of a fallen sire. His person, his faculties, his physical and intellectual nature are the same that they were when he was under wrath; yet by being in Christ, he is now a new creature. The tree has been made good, and in due time good fruit will appear.

The engrafting which took place when the

Gentiles, branches of a wild olive, were cut from their parent stem, and inserted for life and fruitfulness into a good olive-tree, was a process "contrary to nature." The method of making the evil branch good by admitting it into the righteous root, was practised, in point of fact, in a spiritual sense, when the heathen were brought into the privileges of God's house, and the communion of his people; but this process is the reverse of what takes place in nature when a fruit-tree is engrafted, and in grace when a man is born again. But in the tree of the garden, the planting of man, and in the tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, it is the upper part, stretching toward heaven, that is made new, while the lower part, rooted in the earth, is left as it was. The analogy points to conversion as a process in which man, sinful by nature, remains constitutionally the self-same man, and yet, by union to Christ, becomes, spiritually and Godward, wholly a new creature. We should err if we assumed that this single comparison adequately represents conversion in all its circumstances and characteristics; but if we are careful not to drive it too far, it sets one important aspect of the great question before the mind in an interesting and instructive light.

To show that neither this nor any other analogy taken from nature can present a complete view of a spiritual fact, we may notice in the case now under review one great generic defect; it points to the upper side where God works, and scarcely contains any reference to the under side, where man himself is active in his own salvation. Our Father is the husbandman; and, as truly represented in the process of engrafting, the plan and the power are all his own. But it is equally true, as taught elsewhere in Scripture, that man is admitted a fellow-worker with God, and must himself willingly and actively put off the old, and on the new.

Some practical lessons, taught in Scripture, and abundantly exemplified in Christian experience, may be profitably and conveniently suspended on this conception of an evil tree made good, which the Master himself introduced into his discourse.

1. Although a tree has been made good by engrafting, and has consequently borne good fruit, the young trees that spring from the seed of that fruit when it is sown, take after the evil root of the parent, and not after the renovated tree. The trees that grow from the seed of one that has been made good, are not good, but evil. Every one is evil, and bears evil, unless and until it put off itself and put on another. Such is our condition: such the law under which we lie. The child of a Christian is not by his birth a child of God. Children take after what their parents were originally, not after what they became by grace. Children, although your parents are saints, on earth or in heaven, except ye be born again, ye cannot enter their home, or join their company.

2. It is not necessary that the tree should be fully grown ere it be made good. A wild tree may indeed be engrafted after it is old, but it is better, in every respect, if the change is effected while it is young. This is the law in the spiritual department too. The aged are not excluded from hope, but the best time is the earliest time. Even in infancy, ere the plant has had an opportunity of manifesting the evil nature which it owns, it may, by the sovereign work of the Spirit, in answer to a parent's prayer, be made a new creature. While we adore the long-suffering mercy of God, that will not shut the door while the sands of life are running, let us "covet earnestly the best gifts;" and the best gift for us and our children is to be won to the Lord in newness of life, before we have become practically acquainted with the ways of wickedness. If the tree is permitted to grow up and to grow old, with the intention of making it new then, there is danger lest through storms or fire or war, it may be suddenly destroyed. And even though it were protected from all these risks, it is strange that any one should deliberately desire that the soil and sun and air should be enjoyed by that tree, and wasted in bearing bitter fruit all the days of its strength, and only made a good tree in its old age, when it scarcely has sap sufficient in its veins to bear any fruit at all. See, reader, in this plain parable, how foolish, how false, how blasphemous, is the desire that throbs cowardly and covertly in many young hearts, to waste the broad sunny surface of life in sin, and throw a narrow stripe of its withered, rugged edge at last as an offering to God. If you have no desire to be good and do good throughout the life on earth that lies before you, how can you desire to be good and do good in the eternity that lies beyond? Be not deceived. He who is weary of sin, wants to be quit of it now, and instantly to enjoy a new life. He who says he wants to be holy, but would rather put off the date of the change, lies to himself and to the world and to God.

SECOND EVENING.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF DEPARTED SAINTS.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

The night is cloudy, but it is not dark. The moon is receiving the sunlight on her own disc, and pouring down, at second hand, through intervening vapours, as much of the precious gift as suffices to show the traveller his path on the surface of the earth. Some of those clouds that career across the sky are thick and black, while others are more or less bright, according to the degree of

their density. Here and there the shaggy covering of the sky is rent, for a few moments, right through, and an irregular ragged spot of blue appears. In that spot you descry a glittering spark. It is a star lying in the deep of heaven, seen through a rending in the cloudy veil.

Like such a sky in such a night is the Book of the Revelation of John. In the main, it is an allegory. A drapery of cloud is intentionally drawn across the heaven from horizon to horizon; and yet the pilgrim underneath is not left to grope his way darkling. Light from the Sun of righteousness shines through. In some parts the veil is thickly woven; but in others the covering itself is bright by reason of the Light that shines within. Here and there the drapery is rent or drawn aside, and through these openings heavenly things are directly exposed to view. Here and there, even in this deeply figurative book, the Spirit, plainly and without a parable, shows the things of Christ. All the brighter and sweeter do these naked spots appear, by reason of the obscurity which prevails around. Seven such interstices occur near the commencement, where, in the form of epistles to the Asiatic churches, the Lord makes known his will for reproof and encouragement to all generations. Such an opening we find also in the seventh chapter, and through it see that the saved multitude who surround the throne of God have "come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Such a glimpse of the glorious gospel, too, we obtain in the verse which stands at the head of this paper, and will constitute its theme.

Here, great skill in the interpretation of symbols is not absolutely necessary. In this verse the Spirit speaketh expressly, and not in parables, on a subject that is of paramount interest to every human being. The theme is the departure of saved sinners from time to eternity, and the blessedness that awaits them there.

The words, in their original reference, point to a time of severe persecution. "The patience of the saints," mentioned in ver. 12, was for the time the most necessary grace, the most difficult duty. With a view to this necessity these words were written at first. They are supplied by the ministry of the Comforter. They carry consolation in time of trouble to the disciples of Jesus. We hear sometimes of a dead language; that is, a language once spoken by living men, but no longer employed or understood by any people in the social intercourse of life. But the language of the Scriptures, though old, is not dead. In this sense the Word of God "liveth and abideth for ever." It is spoken to and by all generations. It is not a fossil: it is the bread on which men live to-day.

The voice from heaven proceeds probably from a saint in rest, who already enjoyed the blessedness of which he spoke. The lost rich man in the parable was not permitted to tell his living brothers of his misery for their warning; but here a saved man is permitted, after his departure, to inform those whom he left behind of the blessedness which he now enjoys. Nor does the consolation depend for its weight on the speaker's own authority; the divine administrator of the Covenant adopts the testimony of the witness, confirming its truth, and farther unfolding its meaning. "Yea, saith the Spirit"—certifying the accuracy of the report regarding the believing dead, and explaining the constituents of their blessedness—"that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

The subject here is the blessedness, not of the living, but of the dead. We must beware of supposing that Christians enjoy no happiness until they die. Such a conception, more or less muffled and disguised, circulates in society. If not articulated as a doctrine, it is at least entertained as an impression in some classes, that earnest Christians have made their election between two incompatible things, and renounced all prospect of happiness on earth, in order that they may secure it in heaven. No misrepresentation of the faith more effectually serves the Adversary's purpose than this. Nothing more successfully keeps the young from Christ than the falsehood that he imposes a present life of gloom as the condition of obtaining a future life of joy. There is a blessedness for God's people on this side of the grave. Blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the pure, the peace-makers; we have the Master's word for that. And the same truth is distinctly echoed from the experience of his servant—"we joy in tribulation." They are totally mistaken who suppose that the disciples of Christ deliberately abandon a path which they love, and adopt a life of sadness, in mere mercenary farsightedness, that they may thereby secure a longer term of happiness in the world to come. All that a Christian abandons for Christ are things that, if retained, would make him here not happy, but miserable. If he loves them now, and only dreads their reward hereafter, he will not, in point of fact, abandon them. The course that a believer follows from love to the Lord he would follow for its own sake even in this present life. It gives him peace while he lives, as well as safety when he dies. He who is sure of heaven hereafter, loves holiness now; and he who loves holiness now, has no desire to postpone the practice of it till the day of his death.

Blessed, therefore, are the living who are in the Lord as well as the dead; but it is the blessedness of the dead in Christ that this prophecy proclaims. One thing is enough at a time; and the one thing of which this verse treats is very great. Apart from faith, eternity is dark, and therefore dreadful to man. Revelation given by God and accepted by his creatures, plants a sun in that otherwise unknown expanse; and although we cannot, from our present stand-point, look directly on his glory, reflected rays of hope already gild with gladness the course of life over which we tread, as sunlight beautifies the world in summer dawn, before the sun himself is seen. Hope is happiness; and hope may brightly burn in a believer's breast long before he enters heaven.

But the link that binds blessedness to man, either while he lives or when he dies, is simple trust in the Divine Redeemer. They whom John pronounces blessed are "in the Lord." The phraseology is very remarkable. It is frequently employed in Scripture; but nowhere logically defined. No definition could make plain its meaning

to those who are without; and those who are within understand it without a commentary.

Whatever its specific import may be, it is obviously a new and acquired attainment. It is not part and parcel of our natural birthright. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

Believers are by faith in the Lord as a refuge from the judgment which their own sins deserve. As Noah, when he knew that the flood was coming, entered the ark, and remained in it safe, sinners, through an enlightened conviction of guilt and danger, take refuge in the Saviour. From the tempest to that opened window these scared doves fly. When their righteousnesses not only are filthy rags in God's sight, but also seem such in their own, the penitents in disgust fling the foul garments off, and, according to the language of Scripture, "put on Christ." The Lord becomes their righteousness. They have gotten white clothing before they are called to stand round the throne. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." They are "accepted in the Beloved;" and the consciousness of this acceptance keeps their spirits cheerful in the varied trials of life.

Believers are "in the Lord" for life and growth and fruitfulness, as a branch is in the vine. But these are all figurative expressions; and some persons with tendencies and habits of mind deemed philosophical, discard them as in their own nature indefinite and incapable of verification. I confess the terms are figurative, but such must all terms be that deal with spirit and its exercises. There was as little of philosophy as of religion in the resolution of the reasoner who determined to believe nothing that he did not see. Spiritual being and a spiritual state are, in the nature of the case, impalpable to sense. If we do not speak about them in borrowed language, we cannot speak about them at all. A soul may be pure or impure, may live or die, as really as a body. I may be in Christ living, or out of him dead, as truly as this green branch lives in the vine, and that withered branch has been severed. The best way of learning what spiritual union to Christ means, is to be spiritually united to Christ. "Taste and see that the Lord is good." While the prodigal was keeping swine, a ragged famished exile, he would have made great blunders if he had attempted to explain to his master or his neighbours the affection of his Father's heart, or the precise emotions of a reprobate son at the moment of his reconciliation; but when he lay on his father's beating breast, then, and then for the first time fully, he knew both himself and his father.

THIRD EVENING.

THE DOOR OF MERCY KEPT OPEN, UNTIL IT IS SHUT BY DEATH.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.

The article of death is the turning-point. It is the last step of this life that determines the whole course of the next. Those who are in the Lord when they depart, are with the Lord for ever. Two aged men pass from this world on the same day, and enter together the mansions of the Father's house. Meeting in the general assembly of the just made perfect, they compare notes of their experience on earth. One, it appears, had been secretly renewed at a period earlier than memory could reach, and had walked with God from the first dawning of his mind till the hour of his departure at fourscore. The other had lived in pleasure and rejected Christ, until he was on the brink of the grave, and had at last been melted by the power of redeeming love a little before he was called away. While these two saved sinners both alike ascribe all to the merciful love of their Saviour, each counts his own case the greater exercise of mercy—the greater boon to the receiving man, and the greater glory to the giving God. He who was won in early childhood, and moulded from the first into conformity with the Divine will, thinks his own debt deepest, because the Lord in sovereign goodness not only gave him the eternal life, but also spared him the miseries of a rebellious earthly life, and the agonies of a conversion in a hardened old age. He who had been "born when he was old," thinks himself the greatest debtor to redeeming love, because a long-suffering God spared him during a rebellion of nearly fourscore years, and made him a new creature at the last, blotting out the cloud of sins that had accumulated in a lifetime of ungodliness.

Let us leave the two to prosecute their happy strife, and turn our attention to some important aspects of the doctrine that it shall be with us in eternity not as we begin, but as we conclude this present life. Questions of great interest spring up and present themselves for solution, regarding its intrinsic reasonableness and its moral tendency. Does the doctrine accord with reason and Revelation? and will it undermine or establish practical righteousness in the conduct of those who receive it?

As to its intrinsic truth, in addition to the clear intimations of Scripture, it may suffice to suggest an analogy in nature. A projectile thrown into space maintains to the end of its course the direction in which it was moving at the moment when it escaped from the propelling force. Whether the propulsion may have been effected by the human hand or gunpowder, or any other species of force; whether the earlier portion of its course, while it was receiving the impulse and kept under control, may have been a zig-zag, or a straight line, or the segment of a circle, the body thrown out, except in as far as it is still affected by resisting media, maintains the course communicated to it at the last moment of the impulse.

The stone thrown from a sling moves in a straight line from the point of its escape, with no reference to the circular movement by which the impulse was communicated, precisely in the same way as it would have done had the impetus been given in a straight line like the flight of an arrow from a bow. There is a sublime unity of conception in the works and government of God. The moral and material approach near each other and run parallel; but, with our present powers and instruments, only a few of these relations are discoverable, and even these few are but dimly seen. As the tree falls, so it lies. The attitude and condition of a soul, when it is projected into eternity, remain as they were when that soul let go its hold of time. This is the doctrine of Scripture; and the analogy of nature, as far as we can observe it, accords.

But it is possible that some who confess its truth may fear its tendency. Does it not encourage the wicked to delay their reformation till their dying day? No. It has in its own nature no such tendency: the imputation is absolutely groundless. It is true that a corrupt heart and a confused understanding, working in concert, misrepresent the doctrine and pervert it to practical ungodliness. But if everything that the wicked abuse were removed from the Scriptures, the gospel itself would be shorn of all its glory. Even the unspeakable gift of God, the foundation on which the hope of the saints is built, becomes a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to the impenitent who blindly dash themselves against it. Neither Christ, nor any portion of his truth has been held back, lest impious men should pervert the blessing to their own destruction. The encouragement which tender, broken hearts require is freely supplied in the Scripture, although he who gives it knows that some will turn it to bad account.

The indispensable necessity of the doctrine may be conveniently demonstrated by showing what mischievous consequences would ensue if it were withdrawn. If the short and simple statement that those who die in the Lord are blessed were kept back, and something that might be considered safer introduced in its stead, it may be demonstrated that every possible substitute would utterly subvert the gospel. If to be in the Lord at death were not deemed sufficient, a converted life of longer duration must be required. How long? A certain proportion of the whole life, or a specified number of years? The specification of any period, whether absolute or proportional, would obviously be contrary to the whole analogy of faith; and, even if it were not, the introduction of it would limit the mercy of God, and crush the hope of man. Under this system, the most enlightened would always be the most hopeless.

As it is, if a doubt should cross a Christian's mind whether the change through which he passed in youth were a true conversion, he need not spend time in attempting precisely to determine the value of a long-past experience. If he should enter upon such an investigation under the conviction that his hope for eternity depended upon an affirmative solution, he would be led through mazes of perplexing doubts to an issue of dark despair. But with the gospel as it is revealed in his hand, he may avoid the decision of the past, and throw all his energy into the present. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation. Although it be true that up to this moment he has been deceived and deceiving, at this moment Christ invites him to believe and live. Although he has hitherto been a prodigal, he may come now as if he had never come before. He is welcome. The Father's heart and home are open to receive him. He renounces all confidence in the past; and counting himself only a sinner, he cries, "God be merciful to me." He brings nothing to Christ: he receives all from Christ. He is nothing: his Redeemer is all. He obtains peace, not on the ground that he was a converted man so many years ago, but on the ground that at this moment God offers and he accepts free pardon and reconciliation and eternal life through his Son, Jesus Christ.

Blessed be God, those who die in the Lord are safe, although an hour before they were lying under condemnation and living in sin! Anything short of this would subvert the gospel. If the intervention of any specified proportion of life or period of time between conversion and departure were necessary to future blessedness, it would not be true that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin; the dying malefactor could not have received, and the dying Saviour could not have given, that amazing promise, "To-day shalt thou be with me." Let us receive in simplicity all the word of God, and trust the Omniscient for the tendency of truth.

I know well that a deceitful heart too frequently prompts a man to postpone the decisive change, on the ground that it may be safely accomplished at life's latest hour. I know that this is one of the most effective wiles of the devil. I would fain save my reader from the fatal fall;—but I shall not go about to secure this object by limiting the grace of God. Truth will stand longest, and achieve the greatest good. Although I were called to address the most daring profligate, I would, on this point, tell all our Father's tenderness. I would utter in his ear the bold word, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," whatever their life may have been. On this doctrine hypocrites may stumble; but by its opposite, sincere inquirers would be crushed.

The mean, greedy craftiness that endeavours to make the most of this world through the pleasures of sin, and yet to secure the next world by a well-timed turn of repentance at the close, completely misapprehends the Gospel, root and branch. In this cunning, carnal plan there is not the faintest glimmer of what sinners need, and the Saviour brings. The salvation that true men seek, and the true God gives, is deliverance from sin. The evil is in the man, and if he desires to escape from it he desires to escape now. In this respect the soul's disease is like the body's: in the sick man's estimation the sooner he is cured the better. He who desires to defer the cure of his soul till his dying day, that he may longer enjoy his disease, is not sick of sin: and the physician came to heal the sick. Those who think that a walk with Christ in this world is so great an evil, that they will put it off as long as they can, know neither them-

selves nor him. No change of doctrine would take this innate enmity away.

The article of death is the boundary line. The "place of repentance" runs up to it, but does not go beyond it. The way to the mercy-seat stands open for sinners as long as they live; but if they depart unconverted, purchased priestly prayers cannot send a pardon after the penitent into the world of spirits.

FOURTH EVENING.

THE BLESSEDNESS BEGINS AT DEATH.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."—Rev. xiv. 13.

The dead in Christ are blessed when they die. The charter of their happiness is dated at the moment of departure. In the text it is expressly said to begin "from henceforth:" or more literally "from Now."

Blessings manifold are scattered by a Father's hand upon the path of a Christian through the present world. The blossoms of hope open sweetly here; but the fruit of enjoyment ripens fully beyond the boundary in a better clime. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." A Christian would not exchange lots with the children of this world, when their cup is at the fullest, even for the period of this present life. But, at the best, the life of faith on earth is neither perfect purity, nor perfect peace. Sunshine and shadow irregularly alternate here: it is not till they reach the prepared mansions of the Father's house that sin and sorrow wholly cease. "There shall be no night there."

To a heart that loathes sin and longs for holiness, it is a gladsome promise that no defiling thing shall be permitted to enter heaven. This hope brightens life over all its breadth, and converts even the gloomy grave into a gate in the wall between time and eternity, through which the ransomed enter their rest.

We do not know much about the intermediate state of immortal man, between death and the resurrection. A full knowledge of that state could not be communicated to us, because we lack the experience necessary to enable us to comprehend the intimation. As one born deaf is not only ignorant of sound, but incapable of learning what it is; so, one who has never been a disembodied spirit not only does not know, but cannot be taught what a disembodied spirit is. The fact of that condition is revealed: but the circumstances of that condition are uncommunicated and incommunicable to us. One grand cardinal feature is, however, clearly declared, and may be sufficiently if not perfectly understood, that to those who are in Christ ere they depart, the separate state is a state of blessedness; for the blessedness of the dead begins "from Now"—immediately after they die. As if for the purpose of excluding mystical notions about a state of sleep, and Romish notions about a state of painful purgation, the word expressly declares that the believing dead are blessed from the moment of departure, without imperfection and without delay.

Death is not an interruption of immortal life. As the projectile that begins and for a short stage prosecutes its movement within the cannon's close dark womb, continues its movement free in space after it has left the cannon's lip; so this spirit which God has breathed into man holds on its free fleet way in eternity after it has been flung forth from the body on the utmost verge of time. Immortal life begun can suffer no eclipse.

A few years ago the "Hungarian," a mail-steamer from Liverpool to Portland, was lost near the American coast, with all on board. Not one escaped to tell the cause of the disaster. Soon afterwards the ship's clock was cast ashore, with the hands pointing to eleven; and thus the date of many deaths was precisely known. The shock, whether by an explosion from within or contact with a rock without—the shock which threw all the ship's contents abroad upon the ocean, made the clock stand still. The same blow doubtless made many busy hearts cease suddenly their beating. But the immortal spirits, several hundreds in number, shot by that impulse into eternity, like showers of falling stars into a wintry sky, lived on without interruption in the surrounding infinite. The index of this life that throbs within me, when it is gathered on the shore of eternity in the resurrection day, will not be found standing where it pointed on the day of death. "Let us make man in our own image," said the Father of our spirits in the Council where humanity was planned. That creature of God, made last, made best, was wound up at first to go for ever. The shock that broke up the soul's material encasement did not arrest the life-movement of the soul.

From henceforth—from the instant of dissolution—the life flows uninterruptedly on, like a river when it emerges from beneath an Alpine glacier; but its sins and sorrows cease. Blessedness unmingled, unending then begins. Evil is left behind at the boundary, and the spirit, unencumbered, undefiled, thenceforth walks with God in perfect peace.

The change is very sudden, and very great. The thought of it may well give us frequent pause as we glide swiftly along life's current. The last hours of a Christian on this side may be occupied in bearing the pain of disease, in soothing weeping friends, in counselling younger survivors, or even in finally closing his secular accounts; from the midst of these occupations the life leaps into a region which knows neither suffering nor sin. While the pendulum of the clock in the chamber

of death is making one throb to the left, that forgiven sinner lies suffering; ere the pendulum has made its next throb to the right, that perfected saint is free.

And that decisive moment, charged with the issues of eternity, lies before every one of us. How far forward on life's line it lies, we do not know. But while it cannot be very far away, it may be very near. We are all moving forward to the edge of life. That movement never ceases, night or day. The heart of the living is, at every pulsation, "beating the dead march to the grave." The farther edge of time is the nearer edge of eternity. There is no neutral borderland. The two regions lie along each other, as the land and the sea. To step off the one is to step into the other. It is neither a wise nor a comfortable method merely to turn in another direction, and refuse to think of a disagreeable theme. The thought of death is most dreadful to those who refuse to think of death. The sound of death's footsteps behind the fugitive is far more terrible than the sight of his face to those who in faith confront the coming messenger.

Thus, present happiness as well as future safety depends on faith. There is no way of being in the Lord when we die, except by closing with the Saviour while we live. When I have accepted Christ for pardon and reconciliation, my safe passage through the valley of the shadow of death is secure; and that safety in the distance, like the sun rising above the horizon, gilds with gladness all the space between itself and me. Both Noah and his godless neighbours must meet the coming flood; but it was one thing for him to plunge into the waters, sealed within his impenetrable ark, and all another thing for them to be thrown naked upon the devouring deep.

The line that an immortal life is moving on when it leaps the boundary, determines its destiny for ever. Now and here our future condition is fixed. Conversely, the future life, acting on our desires and expectations, exerts a decisive influence in shaping the course of the present. Those persons make a great blunder, who, under the name of Secularists, propose, as their distinguishing characteristic, to attend to the present life, and ignore the next. Their philosophy is grievously at fault as well as their religion, when they propound the maxim that our business is with the duties of the condition in which we are, and not with speculations regarding the condition in which we may possibly be. You cannot let the next world alone; it will not let you alone. From within the veil it stretches out its line and grasps us. We are so constituted that we cannot shake off that grasp. You might as well say, we shall live on the fruits of the earth, and have no relations with the air of heaven, as say we shall confine our view to time, and have nothing to do with eternity. In point of fact, as all history declares, false views of a future life exercise a preponderating influence on the present conduct of the majority of mankind. You cannot discharge from the human mind all conceptions and expectations about a future life, and so leave it empty. You might as well propose to make a universal vacuum round the globe by means of an air-pump. Conceptions of the future, practically powerful on the present, there must and will be in the minds of men; the only question open is, whether they shall be true or false.

FIFTH EVENING.

THEY SHALL RUN AND NOT BE WEARY.

"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

Two constituent elements of the blessedness which the saved enjoy from the moment of their departure, are expressed with remarkable precision in the text: "That they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

These two results are, in the original, more distinct from each other, and more sharply contrasted, than the reader can discover from the English translation. The two things correctly indicated by "labours" and "works" are closely connected, but separable in their nature, and actually separated in fact. In all human effort these two things are, in greater or less measure, combined,—the exhaustion of the worker by his exertion, and the resulting effect of his work. On the one side is the suffering of the operator, on the other the product of his toil. The text intimates that, in the experience of the saved, the first will cease at death, and the second will continue after it. The disciples of the Lord, when they are called from this world, will be wholly emancipated from labour; but they will be permitted still to work. The burden of working will be removed; but the enjoyment of working will remain permanently. The servants will be released from toil; yet not condemned to idleness.

1. *They shall rest from their labours.*—In so far forth as work implies pain and weariness, it shall cease. Life in the body is full of painful labour, and life in the Lord is not exempt from it. Sharing in the labours that generally fall to the lot of man, Christians are exposed also to others which are peculiar to themselves. There are two kinds of toil which a Christian must undergo in the world: as a soldier he fights, and as a servant he toils. Both kinds make the worker weary; and the weariness of the worker makes his rest sweet.

Although at many periods in the history of Christianity believers have been obliged to meet the fires of persecution from without, a part of the conflict always, and in our days by much the larger part, is waged against internal foes. "The

kingdom of heaven," said Jesus to his followers, "the kingdom of heaven is within you;" and where the kingdom is, there also are the enemies that seek to subvert it. The warfare on which the soldier of Jesus Christ is sent, is to "crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts." True, "the God of peace" shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly; but weary, weary will be these feeble feet ere they have pressed the life out of the Old Serpent's last fold. If we do not, through unfaithfulness to the Captain of our salvation, make an ignoble peace with the foe, the battle will rage from the morning of youth to the evening of age. No labourers are more weary than soldiers at the close of a battle day; no labourers long more eagerly for rest.

A traveller in Burmah fell asleep upon the damp, hot ground. He was awakened by pricking pains over all the surface of his body. On getting up he discovered that a swarm of small grey leeches had fastened on his flesh, and were busy sucking his blood. His first impulse was to tear them off with his hand. A native servant observing his purpose, interposed with earnest entreaties that he should not touch them. He knew that if the creatures were violently torn off, a portion of their bodies would remain, and produce disease by their corruption. Forthwith the servant gathered a quantity of a pungent herb, steeped it in water, and in the water bathed his master. The leeches all dropped off harmless. The man went through the bath scathless, but it paralysed and destroyed his tormentors.

Life is like the wilderness, and death like the Jordan flowing between it and the promised land. Throughout the journey, and down to the margin of the boundary stream, loathsome creatures coil round your limbs, suck your blood, and live upon your life. These parasites are not only on you, but in you; not only in you, but part of yourselves. The apostle Paul, as the result of his self-examination, exclaimed, "I find a law in my members warring;" as if he had said, I find living serpents defiling and devouring me. Alas! even that able and ardent disciple could not tear the disturbers out by a direct and summary process. He was comforted, however, by knowing how and when they would all be cast off and left behind. When he should reach the verge of this life's wilderness journey, and be called to plunge into the waters of separation between it and rest, he would pass through unharmed, and everything that hurts or destroys would be discharged in that pungent flood.

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel" a song of triumph to God their Saviour. When? On the Red Sea's farther shore, after Israel had passed safely over, and left the pursuing, persecuting hosts of Egypt sinking as lead in the mighty waters. It is expressly intimated in this book that the saved in rest shall "sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb." All the danger and the toil of war are left behind when they depart from this life, as the enemies of Israel were swallowed up in the sea.

But the servant who labours in his Master's work is liable to weariness as well as the soldier who fights in the battles of his king. It is a law of the new creation that all who hope in Christ work for the world. To men in the body work is burdensome, even the work of faith and love. As long as the spirit is right, a Christian will not become wearied of the work which his Master may appoint; but he will be wearied in it, more or less, until he leave this body behind in the dust.

You are forgiven and accepted. You owe all to Christ. You look forth from your position of safety, and behold a world lying in wickedness. You pity the sinful, as the Lord pitied you. Having been saved, you desire, as if by an instinct, to be a saviour. You begin. You grasp a falling brother by the best band, a brother's love, and draw him to yourself that you may draw him to the Saviour. For a time you seem to have gained your brother. But after a while, at some unguarded moment, and through some unguarded opening, seven devils enter and dwell again in the partially reformed heart, and the last state of the man seems worse than the first. You are weary; but you must still work. Now is the time for toil: the rest remaineth.

Two young men were disporting on the ice of a Scottish lake. One, approaching incautiously a treacherous spot, fell through. His companion came quickly to the rescue. Himself sometimes in the water and sometimes on the ice, he many times grasped the drowning man, and drew him considerably above the surface; but each time the weight of the wet and paralysed body prevailed; each time it sank again, until at last the worker's strength was exhausted, and the victim perished. Had you been there when for the last time that strong willing worker drew with all his might to save a sinking brother, and then lay down exhausted, leaving that brother to sink, you would have seen a workman wearied by his work. His hands were wearied with the greatness of his effort, and his heart was weary because the effort had failed. Such is the work to which Christians are called in the world, and such often, though not always, are the disappointments which they meet. At death the weariness of the worker will wholly cease; but,—

2. *The working will go on without interruption.*—Labour refers to the toil endured, work to the effect actually accomplished. Work, considered not as a wearisome burden, but as a joyful activity, goes over with the emancipated saints, as if to keep them company in the better land. Such is the precise import of the terms in the original. As the body is left behind at the border, while the soul pursues its course and enters the world of spirits alone, so the painful labour with which a Christian's work is accompanied here is laid aside when he dies, while glad lightsome activity goes over with him and abides for ever. Fatigue, like the body that bears it, is left in the grave; work, like the spirit, is immortal. Those who die in the Lord will, after death, be like the angels in their freedom from encumbering corporeal relations; they will also be like the angels in the painless unwearying energy of their service. "He maketh his ministers a flame of fire." "They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

W. ARNOT.

A PEEP AT THE NETHERLANDS AND HOLLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

On the evening of a lovely day in May, not a hundred years ago, three friends started from London *viâ* Harwich for Antwerp, to take a peep at the Netherlands and Holland. About a hundred years ago, two persons, better known in the world of to-day, travelled by the same route; one being on his way to Utrecht, the other keeping him company as far as Harwich. The intending traveller was James Boswell; the friend who accompanied him to bid him farewell, was Samuel Johnson: the former, a far less man than he ever suspected himself of being; and the latter, a far greater man than his biographer, who enables others so well to understand him, could possibly comprehend. It was lucky for the small planet from Auchinleck that, in the mysterious movements of the heavens, he happened to rise above the horizon in company with that "great rolling sun," in whose reflected light he shone, until he began to think himself a luminary. What an amusing account Boswell gives of their trip to Harwich in the stage-coach, with the young Dutchman and gentlewoman! He tells us how Johnson read *Pomponius Mela*, and rebuked him for giving a shilling instead of sixpence to the guard; and how he shocked the passengers by defending the Inquisition against the violent attacks of the lady upon that famous Church institute; and how he defended torture in criminal cases in Holland, to the horror of the Dutchman; and then how, after supper, he descanted upon the glories of eating, laying down the maxim, "that he who does not mind his stomach, will hardly mind anything else," which leads "Bozzy" to give a long dissertation upon the gastronomy of the great moralist. But what was more true and real to his convictions than all those opinions defended for the sake of argument, and much more worthy of the man than his eating propensities, was the fact that when in the church at Harwich, he sent Boswell to his knees, saying, "Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your Creator and Redeemer." "As the vessel put to sea," adds his biographer, "I kept my eyes fixed upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back to the town, and he disappeared!"

These illustrious travellers occupied two days in journeying from London to Harwich. How long Boswell lay in the packet, pitching and tossing in the North Sea, before he reached Helvoetsluys, he does not inform us. Our journey and voyage from London to Antwerp *viâ* Harwich, did not occupy more than sixteen hours; and I fancy we agreed fully as well as the moralist and his friend would have done.

We embarked at night, and when we came on deck at early morn, it was clear, but rather cold. The steamer was running along the Belgian coast, some miles off. It was refreshing to leave the hot cabin, full of indescribable smells, contributed by new paint, preparations for breakfast, and innumerable ingredients, found nowhere else save in a steamer's cabin. Besides, the society was not interesting; most of the passengers were stretched in silence upon a double tier of couches, popularly termed berths, and by some benevolent persons, "*beds*," but presenting a miserable display of confused blankets covering sufferers, who were most of them wondering what infatuation tempted them to leave home for such pleasure, and others were making earnest inquiries of the steward when they might reach the Scheldt, and get into smooth water, for "the sea is stirring in its bed," as it always does in the Channel. But if one could at all enjoy the sea, there was something most exhilarating in it on such a morning. The vessel was under full steam, with foresail and jib set. The waves were not fierce, but came toppling along in a gladsome mood, not impelled by any strong wind, but as if by their own free accord. Seaward, a few sails were visible. Landward, a long low line of sandhills stretched north and south, broken here and there by a steeple or windmill. No change took place in the view until Flushing was reached, at the entrance of the Scheldt. Flushing, in its days of smuggling celebrity, furnished beautiful lugger prizes for the revenue cruisers on the west and north of Scotland, and an inexhaustible supply of gin and contraband for the inhabitants of the same district, from the laird to the cottar, including every grade and every profession. Now, it is known to our countrymen chiefly as furnishing respectable pilots. The sail up the Scheldt was one along a broad, quiet, insipid river, with low, quiet, insipid banks; yet it afforded singular pleasure to the passengers, who came creeping up from the cabin, no longer horrified at the mention of breakfast.

The high steeple of Antwerp soon attracts attention and every turn brings it nearer. Then comes the pier, along which the vessel with steam roaring from her funnel-head, slowly advances. Then follow the *Douaniers* with wide blue trousers, small caps and large scoops, the examination of luggage, the recommendation of sundry hotels on landing, by crowds of polite informants, the struggles to keep hold of your bag, until at last you are safely landed in the "Hotel St. Antoine" or "Park," with the prospect of an excellent *table-d'hôte* in half-an-hour. The said *table-d'hôte* is surrounded by countrymen and countrywomen. Here is a respectable pair, with two daughters and a son, who have just landed, and begun a tour never to be forgotten in their sweet home in Yorkshire. They are modest and retiring, "tasting of Flora and the country green." There are two impudent, forward, London bagmen, who insist upon being familiar with every one,—avoid them as you would fever. Removed by a few yards are two aristocratic young men who never speak, but stare with dead, lack-lustre eyes on all around them,—take no notice of them, for they wish you to do so. On the opposite side are frank, unsophisticated people, who seem to like every one, and fancy every one likes them, as they deserve to be. They are ready to tell you all their plans and family

history, and insist on speaking bad French, learned from a book of conversation conned every five minutes. The father twits Susan for not being more fluent, after all he has spent on her education, though she was taught to read only, not to speak French. The waiter speaks English, and smiles while he replies in French. Add to these, Germans, with long hair, large heads, and spectacles; Belgians, round and soft-faced; Frenchmen, with sharp, dark features, moustache and peaked beard, and a couple or two on their marriage tour, who see none else in the room but themselves, and you have a fair idea of the group that meets your eye around the *table-d'hôte*.

Let us take a turn into the town, and go right down past the tobacconist's at the corner, across the square, through that narrow street, and now you are before the Cathedral of Antwerp. I make no attempts to describe the cathedral as seen from without; but yet the inside of this venerable pile, as well as of the other churches in Antwerp, present many sights which give one as vivid an impression of the genius of Popery as can be received from anything seen in Spain or Italy. The fact is, that Belgium, which lies within a ten hours' sail from England, is as far removed from her Protestantism as if worlds lay between. It was not so always. Protestantism was strong and flourishing in her once rich and prosperous cities; and in no part of the world were there truer martyrs to the truth, or more bloody persecutions perpetrated to extinguish it. And Rome did so extinguish the truth, that one might now be months in Bruges or Ghent before he heard of a Protestant. We are not aware of the existence of a public place of Protestant worship in either, nor of one in Antwerp even, except the English chapel. So much for persecution! What nonsense to talk of the blood of the martyrs being always the seed of the church! True, persecution will not extinguish the Church in the world, or hinder the dawn of the brighter day in the end; but in the meantime it may extinguish the gospel for ages in particular countries, as it has certainly done in Spain, Italy, Belgium, and France, and would have done in Britain but for the courage of our people.

The month of May is the month which, in Popish countries, is devoted almost exclusively to the worship of the Virgin. Hence, by the way, the reason why, in Protestant Scotland even, Popish superstition has so stamped itself upon the vulgar mind that marriages are considered unlucky in this month. Well, every church has a magnificent altar erected in its midst to Mary. A figure of her, large as life, holding the Child in her arms, with halos round their heads, and seated on a throne, forms, of course, the centre group; a canopy, which generally reaches to the roof of the church, covers her. Round this altar, and on each side of the steps that conduct to it, are ranged huge vases of artificial flowers; candles and tinsel glitter there in every available spot. It is a huge mass of tawdry idolatry, made to captivate the vulgar taste; for in truth, as one must see abroad, the intelligent and educated classes utterly scorn Popery. They are very far indeed from embracing Protestantism, or true religion of any kind; and they wish so far to adhere to the only church they know, as to have baptism for their children, in order to please their wives, and to receive absolution at death for themselves; but Popery as a system of truth they utterly reject.

It is this Mariolatry, which forms so essential a point in the faith and worship of Romanism, which is its most shocking element; and the more one studies the outward worship and inward faith, not of subtle metaphysical priests, but of the mass of the people, the more will he be convinced that Mary is as really and truly worshipped as Jesus, and apparently with more love and reverence.*

Enter the Dominican church, and you will see a characteristic specimen of the teaching afforded by Popery. Here is a "Calvary,"—a mass of coarse rock-work, piled thirty or forty feet high against the side of the church, with stucco figures as large as life representing the scene of the crucifixion,—while on each side of the path leading up to it, and scattered over the enclosed space, are figures of prophets and apostles. Immediately under the Calvary, in a sort of rude cave, there is a representation of the Saviour lying in the tomb. This is seen through a small window, at which, as usual in such places in Roman Catholic countries, old and young are begging. On the opposite side of the passage, the wall is latticed with large iron bars, like a prison gate. Inside of this are seen forms, also as large as life, of men and women in purgatory, surrounded by red flames curling over their heads. Each countenance expresses the greatest pain. The hands of the agonized suppliants are clasped in earnest prayer, and some are protruded through the prison bars. Those whose feelings are excited by such pictures of woe, and who believe, as an essential article of their faith, that in such torment their dearest friends may then be, have an opportunity given them in every church of dropping their money into a small box attached to some pillar, over which, and just where the money is to be dropped, may be seen a small coarse painting of horrified faces in the midst of flames, to remind the donor of the connexion between pay and pain, or pence *versus* purgatory.

To us Protestants, such sights as those Calvaries and coarse representations of awful scenes in the Redeemer's life, excite feelings of pain only, and a sense of profanity. But it is obviously not so with those for whose benefit they are intended, and who gaze at them with deep and reverential interest.

* How is it possible to avoid this conclusion, when the Virgin is spoken of in the following language by one of the most subtle-minded teachers of the Romish Church? What would the Apostles think of it! "Mary gave birth to the Creator, and what recompense shall be made to her? What shall be done to her who had this relationship to the Most High? What shall be the fit accompaniment of one whom the Almighty has deigned to make, not His servant, not His friend, not His intimate, but His *superior*? . . . Nothing is too high for her to whom *God owes His life*. . . . Let the *fulness of the Godhead* so flow into her, that she may be a figure of the incommunicable sanctity, and beauty, and *glory of God himself*. . . . Let her receive the diadem upon her head as the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of all living, the Health of the weak, the *Refuge of sinners*, the Comforter of the afflicted. . . . Let angels, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and all saints kiss the hem of her garment, and rejoice under the shadow of *her throne*!"—J. H. Newman's Sermon, *On the Fitness of the Glory of Mary*.

This, however, is no evidence whatever of their utility as a means even of keeping alive religious impressions, but an evidence rather of the low state of the religion of those who can be impressed by such means. We have seen immense multitudes in the secluded valleys of the Tyrol witnessing, during a long summer's day, a drama of many acts, the subject of which was the life of Christ, with all its leading incidents from his birth down to the crucifixion, performed on a stage in the open air by peasants, and exhibiting all the excitement of feeling seen at a camp-meeting in the backwoods of America. Such a spectacle would to us be horrible;—to them it was the holiest spectacle of the year. Now we admit the strong temptation there was to the Catholic Church, during the middle ages, to instruct the more ignorant people by means of such artistic representations of the historical facts of Scripture. Without schools, without books or printing, without education of any kind, and in the absence of all the culture which the apostles found among the Greeks, Romans, or Jews,—how very natural it was, how apparently wise and necessary it seemed, to teach such children by means of pictures. Had we lived then, we should probably have done the same. What we blame the Catholic Church for is her refusing the gift, when it was given her at the period of the Reformation, of lifting the people out of this state of ignorance, by means of a preached gospel and a read Bible; so that, thus becoming men, childish things would be put away. But the Council of Trent, in its blind infatuation, stereotyped all the sins and follies which had been accumulating for ages, and pronounced a curse upon all who would not accept of them; thus compelling men either to reject the bread which the Church, as it then was, offered, or to accept of it with all its poisonous adulterations. I do not wish, however, to get into a discussion upon Popery. I begin sometimes to suspect that we are talking too much against the lie, shocking though it be, instead of living more in the truth; and that the spirit of faction, and of mere party, may insensibly occupy the place of hearty love of Christ, and of our brethren in his Spirit. For how different a thing it is to hate the error in a man, and to hate the man in the error! How wide apart the wish to make him one with Christ, and to make him one with ourselves!

But let us enter this old-fashioned-looking gate at Ghent. We are in the midst almost of a small village, separated from the city by a high wall and circling canal. Here is a large irregular square, with houses ranged along its sides; irregular streets crossing it; a large church in an open space in the centre of it, and an hospital close by. And such silence! Listen! A gentle ripple from the wave of the populace outside is alone heard echoing through those mysterious little streets. The inhabitants, if there are any here, seem dead. No; there goes one, two, a third, creeping like shadows to or from the hospital,—all dressed alike with black gowns and white caps. Nuns, every one of them! We are in the famous old convent of the Béguines, which has existed here, just as you see it, for centuries; and we can hardly fancy a better institution for respectable old ladies, who have no definite calling in the big and busy world, "barring," of course, its *credenda*, and looking only at its *agenda*. Look at that nun, for instance; she is neither young nor beautiful. Such nuns, by the way, we never discovered in any nunnery ever visited by us, and we have entered many; and our belief is, that they only exist in novel nunneries. That old Béguine, coming towards us, is a fair specimen of her class; round, dumpy, comfortable, half-nurse, half-housekeeper, with a large knowledge of cookery. Depend upon it, she is very happy, and very useful. When her parents died long ago, she was probably left with a nephew to keep his house. The nephew and she did not get on well. She was "too particular" for young Hopeful, too strict a churchwoman for his fancy. Her fast days and poor dinners came intolerably often for his carnal appetite. But no one could match her with gruels and possets in times of sickness; and no one could deny that a kinder old soul never existed than Aunt Rachel. Now, when the nephew married, what better could Aunt Rachel do than go to the convent close by? Of course we would insist upon it, that she should be allowed to leave when she pleased; and this liberty is granted to the Béguines. But there is much to induce her to remain. She has got a very neat, comfortable dwelling in the row. Before it is a small plot of flower-garden. A high wall separates house and garden from those of all her neighbours, and from the convent square. But opposite each house there is a door in this wall, and on the door is inscribed, not Aunt Rachel's name—for that has been left in the parish register, and in the memory only of the world—but the name of a patron saint, it may be St. Agnes or St. Bridget, and by some such worthy only is Aunt Rachel known. And there she lives alone; the chapel close by for daily worship—the old bald-headed priest ever accessible for a quiet chat and confession—her neighbour saints always near for mutual edification, sympathy, and, no doubt, a little occasional confidential conventual gossip at tea-time, or after vespers; and, better than all, the hospital of sufferers, where the good old woman, with a band of sisters like-bodied and like-minded, is found cooking, reading, crossing, ministering, and waddling about day and night. I can name several of my lady acquaintances who would make inimitable nuns, and be very happy and very useful, who are now wasting their time in boarding-houses, or making calls to the disturbance of the studious. There, for instance, are— But, on second thoughts, I think it safer to withhold names. At the same time I cannot but express my sober conviction that the period has long ago arrived when the question regarding Deaconesses, or the organization of Christian women for the work of ministering to the poor, the sick, and the ignorant, especially in our large towns, must be more patiently and earnestly considered by all our churches, especially by Presbyterian churches, than it has been. When this is done, we may have much to learn from the Béguines.

Would we could linger in the Netherlands among those old streets and houses of Bruges and Ghent! Why, that old gateway, which once led to the palace of the Count of Flanders, is itself worth coming to see. Within the once proud walls to

which it led, Charles v. was born. In the church hard by can yet be seen the basin in which he was baptized. Here, too, was born John of Gaunt (of Gand, or Ghent), who is now chiefly remembered in history as an acquaintance of Falstaff's more than of Justice Shallow's. Then there are old houses, made memorable by the Van Arteveldes of history and of poetry; and, besides all those living persons of the past, there are delightful pictures, that seem, in their permanence, no longer indeed shadows, but substances—such as the well-known pictures of Van Eyck in Ghent; and those, to me still higher in art and thought, of the Hemmlings in the old hospital of St. John, in Bruges, with that mighty one of the Descent from the Cross in Antwerp. But why attempt to describe pictures? as well almost describe a scent or a sound. Perception is in either case, by such means, impossible. I have a better hope from the panorama of a great landscape. Let us try.

We are standing on the top of the great square tower of the High Kirk of Rotterdam. The day is bright and breezy. We have ascended the endless screw-stair and wooden ladders, and passed far above the solitary home of the town clock, where day and night it swings its huge pendulum, and with many a whirr and click solemnly and conscientiously divides time, which is dividing all things, and which also, during the last fifteen minutes, has almost divided our own breath from the body, in this ambitious striving to overlook the world. But, now that we are up, the view is worth all the trouble. So every one at least protests.

Below is the city of Rotterdam. Like all continental cities, it burns wood only, and is therefore free from smoke. You can count every red tile in the house-tops far down, or the stones in the streets lower still, with the innumerable ants, or black dots like men and women, who are crossing to and fro accompanied by their shadows. There is nothing in the town itself very attractive to the eye,—a mass of brick and tile houses, with green trees, and a few steeples here and there to break the sea of red. But there are some other features of the view eminently characteristic. See those canals!—everywhere taking the place of the streets in other cities, the streets here being on each side of the canals. Notice that sweeping river to the south, losing itself far off in the plain. It is not what it once was, and feels the contrast so acutely that, as if ashamed of itself, it has changed its name. Here it is called the Maas. For who would believe that a thing, now so flat and stale, so humble and quiet, as it glides in its old age to "the unfathomable gulf where all is still," should be that imperial river—or even an elder branch of—the once lordly Rhine, which in its youth thundered from the Alps, roaring in foam and rainbow mist over Schaffhausen, and in its strength and glory gathered to its lofty sides the pomp and chivalry, the poetry and song, the learning and literature of Deutschland; and—if teetotallers will permit the additional reminiscence of its history—wreathed its brows with the noble vines of the princely Johannisberg? Alas! no one knows what they may come to even in this world.

But if this allusion to alcoholic wines gives pain to any worthy hater of such dangerous fermentations, let him just turn his face from the Rhine and its vinous associations, and look to the north, and there he will see a country which might form the very paradise of water-drinkers, if they were disposed to overlook the quality of the liquid in the largesse of its quantity. Take a sweep of the horizon along half a circle from west to east—all is as flat as the ocean; a green plain, with nothing whatever to relieve it except lines of white that indicate the ditches which divide the fields, and the windmills which drain them; with here and there a group of trees round a village, and the church spire that rises above it. Such is the scenery of Holland. The Atlantic, if dead calm and covered with grass, would be equally picturesque.

The smallness of Holland is realized from the top of this tower. To the south is seen a patch of red with steeples, which notes the venerable old town of Dort, and which, coming from Antwerp, is passed in sailing to Rotterdam from Mordyk on the Maas. Its synod and articles are well known to all students of divinity; and the discussion carried on there in the seventeenth century, between Arminians and Calvinists, is continued still, and promises in some form or other to divide men's opinions till synods and articles are no more. That town is not far from the southern border of the kingdom. Look now along the line of railway which shoots to the north-west straight as an arrow;—that steeple a few miles off marks Delft, once the world's capital of crockery. A few miles farther on in the same direction are the steeples of the Hague. Let the eye follow the horizon until it describes a semicircle sweeping inwards to the right hand, ending due east of Delft, and the steeples of Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht can be seen in succession; and these are the chief cities of this pumped yet watery land. That village on the river to the west, and close to us, is Schiedam; from whence for generations gin flowed, and smugglers sailed, to tipsify and cheat our ancestors.

And now bidding farewell to the upper regions of the atmosphere, and the windy pinnacles of St. Lawrence, we may descend—no easy matter—to the earth. Let us look into the church in passing, for it is like every other in Holland. It is very large, and without any ornaments whatever. The pulpit is attached to one of the pillars, and the congregation are all boxed in within the nave, leaving the aisles free, and a large portion of each end of the fabric. With the exception of the organ, all is as simple and unadorned as the most rigid Presbyterian could desire; for the Dutch, like almost all the Churches of the Reformation, are Presbyterian in their forms of worship and church discipline. All the seats are furnished with Bibles of a uniform size—but such a size! They are the only things in Holland which fully came up to my preconceived ideas of Dutch size and capacity. Pocket Bibles in public seem unknown. Those we saw everywhere in the pews seemed to have reposed there since the days of Hugo Grotius. To carry them, sacks, instead of pockets, would be necessary.

Now that we are again in the town, we may take a short stroll before the railway starts for the Hague. As we do so, we cannot fail being struck

by some features common to all Dutch cities. One, of course, is the cleanliness and order everywhere visible. The streets, with their small red brick pavement, are scrubbed like an indoor floor; and the fronts of the houses are all subjected to a constant watering from syringe pumps, like those used by our gardeners. The vessels in the canals are equally clean. They are ranged, as if by a theodolite, in straight lines; and what is wanting in elegance or variety of form,—for they are all the same in rotundity of build, looking so like drawing lessons,—is made up in perfect cleanliness. Every bit of brass is beautifully scoured and polished. The sailors are constantly washing the oars or scrubbing the decks. At the stern may be seen small windows two feet square or so, with their white curtains tied up with ribbon, and probably a few small pots of flowers; and there live the whole family of the worthy master of the *Vrow Catherina*. Most people are annoyed by the cleanliness of the Dutch. Scotchmen are always so. They never, at least, praise it, but either express a mere sense of wonder at such a fuss being made about it, deplore the precious time wasted in securing it, or detract from the supposed virtue, giving "no thanks," because of the abundance of water close at hand; I heard a Scotchman say, when treading carefully over a scrubbed street, "Did any one ever see the like of this? I do believe that the heaviest punishment which you could inflict upon these towns would be to shake off the dust from your shoes and leave it with them!" This was pure envy. We must admit that Scotland and Ireland contain the filthiest villages in the world. "But that is the climate." No; look at Holland. Pray, my dear countryman, do not excuse such habits; but whenever you can, lecture your village neighbours on the blessings of water and the beauty of soap, and tell them about the cleanly Dutch.

Now we must take a peep into the land of the Dutch, or the Ditch, for either term is appropriate. The *Spurweg*, or railroad, wheels you in a single day from Rotterdam, through Delft, Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, to Amsterdam. The grand characteristic of all these towns is "silence which may be heard." No doubt there are exceptions to this rule. In the most silent town the sound of human footsteps occasionally breaks upon the ear, and the whisper of human voices disturbs the air; while in some parts of the Hague, and in most parts of Amsterdam, there are decided noises and evident bustle, such as one hears and sees in a quiet London street on Sunday morning; but, generally speaking, the repose is profound. A carriage startles you. When the tread of a horse is heard, every head is turned to see what it imports. The question is constantly forced upon the mind, What *can* all the people be about? How do they live? Where are the manufactories, the mines, the anything to produce food and clothing? But the echo answers "Where!" The windmills wheel in the silent air as if their wings were oiled. The barges glide along the calm and sunny canals, and the people appear to be well fed and clothed. The whole nation looks, in fact, like an old, respectable sea-captain, who had made his money years ago by trading far away, and who now sat upon his chest of dollars, smoking his pipe and gazing with a stolid face of quiet satisfaction upon all the world, as if saying, "My money is made, and my day is over; I am contented; and please don't trouble me with anything new. It's all right!"

Methinks I hear some well-informed accurate statist correcting me with a frown, and saying, "What! do you not know that the Dutch are the most industrious people in the world? Common sense, as well as more accurate information, might have told you that no nation could exist in such repose as you picture. Have you never seen their immense dykes, their drained lakes, their warehouses filled with the products of their flourishing colonies? Have you never heard of Java, Surinam, or Guiana? Have you never read that most charming book, Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic?*"

There is no necessity, astute friend, for any such catechism. My one reply is this, that I do not pretend to tell anything about the country except what meets the eye of a railway traveller.

The paradise of a Dutchman is *Bröek*. This is a village of about 700 inhabitants, an hour's journey or so north of Amsterdam. Cross the ferry in a small steamer, proceed for half-an-hour along the great Helder canal in a *Trekschuit*,—a mode of conveyance, by the way, delightfully national in its order and peace,—then hire a carriage, for which you must pay what is asked or want it, and proceed leisurely along the banks of the canal for three or four miles, until you reach Bröek. The peep one gets from the road across the country gives a perfect idea of Holland, which looks like the flat bottom of a boundless sea, drained or draining off; the cattle in the fields, the scattered villages with their steeples, and tall trees here and there, with storks studying in earnest meditation on the margin of long ditches, all assure you that, in the meantime, the land has got the best of it. Yet it is impossible not to have damp, uneasy feelings, lest by some unnoticed power of evil,—an unstopped leakage, dry rot in a sluice-gate, or some mistake or other to which all things mundane are subject,—a dyke should burst, and the whole Zuyder Zee pour itself like a deluge over the country, leaving you and your carriage out of sight of land.

Bröek is well worth a peep. The only thing I had ever heard about it in history was the high state of its cleanliness, which had gone so far that the tails of the cows were suspended by cords lest they should be soiled by contact with the ground, and afterwards be used to switch the pure and dappled sides of their possessors at any moment when the said possessors were suddenly thrown off their guard by the bite of some unmannerly insect.

I can certify to the reality of this caudal arrangement. It seemed, however, to be more cleanly than comfortable. The most ordinary sympathy with suffering caused an irritation in one's skin, as he saw the tail suddenly checked by the string, just when about to descend upon and sweep away a huge fly busy breakfasting about the back-bone or shoulder-blade.

A model village preserved in a glass case could not be more free from dust, life, or human interest than this Bröek. A small lake with innumerable small canals so interlace the cottages and streets, that it looks as if built upon a series of islands con-

nected by bridges. The streets are all paved to the water's edge with small bricks. Each tree is bricked round to the trunk. Bricks keep down earth, grass, and damp, and are so thoroughly scoured and spotless that it is impossible to walk without an uneasy feeling of leaving a stain from some adhering dust of mother earth. The inhabitants (if there are any) seem to have resigned the town to sight-seekers. I am quite serious when I assure the reader, that three travellers, at eleven o'clock in a fine summer forenoon, watched from a spot near the centre of the village, and did not for at least ten minutes see a living thing except a cat stealing slowly towards a bird, which seemed to share the general repose. You ask, very naturally, What were the inhabitants about? I put the same question at the time in a half-whisper, but there was no one to answer. All experienced, I think, a sort of superstitious awe from the unbroken quiet, so that the striking of the clock made us start. We visited the churchyard (naturally), and found everything arranged with the same regard to order. There are no graves; but rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground, rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each, a little larger than those used for marking flowers, indicate the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow finally repose. I have never seen so prosaic and statistical a graveyard. Contrast with this the unfenced spot in a Highland glen, its green grass mingling with the bracken and heather, and its well-marked mound, beside which the sheep and her lamb recline, except when roused by the weeping mourner! To live in Bröek, and be known after death only as a number in its churchyard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum, an item less from the total of the whole—as "our poor 46," or "our dear departed 154!" What an "*in memoriam!*" The intensity of the prose becomes pleasing to the fancy. I am not sure how far it would be inadvisable to send a colony of Irish peasantry and pigs to improve Bröek!

On our way back to Amsterdam we made a detour of some miles to visit Peter the Great's house at Saardam. The veritable wooden cottage is still there, being cased now in a large building to preserve it from further decay. It consists of two small rooms, a but-and-a-ben, as they say in Scotland, all of wood. Here Peter the Great had for some time lived in order to learn shipbuilding at the docks, not only by seeing how the work was done, but chiefly by doing the work himself. There are several tablets hung on the walls of this humble shed, telling of visits paid by crowned heads, such as one by the Emperor Alexander of Russia—"Alexander I. Benedictus Imperator hunc lapidem ipse posuit, 1822." Another by the present Emperor of Russia, "Petro Magno—Alexander, 1839."

It is not much more than a century and a half since this wooden hut was occupied by the Czar Peter. And how strange to connect the state of Russia about that period with what it is now; how like, yet how unlike! Then Peter was creating a navy;—how formidable has it since become. Peter was then at war with Turkey, had taken Azoff, and was planning how he should build ships to command the Black Sea, and seeking through the clergy to raise money for the purpose. That system of aggression upon Turkey and the East, begun so long ago, has only lately reached its climax, and received its first check in the taking of Sebastopol, and the destruction of the powerful Russian fleet beneath the waves of the Black Sea. Then Peter had founded St. Petersburg in an unknown and barren swamp; now it is the impregnable capital of a great empire. Then Russia was successfully invaded to within a hundred leagues of Moscow by the Napoleon of his day, Charles of Sweden, who afterwards, with the aid of Turkey, nearly destroyed Peter; now Sweden has been driven from her old possessions by Russia, and fears almost to breathe in her august presence. Russia was then emerging like a wild barbarian from her unknown forests and untravelled icy plains, and was hardly recognised among the European powers; now she is taking such a part in the affairs of the world as will mould the features of our future history. As the wooden hut of Saardam is to the present imperial palace in St. Petersburg, so is the Russia of Peter to the Russia of Alexander.

But while Russia has been advancing wonderfully since those days, Amsterdam and the Dutch have, strange to say, remained, like Peter's wooden palace, very much the same. The Dutch merchants at that time lived in such comfort and splendour, that the Czar Peter got a model house made that cost him about £1500 of our money, and is now in the museum at the Hague, to serve as a pattern to his nobles for their domestic architecture. It is a very beautiful model indeed, and exhibits the interior in all its details, down to the most trifling ornaments—the pattern of the rugs on the floors, of the curtains on the beds, and the paper on the walls, with every tiny bit of china ornament in the sitting-room, cooking-pan in the kitchen, or plaything in the nursery. And well might the Czar envy the home of the rich Hollander. No one can visit one of the old aristocratic merchant families in Amsterdam without perceiving the immense advance made by the Dutch two centuries ago beyond any other mercantile community in the world, except the Italians. Take as a specimen the mansion of the V——L——s, in the Heeren Geracht. Notice the large marble flags that pave its handsome lobbies and line their walls—the stately rooms—the large mirrors—the soft thick carpets—the tasteful grouping of old handsome furniture, and beautiful side-tables with rare and costly china, and exquisite filagree work in silver from Japan; and the perfume of choice flowers which makes every apartment odorous. But, above all, gaze upon those pictures that cover the walls of the drawing-room and library. How fresh! They seem as if they had just come from the hands of the painter. Exquisite flowers, with pearly drops of water, by Van Huysum; Roman scenes by Ulft; landscapes by Both and Ruisdael; sea-pieces by Backhuysen; old women by Gerard Dow; village scenes and huge noses by Ostade; with other master-pieces by Van de Velde, Weenix, Berghem, and especially a magnificent Wouvermans, and Metzu. These

have not been picked up suddenly at some sale, nor are they of doubtful authorship; but, the best of them, upwards of twenty, *were painted for the family*, and have never been out of the house since framed in those plain black frames, and hung up on their walls by the hands of the famous artists themselves! Here, too, are two grand full-length portraits of their ancestors, Burgomaster S—— and his wife, painted by Rembrandt.

Some of the streets of Amsterdam, or rather the ranges of houses which border the grand canals, are very handsome; others, like the Jonkerstraat, are narrow and crowded. The Jew's quarter, like every other Jew's quarter, from Tiberias to Tobolsk, is filthy, and redolent of old clothes and roguery. The Stadhuis is fine. I was much pleased with the stucco ornaments over the door of the Hall of Bankruptcy, which represents rats ducking into empty purses, and rioting in empty boxes. A printed notice, intended for the porter who shows the building, is very characteristic of Dutch formality:—"Le concierge est chargé de l'empêcher avec politesse, *mais sérieusement.*"

I was not fortunate enough to hear the organ in Haarlem, the only thing in the town much worth a visit. The cathedral was devoid of special interest, save what was afforded me by an old dusty, cobwebbed model, hung up in an archway, of one of those grand, picturesque old Dutch ships, with immense lanterns and high poops, that somehow always suggest to me pleasant dreams of the Spanish main, the bucaneers, and rich prizes. The beadle also pointed out two marks in the wall, which, from the solemn air he assumed in bidding us notice them, I at once guessed to be records of some martyrdom. But the upper mark, eight feet from the floor, recorded the height of a giant called Kejanas, and the lower, three feet high, that of a dwarf who bore the name of Simon Paap! These seem to have exhausted the ecclesiastical curiosities of Haarlem. Unfortunately we missed, by a few days, the bloom of flowers and "Dutch roots" famous in the neighbourhood. From what we saw, that sea of colour must be very beautiful when shining in its full tide of glory.

Every one knows that the Haarlem Sea has been at last drained. A noble work! I forget how many thousand acres have been pumped dry, or how many millions of tons of water have been weekly pouring out of this enormous tub for years. But the waters have finally left the earth, and the whole land is divided into *polders*, and becoming a green plain—pasturing cattle, amusing storks, supporting villages, and receiving the admiration of the industrious natives, who work and smoke their pipes in peace and safety on their fields, fifteen feet below high-water mark.

The Hague, or Gravenhaven, is unquestionably the most pleasing town in Holland. The park, with its massy noble trees, gives it a picturesqueness and beauty not found elsewhere. These trees are the mountain ranges of Holland. Except a few steeples, there is nothing higher.

There was the annual *kermiss* or great fair the week I was there. It would be unprofitable to my readers to describe at length those Dutch saturnalia. With few exceptions, they were like every other exhibition of the same class; innumerable booths, many of them got up with wonderful taste and beauty, merchandise of all sorts, theatres, shows, horsemanship, giants and dwarfs, gambling, drinking, tons of toys, tubs of pickles, crowds of men, women, and children, dissipation of all sorts night and day. The Dutch are proverbially *douce*, sober, and formal; they have few amusements or excitements on week-days; their Sabbaths are, outwardly, almost as well kept as in Scotland. But when such a holiday as a *kermiss* comes round, it seems to be understood among the working classes, and even domestic servants, that a general indulgence is proclaimed for every vice. This is just what one would expect. It is so with many in Scotland on our New-Year's days, and some of our fairs. Men *will* have amusement and excitement, as certain as the ocean will have its springtides, and the world its summer flowers and summer songs. How shall this inborn appetite be fed? Shall it be treated as a crime, and handed over to Satan; or shall it be made to minister to man's happiness according to God's will? Shall it be pent up until it gathers strength to burst all the barriers of law and decency, and rush in annual floods of wild and unbridled passion; or shall society recognise its necessity, perceive how full of goodness and benevolence it is, and adopt such wise plans as will run it off in gentle rills, week by week, or even day by day, to freshen and irrigate the earth, and make our fields more green and beautiful? Those who can adjust the demand for excitement to the other and higher demands for man's nature and life, will confer an inestimable boon on society. All classes require their amusements to be reformed, not reduced; spread over, not concentrated; directed, not annihilated; and taken out of the kingdom of Satan and brought into the well-ordered and beautifully-balanced kingdom of Christ on earth. A danger from all extremes is to be found in their opposites. When the swing is highest on one side, look out for broken heads and falls on the other. One cause of the tendency to pervert the Sabbath from a holy day to a holiday, is the incessant toil, barren of hours of rest, and of all amusement and gentle excitement, during the week. The bouts of hard drinking indicate many previous days of parched thirst.

Let us leave the crowd of the fair and go to Scheveling, on the sea-coast, about half-an-hour's drive from the Hague, and the only bathing quarters of the capital.

We drove along a road straight as an arrow, with trees on each side, and at the end of which was a village intensely red, nestled beneath a ridge of sandhills, which sheltered it from the ocean. We ascended these *dunes*, and reached a café on the sea-side, which sprung out of the sand like an Egyptian tomb, and almost as empty of living inhabitants. The day was cold, and the whole prospect intensely dreary and comfortless;—fine sand drifting like snow before the cutting sea-blast,—the sea brown, gurly, and sulky-looking,—rows of Dutch fishing-boats arranged along the beach, their rotund sterns turned towards Great Britain,—the café containing only piles of chairs and benches, which prophesied of crowds yet to come,—we saw but one waiter, and nothing more cheering than Schiedam. Such was Scheveling.

There is much in the Hague to interest one. There are many pleasing and undefined memories from the past, of "our ambassador at the Hague;" "letters from the Hague;" "ministers who took refuge at the Hague;" and though it was difficult, perhaps, to recall much about any one ambassador, letter, or minister, in particular, yet you felt pleased in knowing that if the Hague could speak, and those old houses tell their story, it would be worth listening to. It had the interest of an old man who had seen strange things in his day, but was not communicative. Then there was for the present a royal family that I knew nothing about; and Paul Potter's Bull, with other pictures which the whole world know something about, and which were all worthy of those great artists, who had indeed eyes to see, hearts to feel, and hands to execute; and there were many other things which were associated with historical names and events that can never die, such as the house, the prison, and place of murder of the great De Witt; the house and place of execution of the greater Barneveldt. Alas! may we not pause and mark how often in the history of this fallen race of ours these two things go together—great men and murdered men! Truly hath Coleridge said,—

> "It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
> If any man obtain that which he merits,
> Or any merit that which he obtains."

It must be so until *the* kingdom comes! The clay world is not capable of understanding genius, unless it makes itself "useful," by working in clay, to supply the world with bowls and basons; the selfish world cannot believe in the unselfishness of the truly great; the proud yet little world cannot brook superiority; the hating world cannot admire love; and so in all ages hath it been. The world "loves its own," and hates those who are not of it. It is so with the clerical world and the lay world; with the world, whether seen in Presbyteries or Parliaments, in Synagogues or Senates. The huge shams and humbugs hate the honest men and true; and there are none so fierce and unscrupulous as those who think that they are doing God a service, while serving their own passions.

I liked right well to see in the Museum of the Hague the arms, clothes, etc., of such men as De Ruyter and Van Tromp—the Lord St. Vincents and "mighty Nelsons" of Holland. The nation, like the family, is God's blessed and wise ordinance, and its independence should be defended with its last drop of blood! And therefore one of the greatest gifts God gives a nation is that of great heroes, men who will "hazard their lives unto death" for their country, who will "wax valiant in fight," and "put to flight the armies of the aliens." Noble fellows were De Ruyter and Van Tromp! Even England was afraid of them.

I should like to end my "peep" in the old hall of the University of Leyden—to close my eyes gazing on the portraits on its walls—fall asleep, and awake anywhere except in a late debate of the General Assembly of the good Church of Scotland.

The portraits are of the great professors who, as members chiefly (I believe) of the theological faculty, have made Leyden illustrious since it became a university. Of course I requested my guide to withdraw, that, all alone, I might get a whiff from the past amidst the deep repose of that ghost-like old hall. There were profound scholars there, like Scaliger; men of science, like Boerhaave; and divines, like Arminius; and also, no doubt, the usual percentage of those whose names have gone amissing, except to antiquaries, among the dust of books and churchyards. Some easy men were there, with double chins and single wit, who transmitted faithfully to the next generation what they got from the past, all wrapped up in a white napkin, never opened by themselves, and who were awfully solemn in their rebukes of any student who profanely suggested an examination of the contents, lest they should have become mouldy by time and damp; and logical-looking men were there, with knit brows and sharp noses, who had the faculty of proving to a demonstration points which no one either believed or could contradict; and weak, though proud-looking men were there, who made sonorousness pass for sense, orthodoxy for religion, and "dignified silence" the defence of their ignorance, and the graceful escape from their perplexities. There seemed to be God-loving men also among them, with giant brows and childlike eyes. Arminius was there—how good and mild he looked!—with some of his followers, and Calvinists side by side. How these sects fought while on earth! and most zealously in that land of ditches, sluggish canals, wheeling windmills, and dead flats. Great often was their mutual hate, too, in arguing about the love of God to some or to all. There were martyrs in Holland to the five points, and the Synod of Dort was well-nigh as dogmatic and exclusive as the Council of Trent. These good men are now in heaven. Looking at their portraits I was inclined to ask: "I wonder, fathers and brethren, if you even now understand the mysteries about which you divided families and churches? Are the decrees or foreknowledge yet comprehended by you in relation to man's responsibility and free will?" Come, let us breathe the air! The figures begin to move on the walls, and we may have the dispute renewed, each ready to begin where he left off, finding that no one since their day has thrown any additional light upon it.

What a charming thing it is to voyage by a trekschuit along the canals. What perfect repose; what placid enjoyment; what rest in motion; what an epitome of Holland; and what a contrast to England or America! The sunny canal, the quietly trotting horse, the regular and orderly succession of Dutch gardens, Dutch villas, and Dutch comfort, the sense of having nothing whatever to do, or railroads could not be so despised,—a glory from the past, when men were not rushing like mad bulls over the earth, as Carlyle would say, "from the inane to the inane again," but could quietly browse and chew their cud,—all this made the sail to Delft singularly pleasing. Delft itself has now no manufacture of "Delftware," as far as I know; but crockery is not at best interesting to me. Then came Rotterdam at night, the steamer in the morning, the ocean at mid-day and next night; London again, with Blackwall and the weary custom-house; then farewells to my travelling companions, the best ever man had; then home.

HOW WONDROUS ARE THY WORKS, O GOD!

A HYMN.

How wondrous are thy works, O God,
In radiant freedom shower'd abroad!
Thy wondrous works still fresh and fair,
O God, let every tongue declare!

The mighty mountains, rocky-breasted,
With various grandeur leafy-vested,
By the deep central fire up-reared,
O Lord, at thy command appeared.



The deep roar of the voiceful ocean,
The changeful billows' sleepless motion,
Even there thy sounding foot hath trod,
There goes thy march, thou mighty God!

Where the rich-tressèd birchen-bower
Shakes fragrance round in sunny hour,
Where the rock-rooted pine-trees nod,
Thy breath is there, thou mighty God!

Thou lookest, and from thy glance springs
Quick virtue through the heart of things,
And at thy touch the soulless mould
Bursts into stars of living gold.

Thy clouds o'ercanopy my way;
Thy waters roll; thy breezes play;
Thou hast engirt me with fair show
Of beauty, Lord, where'er I go.

The uncounted spheres that wheel above me,
The boundless thoughts that inly move me,
All are but pulses shot from thee,
That art, and wert, and art to be.

How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
Thy lively radiance freely pour'd
On this old world still fresh and fair,
O God, let every tongue declare!

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

THERE was a time when Hayti and her independence were, for many persons in these islands, a subject of the deepest and dearest interest. During the struggle for West Indian emancipation,—at a time when the mere capacity of the black man for freedom was by a large party openly and strenuously denied,—the fact of an island of self-emancipated slaves holding its rank, however subordinate, as one of the independent states of the world, entering into and maintaining diplomatic relations with other powers, being represented by brown or black ministers at royal courts, was one which, at least, could not be gainsaid. In the eagerness to make the most of so valuable a fact, much was overlooked, and not a little exaggerated. Above all, undue efforts were made to fix public attention on the one great name of Haytian history, that of Toussaint L'Ouverture, and so to lead away men's minds from the pettiness of Hayti's present to the heroism of her past. Hence it not unnaturally happened, that when English abolitionism had fulfilled its end in emancipating our own colonies, and the heats of enthusiasm in its cause gradually cooled down, and men began to realize the fact that the Haytian was, after all, but the child or grandchild of a slave, and had retained much of the indolence and the brutality, the sensual passions and the ferocity of his ancestors; that, instead of being a pattern of good government, Haytian administration was very nearly a pattern of all disorder; that old sources of commercial wealth were drying up or had ceased to flow, whilst new ones had not shown themselves; that, in short, the free black of Hayti, left to himself since the treachery and the cruelty, almost unparalleled in history, of the First Consul's generals, caused him to see a foe in every white man, had sunk to a condition not much above that of his kinsmen on their native continent,—a revulsion in public feeling took place, which the sway of Soulouque carried to its height. It is certain that the rule of that "large, good-natured negro," with "mild" eyes and "placid" countenance, as he is described by Dr. Beard as late as 1853, forms the most grotesquely-horrible incident in the history of the civilized world during this century. Mr. Underhill's recent work on the West Indies affords, so far as I am aware, the only source of information yet accessible in our language as to this period, the full details of which, and of the revolution which put an end to it, are, however, only to be found in the picturesque pages of M. d'Alaux. Suffice it to say, that to the ignorant and superstitious negro, whom the chances of revolution floated into power as a harmless mediocrity, the coloured class (of whom Mr. Underhill says that there is among them "much refinement of manner, a good deal of shrewdness and intelligence") became objects of unreasoning dread and abhorrence. The massacre by the ruler of his own cabinet ministers, and of the chief inhabitants of his capital (April 1848), followed by the slaughter of the mixed bloods or *yellows*, both men and women, in the city and in the country, till the government offices had actually to be closed for want of clerks; the inauguration by the ruler of the "Vaudoux" worship, or that of the god who knows all things, sees all things, can do all things, and consents to show himself to his worshippers under the shape of a small green snake; horrible cruelties perpetrated, often on the mere denunciation of a sorcerer; burnings of unfortunates collected together in a road-side pit, slow starvings, rottings away of prisoners by the mere water-drip of damp cells,—such are some of the recollections of the nightmare reign of "Papa" Soulouque, *alias* Faustin I., high-priest of the Vaudoux worship. "Life," says Mr. Underhill, "had no protection. The grants of his legislature for public works he coolly applied to his own uses. No one dared to come within sight of his palace without uncovering his head, and no woman's virtue was safe from his passion. Education he

utterly abhorred, and suspected intelligence wherever he came into contact with it. Under pretence of raising moneys for the public revenue, he seized one-fifth of the coffee brought to the coast for shipment; obliged importers to pay a portion of the customs' duties in corn, which he hoarded; and forced on all servants of the State his worthless assignats for salary. He kept in his palace a clerk constantly employed in signing this paper money, which was issued without any guarantee, and was not convertible into coin." To crown all, let it be remembered that Hayti under Soulouque presented the historical caricature of France under the third Napoleon. Elected President of the Haytian Republic in 1847, Soulouque preceded the President of the French Republic in causing himself to be proclaimed Emperor in 1849. Hence it has been a standing sneer at the present ruler of France, on the part of his opponents, that he has only "imitated Soulouque."

A breath, however, sufficed to blow down this monstrous Haytian empire. Fabre Geffrard, born in 1806, was the son of a general who had shown himself humane under the cruel Dessalines, and had been, with Pétion, one of the chief promoters of the Haytian constitution of 1806. Left early an orphan, young Geffrard entered the army at fifteen, and only after twenty-two years' service obtained his captain's commission. He took part, unwisely, as events proved, in the revolution of 1843, which overturned the able but indolent Boyer, and distinguished himself at the head of a small body of troops against the Government forces,—deceiving them as to his numbers, by the rapidity of his movements, and as to his resources, by supplying provisions to his famished enemies at a time when he himself was short of rations. When the revolution, which had originated with the most impatient of the reformers among the "yellows," led in turn to a rising of that portion of the blacks who represented absolute barbarism, and whose axiom was, that "every negro who could read was to be reckoned a yellow," and exterminated accordingly, Geffrard marched against and defeated the black leader Acaau; but, true to that humanity which seems the very basis of his character, we find him in turn defending the middle classes from the blacks, and the insurgent blacks when taken prisoners, from the national guard. He became Lieut.-General during these movements; but General Riché, who became President in 1846, and who bore him a grudge for having formerly made him a prisoner, sent him before a court-martial, which in Haytian understanding *then* meant sending him to death. Through the adroitness, however, of Riché's minister of war, who knew Geffrard's value, the General was acquitted. The president of the court-martial was Soulouque, who seems to have imbibed on this occasion a strange friendship for the man whose life he had been the means of preserving, and who thus spared him in an otherwise unaccountable manner during his subsequent rule, and even forced on him a title of Duke, which Geffrard did not care to assume. This was the more remarkable, as the course of events was of a nature to create the utmost jealousy of Geffrard in Soulouque's mind. In two disastrous wars which he undertook in 1849, and in 1855-56, against his neighbours of the Dominican Republic, Geffrard alone won credit. In the former, he was wounded at the head of the division; in both, by his courage, his activity, his cheerfulness, and, above all, by his anxious care for the welfare of his soldiers, he exhibited the most striking contrast to Soulouque's imbecile generalship, and brutal indifference to the safety of others. In the latter war, in particular, Geffrard succeeded on the retreat in bringing in the rear-guard in perfect safety, without the loss of a single piece of artillery or ammunition-waggon, whilst the Emperor was only thinking of saving his own burly person by a speedy flight. Already, at this period, he was repeatedly urged to allow a revolution to take place in his favour, but declined all solicitations. Still, even in spite of the mocking comparisons which were instituted between the potentate and his general, Soulouque might possibly yet have spared him, as a servant of undeviating faithfulness, but for—a brace of comets.

When the comet of 1843 appeared, a resemblance was caught by the popular fancy between its tail and a long plume conspicuously worn by Geffrard, when galloping at the head of his division, and it was called "Geffrard's plume." But a new comet appeared in 1858, this time with two tails. "Geffrard has two plumes," was the popular saying which at once flew about, and which served, in the minds of a superstitious people, to give the impression of some extraordinary piece of luck about to befall the General. Soulouque was greatly disturbed; he consulted a favourite sorcerer whom he had for a while discarded; he attempted a further trial of Geffrard's luck, by bidding him open his clenched fist within which he held a gold piece; when, lo! the imperial clutch was forced to yield to the stronger muscles of the General. At last, the comet not disappearing, Soulouque determined to have Geffrard arrested. Some pretext, however, seemed necessary; spies were placed to watch all his movements.

Geffrard, however, was warned of his danger, and he knew that nothing was to be hoped from Soulouque's ferocity when once aroused. Just then the emissaries of a conspiracy formed in the valley of the Artibonite, beyond the mountain-

chain which forms the backbone of the island, were in Port-au-Prince, the capital, in search of a leader. They addressed themselves to Geffrard. The cup of Soulouque's tyranny was full; Geffrard listened to their solicitations; but he was barely able, by the aid of a friend, to escape in a boat, on the night when he was to have been arrested. He had neither funds nor army. But so thoroughly ripe were the people for revolution, that on his landing at Gonaïves, six men coming by sea, met by three on land, were sufficient to carry the place without the shedding of a drop of blood. The north of the island soon rose as one man. It is said, however, that the west and south might not have risen had not Soulouque led his army against the revolutionists. In the two or three weeks of warfare which ensued, three men are said to have been killed, and about ten wounded. But the troops of Soulouque's army mostly melted away into that of his opponent's, the pickets and sentries in particular almost invariably suffering themselves, with somewhat of coy reluctance, to be enticed away. When Soulouque entered his capital (10th Jan. 1859) with scarcely a fragment of his forces, he was overwhelmed with ironical congratulations by the populace. He bethought himself of his old resource—an extensive massacre, with the promise of plunder to the murderers. Already, from the moment of Geffrard's escape, he had had the prisons filled with all whom he might suspect, Geffrard's wife and daughters in the number. The massacre was to begin with the prisons, and to be extended as far as might be deemed expedient amongst the "yellow" class. The day (15th January) was fixed, the blood-money paid to the intended assassins. But before the day came, Geffrard was at the gates. It was the assassins themselves who opened them to him. Not a blow was struck in defence of the falling Emperor. Geffrard entered the city, we are told, without running any other risk than that of being deafened by acclamations. The massacre of the prisoners was fixed for 4 P.M.; at 4 A.M., Soulouque was himself a prisoner. He was allowed to take refuge at the French consulate, and from thence to pass over on an English vessel to Jamaica (19th January) with a few of his most hated officers, Geffrard saving them from the rage of the people. (The ex-empress, I believe, now maintains herself as a washerwoman.) The Republic was once more proclaimed, and Fabre Geffrard became the President.

Four years have not elapsed since the last revolution, but a marvellous change has been already effected. Indeed, a French writer in the *Annuaire des Deux Mondes* goes so far as to say that more useful measures were enacted within the first year of Geffrard's rule, than had ever been adopted before, although, owing to the opposition or ignorance of those with whom he had to deal, the President had not done one-tenth part of what he could and would have done. Soulouque had kept nearly the whole male population under arms, compelling his soldiers to cultivate his estates without so much as feeding them. The great bulk of the army was now disbanded; of the troops retained, the pay was doubled or trebled, and a crack corps of sharpshooters formed, on the model of the French "Chasseurs d'Afrique.' Improved arms were bought, so as gradually to get rid of the old flint-locks which Soulouque had remained obstinately wedded to, apparently on the ground that his favourite hero Hannibal had never used percussion-caps! Soulouque's so-called navy, composed of rotten old ships bought at ten times their value, was disposed of, a couple of war steamers being ordered to be built, one in England, one in France. The wretched salaries of the civil functionaries, which rendered peculation all but a necessity, were more than doubled; but severe measures were taken against official extortion, peculation upon receipts, and frauds upon contracts, all of which had risen to an enormous height. The issue of paper-money was at once limited; measures were taken to call in the enormous masses of treasury bonds already afloat, masses so great that the merchants, who were allowed to pay them in at par, in discharge of customs' duties, found yet a profit in selling them at 60 and 70 per cent. discount; whilst the new Government contrived to meet punctually all its own engagements. The liberal tariff of 1846 was restored; an onerous tax of one-fifth (after the manner of tithe) on the coffee crop was replaced by an export duty. In order to restore the former high character of San Domingo coffee, all coffees were made subject to inspection before shipment. An agricultural bank, to which the Government supplied the first capital, was established at Port-au-Prince, with six branches in other towns, to make advances to agriculturists for the purchase of machinery, improved agricultural implements, plantations, etc., at an interest which may seem to us high (10 per cent.), but which is said to be only one-fifth, or even a smaller proportion, of that which would previously have been paid; the applications for advances being, of course, subjected to due verification. The rich forests of the State, hitherto cruelly plundered and wasted, were placed under a careful system of management. Steps were taken for the repair of roads, water-works, public buildings; the first attempts made to enforce cleanliness in the streets of towns; a quay was built at Port-au-Prince. Eleven boys were sent at the expense of the State to be educated in France; the college

already existing in Port-au-Prince was re-organized, two new ones were established, professors sent for from Europe; a naval school was opened, and even a school of law; primary schools were decreed to be established in every *commune*. Yet, in spite of all these calls upon the public revenue, by sole dint of economizing expenditure, there was an excess of receipts in the exchequer by the end of the very first year.

What is the result? Life and property are secure; cultivation (which, indeed, had reached its very lowest point) is extending, trade reviving; the people are contented, and, to use the expression of a Haytian merchant, feel that they have a personal interest in the continuance of Geffrard's rule. The great curse of Hayti since the expulsion of the whites has been the rivalry between blacks and "yellows." Instead of sacrificing, or even subordinating one colour to another, the President, himself a coloured man (of the class technically called "*griffes*," the last remove but one from the pure negro)—bearing no doubt in mind that, although in later struggles the "yellow" has mostly been the champion of civilisation, the black of barbarism, yet the one ruler under whom Hayti really held her own as a civilized country, Toussaint l'Ouverture, was a full negro,—has done all in his power to conciliate the blacks, by retaining as many of them as possible in office and around him, to the serious danger of his life, as they frequently plot against him. Instead of jealously excluding foreigners, he is glad to see them in the country, and has particularly encouraged the settlement of coloured men from the United States. Instead of checking education, he does everything in his power to promote it, and expresses the hope that his people may become so enlightened as to render despotism in future impossible. Instead of patronizing heathenism, he has endeavoured on the one hand, by a concordat with the Pope, to purge the Roman Catholic Church of the island (Romanism being legally the religion of the State) of the rabble of priestly scoundrels or impostors who hitherto usurped the functions of its ministry; and on the other hand, the provision of the Constitution, which declares that all religions shall be tolerated, has been faithfully carried out, Protestant missionaries and their converts enjoying full liberty and protection. He declares himself glad to encourage all who preach virtue and morality, and fond of controversy as a means of eliciting the truth. Indeed, a Protestant lady has been appointed by the Government to direct the public school of the important town of Carmel; and though the opposition of several members of the local board led at one time to her resignation, the President refused to accept it. Instead of fearing or being jealous of the intelligence of others, he has surrounded himself with the ablest men in the country; and his private secretary, M. Rouman, in particular, is described as entering freely into his chief's conversation "with much vivacity, and an eye beaming with intelligence."

But the wisdom of Fabre Geffrard is not only that of the head, but of the heart. Not long after his accession to power, he observed that a particular sentry was unusually often on duty before his palace, and so remained far beyond the time when he should have been relieved. He told the man he felt certain that he had some evil design against him. The sentry confessed that he had been bribed by an officer of the staff, for 8000 Haytian dollars, to assassinate the President. Geffrard bade him go to the officer, telling him that his pistols were not good, and insisting on having a written promise of the reward. This having been done, whilst the President was surrounded by his staff, he had the man arrested with the written promise of the plotter upon him. On the latter he imposed, for sole punishment, the payment of the 8000 dollars' reward to the sentry, retaining him on his staff; the soldier he promoted.

Now let it be observed that such clemency is not the careless act of a man with whom everything has gone well. On the contrary, Geffrard's heart has been wrung by the keenest woes that can try a man, all in direct connexion with the exercise of his power. His only son, a youth of eighteen, died of exhaustion and fatigue brought on by his exertions in that blessed and well-nigh bloodless revolution which carried his father to the Presidency. His eldest daughter died in childbirth from anxiety for her father. His youngest daughter became the victim of one of the most dastardly murders recorded in history, which will presently be referred to. Yet nothing of all this has availed to sour or freeze the man's long-suffering generosity. A general officer in attendance upon him had resolved to murder him, and Geffrard knew of it. Taking with him the would-be assassin, he went to the cemetery, at the gate of which he left two "guides" who had accompanied him, and proceeded to his son's grave. Having reached it, he turned to his companion, and said: "I know you carry pistols to shoot me on the first opportunity. Do it here. Let me fall on the grave of my son. Do you hesitate?" he proceeded, after a moment; "take my pistols, if your own fail you." The spirit of the assassin was disarmed; he was forgiven, and retained his rank.

There remains to be told the most dreadful of all Geffrard's trials. It has been said that, to conciliate the blacks, he has kept as many of them as possible in office, and near his person. One of

these, a "General Guerrier Prophète," who had taken part in the revolution, was Secretary of the Interior, and had received various other appointments; but before a twelvemonth was out Prophète had become the soul of a formidable plot, having for object to recover supremacy for the blacks, by assassinating the President, and the female members of his family, and by such further massacring of "yellows" as might be expedient. Emissaries were sent throughout the towns of the North and the capital, officials bribed, secret meetings held, and a rendezvous fixed. No fewer than sixteen aides-de-camp of the President were in the plot. But not one battalion of the army, not one commune in the country, could be made to waver in its allegiance. The President, moreover, was fully apprised of all that was taking place, and, early on the 3d September, he sent for Prophète, and gave him his choice between exile or imprisonment. He chose the former, embarking the same day. But so far from renouncing their murderous designs against the President, the conspirators sought to compass them by means of a still more hateful crime. He was in the habit of spending part of his evenings at his mother's house, which was also the residence of his daughter Cora, just married to M. Blanfort, walking thither unattended. A cabinet council, summoned to deliberate on the arrest of the conspirators next day, lasted beyond the usual hour. A wretch, named Sanon, a huge blunderbuss loaded with slugs in his hand, and three accomplices by his side, crept under the gallery of the ladies' house, towards the dining-room on the ground-floor, where Cora Blanfort sat reading at a table. Raising a bar of the Venetian blind, he fired with fatal effect. Eleven slugs were extracted from the wainscot, besides those found in the body of the victim.

But the crime remained fruitless. Geffrard was not suffered to leave the palace, and the assassins had to disperse. So popular was Geffrard already, that from all sides the national guards met unsummoned, and several regiments marched on Port-au-Prince. Martial law was proclaimed, and thirty-two persons, of whom seven only were civilians, all the rest connected with the army, including four aides-de-camp of the President, were arrested, and tried before a military tribunal. We are told that "every care was taken to secure to the accused a fair and open trial," that "a numerous bar" appeared to defend them; that exceptions to the jurisdiction of the court, to the form of procedure, to the evidence submitted, were patiently heard and calmly considered;" in short, in a city where a few years before justice had practically ceased to exist, and frightful murders had been perpetrated at the mere caprice of the ruler, the authors of a perfectly unprovoked murder committed upon the new ruler's own daughter, were only convicted after a nine days' trial, seventeen of the conspirators being sentenced to death, three to three years' imprisonment, the remaining twelve acquitted. It is not necessary to share Mr. Underhill's admiration for the turgid rhetoric of the Haytian advocates, but their boldness gives, as he truly says, a very favourable impression of the impartiality of the Government. It is to be observed, moreover, that whilst both the army and the people appear to have been clamorous for condemnation, it was only after long discussions and urgent representations from his ministers that the President consented to sign the warrants of execution. One, indeed, of the seventeen prisoners who had been found guilty on the capital charge was reprieved; to avert the chance of further leniency on the President's part, the others were shot within an hour. Over the graves of the ruler's three children lies now one large flat stone, without ornament, whilst on a small headstone is written,—"Cora Blanfort, born Geffrard, assassinated September 3, 1859." Soulouque, on the other hand, on receiving news of Madame Blanfort's murder, went immediately in full dress to the Roman Catholic chapel of Kingston, to order a thanksgiving mass for so blessed an event; and we are told that the priest had great trouble in making him understand that the occasion was an unmeet one for his devout rejoicing. I am sorry to say that the present year has seen another formidable conspiracy, which has led to fresh executions, after long protracted trials.

President Geffrard is described by the English missionary (1860) as a grey-haired man of fifty-four years of age, rather short but slim in figure, of very pleasing countenance, and simple and gentlemanly appearance, dressed without ornament of any kind. "His one wish," says Mr. Underhill, "is to teach his people the benefits of regular government, . . . at once lenient and just, legal and constitutional. He desires to heal the strifes of the past, to allay prejudices, and to reign as the wise and enlightened ruler of a free and enlightened people." Far from over-estimating what he has done hitherto, Geffrard freely admits that he is often obliged to abstain from useful measures, on account of the people. But he has an honest confidence in their capacity for improvement; believes that, as a nation of slaves who have conquered their freedom, they have done about as well as could have been expected in half a century, and hopes with five years of constitutional government to show what can be made of them. And Mr. Underhill accordingly himself expresses the opinion that, "if the two opposing forces in Haytian society can be forced into one homogeneous national life, there is every probability

of the Haytian nation becoming a bright example of African culture."

Why must it be said that the success of an experiment so momentous for the future of one whole continent and nearly half another is threatened from without as well as from within? by European ambition as well as by native lawlessness? It is from Spain that the chief danger seems at the present moment to threaten the renascent prosperity of Hayti. The island was of old divided between France and Spain; and although under Toussaint l'Ouverture the Spanish portion was incorporated with the French, the treaties of 1814–15 restored her portion to Spain. But on the fall of the Spanish power in America, the Spanish portion (1822) declared itself independent, and almost immediately afterwards became absorbed in the Haytian Republic, to which it remained united till 1844, when, under General Pedro Santana, one of the great landowners of the country, it resumed its independence as the "Dominican Republic." Vain efforts were made by the Haytians to re-annex the lost territory; but whilst successful in defending their independence, the Dominicans were divided among themselves, and many of their chiefs were anxious to annex their country to the dominions of some foreign power. At last, at a time when, through a five years' truce with President Geffrard, the little republic seemed to have obtained at least a chance of existence, General Santana—who, after various internal changes, had been carried again to power—after using his recovered authority in a most tyrannical and flagitious way, and setting almost every European power against him by outrages to their subjects, or insults to their representatives, proclaimed once more the rule of Spain (March 1861). Troops were immediately sent from Cuba, and two months later a royal decree from Aranjuez declared the territory of the late Dominican Republic to be reincorporated with the Spanish monarchy. It appears certain that a large portion of the population was taken by surprise, and is adverse to the rule of the mother-country; President Geffrard, in a manifesto addressed to all the powers, has protested against the establishment of a foreign power in the island; no one doubts that, but for the American secession, the United States would not have allowed, nor would Spain have even dared to effect, the annexation in question. But considerable forces are understood already to occupy the territory, and the Mexican intervention will afford Spain an easy pretext for pouring in more. Meanwhile the leading journal of England has almost hounded her on to the conquest of Hayti, declaring that "she can do no harm to the world by supplanting any government" she can find in Hayti, as long as she does not restore the curse of slavery. Yet Mr. Underhill, visiting Cuba after Hayti and Jamaica, and observing the slaves of the labouring class working at Havana on the wharves or in the docks, declares that he "could hardly believe that the stolid, round-headed, brutish-looking animals which were mechanically performing the tasks allotted to them, were of the same race *as the sharp, quick-witted and manly people he had left in the islands where freedom is enjoyed.*"

But Spain, we are told, has maintained freedom in the Dominican territory, and would, no doubt, maintain it in Hayti. Listen again to what Mr. Underhill says of the manner in which Spain understands freedom in Cuba:—

"During the last few years large numbers of Chinamen have been introduced into Cuba as emigrants. *Though promised the advantages of freedom they are really slaves*, and oppression has so maddened them that a large number is always in prison for insubordination. Many more have committed suicide. . . . . Several gangs that I saw working in the streets bore in their faces an expression of the most hopeless despair. It was heart-rending to witness the silent anguish and heartless agony which every feature and every motion of the frame proclaimed."

So much for Spanish freedom. God grant that Hayti may long be saved from it! God grant that England may never allow it to be inaugurated in that country, in place of the beneficent rule of Fabre Geffrard the mulatto!

VISTAS IN THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

PART SECOND.

THE BEGINNING OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH IN TRUTH AND PURITY.

FEW who are in search of true religion will attach very much weight to the official ideas thereupon of kings or emperors of this world; and, in truth, when Vladimir the Great seemed so instantaneously to convert the whole of his subjects, he was really doing little more than arranging and methodizing the materials already in existence among them.

The Russian country had been a field of missionary labour to the Church of Constantinople from the times of the gifted Prelate Photius, at least; and an ancestor of Vladimir's own had been privileged to see much light. "If the Christian religion were not true, your grandmother Olga, the wisest of women, would never have adopted it," said Vladimir's counsellors to him at one of his deliberations on choosing a national faith. Now this Olga was a queen, and such office must contain much that is similar to the circumstances of the rich man, of whom it is written that he is to find it exceedingly difficult to enter into the kingdom of heaven; the illustrating parable, indeed, might almost be taken to say, impossible; but then there is added immediately after, that what is impossible to man is possible to God; and certainly it does not seem that Olga's leading into the way of truth, so rich in after results, was altogether of her own finding out.

At all events, it was not the gratification or splendour of being raised in early years from a lowly peasant condition to be queen-consort of King Igor over the then recently consolidated empire of Russia, which opened her eyes to a kingdom greater still. Nor was it her first great misfortune, when, after twenty years of uninterrupted domestic happiness, her royal husband was killed on a military expedition, and she, left alone, with her infant son, and a revolted people, and all the destinies of Russia in her hand, had the struggle of life to begin. It was, indeed, neither in the wars which followed, nor the victories which supervened, that the still, small voice was heard; but afterwards when the responsibilities thrown on her in educating her son, and ruling his people, began to press on her mind, a sense of her own deficiencies began to dawn upon her, and a desire to hear the gospel of God took possession of her soul.

Under this impression it was, that she journeyed (A.D. 957) to Constantinople, then the great eastern centre of the revealed religion, to be instructed in the Christian faith; and it seems to have been imparted to her in a more pure and evangelical form than the general history and subsequent progress of the Eastern Church could well have led us to expect. These saving circumstances, too, are founded on most unexceptionable testimony, being given by the Russian monk Nestor, only ninety years after the period of Olga; himself, Nestor, a humble yet enthusiastic admirer of an entirely different version of Christianity, yet an undeviating exponent of whatever he believed to be historical facts; and these were related to him for times earlier than his own by a very old man, Yan, who finished his days in the Petcherski convent of Kiev, shortly after Nestor had entered there in his seventeenth year.

Except for his faithful adherence to old Yan's narration, it had scarcely been possible for Nestor, amongst all his contrary surroundings and beliefs, to have described the story of Olga's conversion without a reference to relics, pictures, crosses, and miracles. Not one of these, however, do we find there, but in their place, "that Olga had from early years desired to know the truth, and she succeeded in finding at last this precious pearl which is Christ. Solomon said, 'the love of truth refreshes the soul,' and likewise, 'those who seek me shall find me.' God himself has also said, 'Whosoever comes to me shall not knock in vain!'"

When, too, after her baptism in a foreign country, some most excusable feminine fears assailed the Russian widowed Queen, as she was setting out to return to her own land, "where her people were all Pagans, and her son the same," the Patriarch strengthened her with these words alone:—"Daughter, full of faith, thou hast been baptized in the name of Christ, and Christ has called thee to him. Christ then shall save thee as in the early ages he saved Enoch, and Noah in the ark, and as he saved Abraham from Abimelech, and Moses from Pharaoh, and David from Saul, and Daniel in the lions' den, so shall he save thee from the evil spirit and all his snares."

Returned at length to Kiev, Nestor relates that "Olga continued to live with her son, whose conversion she ardently desired. But he, full of contempt for baptism, would listen to nothing. In truth, when one speaks of the Lord to those who are not enlightened, one is met with mockeries. The Christian faith is a stupidity to the incredulous; they do not understand it, and walk in darkness; they do not see the majesty of God, and have their hearts so hardened, that they do

not hear with their ears, or understand with their eyes. But Solomon has said, those who conduct themselves thus are fools; I have called them, and they have not heard; I have spoken to them, and they have not listened; they have despised my counsels, and have not accepted my reasons; they are the enemies of wisdom, for they despise the word of God; they refuse my advice, and tread under foot the proofs I wished to give them of the truth."

"Olga often said to her son, Sviatoslav, 'O my son! I have learned to know God, and am happy therein; if you would only, like me, become desirous of seeking after the truth, you would not be long in having equal joy!' But Sviatoslav would not apprehend anything, and answered, 'How can I embrace a foreign religion? my people would laugh at me.' 'If you would only be baptized,' replied Olga, 'your people would soon do the same;' but Sviatoslav resisted all the counsels of his mother, and continued to live like a Pagan."

Then there follows a homily from the priestly scribe on the sin of disobedience to parents; but presently, taking up the pen of the historian again, he concludes with: "Notwithstanding all this, Olga loved her son not less than before, and said in his presence, 'Let the will of God be done! When he shall be pleased to show grace to my family and country of Russia, he will touch the hearts of all and inspire them with his holy fear,



The Cathedral of St. Sophia in Novgorod.*

even as he had mercy on me!' After which Olga set herself night and day to pray for the conversion of her son and his countrymen, and she continued to watch over the education of Sviatoslav until he came to man's estate."

INTRODUCTION OF STATE AND OTHER CRAFTS.

Not on earth, or in an earthly sense, had poor Olga either peace or rest, for her son in manhood seemed only to deviate further and further from belief in Christ; and when even up to the last, after a short partial amending, he *would* break away both from her and his own children, whom she was bringing up and educating for him, to go upon a not very just war in a distant part of the empire, she could only say, "My son, you see how ill I am, and how short a time I have to live; at least, bury me first, and then go and do whatever shall seem good in thine eyes." She was indeed very ill; and, dying within three days of that time, her committal to the earth, which took place in the exact manner she had herself previously arranged, became a final recommendation

* "The temple of St. Sophia in Novgorod, erected by Vladimir, son of Yaroslav, who died (A.D. 1052) while only a youth, and was buried there, together with his mother: this church has not suffered materially either from wars or time, but has been preserved in all its grandeur, as a jewel above price to our country."—Blackmore's *Mouravieff*.

from the mother to her obstinate son, touching the purity and blessedness of faith in Christ.

Many, however, were the onlookers, amongst whom, though in silence, improving effects followed; for the Russian people is without doubt endued naturally with a large amount of religious sentiment, and is internally desirous of spiritual welfare, yet restraining the open profession of their opinions, sometimes even for ages, rather than war against law and the constituted authorities of the land. Year after year, therefore, in reality though not ostensibly, the new doctrines in Russia continued to spread, much aided as they were too by the first Slavonic translations of parts of Scripture prepared by the two learned Greeks, Cyril and Methodius; until, in the third reign after Olga, or that of her grandson Vladimir, there was felt to be a decided national change in progress; and that astute ruler not only saw it, but determined to put himself at its head.

With extraordinary knowledge then of human nature did he feel the pulse of the time, and direct the eyes of his people to watch and wait for his proceedings. Though previously filled with fiery zeal in honour of the false gods of his forefathers, and living in many iniquities, he now (A.D. 986) received in state, with his people as listeners, embassies from neighbouring nations, Mahometan, Bolgars, Khozarian Jews, Roman Catholic Germans, and Constantinopolitan Greeks, each of whom employed all their eloquence in setting forth the merits of their own particular faith.

Vladimir heard everything, but gave out very little, except some pointed objections to two of the forms of religion, which had the effect of concentrating the attention of his people on the Roman and Greek Catholic churches, as the two most worthy of their study; and then he sent out expeditions of inquiry to gather information concerning both those rival institutions in their own respective countries. At each return of one of these expeditions, the Boyards and ancients of the metropolis were called together to hear the result, and by their comments involuntarily to teach Vladimir in which direction the whole national feeling was likely to go. In this manner public expectation was kept continually on the stretch; and men were becoming day by day more and more markedly anxious for an authoritative decision by their ruler; but he dealt still in enigmas alone.

His own mind, however, being in reality now fully made up for the Greek form of worship, he led his army next year against the Greek city of Kerson; after a long siege took it, demanded and received one of the Imperial princesses of Constantinople in marriage, was baptized by priests from that Imperial abode; and then returning to his expectant people of Kiev, at once relieved them of all uncertainty, by first destroying the old idols of the city, and immediately thereafter publishing his order of the day. "Whoever does not come down to the bank of the river to-morrow morning, be he rich or poor, old or young, shall be considered a rebel, and treated as such."

Down accordingly came all the people, in a state of mesmeric dependence on the will of one man, and plunged at his word into the waters of baptism, while foreign priests read appropriate prayers in the open air.

The character of Vladimir no doubt improved after this great act, from his necessary connexion with some of the forms of a church; while the comparatively small number of previously self-convinced, and really converted Christians, were no longer obliged to keep their faith in hiding, when the whole country was now professing it in name. But such men looked vainly to the new edicts for the soul-satisfying principles on which they had been fed. The ways of God are past finding out, and Vladimir's early licentious life is no proof that he may not in the end have been admitted into the number of the elect. "Verily," says in past times a learned Russian divine, "Christ died for all; and there is no one so great a sinner whom His grace alone is not able to save." But to human eyes, in such a case as that of Vladimir's, a passage made straight from the depths of sin to the triumphs of holiness, wants a certain intervening passage through the purifying waters of faith and repentance. And when we further read that on Vladimir's return from Kerson he brought with him the relics of St. Clement and his disciple Phiva, precious vases, incense pots, and holy pictures, beside the relation of a divine miracle performed on himself,—it is only too plain that the beginning of the State establishment of the Church in Russia introduced features alike unwarranted by the New Testament, and alien to the earliest confessions of Christianity in the land.

ESTABLISHMENT AND PROTECTION DOMINANT.

In the succeeding reign, the then Grand-Prince Yaroslav did much to light again the lamp of truth; for, not content with the old Cyrillian version, he caused a new translation of the Scriptures into Russian to be prepared, and did much to promote its study amongst his people; but, unable to break himself free from the example of deviation which his father Vladimir had set, his latter days seem to have been more devoted to the State and formalistic Church than to pure religion; and he is described as one who loved priests astonishingly, and had a liking for monks, and seeing them multiply over the country, that was

extraordinary above everything. Under such encouragement, too, these officials did multiply, and poor Nestor's own experiences in that reign are chiefly concerned with the joy which the rulers felt on learning that a monastery required to be enlarged on account of the increased numbers of its community; and are filled with edifying praises of the good men who excavated caverns for themselves in solitary places, and lived there for the rest of their lives "in the practice of all the virtues;" and with the discoveries of sacred relics of departed saints by a few faithful men digging secretly at remarkable times in places known to very few.

Reign followed reign, and the Church became in each of them more strongly established by civil law, and more intimately dependent on the State. For some time indeed it kept up considerable independence in the management of its own internal affairs; and its conduct during the long period of Tahtar domination, and the subsequent wars of disputed succession, was above all praise.

But the State would appear to be at any time a jealous master, and no more to be depended on or trusted in than the princes of whom it is generally composed; precisely therefore as the nation rose out of its ancient troubles in mediæval and modern times, so was the past loyalty of the church-establishment forgotten, and every effort made by ruler after ruler to bind it hand and foot, and convert it into a mere instrument of government service. Heir to the eventualities of its own times, and profiting by one of the most characteristic differences between the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, the Russian Church, which had been long ruled over ecclesiastically by a Metropolitan, attained in A.D. 1587 to the patriarchal rank; becoming thereby equal with the Church of Constantinople from which it had derived its earliest existence: and among the ten patriarchs who successively filled the chair of all Russia up to the year A.D. 1710, were many examples of all that could be desired in Christian teachers, priests devoted to their duty in its every aspect, eloquent preachers, and, above all, "men of prayer."

Yet this notwithstanding, did Peter the Great abolish the Patriarchate, introduce into its place a Government committee of his own appointing and superintendence, and contrive to transfer almost all the powers of the Church, with much of its property, into his own hands. His successors followed in the same line; the State Church was by their means more firmly established by political law as *the* Church for all the nation, but its ministers became mere puppets in the hands of lay, and worse, Government officers. Now in the better features of the earlier and more independent Russian State-churchmen described above, we see but the simple and happy consequence of their being men of Russian birth, and fair representatives on the whole of the great Russian nation, amongst whom the importance of religion will ever culminate. But with the other officers of the Government of that country it has long been far different: for, with the reigning family recruited largely generation after generation from the families of the numerous little German potentates, German ideas were introduced into the machinery of Russian government; and Germans innumerable being imported into every branch of the Executive to carry out these ideas, strengthened the hands of the Emperor to enact anything he pleased against the wishes or liberties of his own people; and, with a different ethnological constitution, the civil officials of the country, as a body, became less religiously inclined than the nation at large; whose spiritual pastors have since been successively reduced under such *régime* to a state of penury, and of almost passive obedience to police regulations, which is painful in the extreme to behold.

Thus, Established Churches are to be seen everywhere over the land; they are fenced in by law from interference by other faiths; are eminently protected in fact from every competition, and revel in *appearance* of splendour and wealth; but the clergy, while they are most hard worked,—called to it everywhere by teeming crowds of orthodox worshippers, and compelled to it by Government officers, though too often merely to subserve the financial purposes of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or cheapen the defence of the Empire,—are starved to a degree which must degrade. All the higher dignities of the Church are monopolized by the "black clergy," who do not marry, and live in monasteries; but the more numerous class, the "white" or parochial clergy, who must marry in order to be ordained, and can never rise beyond that degree, receive a salary from Government amounting to about £1 a year. With such an income in view, what education can be expected in the aspirants to its fruition? and with such an income in enjoyment, in what class of life can parish priest and wife and family be brought up, with whom can they associate, and what degree of respect are they likely to command in public?

How fatal, then, even to the protected form of faith, an association with the State; for that dries up the sources of private charity, and while to an independent preacher of faith in Christ, no salary at all is needed, because contributions over and above his needs are pretty sure to flow in unceasingly; yet to one who is looked on as a paid servant of Government, paid and made to do its every behest, not to show his own convictions, little is ever tendered. Nor is the position of the "black clergy" much better, and with many of them not

at all better than their white brethren; for the Government allowance now given in lieu of their former ample possessions, by no means suffices even for bread and water. Only in 1831 a number of monasteries reduced to absolute extremity, applied to the Emperor, petitioning for relief.

"Whereupon the Emperor, who was already aware of the urgency of their need, conferred with the high police, and gave orders to the Secretary of State to prepare an edict to the following effect:—

"That in order that the monks and nuns may have more sufficient means of subsistence, all the inmates of monasteries and convents under the legal age of profession (viz. 40) should return to the parishes and dwellings to which they originally belonged, and betake themselves again to their former callings."

OPINIONS ON DISSENT.

After viewing this final result of an alliance between the Church and State of Russia, we may well inquire what proportion of the people is satisfied with that establishment, as representing the church of their affections and hopes, here and hereafter; that people being, too, and having always been, through every historical period, anxious for religious perfection, and true to spiritual guidance; in fact then, what of Dissent in Russia?

At once we must confess this to be a question of almost infinite difficulty for any stranger to solve, even though he should have succeeded in penetrating much of the mystery connected with the established church; and though, indeed, when we do get at private indigenous opinions on that, they may be found not unfrequently leading in the way of dissent. But in any case, the subject must be approached with the respect due to its nature, and the attention demanded by its difficulty, for many stereotyped descriptions are afloat of the dissenters from, as well as the members of, the Russian Church; most of them catching eagerly at some individual peccant case, as a representation of the whole body; and withal so generally written by professed and interested opponents of the party in question, that we certainly cannot gather therefrom the light in which peculiar doctrines are looked on by their own authors; *i.e.*, the men who, in the pursuit of those truths, or formation of those creeds, have often sacrificed much of their temporal prospects, but have considered themselves abundantly repaid it they had benefited their souls, or arrived at a nearer knowledge of God.

Any first question on Dissent then is pretty sure to be unsatisfactorily answered in general Russian society; for the mere idea of the existence of such a thing scandalizes the minds of many, who cannot separate between Church and State, religion and an established church, or seeking after their own salvation, and want of loyalty as obedient subjects of the Emperor of Russia. These persons, therefore—honest, well-to-do, and sometimes learned men—are pretty sure to answer that they do not know anything at all about Dissent, or that it does not exist, or that they never thought about it before; or perhaps assure you with oblique flattery, "that there are no men or women of education among the Dissenters, who are in general found only among the poor and ignorant classes of the population." We have even had it sententiously and positively affirmed to us, "that the works of Dissenters, kept secret hitherto, have lately begun to appear in print, and it is from them that other persons, who are not only educated but have common sense, may conclude that Dissent is a consequence of ignorance; and that more cannot be said against them, than that the Dissenters are afraid of the appearance of their own works."

On the other hand, however, we have been even more credibly informed, that there have been hitherto so many severe laws and penalties against Dissenters of every denomination, that they were obliged to keep themselves as quiet and concealed as possible: and though Catherine II. claimed the glory of allowing freedom of exercise to every form of religion, Dissenters from her own included, the governments which followed could never completely distinguish between a departure from the national church and political treason, looking on all sectarians as "dangerous in their actions, and offenders against the wellbeing of the community," until, indeed, the present Emperor, Alexander II., who has ordered such cases to be treated with all possible forbearance and humanity. "This," added our informant *naïvely*, "is undoubtedly the best measure;" and under its influence several writers on Dissent have appeared, as MM. Stchapof, Lomonsky, Novitzky, and especially M. Melnikoff, whose work was published in St. Petersburg during the present year.

Perhaps, indeed, it *is* the best measure, when, in spite of restrictions and even persecutions, and though still but imperfectly known to the government and their own countrymen, the Dissenters of Russia, divided amongst some thirty-five different sects, are found to number not less than ten millions of souls, and to include amongst them some of the most respectable and virtuous populations in the empire.

Throughout the Establishment too, as we were told before we left the country, there is a deal of questioning going on, and an inquiring amongst its communicants into the foundation of the faith which is within them on one hand, and on the other, that which the civil law calls upon them undeviatingly to serve; or, into the authority given by Holy

Writ for the practices they have long been following; questionings, met by examination and reasoning which may lead to a more sudden and extensive change in the externals of the Russian Church than is generally expected.

And here it is interesting to observe the teachable, loyal, grateful character of the poor and unsophisticated Russian peasant, ever pervading his mind and faculties; though in this case, not a little interfering for a time with his onward career. For, having once received the Christian faith from the Church of Constantinople, he still bears to that institution something much akin to an infant's gratitude to a good parent; and pays almost implicit obedience to its rules and mandates. Not therefore because he sees good reason now, but because he has always been taught to bear them a filial reverence, he allows the seven œcumenical councils, wherein the Constantinopolitan Church assisted, and in which she agreed, to direct the externals of his faith, and to be almost as unquestionable as the Scriptures themselves. "How can he, the poor Russian," he thinks in humility, "who was in a state of uncultivated heathen savagedom at the time of his teaching, presume to think differently from the learned councils of the great and ancient nation which condescended to teach him, and through whom he first received the book of books?"

Some, therefore, of the Russian sects, as the "Starovertsi," especially in past and mediæval times, thought their duty towards higher authority called them to separate from the Establishment on account of its not being attentive enough to the rites, rules, and ceremonies recommended by their first earthly instructors and inestimable benefactors,—an error, however, which every year's additional instruction and education to the people, and even increased age to the world, must be, and visibly is, correcting in the most legitimate and unexceptionable manner. Later dissents, therefore, as the "Dukhobortsi" and "Molokanes," have been characterized by more evangelical ideas: by them, the Councils have been examined, and have been found to be of no authority by the side of the Word of God; and, as one of the first consequences thence derivable, the long-established use of *Ikons* in the Russian Church has now come prominently to the surface of discussion.

IKONS AND ARCHITECTURE.

Of Russian "Ikons," or so-called "holy pictures," travellers have published very degrading accounts; from Dr. Clarke, who at the end of the last century purchased for a few roubles, from a Russian officer, "his god," viz., a picture of a saint; to a clergyman-tourist of last year, who, seeing from the steamer-deck a village on fire on the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland, was reminded of a story told him by an equal foreigner with himself to the effect, that the peasants on such occasions do nothing themselves towards extinguishing the conflagration, but expect their saints to do that for them, on their holy pictures being merely turned from a distance to look at the scene of catastrophe.

The latter erroneous account is simple enough of explanation. We have ourselves seen a Russian village on fire in the interior, and beheld the peasants merely looking on in passive anguish, but with much good physical reason on their side; for when once a Russian village, where every house is built of wood, is fairly on fire, and in the hot, dry summer-time of that region, hardly anything human can prevent the whole line of habitations going to destruction: the log-walls are so massive, they cannot be knocked down before the fire catches them; and when it does, the fierce redness of the flames, and the blackness of the whirlwinds of smoke that rise writhing and roaring into the sky, are some of the most fearful sights we have ever witnessed. When matters have come to that stage, we do believe there is nothing for a few poor villagers to do, but merely to look on and wait for the end, which soon supervenes. On the first alarm, however, that they had had of the commencing fire, the peasants, before rushing away from the danger into the fields hard by, had collected and carried with them there all their most valued and portable treasures: their sacred pictures first, their fur cloaks and boots for the future winter next; and then they stood passively by their few rescued goods, not expecting miracles to be performed in their behalf, but merely waiting until the raging element should burn itself out, and the site of their unfortunate homes should have again become possible to human labour.

But the former statement, that a Russian looks on one of those pictures as "a god," is something far more serious; and is certainly not what even their Establishment teaches them; for thus says Platon:—

"The pictures,—wherein is never any attempt to represent the unseen and incomprehensible God, whom we never can represent, but his Son our Saviour in the fashion of a man which he took on himself, or his favourites,—are made and placed in our churches, not for deification, but to commemorate the acts of God, and of his chosen servants. The obeisance which we make before the pictures, we do not render to the pictures themselves, that is, to the boards, colours, ornaments, or skill of the artist, but we render this to the persons whom they represent; and to the pictures, only an affectionate salutation. Thus, for example, I bow before the picture of my Saviour, but the devotion of my

spirit, my faith, supplications, and hope, and the very obeisance which I pay, are all rendered to my Saviour alone, who is in heaven, and everywhere present, and the picture is only a kind of sensible incitement of my devotion. Moreover, it is necessary to be known, that the obeisance performed before the picture of our Saviour, and that before the picture of any of the saints, though to appearance the same, yet in reality are very different indeed. For the worship which I perform before the picture of the Saviour, consists in the deepest humility of soul before him as Lord and Creator of all; but that which I perform before the pictures of the saints, is a reverence which I render to them out of a loving heart as His favourites, and as of the same nature, and of the same church, and members of the same body with myself."*

This may be regarded as the official theory on the subject, and our own observation of the actual practice independently assured us, that the so-called sacred pictures of Russians, fulfil sufficiently innocently much of the same part to them, which the equally so-called sacred architecture of churches serves in our own country. In England, for instance, a church is dedicated by name to a particular saint, and a florid style of building adopted, which many conscientious persons affirm to have, if not a certain air or atmosphere of religious feeling about it, at the least to them a useful practical effect in assisting their thoughts into a religious train. But a Russian, agreeably with his locomotive habits, and his frequent private prayer, must have something more portable, and more within the means of a humble man, than the fabric of a public church; and he finds that a picture, which he can carry about with him on his journeys, or erect in his own cottage, has for him the same sort of effect; for, when it is immediately before him, he can more easily disentangle his soul from the cares of the world, and form his thoughts in prayer.

Yet none know better than Russians themselves the dangerous ground they are treading when making use of these artificial aids to devotion; wherefore one of their own ministers has written, "But notwithstanding all that has been said, this lawful and holy reverencing of pictures may be turned into the most abominable sin of idolatry. This is the case when any one hopes in, or attaches all his respect to, the holy pictures, and trusts in their material substance; when, for instance, any one finds greater sanctity in one picture than another, or places in them any hope of salvation. They too are chargeable with this guilt, who bring their own particular picture into the church along with them, and only worship before it; or who respect those pictures more which are adorned than the unadorned, the old more than the new; or decline praying at all when they have not a picture before them. All these, and such like, are great transgressors, and prove a deep disgrace to the real profession of the Christian faith." Words these, which, *mutatis mutandis*, will apply equally well to the too great love of ornamental church architecture among ourselves.

But more general still will probably be our countrymen's approval of the one grand antidote which the same divine finally introduces for the avoidance of all these errors; viz., "to remember, first, that the worship of God can never be sincere, unless it proceeds from a contrite and unfeigned spirit. For all external rites of worship are only marks testifying our internal piety and sincerity towards God, without which they signify nothing; and therefore the gospel requires *that the worshippers of God should worship him in spirit* (not externally only), *and in truth* (or not in hypocrisy); second, we must hold to the Divine word alone, and rest assured that it alone contains the true rules by which we ought to please God. And therefore Christ said concerning the Holy Scriptures, *that in them is contained eternal life.*"

Principles these, which either have been, or are being worked out by some of the more recently arisen dissentient communities in Russia, with a fulness and sincerity, which show marvellous community of thought and feeling between this distant population in the East, and the more advanced Protestant communions of Europe in the West.

C. PIAZZI SMYTH.

* Pinkerton's *Greek Church.*

HER MAJESTY, NANNERL THE WASHERWOMAN.

In a little village on the banks of the Neckar, in South Germany, lived Hans Ritter, master tailor, with his wife Elsé. He was not wealthy, but free from oppressive care; he worked from early morning till late at night, lived frugally, sent his children to school, and had always a dollar at Christmas to buy some toys, and to erect a Christmas-tree for the little ones. On Sundays he put on his Confirmation coat, the identical coat in which he had been confirmed, and his beaver hat. Elsé wore the cap with the yellow trimming, the handkerchief with the blue border, and carried her gilt hymn-book. But who in all the village looked so devout and happy as Nannerl, their oldest daughter? She was about fourteen years old, and very tall for her age. She wore always a white gown on Sunday, and her blue neckerchief, a gift from old grandmamma, looked quite new, although it was nearly as old as herself. But what could look old or grow shabby, that was worn by her, and folded up by her, and locked up by her? Look at her walking slowly and cheerfully to church with the younger children, who cling to her fondly, and if you do not bless her in your heart, I am afraid you forgot your prayers this morning.

Nannerl was a good girl—fond of nice dress and of a village dance, it is true, but I do not wish to deny it. The youths in the village liked her much; Conrad Holgel, old Heinrich the carpenter's son, more than any one. Conrad was a very handsome and kind-hearted youth; he sung very well, and as to steadiness and diligence, none could excel him.

Conrad fell in love with Nannerl, and Nannerl fell in love with Conrad, I don't know when and how, for I know it only from Nannerl herself, and this is her account: "Conrad often came to my father in the evening after work was over, and we all walked out together into the wood, and on Sunday afternoons to the gardens. He had such an honest face, and was so cheerful and merry, and had such fine songs, that nobody could help liking him. I was very happy when Conrad was with us, and from my childhood never imagined that I could live without him; and after my confirmation, one evening I went into our little fruit-garden to get some gooseberries for grandmamma, who was very old, and lived with us—I went out, it was on a Thursday evening, and there Conrad was behind me. I said, Good evening, Conrad. He said nothing. So I did not mind him, but went to the gooseberries. But he came after me, and told me that he was to be made master carpenter next week, and go into a new house next term. I said, I am very glad. He asked me, Are you really? I answered, Yes indeed. Upon this he fell on my neck and kissed me, and said, Nannerl, you must come and be my little wife in the new house. So Conrad went and spoke to my father, and he said, When I married Elsé I was a poor man, and had nothing but my trade. You are an honest Christian and workman, and if Nannerl loves you, I give you my blessing. This was on Thursday night, a fortnight before grandmamma died."

And so Nannerl married Conrad, and they lived together happily for some years. They had sufficient to support themselves, although some trouble and care occasionally to get money for wood and winter clothes; but they got through, and had health, good summer weather, fine walks in the fields, beautiful flowers, mountains, and glens, ice-skating in winter, *gratis;* and this is frequently one of the differences between poor and rich people—the poor are not proud, and enjoy their *gratis* things—health, water, walks, etc.

Quiet little village!—quiet peaceful family! No change; no event! Conrad's mother dies, and Nannerl goes next spring to look at the flowers on her grave. Nannerl has a son, and all the Ritters and Holgels are at the christening; and Nannerl, in the white dress, is as beautiful as ever. There is great happiness in the little room, in the centre of which is a very large fine cake, so suggestive that every one has some remark to make, and something to praise. Quietly they live on; no event; no change, till one day the cry is heard:

War! war! Napoleon! Poor Conrad becomes a soldier. Nannerl's tears flow fast. Little Carl, dear tiny baby, plays with papa's czako, and is delighted with it. "Was blasen die Trompeten, Husaren heraus?"

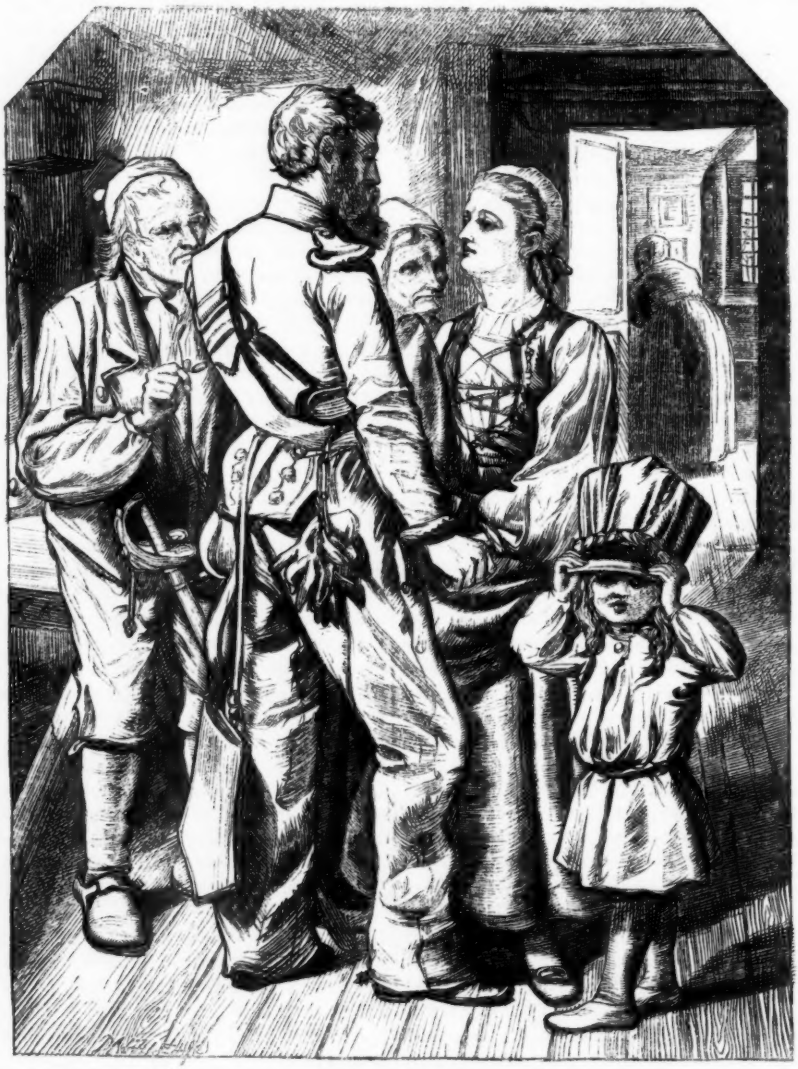
There is old Hans, with a serious face, giving advice to his son-in-law; there is Elsé trying to comfort her daughter, but weeping herself; there is Conrad's sister in a corner, packing his little knapsack silently; there is Nannerl beseeching him to stay. But the drum, the drum, it calleth so loud!

Thou art right, Conrad, and a true-hearted German. Not "pour la gloire" goest thou out to fight. No, much-to-be-respected master carpenter, it never entered thy head; but as thou thyself sayest, "This land is a German land, and the king's; this is God's right, and so we will show to all who want to take it from us."

Conrad returned in two years, but not as he

went.' He had lost a leg, had received several wounds, and was so enfeebled that he could not resume his work. He found his Nannerl looking pale, and not in the white gown, but in black. Hans and Else are both dead.

"Conrad," says Nannerl, "I have suffered so much since you were away. I dreamt almost every night you were dead. Then my father became ill and died, and, a month after, mother Else followed him. Conrad, they spoke of you, and prayed for you. Mother died so calmly! I was putting her pillows right. She looked so pale, and her eyes so dim! She put up her hands to her forehead—she had such pain there!—and said, 'Not so tight;



they are putting on a golden crown, as our Pastor said they would; but not so tight!' She said also the 'Our Father' twice, and asked for you."

Nannerl had been always dear and kind, yet Conrad thought *her* never so kind and dear as now. So calm, and cheerful, and busy, she did everything for everybody; no one could help loving and honouring her. But Nannerl with the children was the loveliest sight—how she taught them hymns, and told them stories, when the girls were knitting and the boys working! Nannerl, what change has come over you? Never in low spirits as before; no murmuring and fretting; but so loving, calm, and active. Nannerl had begun to think of the crown, of which mother Else had spoken. She had begun to think of love—her love

to Conrad, and where she would meet him in case he died. On the God's-acre grow lovely flowers: from the thought of death spring life-giving longings. Then the old hymns and gospel verses of her childhood awoke in Nannerl's heart. The Lord Jesus, who had stood so close to her all her life, stood now before her. She saw him, and fell down and cried, "Master!"

Conrad had got a small pension from government, and, as he could not continue his trade in the village, he went to the nearest town, where his boys were received in a government school, till they were of age to learn some business. Nannerl became a laundress, and earned as much as, with Conrad's pension, sufficed for their support. Early in the morning Nannerl began her work. At first, Conrad looked pained to see her undergoing such exertion. "When I saw you in the garden, Nannerl—"

"On the Thursday evening, wasn't it?"

"You little thought—I little thought—"

But his voice failed him. Nannerl smiled and said, "The less we think, the better; the blessed God thinks it all for us." And so she comforted and cheered him. They were happy in their gratis joys, good conscience, and children's prattle. Conrad was not able to walk much, but now and then they walked together. Nannerl was his support and stay.

"Nannerl," said he, one evening, "you are an angel. How can you be so happy with such hard work?"

"Don't speak in this way. Look how healthy our children are, and what a fine bold hand Carl writes—he is already at the letter M; and little Nannette is going to knit something for your birthday, but I should not tell you; and you are with me, and God is so kind to us."

"Nannerl, God be kind to you and my children. Teach them your faith."

"*Our* faith, say, Conrad. Are not you also a Christian? You should think oftener of Him who came to save us, and of the heaven he brought us." . . .

But the drum, the drum, it sounds so loud! Neither Nannerl's cries, nor the children's voices can be heard, for the drum, the drum, it sounds so loud!

Not unto the battle-field, but the grave.

Conrad is dying. He never loved Nannerl so much as on his deathbed. He had never thought so often of Him who had brought new life and peace to his wife's heart. "Nannerl," he said, "I have been thinking of the crown of thorns. *That* crown brought Else a golden crown, and I also will be crowned. God bless you and our children, teach them our faith!"

Conrad is dead: Nannerl weeps, but she can rejoice. "God bless you and our children." She heard these words continually; when she awoke at night, when she arose in the morning, when the Sunday bells rung, when she watched at their bedsides. And God did bless her and her children. She was so punctual, diligent, and skilful in her work, that she never lacked employment. Her sweet disposition and kindliness gained her many friends, and not a few were drawn to her by a deeper sympathy, and recognised in her a fellow-pilgrim on the thorny path to the crown of glory. Her boys grew up in the fear and love of God; filling the evening of her life with peace and serenity.

When I think of her, the grace and dignity of her manner, her sweetness and gentleness to her children, the words of wisdom and love that came from her lips, her industry and unclouded cheerfulness,—Nannerl, I think you wear the crown already. Nannerl, I think you are one of the greatest, noblest human beings I ever saw. Nannerl, God dwells in your heart, God delights in you.

I say, Her Majesty, Nannerl the washerwoman. Of such queens consists heaven. A. S.

GETTING ON.

EVERYBODY is Going On. We are all getting through our little span of daylight. We are spending the time that is allotted to us, at the rate of three hundred and sixty-five days a year. We are all going on through life, somehow: not very cheerfully, if one may judge by the care-worn, anxious faces of most middle-aged people you pass on the street. But some people are not merely Going On: they are also Getting On; which is a very different thing. All are growing older: a man here and there is also growing bigger. I mean bigger in a moral sense. As you and I, my reader, look round on those early companions who started with us in the race of life, we can discern that great changes have passed upon many of them. Some who started as cart-horses, of a very shaggy and uncombed appearance, have gradually assumed the aspect of thorough-bred, or at least of well-bred animals. Some who set out as horses sixteen hands high, have shrunk to the size of Shetland ponies. Certain who started as calves, have not attained maturity with advancing years: and instead of turning into consolidated oxen, they have only grown into enormous calves. But without going into such matters, I am sure you know that among your old companions there are those who are shooting ahead of the rest, or who have already shot ahead of them. These are those who are pointed at as Rising Men. They are decidedly Getting On. I do not mean that they are becoming famous, or that they are becoming great men. They have not had much chance of *that*. Their lot has circumscribed their ambition. Their hearts do not beat high for praise: but have known various perplexities as to the more substantial question of the earning of bread and butter. But they are quietly and surely progressing. They have now advanced a good deal beyond what they were five or ten years since. Every profession has its rising men. The Church, the Law, Medicine, Commerce, Literature, have their men who are Getting On: year by year Getting On. A great many men find their level rather early in life: and remain for many years much the same in standing. They are not growing richer, as they grow older. They are not coming to be better known. They are not gaining a greater

place and estimation in their walk of life. Many a little shopkeeper at fifty-five is in worldly wealth much as he was at thirty-five. He has managed to rub on, sometimes with a hard struggle: it has been just enough to make the day provide for the day's wants: and there has been no accumulation of money. Many a domestic servant, after many years of toil, is not a whit better off than when she was a hopeful girl. If she has been provident and self-denying, she may have a few pounds in the Savings'-bank. Many a labouring man in the country has been able each week to make the hard-earned shillings provide food and clothing for his children and their mother: but he has laid up no store: he has not advanced: he lives in the same little cottage: and his poor sticks of furniture are all the worse for their wear: and his carefully-kept Sunday suit is not so trim now as it used to be when he courted his hard-featured wife in her fresh girl-hood, and was esteemed as a rustic beau. Many a faithful clergyman at sixty is a poorer man than he was at thirty; or in any case not richer. It has cost many an anxious thought, through these years, to make the ends meet: and that hard task will cost its anxious thoughts to the end. You who wish to have an efficient clergy, who will do their work heartily and well, agitate against that wicked and idiotic notion, that a clergyman is likely to do his work best if he be crushed down by the pressure of poverty: if his wife be worn into her grave by sorry schemings to make the little means go their farthest; and if his poor little children have to run about without shoes and stockings. There are certain opinions which I should not think of meeting by argument: but rather by the severest application of the cat of ninetails. And one of these is the opinion of the old fool who said that "a puir church would be a pure church."

But returning from this digression, let me repeat, that however hard it may be to explain how some men get on while others do not, there can be no question as to the fact that some men do get on while others do not. People get on in many ways: as you will understand, if you look back a few years; and compare what some of your friends were a few years since with what they are now. There is A, whom you remember in his early days at college, an ungainly cub with a shock head of red hair and a tremendous Scotch accent. That man has taken on polish: he has got on: he has seen the world: he is an accomplished gentleman. There is B, ten years since a poor curate; now risen to the charge of an important parish. There is C: he has married a rich wife: he has a fine house: he has several horses, various dogs, and many pigs: he has made so great a rise in life, that you would say that sometimes when he comes down stairs in the morning, he must think that he is the wrong man. There is D: some years ago he tried in vain for a certain very small appointment: the other day he was offered one of the most valuable in the same profession, and declined it. There is E: he tried to write for the magazines. His early articles were ignominiously rejected. The other day he got a thousand pounds for one edition of a few of the rejected articles. You know how, in running the race of life, some one individual shows his head a little in front: gradually increases his lead; and finally distances all competition. Once upon a time, there was a staff of newspaper reporters attached to a certain London journal. One of them, not apparently cleverer than the rest, drew bit by bit ahead, till he reached the woolsack. And when he presided in the great assembly whose speeches he was wont to report, he must unquestionably have felt that he had Got On. Indeed, I have heard that homely phrase applied to him by an old Scotch lady who knew him in his youth; and so who could never speak of his success in life save in modified terms. "Our minister," said the old lady to me, "had two sons. One went to India. As for John, he went to London: and he got on very well." No doubt John had got on: for he was at that time Chief Justice of England. If you look at *The Reliques of Father Prout*, you will find a large picture, containing portraits of the contributors to a well-known London magazine, thirty years ago. There is a portrait of a comparatively unnoted man, with a glass stuck in his eye. He was an outsider then: and had given little sign of what he was to be to-day. The portrait is of Mr. Thackeray. You may have heard the name before. This very day, I was told about a man who forty years since opened a little shop, stocked chiefly with coarse towels. So my informant averred. If so, the demand for coarse towels in a certain great town must have been enormous: or the individual in question must have been most fortunate in drawing general attention to his coarse towels: for he drew ahead of other dealers in towels, and became one of the greatest merchant-princes of England. But without taking extreme cases, you know that within more modest limits, there are people who are steadily Getting On. While one man lives for thirty years in the same house, and maintains the same general appearance; his next neighbour ascends the scale of fashion: gets time after time a better house, till he attains a grand country mansion: and from the total absence of any save the conveyance common to mankind, attains to the phaeton, the brougham, and the family chariot. One preacher does his duty steadily and respectably, year after year: and no one thinks anything particular about him. Another tears like a rocket to the highest elevation of the preacher's precarious popularity. His church-doors are mobbed: his

fame overspreads the land: his portrait is in the shop-windows: his sermons sell by scores of thousands.

How is it that men Get On? How is it that in every walk of life, there are those who draw ahead of their competitors? It is a very simple and primary notion, not likely to be entertained unless by youthful and unsophisticated minds in remote rural districts, that the most deserving men Get On the best. To gain any advantage or eminence, indeed, which is not bestowed by high-handed patronage, a man must have a certain amount of merit. The horse that wins the Derby must unquestionably be able to gallop at a very great pace. Of course, if the Derby prize were given by patronage, it might occasionally fall to a horse with only three legs. And there are places in the Church and the Law which are filled up by unchecked patronage; and in which a perfectly analogous state of matters may be discerned. It would be insulting some men to suggest that they were placed where they are because they were the best men eligible; or even because they were fit to be placed there at all. You may have known instances in which a man was put in a certain place, because he was the worst man, or one of the worst men, that could be found. But even in cases where the eminence is not arbitrarily given: where it is understood to be earned by the man himself, and not allotted to him by some other man: it is a simple and unsophisticated notion, that the best man gets the best place. The winner of the Derby must be able to gallop very fast: but nine times out of ten, he is by no means the best horse that starts. A bad place at starting: an unlucky push from a rival in mid career: the awkward straining of a muscle: a little nervousness or want of judgment in the jockey who rides him: and the best horse is beaten by a very inferior one, more lucky or better handled. I am obliged to say, as the result of all my observation of the way in which human beings Get On, that human beings get on mainly by Chance, or Luck. I use the words in their ordinary meaning. I mean that human beings Get On or fail to Get On, in a fashion that looks fortuitous. There must be merit, in walks where men have to make their own way: but that a man may get on, he must be seconded by Good-Luck, or at least not crossed by Ill-Luck. We must speak of things, you know, as they appear to our ignorance. I know there is a higher hand: and I humbly recognise *that*. I know that "Promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the South: but God is the Judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another." We all feel that. I believe that these words of the Psalmist give us the entire philosophy of Getting On. It is a matter of God's sovereignty: and God's sovereignty, as it affects human beings, we speak of as their Good or Ill Luck. Of course, there is no chance in the matter: everything is tightly arranged and governed: and doubtless, if we could see aright, we should see that there are wise and good reasons for all: but as we do not know the reasons, and as we cannot foresee the arrangement, we fall back on a word which expresses our ignorance; and which states the fact of the apparent arbitrariness of the government of Providence. Nothing can be more certain than the fact, that there are men who are lucky; and other men who are unlucky. The unlucky, perhaps, need it all: and the lucky can stand it all: but there is the fact. And we know that there are blessed compensations, not known to onlookers, which may make the thorn in the flesh or the crook in the lot a true blessing: which cause men thankfully to say that it was good for them that they were afflicted and disappointed; good for them that they did not Get On. The wise man Jabez, you remember, knew that God might "bless indeed," while to other eyes He did not seem to bless at all. And so his prayer was, not that he might absolutely Get On: but that he might Get On or fail to do so as God saw best. "Oh that thou wouldst bless me *indeed!*" And so, speaking in ordinary language, let me say that I hold with the Psalmist. It is God's sovereignty. *Fiat Voluntas Tua!* The thing that makes men Get On in this world, is mainly their luck; and in a very subordinate degree, their merit or desert.

Life is a lottery. No doubt, there is no real chance in life: but then there is no real chance in any lottery. I do not hesitate to say that what we deserve has very little to do with our Getting On. And all human scheming and labour have very little to do with the actual result in Getting On. And for this reason, I find a great defect in all that I have seen written as to the arts of self-advancement; whether these arts be honest and commendable, or otherwise. It is easy to point out a number of honourable means which tend to help a man on; and a number of contemptible tricks and dodges which tend towards worldly wealth and influence. But the practical use of all these directions is nullified by the fact, that some fortuitous accident may come across all the hard work and self-denial of the worthy man, or all the dirty trickery of the diplomatic cheat; and make all perfectly futile. Honest industry and perseverance; also resolute selfishness, meanness, toadyism, and roguery: tend to various forms of worldly success. But you can draw no assurance from these general principles, as to what either may do for yourself. Out of a hundred men, the

Insurance tables will tell you very nearly how many will live for five or ten years to come: but not the slightest assurance can be conveyed by these tables to any individual man of the hundred as to his expectations of life. I have a practical lesson to draw from all this, by and by: but here let it be repeated, that, as a general rule, it is not the most deserving who Get On, but the most lucky. My reader, if you have met success in life yourself, you know this well. The man who has succeeded knows this far better than the man who has failed. The writer states his principle the more confidently, because he knows he has himself got on infinitely better than he deserves. He looks back on the ruck with which he started: and he sees that he has drawn ahead of some who deserved at least as well: who deserved far better. The writer says earnestly that it is not the most deserving who get on the best; not because he thinks he has got less than he deserves, but because he knows he has got an immense deal more. For these things he knows Whom to thank; and he desires to be thankful.

Chance, then (which means God's Providence), advances people in many ways. A man publishes a book. It meets great success. There is no particular reason. Other books as good, and some books a great deal better, prove entire failures. A man goes to the bar: and shortly a stream of briefs begins to set in towards his chambers. Men of equal ability, and eager to excel in their profession, wait wearily on year after year. A man goes into the Church: he is put in conspicuous places, where his light is not hid under a bushel: he gets large preferments, no one can exactly say why. He fills respectably the place where he is put: but doubtless there are many who would fill it just as well. You will find a man chance upon a general reputation for great learning, of which he never gave the slightest proof. Somehow it became the fashion to speak of him as the possessor of unexplored mines of information. Then you know how a man then and there becomes a privileged person, you cannot say how. A privileged person means a man who is permitted to say and do the silliest and most insolent things: and to evince the most babyish pettedness of temper,—things for which anybody else would be kicked, or esteemed as an idiot: but when the privileged man does all this, every one sets himself to smooth the creature down if he be petted, and to applaud his silly jokes if he be jocular. I do not know any more signal instance of the arbitrary allotment of things in this world, than this. It has been truly said that one man may steal a horse, while another must not look over the gate. To a certain extent, it is a matter of natural constitution. You remember how the dog was accustomed, without rebuke, to jump upon his master's knee; while the donkey was chastised severely on endeavouring to do the same thing. You will find a man who is always being stroked down and flattered by the members of some public body, to which he never rendered any particular service. One can understand why the great Duke of Wellington, even when he had grown a great obstruction to army business and reform, should be deferred to by the nation for which he had done so much: but you may have known people treated with the like deference, who had never done anything through life but diligently aim at securing the greatest advantage of the greatest number; which (it is well known) is Number One. Then there are men who Get On, even to places of very great dignity, because somehow they have got into the track, and are pushed on with very little motive force of their own. It would be invidious to mention striking instances of this: but it would be very easy. Other men Get On, by being appointed, with little competition, to some position which at the time is not worth much; but which grows important and valuable. And a worthier way of Getting On, is when a man, by his doings and character, makes a position important, which in other hands would not be so.

The Chance (as already explained) which rules events in this life, never appears more decidedly than in making the diligent efforts of some men successful, and of other men futile. We can see the arts which men use, thinking to advance themselves: and no doubt these arts often tend directly to that end: but then Chance comes in to say whether these arts shall signally fail or splendidly succeed. I have known a laborious student get up many pages of Greek for an examination: all his pages most thoroughly, save two or three which were hastily read over. And upon the examination-day, sure enough he was taken upon the pages he did not know well; while his competitor was taken on his pet page, which he knew by heart. And there were scores of pages which that competitor had never looked at: but he trusted his Luck, and it did not fail him.

It may be assumed as certain, that all men would like to Get On. If you see a number of cabs upon a stand, you may be quite sure that any one of them would take a fare if it could get it. And a man, in all ordinary cases, by entering any profession, becomes as a cab upon the stand waiting for a fare. If he stand idle in the market-place all day, it may be taken for granted that it is because no man has hired him. And though we may have quite outgrown our early ambitions: though we may never have had much ambition: though we may be quite contented with our present position and circumstances; still, we should all like to Get

On. We do not talk of ambition, in the case of commonplace folk like ourselves: and though the "love of fame" has been called the "universal passion," I believe that it is practically confined to a very little fraction of mankind. We call it ambition when Mr. Disraeli goes in for leader of the House of Commons; or when Napoleon twists his way to a throne. We do not call it ambition when a clergyman would like a larger congregation to preach to, or another hundred or two a year of income. And naming this matter, let me interject the wish, which will be intelligible to various readers, May the Lord Justice-Clerk live a thousand years! But we do not speak of ambition in such cases: it is only that people would like to Get On a little. We like to think that we are Getting On: that we live in a better house than we used to do: that our little library is gradually growing: that our worldly means are improving: that we are a little wiser and better than we used to be. But though we may take for granted, that all men would like to Get On, we may be assured that there are many who would not take much trouble to do so. Their wishes are moderate: they have learned to be content. They will not fret themselves into a fever: they will not push. And much less will they sneak, or cheat, or wriggle. If success comes, they are pleased: but they are not vexed though it do not come. They look with interest, and with some amusement, at the diplomatic schemes of their friends, who enter themselves in the race of ambition. They see that pertinacious pushing will make a man Get On, unless he be very unlucky or very incapable. But they do not think it worth while pertinaciously to push. They see that judicious puffing, on your own part and that of your friends, is a helpful thing: but they shrink from puffing themselves, or from hearing their friends puff them. Puffing is a great power: as Mr. Barnum and others know. It is a great thing, to have friends to back you and puff you. One man publishes a book. He does not know a soul who ever printed a line. There is not a human being to say a good word of his book for friendship's sake. Another author has a host of literary friends: and when his book comes out, they raise a *sough* of applause through the press. And all this is very natural; and is not unfair. Only the unlucky man who has got no friends will probably grumble. Yet all this will not always succeed. I have known two books come out together. One was written by a man who had no writing friends; the other by a man who had many. The former was reviewed widely and favourably: the other was very little noticed by the reviewers. But you cannot always force things upon the reading public. The unreviewed book sold splendidly: the other hardly sold at all. The unreviewed book enriched its author: the other slightly impoverished its author. All this, of course, was Luck again.

I have already stated what appears to me the great defect in all treatises on the arts of self-advancement and self-help. There appears to me a fallacy at the foundation of all their instructions. They all say, in one form or other, "Do so and so, and you will Get On." Some of these treatises recommend fair and worthy means; as industry, self-denial, perseverance, honesty, and the like. Others of them recommend unworthy means; as selfishness, unscrupulousness, impudence, toadyism, sneakiness, and the like. But they fail to allow for Chance or Providence. They fail to bring out the utter uncertainty which attends all arts for Getting On. No mortal can say how a man is to Get On. A poor Scotch lad, walking the London streets, fell into a cellar and broke his leg. *That* made his fortune. The wealthy owner of the cellar took him up, and pushed him on: and he rose to be Lord Mayor of London and an eminent member of Parliament. A certain man (and a good man too) became a Bishop through accidentally attracting the notice of a disreputable peeress who was in high favour with a disreputable monarch, who once reigned (let us say) in the centre of Africa. The likeliest arts, whether honest or dishonest, may fail utterly. And the lesson, I think, is this: Do your duty quietly and honestly: Don't push, don't puff: Don't set your heart upon any worldly end; it is not worth while: if success comes, well; if it does not come, you do not mind much. "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not!" There never were words written more worthy of being remembered and acted on by all men. There is no use in being ambitious. Being ambitious just means setting your whole heart on Getting On: and in this world people seldom get the thing on which they set their heart. And no matter how you may labour to attain your end, you cannot make sure of attaining it. You may probably see it carried away by some easy-going man who cared very little for it, and took very little trouble to get it. Read Mr. Smiles' excellent book on *Self-Help*. It will do you good to read it. It will spur you to do your best, to see what other men have done. But remember, you are in God's hands. The issue is with him. It no more follows that if you work like George Stephenson or Lord Eldon, that you will get on as they did; than that if you eat the same thing for breakfast as the man who gets the great prize in a lottery, you will get the prize like him. Still, Mr. Smiles will do you good. Unless luck sets very greatly against you, you may, by honestly doing your best, Get On fairly. Your chance of Getting On to the highest point of success is just about the same as your chance of being smashed altogether.

It is not great. And remember, my friend, that it is not worldly success that is the best thing we can get in this world. There is something far better. And perhaps it may be by forbidding that you should Get On, that God may discipline you into *that*. I should feel very great interest in reading the lives of a number of men who honestly did their best, and failed; yet who were not soured by failure; men who, like St. Paul, bore the painful weight through life, and bore it kindly and humbly: getting great good and blessing out of it all. Let us always keep it in our remembrance, that there is something far better than any amount of worldly success, which may come of worldly failure.

Still, remembering all this, it is interesting to look at the various arts and devices by which men have Got On. Judicious puffing is a great thing. But it must be very judicious. Some people irritate one by their constant stories as to their own great doings. I have known people who had really done considerable things; yet who did not get the credit they deserved, just because they were given to vapouring of what they had done. It is much better to have friends and relatives to puff you: to record what a splendid fellow you are, and what wonderful events have befallen you. Even here, if you became known as one of a set who puff each other, your laudations will do harm instead of good. It is a grand thing to have relations and friends who have the power to actually confer material success. Who would not wish to be Down, that so he might be "taken care of?" You have known men at the Bar, to whom some powerful relative gave a tremendous lift at starting in their profession. Of course this would in some cases only make their failure more apparent, unless they were really equal to the work to which they were set. There is a cry against Nepotism. It will not be shared in by the *Nepotes*. It must be a fine thing to be one of them. Unhappily, they must always be a very small minority: and thus the cry against them will be the voice of a great majority. I cannot but observe that the names of men who hold canonries at cathedrals, and other valuable preferments in the Church, are frequently the same as the name of the Bishop of the diocese. I do not complain of that. It is the plain intention of Providence that the children should suffer for their fathers' sins, and gain by their fathers' rise. It is utterly impossible to start all human beings for the race of life, on equal terms. It is utterly impossible to bring all men up to a rope stretched across the course, and make all start fair. If a man be a drunken blackguard, or a heartless fool, his children *must* suffer for it: *must* start at a disadvantage. No human power can prevent *that*. And on the other hand, if a man be industrious and able, and rise to great eminence, his children gain by all this. Robert Stephenson had a splendid start, because old George his father got on so nobly. Lord Stanley entered political life at an immense advantage, because he was Lord Derby's son. And if any reader of this page had some valuable office to give away; and had a son, brother, or nephew, who deserved it as well as anybody else, and who he could easily think deserved it a great deal better than anybody else; I have little doubt that the reader would give that valuable office to the son, brother, or nephew. I have known, indeed, magnanimous men who acted otherwise: who in exercising abundant patronage suffered no nepotism: it was a positive disadvantage to be related to these men: they would not give their relatives ordinary justice. The fact of your being connected with them made it tolerably sure that you would never get anything they had to give. All honour to such men! Yet they surpass average humanity so far, that I do not severely blame those who act on lower motives. I do not find much fault with a certain Bishop who taught me theology in my youth, because I see that he has made his son a canon in his cathedral. I notice, without indignation, that the individual who holds the easy and lucrative office of Associate in certain Courts of Law, bears the same name with the Chief-Justice. You have heard how Lord Ellenborough was once out riding on horseback, when word was brought him of the death of a man who held a sinecure office with a revenue of some thousands a year. Lord Ellenborough had the right of appointment to that office. He instantly resolved to appoint his son. But the thought struck him, that he might die before reaching home: he might fall from his horse, or the like. And so the eminent Judge took from his pocket a piece of paper and a pencil: and then and there wrote upon his saddle a formal appointment of his son to that wealthy place. And as it was a place which notoriously was to be given, not to a man who should deserve it, but merely to a man who might be lucky enough to get it, I do not know that Lord Ellenborough deserved to be greatly blamed. In any case, his son, as he quarterly pocketed the large payment for doing nothing, would doubtless hold the blame of mankind as of very little account.

But whether you Get On by having friends who cry you up, or by having friends who can materially advance you, of course it is your luck to have such friends. We all know that it is "the accident of an accident" that makes a man succeed to a peerage or an estate. And though trumpeting be a great fact and power, still your luck comes in to say whether the trumpet shall in your case be successful. One man, by judicious puffing, gets a great name: another, equally deserving, and apparently in exactly the same circumstances, fails to get it. No doubt the dog who gets an ill name, even if he deserves the ill name, deserves it no more than various other sad dogs who pass scot free. Over all events, all means and ends in this world, there rules God's inscrutable sovereignty. And to our view, that direction appears quite arbitrary. "One shall be taken, and the other left." "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated." "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

A way in which small men sometimes Get On, is by finding ways to be helpful to bigger men. Those bigger men have occasional opportunities of helping those who have been helpful to them. If you yourself, or some near relation of yours, yield effectual support to a candidate at a keenly contested county election, you may possibly be repaid

by influence in your favour brought to bear upon the Government of the day. From a bishopric down to a beadleship, I have known such means serve valuable ends. It is a great thing to have any link, however humble, and however remote, that connects you with a Secretary of State, or any member of the Administration. Political tergiversation is a great thing. Judicious ratting, at a critical period, will generally secure some one considerable reward. In a conservative institution to stand almost alone in professing very liberal opinions; or in a liberal institution to stand almost alone in professing conservative opinions: will probably cause you to Get On. The leaders of parties are likely to reward those who among the faithless are faithful to them; and who hold by them under difficulties. Still, luck comes in here. While some will attain great rewards by professing opinions very inconsistent with their position, others by doing the same things merely bring themselves into universal ridicule and contempt. It is a powerful thing, to have abundant impudence: to be quite ready to ask for whatever you want. Worthier men wait till their merits are found out: you don't. You may possibly get what you ask: and then you may snap your fingers in the face of the worthier man. By a skilful dodge, A got something which ought to have come to B. Still, A can drive in dignity past B, covering him with mud from his chariot-wheels. There was a man in the last century who was made a bishop by George III., for having published a poem on the death of George II. That poem declared that George II. was removed by Providence to heaven, because he was too good for this world. You know what kind of man George II. was: you know whether even Bishop Porteus could possibly have thought he was speaking the truth in publishing that most despicable piece of toadyism. Yet Bishop Porteus was really a good man, and died in the odour of sanctity. He was merely a little yielding. Honesty would have stood in the way of his Getting On; and so honesty had to make way for the time. Many people know that a certain Bishop was to have been made Archbishop of Canterbury: but that he threw away his chance by an act of injudicious honesty. On one occasion, he opposed the Court, under very strong conscientious convictions of duty. If he had just sat still, and refrained from bearing testimony to what he held for truth, he would have Got On much farther than he ever did. I am very sure the good man never regretted that he had acted honestly!

Judicious obscurity is often a reason for advancing a man. You know nothing to his prejudice. Eminent men have always some enemies: there are those who will secretly hate them just because they are eminent: and no one can say how or when the most insignificant enemy may have an opportunity to put a spoke in the wheel, and upset the coach in which an eminent man is advancing to what would have crowned his life. While nothing can be more certain than that if you heard nothing at all about a man, you know no harm of him. There are many people who will oppose a man seeking for any end, just because they know him. They don't care about a total stranger gaining the thing desired: but they cannot bear that any one they know should reach it. They cannot make up their mind to *that*. You remember a curious fact brought out by Cardinal Wiseman in his *Lives of the Last Four Popes*. There are certain European kings who have the right to veto a Pope. Though the choice of the conclave fall on him, these kings can step in and say, No. They are called to give no reason. They merely say, Whoever is to be Pope, it shall not be that man. And the Cardinal shows us, that as surely as any man seems likely to be elected Pope who has ever been Papal Ambassador at the court of any of those kings, so surely does the king at whose court he was veto him! In short, the king is a man: and he cannot bear that any one he knows should be raised to the mystical dignity of the Papacy. But the monarch has no objection to the election of a man whom he knows nothing about. And as the more eminent cardinals are sure to have become known, more or less intimately, to all the kings who have the right to veto, the man elected Pope is generally a very obscure and insignificant Cardinal. Then there is a pleasant feeling of superiority and patronage in advancing a small man, a man smaller than yourself. You may have known men who were a good deal consulted as to the filling up of vacant offices in their own profession, who made it their rule strongly to recommend men whose talent was that of decent mediocrity, and never to mention men of really shining ability. And if you suggest to them the names of two or three persons of very high qualifications, as suitable to fill the vacant place, you will find the most vigorous methods instantly employed to make sure that whoever may be successful, it shall not be one of these. "Oh, *he* would never do!"

It is worth remembering, as further proof how little you can count on any means certainly conducing to the end of Getting On, that the most opposite courses of conduct have led men to great success. To be the toady of a great man is a familiar art of self-advancement: there once was a person who by doing extremely dirty work for a notorious peer, attained a considerable place in the government of this country. But it is a question of luck, after all. Sometimes it has been the making of a man, to insult a Duke, or to bully a Chief-Justice. It made him a popular favourite: it enlisted general sympathy on his side: it gained him credit for nerve and courage. But public feeling, and the feeling of the dispensers of patronage in all walks of life, oscillates so much, that at different times, the most contradictory qualities may commend a man for preferment. You may have known a man who was much favoured by those in power, though he was an extremely outspoken, injudicious, and almost reckless person. It is only at rare intervals that such a man finds favour: a grave, steady, and reliable man, who will never say or do anything outrageous, is for the most part preferred. And now and then you may find a highly cultivated congregation, wearied by having had for its minister for many years a remarkably correct and judicious though tiresome preacher, making choice for his successor of a brilliant and startling orator, very deficient in taste and sense. A man's

luck, in all these cases, will appear, if it bring him into notice just at the time when his special characteristics are held in most estimation. If for some specific purpose, you desire to have a horse which has only three legs, it is plain that if two horses present themselves for your choice, one with three legs and the other with four, you will select and prefer the animal with three. It will be the best, so far as concerns you. And its good luck will appear in this: that it has come to your notice just when your liking happened to be a somewhat peculiar one. In like manner, you may find people say, In filling up this place at the present time, we don't want a clever man, or a well-informed man, or an accomplished and presentable man: we want a meek man, a humble man, a man who will take snubbing freely, a rough man, a man like ourselves. And I have known many cases, in which, of several competitors, one was selected just for the possession of qualities which testified his inferiority to the others. But then, in this case, that which was absolutely the worst, was the best for the particular case. The people *wanted* a horse with three legs: and when such an animal presented itself, they very naturally preferred him to the other horses which had four legs. The horses with four legs naturally complained of the choice; and thought themselves badly used when the screw was taken in preference. They were wrong. There are places for which a rough man is better than a smooth one: a dirty man than a clean one: in the judgment (that is) of the people who have the filling up of the place. I certainly think their judgment is wrong. But it *is* their judgment; and of course they act upon it.

As regards the attainment of very great and unusual wealth, by business or the like, it is very plain how much there is of luck. A certain degree of business talent is of course necessary, in the man who rises in a few years from nothing to enormous wealth: but it is Providence that says who shall draw the great prize: for other men with just as much ability and industry entirely fail. Talent and industry in business may make sure, unless in very extraordinary circumstances, of decent success: but Providence fixes who shall make four hundred thousand a year. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding: that is, their riches are not necessarily in proportion to their understanding. Trickery and cheating, not crossed by ill-luck, may gain great wealth. I shall not name several instances which will occur to every one. But I suppose, my friend, that you and I would cut off our right hand before we should Get On in worldly wealth by such means as these. You must make up your mind, however, that you will not be envious when you see the fine house, and the horses and carriages, of some successful trickster. All this indeed might have been had: but *you* would not have it at the price. That worldly success is a great deal too dear, which is to be gained only by sullying your integrity! And I gladly believe that I know many men, whom no material bribe would tempt to what is mean or dishonest.

There is something curious in the feeling which many people cherish towards an acquaintance who becomes a successful man. Getting On gives some people mortal offence. To them, success is an unpardonable crime. They absolutely hate the man that Gets On. Timon, you remember, lost the affection of those who knew him when he was ruined: but depend upon it, there are those who would have hated Timon much worse had he suddenly met some great piece of good fortune. I have already said that these envious and malicious people can better bear the success of a man whom they do not know. They cannot stand it, when an old school-companion shoots ahead. They cannot stand it, when a man in their own profession attains to eminence. They diligently thwart such an one's plans; and then chuckle over their failure; saying, with looks of deadly malice, "Ah, this will do him a great deal of good!"

But now, my reader, I am about to stop. Let me briefly sum up my philosophy of Getting On. It is this: A wise man in this world will not set his heart on Getting On; and will not push very much to Get On. He will do his best: and humbly take, with thankfulness, what the Hand above sends him. It is not worth while to push. The whole machinery that tends to earthly success, is so capricious and uncertain in its action, that no man can count upon it, and no wise man will. A chance word, a look, the turning of a straw, may make your success or mar it. A man meets you on the street; and says, Who is the person for such a place, great or small: You suddenly think of somebody; and say, He is your man: and the thing is settled. A hundred poor fellows are disappointed. You did not know about them; or their names did not occur to you. You put your hand into a hat, and drew out a name. You stuck a hook into your memory, and this name came out. And *that* has made the man's fortune. And the upshot of the whole matter is, that such an infinitude of little fortuitous circumstances may either further or prevent our Getting On: the whole game is so complicated: that the right and happy course is humbly to do your duty and leave the issue with God. Let me say it again: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!" It is not worth while. All your seeking will not make you sure of getting them: the only things you will make sure of will be fever and toil and suspense. We shall not push, or scheme, or dodge, for worldly success. We shall succeed exactly as well; and we shall save ourselves much that is wearisome and degrading. Let us trust in God, my friend; and do right: and we shall Get On as much as He thinks good for us. And it is not the greatest thing to Get On. I mean, to Get On in matters that begin and end upon this world. There is a progress in which we are sure of success, if we earnestly aim at it; which is the best Getting On of all. Let us "grow in grace." Let us try, by God's aid, to grow better, kinder, humbler, more patient, more earnest to do good to all. If the germ of the better life be implanted in us by the Blessed Spirit, and tended by Him day by day: if we trust our Saviour and love our God: then our whole existence, here and hereafter, will be a glorious progress from good to better. We shall always be Getting On!

A. K. H. B.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XIX.

"MISSING"—"Lost"—"To—"—all the initials of the alphabet—we read these sort of advertisements in the newspapers; and unless there happens to be in them something intensely pathetic, comical, or horrible, we think very little about them. Only those who have undergone all that such an advertisement implies, can understand its depth of misery: the sudden missing of the person out of the home-circle, whether going away in anger, or driven away by terror or disgrace; the

hour after hour and day after day of agonized suspense; the self-reproach, real or imaginary, lest anything might have been said or done that was not said or done—anything prevented that was not prevented; the gnawing remorse for some cruel, or careless, or bitter word, that could so easily have been avoided.

Alas! if people could only be made to feel that every word, every action, carries with it the weight of an eternity; that the merest chance may make something said or done quite unpremeditatedly, in vexation, sullenness, or spite, the *last* action, the *last* word; which may grow into an awful remembrance, rising up between them and the irredeemable past, and blackening the future for years.

Selina was quite sure her unhappy nephew had committed suicide, and that she had been the cause of it. This conviction she impressed incessantly on her two sisters, as they waited upon her, or sat talking by her bedside during that long Saturday, when there was nothing else to be done.

That was the misery of it. There was nothing to be done. They had not the slightest clue to Ascott's haunts or associates. With the last lingering of honest shame, or honest respect for his aunts, he had kept all these things to himself. To search for him in wide London was altogether impossible.

Two courses suggested themselves to Hilary—one, to go and consult Miss Balquidder; the other—which came into her mind from some similar case she had heard of—to set on foot inquiries at all police-stations. But the first idea was soon rejected: only at the last extremity could she make patent the family misery, the family disgrace. To the second, similar and even stronger reasons applied. There was something about the cool, matter-of-fact, business-like act of setting a detective officer to hunt out their nephew, from which these poor women recoiled. Besides, impressed as he was—he had told his Aunt Johanna so—with the relentlessness of Mr. Ascott, might not the chance of his discovering that he was hunted, drive him to desperation?

Hardly to suicide. Hilary steadfastly disbelieved in that. When Selina painted horrible pictures of his throwing himself off Waterloo Bridge; or being found hanging to a tree in one of the parks; or locking himself in a hotel bedchamber, and blowing out his brains, her younger sister only laughed—laughed as much as she could—if only to keep Johanna quiet.

Yet she herself had few fears. For she knew that Ascott was, in a sense, too cowardly to kill himself. He so disliked physical pain; physical unpleasantness of all kinds. She felt sure he would stop short, even with the razor or the pistol in his hand, rather than do a thing so very disagreeable.

Nevertheless, in spite of herself, while she and her sisters sat together, hour after hour, in a stillness almost like that when there is a death in the house, these morbid terrors took a double size. Hilary ceased to treat them as ridiculous impossibilities, but began to argue them out rationally. The mere act of doing so made her recoil; for it seemed an acknowledgment that she was fighting not with chimeras, but realities.

"It is twenty-four hours since he went," she reasoned. "If he had done anything desperate he would have done it at once, and we should have heard of it long before now; ill news always travels fast. Besides, his name was marked on all his clothes in full. I did it myself. And his coat-pockets were always stuffed with letters; he used to cram them in as soon as he got them, you know."

And at this small remembrance of one of his "ways," even though it was an unkind way, and had caused them many a pain, from the want of confidence it showed, his poor fond aunts turned aside to hide their starting tears. The very phrase "he used to" seemed such an unconscious admission that his life with them was over and done: that he never would either please them or vex them any more.

Yet they took care that during the whole day, everything should be done as if he were expected minute by minute: that Elizabeth should lay the fourth knife and fork at dinner, the fourth cup and saucer at tea. Elizabeth, who throughout had faithfully kept her pledge; who went about silently and unobservantly, and by every means in her power put aside the curiosity of Mrs. Jones as to what could be the reason that her lodgers had sat up all night, and what on earth had become of young Mr. Leaf.

After tea, Johanna, quite worn out, consented to go to bed; and then Hilary, left to her own responsibility, set herself to consider how long this dreadful quietness was to last, whether nothing could be done. She could endure whatever was inevitable, but it was against her nature as well as her conscience, to sit down tamely to endure anything whatsoever, till it did become inevitable.

In the first place, she determined on that which a certain sense of honour, as well as the fear of vexing him should he come home, had hitherto prevented,—the examining of Ascott's room, drawers, clothes, and papers. It was a very dreary business—almost like doing the like to a person who was dead, only without the sad sanctity that belongs to the dead, whose very errors are forgotten and forgiven, who can neither suffer nor make others suffer any more.

Many things she found, and more she guessed at,—things which stabbed her to the heart, things that she never told, not even to Johanna; but she found no clue whatever to Ascott's whereabouts, intentions, or connexions. One thing, however, struck her—that most of his clothes, and all his somewhat extensive stock of jewellery, were gone; everything, in short, that could be convertible into money. It was evident that his flight, sudden as it was, had been premeditated as at least a possibility.

This so far was satisfactory. It took away the one haunting fear, of his committing suicide; and made it likely that he was still lingering about, hiding from justice and Mr. Ascott, or perhaps waiting for an opportunity to escape from England, from the fear that his godfather, even if not prosecuting him, had the power and doubtless the will completely to crush his future, wherever he was known.

Where could he go? His aunt tried to think over every word he had ever let fall about America, Australia, or any other place to which the hopeless outlaws of this country fly; but she could recollect nothing to enable her to form any conclusion. One thing only she was sure of—that if once he went away, his own words would come true; they would never see his face again. The last tie, the last constraint that bound him to home and a steady, righteous life would be broken: he would go all adrift, be tossed hither and thither on every wave of circumstance—what *he* called circumstance—till Heaven only knew what a total wreck he might speedily become, or in what forlorn and far-off seas his ruined life might go down. He, Ascott Leaf, the last of the name and family.

"It cannot be; it shall not be," cried Hilary. A sharp, bitter cry of resistance to the death; and her heart seemed to go out to the wretched boy, and her hands to clutch at him, as if he were drowning, and she were the only one to save him. How could she do it?

If she could only get at him, by word or letter! But that seemed impossible, until, turning over scheme after scheme, she suddenly thought of the one which so many people had tried in similar circumstances, and which she remembered they had talked over and laughed over, they and Ascott, one Sunday evening not so very long ago. This was—a *Times* advertisement.

The difficulty how to word it, so as to catch his attention, and yet escape publicity, was very great, especially as his initials were so common. Hundreds of "A. L.'s" might be wandering away from home, to whom all that she dared say to call Ascott back would equally apply. At last a bright thought struck her.

"A leaf" (with a small *l*) "will be quite safe wherever found. Come. Saturday. 15."

As she wrote it—this wretched *double entendre*—she was seized with that sudden sense of the ludicrous which sometimes intrudes in such a ghastly fashion in the very midst of great misery. She burst into uncontrollable laughter, fit after fit; so violent, that Elizabeth, who came in by chance, was terrified out of her wits; and kneeling beside her mistress, implored her to be quiet. At last the paroxysm ended in complete exhaustion. The tension of the last twenty-four hours had given way; and Hilary knew her strength was gone. Yet the advertisement ought to be taken to the *Times* office that very night, in order to be inserted without fail on Monday morning.

There was but one person whom she could trust—Elizabeth.

She looked at the girl, who was kneeling beside the sofa, rubbing her feet, and sometimes casting a glance round, in the quiet way of one well used to nursing, who can find out how the sufferer is without "fussing" with questions. She noticed, probably because she had seen little of her of late, a curious change in Elizabeth. It must have been gradual, but yet its result had never been so apparent before. Her brusqueness had softened down, and there had come into her and shone out of her, spite of all her natural uncomeliness of person, that beautiful, intangible something, common alike to peasant and queen, as clear to see and as sad to miss in both—womanliness. Added thereto was the gentle composure of mien which almost invariably accompanied it, which instinctively makes you feel that in great things or small, whatever the woman has to do, she will do it in the womanliest, wisest, and best way.

So thought Miss Hilary, as she lay watching her servant, and then explained to her the errand upon which she wished to send her.

Not much explanation, for she merely gave her the advertisement to read, and told her what she wished done with it. And Elizabeth, on her part, asked no questions; but simply listened and obeyed.

After she was gone, Hilary lay on the sofa, passive and motionless. Her strength and activity seemed to have collapsed at once into that heavy quietness which comes when one has endured to the utmost limit of endurance, when one feels as if to speak a word or to lift a finger would be as much as life was worth.

"Oh, if I could only go to sleep!" was all she thought.

By and by, sleep did come; and she was taken far away out of these miseries. By the strange peculiarity of dreams, that we so seldom dream about any grief that oppresses us at the time, but

generally of something quite different, she thought she was in some known unknown land, lovely and beautiful, with blue hills rising in the distance, and blue seas creeping and curling on to the shore. On this shore she was walking with Robert Lyon, just as he used to be, with his true face and honest voice. He did not talk to her much; but she felt him there, and knew they had but "one heart between them." A heart which had never once swerved, either from the other; a heart, whole and sound, into which the least unfaith had never come, that had never known, or recognised even as a possibility, the one first doubt, the ominous

> "Little rift within the lute
> That by and by will make the music mute,
> And ever widening slowly silence all."

Is it ever so in this world? Does God ever bring the faithful man to the faithful woman, and make them love one another with a righteous, holy, persistent tenderness, which dare look in His face, nor be ashamed; which sees in this life only the beginning of the life to come; and in the closest, most passionate human love, something to be held with a loose hand, something frail as glass and brittle as straw, unless it is perfected and sanctified by the love divine?

Hilary at least believed so. And when at Elizabeth's knock she woke with a start, and saw—not the sweet sea-shore and Robert Lyon, but the dull parlour, and the last flicker of the fire, she thanked God that her dream was not all a dream; that sharp as her misery was, it did not touch this—the love of her heart: she believed in Robert Lyon still.

And so she rose and spoke quite cheerfully, asking Elizabeth how she had managed, and whether the advertisement would be sure to be in on Monday morning.

"Yes, Miss Hilary; it is sure to be all right."

And then the girl hung about the room in an uneasy way, as if she had something to tell, which was the fact.

Elizabeth had had an adventure. It was a new thing in her monotonous life; it brightened her eyes, and flushed her cheeks, and made her old nervousness of manner return. More especially as she was somewhat perplexed, being divided in her mind between the wish she had to tell her mistress everything, and the fear to trouble her, at this troublous time, with any small matter that merely concerned herself.

The matter was this. When she had given in her advertisement at the *Times* office, and was standing behind the counter waiting for her change and receipt, there stood beside her a young man, also waiting. She had hardly noticed him, till on his talking to the clerk about some misprint in his advertisement, apparently one of the great column of "Want Places," her ear was caught by the unmistakable Stowbury accent.

It was the first time she had heard it since she left home, and to Elizabeth's tenacious nature home in absence had gained an additional charm, had grown to be the one place in the world about which her affections clung. In these dreary wilds of London, to hear a Stowbury tongue, to catch sight of a Stowbury person, or even one who might know Stowbury, made her heart leap up with a bound of joy. She turned suddenly, and looked intently at the young man, or rather the lad, for he seemed a mere lad, small, slight, and whiskerless.

"Well, Miss, I hope you'll know me again next time," said the young fellow. At which remark Elizabeth saw that he was neither so young nor so simple as she had at first thought. She drew back, very much ashamed, and colouring deeply.

Now, if Elizabeth ever looked anything like comely, it was when she blushed; for she had the delicate skin peculiar to the young women of her district; and when the blood rushed through it, no cheek of lady fair ever assumed a brighter rose. That, or the natural vanity of man in being noticed by woman, caught the youth's attention.

"Come now, Miss, don't be shy or offended. Perhaps I'm going your way? Would you like company home?"

"No, thank you," said Elizabeth with great dignity.

"Well, won't you even tell a fellow your name? Mine's Tom Cliffe, and I live—"

"Cliffe! Are you little Tommy Cliffe, and do you come from Stowbury?"

And all Elizabeth's heart was in her eyes.

As has been said, she was of a specially tenacious nature. She liked few people, but those she did like she held very fast. Almost the only strong interest of her life, except Miss Hilary, had been the little boy whom she had snatched from under the horse's heels; and though he was rather a scapegrace, and cared little for her, and his mother was a decidedly objectionable woman, she had clung to them both firmly till she lost sight of them.

Now, it was not to be expected that she should recognise in this London stranger the little lad whose life she had saved—a lad, too, from her beloved Stowbury—without a certain amount of emotion, at which the individual in question broadly stared.

"Bless your heart, I am Tommy Cliffe from Stowbury, sure enough. Who are you?"

"Elizabeth Hand."

Whereupon ensued a most friendly greeting. Tom declared he should have known her any-

where, and had never forgotten her—never! How far that was true or not, he certainly looked as if it were; and two great tears of pleasure dimmed Elizabeth's kind eyes.

"You've grown a man now, Tommy," said she, looking at him with a sort of half-maternal pride, and noticing his remarkably handsome and intelligent face,—so intelligent that it would have attracted notice, though it was set upon broad, stooping shoulders, and a small, slight body. "Let me see; how old are you?"

"I'm nineteen, I think."

"And I'm two-and-twenty. How aged we are growing!" said Elizabeth with a smile.

Then she asked after Mrs. Cliffe, but got only the brief answer, "Mother's dead," given in a tone as if no more inquiries would be welcome. His two sisters, also, had died of typhus in one week, and Tom had been "on his own hook," as he expressed it, for the last three years.

He was extremely frank and confidential; told how he had begun life as a printer's "devil," afterwards become a compositor, and his health failing, had left the trade, and gone as servant to a literary gentleman.

"An uncommon clever fellow is master; keeps his carriage, and has dukes to dinner, all out of his books. Maybe you've heard of them, Elizabeth?" and he named a few, in a patronizing way; at which Elizabeth smiled, for she knew them well. But she nevertheless regarded with a certain awe the servant of so great a man, and "little Tommy Cliffe" took a new importance in her eyes.

Also, as he walked with her along the street to find an omnibus, she could not help perceiving what a sharp little fellow he had grown into; how, like many another printer's boy, he had caught the influence of the atmosphere of letters, and was educated, self-educated of course, to a degree far beyond his position. When she looked at him, and listened to him, Elizabeth involuntarily thought of Benjamin Franklin, and of many more who had raised themselves from the ink-pot and the compositor's desk to fame and eminence, and she fancied that such might be the lot of "little Tommy Cliffe." Why not? If so, how excessively proud she should be!

For the moment, she had forgotten her errand; forgotten even Miss Hilary. It was not till Tom Cliffe asked her where she lived, that she suddenly recollected her mistress might not like, under present circumstances, that their abode or anything concerning them should be known to a Stowbury person.

It was a struggle. She would have liked to see the lad again; have liked to talk over with him Stowbury things and Stowbury people; but she felt she ought not, and she would not.

"Tell me where you live, Tom, and that will do just as well; at least till I speak to my mistress. I never had a visitor before, and my mistress might not like it."

"No followers allowed, eh?"

Elizabeth laughed. The idea of little Tommy Cliffe as her "follower" seemed so very funny.

So she bade him good-bye; having, thanks to his gay frankness, been made acquainted with all about him, but leaving him in perfect ignorance concerning herself and her mistress. She only smiled when he declared contemptuously, and with rather a romantic emphasis, that he would hunt her out, though it were half over London.

This was all her adventure. When she came to tell it, it seemed very little to tell, and Miss Hilary listened to it rather indifferently, trying hard to remember who Tommy Cliffe was, and to take an interest in him because he came from Stowbury. But Stowbury days were so far off now—with such a gulf of pain between.

Suddenly the same fear occurred to her that had occurred to Elizabeth.

"The lad did not see the advertisement, I hope? You did not tell him about us?"

"I told him nothing," said Elizabeth, speaking softly, and looking down. "I did not even mention anybody's name."

"That was right: thank you."

But oh, the bitterness of knowing, and feeling sure Elizabeth knew too, the thing for which she thanked her; and that not to mention Ascott's name was the greatest kindness the faithful servant could show towards the family.

CHAPTER XX.

Ascott Leaf never came home.

Day after day appeared the advertisement, sometimes slightly altered, as hope or fear suggested; but no word, no letter, no answer of any kind reached the anxious women.

By and by, moved by their distress, or perhaps feeling that the scapegrace would be safer got rid of if found and despatched abroad in some decent manner, Mr. Ascott himself took measures for privately continuing the search. Every outward-bound ship was examined; every hospital visited; every case of suicide investigated; but in vain. The unhappy young man had disappeared, suddenly and completely, as many another has disappeared, out of the home circle, and been never heard of more.

It is difficult to understand how a family can possibly bear such a sorrow, did we not know that many have had to bear it, and have borne it, with all its load of agonizing suspense, slowly dying hope—

"The hope that keeps alive despair,"—

settling down into a permanent grief, compared to which the grief for loss by death is light and endurable.

The Leaf family went through all this. Was it better or worse for them that their anguish had to be secret? that there were no friends to pity, inquire, or console? that Johanna had to sit hour by hour and day by day in the solitary parlour, Selina having soon gone back to her old ways of "gadding about," and her marriage preparations; and that, hardest of all, Hilary had on the Monday morning to return to Kensington, and work, work, work, as if nothing were amiss?

But it was natural that all this should tell upon her; and one day Miss Balquidder said, after a long covert observation of her face, "My dear, you look ill. Is there anything troubling you? My young people always tell me their troubles, bodily or mental. I doctor both."

"I am sure of it," said Hilary, with a sad smile, but entered into no explanation; and Miss Balquidder had the wise kindliness to inquire no further. Nevertheless, on some errand or other she came to Kensington nearly every evening, and took Hilary back with her to sleep at No. 15.

"Your sister Selina must wish to have you with her as much as possible till she is married," she said, as a reason for doing this.

And Hilary acquiesced, but silently, as we often do acquiesce in what ought to be a truth, but which we know to be the saddest, most painful falsehood.

For Selina, it became plain to see, was one of the family no more. After her first burst of self-reproachful grief she took Mr. Ascott's view of her nephew's loss—that it was a good riddance; went on calmly with her bridal preparations, and seemed only afraid lest anything should interfere to prevent her marriage.

But the danger was apparently tided over. No news of Ascott came. Even the daily inquiries for him by his creditors had ceased. His aunt Selina was beginning to breathe freely, when, the morning before the wedding-day, as they were all sitting in the midst of white finery, but as sadly and silently as if it were a funeral, a person was suddenly shown in "on business."

It was a detective officer, sent to find out from Ascott Leaf's aunts whether a certain description of him, in a printed handbill, was correct. For his principal creditor, exasperated, had determined on thus advertising him in the public papers as having "absconded."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the little parlour, the three aunts could not have been more utterly overwhelmed. They made no "scene,"—a certain sense of pride kept these poor gentlewomen from betraying their misery to a strange man; though he was a very civil man, and having delivered himself of his errand, like an automaton, sat looking into his hat, and taking no notice of aught around him. He was accustomed to this sort of thing.

Hilary was the first to recover herself. She glanced round at her sisters, but they had not a word to say. In any crisis of family difficulty they always left her to take the helm.

Rapidly she ran over in her mind all the consequences that would arise from this new trouble,—the public disgrace; Mr. Ascott's anger and annoyance, not that she cared much for this, except so far as it would affect Selina; lastly, the deathblow it was to any possible hope of reclaiming the poor prodigal. Who she did not believe was dead, but still fondly trusted he would return one day from his wanderings and his swine's husks, to have the fatted calf killed for him and glad tears shed over him. But after being advertised as "absconded," Ascott never would, never could, come home any more.

Taking as cool and business-like a tone as she could, she returned the paper to the detective.

"This is a summary proceeding. Is there no way of avoiding it?"

"One, miss," replied the man, very respectfully. "If the family would pay the debt."

"Do you know how much it is?"

"Eighty pounds."

"Ah!"

That hopeless sigh of Johanna's was sufficient answer, though no one spoke.

But in desperate cases some women acquire a desperate courage, or rather it is less courage than faith—the faith which is said to "remove mountains," the belief that to the very last there must be something to be done, and, if it can be done, they will have strength to do it. True, the mountain may not be removed, but the mere act of faith, or courage, sometimes teaches how to climb over it.

"Very well. Take this paper back to your employer. He must be aware that his only chance of payment is by suppressing it. If he will do that, in two days he shall hear from us, and we will make arrangements about paying the debt."

Hilary said this, to her sisters' utter astonishment; so utter that they let her say it, and let the detective go away with a civil "Good morning," before they could interfere or contradict by a word.

"Paying the debt! Hilary, what have you promised! It is an impossibility."

"Like the Frenchman's answer to his mistress, —'Madame, if it had been possible it would have been done already; if it is impossible, it shall be done.' It shall, I say."

"I wonder you can jest about our misfortunes," said Selina, in her most querulous voice.

"I'm not jesting. But where is the use of sit-

ting down to moan! I mean what I say. The thing *must* be done."

Her eyes glittered—her small red lips were set tightly together.

"If it is not done, sisters—if his public disgrace is not prevented, don't you see the result? Not as regards your marriage, Selina—the man must be a coward who would refuse to marry a woman he cared for, even though her nearest kinsman had been hanged at the Old Bailey—but Ascott himself. The boy is not a bad boy, though he has done wickedly; but there is a difference between a wicked act and a wicked nature. I mean to save him if I can."

"How?"

"By saving his good name; by paying the debt."

"And where on earth shall you get the money?"

"I will go to Miss Balquidder and—"

"Borrow it?"

"No; never! I would as soon think of stealing it."

Then controlling herself, Hilary explained that she meant to ask Miss Balquidder to arrange for her with the creditor to pay the eighty pounds by certain weekly or monthly instalments, to be deducted from her salary at Kensington.

"It is not a very great favour to ask of her: merely that she should say, 'This young woman is employed by me: I believe her to be honest, respectable, and so forth: also, that when she makes a promise to pay, she will to the best of her power perform it.' A character which is at present rather a novelty in the Leaf family."

"Hilary!"

"I am growing bitter, Johanna; I know I am. Why should we suffer so much! Why should we be always dragged down—down—in this way? Why should we never have had any one to cherish and take care of us, like other women? Why—"

Miss Leaf laid her finger on her child's lips—

"Because it is the will of God."

Hilary flung herself on her dear old sister's neck, and burst into tears.

Selina, too, cried a little, and said that she should like to help in paying the debt, if Mr. Ascott had no objection. And then she turned back to her white splendours, and became absorbed in the annoyance of there being far too much clematis and far too little orange-blossom in the bridal bonnet—which it was now too late to change. A little, also, she vexed herself about the risk of confiding in Miss Balquidder, lest by any chance the story might get round to Russell Square; and was urgent that at least nothing should be said or done until after to-morrow. She was determined to be married, and dreaded any slip between the cup and the lip.

But Hilary was resolute. "I said that in two days the matter should be arranged, and so it must be, or the man will think we too break our promises."

"You can assure him to the contrary," said Selina with dignity. "In fact, why can't you arrange with him without going at all to Miss Balquidder?"

Again the fierce, bitter expression returned to Hilary's face.

"You forget, Miss Balquidder's honest name is his only guarantee against the dishonesty of ours."

"Hilary, you disgrace us—disgrace me—speaking in such a way. Are we not gentlewomen?"

"I don't know, Selina. I don't seem to know or to feel anything, except that I would live on bread and water, in order to live peaceably and honestly. Oh, will it ever, ever be!"

She walked up and down the parlour, disarranging the white draperies which lay about, feeling unutterable contempt for them and for her sister. Angry and miserable, with every nerve quivering, she was at war with the whole world.

This feeling lasted even when, after some discussion, she gained her point, and was on her way to call on Miss Balquidder. She went round and round the Square many times, trying to fix in her mind word for word what she meant to say; revealing no more of the family history than was absolutely necessary, and stating her business in the briefest, hardest, most matter-of-fact way—putting it as a transaction between employer and employed, in which there was no more favour asked or bestowed than could possibly be avoided. And, as the sharp east wind blew across her at every corner, minute by minute she felt herself growing more fierce, and hard, and cold.

"This will never do. I shall be wicked by and by. I must go in and get it over."

Perhaps it was as well. Well for her, morally as physically, that there should have been that sudden change from the blighting weather outside to the warm, well-lighted room, where the good rich woman sat at her early and solitary tea.

Very solitary it looked—the little table in the centre of that large, handsome parlour, with the one cup and saucer, the one easy-chair. And as Hilary entered, she noticed, amidst all this comfort and luxury, the still, grave, almost sad expression which solitary people always get to wear.

But the next minute Miss Balquidder had turned round, and risen, smiling.

"Miss Leaf, how very kind of you to come and see me! Just the day before the wedding, too, when you must be so busy. Sit down, and tell me all about it. But first, my dear, how wet your boots are! Let me take them off at once."

Which she did, sending for her own big slippers,

and putting them on the tiny feet with her own hands.

Hilary submitted—in truth, she was too much surprised to resist.

Miss Balquidder had, like most folk, her opinions or "crotchets"—as they might be—and one of them was, to keep her business and friendly relations entirely distinct and apart. Whenever she went to Kensington or her other establishments, she was always emphatically "the mistress"—a kindly, and even motherly mistress, certainly—but still authoritative, decided. Moreover, it was her invariable rule to treat all her *employées* alike—"making no step-bairns" among them. Thus, for some time it had happened that Hilary had been, and felt herself to be, just Miss Leaf, the book-keeper, doing her duty to Miss Balquidder, her employer, and neither expecting nor attaining any closer relation.

But in her own house, or it might be from the sudden apparition of that young face at her lonely fireside, Miss Balquidder appeared quite different.

A small thing touches a heart that is sore with trouble. When the good woman rose up—after patting the little feet, and approving loudly of the woollen stockings—she saw that Hilary's whole face was quivering with the effort to keep back her tears.

There are some women of whom one feels by instinct that they were, as Miss Balquidder had once jokingly said of herself, specially meant to be mothers. And though, in its strange providence, Heaven often denies the maternity, it cannot and does not mean to shut up the well-spring of that maternal passion—truly a passion to such women as these, almost as strong as the passion of love—but lets the stream, which might otherwise have blessed one child or one family, flow out wide and far, blessing wherever it goes.

In a tone that somehow touched every fibre of Hilary's heart, Miss Balquidder said, placing her on a low chair beside her own,—

"My dear, you are in trouble. I saw it a week or two ago, but did not like to speak. Couldn't you say it out, and let me help you? You need not be afraid. I never tell anything, and everybody tells everything to me."

That was true. Added to this said motherliness of hers, Miss Balquidder possessed that faculty, which some people have in a remarkable degree, and some—very good people too—are totally deficient in, of attracting confidence. The secrets she had been trusted with, the romances she had been mixed up in, the Quixotic acts she had been called upon to perform during her long life, would have made a novel—or several novels—such as no novelist could dare to write, for the public would condemn them as impossible and unnatural. But all this experience—though happily it could never be put into a book—had given to the woman herself a view of human nature at once so large, lenient, and just, that she was the best person possible to hear the strange and pitiful story of young Ascott Leaf.

How it came out, Hilary hardly knew; she seemed to have told very little, and yet Miss Balquidder guessed it all. It did not appear to surprise or shock her. She neither began to question nor preach; she only laid her hand, her large, motherly, protecting hand, on the bowed head, saying,—

"How much you must have suffered, my poor bairn!"

The soft Scotch tone and word—the grave, quiet Scotch manner, implying more than it even expressed—was it wonderful if underlying as well as outside influences made Hilary completely give way?

Robert Lyon had had a mother, who died when he was seventeen, but of whom he kept the tenderest remembrance, often saying that of all the ladies he had met with in the world, there was none equal to her—the strong, tender, womanly, peasant woman—refined in mind and word and ways—though to the last day of her life she spoke broad Scotch, and did the work of her cottage with her own hands. It seems as if that mother—towards whom Hilary's fancy had clung, lovingly as a woman ought to cling, above all others, to the mother of the man she loves—were speaking to her now, comforting her and helping her—comfort and help that it would have been sweeter to receive from her than from any woman living.

A mere fancy; but in her state of long uncontrolled excitement, it took such possession of her that Hilary fell on her knees, and hid her face in Miss Balquidder's lap, sobbing aloud.

The other was a little surprised; it was not her Scotch way to yield to emotion before folk; but she was a wise woman, she asked no questions,—merely held the quivering hands and smoothed the throbbing head, till composure returned. Some people have a magical, mesmeric power of soothing and controlling: it was hers. When she took the poor face between her hands, and looked straight into the eyes, with, "There, you are better now," Hilary returned the gaze as steadily, nay, smilingly, and rose.

"Now, may I tell you my business?"

"Certainly, my dear. When one's friends are in trouble, the last thing one ought to do is to sit down beside them and moan. Did you come to ask my advice, or had you any definite plan of your own?"

"I had." And Hilary told it.

"A very good plan, and very generous in you to

think of it. But I see two strong objections: first, whether it can be carried out; secondly, whether it ought."

Hilary shrank sensitively.

"Not on my account, my dear, but your own. I often see people making martyrs of themselves for some worthless character on whom the sacrifice is utterly wasted. I object to this, as I would object to throwing myself or my friend into a blazing house, unless I were morally certain there was a life to be saved. Is there in this case?"

"I think there is! I trust in Heaven there is!" said Hilary, earnestly.

There was both pleasure and pity expressed in Miss Balquidder's countenance, as she replied:—"Be it so: that is a matter on which no one can judge except yourself. But on the other matter you ask my advice, and I must give it. To maintain two ladies, and pay a debt of eighty pounds out of one hundred a year is simply impossible."

"With Johanna's income and mine it will be a hundred and twenty pounds and some odd shillings a year."

"You accurate girl! But even with this it cannot be done, unless you were to live in a manner so restricted in the commonest comforts, that at your sister's age she would be sure to suffer. You must look on the question from all sides, my dear. You must be just to others, as well as to that young man, who seems never to— But I will leave him unjudged."

They were both silent for a minute; and then Miss Balquidder said:—"I feel certain there is but one rational way of accomplishing the thing, if you are bent upon doing it, if your own judgment and conscience tell you it ought to be done. Is it so?"

"Yes," said Hilary, firmly.

The old Scotswoman took her hand with a warm pressure. "Very well. I don't blame you. I might have done the same myself. Now to my plan. Miss Leaf, have you known me long enough to confer on me the benediction—one of the few that we rich folk possess,—'It is more blessed to give than to receive!'"

"I don't quite understand."

"Then allow me to explain. I happen to know this creditor of your nephew's. He being a tailor and an outfitter, we have had dealings together in former times, and I know him to be a hard man, an unprincipled man, such an one as no young woman should have to do with, even in business relations. To be in his power, as you would be for some years, if your scheme of gradual payment were carried out, is the last thing I should desire for you. Let me suggest another way. Take me for your creditor instead of him. Pay him at once, and I will write you a cheque for the amount."

The thing was put so delicately, in such an ordinary manner, as if it were a mere business arrangement, that at first Hilary hardly perceived all it implied. When she did; when she found that it was in plain terms a gift or loan of eighty pounds, offered by a person almost a stranger, she was at first quite bewildered. Then (ah! let us not blame her if she carried to a morbid excess that noble independence which is the foundation of all true dignity in man or woman) she shrunk back into herself, overcome with annoyance and shame. At last she forced herself to say, though the words came out rather coldly,—

"You are very good, and I am exceedingly obliged to you; but I never borrowed money in my life. It is quite impossible."

"Very well: I can understand your feelings. I beg your pardon," replied Miss Balquidder, also somewhat coldly.

They sat silent and awkward, and then the elder lady took out a pencil, and began to make calculations in her memorandum-book.

"I am reckoning what is the largest sum per month that you could reasonably be expected to spare, and how you may make the most of what remains. Are you aware that London lodgings are very expensive? I am thinking that if you were to exchange out of the Kensington shop into another I have at Richmond, I could offer you the first floor above it for much less rent than you pay Mrs. Jones; and you could have your sister living with you."

"Ah! that would make us both so much happier! How good you are!"

"You will see, I only wish to help you to help yourself; not to put you under any obligation. Though I cannot see anything so very terrible in your being slightly indebted to an old woman, who has neither chick nor child, and is at perfect liberty to do what she likes with her own."

There was a pathos in the tone which smote Hilary into quick contrition.

"Forgive me! But I have such a horror of borrowing money—you must know why, after what I have told you of our family. You must surely understand"—

"I do, fully; but there are limits even to independence. A person who, for his own pleasure, is ready to take money from anybody and everybody, without the slightest prospect or intention of returning it, is quite different from a friend who in a case of emergency, accepts help from another friend, being ready and willing to take every means of repayment, as I knew you were, and meant you to be. I meant, as you suggested, to stop out of your salary so much per month, till I had my eighty pounds safe back again."

"But suppose you never had it back? I am

young and strong; still I might fall ill—I might die, and you never be repaid."

"Yes, I should," said Miss Balquidder, with a serious smile. "You forget, my dear bairn,—'*Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these little ones, ye have done it unto* ME.' '*He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the* LORD.' I have lent Him a good deal at different times, and He has always paid me back with usury."

There was something at once solemn and a little sad in the way the old lady spoke. Hilary forgot her own side of the subject; her pride, her humiliation.

"But do you not think, Miss Balquidder, that one ought to work on, struggle on, to the last extremity, before one accepts an obligation, most of all a money obligation?"

"I do, as a general principle. Yet money is not the greatest thing in this world, that a pecuniary debt should be the worst to bear. And sometimes one of the kindest acts you can do to a fellow-creature—one that touches and softens his heart; nay, perhaps wins it to you for life, is to accept a favour from him."

Hilary made no reply.

"I speak a little from experience. I have not had a very happy life myself; at least most people would say so if they knew it; but the Lord has made it up to me by giving me the means of bringing happiness, in money as well as other ways, to other people. Most of us have our favourite luxuries; this is mine. I like to do people good; I like also—though maybe that is a mean weakness—to feel that I do it. If all whom I have been made instrumental in helping had said to me, as you have done, 'I will not be helped, I will not be made happy,' it would have been rather hard for me."

And a smile, half humorous, half sad, came over the hard-featured face, spiritualizing its whole expression.

Hilary wavered. She compared her own life, happy still, and hopeful, for all its cares, with that of this lonely woman, whose only blessing was her riches, except the generous heart which sanctified them, and made them such. Humbled, nay, ashamed, she took and kissed the kindly hand which had succoured so many, yet which, in the inscrutable mystery of Providence, had been left to go down to the grave alone; missing all that is personal, dear, and precious to a woman's heart, and getting instead only what Hilary now gave her—the half-sweet, half-bitter payment of gratitude.

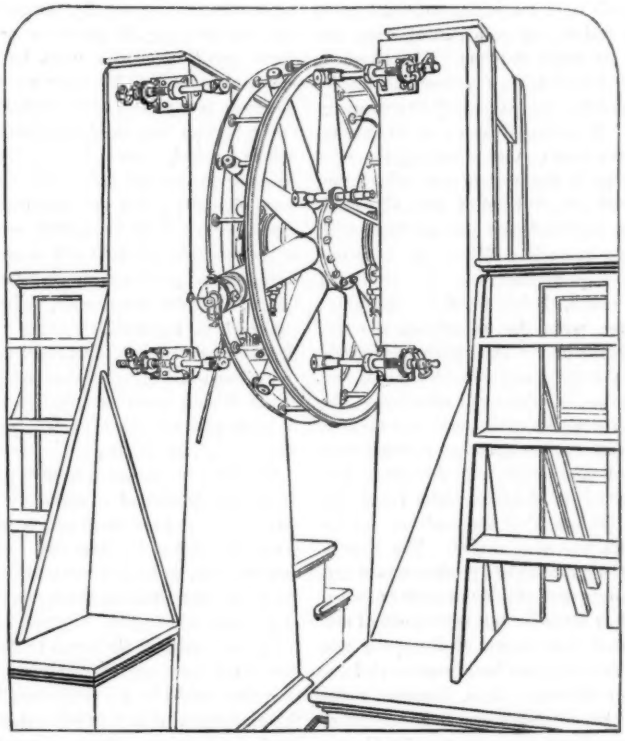
"Well, my bairn, what is to be done?"

"I will do whatever you think right," murmured Hilary.

AT NIGHT IN AN OBSERVATORY.

THE chief improvements in the telescope are due to the labours of men busily engaged in trades and professions, which might, at first sight, seem incompatible with scientific pursuits. All readers are familiar with the case of Sir William Herschel, who was not deterred by the many engagements of his musical profession from devoting himself to the grinding of specula. But this is only one of many similar cases. The greatest improvement in the telescope, since the date of its invention, is due to a Spitalfields silk weaver, John Dollond. His family were exiled from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and found a home in the suburbs of London. The devotion of the Spitalfields weavers to mathematics, is one of the most curious as well as the most gratifying passages in the history of science; and John Dollond shone as one of the most distinguished of the number. He did not scruple to break a lance with the illustrious Euler; and for his improvements in the telescope, he received the highest honour of the Royal Society,—viz., the award of the Copley medal. He was the founder of the fortunes of his family, though it was his son Peter who amassed the wealth that flowed from the achromatic arrangement. Peter, like his father, plied the shuttle in his youth, but he soon abandoned it for the more promising field of optics. Ramsden, who gained so much celebrity for his skill in dividing astronomical instruments, was a Yorkshire clothier. It would be easy to mention the names of many others, who, while they did not abandon the trade or profession in which they were trained, yet found time to improve the telescope, and advance the cause of astronomy. It is pleasant to record such cases, in which the daily toil of life has been lightened and dignified by science. It is satisfactory, too, to note, that science in those cases was wooed without any pecuniary loss. Their love of science seemed to make them only more prosperous in business. It is frequently very different when the mechanic acquires a taste for light literature. Instead of strengthening his arm, like science, for daily toil, it too often enervates him, by fostering a disrelish for the stern duties of life. It is an encouraging fact, viewed in connexion with the ele-

vation of the labouring classes, that in our large cities, especially in London, there is a steady demand amongst this class for the higher class mathematical works. The men that haunt old book-stalls in rusty coats or moleskin jackets, are not always bent, as we are apt to suppose, on the purchase of the ephemeral literature of former days; they are often pondering over the purchase of some work in mathematics which formerly was in repute, but which now, from changes in educational methods, may be purchased for a trifle. Many a mechanic is working hard at fluxions in his garret, ignorant of the improved notation of modern days. He finds his great reward in the delight which the exercise of his intellectual faculties affords, and, with no thought of scientific celebrity, he revels in the profundities of the higher calculus. Such pure and disinterested love of science is one of the most hopeful features of the labour question. It proves that the highest intellectual labour is perfectly compatible with daily toil. The decay of mechanics' institutes is usually quoted as a proof that the intellectual elevation of the labouring classes is hopeless. But



it admits of doubt whether the result is not due more to an under, than an over-estimate of the mechanic's capabilities. The mechanic who could relish fluxions, would not long find advantage in attending the showy and superficial lectures usually given at such institutions. A system better calculated to develop his capabilities, would most probably meet with more success.

We shall not, however, delay longer by signalizing the names of those who have contributed most to the improvement of astronomical instruments, but at once introduce the reader to the observatory itself. All observatories have a great family likeness; but, to be more special, we shall suppose that the observatory in question is the one erected, about twenty years ago, in Glasgow, in connexion with the University, and over which Professor Nichol presided with so much distinction. The handsome building, on the summit of the hill above Partick, owes its erection and completeness very much to the munificence of the merchants of Glasgow, who came forward with liberal donations. If you wish to see it in full operation, you must visit it by night. The transit-room is the principal one; and when you are ushered into it, you find that it is a large sombre apartment, its walls painted, black

and many bright instruments faintly gleaming in the light of dimly-shaded lamps. The room requires to be as dark as possible, and the lamps are used merely for illuminating the interior of the telescope and the face of the clock. As your eye gets accustomed to the gloom, you probably find the observer stretched on his back upon a couch, which is movable, so as to bring his eye close to the telescope. He is situated between two huge stone pillars that serve as supports for the transit-circle, which is the grand instrument of the regular observatory. You may form a pretty fair conception of the instrument, if you suppose a pair of carriage-wheels, with their connecting-axle laid across the tops of the pillars, the axle resting upon two metal supports on which it turns. The telescope is then to be conceived as fixed across the middle of the axle, so that it is hung precisely like a cannon on its carriage. It can only move on its axis up and down; it can turn neither to the right nor the left. On examining the rim of the wheel, you will find an inlaid narrow band of gold all round, and on this are engraved very minute lines, with intervals of two seconds. When the telescope is elevated to a particular star, the circle, of course, turns round, being fixed to the axis; and the observer, when he has placed the star exactly on a spider's line in the centre of the field of view, leaves the eye-glass of the telescope, and views, with a powerful compound microscope, the divided limb. He marks what particular division comes under a spider's line stretched in the field of view of the fixed microscope, and this gives him the required altitude of the star. The measuring apparatus is so perfect, that the position can be read off to the fraction of a second. The transit-circle is one of the most perfect productions of art, both in regard to its optical and measuring powers. It was executed at Munich, the metropolis of art. Most of the finest instruments of European and American observatories have been sent forth from the workshops of this city. It is, however, satisfactory to note, that the tide seems to be once more turning in favour of our own country, for the recently-executed transit-circle at Greenwich is entirely of home manufacture, and its performance is quite unmatched.

When reference is made to the delicate measurements of the astronomer, it is satisfactory to have a clear conception of what the minute divisions mean. Now, what is meant when it is said, that such an instrument reads to the fraction of a second? How far distant from one another must the slender lines be which include a second of space? Some notion of this extreme closeness may be formed, when we state, that about six thousand lines would be crowded into the space of an inch on the limb of a circle six feet in diameter, and yet the astronomer has to deal with even minute fractions of the intervals between these lines. The distances of the fixed stars depend on the measurement of quantities so minute. It was not till within these few years that we could with certainty determine the distance of any of the stars, just because we had not till then the means of dealing with quantities so minute as a second; but so remarkable is our advance in this respect, that one star—viz., Capella—has a parallax (on which the distance depends) of only one-twenty-fifth of a second, or, on the circle in question, the one-twenty-fifth of the six-thousandth of an inch; and yet astronomers speak of its distance as certainly determined. And what renders the thing all the more wonderful is, that these small quantities must be extricated from errors far greater. No instrument, as well as no observer, is supposed to be faultless. The axis of the telescope may not be perfectly level. It may not be precisely east and west. The telescope may be set wrong on the axis. The observer may have some obliquity; and the atmosphere may turn the ray of light out of its straight course;—and each of these sources of error will occasion an amount of deviation far greater than the quantity to be ascertained. Yet the astronomer, by his formulæ, hunts out truth so ingeniously amidst a maze of error, that he at last inevitably runs it down. He has a ton of sand and gravel from which to extract a single shining grain of gold; and he sets to work so systematically, that minute as it is, it cannot slip through his fingers.

We have endeavoured to give a conception of a second on the rim of a brass circle; but it is also satisfactory to have some notion of what a second is on the circle of the heavens. And, as in the one case we took an inch as our unit, we shall now take the apparent breadth of the moon, the most familiar of the heavenly bodies. Suppose a string stretched from one border of the moon to the opposite one, how many stars could be strung upon it, in order that they would be a second apart from each other, the diameter of the moon being about half a degree? No fewer than two thousand would be required, each star being regarded as a mere point of light. Of course this string of individual stars would appear to the eye as a perfectly continuous line of light. Yet the astronomer Strüve, with the great equatorial of Dorpat, could not only individualize each star, but though one hundred more were strung on between any two of the stars, he could still measure the intervals between these interpolated stars; or, in other words, he could, with his micrometer, measure, with certainty, a space in the heavens so minute as the one-hundredth part of a second.

We have considered the measurement of space; but that of time is still more difficult. On enter-

ing the transit-room, you will observe, on looking up, that there is a narrow slit in the roof running from north to south; and your view of the heavens is confined to the narrow strip of blue which is seen through this slit. Now, the astronomer, at his transit-circle, ignores all the rest of the heavens. He has fixed his telescope so that it can point only to this small portion of the sky. He draws an imaginary circle, called a meridian, and he will study the deportment of the stars only at the moment of crossing this line. He stations himself at this ideal barrier, and before allowing any stellar traveller to pass, he questions him minutely to determine his identity—the two essential points being, the time of day when he passes, and his distance north or south from the equator. He questions him on these points, because, if any discrepancy occurs on the occasion of any future transit, it is sure to bring out the secrets of his history. But how is the time-questioning effected? Put your eye to the telescope, and the process will at once be revealed to you. You are surprised, when you look in, to see a blaze of light, instead of darkness, as you expected. The light proceeds from a lamp, and its design is, to show you clearly a slender kind of grating spread over the field of view. This consists of seven spiders' threads, stretched up and down at equal distances, and one crossing in the middle. The perpendicular line in the middle corresponds to the imaginary meridian line. You soon discover a star coming in at one side of the field of view, and, to your surprise, marching rapidly across the lines to the other side. The rapidity invariably startles when first observed; and it affords the most sensible proof of the motion of the earth. No doubt, you can persuade yourself of this motion by watching the heavens during any starry night, and observing how the stars that were in the east at one hour, are in the west at another. But this is a matter of inference. It is not a direct, sensible proof. You do not see the stars moving, as you do the trees and houses when you travel along in a carriage. But in the transit instrument, so sensible is the motion, that it is a most nervous business to note the precise moment when the star passes across the various wires; but it is needful to do this, in order to determine more accurately the moment when it passes the central line. This applies, however, only to the most rapid stars; for, as you approach the pole, the motion becomes slower and slower, till it is imperceptible. The observer must be within hearing of the clock, and as he silently counts the seconds, he must note down when the star passes each line; and as the star may take but a very few seconds to travel from one line to another, he has no sooner noted the one transit, than he has to note another. This would be all comparatively easy, if the star passed each line precisely at the beat of each second; but this rarely occurs, and, consequently, the observer has to make a hurried estimate of the fraction of a second; and the requirements of science are such, that he must be able to appreciate the tenth of a second. Listen to the beat of a clock, and if you attempt to divide the interval between two beats into ten smaller intervals, you will have some idea of the difficulty of transit observation.

One of the most recent and important improvements in astronomical observation is designed to obviate this difficulty; and we owe it to America, which is now beginning to make valuable contributions to science as well as literature. The principle of the contrivance in question, consists in the substitution of the sense of touch for the sense of hearing. It is found, that sight and touch will act in much closer concert, than sight and hearing. Instead, then, of watching the clock with the ear, and the star with the eye, the observer, when he notes the transit with the eye, presses a key with his finger, which makes a record of the observation. The finger, it is found, acts in instantaneous concert with the eye. The key acts upon a pen, which makes a mark on a sheet of paper moved by machinery. The beauty of the contrivance lies much in the application of electricity, which is now made to do duty in every possible way, from the ringing of a bell in the servants' hall, to the exploding of a mine under a fortress. The pen is connected with the clock by an electric bond, in such a manner that, though the observer be absolutely deaf, he can, on examining the sheet of paper after the observation, tell, to the hundreth part of a second, the instant when the star passed the wire. The sheet of paper need not be close to the observer. It may be at Paris, or St. Petersburg, or wherever there is electric communication; and the moment the observer presses the key in this country, the record may be made hundreds of miles distant.

It is possible, with all this precision, that the observer may err. He is only making a report of a picture painted on his retina, and we can have no absolute assurance that his report of that picture is perfectly accurate. Indeed, it is found that this is a most important source of error. It is found that each observer has his own individual obliquity of judgment; and this must be determined before absolute reliance can be placed on his observations. But might we not dispense with the observer altogether? Could we not, when we order a telescope, also order an eye to look through the telescope? Having the eye to examine after the observation, we would not be dependent on

the errors of judgment at the moment of observation. It would be a great ease to the astronomer himself, as there is no task so comfortless as that of observing in a transit-room. The scientific martyr has to shiver the live-long night on his couch. A cascade of bitterly cold air, often far below the freezing point, is constantly pouring down upon his head, and, unfortunately, the most precious nights for observation are the most bitterly cold. If a sea-coal fire were permitted, it would be some consolation; but such a thing cannot be dreamt of. Even the heat of the observer's body, cold as it is, endangers the delicate adjustments of the instrument, when there is too close a proximity; and anything like a blazing fire would be quite destructive of nice observation. An artificial eye would, then, be an acquisition of no ordinary value. This idea, although it savours of the wild conception of Frankenstein, is already partially realized. The artificial eye consists of a surface sensitive to light, placed where the eye of the observer is now placed, and the image of the celestial object is drawn at any moment on this surface, instead of on the retina of the observer. The difference is, that the impression on the artificial eye is permanent, and we can examine it at our leisure, whereas the impression on the living eye is transitory, and we have to depend on a hurried, and perhaps erroneous report. An apparatus is erected at Kew Observatory on this principle, for the observation of the sun's disc. To gain this object, it is so arranged by clock-work, that an artificial retina is presented, at a certain moment, and, after receiving the photographic image, withdrawn. This plan has had only partial success; but we can readily conceive it to be so developed, as to work a revolution in astronomy.

After examining the transit-room, the visitor will be ushered into the dome, where the equatorial instrument is fixed on a pillar. The dome, of sheet-iron, is a very conspicuous object for miles around. It serves no other purpose than that of a convenient shelter for the telescope. The equatorial, unlike the transit instrument, is made to turn in every direction. In the transit-room, the observer must wait till the star comes round to the slit in the roof. In the dome, he turns the telescope to the object at once. The dome has also a slit like the transit-room; but, in order to accommodate the wider range of its inmate, it is made to turn round on its base, so that the slit may be always opposite the mouth of the telescope. An equatorial is a telescope so mounted that it keeps the object in view, and does not allow it to flit by as in the transit instrument. If, in travelling on a railway, you look at some near object through a telescope, you will, in order to keep the object in view, require to be constantly changing the direction of the telescope. This is precisely the case with the equatorial, only it is the motion of the earth, not the railway carriage, that requires to be compensated. The motion is produced by clock-work attached to the axis of the telescope.

We have now taken a very rapid glance at the principal instruments of an observatory; but before leaving the scene, we must bestow a little attention on the astronomer himself. What should be the most marked moral feature of his character? A distinguished Christian poet fixes on devotion:

> "An undevout astronomer is mad."

But poetical sentiment does not always coincide with stern fact. We fear that astronomers, as a class, are not marked very strongly by devotion. There is much grandeur in the following conception of Longfellow's:—

> "And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
> Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."

One would think that, as it is the business of their lives to look up to this inverted hand of God, they would be habitually impressed with His glorious presence. But an object of grandeur depends, for its effect, altogether on the point of view from which we contemplate it. A stone mason might have spent a good part of his life in helping to build St. Paul's, and yet, though constantly on the building, with square and plumb-line in hand, he would not occupy so favourable a position for appreciating its proportions, and the sublime ideas which it embodies, as the man who might know nothing about hewing and polishing, but who contemplated it at a distance. The sailor on the mast-head of a ship-of-war, at the mouth of the Alma, was in a better position for forming a right judgment of the battle-field and the glory of the victory, than the man who was in the thick of the fight. In like manner, the mere unprofessional man may be in a much better position for drawing from astronomy its divine teachings, than the man who spends his days and nights in the details of the science. The latter may be so absorbed with these details, that he may never think of withdrawing to a proper distance to contemplate the grandeur of the temple on which he is engaged. It is only the man who can, from the height of Calvary, project the glorious fabric on the background of eternity, that can exclaim with deep, heartfelt devotion:—"The heavens declare thy glory, and the firmament showeth thy handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

W. LEITCH.

COLONEL RICHARD BAIRD SMITH, C.B.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SMITH, M.A.

SOMEWHAT more than a quarter of a century ago, in the class-room of Mr. Sang, then as now an eminent teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh, there used to meet two students who rejoiced in the highly respectable name of *Smith*. It must be admitted that there was nothing very remarkable in this; or, if there were, it was that *only* two bearers of that name should have been found in a class of thirty or forty students. Half a dozen years later, one of these Smiths, landing in India, was, after the manner of Eastern hospitality, received as a guest by the Rev. Dr. Charles, and was urged to prolong his visit until the room which he occupied should be required for the reception of a namesake, who was expected to arrive shortly after in Bengal. The two Smiths who thus met in Edinburgh, and who thus met again in Calcutta, were those whose names are brought together in the title of this paper. During a long sojourn in India they seldom met, as the one was confined to Calcutta, and the other was seldom there; but they retained a kindly interest in each other. And now that the one has been cut down in the midst of a noble career, the other believes that the readers of *Good Words* will not be displeased with a brief sketch of some of the prominent points of that career.

Richard Baird Smith, the son of a highly esteemed medical practitioner at Laswade, in the county of Mid-Lothian, was born on the last day of the year 1818. When we first met him, he was prosecuting mathematical studies in order to prepare himself for entering the East India Company's Military College at Addiscombe. There he entered shortly after, and, at the close of his curriculum, he held the highest place in his year, and was appointed to the Madras Engineers. By special favour he was allowed, before proceeding to India, to continue his studies for a short time at Edinburgh, and spent the winter of 1837-38 in attending classes there. In 1838, he joined his appointment at Madras, and in the following year he was transferred to the Bengal Presidency. It was on his arrival there, in August or September 1839, that our acquaintance with him was renewed. For some time he lived in the Fort, and was employed in superintending the boring of an Artesian well. Although that work was stopped by an accident, and never resumed, yet it was not without value in a geological point of view, and Lieutenant Smith was the man to turn it to good account, as casting some light on the formation of the great Gangetic plain of Lower Bengal. If we recollect aright, the boring was carried to a depth of about 600 feet; and the superintendent exercised the most scrupulous care in ascertaining and registering the successive deposits through which it passed. Even this had the effect of making him known to many in India, who were interested in scientific matters, as a most accurate observer, and of raising in them the expectation that he would attain distinction in a corps which has always had in its ranks a large number of scientific men,—an expectation which was not disappointed. At this time, too, he took part with Dr. O'Shaughnessy in blowing up the wreck of a vessel that had been stranded on a shallow in the Hoogly. This was a matter of great practical importance, as the result of delay or failure might have been the formation of a sandbank, which would have obstructed the navigation of the river. It seems strange to us now, when electric telegraphs and time-guns are everywhere, to think of the excitement that this produced in Calcutta, in consequence of the application of galvanism to the igniting of the charge of gunpowder. So important was it deemed at that time, that Lieutenant Smith wrote a pamphlet, in which he detailed the operations.

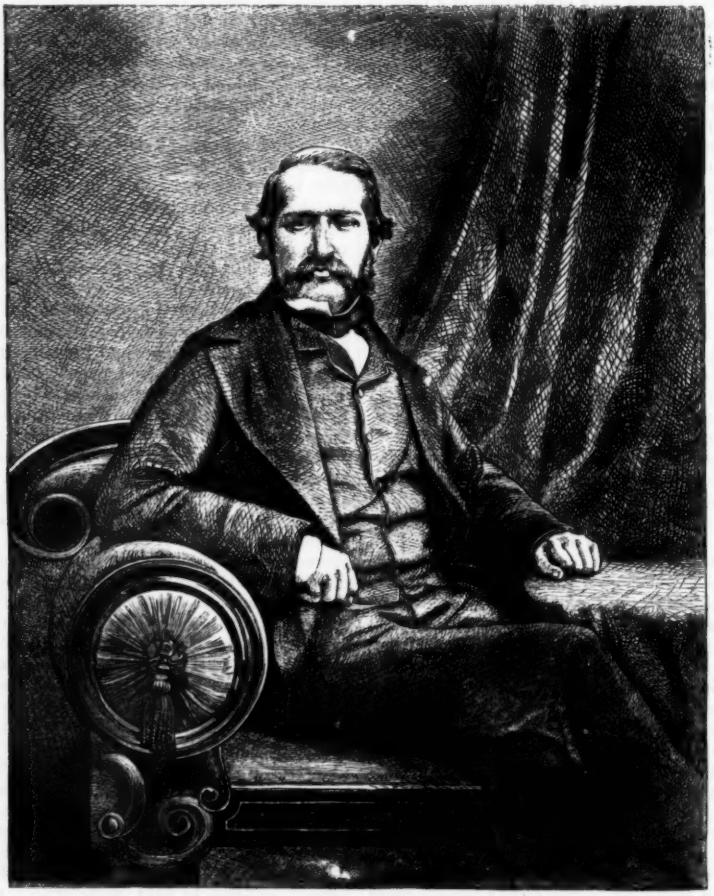
We do not exactly remember where Lieutenant Smith went on his leaving Calcutta. Probably he may have been for a time at some station, engaged in the usual duties of an "Executive Officer," repairing roads, building bridges, white-washing jails, inspecting rafters with which white-ants had been taking unjustifiable liberties, and "making himself generally useful." But from the first he vigorously prosecuted the study of geology, and other branches of natural science. The Calcutta newspapers and the scientific periodicals of the day, contained many communications from his pen, which showed how zealously he carried on scientific researches, and how thoroughly Baconian a mind he brought to bear upon them. In particular, we remember that he devoted his attention to the subject of earthquakes. Wherever there was a rumour that a vibration had been felt, he spared no pains in investigating all the particulars respecting the precise time of its occurrence, the duration, extent, and direction of the movement. His zeal in collecting and chronicling the most minute details respecting these occurrences, led to his being familiarly designated amongst his friends by the epithet of "Earthquake Smith." It may be noticed in passing that the bestowal of this *soubriquet* was in accordance with a practice which is very common in India, for distinguishing from each other the various members of the great Smith clan, and which is almost necessary in a country where prefixes or "handles" to names are generally dispensed with, and where men are designated by their surnames alone. Thus there was "Tiger Smith," a puissant hunter, "Hindostani Smith," a distinguished linguist, "Handsome Smith," who was supposed to think himself entitled to that appellation; and some others whose designations were less complimentary.

We believe it was in 1841 that Lieutenant Smith was first attached to the Canal Department, with which he remained connected till near the close of his career, and in connexion with which, we believe we may safely say, he established for himself the reputation of the first hydraulic engineer in the world, had an important part in the management of the most extensive and most difficult work of the kind that has ever been executed, and studied with intense interest the

great Indian problem of "developing the resources of the country."

When the first Sikh war broke out in 1845, the Engineer officers of the Canal Department were directed to join the army, and Smith was appointed aide-de-camp to his distinguished namesake Sir Henry. That gallant and generous soldier was not chary in acknowledging that it was mainly through the skill of his aide-de-camp, in surveying the ground, and ascertaining the numbers and position of the enemy, that he was enabled to gain the brilliant and most important victory of Alliwal. We have heard from an eye-witness that the General's reception of him at the close of the fight savoured more of French enthusiasm than of English reserve. He was also present at the battle of Sobraon, and was mentioned with distinction in the despatch relating to that action.

After this experience of the tented field, Lieutenant Smith returned to his duties as superintendent of the Eastern Jumna Canal, to which he had been appointed in 1843, on the promotion of Colonel Cautley to the Director-Generalship of the Canal Department. When the first Sikh war was



ended, Lord Hardinge predicted that a shot would not be fired in India for seven years; but he had scarcely reached England when the second Sikh war blazed forth, and the British supremacy in the East was for a while in danger. Smith was again called to buckle on his sword, and did valuable service on various critical occasions. He had the superintendence of the passage of the force of Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Joseph Thackwell across the Chenab, and having stood in the river for many hours, his health, which was never very robust, suffered materially. He was present at the disastrous battle of Chillianwalla, and at the "crowning mercy" of Guzerat, and was honourably mentioned in the despatches of Lord Gough. Indeed, that large-hearted old chieftain often spoke of him in terms of unqualified eulogy, as did all under whom and all with whom he ever served, and all over whom he ever had command.

Shortly after the cessation of hostilities, Captain Smith came on furlough to England, and was sent by the Court of Directors to study the system of water-works in Italy. After making himself thoroughly acquainted with every canal in

that country, and every bridge, and sluice, and lock, and with the whole system of irrigation-law and water-revenue, he presented to the Court a most ample report, which was published by their command, and which is now before us. The first volume consists mainly of a narrative of his travels and operations, and is one of the most delightful volumes of Italian travel that we have ever read. The second volume consists of professional and technical details, and is, of course, of little interest to the general reader; but it is invaluable to the hydraulic engineer and the landed proprietor. It is a fine instance of the combination of the minutest technical discussion with the large views of the economist and the philanthropist. The amount of labour that he must have gone through during this period, not only in examining all the works of irrigation in Piedmont, Lombardy, and Northern Italy generally, but in studying and analysing innumerable books on the subject, must have been enormous. But it was a work of love. He gloried in his profession, and apprehended the importance of irrigation to the wellbeing of India. On his return from Italy, he was sent by the Court of Directors to study in the same efficient manner the canals of North America, and presented a report upon them, which we have no doubt was equally thorough with his Italian report; but it has not been given to the public.

While he was in this country, after his return from America, he was appointed by the Court of Directors to the office of Superintendent of Canals in the North-western Provinces, which was about to become vacant by the retirement from the service of Sir Proby Cautley. He therefore proceeded to India, paid a visit in passing to Madras, and studied the important water-works in that Presidency. Being now at the head of the important department in the service to which he had been so long attached, he was able to bring into action the immense amount of knowledge which he had acquired, and the great powers of administration which he had by nature and by diligent cultivation. Brought up in the school of his predecessor, and holding him in the highest esteem, appointed to succeed him at his own special desire, he was free from the temptation to introduce innovations into the scheme of work and administration which Sir Proby had matured. At the same time, he was not the man to hold back from the Government which he served, or from the people for whose wellbeing that Government and their servants were responsible, the advantage to be derived from his laboriously acquired knowledge, and his well-digested observation and experience. Under his administration, therefore, the canal system was brought gradually to perfection, the plans originated by his predecessor being heartily adopted and vigorously carried out, and reforms and improvements judiciously and energetically introduced.

As it is probable that the great majority of our readers are ignorant of the vast importance of the canal system of India, it can scarcely be deemed a digression if we devote a paragraph to an exposition of it, in the course of a sketch of the career of one whose name will ever be associated with the development and perfection of the system. A great part of the "Upper Provinces" of India depends for its existence as a habitable portion of the world upon an artificial supply of water. From the earliest historic times, and probably much longer, this has been mainly afforded by means of deep wells, from which the water is drawn by men or bullocks. Both the Hindus and the Mahometans deemed the digging of such wells a most meritorious act of piety; and multitudes of them were dug in atonement for crimes committed or duties neglected. But in many places, from the peculiarities of the geological structure of the country, the supply from these wells was very uncertain, and everywhere the water obtained from them, being drawn from a great depth, was very expensive. The failure of water produced famine, the dearth of it at all times restricted cultivation, and greatly limited the population which the country could support. The Mahometans endeavoured, with a considerable amount of success, to remedy the evil by the construction of canals of irrigation. But amid the distractions which were of constant occurrence during their occupancy of the country, and during the gradual process of its passing into our hands, these canals had been neglected, and had altogether ceased to answer the ends for which they were originally formed. Now, for the last thirty or forty years, the North-west Provinces have been under the administration of a succession of singularly earnest and energetic men, who have laboured with incredible zeal for the improvement of the country, and the elevation of the character and condition of the people. With men of this stamp, the only use of difficulties is to be overcome; of obstacles, to be surmounted. In this spirit, notwithstanding great difficulties, engineering and financial, most of the old Mahometan canals were restored, and made far more efficient than they had been originally; many new ones were formed; and a vast extent of country was supplied with the means of irrigation from the never-failing rivers of India. In the surveying of the country for these canals, and in the designing and executing of many most difficult and most important works connected with their construction, Smith, while still a subordinate officer, had a most important part to act, and acted it to perfection. If it be true that he is a benefactor of mankind who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, the name of Baird Smith ought to be held in ever-during and most grateful remembrance for the part that his skill and energy had in the conversion of a comparative desert into a fertile region, the great diminution of the perils of famine, and the vast increase of the comforts, and elevation of the moral position, of a great population.

This work of irrigation had been thus vigorously prosecuted for many years. Wherever it had been carried, it had succeeded so as to satisfy the most sanguine expectations, and—a very fair test of success—had yielded a large return to the Government for the pecuniary outlay. For a long time an idea had been fondly cherished by some sanguine minds, of a greater achievement of this kind than had ever yet been attempted in India or anywhere else, that of a great canal nearly a thousand miles long, between the Ganges and

the Jumna. The great famine of 1837-38 gave a fresh impulse to the zeal of those men who desired this gigantic work to be undertaken. This famine was the most severe that had ever been known. It extended over a vast region, and swept away a vast population. It might probably have been prevented, or, at all events, greatly mitigated, if there had existed more abundant means of irrigation. And it was certain that without these other famines would follow, probable that another might be as bad as this one, possible that another might be more extensive—more severe it could not be—than this. Could the country then be irrigated? Undoubtedly the Ganges contained a sufficiency of water at a higher level than the country to be irrigated: therefore the thing was possible. But the difficulties were immense,—the engineering difficulties we mean. Well, then, they must be overcome. But the financial difficulties were more formidable still. Yet even these must be grappled with. Not only must every level be taken with religious accuracy, and the means of cutting through this elevation, and going round that other, determined, the means of raising this embankment and that aqueduct, and these hundreds of bridges, ascertained, but estimates must be made of the price of every brick, of the cost of digging every spadeful of earth, and of burning every hod of lime. The present produce of every acre of ground must be ascertained, and an estimate made of the probable increase of the rates that the proprietors and cultivators will be able and willing to pay for the boon, and the percentage that this will yield upon the outlay, after defraying the expense of management and repairs. All these results must be such as to satisfy boards of engineers who know nothing of finance, and boards of financiers who know nothing of engineering; and then, if they pass this ordeal, they must be handed up to councils, which may probably contain men who know nothing of the one, and little or nothing of the other, but who, under a timid sense of responsibility, are disposed to distrust the conclusions of practical men, and to find either, on the one hand, that the difficulties are too great and the returns too small to warrant the embarking of an immense sum of money in the undertaking, or else, on the other, that the result anticipated is far too good to be true, and that the whole scheme is the dream of some wild enthusiasts—an airy bubble, whose necessary destiny is simply to burst.

Through all these departments of the great Indian "Circumlocution-office," the Ganges Canal had to fight its slow way, and it was not until 1848 that the work was begun in earnest. Sir Proby Cautley, the Director-General of this great work, and Superintendent of Canals in the North-west Provinces, retired from the service in 1854, having made it his special request that Captain Baird Smith should be his successor; and to this important and responsible office he was accordingly appointed, with the local rank of Colonel, in order that he might take the command of such officers in the department as were of higher regimental rank than himself. The duties and responsibilities of this office were most extensive and various. Its holder is at once an engineer, charged with the whole superintendence and direction of the works; a revenue officer, responsible for the settlement and collection of the rates charged upon the proprietors and villagers who benefit by the water; and a magistrate, to take cognisance of, and summarily to punish, offences against the Canal laws and regulations. In this appointment, Colonel Smith had many men over him, many more under him, and was brought into contact with multitudes in various relations; and we are safe in asserting that never did a man discharge difficult and complicated duties with more unexcepted approbation. A friend, who knows as much of Indian officials as any man living, said to us a few days ago, that Baird Smith was the only man he ever knew who was *universally* popular. And no wonder. He was popular among his superiors, because they knew that he was a man whom they could thoroughly trust, a man who had both the power and the will to do his duty thoroughly; among his subordinates, because he regarded them as men embarked with himself in a great enterprise, in whose success all were equally interested; among the people, because he knew their feelings, sympathized with them in their difficulties, with the strong hand and the determined will of the official, and the manly, generous heart of the philanthropist.

Thus did Colonel Smith labour at Rurki until 1857, when the Mutiny disturbed all arrangements, and brought paleness into every cheek and anxiety into every heart. As soon as the outbreak took place at Meerut, Smith sent on a thousand of his sappers, and had there not been infatuation in the minds, or paralysis in the faculties of those highest in authority there, this timely reinforcement might have enabled them to weather the terrible storm. As it was, when their commander was killed, and no one seemed disposed to make use of their services, about one-half of them went on to Delhi and joined the rebels, while the other half remained faithful and returned to Rurki. The vigorous measures which Colonel Smith adopted there were effectual in preserving comparative peace in the district.

But he was destined to bear a prominent and an honourable share in the war of retribution. Our readers are all acquainted with the general history of the siege of Delhi, one of the most difficult as a military operation, and one of the most important, in consequence of the issues at stake upon it, in modern warfare. They may perhaps remember that in the course of the long siege, Major Laughton, the chief engineer, was recalled to the Punjab, and Colonel Smith was appointed to succeed him. He joined the besieging army on the 13th of July, and entered with characteristic ardour on the task of rendering himself thoroughly acquainted with the fortifications and defences, and that of making vigorous preparations for the assault. Although he received a painful wound from a splinter of a shell, yet he bore up, and made out a plan of attack, which was adopted by General Wilson, and acted upon. His wound prevented his carrying out personally his own share of the great achievement; but the part which should have been his was ably discharged by Lieutenant Taylor. One of the clerical historians of the siege seems to be anxious to under-estimate the

service rendered by Colonel Smith, as if the acknowledgment of it would detract from the credit of Lieutenant Taylor. We are very sure that there is no occasion for this. Had Taylor occupied the position which Smith occupied, it is almost certain that he would have discharged the duties of it to admiration; and what he had to do, he did as well as it could have been done. Had this not been so, the plan, however good in itself, would have miscarried. But none the less was the plan Colonel Smith's; and this, we are sure, no man would be more ready to acknowledge than Captain Taylor. Colonel Smith's services at Delhi were warmly acknowledged in Sir Archdale Wilson's despatches. They were rewarded by his being made a Companion of the Order of the Bath, a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel (his previous rank being only local), and Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.

Although his wound was not very severe, yet it affected his general health, which was never particularly good. As soon, therefore, as the siege was over, he was ordered to Mussourie to recruit. His constitution, however, had received a shock from which it never altogether recovered. Shortly after this he was appointed to the lucrative and honourable office of Master of the Calcutta Mint. It may seem strange that such an appointment should have been the reward of meritorious services in departments so different from the coining of money as Hydraulic and Military Engineering. But it may be remembered that it was by an appointment to the corresponding office in London that England expressed her appreciation of the genius of Sir Isaac Newton, and, in our own days, of Sir John Herschel. We believe that the Calcutta Mint had been brought to a state of such perfect efficiency by Colonel Forbes, that little remained for his successors but routine duties; and in the faithful discharge of these duties Colonel Smith would probably have remained for many years, but for the occurrence of the dreadful famine of last year. When that dire event occurred, the public voice demanded that Colonel Smith should be deputed as a special commissioner to inquire into the causes and the extent of the distress, and to direct the measures to be devised for its alleviation. This voice of the public was in full accordance with the views of the Government, and Colonel Smith was deputed on a duty at once one of the most honourable and the most difficult that it ever fell to the lot of a British officer to discharge. Tens of thousands, whose lives were preserved by his instrumentality, will ever bear in grateful remembrance the almost unparalleled exertions which he made, and the absorbing zeal with which he devised measures for the relief of suffering and the preservation of life. As the name of Wellesley is inseparably connected with the abolition of human sacrifices, and that of Bentinck with the abolition of Suttee, and that of Colonel Walker with the suppression of female infanticide, so will that of Baird Smith be perpetuated as a household word amongst successive generations in the North-west Provinces, as the preserver of life and the heaven-sent messenger of mercy. His own Reports, printed by order of the House of Commons, are among the most interesting documents that we ever read; but they show only the clearness of head, the largeness of view, and the wondrous extent of administrative talent which he brought to bear upon the execution of his task, and not the warmth of heart and genuineness of Christian sympathy which he displayed in his intercourse with the suffering and the wretched. It was a noble work to which he was called, and nobly did he perform it.

It might almost with certainty have been predicted that this work would be his last. He had never fully recovered from the effects of his Delhi wound; while the enormous fatigues which he had to endure, and the soul-harrowing scenes which were constantly before his eyes, were sufficient to have killed the strongest man. He bore up as long as he had work to do, but as soon as it was over he returned to Calcutta with the sure sentence of death upon him. He was immediately ordered "home," but only reached Madras, where he ended his earthly course, and heard the Saviour, in whose merits he humbly trusted, say unto him with his voice of love, "Well done! good and faithful servant!" To his friends and his country his death is a heavy loss, to his father and his family, and especially to his widow and children, inestimable and irreparable. But yet calm judgment tells us that it was all right. His career hitherto had been progressive; on earth it could have been so no longer. It culminated in the Famine-Relief Commission. Earth had no reward adequate to his services in that employment, nor any service worthy to further occupy the man who had once been so employed. Many a noble heart has ceased to beat, and many a noble mind to plan for India's good, since first we landed on its shores. With many of these we were more intimately connected; but scarcely any do we regard it as a greater privilege to have known than Richard Baird Smith.

We have purposely refrained from saying anything of the private life of the subject of our brief sketch. We trust that a full biography of him will be given to the world. We think we could name a friend and brother-officer of his, of whom the world might claim this as a debt. For the young officers of our army we know nothing that would be a better study than his life, nobody that would be a better model for the formation of their personal and professional character. His life will exhibit noble faculties cultivated to the utmost, and nobly consecrated, under the influence of Christian principle, to the discharge of duty and the good of man. On his tomb at Madras we know not whether any epitaph has been inscribed. There could be none more appropriate than that fine description of a Christian gentleman, written long ages ago, but applicable in all ages and in all lands: "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. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

(DEDICATED TO THE SPIRITUALISTS.)

BY THE EDITOR.

A WELL-known Scotch artist, whose delineations of character delight his many friends, and who is almost as remarkable in his anecdotes as in his pictures, commences one of his stories by narrating how an old Scotch game-keeper once remarked to him in a slow solemn voice, "Do you knaw, Sir, that I myself have actilly knawn men, ay, and respectable men too, who—did—not—believe—in ghaists?" And he describes how the old keeper, on being questioned as to his own belief in ghosts, replied, with face averted, half in pity, half in sorrow for the questioner, but with, if possible, deeper solemnity, "I howp I do!"

I am not sure if the game-keeper stands alone in his belief; and I question whether, if the great majority of the "upper ten thousand" were asked regarding their faith as to apparitions, they would not agree with the lower ten thousand who are assumed to be the only honest believers in occasional visits from the inhabitants of the mysterious ghost-land. Very possibly in broad daylight, when driving in the park—or shopping—or visiting the Exhibition—or, even when the candles are lighted, and when seated round the dinner-table—or in the midst of the buzz and flutter of an evening party, the realities of the palpable and prosaic world may act as such opiates to the ideal faculty, and so close the eyes and stop the ears of the inner eye which can alone discern the spirit-world, that all faith in its existence may be denied or ridiculed. But take any one of those persons singly, especially the most thoughtful and gifted; let him or her remain in the large drawing-room when it is emptied of its guests, with the lights extinguished, except one or two sufficiently bright to project "shadows on the wall," but not to illumine the darker recesses of the room—when the fire burns low, and the cinders fall, and begin to crumble audibly among the ashes—when the midnight winds are creeping round the house, sighing at the windows, or breaking out into angry gusts which boom over the chimney-head, and shake the huge trees on the lawn, forcing one to think of ships fighting with storms on misty coasts, or drenched wretches creeping over splashing moors,—and then let the thoughts gradually slide into sad stories of human suffering, mingled with anecdotes, about presentiments, dreams, odd coincidences, unaccountable appearances, and the like; and ever and anon let some strange sounds of wind and rain and chafing foliage be heard, with creaks in old timber, no one knows where,—I ask with confidence whether in such circumstances, at two in the morning, the sceptic will not profess more faith in ghosts than he or she would at two in the afternoon?

The fact cannot be denied by any one moderately acquainted with human opinions, that there is an almost universal belief in ghosts. Or if that is a too broad and vulgar way of expressing the belief, let us rather say, a universal feeling verging on belief, if not reaching it, that there are certainly "more things in heaven and earth" than our daylight philosophy accepts of or can account for; that there are revelations from a world unseen by the carnal eye, unheard by the carnal ear, which come to the seeing and hearing faculties of the spirit in certain states of mind and body which are alone susceptible of this intercourse; that these revelations assume divers forms, it may be of strange sights and sounds, vivid dreams, sudden and overpowering impressions, apparitions, ghosts, spirit-knockings, call them what you please—which compel the belief that the ghost-world with which we are unquestionably surrounded, impinges occasionally on the familiar, or on what we call the actual, just as strange and rare birds from another far off clime are sometimes driven by storms on our coasts.

This is a subject to which I have paid some attention. Without, as far as I can discover, any prejudice to warp my judgment, or any want of such a careful and cautious induction as a detective might bestow in tracing out the facts of a crime, and weighing the evidence in the nicest balance, I have collected several unquestionable *facts*, in which I have no hesitation whatever in publicly acknowledging my belief. I am also firmly persuaded that their truth rests upon incomparably more satisfactory proofs than those stories of spirit-rappings which are so firmly believed in by so many. I have listened patiently to the details of most remarkable phenomena connected with spirit-rapping and table-turning, related to me by ladies and gentlemen "moving in the best circles of society," and by evangelical clergymen whose word no one would think of doubting, and whose judgment no one, I presume, would once dare to call in question. A clergyman, for example, whose literary abilities, sound sense, piety, broadminded-

ness, and truthfulness are sufficiently guaranteed by the fact of his being a frequent contributor to the pages of a leading "Religious" newspaper, while assuming that any doubt as to the reality of spirit-rapping apparitions, witches, etc., indicated an infidel tendency, affirmed his belief that the devil was the real person who pulled all those strings. I took the bold step of questioning this, which I fear has shaken his faith in my Christianity; and I confessed to him frankly that I had such an opinion of Satan's intellect, and of the immense amount of work he evidently had to do in France, Italy, and America, not to speak of our own country, as made me doubt how far he had himself the time, or could spare even the weakest and most imbecile of his spirits to amuse respectable, well-to-do, idle ladies, to furnish arguments in favour of a ghost-world to sceptics, to paralyse weak curates, or even to afford the best and most popular clergy illustrations for their sermons.

I also took the liberty of directing his attention to the following verse in the Prophecies of Isaiah, and which seemed new to him:—"When they shall say unto you, Seek with them that have familiar spirits, and with wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?" (That is, as I understand it, should the living in reference to their affairs consult the dead?) "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Strange to say, this passage made my clerical friend only hold more firmly to the alleged facts and his devil-theory regarding them; for he maintained that many men whom he knew to be a little more than sceptical regarding "the law and the testimony" of Scripture, and who "staggered through unbelief" in the miracles there recorded, nevertheless sought information "from the dead," and had perfect faith in the truth of the revelations so obtained, thus proving the devil to be the real deceiver.

Granting for the present the truth of the alleged *facts* of spirit-rapping and of table-turning; yet after hearing them, and comparing them with some of the mysteries I have myself collected, chiefly in the Highlands, connected with second sight and ghostly apparitions, and with other similar phenomena noticed by me in some of the remoter valleys of the Harz and Black Forest, I cannot possibly admit the one without admitting the other. Both seem to me to rest on such evidence as must compel them to stand or fall together.

I have no wish whatever to bring any reader of *Good Words*, who has "made up his mind" on those mysterious topics, to my way of thinking. I shall acknowledge it as a sign of progress in free thought if I am permitted to hold my own views without being condemned as a person devoid of all judgment or common sense. My excellent publishers are also willing to run all risks by permitting me to make the pages of this periodical a vehicle for disseminating more worthy views of the mysteries of our spirit-life.

But one fact is better than a thousand mere arguments in discussing such a question, and I shall therefore devote the rest of this paper to a narrative, which the reader may rest assured is *strictly true*, and then I shall leave him to judge for himself as to how far such mysterious phenomena as it records can be accounted for.

A friend of mine, a medical man, was on a fishing expedition with an old college acquaintance, an army surgeon, whom he had not met for many years, from his having been in India with his regiment. M'Donald, the army surgeon, was a thorough Highlander, and slightly tinged with what is called the superstition of his countrymen, and at the time I speak of was liable to rather depressed spirits from an unsound liver. His native air was, however, rapidly renewing his youth; and when he and his old friend paced along the banks of the fishing stream in a lonely part of Argyleshire, and sent their lines like airy gossamers over the pools, and touched the water over a salmon's nose, so temptingly that the best principled and wisest fish could not resist the bite, M'Donald had apparently regained all his buoyancy of spirit. They had been fishing together for about a week with great success, when M'Donald proposed to pay a visit to a family he was acquainted with, which would separate him from his friend for some days. But whenever he spoke of their intended separation, he sank down into his old gloomy state, at one time declaring that he felt as if they were never to meet again. My friend tried to rally him, but in vain. They parted at the trouting stream, M'Donald's route being across a mountain pass, with which, however, he had been well acquainted in his youth, though the road was lonely and wild in the extreme. The Doctor returned early in the evening to his resting-place, which was a shepherd's house lying on the very outskirts of the "settlements," and beside a foaming mountain stream. The shepherd's only attendants at the time were two herd lads, and three dogs. Attached to the hut, and communicating with it by a short passage, was rather a comfortable room which "the Laird" had fitted up to serve as a sort of lodge for himself in the midst of his shooting-ground, and which he had put for a fortnight at the disposal of my friend.

Shortly after sunset on the day I mention, the

wind began to rise suddenly to a gale, the rain descended in torrents, and the night became extremely dark. The shepherd seemed uneasy, and several times went to the door to inspect the weather. At last he roused the fears of the Doctor for M'Donald's safety, by expressing the *hope* that by this time he was "owre that awfu' black moss, and across the red burn." Every traveller in the Highlands knows how rapidly these mountain streams rise, and how confusing the moor becomes in a dark night. "The black moss and red burn" were words that were never after forgot by the Doctor, from the strange feelings they produced when first heard that night: for there came into his mind terrible thoughts and forebodings about poor M'Donald, and reproaches for never having considered his possible danger in attempting such a journey alone. In vain the shepherd assured him that he must have reached a place of safety before the darkness and the storm came on. A presentiment which he could not cast off made him so miserable that he could hardly refrain from tears. But nothing could be done to relieve the anxiety now become so painful.

The Doctor at last retired to bed about midnight. For a long time he could not sleep. The raging of the stream below the small window, and the *thuds* of the storm, made him feverish and restless. But at last he fell into a sound and dreamless sleep. Out of this, however, he was suddenly roused by a peculiar noise in his room, not very loud, but utterly indescribable. He heard tap, tap, tap, at the window; and he knew, from the relation which the wall of the room bore to the rock, that the glass could not be touched by human hand. After listening for a moment, and forcing himself to smile at his nervousness, he turned round, and began again to seek repose. But now a noise began, too distinct and loud to make sleep possible. Starting and sitting up in bed, he heard repeated in rapid succession, as if some one was spitting in anger, and close to his bed,—"Fit! fit! fit!" and then a prolonged "whir-r-r-r" from another part of the room, while every chair began to move, and the table to jerk. The Doctor remained in breathless silence, with every faculty intensely acute. He frankly confessed that he heard his heart beating, for the sound was so unearthly, so horrible, and something seemed to come so near him, that he began seriously to consider whether or not he had some attack of fever which affected his brain,—for remember he had not tasted a drop of the shepherd's small store of whisky! He felt his own pulse, composed his spirits, and compelled himself to exercise calm judgment. Straining his eyes to discover anything, he plainly saw at last a white object moving, but without sound, before him. He knew that the door was shut and the window also. An overpowering conviction then seized him, which he could not resist, that his friend M'Donald was dead! By an effort he seized a lucifer-box on a chair beside him, and struck a light. No white object could be seen. The room appeared to be as when he went to bed. The door was shut. He looked at his watch, and particularly marked that the hour was twenty-two minutes past three. But the match was hardly extinguished when, louder than ever, the same unearthly cry of "Fit! fit! fit!" was heard, followed by the same horrible whir-r-r-r, which made his teeth chatter with terrible rapidity. Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the Doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving towards him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having done so, he dived his head under the blankets.

The shepherd soon made his appearance, in his nightshirt, with a small oil-lamp, or "crusey," over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room,—

"What is't, Doctor? What's wrang? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Very!" cried the Doctor. But before he could give any explanations a loud whir-r-r was heard, with the old cry of "Fit!" close to the shepherd, while two chairs fell at his feet! The shepherd sprang back, with a half scream of terror; the lamp was dashed to the ground, and the door violently shut.

"Come back!" shouted the Doctor. "Come back, Duncan, instantly, I command you!"

The shepherd opened the door very partially, and said, in terrified accents,—

"Gude be aboot us, that was awfu'! What is't?"

"Heaven knows, Duncan," ejaculated the Doctor with agitated voice, "but do pick up the lamp, and I shall strike a light."

Duncan did so in no small fear; but as he made his way to the bed in the darkness, to get a match from the Doctor, something caught his foot; he fell; and then, amidst the same noises and tumults of chairs, which immediately filled the apartment, the "Fit! fit! fit! fit!" was prolonged with more vehemence than ever! The Doctor sprang up, and made his way out of the room, but was several times tripped, by some unknown power, so that he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the door without a fall. He was followed by Duncan, and both rushed out

of the room, shutting the door after them. A new light having been obtained, they both returned with extreme caution, and, it must be added, fear, in the hope of finding some cause or other for all those terrifying signs. Would it surprise our readers to hear that they searched the room in vain?—that, after minutely examining under the table, chairs, bed, everywhere, and with the door shut, not a trace could be found of anything? Would they believe that they heard during the day how poor M'Donald had staggered, half dead from fatigue, into his friend's house, and falling into a fit, had died *at twenty-two minutes past three* that morning? We do not ask any one to accept of all this as true. But we pledge our honour to the following facts:—

The Doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bedroom; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat who was left in the room swallowed the minnow, and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into her upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the hook out; the reel added the mysterious whirr-r-r; and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to fly from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the Doctor; while an ivy-branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the Doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of puss, with hook and minnow, being visible. M'Donald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost story. As the Doctor finished the history of his night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friends, and as some amends for his own terror. "Depend upon it," said he, "if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rapping, *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that is *—great humbug and nonsense.*"

We leave this heterodox sentiment with confidence in the hands of the illustrious dead, who spend so much time in disturbing furniture without even the apology of a hook and minnow. We have no doubt that Milton, Dante, Shakspere, or probably Newton or Bacon, if properly invited, will cheerfully come as guests to any tea-party of true believers in London or Boston, to contradict in the most authoritative manner the Doctor's profane scepticism. We shall be glad to hear the views of those distinguished men, who, it is alleged, though dead yet speak; and we shall be proud to add them to our staff, and to number them among the contributors to *Good Words*. We despair of the cat. She has been silent ever since her great *début* into spirit-land. Her lips though healed are sealed.

SEA-WEEDS.

THE depths of the ocean
Afford us a home,
We ride to the shore
On the billows' white foam;
We float on the wave,
And we dance in the spray;
We come with the tide,
With its ebb glide away;
We grow, and we cling
To the desolate rock;
Nor loosen our hold
For the billows' wild shock:
Like friends in affliction,
The closer we stay,
Though breakers are round us,
And tempests hold sway.

We flourish most bright
'Neath the deep rolling wave,
Adorning with beauty
Each seaman's lone grave.
Oh, mourners of earth!
Who would deck with sweet flowers
The graves of your loved ones,
Who rest in our bowers—

Remember, above them,
We flourish as fair,
Though hand of affection
Ne'er planted us there ;

Remember, among us
As calmly they sleep,
Down, down, 'neath the waves
Of the fathomless deep,



As tranquil, as safe,
'Neath the ocean's wild foam,
As in flower-planted grave,
Near their own native home,

Most safely among us
Their dust shall remain,
Till the last trumpet's sound
Shall awake them again.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF SEPTEMBER.

FIRST EVENING.

THE GOSPEL ADDRESSES ITSELF TO THE UNDERSTANDING.

"This is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts."—HEB. viii. 10.

I THINK we are often led into practical error regarding the successive dispensations of God by the careless use of current and long-established phraseology. In the popular mind "the covenants" stand over against each other in a contrast too sharp and absolute. In their essential characteristic they are not opposite but identical. It is true that the circumstances in which the more recent differ from the more ancient are of very great moment; still, they constitute only diversities of operation under one divine administration, and on one all-pervading plan.

The divine purpose, from first to last, is one, and it is prosecuted by differing but not discordant means at successive stages of its development. The roots are different from the stem, and the stem is different from the blossoms, and all are different from the fruit; yet the new covenant, by which the fruit is ripened, is by no means contrary to the old covenant, by which the roots were spread and fastened in the ground. The omniscient Maker sees the end from the beginning, and diversifies his methods at successive stages, according to the varying exigencies of the case.

Two great changes, besides others subordinate, have already occurred in God's moral administration of the world. The first is the change consequent upon the fall of man; the second is the change consequent upon the birth of Christ. Both of these two grand cardinal events rendered necessary corresponding changes in the covenants by which the intercourse between heaven and earth was ruled; but even these events did not make the later covenant the opposite of the earlier. The terms of intercourse between God and man remain in their deepest principle the same.

According to the covenant made with man in innocence, the Creator required perfect obedience, and promised perfect life. The new covenant, which was made after sin had entered and death by sin, was framed on precisely the same principle. The terms on both sides passed without alteration into the new dispensation; and in both cases too the contracting parties were God and man. In the first case the representative of humanity in the transaction is man made in innocence; in the second case, the representative of humanity is Immanuel, God with us. Mercy to the fallen did not take the form of abandoning the old covenant, and constructing another upon opposite principles; it took the form of renewing the covenant on its former terms, with a Divine and infallible representative on the human side. "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." The original conditions are continued, but he who undertakes them in the new covenant for his people cannot fail. The work was "finished" ere the worker left the field.

Again, when the Mosaic institutes gave way to the Gospel at the birth of Christ, the principle of the divine administration was not changed, far less reversed. Then the ripened seed-cup burst, and the seed, set free, was scattered in every land; but the seed was sown "in the beginning," and had been through all preceding dispensations gradually advancing towards maturity. The Gospel is wrapped up in the Pentateuch in a form suited to the childhood of the Church. It differed from the Gospel of the New Testament as the history of Egypt in hieroglyphic tablets differs from the same history translated into alphabetic writing, and so made intelligible to all. In both the same meaning lies; but while in the ancient pictorial signs it lay hid, in the modern articulate record it becomes visible. Through the blood of bulls and of goats faith in ancient Israel looked to the same atonement in which we trust for taking away sin. The Old Testament is a kind of pictorial bible, in which the Gospel is taught by symbols; it is substantially the same Gospel which is more expressly enunciated in the New Testament.

To show that the change which took place at the birth of Christ was a regular development of the divine plan, previously foreseen and foreshown, the apostle Paul quotes the announcement of it from the prophecy of Jeremiah (xxxi. 31-33). When the work of redemption was completed in the death and resurrection of the Redeemer, corresponding changes became necessary in the methods of announcing and dispensing mercy from God to men. It is the same pardon, on the same terms, that was offered to the sinful and accepted by the believing from the time of the first fall; but it rests now on accomplished fact, whereas formerly it rested on faithful promise. The divine promise is not less sure in itself than the fact, but it is to our view less palpable. Abraham saw Christ's day and was glad; we through faith look to the same Jesus, and rejoice too in his salvation. Before the Incarnation, and after it, believers look to the same redemption, but they look through different media, and in different directions. In many points of unspeakable moment, the covenant under the Spirit's ministry, since Christ rose from the dead, is a new covenant, although in the essential condition of bestowing pardon on the guilty, it remains before the Omniscient through all ages the same.

Let us look to the last and best form of the everlasting covenant, in as far as its features are represented in Jeremiah's prophecy, and applied in the preaching of Paul. "This is the covenant: I will

put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts." In this new and more glorious ministry, which began to run with the ascension of the Lord and the mission of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, two processes logically distinguishable, if not actually separated in time and place, seem to be recognised: one refers to the Intellect, and the other to the Affections.

"I will put my laws into their mind." The terms are emphatic and comprehensive. They indicate not only the written commandment, but the inherent character of God. Having created man in his own image at first, he gave such a revelation as was fitted to restore that image when it had been blotted out by sin. As man was formed on the pattern of his Maker's moral nature, the gospel is constituted a mould, by which, when he is melted and poured into it, the damaged creature may be restored to the likeness which he had lost. The holiness of the divine nature, in as far as it is applicable to created beings, was transferred to the covenant for the regeneration of lost men. These principles, inserted in the gospel, are God's laws. It is not merely a partial or superficial commandment, Thou shalt do this, and thou shalt refrain from that. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul" (Ps. xix.) It exhibits, to the utmost extent of our capacity of comprehension, what he is, and what he desires his intelligent creature, his adopted child, to be. "Be ye holy, for I am holy:" "be ye imitators of God, as dear children."

This law is not known to the heathen at all. In Athens, the eye of Greece, the most intelligent of them all engraved on their altars the confession of their ignorance. The first messengers of the gospel, when they went abroad on their glorious mission, found the most enlightened community of the age at their wit's end, and, in the bitterness of despair, worshipping "the unknown God." At this day, the nations which have never received or have rejected the light from heaven, are sitting in similar darkness. A hard heart is everywhere and always found in combination with a blinded understanding. The two act and react on each other, becoming, alternately and reciprocally, cause and effect. Men do not like to retain the knowledge of God in their thoughts; and God in judgment gives them over to a reprobate mind.

But although in actual experience the mind and heart commit their sin and suffer its punishment in concert, it is important to point out, as is done in the text, the distinction between them. The character of God's dealing with Abraham and Israel, for example, was not specifically to put the divine laws into the people's mind. The leading feature of that administration is expressed in Deut. i. 31: "The Lord thy God bare thee, as a man doth bear his son, in all the way that ye went, until ye came to this place." A father carrying his infant son in his arms, or leading him by the hand, is the picture chosen to indicate the manner of the ancient dispensation. The reason is not the faculty to which the Old Testament institutes chiefly appeal. The distinctive feature of the Christian economy is, that it exacts a "reasonable service" (Rom. xii. 12): the preceding dispensation resembled rather the gentle authority of a father. The children were led in the right way, without being told the reason of its rightness. They were trained by authority into habits of obedience, at a time when they were not capable of understanding the grounds of the law and the purpose of the Lawgiver.

In this respect the form which the Covenant assumed after the coming of Christ, exhibits a well-marked difference. It addresses itself specifically to the understanding. Besides proclaiming what ought to be done, it explains the reason for doing it. No longer does the Lord lead his people in a way that they know not; for he shows them clearly the way in which he expects them willingly to go, and demonstrates that it will lead them into a city of habitation.

Those who most cultivate and value the human intellect should, even in this lower light, count the gospel precious. It is unquestionably, in point of fact, the greatest quickener of mind that has ever visited our world. Even the refracted light of a sun which the majority have not yet directly seen, has made the western nations much wiser than their oriental instructors. Human intellect lies in a great measure dormant in regions to which the Scriptures have not penetrated.

Conversely, those who set themselves in opposition to the gospel, find it necessary to swaddle the intellect of men in bands which suit the dimensions of little children. Wherever the ruling powers, temporal or spiritual, make it their business to retain a people in subjection to a hierarchy of superstition, there they contrive practically to keep the education of the community at a low level. The assertion of the text, that the Christian system makes known the divine laws to the minds of men, is proved by the notorious fact, that an antichristian system hides these laws, and leaves the human understanding unenlightened and undeveloped.

It is intimated in the Scriptures, that if we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, other things needful but subordinate will be added. Those who obtain heavenly wisdom, obtain earthly wisdom too, as possession of the sun-light secures for this earth the use of the moon's feebler but useful rays. In countries and districts where the pure gospel and Romish superstition interlace each other, the passing traveller may perceive at a glance that the countrymen who can hold intelligent debate on the doctrinal discourses of Paul, understand the construction of agricultural instruments and the rotation of crops, better than those who do their religion by substitute, and let their mind lie waste.

We live in the last times. How long the present dispensation shall run we do not know; but we know it will not be again superseded by another. Our Father has led our race up through infancy and childhood to "the stature of a perfect man." He has made known his laws as far as in our present state we are capable of comprehending them. In the gospel he exercises to the utmost the capacity which he has conferred on man. It is a high privilege to be invited not only to partake of his mercy, but, as it were, to share in his councils. He has revealed to us the method of redemption through Christ crucified, and appealed to our judgment whether it is not the best that we

could receive, or he could bestow. Under the covenant, as it is now established, he treats us as a father treats his full-grown son. No longer forming his plans in solitude, and simply issuing commandments to his child, that parent, glad that his son is now capable of understanding his reasons, fully spreads them out before him, and while he retains all his authority, carries the judgment of his child along with his own. Thus God deals with men under the gospel. Our privilege is high, but our responsibility is correspondingly great. If the divine law is addressed to our understanding, our understanding should be exerted and occupied to the utmost with divine law. Let us apply our mind, without prejudice and selfish bias, to the study of the Scriptures. Verily, that was a reasonable demand which the ancient prophet made: "Hear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken." Beware, lest the very Bible which is our boast, should rise up in the judgment against us, as a pearl that has been cast before swine, and trampled under their feet.

SECOND EVENING.

THE GOSPEL CAPTIVATES THE HEART.

"And write them in their hearts."—HEB. viii. 10.

BUT we shall be able still better to comprehend what is meant by putting God's laws into men's minds, when we compare it with the other kindred but distinct process,—"I will write them in their hearts." Indeed, the first of these without the second, would not be a blessing. To know the divine law in the intellect, and yet not love it with the heart, is the most wretched condition in which a creature can be. It is better, at least it is a smaller measure of evil, not to know God, than to know and hate him. Knowledge of good, accompanied by the love of evil, is precisely the condition of spirits apostate. God's laws were, by their fall, blotted from their hearts, and yet left clearly legible on their minds. They know not only what the divine law for moral beings is, but they know that "it is holy and just and good." To know it and own it good, and yet hate and loathe it in the heart, constitutes, at least in part, the punishment of fallen angels.

By a turn of expression in the original, an idea is conveyed which is not fully rendered in the English version. To show what it is, nothing more is necessary than to give an exactly literal translation of the terms: "Having given my laws into their minds, I shall also write them in their hearts." It is the union of the two that is precious. Merely to flash into a human mind the knowledge of a holy law, without also renewing that mind into the love of the truth which it knows, would be to torment and not to bless. Christ is not divided. The gospel comes as a whole, with both its sides equally developed. Under this ministry of the Spirit, it is true, a gleam of light alone is sometimes thrown into the mind, while the heart, loving the darkness, resists the unwelcome intruder. Even in this case, however, the knowledge conveyed into the understanding contains a promise to pour love also into the heart. The dividers of the truth do not stop in the middle, and leave the work half done. The patient has his own perverseness to blame, if he leaps away after the wound has been inflicted, and before the cure has been applied.

Such was the case of Felix. Into his mind, sure enough, came God's laws regarding "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." From the fervid lips of Paul these laws flashed like sunbeams into the intellect of the Roman. His conscience, kindled by these sparks, began to burn within his breast. But before the preacher had time to apply the healing balm of divine forgiveness, the convicted transgressor had driven the preacher away. Poor Felix! the knowledge of the divine laws was against his will injected into his mind; but the love of them was not written in his heart. Knowledge made him miserable, but did not make him good. The sun-glass held up for a moment by the Hebrew prisoner's skilful hand concentrated the light from heaven upon his conscience so that he saw it full of lusts; the light that revealed, would have kindled a fire to consume them, if the unhappy man had permitted the operator to hold the glass a little longer, steadily over the spot.

The wretchedness which knowledge apart from love is fitted to produce, goes far to shut the mind against the entrance of knowledge. By a secret instinctive presentiment, a man suspects that it is better to be ignorant of God's laws, than to know them and refuse obedience. Hence those who determine to resist, shut their eyes, and willingly remain in darkness. It is a foregone conclusion against yielding the heart that keeps the understanding sealed. Hence in the Gospel of John, which abounds in abstract logical generalizations, we learn that "if any man will (*i.e.*, is willing to) do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God" (vii. 17). Conversely, if any man is predeterminately unwilling to fall in with the divine laws, then and thereby he is prevented from knowing what these laws are. Light admitted into the understanding, contributes to win the affections; and the affections won, open wide the doors for the admission of more light. Thus you may see, he who knows God's law, loves it, and he who loves it, knows it; each of these propositions contains a part of the truth; neither contains it all.

Perhaps examples of a law written in the heart, while it is not comprehended by the mind, would, if they could be found, help us to conceive of the two principles as they operate together in converted men. Instincts, whether in human infants or irrational creatures, are certain of our Maker's laws written in the heart without being communicated to the understanding. The creature falls in with its Creator's purpose: its practice perfectly accords with the law under which it has been placed: obedience is its delight. It is the law of God that a new-born infant shall seek its mother's breast in

order to quench both its hunger and its thirst; it is also the law of God that bees shall suck nourishment from the flowers while they are open, for sustenance in winter when that source of supply shall be shut. The creatures obey respectively the laws which have been enacted for their guidance. Their obedience is complete and uniform. But in these cases there has been no exhibition of the law with its reasons to an understanding mind. Mind is here ignored altogether, and the law is engraved at once upon the heart. The process leaps over the province of intellect, and fastens upon the affections beyond. The consequence is a blind, but steadfast, sure obedience.

When saved men are made perfect in their Redeemer's presence, I suppose the will of their Lord will be as completely written in their hearts. They will yield as fully, as uniformly, as sweetly to the law of holiness as inferior creatures yield to the instincts that are implanted in their being. On one side, the two cases are coincident, but on the other side the difference between them is inexpressibly great. The law which saints in rest from the heart obey, they also with their intellects fully comprehend. To know and to love the will of God; to be free from mistake as to its meaning, and from defect in conformity to its demand; to know the law you love, and love the law you know, is the best condition in which human beings can be. The hope of this high promotion may well encourage Christians to persevere in the struggle against an evil heart and an evil world. What a blessed state it will be—and the Captain of our salvation will not faint nor be weary until he has installed all his people in its privileges for ever—to have no longer any dimness or doubt in knowing my Redeemer's will, and no longer any backwardness in obeying it. Perfect Light and perfect Love; the promise of grace, the attainment in glory.

The condition of Israel before the coming of Christ supplies also an illustration, correct as far as it goes, of the law written in the heart without being displayed to the understanding. The "Israelite indeed," under the old dispensation, was renewed in spirit so that the law of the Lord was the delight of his heart, while nothing more than a dim and partial knowledge of it had penetrated his mind. In some measure, although not so completely as in the instincts of inferior creatures, his Redeemer passed over his understanding, and took him at once by the heart, to lead him in the way of life. It is the distinguishing peculiarity of the new covenant that the fire of love that glows in the heart has been kindled by a light that illuminates the understanding as it passes through. Having communicated a knowledge of righteousness to the mind, it also infuses a love of righteousness into the affections. One class of creatures, great but fallen, know the divine law, but hate it: another class, unfallen, but from the beginning low, conform perfectly to the divine law without understanding why they do it: another class, fallen once, but raised and redeemed, both know the right and love the holy. It is the union of clear light in the understanding with perfect purity of heart, that distinguishes the scheme of redemption in its last completest form, and in its final practical triumph.

When a man, in some measure aware of his backsliding, waywardness, and rebellion, observes how perfectly the unintelligent creation obeys its Creator's law, he bitterly laments his own lawlessness, and envies the happy loyalty of inferior beings. Earth, air, and sea, obey the laws which have been imposed upon them. Organic nature is obedient, from the lowest type of vegetation up through all the grades of animal life until you come to man. The study of nature we know will not convert a sinner; but the deficiency lies in the untowardness of the scholar, as much as in the dimness of the book. If the learner were apt and willing, he might be both put to shame and turned round to righteousness by the sight of flowers and insects. How perseveringly, constantly, and cheerfully do all these creatures perform the functions for which they are fitted, and exert to the utmost all their powers! They neither waste their talents in idleness, nor injure their faculties by running counter to the law of their being. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," and not to the ant only: every sinless creature of God is an articulate reproof to man. Those servants who have received only one talent have laid it out faithfully in the master's work: but those who have received ten have either hid their gifts in the earth, or used them in rebellion against the sovereign Giver.

But while we may gather from the survey a needful reproof, we may also turn the reproof into a cheering promise. The complete obedience of creatures, which never having been elevated could not be broken by a fall, may become a polished mirror where faith will see reflected the far more glorious obedience of a higher intelligence, when the wounds of its fall will have been completely healed. As a sinful creature, with an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God, I have cause to envy, as it were, the instinct of irrational creatures, which always guides them in the direction of their Maker's will; but when I am forgiven and renewed, when I am justified and sanctified, when I am free from condemnation, and completely conformed to my Redeemer's will, when in me the work of redemption is finished, I shall have no desire to change places with any being, of any order or any character among the creatures of God. Far above the obedience of instinct, as heaven is above the earth, the redeemed of the Lord, when they come to Zion, shall serve their Saviour with intelligent minds as well as loving hearts. They will gladly do his will, and also know the reason why. They will chose the right and holy as uniformly as water flows down, and smoke rises up, and yet, their own minds will be exercised in coincidence with God's mind in every part of every action. The moral nature will move as evenly and sweetly in accordance with the law of righteousness, as the elements in accordance with the laws of matter; and along with this obedience which is like that of the earth, there will be an intelligence which will elevate it to the heavens.

At present a true Christian knows in part his Lord's will, and is racked from day to day by finding a law in his members warring against the law of his mind. Afflicted by the conflict of two adverse powers in his own person, he breaks out into the paradoxical yet true complaint: "We know

that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I" (Rom. vii. 14, 15). But when that Christian is made perfect, all those anomalies and contradictions shall be done away. Instead of the mind and will being in conflict, like ships striking and breaking each other by night in a storm, they will act in unison and act with power.

Brother beloved, that will be joyful, joyful, when we shall perfectly know God's holy will with our minds, and perfectly love it in our hearts. That which disturbs the rest of a believer here, that which makes this world beneath his feet like a weltering sea, is the violent conflict between what his mind knows and what his heart loves of the law of God. Be of good cheer, ye who have accepted Christ as your Saviour. He will yet come walking upon these waters, and at his coming there will be a great calm. The partial illumination of the mind will be perfected, and the reluctance of the heart will cease. We shall obey the laws of God with all the intelligence of an angel, and all the steadiness of the tide.

THIRD EVENING.

THE TWIN DANGERS—UNBELIEF AND SUPERSTITION.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ: for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him."—Col. ii. 8-10.

Here, as in many other places of the Scripture, "the bane and antidote are both before you" within a very small compass. At the spot where life's great thoroughfare splits into two diverging branches, a friend of the pilgrims has planted a finger-post; and there the silent witness stands to-day, holding aloft with out-stretched arms the double signal of Death and Life, in letters so large that he who runs may read them. With a wise adaptation to our wants and our weakness, the Scriptures generally deliver their warnings in pairs. Like fences facing each other on opposite sides of the right path, to keep the flock from straying, the Terrors and the Promises of the Lord are everywhere found not very far asunder.

The multitude who approach on life's common highway are all thirsty, and all seeking water: those who go to the left hand are like the children who, in time of famine, were sent to the pits for water, and returned with empty vessels because the pits were dry (Jer. xiv.); and those who go to the right, are like Israel in the wilderness when they clustered round the Rock in Horeb, and drank from the cool gushing stream. Faithfully and affectionately the Apostle proclaims to the approaching crowd his double intimation: this way, the pilgrims perish on the brink of wells without water that enticed to destroy; that way, they meet the river which makes glad the city of our God.

We shall first listen to his warning. "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ."

The English word *spoil* has two distinct meanings: the one is to damage an article, and the other is to rob a man. The use of the word to denote an injury must be comparatively modern. I find no certain trace of it in that sense in the English Bible. When we read in the gospel, for example, that one cannot enter a strong man's house and spoil his goods while their owner is at liberty, the aim of the spoiler is not to break the furniture, but to carry the treasure off. The process of spoiling may be accomplished either by secret stratagem or by open force. In the one case it is called theft, in the other robbery.

The apostle's warning points to spoilers as thieves and robbers, seeking by wiles or by power to take our treasure away. Under the broad daylight of revelation, there is no difficulty in perceiving what is the precious thing which we should watch and defend. The soul itself is at stake here, and its salvation through Christ. The miners in Australia, before they start from the interior for the seaboard with their gold, apply to the Government for an armed escort; nor will they begin their perilous journey until they obtain it, for they set a high value on the treasure which they bear. Would that Christ's subjects knew as well the worth of their treasure, and the danger to which it is exposed in life's journey; so they would more earnestly plead for protection from the king. What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? Forewarned, forearmed. Let us learn who the adversaries are, and what instruments they employ to ruin us. Thus shall we be prepared for a successful defence.

The methods of the adversary are unveiled in these remarkable terms, "Through philosophy and vain deceit." How these two operate is explained immediately; but in the first place we must ascertain what these two are. We must not suppose, however, that all dangers are enumerated in one text. The method of the Scriptures is to deal in detail with particular cases, and the cases combined constitute together a complete code of law. The snares are legion, and only two are specifically mentioned here. The enemies who most frequently and successfully "war against the soul," are fleshly lusts in various forms; but it is not against these enemies, powerful though they be, that this apostolic warning is directed. At present we are invited to consider erroneous doctrines rather than vicious lives, as the sources of spiritual danger. I believe that practical wickedness is the breach by which the evil one most frequently enters and captivates the soul; but it is not the only wile of the devil. The apostle cares for the thousands who are destroyed by domineering passions; but he does not neglect the tens who become entangled in erroneous speculation, and so miss the way of life.

We must not allow ourselves to be led away by an imposing name. Neither in ancient nor in modern times has philosophy been always and uni-

formly a deep, grave, sublime thing. It has at intervals appeared as a vulgar, shallow, mischievous pretender. In some specimens it is found to be nothing else than "sounding brass." Nor is it exclusive in its haunts and habitats. It is found in high places and in low; it is entertained by the polished classes and the vulgar. In as far as philosophy is a true search for knowledge among the works and laws of God, it is the servant and not the rival of religion. Every enlightened Christian hails true learning as an auxiliary to the kingdom of Christ; but obviously the philosophy which Paul speaks of as the adversary of faith, is a philosophy falsely so called. We cannot afford to despise the great swelling words of a self-sufficient and unbelieving speculation, for they may become the snare in which precious souls are lost. Philosophic scepticism has its ready-made phrases which, being smooth and well worn, glide easily from mouth to mouth, and from generation to generation. There is a sort of acknowledged currency which goes unchallenged among the citizens of this secular commonwealth. We shall show our readers one or two of these pennies which sceptics take and give as good for the soul, that they may judge for themselves. Here is one: "A benevolent God would not make creatures, and then damn them." It is smooth and round. It passes easily from hand to hand. Is it good? As to material, is it pure gold? and as to authority, has it the image and superscription of the king? One or two questions may suffice to pierce this bladder, and then we may leave it to collapse. Does moral evil exist in the world? Who is the evil-doer? Should a just God make no distinction in his treatment of sin and holiness? How do you account for the obvious fact that sin brings suffering on the sinner in this life? If sin bring suffering on the sinner in this life, are you sure that it will not do so in the life to come? How shall God give his children a happy home, if the evil shall inhabit it as well as the good?

Another proposition, more refined and more fashionable, is that "God will not punish men for an erroneous belief, if it be sincere." This philosophy issues from the schools, and is echoed from the factories. Its exterior is plausible, but its heart is hollow. It assumes that in things spiritual and eternal, an erring course will lead you to the desired haven, as well as the true course, provided always that you honestly think your falsehood is a truth. Testimony on the subject, apart from the Scriptures, we have none; and analogy, the only other source whence evidence may be obtained, goes sheer against the doctrine. A shipmaster is steering homewards. He has been many days at sea without sight of land. He has calculated his course according to the best of his ability; but from the use of inaccurate instruments, or blunders in his figures, he has cast up his course several points wide of the truth. He steers accordingly, sincerely believing that his course is right. Will the sincerity of his belief in error prevent his ship from being broken when it strikes the rocks? No: because the rocky coast is a real substantial object. And, we suspect, if unbelieving speculators acknowledged the reality of a spiritual world, as an object external to ourselves, they could not possibly suppose that a man can reach the rest that remaineth by a false course, as safely as by a true.

The "vain deceit" may be considered either as a characteristic of false philosophy, or a separate snare. If it refer to a different danger, it must point in the direction of superstition. In that case the two correspond to the double warning elsewhere given by the Lord, to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the Sadducees." The leaven of the Sadducees was a speculative denial of the main doctrines of religion; the leaven of the Pharisees was a superstitious confidence in religious formalities, not prescribed by God, but invented by men. Although the scepticism that believes nothing, and the superstition that receives without question all the dogmas of Rome, are in an important sense naturally opposite and antagonist, they are also nearly akin and closely allied. The two fortresses frown fiercely against each other in their lofty battlements; but shrewd observers suspect that there exists a secret subterranean communication between them, and that influences not unfriendly pass and repass unseen. One fact often proves what a thousand theories cannot explain; and some facts have been permitted to emerge in our day upon a prominent stage, which serve to advertise all concerned that there is more natural affinity between philosophic unbelief and Popish superstition, than any one could gather from a superficial review. It is well known that the movement towards Rome which originated in Oxford a good many years ago, has, after producing a great deal of commotion, spent its force; and that the literary scepticism which at this day so much shakes and alarms the English Church is but the reactionary wave. In this aspect it is an equally instructive and still more striking fact, that at an early stage of the movement towards forms, two brothers, both eminent and learned men, were simultaneously driven from their old foundations; and that in seeking to escape from the deluge, one became a priest of Rome, and another a prophet of infidelity.

Whether these are two distinct snares, or two characteristics of one danger, we are expressly informed that the philosophy and hollow cheat, which Paul contemplates with dread, came "according to the tradition of men, and according to the rudiments of the world." Tradition is a principle of power; when it is employed to propagate and perpetuate error, its effects are unspeakably disastrous. The place of tradition in Rome is well known. There, people on principle intrust their souls to what is said by somebody to have been handed down from somebody else, far up in the dark ages. But tradition has too much power beyond the pale of the Papacy. Human authority has too much sway in the concerns of a soul. "All ye are brethren;" let us therefore modestly distrust ourselves, and ask counsel of the wisest within our reach; but "one is your master, even Christ;" let us therefore never be the servants of men.

"The rudiments of the world" are its footprints,—the track which it makes and leaves. The declaration that "we all like sheep have gone astray," is not only in substance true, it is also

minutely exact. The thoughtless multitude follow the first footprints that they find, and refuse to take the trouble of judging for themselves.

The Church, in a rude and dark age, instead of guiding her course, like mariners, by the lights that shine in heaven, followed the path which she found beaten by previous travellers on the earth. Ah! the footprints of the world are not safe landmarks on the way to heaven. Nor is this species of weakness confined to the inhabitants of unenlightened countries, or the slaves of a superstitious system. We meet it every day at home, in communities and families where political liberty and gospel light are enjoyed in the fullest measure. In the education of children, in the management of the house, in the choice of company, and the expenditure of means, even Christians seem to regulate their course by the fashion of the world more than by the law of their Lord.

While he condemns the habit of following the world's footsteps, the Apostle is careful to suggest for our guidance another track, a track distinctly marked on earth and leading sure to heaven. His complaint bears that people go according to the footprints of the world, "and not after Christ." This blessed name leapt ever readily to Paul's lips. He is not contented with a reference to the moral law as the rule of righteousness, and to the Scriptures in general as a sufficient guide in all the circumstances of life: he goes directly to the centre, and directs Christians to follow Christ. This is the secret of a holy life, and a safe departure. He is the best Christian who most closely follows Christ.

FOURTH EVENING.

THE REFUGE.—A REDEEMER AT ONCE HUMAN AND DIVINE.

"For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in him."—Col. ii. 9, 10.

When we have learned from Paul's lips what will not save and satisfy, we proceed to learn also from the same source what will. We shall not chase those shifting shadows of human opinion and worldly fashion any more. We consent to abandon these wells without water; but to whom shall we go? To thee, Lord Jesus, "for thou hast the words of eternal life." "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in him."

Over against all the vain shows of a godless world are set the Incarnation and the Regeneration as the means of satisfying human souls here, and saving them for ever. The chain consists of two links only, an upper and a lower,—the chain on which eternal life for man depends. The upper link is the incarnation of the Son of God: the under link is the regeneration of individual men. "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Behold the salvation provided by God, and permitted to hang down from heaven till it touch the earth. "Ye are in him;" behold the cleaving of a saved soul to Christ by a living faith.

It is peculiarly interesting to observe that Paul, after setting aside all the wisdom of man as utterly unfit to satisfy an immortal spirit, immediately, and with inimitable simplicity, proposes the Incarnation in their stead. Ah! be assured there is philosophy here as well as faith. This man, apart altogether from inspiration, could dip more deeply by reason into the nature of things than those professionals at Athens, who called him a babbler. Profound intellectual insight, as well as spiritual discernment, is displayed in the bold, direct substitution of Christ's person, as both God and man, for the vain philosophies which he had discarded. He is not contented with introducing a true opinion in room of the false; he is not contented even with introducing a divinely-inspired doctrine of religion, in room of human speculations: in place of all opinions, false or true, secular or sacred, he introduces a fact. The question is, What will sustain a human soul when it is fainting, and what will satisfy it when it is empty? This inspired teacher gives to feeble, failing humanity, not a thought, but a brother. To a person in utter amazement and need, he brings a person in whom dwells all power, and from whom flows all compassion. The Alpha and Omega of Revelation is this: that God became man, and dwelt among us. The histories, the prophecies, the doctrines of the Bible, reveal Christ. They do not save us; they lead us to our Saviour. Our Saviour is a person. He is man, that we may get near his heart; and God, that he may deliver us from all evil.

"The fulness of the Godhead" is needed to satisfy our desires. Nothing more can be given, and nothing less will suffice. The creature that was made in God's image, cannot be satisfied with any portion less than God. When a human soul is spoiled and left empty, you cannot fill it by finite things. Give it a whole world, and its hunger gnaws as painfully as before. It will continue empty and miserable, until you restore to it the portion which it lost by sin. But "the fulness of the Godhead" lies far beyond the reach of the fallen. We might as well hope to raise our bodies from the earth, and fly through space to some brighter world, as to rise in spirit by our own efforts to communion with God in holiness. What we could not do, God did, and did by the gift of his Son. The fulness of the Godhead dwelt and dwells in the man Christ Jesus. Thus do we get access to the fountain of all good. God is love: but how shall we approach and satisfy our thirst from that upper spring? Jesus is our Mediator. Through him the divine love reaches our hearts: through him we have access to the Father.

The evidences of revealed religion in all their branches are useful and necessary. None of the demonstrations which have been developed in the course of the Christian era could be wanted. Each has its place and its function. But the person and character of the Redeemer stands alone, greater than all. The true evidence of Christianity is Christ. Here is a person whom not only believers love, but infidels of all ages revere and admire. This person, who is truth embodied, distinctly declares that he existed before he was born in

Bethlehem; that he is the Son of God with power, that he raised the dead by his word; and yet for us men, and for our salvation was crucified on Calvary; that he rose from the grave and ascended into heaven; that he intercedes now at the throne of God for his people, and will return at last in the clouds of heaven to take them home. All this Christ has himself declared. You cannot reject this, and yet fall back on the supposition generally admitted by the enemies of Christianity, that Christ was a great and good man. If these things are not true, then he who declared them was consciously all his days, in life and death an arch deceiver. It is impossible, unless the light of reason has been violently extinguished, to look to the Christ of the Gospel, and count him a dark false deceiver. I say it is impossible; and that impossibility throws you over at a bound into the glorious assurance that all his word is true. Here is the shortest and surest course of instruction in the Christian evidences: Go to the Christ of the New Testament, the Christ of Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John, of Peter and Paul; keep him company a while, and gravely study his character. Follow his steps, and listen to his instructions. See him while he mightily works, and meekly endures: hear his reproof of sin, and his compassion for the sin-doer; join the congregation who listen to his sermon, and stand beside him while he spends the night on the mountain-top in prayer; go in with him to Pilate's judgment-seat, and stand on Calvary near the Cross; go and form acquaintance with Christ in his ministry among men, and say whether he is the worst of men or the best, for one or other of these two he must be—say before your conscience and God—say on the brink of time and the threshold of eternity, is he false and bad, or is he pure and true? Pure and true like heaven, like God you must pronounce him to be; the very laws of your being compel the confession. And where does this confession place you? In a moment, and by one sure step, it lifts you from the deep miry pit of manifold unbelief, sets your feet upon a rock, and fills your mouth with praise. It is fixed that Christ is true: you accept him as he is: you take him at his word. He is God with us: he has gone to prepare a place for us, and he will come again, for he has said so. The fulness of the Godhead dwells in him, and it dwells in him that I may reach it. When my heart simply recognises Christ as the Son of God, and yet my brother, the recognition makes me a new creature.

When we know him as God with us, we accept him as our Redeemer. Through faith his people are in him, and so partake of his salvation.

In our text it is expressly said, ye are complete; that is, full, in him. It is not easy to satisfy a man. It is both solemnizing and gladsome to observe how wide is the chasm which divides our nature from the most fully developed of the lower animals. Give them enough of convenient food, and they lie down content. When an ox has gathered his fill on the meadow, and lain down to chew the cud, you could not make him happier though you had all in earth and heaven at your disposal. You would only disturb his peace by adding to his portion. But ah, how different is a creature made up like the ox of flesh and blood, when God has breathed into the body an immortal soul. Here, in a moment, is a capacity which heaven and earth could not fill. It was a true instinct in the apostle Philip that prompted him to say to Jesus, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." There, that simple Galilean was right. He expressed a truth which all the learning of the schools cannot discover. Perhaps, at that stage of his instruction, the disciple did not understand all that his own words contained. To us under the ministry of the Spirit their meaning shines more clearly through. In a human spirit there remains an aching emptiness although it has gotten a whole world as its portion. This incapability of having enough, as a characteristic of humanity, is a sublime and awe-inspiring thing. It may, in some of its manifestations, become pitiable or ludicrous; the rich miser's complaint of poverty provokes scorn or laughter, but this is only a beautiful human countenance twisted into a caricature; the human countenance in symmetry and life is not a contemptible but a glorious sight. The impossibility of satisfying me, though you should give me a whole world, greatly comforts me. It lifts me high above all other creatures that are visible. It brings me up nearer to God than other beings that I know. I am glad to learn that I am incapable of being satisfied with created things; for I desire to be kept open and empty until God be mine, and then the craving of my spirit shall cease.

In our Brother, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, dwells the fulness of the Godhead. When I am through faith spiritually inserted into him, as the branch bodily is in the vine, the fulness of the Godhead flows into me, until my whole being is filled with God.

While we conceive of the saved state in heaven as a state for other and essentially different beings, it has for us no attractions. Illimitable space, and blue ether, and invisible spirits, and silent thoughts, with none in our nature near,—these things will not win us. To be thrown into that great empty concave, with no green tree, and no rolling river, and no human faces in it, is not a gladsome anticipation. A friend, a brother, more tenderly and perfectly human than any whom we have ever known, and yet at the same time God over all,—this is the heaven wherewith the ministry of the Spirit charms human hearts. The increasing knowledge of the heavenly state will be like the results of microscope and telescope combined. A whole world of close, minute, hitherto undiscovered human sympathy, will be found in Immanuel; and at the same time, his divine perfections will open up in a limitless expanse. The infinite God comes closer to me in true human love than any brother. He who is my brother has all power in heaven and in earth. It is on this person, in conscious sympathy with all his people every moment, as the head with the members; it is on this person, entered already as our forerunner into the Holiest for us, that the anchor of a believing hope now surely fastens. Fastened there, every toss that a tempted but trusting soul suffers on this sea of time, fixes its hold more firmly. Christ is the heaven of Christians.

W. ARNOT.

WAR AND ITS GAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THE horrors of war" is a theme on which it is easy to descant, and one which it is impossible adequately to realize or to exaggerate. No event can more thoroughly absorb and terribly excite every faculty in man than a great battle; nor can any spectacle be more frightful or depressing than a vast battle-field when the combat is ended. We do not wonder, therefore, that Christian men, or those possessed of even the most ordinary philanthropy, should unite together and make every effort in their power for the purpose of imbuing society with a wholesome aversion to war. There are times, also, when it may be peculiarly necessary to quicken a nation's sense of the awful responsibility which it incurs, if it proclaims war before every possible means of saving mankind from so great a sacrifice have been exhausted. At all times, indeed, it is necessary to put down that light and unbecoming spirit, with which a duty so very solemn as that of sacrificing our own lives or the lives of our fellow-men is accepted by ourselves or delegated to others. Amidst the alarm of the threatened invasion of '98, Coleridge thus uttered his vehement protest against such a spirit:—

"Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war:
The best amusement for our morning's meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phrase-man, absolute
And technical, in victories and defeat,
And all our dainty terms of fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly on our tongues,
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling, and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven translated and not killed,
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him!"

But while we do not underrate the moral and social evils among a people which a passion for war at once evidences and increases, we must not be driven to the opposite extreme of denouncing war as being itself a great crime. Such an opinion not only involves the condemnation of some of the noblest achievements of the greatest nations, but the entire lives of their noblest men, while it makes God's providential government over the world a profounder mystery, and a mere inextricable riddle.

Let us offer a few observations upon the lawfulness of war and its gains, not, indeed, with the desire of stimulating any feelings of enmity between man and man, but of diminishing, in some degree, the weight of the burthen which oppresses many a good and loving heart in contemplating war with all its losses and accompanying horrors.

Now it is our firm conviction that war, in its fiercest form, may be opposed neither to the letter nor spirit of Christianity; while "peace at any price" is unprincipled selfishness, and opposed to both. A national war is lawful when it is resorted to as the only means left of defending the right by might; and then it is one of the noblest forms of self-sacrifice; for it is the sacrifice by the nation of its wealth and people, and by the soldier of a thousand blessings, and of life itself, rather than part with liberty, which is essential to a nation's existence, or with righteousness which is essential to the world's progress. On the other hand, the man, who rather than fight would purchase earthly blessings by the sacrifice of the right, manifests the spirit of an animalized and degraded slave, who prefers life to duty, and shrinks from the vindication, at all hazards, of truth and honour.

It is, of course, admitted that war, if inconsistent with the exercise of Christian love towards our "enemies," is indefensible, inasmuch as love is the very spirit of Christianity, and is that eternal bond which, in no case, and in no circumstances whatever, can be broken with impunity. It is, however, not only possible to fight until death, and to sacrifice the lives of our enemies, as well as our own, without hating the one more than the other, but the absence of all personal hate is one of the very characteristics of national warfare, as distinguished from personal animosity or family feuds. War, when lawful, ought to be, and may be, as free from any personal dislike of the enemy, as the condemnation or execution of a criminal is free from all private or personal hate to the criminal himself on the part of the judge or the executioner.

This is evidenced by many a fact that could be gathered from the annals of war. How often, for example, have commanders been obliged to forbid the too friendly and familiar intercourse in which the outposts of the contending armies indulged,

sometimes in the exchange of mere civilities, and at other times of soldiers' luxuries. What displays of finest generosity have been witnessed on the part of the strong towards the weak, even in the very "current of the heady fight;" as when the French cavalry officer in the charge was about to cut down the wounded Napier, until, suddenly perceiving his disabled arm, he lowered his weapon, saluted him, and passed on in the *mêlée!* And should the white flag of peace be raised above the smoke of the sternest fight, and the message fly from rank to rank that the war is over, in a moment foe will meet with foe, to embrace as friend with friend. Men who an hour before were ready to seek each other's death, would in the next moment clasp each other's hands with the warmth of a common brotherhood; and veterans, whose eyes would never quail before the storm of shot and shell, will not be ashamed to drop a tear of thanksgiving when hearing the trumpet-note of peace. We thus believe that there may be less of the spirit of personal dislike in the bloodiest battle ever fought between soldiers, than in many a "religious" combat between divines; and that a tract of a Peace Society may be written by a pen guided by a more bitter personal dislike than any sword ever wielded by the hero of a hundred fights.

We do not allege that the spirit which we have described is that which imbues every soldier; but we maintain that it is the genuine soldier's spirit, and essential to that chivalry which, in every age, has united the brave with the gentle—the true hero with the true "*gentle*-man." Unless a soldier could thus love his enemies whom he nevertheless kills, and that more truly than the judge can love the criminal whom he nevertheless hangs, it would be impossible for a Christian to enter the ranks of the army. And what could be said of the many illustrious champions of the Cross who have been as illustrious champions in many a bloody battle? They must have lived and died under a gross delusion, or been condemned by God for hating and murdering their fellow-men,—and this no man but a fanatic or a fool believes. We admit—what, alas! is too well known for us to be able to deny—that every war has given birth to dreadful deeds of cruelty and revenge; for every army, as armies are at present constituted, has some in its ranks recruited from the most ignorant and degraded of our population. But we believe, and it is more to our purpose, that in the vast majority of cases in which lawful war becomes lawless hate, it will be found that personal injury, as in India, or party passion, as in America, have actuated, or have been assumed to have actuated, those in whom the war has originated. It is thus, too, that the fiercest wars, and the most unjustifiable, have been civil wars, for these have been mixed up with personal and party questions. For the same reason, a riotous mob manifests hatred to volunteers or yeomanry raised from among themselves, who may be called out to quell the riot—a hatred which is not felt towards regular troops who are recognised as those who do their duty officially, without the possibility of having any *personal* feeling in the matter.

The lawfulness of the wars recorded in the Old Testament waged against idolaters, requires no justification from us. These were but the carrying out of the sentence of execution justly passed by God upon great criminals, and with heavy personal sacrifices also on the part of the executioners. Hence those heroes of the olden time who fought so bravely for Israel are commemorated by the apostle as men of faith who "subdued kingdoms," "waxed valiant in fight, turning to flight the armies of the aliens." Nor do we believe that the hatred expressed in the Psalms and elsewhere was in the least degree of a personal kind, but a holy and solemn condemnation of the enemies of all righteousness. David himself, from his very temperament, apart from his principles, was naturally and habitually a generous-hearted, chivalrous man—as witness his conduct towards Saul. It is impossible to conceive such a man embodying feelings of private or personal hate and revenge in his devotions before his God. But he could, nevertheless, "give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good," and "to him which smote great kings," for "His *mercy* endureth for ever!"

The following is a beautiful illustration from the Old Testament of the true spirit which should actuate soldiers in war, and a grand protest against the spirit of revenge:—

"And the children of Israel carried away captive of their brethren two hundred thousand, women, sons, and daughters, and took also away much spoil from them, and brought the spoil to Samaria. But a prophet of the Lord was there, whose name was Oded: and he went out before the host that came to Samaria, and said unto them, Behold, because the Lord God of your fathers was wroth with Judah, he hath delivered them into your hand, *and ye have slain them in a rage that reacheth up unto heaven.* And now ye purpose to keep under the children of Judah and Jerusalem for bondmen and bondwomen unto you: but *are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?* . . . So the armed men left the captives and the spoil before the princes and all the congregation. And the men which were expressed by name rose up, and took the captives, and with the spoil clothed all that were naked among them, and arrayed them, and shod them, and gave them to eat and to drink, and anointed them, and carried all the feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm trees, to their brethren: then they returned to Samaria."

But we may look at war from another point of view, and as affording a remarkable illustration of what seems to be a law affecting the progress of the race. For it would appear, in this portion, at least, of the kingdom of God, that no life can exist except through death. We see this exemplified in the history of the world. When new life was promised to Adam, it was preceded by the sentence of death. When life came to the world in the preservation of Noah, death also came in the destruction of its former inhabitants. The emancipation of Israel from bondage was the preservation of the world's life; but this was accomplished only after plagues had desolated Egypt, and Pharaoh and his host were overthrown in the Red Sea. The possession of Canaan, which became the centre of life to the world, was acquired through

war and the extinction of the abominable Canaanites. The establishment upon earth of the Christian Church, as the life of humanity, required the death of the old Jewish Church and nation; while the life of the whole body of the Church in heaven must be preceded by the death of all its members. The same principle holds true in the individual soul. We must die in order to live. The resurrection of the new man is possible only through the crucifixion and burial of the old man. Thus we see that the grand fact in the world's history of the death of Christ, in order that life should come to the world, is an embodiment of a great law in God's kingdom, and interprets, rather than is interpreted by, all the other workings of the same law.

Accordingly, no great benefit has ever come to the world, or to nations, without the death and desolation of famine, pestilence, persecution, or war. In looking back along the centuries of history, we can remember none! It may seem to us strange and mysterious that so it should be, but so it has been. In every case the light has come out of darkness—the happiness through suffering—the life through death. Mankind reach God's kingdom of good only through "much tribulation." The death may, indeed, belong to sin or its wages; but the life is of God, and his gift. Granting that every war is caused by evil somewhere, and that it is at once its effect and punishment, yet we believe that in the merciful as well as just providence of God, it becomes to a large extent its cure; and though, like every form of chastisement, it is not "for the present joyous but grievous," yet "afterwards it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness." God thus makes man's wrath to praise him; and the awful power of evil which has not originated in him is yet so controlled and directed by him as to help on the good. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

And if the life thus never comes without the death, so may we feel assured that the death is never in vain, or never fails to issue in life, or in some way or other to contribute to its existence or growth. Let us not then be crushed by the thought that losses in war have been losses only, without any corresponding gains, and nothing more than huge hecatombs offered up to the ambition or pride of monarchies or republics, or results of the diplomatic blunders and selfish policy of ignorant or wicked men. We have too much confidence in the justice and love of Christ's reign to believe this. Never would he permit the blood of many noble hearts to be shed, nor so many sacrifices to be made by Christian families, unless, through this same death, he was to give life more abundantly to the world. The losses from war have been tremendous in our own day in Europe, India, and America; but we may surely be permitted to believe, that the gain to human liberty, to religion, and to the spread of the gospel, will be proportionate. The funeral has been large. The civilized world has followed the biers of the warriors who fell, and millions have dropped tears into their graves; but the civilized world will enjoy the legacy which they have left behind. The benefits that are to accrue to mankind from war may possibly, and for a time, be unseen, but our faith in God's government, and the experience gathered from the history of the world, assure us, that though a winter of bitter cold and wild storm-blast may intervene before the harvest, yet that a harvest *must* come, when what is now sown in tears in the bloody battle-field will, by us or by our posterity, be reaped with joy. The present death of thousands, though occasioned by the great sin of the world, is, nevertheless, a prelude to a resurrection to the world of future life, social, political, and religious.

The last ten years have witnessed several great and important wars; as in the Crimea, India, Italy, and America. It would be difficult and presumptuous in us to attempt to specify the particular evils which occasioned those wars; although we might hazard the conjecture that the ambition—ecclesiastical as well as civil—and despotism of Russia, which threatened to overturn the balance of power in Europe, had no small share in causing the Crimean campaign; that our own covetousness and rapacity in India, along with the chronic hatred of the heathen to a Christian government, had something to do with the rebellion in India; that the tyranny of Austria and of the Pope stirred up Italy, while slavery is confessedly the grand cause of the war raging at present in America.

Those great moments in history which were recently so very present to us, are already stealing away into the dimness of the past. Yet they must ever remain fresh in the memory of the present generation, who once read with "bated breath" the telegrams which told the progress of the death struggle. We like to pause and recal that Crimean time of anxiety and sorrow. We cannot forget those accounts which we read with such intense interest of that long struggle sustained by 400,000 men around the beleaguered fortress, and within a space hardly ten miles square;—artillery roaring night and day for months; shells in ceaseless showers hissing and rushing through the sky; trenches digging; attacking, and defending; batteries mounting and dismounting; nightly sorties, with firing, shouts, and death-struggles in the darkness; men perishing daily in hundreds from cold, disease, agonizing wounds, or the sudden crash of shot or shell. We remember the days of more than ordinary peril and more wide-spread calamity—days of hurricane, when navies were sunk, or of fierce onset against the fortress, when armies seemed to march forward for hours, amidst the hell of turmoil and carnage, into some unseen and unknown dread bourne from whence no soldier returned. Who can forget the crowds of sufferers who streamed from the shores of the Crimea to add to the horrors of the already overcrowded hospitals, or the graves which were ever digging round their walls? Or who can forget the messengers of woe which every day left the seat of war and visited Europe, knocking at the doors of ten thousand homes, telling children that they were orphans, wives that they were widows, parents that the pride of their heart was laid low, sisters that their brothers were killed, and a large circle of friends and neighbours that old familiar faces should be seen no more!

Now the Crimea has long been deserted, and left to the gentle influences of nature, and the peaceful occupations of man. The green grass grows in luxuriance over the heights so long trodden by embattled hosts; the harbour of Balaclava is silent as a mountain tarn; cattle browse along the line of the once busy railway; the bee hums among the wild flowers on the graves of our countrymen; the lark sings over the fields drenched by blood; the husbandman pauses to examine records of battle turned up by his plough; strangers, year after year, visit the memorable scene, and trace out the spots consecrated by patient suffering or heroic valour; and many an unlettered wanderer in vain attempts to decipher the inscriptions over our English dead,—inscriptions which will be read through tears by pilgrims from afar who visit their graves, and to whom the names on those humble tablets are records of the history of a life.

But what have we gained by that war? Our losses have been great;* have there been adequate returns of good? We think there have. One result has been that Russia, which, like a second Babylon, threatened to be a hammer to break the nations of the earth, has been broken—driven back from her advance towards Europe and the East, and compelled to accept a peace, with the loss of fortresses, fleets, armies, influence, and the glory of being invincible, which charmed nations to become her slaves; while she herself has been mercifully compelled to direct her energies to the development of her own rich and almost inexhaustible resources, and to the improvement of her people. Besides this, additional security has been obtained for the permanence of the British rule in India, which we think is now identical with the best interests of that great country.

But perhaps the greatest gain to humanity from the Crimean War has been the freedom thereby secured throughout the Turkish dominions, not only for Christians so called, but for Mahometans who may embrace the Christian faith. This is a great gain to humanity. For twelve hundred years has Islam reigned, and brooked no rival. For twelve hundred years it has been death to a Mahometan to believe in Christ as the only Saviour. For twelve hundred years Mahometanism, numbering at present its more than one hundred million souls, has been shut out from all the light and life of the Gospel. *Now*, Islam is practically destroyed! It has been permitted, in the calm and patient government of God, to do its best or its worst—to be, if it could, the life of an empire—the life of the race. Twelve centuries have been given it to make the experiment, with the fairest and holiest portion of the earth to make it in, and with unlimited power to back its efforts. The experiment has failed; failed utterly and deplorably. Mahometanism has given birth to no permanent literature, philosophy, science, or hardly even to works of art, except some noble buildings in India. It has triumphed cruelly, reigned despotically, indulged itself sensually, until it has become effete, degraded, sunk. But now a new era has come, and Christianity, ever fresh and ever young, steps in to save Turkey from being blotted out from the map of nations, and to conquer her as an enemy by making her a friend. The fact of the Prince of Wales having been the first Christian who was ever admitted into the Mosque of Hebron, is itself a proof of the change which has come over Turkey since the war. The wedge has got in its edge, and those Mahometan fanatics who think that it must end in destroying Islam, are not mistaken.

Not less vivid are our recollections of the last Indian war, nor less bright our hopes of its good results. We remember, but as yesterday, how the tidings of a mutinous regiment here and there were at first received without any alarm, but how, when the whole army was infected, our confidence at home well nigh yielded to despair. The unparalleled drama passes before our eyes in tragic scenes, repeated across the wide plains of India: the sudden treachery of the Sepoys, the massacre of their officers, the hurried flights of terrified residents and their families, the marvellous escapes of some, and the cruel destruction of others. Cawnpore, Delhi, Lucknow!—when shall these scenes or names be forgotten? Our losses were great indeed during that dreadful time. Many a family lost its fairest, bravest, and best. Tens of thousands perished in battle, by massacre, or by disease, and hatred to the British rule was intensified in many a native breast. But what have been our gains? The Government of Great Britain has been established stronger than ever over the whole peninsula of India with its 170 millions of inhabitants! *That* is a gain to humanity which cannot be too highly estimated, provided always that Christian Britain realizes the grandeur of her duties towards her Eastern dominions. And this, by God's help, she *has* been doing of late more than ever, and will, we believe and hope, continue to do more and more. The interests of the people of India can never now be what they have often been—objects of indifference to the people of England. The end of the mutiny marked the beginning of a new era in Indian history, which promises to be one of such just government, political freedom, commercial enterprise, enlightened education, and wise missionary effort, as will a thousand-fold recompense us for all the sacrifices of the war by which such results have been secured.

Nor, in reckoning up those results, can we overlook one which is apt to escape our notice; and that is the influence which the courage of our countrymen in India must exercise upon future generations. It appears to us that the hand of God was never seen more clearly revealed in history than in those men whom he raised up to preserve our rule in India; in the power, wisdom, and bravery with which he endowed them; and in the deliverances which he vouchsafed to them. And should the day ever come when a degenerate people are disposed from enervating sloth to succumb be-

* It has been computed, by the best authority, after careful examination of details, that the Crimean War, directly or indirectly, caused the loss of upwards of 800,000 to Russia, 120,000 to Turkey, 85,000 to France, 60,000 to Austria—by disease, in her army of observation—and 26,000 to Great Britain. It is not generally known how small our loss has been, in comparison with that of other nations, who are not in the habit of revealing, but of concealing their calamities.

fore difficulties, from selfish fear to fly from danger, or in despair to give up their national power and privileges,—then may the story of the march of Havelock to Cawnpore, or the defence and relief of Lucknow, with the memories of the indomitable few who everywhere battled against the fearful odds, stir up the last drop of blood in their hearts, and nerve them to act worthily of such an ancestry, and to quit themselves like men! No war is in vain which thus strengthens the self-reliance, the self-respect, and the independence of a great nation, consecrated by God for high and holy purposes on earth.

It is premature, perhaps, for us to calculate the gains to mankind from the Italian campaign, or from the civil conflict now raging so fiercely in America. But as regards Italy, the creation of a free nation out of small states, crushed by civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, and the check given to the Papal power, are results already visible, and more than sufficient to repay the losses of Solferino or Magenta. As to America, there seems to be but one opinion, that whatever be the issue of the war on the union of the North and South, the institution of slavery, which occasioned that war, is doomed to perish as its certain result. The fearful losses in this most fierce and bloody conflict will thus in some degree measure the magnitude of the evil which was its proximate cause, and of the good which will be its ultimate effect.

"The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

The childhood of Him, who is the Perfect Man, must needs be the ideal of all childhood. But who can imagine or describe it? Our minds feel irresistibly attracted to that wonderful flower, whilst still in its mysterious bud—but the reverence with which we regard every child—"God's problem, waiting man's solution," is increased a hundredfold, when we think of that holy child Jesus, the Immanuel, who is from above, the Son of the Most High. A divine history requires a divine historian; and therefore while we turn with aversion from the clumsy and foolish stories in which apocryphal Gospels represent the child Jesus performing miracles and uttering wonderful mysteries,—narratives in which we recognise neither the character of human childhood or the glory of Divinity, we welcome with delight the account given us in the inspired Record; for though only a single incident, it throws sufficient light on the years which preceded it, and on the period which separates it from the three years of His ministry.

Jesus was twelve years old. According to Jewish custom, this was the age at which the sons of Israel were admitted to take personal part in the religious services: they were then called "Sons of the Law." Hence it was, that for the first time Jesus was now permitted to accompany his parents on their yearly journey to Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover. The child Jesus may have often looked with intense interest on the pilgrims, as they met in the streets of Nazareth; and when he heard them speaking of Jerusalem and the temple, and the beautiful ordinances of the house of God, doubtless he looked forward with joyful—though not impatient—expectation to the time, when he also would see the city of his Father David, when his feet also would stand within the gates of Jerusalem, and he would keep the feast with the multitude with the voice of joy and of praise. Behold, then, a band of pilgrims from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and hear them singing the beautiful psalms, which describe so appropriately the feeling of the true Israelites towards the holy city:—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever." The Lord's people spoke to each other of the great things which God had done for Israel in the time past; some perhaps were explaining to the young the meaning of the Paschal lamb, while others were conversing about the great promise to the Fathers, and encouraging each other to wait for the consolation of Israel. They knew not that He was among them, even the Angel of the Covenant, whom they desired.

They have reached the end of their pilgrimage. They are in Jerusalem, in the temple of God. What must Jesus have felt, when he beheld now what he had so often read in the Holy Scriptures, and heard from his mother Mary, and Joseph, when he saw the altar, and sacrifices, and priests, and all the symbols of divine appointment and mysterious import! We read of another child who ministered unto the Lord and heard his voice in the temple, but a greater is here than Samuel.

The days of the festival are over, and the pilgrims prepare for their journey homeward. Jesus remained in Jerusalem, and it is only after a day's journey that his parents miss him. It may be asked, how was it possible for them to lose sight of him? They may have thought that some of their relatives and friends had taken care of him; the wisdom, meekness, and obedience of the child, may have made them less anxious about his safety; they could trust him, for there was no foolishness and self-will bound up in the heart of that child. But the circumstance has a deeper meaning and truth. While Mary is bound to Joseph and her family circle, Jesus follows the attraction of a higher world, of a sphere in which he was always and perfectly at home. But who can describe the anxiety of Mary, when she did not find Jesus among their friends, and when her search for three days remained fruitless? Precious as a child is to its mother, no child ever was like him, and no mother's affection could have been like Mary's. Intrusted to her care, sent to her by God, that she should watch over and care for him, who was not merely her child, but the Redeemer of Israel, the King on David's throne—how could she ever lose sight of him even for a moment? Was it not her chief, her only duty, to be his protector and guardian, to be near him constantly, and shield and

bless him with her love and tenderness? What anxious thoughts and forebodings, what agonizing self-reproaches must have passed through her mind! Was this the sword which Simeon had prophesied would pierce through her soul?

Where did they seek him? Where we should seek a child who for the first time has come from a small and quiet provincial town to the metropolis. Jerusalem, at the time of the feast, we are told, accommodated about two millions of people,* from all parts of the country. The child would be attracted by their costumes, physiognomies, different dialects, and be likely in some crowded market-place. The buildings of the great city were thought another probable attraction. But nowhere can they find him. At last, though without sanguine expectation, they turn to the temple. The services are over, the imposing ceremonial at an end. Why should he still linger about its precincts? But it was there, in one of the chambers which were built round the temple, that they found him, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions! As a child he listened to them with docility; out of the depth of his pure God-loving soul he asked them questions which astonished them; for they revealed the wonderful insight which he possessed, and the penetration peculiar to the spiritual and heavenly-minded. When he had reached his mature manhood it was his custom to ask questions, which were sharp and pointed, and pierced through the mass of prejudices and sinful sophisms to the very kernel of the matter. Have we not every reason to think that in this respect also the child was father to the man, and that his questions went home to the consciences of the teachers, while those among them who loved the light, beheld in Jesus a child like Joseph, Samuel, or David, gifted from his most tender years with divine wisdom and grace? Jesus himself regarded the doctors with veneration, as men who had devoted themselves to the service of God and study of the Word—and in many respects he derived information and instruction from them. Yet even then he must have felt, that in their expositions of Scripture they did not understand the power of God.

Mary and Joseph are amazed when they find Jesus among the scribes, the centre evidently of that grave and learned circle. Mary, in the fulness of her heart, while Joseph remains silent, cannot restrain herself, and asks: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." As if she said: Thou hast never given me a moment's pain or uneasiness; never has one act of disobedience for a moment clouded my peace, or disturbed my joy in thee; I had never to find fault or to correct. Even now I can scarcely think of it. But why hast thou acted in so strange and unaccountable a manner? We have been full of grief and anxiety on thy account for three days!

But if Mary was astonished, the holy child was still more astonished. How was it possible for them to be in uncertainty or doubt about him? "How is it that ye have sought me?" Is not this temple, where God is served, and where his word is studied and explained, the place where the child of God has his true home, his most precious joy? Where else could he be? Here time is not felt; the whole world is forgotten. In his astonishment a new thought is presented to his mind—an idea which as yet had lain dormant within him, now awoke and came clearly to his consciousness, —even this, that he was different from others, even from his good mother Mary—and while she spoke of Joseph as "thy father," Jesus asks, "Know ye not that I must be in the things of my Father?" As afterwards he never used the expression "our Father," when speaking to his disciples, but knowing that he was the only-begotten Son of God, always said either "my Father" or "your Father," so now he feels, though not in full or perfect development, that he is from above, and above all, the Son of God, who loves the Father with an undivided heart, and lives by and with the Father. Must I not be—is it not a necessity of my nature—is it not an essential element of my life—is not the very joy and delight of my soul in the things of my Father? True, the direct reference is to the temple, my Father's house, where my Father is worshipped, where his name is hallowed, where his truth is taught. But the meaning of the expression is the same, as when afterwards Jesus calls himself the Son of Man, who is in *heaven*, whose affections and thoughts, whose citizenship and treasure, whose strength and wisdom is in heaveny places—in the secret place of the Most High.

Mary and Joseph understood not the saying which he spake unto them: they understood it not fully and clearly, yet the words had made a deep and lasting impression, especially on Mary, who kept them in her heart. True, from the very beginning the angel had revealed unto Mary the great mystery of godliness, and with humble faith she had accepted the message. True, in the adoration of the wise men from the East and of the shepherds, in the majestic prophecy of Simeon, as well as the joy of aged Anna, who with renewed youth, as if on eagle's wings, brought the glad tidings to all the faithful of Jerusalem—she had abundant confirmation of the Divine word. But the child Jesus was in all things so like any other child—except sin,—his development was so normal and gradual, that the thought of his Divinity was put into the background. Moreover, Mary's maternal affection would rather dwell on the human aspect; she wished to look upon that wonderful child as *her* child—she wished to keep him as her own. The sword, which was to pierce through her soul—what wonder, she kept away from it as long as possible? When Jesus said, "Must I not be about *my* Father's business?" she doubtless vaguely felt, what afterwards was more fully revealed to her at the marriage feast of Cana, and still more clearly when Jesus, on being told that his mother and brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him, answered, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!" And finally, when Jesus on the cross saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, "Woman, behold thy son!

* We know that it will accommodate yet a far greater number in the golden days spoken of by the prophets.

Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother!" In these words Jesus dissolved the peculiar bond which had subsisted between him and her whom all generations call blessed; here she realized fully that she had to lose him as her son; and though afterward she found her loss abundantly compensated by gaining him as her ever-near Consolation and Saviour, yet at the time the sword, which to a mother's heart was the most agonizing, pierced her soul. But the commencement of the solving of the tie was in the temple at Jerusalem.

It was a merciful and all-wise Providence, which partially obscured the brightness of the revelation which had been vouchsafed to Mary. Jesus was to be like unto us in all things; he was to grow and develop, mentally and morally, as well as physically, according to the laws of our nature. It behoved him, the Perfect Man, to be also a true child. But if Mary had possessed a distinct and clearly defined consciousness that Jesus was different from all other human beings, it is obvious that this would have been a disturbing element in her relation to him, in the position in which, according to the Divine plan, the Saviour had to be placed, in the quiet, and if we may so say, natural development of the Divine child. In order that Jesus should be a true child, and have a true mother, and grow in stature and wisdom, and in the favour of God and man, it was necessary that Mary should only gradually and dimly see his heavenly glory,—she pondered in her heart, she kept as a mysterious treasure, the indications of his real glory and majesty.

Wonderful child—so different from all other children who were ever born into this world! For even they whose childhood has been calm and pure, who have been blessed with an early knowledge of God and his love, have not merely to confess with David, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," but have likewise to pray, with the same man of God, "Remember not the sins of my youth!" Samuel was dedicated to the Lord from his infancy; yet of him also it is said, that he did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed to him. But Jesus, born without sin, had a perfectly pure and spotless childhood, and when he came to the house of God he required no Eli to direct him to the Father; no revelation was necessary; being pure in heart he saw God. Yet was he a true child. Whatever is lovely and attractive in the weakness and dependence, in the guilelessness and trustfulness, in the unconsciousness and simplicity of childhood, he possessed in perfection. When we see him among the doctors, asking them questions and answering, his attitude is that of a child; and the question, which he addresses to Mary and Joseph, though it contains in the germ the declaration of his Divinity and heavenly-mindedness, is child-like, in his astonishment at the difference subsisting between him, who could not separate himself from the house of God and the children of men, whose souls still cleave to the dust. But still more wonderful and beautiful is the fact, that after his conversation with the doctors, who marvelled at his understanding and answers, and after the bright and sudden light, which revealed to him his heavenly character and peculiar relation to the Father, quietly and meekly—free from all feverish excitement of ambition, free from the disturbing recollection of the admiration of teachers and rabbis—he returns to Nazareth, and was subject unto his parents; so perfectly pure was his love to God—so unselfish and unmixed his obedience to the Father, and his delight in his ways.

That home in Nazareth, where Jesus increased in wisdom as well as stature, had been prepared by Infinite Love for the future Teacher of Israel and Saviour of the world. As the first Adam saw the light of life in Paradise, Jesus commenced his life on earth in a garden planted by the Lord, among beautiful trees of righteousness.

Mary was a true daughter of Abraham. For if Abraham is an eminent type of the character, power, and victory of faith, in that he believed and hoped against hope, clinging with child-like trust and humility to the word of the Most High, it is in vain we seek for a more glorious manifestation of Abraham's faith, than is presented to us in the reply which Mary gave to the angelic message: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." She is a true daughter of David. She possessed the royal spirit of adoration and joyous praise; and when we hear her hymn, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," is it not as if all the grand and beautiful chords of David's harp were blended together in still sublimer harmony, as if all the Psalms were concentrated in one majestic and glorious Psalm of Psalms? Mary, a true daughter of Abraham and of David, is the type of the poor in spirit, the meek and lowly, who are rich and strong in God. In Joseph, Scripture teaches us to see the just man delighting himself in the law of God, a man perfect and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil, an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. May we not say that Joseph represented the Old Testament in its legal, Mary in its prophetic aspects? Doubtless the Word of God was diligently studied in that household. Our blessed Saviour showed in his subsequent life the most intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, there being scarcely a book of the Old Testament to which he does not more or less directly refer. Of him it can be said, in a higher sense than was true of Timothy, that from a child he knew the Scriptures.

And beside the education given him by Joseph and Mary, the instruction of the Divine Word, the influence and teaching of the Sabbath services, the ordinances of the law, Jesus with the eye of love and heavenly purity read in the book of nature, and looked on men and things around him. He considered the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air; he watched the clouds of heaven and the red sky of the evening; he saw the sower going forth to sow, and the shepherd leading his flock; he beheld the bridegroom in his joy, and the widow in her sorrow; he knew the playful mirth of children, and the dealings of men with their fellows; he saw nature and life, and in all things emblems of spiritual realities and heavenly truths; it became to him a treasure of golden wisdom; it was to him nourishment and

help on his way to the great work, which was before him. Thus he increased in favour with God, who beheld with infinite delight the gradual development of the Son of his love; he found favour also with man,—more beautiful than Joseph, than David and Daniel; none beheld him without admiration and joy.

It may appear strange, that of the short period of time, which, according to the counsel of God, the Word was to dwell among men, thirty years were spent in obscurity in Nazareth, in the house of Joseph the carpenter. But even as it had pleased God to leave Moses forty years at Pharaoh's court, and forty years in the land of Midian, and thus to teach and prepare him for his great work, in a way which human wisdom would not have chosen, so it seemed good to the heavenly Father, that, far from the glare of the world and the influence of Pharisees and Scribes, in a poor but godly and blessed house, under the influence of true Israelites, the study of the Word and of the Book of Creation and Life—Jesus should live and think and walk before and with him, until the day when he went forth among Israel—the promised Prophet and Redeemer of his people.

ADOLPH SAPHIR.

THE TRIAL SERMON.—By M. C.

CHAPTER I.

The clock on the chimney-piece had just struck eight, when one of the wealthy merchants of our money-making city, having finished a successful day's work in his counting-house, and lingered for an hour or two over his luxuriously arranged dinner-table, rose with a well-pleased expression, and retired to his favourite retreat, a tastefully and very handsomely furnished library, for an hour's rest and solitary enjoyment, leaving his wife and daughters in possession of the more gaily decorated drawing-room.

As he seated himself in a wide and amply-cushioned easy-chair beside the bright fire, and drew towards him his carved oak reading-stand, on which lay several uncut periodicals, and an ivory paper-knife, he glanced complacently round the darkly-curtained, softly-lighted room. His eye took in with great satisfaction the well-filled book-shelves, the heavy oak-cornice, the few choice carved busts whose presence he permitted, and the great bronze timepiece which never erred by so much as a second. His thoughts were something as follows:—

"Well, it really is a comfort to have such a room to come to after the work I have done to-day. Now if I had only a little more time to devote to literature, I certainly should have been a great student. As it is, even, I am afraid I'm too fond of these books, and of spending my time in study here. (Query—Was it the comfort of the room or the hard study that was so congenial to Mr. Huntly's taste?) What a first-rate position I should have had as a literary man! I almost wish I had let the business go to the winds; such talents as mine were never meant for a counting-house; but I'll make Fred and George scholars at any rate. Come in."

The last two words were uttered aloud, and being addressed to some one outside the door, who had given intimation of his presence there by two slight knocks, were followed by the entrance of a footman, who, having handed a letter to Mr. Huntly on a small silver tray, immediately retired.

Mr. Huntly carelessly opened the envelope and glanced over the paper. It was a short note, but its contents had the effect of somewhat ruffling his brow, and drawing from him as he read several impatient ejaculations.

When he had finished it, he slowly and deliberately folded it up, and placed it again in the envelope, and, still holding it in his hand, he rose, and going to the drawing-room, handed it to his wife, saying, "Really this is provoking! After all the expense I have had with these boys, to have Dr. Blunt always complaining of them—idle little rascals! and to be plagued at this moment, too, when I had just settled myself for a little quiet study. It's too bad. I wonder why my boys have all such a dislike to books and study. The girls do well enough, though, to be sure, they never were very good at their books; but I have to set my mind on these two being scholars. Though I doubt it is not in them," he added with a sigh.

By the time this speech was concluded, Mrs. Huntly had read the letter, and looking up to her husband with a countenance which betrayed even greater anger than his, she said quietly, "Well, Walter! and whose fault is it that the boys' lessons aren't prepared?"

"Whose fault is it? I suppose it's their own?"

"By no means, my dear, if I rightly understand what you pay Mr. Graeme so highly for."

"Oh! Graeme can't make them learn if they won't do it. The truth is, as I said before, it isn't in them. I believe they're desperately stupid. Mr. Graeme is an excellent tutor; not a boy at all, but a person quite fitted to teach them entirely. At least I was told he was, and so far as I can judge he bears it out."

"Oh, well! if you choose to put it that way, I can't help it; but it's rather a hard thing to hear a father abusing his own children; and such children as they are too." And as she spoke Mrs. Huntly put on a highly-injured expression.

Her husband looked vexed, but only said, "There are a good many hard things in this world, my dear. At any rate I had better get Mr. Graeme and show him this. I will go to the library, and send for him and the boys; I suppose he is with them now, and they can go over the lessons before me."

"And see," added Mrs. Huntly sharply, "that he doesn't leave till they can say it perfectly."

"Well, I'll try; but you know we don't pay him by the amount of work he does, but for the time he gives. He has been longer than two hours to-night already."

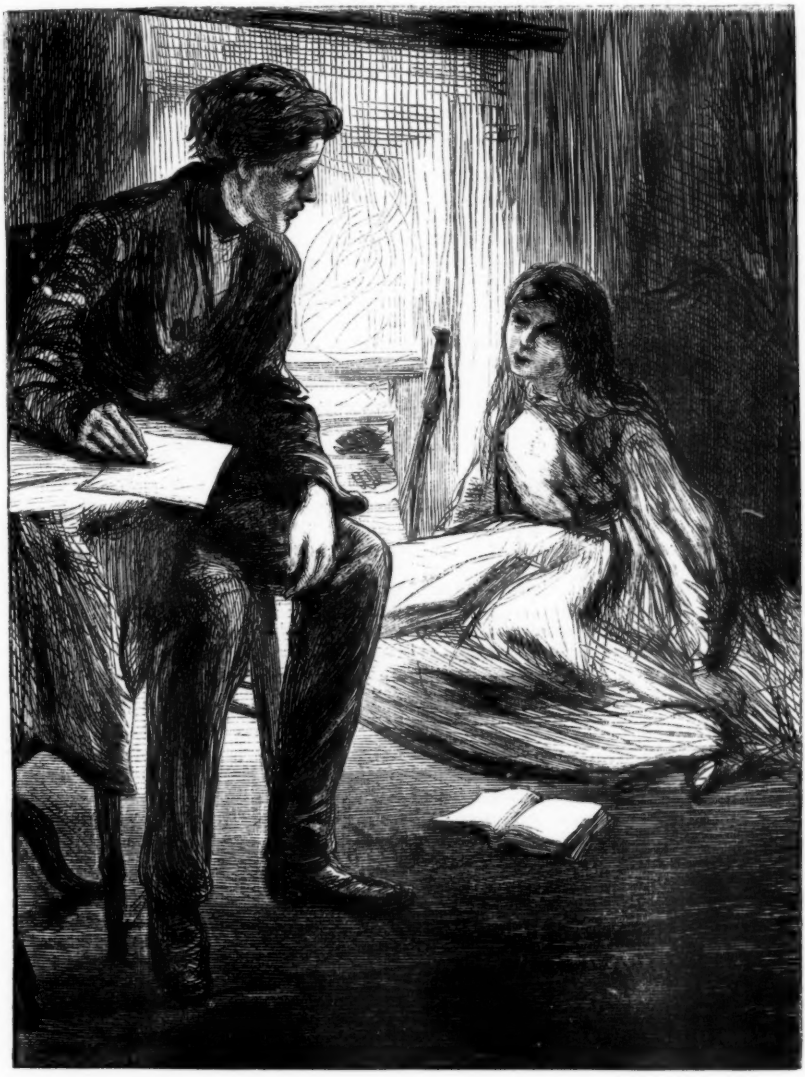
"Nonsense!" was the concise answer to this last remark.

Mr. Huntly just heard it as he left the room. Then the door closed, and the ladies were at liberty to go on with whatever employment or improving

conversation had been interrupted by the father's presence.

Mrs. Huntly threw herself back on the sofa, and returned to the perusal of the novel which she had been obliged to lay down while her husband was speaking.

Miss Jemima, the beauty of the family, looked up for a moment from the cushion she had been embroidering for the last two or three years, and remarked, "that she never thought Mr. Graeme would do for the boys. Those plain-looking men never had any influence."



Miss Bella, who, in virtue of having once learned to decline "Penna," considered herself something of a judge in matters of scholarship and education, answered with a smile of calm superiority, "Indeed, Jemmy, you know nothing about it. He certainly has not two ideas in his whole head, and I don't think he knows much about Latin, at least he can't converse about it, for I tried him the other night; but he has more influence over the boys than anybody else. They wouldn't learn for anybody, but now they sometimes try to learn a little for him."

Miss Hetty, the youngest of the three, whose almost constant occupation was petting and fondling a little brown spaniel, and who had apparently been too much engaged carrying on an imaginary dialogue with it to notice what was going on, burst into a laugh at this speech, and shaking back from rather a pretty face a profusion of fair curls, cried, "Now, Jem and Bella, I 'm wiser than both of you put together for once. Jemmy thinks he 's too ugly to teach, and Bella thinks he 's too stupid. Now, I think—I 'm sure I know the reason he can't—he 's—what will you guess is my reason ?—he 's—he 's—in love.

"Mr. Graeme in love, you silly child !" Nevertheless both sisters looked rather conscious. Miss Jemima recollected that the day they had asked him to dine with them (a never-to-be-forgotten piece of condescension), he certainly had looked at her rather more than was proper for a young man in his position; and Miss Bella was quite sure he had been much struck with some remarks she had made about the boys' education. He certainly was plain, she thought, but plain men were sometimes very clever, and he *was* a gentleman; so that, taking the fact into consideration that she never had had very many admirers, she was rather pleased at the idea of having one more, though "of course," as she said to herself, "it was very forward in him to think of such a thing."

This being the case, she was not quite prepared for the next remark of the lively sharp-witted Miss Hetty. "You needn't blush or look prim, either of you, for it is none of us he 's in love with. If he ever admired one of this family, it was me. You are both ten years too old for him; but he has got over it. I let him see at once that such a thing was quite out of the question; so he gave it up, and now he has been rewarded for his self-denial by finding a person who will suit him exactly."

"How you do run on speaking nonsense, child !" interrupted Miss Bella, in an irritated tone. "One would suppose from your way of talking that he had proposed to you, been refused, and had afterwards made you his confidante."

"I have a much more certain proof than anything he could have told me. I met them walking together yesterday, and he was talking so earnestly to her, that he hadn't the grace even to see me."

"That 's all your proof, is it ?" cried both her sisters at once. "Just as likely it was his sister."

"It wasn't his sister."

"How do you know ?"

"In the first place he has only one grown-up sister, and I have seen her—a little square black thing like himself—and this person was tall, I think, and fair and thin. Then, from experience, I know that young men are not generally so attentive to their sisters as he was to this person; and, in the third place, he parted from her at the door of a lodging quite out of the direction where he lives."

"Well, if it is true, it shows how extremely silly he is to get engaged to any one, or even to fall in love with any one just now. But it 's always the way with these poor men. They will marry though they have not a sixpence," said Miss Bella.

Hetty paid no attention to this remark, but went on laughing. "Oh, girls, I wish you had seen her ! She was such a figure—dressed like nobody one ever meets anywhere—such an old black silk gown and a black-and-white plaid shawl; and—crinoline decidedly defective—and—a straw-bonnet with the least bit of some dark ribbon on it."

"His servant, or an old aunt in decayed circumstances, no doubt," suggested Miss Jemima.

"Don't be tiresome, Jem; she wasn't his servant. I'm not so stupid as some people think me. She was a lady. I'm quite certain about that; and she was not old; she did not look half your age."

"Hetty ! you are extremely impertinent. You forget that I am your eldest sister."

"I don't, indeed. I just remember it particularly well at this moment."

To this Jemima gave no answer except a sulky frown; and Miss Bella, apparently tired of the subject, took her seat at the piano, and began to sing in a loud soprano voice one of her numerous Italian songs. In this accomplishment she stood unrivalled among the sisters; consequently, she always betook herself to the piano when she felt, and particularly wished them to feel, that she was much superior to either of them.

Mrs. Huntly, who never found fault with her daughters till the occasion for it was over, as her word never had the slightest effect on their conduct, thought it time now to interfere; so, laying down her book, she called out, "What do you mean, girls, by all this noise and quarrelling ? I'm perfectly worn out with hearing it. Hetty, you are really very rude to your sister. Bella, you should have begun your music long ago; the evening is almost over."

Bella, as I have said, was by this time singing energetically, and Hetty had returned to her amusement of stroking and fondling her dog; so that Mrs. Huntly's reprimand was now useless, except as a satisfaction to her own conscience and her temper.

While this conversation was going on in the drawing-room, Mr. Huntly had returned to the library, rung the bell, and ordered the servant to ask Mr. Graeme and the young gentlemen to speak to him in the library.

"Mr. Graeme is just going out, sir. He was at the door when I came up stairs."

"Go quickly, then, and tell him to come here. I must see him to-night." And the servant left the room to deliver his message.

While Mr. Huntly waited for their appearance, he felt rather nervous at the idea of finding fault with the tutor, who had been highly recommended to him, and was, so far as he knew,—which was a little but not much more than his daughter,—a very thorough scholar, and a very careful teacher. Besides, as we are aware, he had some misgivings about his boys' capabilities for learning, though he scarcely liked to acknowledge this even to himself. So he did as people who feel nervous generally do, he first stirred the fire repeatedly, and then walked up and down the room impatiently.

The sounds of shouting and romping which reached his ear from the boys' schoolroom, did not, in the light in which he at present regarded them, serve to compose his spirit, and it

was with a considerably ruffled manner that he met the tutor, who, obeying the peremptory summons he had received, now entered the room, followed by his two young pupils.

Certainly the contrast in appearance between these two, the master and the tutor, as they stood together, was very great. Mr. Huntly was a tall well-proportioned man, somewhere above fifty, with a handsome, rather florid face, and hair, though grey, still in exceedingly good preservation. In dress he was always unexceptionable.

Kenneth Graeme was not handsome, far from it. He was not tall, and though he looked thin and worn, his figure was somewhat square in proportion. His face, however, was decidedly striking, though also decidedly plain. It was difficult exactly to see where lay its attraction, but it was somewhere. The forehead certainly was good—broad, white, and straight, and the dark, deeply-set grey eyes turned on you with a very earnest sincere kindness of expression. All the other features were clumsily cut; the colour was sallow; the effect of the whole, as I have said, at first sight, plain. Poor fellow! there were times when he felt painfully conscious himself of its defects. They were not such times, however, as this. Oftener it was when he was praised than blamed. Though only twenty-six, hard study and much wearing anxiety had already streaked his dark hair with grey in many places, and deeply lined his cheek. Still it was a pleasant manly face. It expressed great kindliness of nature; and in it, too, there was unmistakable talent. I liked that face and figure when first I saw them. With all their want of grace and outward beauty, there was a charm about them. I liked them always. I like them still.

Mr. Graeme's dress was extremely shabby; just barely keeping within the bounds of respectability. It told of a hard struggle with poverty; yet it was undeniably respectable; it was the dress of a gentleman.

Master George and Master Fred, two stout pleasant-looking boys, with round rosy faces, certainly betokening little of the scholar, and a restless spirit of fun glancing out from their bright eyes, stood beside him, looking up at their father's angry face with some terror.

They had been warned beforehand by Dr. Blunt, their Latin professor, that he intended to let their idleness be known; and from this unwonted summons, and a glance at the note in their father's hand, they gathered that a storm was about to burst on them.

Mr. Huntly began the proceedings by putting this note into Kenneth Graeme's hand, and as soon as he had finished reading it, saying sternly, "You will understand from that the purpose for which I have sent for you to-night."

"I do, sir, and I most exceedingly regret it. I have done my very utmost to prevent it; but I see I have failed."

"What is the meaning of it? Are the boys always thoroughly prepared by you at night?"

"In general I think they are; but there are times, as to-night, when I come at seven, the time you appointed, and find the boys have gone out. This evening they did not come in till eight had struck. I remained till half-past nine, and I think they know the lesson for to-morrow now, though I cannot be sure. I cannot often remain half-an-hour after my time. To-night I was exceedingly desirous to be home soon."

Mr. Huntly turned immediately to the boys, and struck them dumb with terror by a threat of future punishment. Then he said, "I suppose, Mr. Graeme, you have no objections to wait a few minutes longer, that they may read the lesson to me? I feel unsatisfied about it."

Any refusal would undoubtedly, as Mr. Graeme well knew, have been at the risk of losing a situation worth about twenty pounds a year; and small as the sum was, he was too hardly pressed by poverty, he had too many to provide for besides himself, to let it go. Still it was very difficult. He had work to do which would already keep him up nearly the whole night; his presence was very necessary in his own home, where one very dear to him lay dangerously ill; and he had already been delayed more than an hour beyond his time.

After a moment's hesitation, however, he determined, thinking that the boys could scarcely fail to know the lesson, to wait and go over it with them again, as Mr. Huntly had requested; so, calling them in an encouraging voice to his side, he opened the books and began his examination.

Mr. Huntly, as I have said, did not know much about Latin or Greek, but on the present occasion he thought it more edifying for both teacher and scholars that he should look as if he did; so, seating himself again in his easy-chair, he put on his spectacles, took one of the books in his hand, and fixed his eye sternly on the little group.

More and more stern he became as the lesson proceeded. It certainly was anything but a creditable performance. Hurriedly learnt, it had been immediately forgotten, and the boys were either too sleepy, too stupid, or too frightened, to understand it now.

It was in vain that the tutor explained, repeated, and questioned. No answers could he get, or only such as provoked the father even more than the silence. It soon became evident that the task was hopeless, at least for that night; and at last Master Fred, wearied and stupified by trying to understand what, with all his powers of mind fully awake, he could scarcely overtake, fairly gave himself up to despair, and burst into a loud fit of crying.

This was more than Mr. Huntly's patience could stand. To find his boys below average in ability was bad enough, without finding them also so destitute of manliness as to cry over a hard lesson; so, starting up from his seat, and pushing aside the tutor, who was trying to quiet and encourage the child, he seized Fred by the shoulder, and giving him a hearty shake, exclaimed, "You little whining dunce, you 'll never be good for anything. It's just an utter waste of money paying for schools, or tutors, or anything else for you; go to your beds, both of you, and don't dare to appear before me again till you can say your lesson. I will hear you myself to-morrow, at ten, and if either of you makes a single mistake he 'll get a thorough flogging." He followed them to the door, which he closed after them, and then returning to his seat, said coldly, "Do you call that preparing the boys for school, Mr. Graeme?"

"I do not, sir; but I have already explained how it happened to-night."

"Why did you not inform me that the boys were in the habit of staying out after seven?"

"Mrs. Huntly requested me not. She said that you could not be disturbed about them, and that all complaints of them were to be brought to her. I have mentioned it several times to her, but the practice has not been discontinued."

Mr. Huntly looked considerably annoyed, but said nothing more for a moment. Then he began hesitatingly, "By the by, Mr. Graeme, when does your engagement with me terminate?"

"The end of next month; but, of course, if you are dissatisfied I shall give it up at once."

"Dissatisfied! I don't know that I am dissatisfied with you; but you see yourself it's doing no good. I'm afraid these boys cannot learn."

Kenneth Graeme felt that he could not justify himself by pleading the incapacity of the boys, so he only said, "I hope, sir, they will learn in time. As to myself, do not allow any engagement with me to stand in the way of your making any other arrangement."

"Of course; I'll not get any person better. I am sorry, Mr. Graeme, to have kept you so late. Good evening."

Kenneth, exceedingly glad at last to be free, left the library, and, startled by the sound of the clock striking eleven, was hurrying to the door, when Fred and George, who had been watching their opportunity, ran down stairs to him, and, with the tears running over their round rosy cheeks, begged that he would come in for a quarter of an hour in the morning, to help them with the formidable lesson.

Kenneth's habitual kindness and indulgence to these two, whom he rather liked in spite of their idleness and stupidity, had made him do this for them once or twice before, so they had no hesitation in asking him to do it this time; but they were not prepared for the answer he gave them.

His face was pale and his manner agitated as he said, "Come again to-morrow morning! Boys, the thing is utterly impossible and out of the question. Don't ask it. I cannot come again till to-morrow night, and even that is difficult enough. You can easily learn the lesson if you set yourselves to it."

"Oh, Mr. Graeme, we cannot learn it without you. I don't understand a word of it," said George.

"We shall both be whipped, I'm sure," sobbed Fred.

"You won't be whipped if you do your best, boys; but I must go."

Fred still held him, and, looking up in his face, pleaded again, "Papa doesn't know when we are doing our best. Unless we do it perfectly he thinks we are not trying. Do come just this once, and we'll never go out again at night.

Kenneth sighed wearily. "Poor fellows," he said, "you don't know how difficult it is for me to come. I have more to do than I can possibly do; but still," he added, looking down at the tearful face beside him, "I should not like you to be whipped. I'll try to come, then, just for a minute, at eight to-morrow. Be sure you are ready for me."

"That's good," whispered George, while Fred gave a subdued shout of delight, and the troublesome little pair rushed up stairs, fearful of being seen by their father; and in ten minutes more both were in bed and sleeping soundly, forgetful of all the tortures of Greek and Latin.

Kenneth looked after them as they disappeared, and then opened the hall-door and went out, saying to himself, "It isn't fair. I should not have yielded to them. It is not doing justly either to myself or my family to give up my time that way; but I couldn't refuse them, poor fellows."

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold wet night, and a sharp east wind blew directly in his face, as Kenneth, leaving the handsome square of houses where his employer lived, walked rapidly in the direction of his own dwelling.

Passing all the better houses of the city, after a walk of more than half an hour, he reached a narrow dull street, with high houses on each side. Evidently, from their appearance, they were let in flats, and were occupied by a class of people who were not rich. A few shops mingled with the dwelling-houses, gave a still greater air of plebeianism to the whole. As he turned into it, it was not certainly inviting. Nobody would have lived in it except from necessity. The hour was so late that no one was abroad, except the night-watchman of the district, going on his monotonous round. There was no sound, except at one part of the street, where, the shutters of a room being unclosed, a bright light flashed from the inside and fell slanting across the dark street. From the window, which was partially opened to give air to the close and crowded room, the tones of a lively tune, played on a cracked and jingling piano, reached his ear, mingled with the regular tread of somewhat heavy and vigorous dancing. Yes, even in these poor houses there were days of merriment and times of feasting. Through that doorway, a few hours before, a happy bride had been led forth by her husband, and the event was deemed worthy to be celebrated by a ball. They had forgotten their poverty, forgotten that a great gulf lay between them and the city aristocracy, and for a time all care and anxiety were cast aside. It is true, and well for us, that into each life, however sad, "some drops must fall" of gladness to mingle with the showers of sorrow. That very family had had sorrow enough, and had known well enough what it was to endure poverty and sickness during the past year; but to-night—would any of them have changed places with the wealthy prosperous family of Walter Huntly?

But as Kenneth Graeme passed this house the music fell sadly enough on his ear, and a bitter exclamation rose to his lips at the thought of how few such days he had seen—days of home-happiness, I mean, not days of gaiety; for that he cared but very little.

But with the Graemes life was too much of a hard struggle for life just now to allow much happiness. Poverty with them was not merely in name. It was the actual staring, grim, health-destroying, brain-racking want of food and clothing,—almost

of shelter; and this to people who, till within the last two or three years, had looked upon plenty as a necessity.

The history of the family was the sad but too often told story. Kenneth's father had lived and brought up his family in the midst of every luxury, and died—a bankrupt.

When the sharp blow fell, Kenneth had nearly completed his studies in preparation for the Church, which had all his life been the profession on which he had set his heart. From his very childhood it had been the dream of his life. All his studies, even all his amusements, had had a reference to it; and as he grew to manhood, his longing desire for it, and the influence it had over his whole character, seemed to grow only stronger and more decided.

Well knowing this, the first thought of the family was, "Would they struggle on for two years longer, and allow Kenneth to finish his college course?" His mother would have done much, but this was impossible. Had she even wished it, he would not have accepted the sacrifice. As it was, the idea was at once thrown aside. Kenneth felt that on him, as the eldest son, lay the duty of providing for his mother, his sisters, and his young brother, and earnestly he tried to fulfil that duty.

With some slight assistance he succeeded in obtaining a situation in a merchant's office, and at the age of twenty took his place as the head and sole support of his family.

How uncongenial to all the tastes he had formed was his employment; yet no complaint was ever heard from him. To his mother and sisters he was always cheerful, always pleasant, always kind. Alone in his room, he spent hours of the night in study—hours in forming plans, only to be laid aside at once as impracticable, for finishing his course of theological study.

But years passed away, and he was no nearer to his purpose; all his hopes were fast fading, and already he had learnt to look back almost without regret on the bright dream of his youth from which he had been so roughly awakened. One day, he was, without warning, summoned to the presence of a rich relative, who seemed till then almost to have forgotten his existence, but who now, urged by some sudden whim, announced to the young man his intention of sending him back to college, and supporting his family while he was engaged in his studies.

Kenneth's desires, though subdued, had not been driven out, and in his gladness at the prospect again so unexpectedly laid open before him, he could make no objections. Even the pecuniary obligation he did not feel to be a strong enough reason for declining, and so, everything being settled, he found himself, after an interval of four years, again treading the familiar old college court—taking his seat on the well-remembered bench in the Divinity Hall, and looking round for the faces of those who had been fellow-students with him when last he sat there.

How far before him they had all reached in the battle of life! There was no face he could recognise; no voice that stirred old memories. Those who sat by him now he remembered as young boys—boys whom he used to look on as children—who used to come to him for assistance in their Latin difficulties, and for whom he had cleared up the mysteries of many a mathematical problem. But now they were his equals. It was with them he had to run the race; and it was with them that he must seek companionship.

"What a worker Kenneth Graeme is!" was the frequent exclamation of his fellow-students. That was agreed to on all sides. He literally never was idle; every moment that could be spared from his studies was devoted to his work of teaching, that he might, if possible, lessen the expenses of his rich relative; who, being rather an eccentric gentleman, and holding the idle habits of the rising generation as a grievous mistake in society, laid no check on Kenneth's labours, but rather encouraged him to work beyond his strength, by making the allowance to the family quite insufficient to meet their daily wants.

But this did not dishearten the young man. He could work, and he did work manfully; he could want, and he did want with most stoic indifference. Evidently there was some strong secret spell urging him on. What that spell was—love for his profession—gratitude to his patron—or love for his mother, and the desire to place her in a position better suited to her habits and her birth—was not known. But whatever it was, it most thoroughly did its work of spurring him on to unceasing exertion.

Opinions were divided in the lecture-rooms about his abilities. Like those of every other lad, when once he enters the college walls, his were freely speculated on,—perhaps more than most, from his peculiar circumstances, his careworn, almost aged look, and because he was a decided favourite.

Some thought him remarkably talented; many thought him slow but sure—certain to get on; and a few very brilliant, showy lads, pronounced him rather below average.

In reality he was talented—decidedly so. Whether he had strength of will to make the best use of these talents remains to be seen. He himself felt painfully wanting in it sometimes; but that is not always a proof of its absence.

Eighteen months after this change of circumstances the gentleman who had given the Graemes such welcome assistance died suddenly, and again the family was left without almost any support except Kenneth.

Poor fellow! when he thought of his responsibility, he was hopeless enough. It was so hard to give up his studies a second time—and now when he had so nearly finished his course; and yet he felt that his strength was beginning to give way under the pressure now laid on it. Sometimes even the burden of thinking seemed more than he could bear. At this time he taught for eight hours every day; besides this, he had his college work, his college attendance, and his domestic duties, which were not light. How much time was left for rest either to body or mind may be imagined. To do more was impossible. Could they live for a few months longer on what he made in this way?

His eldest sister, Bessie, when he told her his difficulties, quietly answered, "I think we can, Kenneth. We would bear anything rather than that you should leave college again."

So they bravely determined, and so with much pinching and much struggle they had lived for four months; and now Kenneth, at last, had very nearly reached the end for which he had been labouring.

In another week he should, as the custom among the young clerical students in Scotland has long been, pass his last examinations, preach his trial sermon before the presbytery, and receive license as a preacher in the Church of his fathers.

How long and anxiously he had looked forward to this time! How deeply conscious he felt of his earnest desire to do good in the profession he had chosen!

Still he knew that many years might pass before any living was offered to him, before he was permitted to begin his high and honourable work, and the thought of how long he must wait, and how hard it would press on those he loved if he were unsuccessful, weighed heavily on his mind.

One evening, at this time, he had come in from his usual round of teaching, his head throbbing, and his whole body worn out with the double excitement of his day's work, and his preparation for his near approaching examination. He sat down, and began the composition of his trial sermon, about which he was morbidly anxious.

Fatigued as he was, and feverish from long-continued overwork and sleepless nights; depressed by the thought of how little he could depend on his future success, it was not wonderful that he was unable to write. Throwing down his pen, he had risen, and was walking restlessly up and down his room, when the door was gently opened, and a little fair-haired, delicate-looking girl, the youngest and the darling of the house, came in, holding in her hand a letter.

"Here, Kenneth, Bessie gave me this to give to you; and she said, might I stay beside you? and I would make no noise, for mamma has a headache, and she wants to be left alone, and Bessie is bathing her head, and Grace is hearing Willy's lessons."

Then, waiting for no answer, the child shut the door, and slipping softly into the room, curled herself up on a rug before the fire, with an old German story-book and a dictionary in her hand.

The sight of his little sister seemed to drive away some of Kenneth's depressing thoughts, for he took the letter from her with a smile, saying, cheerfully—

"Oh, Lena! how can you tell such stories, Bessie never told you to go away. You know it wouldn't have disturbed anybody for you to have read your German beside the parlour fire. But I'm glad to see you for all that, my dear child."

Lena looked up for a minute, and the bright smile faded from the little sensitive face as she said—

"It wasn't wrong, was it, Kenneth, in me to say that? I wanted so much to come beside you, and Bessie did say it would disturb mamma if I asked any questions about what I was reading."

"Not very wrong, my darling. Only, Lena dear, don't even in fun say anything that is not quite true."

The child's eyes filled with tears, and she came up to her brother's chair, "I didn't mean it for untrue, Kenneth. Please forgive me."

He stooped down, the dark masses of his hair mingling with the child's fair curls, and kissed her. Then he looked earnestly into her face, and said—

"Don't vex yourself, dearest. It wasn't untrue in one way; you certainly didn't mean to deceive me. Indeed, Lena, I don't see anything wrong that you have done, except that you are rather too fond of your tiresome old brother. You should go and play with Willy, and not sit reading these old German books so much. Sit down now beside the fire till I read my letter, and warm these little hands. Where have you been to get them so cold?"

"In the garret, looking for this book. I like the books there far better than those down stairs; they are so very old some of them. Do you ever go up there to get books to read, Kenneth?'

"No, Lena dear, I have no time."

"Oh, but they 're not all children's books," said the child simply. "There are all kinds of books, with stories out of the Bible, and books with sermons in them. I like them better than the Sunday books I have in the parlour. There 's one I like best of all. Oh, so old it is! all torn and falling to pieces; but it has such beautiful things in it—things I never thought of before."

"And what is the name of this old favourite, may I ask, you little antiquary?"

"The name is all torn away, and some leaves at the beginning of it; but it has 'sermons' written at the top of every page."

"Well, darling, some day you'll show me your wonderful book, won't you?"

"Yes, Kenneth; but you won't take it from me?" said the child seriously.

"No, no, Lena, possession is nine points of the law," answered Kenneth, laughing.

"What did you say, Kenneth? I don't know what it means," said Lena, looking doubtfully up into his face.

"It isn't necessary you should, dear child. I didn't expect you would understand it; but what I meant to say was, that unless it is a book that will hurt you, nobody will take it from you," and Kenneth took up the letter Lena had brought him, and began to read it, while she, laying her book open on her lap, and dreamily gazing into the fire, sat wondering and considering what could be the meaning of the "nine points" her brother had spoken of. Apparently she could not satisfy herself, as, after a few minutes, she rose with the same doubtful expression on her face, and quietly slipped from the room.

Kenneth Graeme's letter seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction. It was from a young man to whose brothers he had acted as tutor for the last two years, and with whom he had lately been rather intimate. It was as follows:—

"DEAR KENNETH,—You are to be licensed next week, I understand. I have just been made aware that a small property to which I fell heir some two or three years ago, brings with it the honour and glory of being patron of rather a good Scotch living, and that the clergyman to whom it belonged, an old man, has died rather suddenly. I fancy, if the people like you, which of course they will do if they have any sense (and if they haven't, they had better take the advice of somebody who has), there would be no harm in my keeping the presentation

open till you have come safely through all these trials of which you are in prospect, and have obtained the addition of "Reverend" to your name. If you think this plan right, let me know; if you think it wrong to cut so far before the point, signify that opinion also; and when you get settled in the manse, don't be long in looking out for a wife; no parish can get on without one.—In haste, yours affectionately, FRANK GORDON.

"*P.S.*—This may shock you by its tone; but, in reality, I have thought of it a good deal, and I never felt more satisfied that I was making the best use of any little responsibility with which I am unfortunately burdened. F. G."

"Kind-hearted fellow!" was Kenneth's mental commentary on this letter, or rather on the writer of it. Then holding it open in his hand, he began to think—first, was it all perfectly fair and honourable this keeping the parish vacant till he was licensed? It would only be for a week, and then, though it would be sooner than most young clergymen have the entire charge of a large parish, still he was much older than most are at the time of being licensed. And he felt so completely that if he undertook the responsible position, all his strength and all his energies would be willingly given to its duties, that he could not doubt the path had been laid open for him. He would be doing wrong not to accept his friend's kind offer.

This settled, he gave himself up for a few minutes to pleasant anticipations of the future comfort and happiness that lay before him. How all his difficulties appeared to be clearing away! How grateful he felt! How unexpectedly this good-fortune had come! He had not had the slightest idea that his friend had any patronage in his power, nor that, if he had, he would make choice of himself. What pleasant news to give his mother and his sisters! How rejoiced his darling Lena would be at the thought of leaving the close street, and again seeing the hills and waters that she used to delight so much in! She had grieved him lately by her pale languid look and listless ways, but she would be bright and strong now. He loved that little child very dearly. In the midst of his incessant work he had found time to teach her almost everything she knew, and she knew far beyond her years. He delighted in the sweet, delicate face, and, unlike as they outwardly were, there was a very close mental likeness and sympathy in all things between these two.

Then his thoughts travelled away to another—one dearer to him than all these—one who for years had been the resting-place of all his thoughts, the light in which he had viewed his every act. For her he had worked all through the long, weary days, and when he lay down to sleep, in his dreams she was still with him. This was the thought that now lighted up the pale face of the student, and filled with such a soft tenderness the dark grey eye. The roughly cut features were not plain now; they were spiritualized and refined by the intense manly love that was shining through them, as in imagination he stood beside her and told her of his success.

At last he rose, saying half aloud, "I must go and tell them—my mother and Bessie—and I must go and tell HER."

Lena had by this time returned to the room, and to her position on the rug, and, as soon as she saw him rise, she came up to him, holding an old and tattered volume in her hand, which she handed to him, saying—

"Here, Kenneth, this is the book; you see it is very old; but it 's very nice to read, only some of the words are difficult. I never saw them before."

Kenneth took the book from her hand, laughing at her eager desire that he should share her delight in its contents.

"My poor child," he said, turning over the leaves, "no wonder than you could not read it, it is dated 1730, more than a hundred years, Lena, since the sermons in this book were preached."

"But, Kenneth, only try it. You don't know what curious things are in it. You know people may have preached well then, though the words were difficult."

"Yes, yes, Lena; I'll try it; but shouldn't you like to hear me preaching better? Come away with me. I've got something to tell mamma, and perhaps I'll tell it to you too."

This satisfied the child, and the pleasant news that Kenneth had to tell soon drove all remembrance of the old book from her mind. Before she saw it again, Kenneth *had* read it. It was long till she thought of it again.

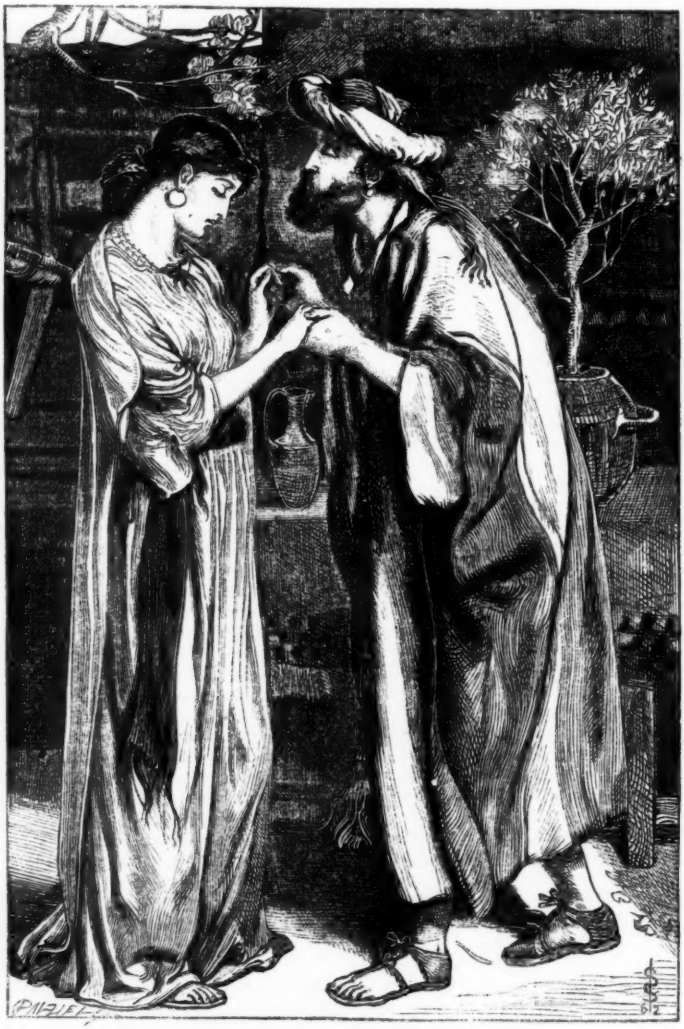
That very night, when hope was brightest, the shadow fell over the house; sickness came, and death seemed very near. The mother of the family, she on whom all its trials before had fallen heaviest, and who through all had still kept a smile for them,—who had been, as only the mother of a house can be, their guide and director in all things, at once the centre of all their affection, and the bond that united them so closely to each other—was suddenly struck down with a painful and dangerous illness. For days Kenneth and his sisters watched by her, each hour as it passed lessening their slight hopes that the life so precious to them all would be spared.

(*To be continued.*)

THE VEILED BRIDE.

VEIL'D the future comes, refusing
To be seen, like Isaac's bride,
Whom the lonely man met musing
In the fields at eventide.

Round him, o'er the darkening waste,
Deeper shades of evening fall,
And behind him in the Past,
Mother Sarah's funeral.



Mother Sarah being dead,
There comes his veiled Destiny!
Veil'd Rebekah he must wed
Whatsoe'er her features be.

On he walks in silent prayer,
Bids the veil'd Rebekah hail!
Doubting not she will prove fair,
When at length she drops the veil.

When the veil is dropt aside,
Dropt in Mother Sarah's tent,
Oh! she is right fair, this bride
Whom his loving God has sent.

So thou walking 'twixt the two,
'Twixt the past with pleasures dead,
And the Future veil'd from view,
The veil'd Future *thou* must wed.

Walk like Isaac, praying God;
Walk by Faith and not by Sight;
And, though darker grows the road,
Doubt not all will yet come right.

Things behind forgetting; hail
Every future from above,
Doubt not, when it drops the veil,
'Twill be such as thou canst love.

Till, at death-eve, when the past
Rings dear Mother Earth's own knells,
Bridal Heaven unveils at last,
With a peal of Marriage Bells.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

THE heavy distress which is falling upon Lancashire, and those portions of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, which come within the cotton manufacturing district, is now the talk of the world. Few right-thinking men can prevent its black shadow flitting across their minds, and haunting them like the wailing of sick children, or a corpse in the next room. Their sympathy with such distress refuses to be hemmed in by poor-law barriers, because they see in it nothing of professional mendicancy, or the pauperism of a degraded population. They know that a heavy blow has fallen on a self-reliant, almost defiant body of men, who from childhood have been used to comfort and independence. They know that a class who would starve rather than beg are now standing sulkily at silent street corners, or lounging idly in stagnant market-places, stripped of all their little savings, and reduced almost to the level of workhouse parasites. They know that this misery is endured without murmuring, for the sake of a great principle. A blockade is respected which could be broken through like a cobweb, and a great moral example is set to all powerful nations. If the dreaded winter now close upon us should show half the endurance on the part of the poor which is hoped for, and half the liberality on the part of the rich which is sought for, the force of this great moral example will be increased a hundred-fold. The cloud, as usual, will have a silver lining, and starving Lancashire will be as impressive in its misery as it has ever been in the days of its greatest prosperity.

The statistics of cotton-working—an industry which in its sudden growth and importance is one of the world's wonders—have often been collected with pride and eagerness; but now the task of gathering such facts and figures is laborious and depressing. This is no time, nor subject for so-called graphic writing; for highly-coloured pictures of that distress which may be seen in the gloomy stony-hearted streets, or of that less obtrusive want which hides itself away in the dull red-brick houses. This is no time for engaging suffering families in conversation with the sole view of recording their words, and enlivening a cold but well-meaning report with snatches of dramatic dialogue. All those who have hovered on the borders of the distress—and no mere literary eavesdroppers can do more—must have felt that only one duty was required of them; to aid the distress funds in every way by gathering and sifting facts, and setting them before the public as simply as possible.

The population of the cotton-working district may be taken roundly as 3,000,000, and this includes about 380,000 operatives. Of this latter number at least 200,000, or more than one-half, are at present entirely out of work, or doing work that will not support them. An operative can live on three days' work; he has had to do so before now when the markets were glutted, as they were in 1847, but he can hardly exist on a shilling a week. The average earnings of each worker in a family are from 9s. to 10s. 6d. a week in good times. His rent of 3s. or 4s. a week for his little stone-floored house is, of course, seldom paid in such times as these; it accumulates as a debt against him, or it is given to him by the kindness of masters who happen to be his landlords. Much is given in this way which makes no show in the accounts of the various funds. One holder of house property at Blackburn, nominally worth £20,000, is now receiving scarcely any income from his rents; and many more such cases may be found throughout the district. One large millowner has lent his workmen about £3000, to enable them to tide over the evil hour, and out of this more than £1000 will certainly never be returned; others prefer to keep their work-people entirely during the pressure of the distress, rather than see them hanging hopelessly about town-halls and soup-kitchens. Many are working their mills at a loss to give employment to their work-people. While it is

important that every local and general fund should be well supported by those who are able to give, such facts as these cannot be too generally known when the conduct of the masters is called in question. Self-interest alone, without any higher motive, will impel employers to keep their operatives together, and this can be done much better by individuals than through the agency of a committee.

The funds at present raised by subscription, may be roughly stated at £150,000, and of this amount Manchester contributes £28,000, Liverpool £30,000, the Lord Mayor's fund £50,000, and the Landowners of Lancashire, under the head of the Bridgewater House Fund, £40,000. Landed property in the cotton-working district, according to a reliable estimate, has increased five-and-twenty per cent. in value during the last ten years.

The towns that have already made application to the different funds for relief are shown in the following table, which gives some interesting details about their condition and prospects :—

Town or District.	Population.	No. of Mills.	Factory and other Operatives.			
			Working Full Time.	Short Time. Working 4 or 5 Days.	Working 3 Days.	Working 2 Days or under.	Out of Work.
Ashton-under-Lyne ..	34,500	36	1,327		7,279		2,499
Blackburn	63,125	127	7,099		6,635		13,321
Bollington	5,437	7	1,000		145		850
Burnley.....	33,736	100	..		5,705		4,978
Belmont	1,000	3	..		205		117
Broadbottom and Charlesworth ...	3,402	7	70		252		1,550
Chorley	15,013	21	1,562		1,416		1,311
Crompton.....	7,032	29	45		1,646		1,103
Dukinfield	16,000	16	54		1,378		4,063
Glossop	14,000	16	1,016		5,514		203
Hyde	17,190	20	940		6,059		1,858
Heaton-Mersey	2,000	4	107		483		214
Hurst.....	6,220	4	191		1,945		464
Livesey	3,887	12	130		832		2,292
Manchester & Salford	440,478	380	31,937		19,474		15,762
Mossley	4,345	16	1,044		2,183		1,115
Macclesfield	27,472	3	..		..		200
Oldham	72,334	100	4,568		8,467		3,145
Padiham	5,911	22	890		600		831
Preston	82,942	70	6,081		8,697		11,610
Rochdale	50,000	93	561		5,069		8,361
Royton	7,500	21	444		947		1,163
Ribchester	1,337	1	48		139		100
Ramsbottom	7,000	25	1,160		950		438
Stockport	54,861	67	2,030		8,853		6,494
Stalybridge	24,806	22	1,613		6,379		2,351
Stacksteads	5,000	13	150		680		1,440
Shuttleworth	3,000	11	86		481		211
Tonge cum Alkington.	5,500	11	217		557		759
Tentwistle	7,000	15	470		2,736		632
Wigan	37,654	23	80		500		9,330
Walton-le-dale	5,237	5	..		..		1 factory all out
Catterall	705	1	..		..		..
Millbrook.....	1,800	4	..		890		350
Wilton	2,291	2	177		308		712
	1,072,785	1300	65,107		107,398		99,818

Mr. J. W. Maclure, the energetic Secretary of the Manchester Relief Committee, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, writes to say that £50,000 have been already raised and spent in Manchester, Blackburn, Preston, Wigan, Stockport, and four or five other towns, independently of all that has been done by private charity.

The weekly loss of wages in the district is now at least £100,000, and this loss will probably be increased during the winter to £150,000 a week. At the lowest estimate, the sum required weekly to support the unemployed operatives at the rate of two shillings a week per head, will before Christmas exceed the ordinary poor-rates by £30,000. One Manchester gentleman, who has considerable means of judging, estimates that when the distress reaches its height, it will cost £100,000 a week to keep the unemployed from starvation.

Mr. Farnall, the Government Poor-Law Commissioner, now reports, after an elaborate analysis of the accounts of twenty-four unions, whose population is usually employed to a great extent in the manufacture of cotton, that 140,165 persons are now in receipt of parochial relief, although in the corresponding week of last year the numbers were only 42,054. This shows an increase of 98,111 persons receiving parish relief, all of whom are able-bodied workmen, workwomen, and their children.

The rates to meet this distress will probably be from three to five shillings in the pound, and this, from the poverty of many of the ratepayers, will increase the burden on those who can pay to seven or eight shillings. The operation of Mr. Villiers's Relief Act will do little to mitigate the severity of the pressure of the rates upon the class immediately above that of the operatives, inasmuch as no one parish can claim assistance from the other parishes of the union until three shillings in the pound has been spent on the poor, nor can the borrowing powers be exercised until an amount equivalent to three shillings in the pound on the assessment of the whole union has been collected, in addition to the borough and other rates; and, lastly, the county cannot be called upon to contribute to the relief of any particular union, until five shillings in the pound has been actually spent upon the poor of the union. A very high authority estimates that in many cases it will be necessary to levy six shillings in the pound before three shillings can be collected; and the same authority admits that these clauses so far neutralize the action of Mr. Villiers's Bill, that most probably the borrowing power will rarely, and the County Rate-in-Aid clause never be put in force. It may appear that three shillings, or even six shillings in the pound, is not a large sum to be spent upon the poor; but the real question is the proportion that the future rates will bear to those of former years. In some cases the average rates have only been about eightpence in the pound, and the call will therefore be four or five times as much as the usual rates. This, when the insolvent ratepayers are deducted, will leave a rate eight or ten times larger than the ordinary demand to be paid by those who remain solvent.

A deputation from Birmingham, appointed for

the purpose of collecting information regarding the extent of the distress, and the claim of the operatives for aid from that town, have reported fully and ably on these and other points, and they earnestly urge the inhabitants not to act as if they doubted the charity of the north, but to do all in their power to soften the sting of a great and undeserved calamity.

Speaking of Stockport amongst other places, they say,—"In a population of 57,000, a diminution of £7500 has already taken place in the amount of weekly wages. Two-thirds of the deposits in the Savings' Bank, representing probably the whole of the savings of the cotton operatives, have been withdrawn. The small shopkeepers are unable to give credit any longer. One man stated that he had £100 worth of debts which he never expected to recover. The pawnbrokers are full, and have ceased to lend. The inhabitants of the district have already themselves subscribed and distributed £4000 in addition to the contributions from a distance, which is equivalent to more than £20,000 from a town of the size of Birmingham. Yet the real troubles have scarcely commenced."

The operatives of Lancashire are sometimes better, but never worse than fellow-labourers of the same standing in other parts of the country. Their savings are small and soon exhausted, as they are accustomed to rely upon a steady demand for their labour. The children in the cotton-working district have a well-known value in good times—a power of earning money, which they exercise to the fullest extent. They are sturdy, self-confident, and a little self-indulgent, but few people can blame them for the last failing. Now that adversity has fallen upon them, their rugged, untameable spirit sustains them in their troubles, and prevents them sinking into abject alms-seekers. Professional beggars, especially in Manchester, have not been slow to seek an expected harvest in the name of Lancashire distress, but the real operatives make no flaunting display of their want. Crime has decreased throughout the district, though drunkenness has slightly increased; the latter probably owing to a falling off in physical strength on the part of the drinkers, and the well-meaning but mistaken hospitality of companions who are working on full or short time. Every cotton town I have passed through shows the same melancholy picture of enforced idleness. The atmosphere has an unwonted clearness; the roaring of engines is missed; there is more clanking of clogs on the stony pathways in the afternoons, and the most honest, hard-working men and women who loll in doorways, or squat in groups by the roadside, have that skulking look which always marks a want of occupation.

Amidst all this misery and stagnation one question constantly arises—When will relief come? How long will this material of our great staple manufacture be wanting? When may we hope that this terrible dearth, which for the first time in the world's history has attached the ominous word "famine" to a want which is only in its consequences a want of food, may cease, and England once more reckon Lancashire among the most industrious, peaceable, and orderly of its manufacturing counties? The question is one of vital importance, not only to Lancashire, but to all England, and not only to the present but to future time. Every economist will tell you of the terrible mischief of lowering for any length of time the standard of comfort and decency in a large section of the population. It is this standard alone which determines the numbers of the people, and the condition in which they live. If the steady mechanics of these parts, whose rooms before these "hard times" were always clean and neat, and not without tokens of their owners living in some degree above that state in which life is absorbed in a struggle for mere food,—if these people had been content to sink into filth and misery, such as may be seen in many quarters of all great cities, there was nothing to prevent them but their own prudence, stimulated and supported by that self-respect and taste for comfort and decency, which was the average spirit of their class. Weaken this spirit, or obliterate it for a time, and it is impossible to say how much of it may be found remaining when the better day comes. Misery loses its repulsiveness like other things by familiarity. It has a constant tendency to perpetrate itself in new generations, who necessarily imbibe their ideas and habits from the scene in which they are reared. There can be little doubt that the proverbial misery of weavers originated in the enormous influx of French refugees during the great religious persecutions in the south of France; and a sudden increase in the supply of labour which sank the weaver's wages so low, and steeped them so completely in wretchedness, that they have never yet recovered from their original misfortune. Even the great inventions in machinery, though inestimable blessings to all classes, have not always been unattended with this unfortunate drawback, as we see with the stockingers of Leicester. The depression which a sudden loss of wages brings to an industrious people who are unable to turn to other employments, is, indeed, always more or less attended with this effect; and it is, therefore, a matter of incalculable importance that the Lancashire people should, as far as possible, be encouraged to keep up their spirit. This can, of course, only be hoped for on the assumption that they may look soon to resume their daily life of independent industry.

What are the chances of supplies? It is singu-

lar how little sound information can be obtained on this point. In the United States very accurate and extensive agricultural statistics have always been collected and published, both of the Northern and Southern States. There the amount of land sown, and extent of the crops of cotton, corn, and maize in each year have always been familiar to persons interested in such matters. In no other cotton-growing country, however, does such a system prevail. In India, that vast continent of political and social darkness, nothing is known. We can but suppose that rumours of the high prices prevailing last autumn may have reached some of the native cotton growers, and that some may have been induced to sow a greater breadth than usual. Whatever may be said of the apathy of Indian cultivators, there can be no doubt that the ordinary instincts of self-interest are no more wanting in them than in other people. The 6,000,000 of bales rashly vouched for by Lord Shaftesbury as already existing in India, and waiting for speculative purchasers, are clearly visionary. The enormous rise in the price of cotton in Bombay, reported by recent mails, would assuredly have brought them ere this from their lurking places in spite of mountains and bad roads. In countries nearer to the United States, and more susceptible to the influence of news from thence, it is more reasonable at present to look for a large increase; and it is really wonderful how vast an extent of territory exists in which cotton *may* be grown. The cotton zone may be roughly said to comprise one-third of the habitable globe. From Virginia to Paraguay, there is no spot on the two great American continents where cotton cannot be grown. The entire continent of Africa, including Madagascar, is cotton land. The south of Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, India, Thibet, China, the Indian Archipelago, and the whole continent of Australia north of Sydney and Swan River, are equally suited to the cultivation of this plant. If we take a map and mark the places where it is generally grown for export, we shall find that they form but a few insignificant spots upon this vast belt of cotton-growing country. There is scarcely one of these places having access to seaports, where a planter who had been sharp enough to grow cotton, or if he was already a cotton grower, to extend the area of his operations this year, would not at present prices be enabled to obtain a splendid profit. Happily the cotton crop does not require very long preparation. It is not like hops or vines, necessary to plant and wait for several seasons ere the plant will produce its fruit. Except in Algeria, where, we believe, it is customary to look to the second year for the best results of a planting, the cotton bush is almost everywhere cultivated as an annual. This, at all events, is the custom with the American growers, hitherto the most successful cultivators of cotton in the world. It is, indeed, usual with them to prepare their land in November, when they plough and harrow down, and subsequently throw the soil into ridges to experience the beneficial effects of the winter frosts; but the actual sowing does not commence till March or April, and when there is any frost lingering about is even deferred as late as May.

A very interesting experiment lately ventured on by the United States Government, of which I have just obtained information, shows how quickly cotton may be produced if the season is not allowed to pass wholly by. It will be in the recollection of most readers that, in the autumn of last year, an expedition was fitted out by the Federal Government, for a descent upon the coasts and islands of South Carolina. As regards the islands, no resistance whatever was offered. The planters fled to the mainland, having destroyed what property they could, and taken with them their cattle, furniture, agricultural implements, and the best of their slaves. When Commodore Dupont took possession of the islands he found that a number of slaves, composed in great part of old people, women, and young children, and amounting altogether to 10,000 persons, had been left behind. Crops of cotton just fit for picking being left standing in the fields, the Government determined to set to work such of their number as had been used to field labour—in all about 3800 persons—to gather in the cotton, as free labourers working for trifling wages. They thus successfully gathered more than 110,000 pounds of fine sea-island cotton, some of which has been sold for about 3s. sterling per pound. These sea islands, as is well known, give the name to this peculiarly beautiful variety of American cotton. It always bears a high price, although, from its being more difficult to cultivate and less productive per acre, it is not generally considered peculiarly profitable, and the demand for it is of course not extensive. It being impossible to neglect these 10,000 negroes, who had shown themselves remarkably docile and patient under the direction of their new employers, some philanthropists in Boston and Philadelphia urged upon the Government the necessity for setting them again to work; but this time not in picking only, but in cultivating a new crop. No step, however, was taken. It was not until March of this year that the philanthropists succeeded, and not till the beginning of April that they actually went to work upon the ground. Everything was most unpromising for the experiment. It was already late in the season, and no preparations had been made. They were wanting in implements, in ploughs, and in horses; few of the superintendents sent from the North had ever seen a cotton plant growing in the

field, and some of them had no practical knowledge of agriculture. They were strangers to the country, the people, the usages, the climate, and had nothing to depend on but their goodwill for the work, and the cheerful alacrity of the blacks. Lost time, however, was soon regained. 14,000 acres were brought under successful culture; and, more than a month ago, an intelligent gentleman, appointed to reside in the islands, and watch the progress of the cultivation, reported that the crops were "in an advanced and satisfactory state, needing little more than a few weeks of ordinary fair weather to insure a liberal harvest."

If results like these may be achieved under such conditions, by cultivators who started on their business for the first time only at the end of last March, it is clear that we may reasonably hope that a considerable increase in the cultivation will have taken place this year in most countries which have been accustomed to export any quantity at all. It cannot be said that as late as last March any rational man could have a doubt that a cotton crop, if in ordinary times remunerative, or even nearly remunerative, must this year be profitable in the highest degree. Theorists and unprofessional speculators may talk of the danger of the great cotton crop of America being suddenly let loose to flood the markets of the world, and rob the new competitor of his expected prize; but the self-interest of practical cultivators, to whom judging of market prospects is a daily habit, must have taught them better. Of what is going on in that sealed country we know little; but while cotton bonfires have been blazing wherever the Northern armies have penetrated, we may be sure that cotton growing has almost entirely ceased to be a part of the agricultural industry of the South. Compelled to be entirely self-supporting, her available labour, or so much as can be spared from military duties, must long ago have been turned entirely into other channels. To produce food and clothing and arms, evidently taxes all her energies. Her 10,000,000 of people, including her soldiers, have been clothed from head to foot in cotton; and this consumption, necessarily lavish where the article is so abundant, and the waste and destruction of war, must already have made considerable inroads into the 3,000,000 bales of 1861. In February last, or let us say in March, it was quite certain that no crop would be grown this year. It is impossible to doubt that the planters of Brazil and Guiana, and other parts of the great cotton-growing countries of South America, were fully aware of these facts; and they must be singularly unlike all other human beings if they have not to some extent endeavoured to profit by them; nor can there be any doubt that Egypt, Algeria, the West India Islands, not to speak of the new cotton districts in Africa and Eastern Australia, will contribute considerably to relieve the markets.

It is consolatory to know that we cannot now be many weeks before we come to some solution of this problem. In the United States, if the season has been forward and favourable, the cotton picking will commence in July; but if backward, the first general picking will be delayed till August. Successive pickings take place—the wool is "ginned," that is, cleared of seed, packed in bales and sent to market at once; and it is with the planters a maxim, that by November the crop should be all baled and sent to market. These facts are, of course, applicable to similar climates; but in India the times of sowing and picking are altogether different. From that country we can look for no relief until the spring of next year. The sowing season in India commences generally in June, but is prolonged till July or August in some parts. The crop matures about the beginning of February in some cases; but as a rule the picking extends through March, and frequently into April. The speculators of Bombay, who, according to the late advices, had bid Surat—which sells in ordinary times for 3d. or 4d.—up to 1s. 2d. a pound, are assuredly keeping their eye upon this time. All things considered, it undoubtedly appears to be an advantage that the Indian crop is sown not in the spring but in autumn; for the Indian growers were probably not thoroughly aroused to the subject before the recent extraordinary rise in prices in their own markets.*

Readers who derive their information solely from writers who pen diatribes upon the "apathy" of mill-owners, and their neglect of Indian cotton, must be under the belief that it is an entirely new thing to seek in India for relief from pressure in the markets for American cotton. This, however, is altogether a mistake. India has always acted as a sort of reservoir for supplying us in times of partial dearth. Even in ordinary times it has been usual for us to draw one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole amount of our enormous consumption from that country. It is curious, indeed, to observe how regularly and surely this safety-valve has acted. It may be safely said that the mill-owners have always obtained from India just so much of that cheaper but inferior kind of cotton grown by the Hindoos as the British public were willing to clothe themselves with. Any one who has ever walked through one of the busy shopping streets in the poor neighbourhoods in the suburbs of London, must have observed at inferior linen-drapers and hosiers' shops, lengths of cotton cloth manufactured from it; which are always distinguishable for their bad colour, and the black specks which abound

* See Table A on following page.

in them, and which are the chief features of bad quality. In ordinary times, not even the extraordinary cheapness of 3d. a pound has induced our millowners to use more than the average proportion we have mentioned; for they are well aware that they would have no sale for it beyond that. In 1852, for instance, we consumed 1,789,100 bales of American cotton, at an average price of 5⅜d.; while of Indian cotton, which was sold during the same period at an average of 3¾d., we used only 221,500 bales. The simple truth is, that if American cotton can be obtained at a reasonable rate, our comparatively well-clothed and comfortable classes will not wear Indian. But let the American cotton crop even partially fail, and the facts are altogether changed. In 1856, for instance, when the average price of the latter rose to 6d., the imports of East Indian rose to 463,000. More striking still, in the following year, uplands having reached an average of 7¼d., East Indian rose to 5⅜d.; but notwithstanding this rise, we imported of the latter the enormous quantity of 680,000 bales, or within 60,000 bales of one-half of the entire quantity imported into Great Britain in that year! After this, who shall say that our manufacturers have neglected to avail themselves of Indian cotton?

I have for some years devoted earnest attention to this subject, and I am compelled to say that I have long come to the conclusion that the Southern States of America have hitherto held the market, not in consequence of any "apathy" in millowners, shippers, or growers, or any failure in the ordinary laws of supply and demand, but for the simple reason that, on the whole, the balance of advantage in production has been in their favour. Of course, the activity of commercial enterprise, under the stimulus of the present extraordinary range of prices, may help us to discover some place having equal advantages, either in climate, soil, labour, existence of capital, or means of communication. Hitherto, however, it must be confessed, that no such place has been found,—I mean no place which could compete with the United States under ordinary circumstances; for, of course, their advantage may be not very great, though sufficient to secure to them almost the monopoly of the markets of the world; and, in this case, while the war lasts, we may be supplied even by countries which could not compete in ordinary times, at a scarcely perceptible increase in price. No other theory than this could, indeed, possibly account for the facts. Just as the East Indian indigo has beaten Brazilian and the indigo of every other country from all the markets of the world, so has American cotton sprung up and flourished until, within sixty years,

TABLE A.—The following Table, extracted from a broker's circular, dated August 29, 1862, sent to me by Messrs. George Fraser, Son, & Co., of Manchester, shows the importation, sales, stock, and prices of cotton in the Liverpool market:—

	IMPORTS. Bales.		SALES. Bales.			ESTIMATED STOCKS. Bales.		TAKEN FROM THIS PORT BY THE TRADE IN 34 WEEKS. Bales.	
	This year.	Same time 1861.	Same time 1862.	Previously this year.	This week.	August 29, 1862.	Same time 1861.	1862.	1861.
America,	33,808	1,763,532	2,029,990	493,460	16,890	18,000	588,510	216,080	1,360,360
Brazilian,	94,854	73,378	55,300	197,260	18,280	14,320	34,200	87,860	49,430
East India,	407,792	483,712	498,360	1,115,330	36,640	11,200	227,600	508,600	147,410
Other kinds,	12,803	4,490	8,530	20,130	570	50	920	14,830	10,710
Egyptian,	111,830	83,187	82,940	194,900	18,940	19,320	35,890	94,070	67,100
Total,	661,087	2,408,299	2,675,120	2,021,080	91,320	62,980	887,120	921,440	1,635,010

DESCRIPTION.	CURRENT PRICES per lb.						QUOTATIONS SAME TIME 1861.		
	Ordinary and Middling.			Fair and Good Fair.		Good and Fine.			
	d.	d.	d.	d.	d.	d.	d.	d.	d.
Bowed Georgia,	23	24	26	27½	..	.. ..	8½	9⅜	9½
Mobile,	23	24	26	28	..	.. ..	8¾	9⅜	9¾
New Orleans,	23	24½	26½	28½	..	.. ..	9	9⅝	10
Texas,	23	24	26½	28	..	.. ..	8⅞	9½	..
Broach,	15	16	17½	19	19½	19½ 20	5¾	6½	6⅞
Dhollerah,	15	15¾	16½	17½	17½	18 ..	5¾	6⅛	6½
Oomrawuttee,	15	15¾	16½	17½	18	18¼ 18½	5½	6⅛	6½
Ginned Dharwar,	..	..	..	21½	22	22½ ..	6¾	7½	7¾
Per. and Para,	..	..	24½	25	25½	26 ..	8¾	9	..
Egyptian,	20	..	25	27	28	29 32	9	9½	10¼

At Sea for Great Britain.

	1861.		1862.
American,	——	——	——
East Indian,	288,750	——	411,750

it has spread itself into the markets of the globe. The cheapness of slave labour alleged by some, denied by others, cannot, whether true or false, be the cause; for slavery exists in Brazil, once a great source of our supply, and yet Brazilian cotton is in ordinary times now scarcely known in our markets. No special affection for Southern planters can be supposed to have captivated the hearts of Liverpool or Manchester. The Liverpool broker cares not whence you bring it; he will take the staple in hand, examine it, pull it out, and tell you its price per bale to a fraction. It may be even said that our trade with America is conducted at a disadvantage, which tends to discourage us from seeking our cotton there. The disadvantage is the difficulty of paying for our imports with British goods. With a tariff always restricted, even before the recent changes, and designed to encourage the native manufactures of the very articles which form the staple of our exports, our merchants have never been able to sell in the United States goods to the amount of more than one-half of our purchases. In 1860, the last year before the war, the raw cotton alone purchased by us of the United States was worth more than £30,000,000 sterling, the corn and tobacco another £7,000,000, while the whole amount of our purchases of that country, reached a total little short of £45,000,000. Against this, we sent them goods of the declared value, in round numbers, of £23,000,000. The balance is, of course, somewhat less than it appears, the exports being estimated before carriage, the imports after carriage, when, of course, they have become more valuable by all the cost of transport. The balance, however, after all allowance, must be considerable, and must be settled by shipments to other countries against which bills are drawn, a circuitous mode of payment, which is always burdensome to the country standing most in need of the other's products. The barriers set up by the Americans against the admission of our manufactures, operate, in fact, as obstacles to our purchases, yet these obstacles appear to have had little effect.

No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that American cotton has been unduly favoured, either by prejudice of manufacturers against other kinds, or by apathy of governments. I am convinced that a dispassionate inquirer would come to the conclusion that the late East Indian Government honestly laboured to destroy the Southern planters' monopoly. I have before me now a solid volume of reports and documents connected with the proceedings of the East India Company, in regard to the culture and manufacture of cotton wool in India, printed by order of the East India Company, as long back as December 1836, which abounds in valuable information on the subject, and which is not superseded by the volume published under the directions of the Supreme Government in Calcutta in the present year. Seventy-four years have elapsed since the Company resolved to give every possible encouragement to the growth and improvement of the plant in that country. They were, it must be remembered, subjected to no pressure from our manufacturers at that period, when our cotton manufactures were comparatively insignificant. Yet the Government exported to India screws for making bales, and distributed seeds throughout the peninsula. It seemed natural that India should supply us with cotton. It was cheaper there than anywhere else. It had been cultivated in Hindostan from the time of Alexander the Great, and probably from still more remote ages, and the quantity already grown there each year was believed to be greater than the production of the remainder of the entire globe. From that time, the East India Company never lost sight of their project. They again and again offered bounties on production of better qualities, gathered reports from all the collectors, and had information and practical instructions printed and distributed wholesale. They have ven granted drawbacks both of internal and port duties, to encourage the export. In 1813 and 1814, they brought, at Government expense, a number of American planters to the country, with New Orleans saw-gins. It has indeed been suggested that these men, who all reported unfavourably on the attempt to grow improved qualities for profitable sale, were actuated by a determination to discountenance the project. It requires, however, but little knowledge of human nature to decide that this is improbable. English shipwrights and even English cannon-founders work well enough for the Czar. In all human beings there is a natural desire that the work they are engaged in shall succeed, and secure them the reward of their zeal, which is in the average sufficient to defeat the instincts of such far-seeing patriotism as is here insinuated. Besides, in 1813-14, New Orleans planters must have been endowed with something like prophetic spirit if they foresaw the future importance of cotton-growing to the United States, or the present vital necessity of the supply to Great Britain; for at that time, instead of 3,000,000, the Americans produced only about 200,000 or 300,000 bales; and England, instead of consuming, as at present, two millions and a half, consumed only about 200,000 or 300,000 bales, of which not one-fourth came from America. As late as 1840, the Company employed Captain Bungles to make a tour in the Southern States, and to procure information, seeds, agricultural and mechanical implements; and once more they imported skilled American planters. Soon after this they instituted

experimental culture on a very large scale in all the three Presidencies. Among the latest steps taken by them was the gratuitous distribution of two hundred American cotton saw-gins among the three Presidencies, and the offer of a prize of £500 for an improved cotton dressing-machine adapted to native use. Then we have the life-long efforts of private persons, like Mr. Shaw in Dharwar, enthusiastically devoted to the improvement of Indian cotton. Even our war with the United States, when American supplies were almost entirely cut off, only brought Indian cotton into increased use as a makeshift; the proportion used sinking again immediately on the termination of the war. It must be remembered, too, that not only India, but all our possessions, including the West Indies, South Africa, etc., have up to a very recent period been offered a standing premium to compete with American cotton in the differential duties in favour of our own possessions. Still American cotton has held the market, growing yearly with astonishing rapidity. Is it possible then to doubt, however we may wish it otherwise, that up to the present time no place has been found capable of producing cotton of equal quality at the ordinary prices of American,—for that is the question. Both in India and Brazil it is said that bad roads impede supplies; but there are large cotton districts in both countries near the sea, and other districts traversed by railways. As to India, the peculiar system of land tenure has been complained of; but this grievance, though a real one, has certainly not prevented the cultivation of indigo, opium, or even Assam tea, from reaching a condition of extraordinary prosperity. The late Dr. Royle, whose extensive knowledge of Indian fibres was no less notorious than his enthusiasm in favour of Indian products, confesses that the Indian climate is unfitted for the production of such qualities as we receive from America.

The attempts to improve the cultivation and preparation of Indian cotton may produce some approach to improvement. The active search for new cotton fields; the experiments now in operation in Natal, in Queensland, Guinea, Algeria, and other places, may bring permanent changes; but the use of American cotton has extended itself under too many disadvantages for us to expect that it will be soon displaced. It is not improbable that, on the termination of the civil war, we may in a few seasons see it again resume something like its old position. The fact is humiliating; but it is pleasant to think that our great trial will not wholly have been lost. Cultivators throughout the globe will have had their minds directed to the subject; many will have acquired a practical knowledge of the cultivation which they had not before; all will have been taught to look to a rise in the price of American cotton as a signal to ridge up their land and prepare to sow cotton-seed. The cultivation is, fortunately, very simple—may be taken up, abandoned, and resumed, with great facility, and even with advantage to the soil in the change of crops. The Southern planter lays out the bulk of his cash in "niggers;" little capital being wanted for anything else. Give the world notice only in March that you are likely to want cotton, and any quantity can be grown against the fall of the year. Private enterprise is not quite so stupid as some people would have it. Before November comes, some relief may certainly be expected from irregular quarters; next spring will give us the great Indian crop, from which we have so often drawn relief in times of dearth; next autumn, even if the war continue, will assuredly bring us abundance; for certainly no doubt can any longer exist in the vast cotton districts of the globe, that the man who sows cotton this fall, or next spring, will have reason to congratulate himself when his bales are pressed and ready for the market.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

ENERGY.

BY PROFESSORS WILLIAM THOMSON AND P. G. TAIT.

THE non-scientific reader who may take up this article in the expectation of finding an exhortation to manly sports, or a life of continual activity, with corresponding censure of every form of sloth and sensual indulgence, will probably be inclined to throw it down when he finds that it is devoted to a question of physical science. But let him not judge too hastily. Rigorous and minute scientific investigation is repulsive to all but a few, and these specially trained, minds; but the principle on which we are about to offer a few remarks admits of being made, at all events in its elements, thoroughly popular. General theories, whether of Politics, International Law, or, as in the present case, of Natural Philosophy, are, indeed, by their very generality, capable of being clearly apprehended through the widest circle of intelligent readers, if properly presented; while special questions, such as Church-rates, and the Ballot, the Rights of Neutral Bottoms, or the Temperature of Space, require to be explained to each individual in a manner, and with precautions, suited to his individual bias or defect of apprehension.

Of late several attempts have been made, with various success, to impart to the great mass of the interested but unscientific public an idea of the ONE GREAT LAW of Physical Science, known as the *Conservation of Energy*, and it is on account of the defects, or rather errors, with which most of these attempts abound, that we have aimed primarily at preparing an article, which shall be at all events *accurate*, as far as human knowledge at present reaches. As to its intelligibility we cannot of course decide. But we take the precaution of inserting, in the form of notes, portions of the article which, though of very great importance, could only be made intelligible to the general reader by elaborate and tedious explanations.

Every one knows by experience what Force is. Our ideas are generally founded on the sensation of the effort required, say, to press or to move some mass of matter. In general, Force is defined as *that which produces, or tends to produce, motion.* Now, if no motion be produced, the force which may have been exerted is absolutely lost. Hence the inconvenience and error of the phrase, "Conservation of Force," which is very commonly applied to our present subject. Among the host of errors which are due to confounding Force with Energy, one of the most extraordinary was some time ago enunciated in a popular magazine in some such form as this, "The sum-total of the Forces in the Universe is Zero"—a statement meaningless if it be applied to Force in its literal sense, and untrue if it refer to Energy. This is one example of the errors we have undertaken to combat; another refers more to the history than to results of the principle. We were certainly amazed to find in a recent number of another popular magazine, and in an article specially intended for popular information, that one great branch of our present subject, which we had been accustomed to associate with the great name of Davy, was in reality discovered so lately as twenty years ago by a German physician. Such catering for the instruction of the public requires careful looking after; and we therefore propose to place on a proper basis the history of the discovery, and to enumerate and illustrate some of the principal truths already acquired to the theory of the Conservation of Energy. To do this in a popular form we shall commence with an examination of some cases of every-day occurrence, and gradually introduce the scientific terms when we feel that we have clearly made out the ideas for which they stand. Once introduced, they will be used freely, not so much for brevity as for definiteness.

When an eight-day clock has been wound up, it is thereby enabled to go for a week in spite of friction and the resistance which the air at every instant offers to the pendulum. It has got what in scientific language we call a supply of *Energy*. In this case the energy simply consists in the fact of a mass of lead being suspended some four feet or so above the bottom of the clock-case. The mere fact of its being in that position gives it a power of "doing work" which it would not possess if lying on the ground. This is called *Potential Energy*. It will evidently be just so much the greater as the weight is greater, and as the height through which it can fall is greater. Its amount is, therefore, proportional to the product of the weight and the height it has to fall, because such a product is doubled, as the energy is, by doubling either factor. Thus a weight of one pound with an available descent of forty feet, has the same amount of potential energy as ten pounds at four feet, eight pounds at five feet, or forty pounds at one foot. And we may easily see that the work required to lift the weight to its present position will be the same in all these cases, if we take for example such an illustration as the lifting of coals from a pit. Twice as much work is done (even in the popular signification of the phrase, "doing work") when two tons are raised as when one only has been so; and to raise a ton through forty

fathoms requires twice as much work as to raise it through twenty. Hence it appears that work expended by an animal or machine in lifting a weight remains stored as potential energy in the relation between the earth and the lifted weight, and thus that energy so spent is not lost. But suppose the coals to be allowed to tumble down the pit again, what becomes of the energy? This question will give us an idea of the nature of the subject we are dealing with.

We have already adverted to the serious errors into which we are liable to fall from an incorrect use of the word *force*, but we may with advantage recur to the subject here. What becomes of the enormous force with which the earth continually attracts a mountain, or that with which the sun attracts the earth? Force is continually exercised in each of these cases, yet no progressive effect is produced on the mountain; and the changes which the velocity of the earth in its orbit undergoes, are, in the course of a year, as much in the way of *loss* as of *gain*. We do no work, however much we may fatigue ourselves, if we try to lift a ton from the ground. If we try to lift a hundredweight, we can raise it a few feet, and have then done work, and the work is expressible as so many pounds raised so many feet, and can therefore be stated as so many *foot-pounds*, each foot-pound being the work required to raise a pound weight a foot high. The true statement which meets all such cases is, *Energy is never lost*. But we must now return to our first illustration, to see how energy may be modified or transformed, and then we shall begin to understand how it is that no modification or transformation ever causes loss of energy.

There are two ways of raising a weight to a height: by a continuous application of force, as by a windlass, or by an almost instantaneous impulse, such as a blow from a cricket-bat, or the action of gunpowder. A 64 lb. shot, fired vertically from a gun loaded with an ordinary service charge of powder, would, if unresisted by the air, rise to about 35,000 feet, and if seized and secured at the highest point of its course, would possess there, in virtue of its position, a potential energy of 2,240,000 foot-pounds. When it left the gun it had none of this, but *it was moving at the rate of fifteen hundred feet per second*. It had KINETIC or (as it has sometimes been called) actual energy. We prefer the first term, which indicates motion as the form in which the energy is displayed. Kinetic energy depends on motion; and observation shows that its amount in each case is calculable from the mass which moves and the velocity with which it moves. And this being understood, it is easy, by considering a very simple case, to find how it so depends. For, if a stone be thrown up with a velocity of 32 feet per second, it will rise to a height of nearly 16 feet; if thrown with *double* velocity, or 64 feet per second, it will rise *four* times as high, or to about 63½ feet; if the velocity be *trebled*, it rises *nine* times as high, or to 143 feet, and so on. Hence, as we must measure the energy of a moving body by the height to which it will rise if its motion is directed vertically upwards, we find that we have to measure it by the *square* of the velocity. The recent tremendous performances of the 12-ton Armstrong gun form an admirable illustration of the same point, showing, as they do, that to penetrate a thick plate of iron mere *weight* of shot is comparatively unavailing—it must have great velocity; and, in fact, with double the velocity we get at once four times the penetrating or destructive power. By such facts as these, we are led to measure kinetic energy by the square of the velocity with which a body moves. And there is particular advantage in taking as the exact expression, *one-half of the product of the moving mass and the square of its velocity in feet per second*, because this makes the unit of measurement agree with that adopted for potential energy. We may then express the relation between the forms of energy, in the case of a projectile unresisted by the air, by saying, *the sum of the potential and kinetic energies does not vary* during its flight. As it rises it gains potential energy, but its motion is slower, and thus kinetic energy is lost;—as it descends it continually loses potential energy, but gains velocity, and, therefore, kinetic energy. But what happens when it reaches the ground and comes to rest? Here it would appear to lose both its potential and kinetic energies. The first, indeed, is all gone just as the mass reaches the ground. To a superficial observer, the second might seem to be expended in bruising and displacing the bodies on which it impinges. But there is something more profound than this, as we shall presently see.

Meanwhile, as popular examples of the two kinds of energy, we may give such illustrations as a coiled spring, say the hair-spring of a watch when the balance-wheel is at one end of its range, a drawn bow, a head of water, compressed air,—all forms of potential energy; and the corresponding kinetic form in each case—the motion of the balance-wheel of the watch, the motion of an arrow, a jet of water, an air-gun bullet, and so on. But we need not dwell longer on this, as such matters abound in every-day experience.

To recur to the more mysterious transformations of energy, let us consider, as an excellent example, the case of motion of water in a basin. By stirring the water, originally at rest, we can easily give it a considerable velocity of rotation, in virtue of which it will, of course, possess con-

siderable kinetic energy. Moreover, the level is disturbed; the water rises from the middle to the sides of the basin, and, in virtue of this, the centre of gravity of the whole is higher than when the water was at rest. It thus possesses potential energy also. If the stirring be discontinued, all visible motion ceases after a few minutes, and, the surface becoming level, the potential energy is lost. It seems as if the kinetic energy also is all lost in the ceasing of the visible motion. What remains in their place? Apparently the water has returned precisely to the state in which it was before the stirring commenced, and the work done in stirring has been thrown away. But this is not the case: the water is *warmer* than before the stirring, and warmer than during the time when it was moving. The energy which apparently disappeared really exists as *Heat*. We might multiply examples of this kind indefinitely, and in all we should be led to the inevitable question, *What becomes of energy apparently lost?* The answer is, *It ultimately becomes heat.* We say *ultimately*, because, as will afterwards be shown, energy apparently lost may take in succession various forms, all of which, however, finally become heat. Sensible heat is, in fact, *motion*, and is therefore a form of kinetic energy. This was surmised at least two centuries ago, for we find it stated with remarkable clearness in the writings of Locke and others. But it remained a conjecture, unsupported by scientific evidence, until the proof was furnished by Davy. The simple experiment of melting two pieces of ice by rubbing them together showed at once the impossibility of heat being a substance. But it is not to be imagined that for all this the pleasant fiction called *Caloric* was to be abandoned; and consequently, for upwards of forty years after Davy's proof of its non-existence, caloric was believed in, written about, and taught, all over the world.*

About the time of Davy's experiments, Rumford also was engaged on the subject, and by measuring the heat developed in boring a cannon, arrived at a very approximate answer to the question, "How much heat can be produced by the expenditure of so much work?" or, in other words, and with the modern phraseology, "*What is the Dynamical Equivalent of Heat?*"

The founder of the modern dynamical theory of heat, an extension immensely beyond anything previously surmised, is undoubtedly Joule. As early as 1840 we find him investigating the heat generated by electric currents, and in 1841 he published researches which contain the germ of the vast developments of dynamical science as applied to chemical action. In 1843 he published the results of a well planned and executed series of experiments, by which he ascertained that a pound of water is raised one degree Fahrenheit in temperature by 772 foot-pounds of mechanical work done upon it. In other words, if a pound of water fall from a height of 772 feet, and the kinetic energy thus acquired in the form of ordinary motion be entirely transformed into the kinetic energy of heat, the water will be one degree hotter than before its fall. Of course it is not in this way that the experiments of Joule were made, but it gives perhaps as clear an idea of his result as any other. The actual method which he first employed was to force water through small tubes. In later researches he arrived at the same numerical result (within $\frac{1}{200}$ of difference), by stirring water by means of a paddle-wheel, driven by the descent of a weight. The number of foot-pounds of potential energy lost by the descending weight of course gave the value of the kinetic energy imparted to the water, and when the latter came to apparent rest, the heat produced was therefore the equivalent of either. These experiments, of course, required extreme precautions to prevent or to allow for loss of heat, etc.; but they agreed so well with each other in very varied experiments, that the definite transformation of work into heat was completely established, and the "dynamical equivalent of heat" determined with great accuracy. Various other methods of effecting the transformation of work into heat were also tried by Joule, and with a like result; such as using oil, or mercury, instead of water, in the paddle-wheel experiment; or, again, expending work in producing heat by friction of pieces of iron; or by turning a magneto-electric machine, and measuring the heat generated by the electric current so produced, etc.*

We can now see that when mechanical energy is commonly said to be lost, as by unavoidable friction in machinery, it is really only *changed* into a new form of energy—heat. Thus the savage who lights his fire by rubbing together pieces of dry wood, expends his muscular energy in pro-

* No one who knows the present state of science can ignore the fact that many of its most certain truths are still misunderstood, and their very opposites often taught, even by men who from their position or their notoriety are supposed by the public to be among the best informed.

* At the same time Joule published the full proof of the existence of relations of equivalence among the energies of chemical affinity, heat of combination or combustion, electrical currents from a galvanic battery or from a magneto-electric machine, engines worked by galvanism, and of all the varied and interchangeable manifestations of thermal action and mechanical energy which accompany them. These researches, and others (which soon followed) on the theory of animal heat and motion in relation to the heat of combustion of the food consumed, and the theory of the phenomena presented by shooting stars, which this naturalist based on true dynamical principles, have afforded to subsequent writers the chief groundwork for their speculations on the dynamical theory of heat.

ducing heat. By mere hammering, a skilful smith can heat a piece of iron to redness. In the old musket, the potential energy of the spring of the lock became, when the trigger was drawn, kinetic energy of the dog-head, and the latter was partly expended in generating the heat which ignited the steel sparks which inflamed the powder. Some of it may have been wasted in splitting the flint, and some in scratching the lid of the pan, some (as we shall see presently) certainly was wasted in producing the sound called the click of the lock.

Curiously enough, although similar coincidences are common, while Joule was pursuing and publishing his investigations, there appeared in Germany a paper by Mayer of Heilbronn. Its title is *Bemerkungen über die Kräfte der Unbelebten Natur*, and its date 1842. In this paper the results obtained by preceding naturalists are stated with precision—among them the fundamental one of Davy—new experiments are suggested, and a method for finding the dynamical equivalent of heat is propounded.* On the strength of this publication an attempt has been made to claim for Mayer the credit of being the first to establish in its generality the principle of the Conservation of Energy. It is true that "*La science n'a pas de patrie*," and it is highly creditable to British philosophers, that they have so liberally acted according to this maxim. But it is not to be imagined that on this account there should be no scientific patriotism, or that in our desire to do all justice to a foreigner, we should depreciate or suppress the claims of our own countrymen. And it especially startles us that the recent attempts to place Mayer in a position which he never claimed, and which had long before been taken by another, should have found support within the very walls wherein Davy propounded his transcendent discoveries.

Having thus considered the transformation of mechanical energy into heat, we must next deal with the converse process, or the production of mechanical energy from heat; a process to which the steam-engine owes its vast powers. But here we have no such general theorem as in the former case. Mechanical energy can always be changed into heat, but to obtain mechanical energy from heat it is necessary that we should have bodies of different temperatures; so that if all the matter in the universe were at one temperature it would be impossible, however great were that temperature, to convert any heat into work. This is a most important fact, because, as we shall presently see, it leads to the conclusion not that the energy in the universe can ever vary in amount, but that it is gradually becoming uniformly diffused heat, from which it can never afterwards be changed. However, granting that bodies of different temperatures are still procurable, heat in passing from the warmer to the colder body may (in part at least) be transformed into some other form of energy; and in the case of the steam-engine, that form is the mechanical effect produced by the expansion of water into vapour by heat; so that if the whole of the heat expended could be obtained as "work," we should have 772 foot-pounds for every portion of applied heat which was capable of raising the temperature of a pound of water through one degree of Fahrenheit's scale. In the best steam-engines, even with every modern improvement, only about one-tenth is actually so recovered. All such cases come under the following general proposition:—*When an engine does work in virtue of heat supplied to it, it emits heat from some part necessarily cooler than that where the heat is taken in; but the quantity so emitted is less than the quantity taken in, by an amount equivalent to the work done.* This is universally true, not only for artificial contrivances, such as the steam-engine, Stirling's air-engine, thermo-electric engines, etc., but for every action of dead matter in which the bodies concerned, if altered by change of temperature, of volume, of form, or of electric, magnetic, or chemical condition, are finally restored to their primitive state.

But whence do we get the heat which gives motion to the steam-engine, or, in other words, what was its potential form before it became heat? Here we answer at once, just as a stone falling to the earth changes its potential energy for kinetic, and finally for heat; so coal and the oxygen of the air, by virtue of their chemical affinity, have potential energy when uncombined, which is changed into its equivalent in heat as the combination takes place. Chemical affinity, then, is a form of potential, heat of combination or combustion the equivalent form of kinetic, energy. The heat thus obtained may be by various means, as the steam-engine or the air-engine, converted into mechanical energy. Or the combination may take place, as Joule has shown in one of his finest discoveries,

* Mayer's method is founded on the supposition that diminution of the volume of a body implies an evolution or generation of heat; and it involves essentially a false analogy between the natural fall of a body to the earth, and the condensation produced in an elastic fluid by the application of external force. The hypothesis on which he thus grounds a definite numerical estimate of the relation between the agencies here involved, is that the heat evolved when an elastic fluid is compressed and kept cool, is simply the dynamical equivalent of the work employed in compressing it. The experimental investigations of subsequent naturalists have shown that this hypothesis is altogether false, for the generality of fluids, especially liquids, and is at best only *approximately* true for air; whereas Mayer's statements imply its indiscriminate application to all bodies in nature, whether gaseous, liquid, or solid, and show no reason for choosing air for the application of the supposed principle to calculation, but that at the time he wrote air was the only body for which the requisite numerical data were known with any approximation to accuracy.

without generating its full equivalent of heat, and may be directed to spend a large part of its energy in producing electric currents, and through them raising weights. This is the case when zinc combines with oxygen in a galvanic battery. The heat of combination may then appear in the warming of wires through which the current passes. Or it may not appear at all, except in very small proportions, and an equivalent of mechanical work done may be had instead; as Joule and Scoresby found when, by their skilled appliance of mechanical and magnetic means, they prevented the chemical action from generating more than one-fourth of its heat, and got the remainder of its energy in the form of weights raised.

A remarkable result of electric development of the energy of chemical combination is, that through it the heat-equivalent may be made to appear at any time however long after, or in any place however distant from, the combustion. Thus if the weights raised by an electro-magnetic engine driven by a galvanic battery are allowed to fall, sooner or later they will generate in striking the ground the complement of heat till then wanting from the heat of combination of the "chemicals" which had been used. Or if a well insulated electric conductor were laid where the old Atlantic cable lies useless (for no other reason than that its insulation was never free from faults), the zinc fire might burn coolly at Valencia, and develop nine-tenths of its heat, or an equivalent of energy in mechanical work, in Newfoundland, wasting the remainder almost solely in the generation of heat by electricity escaping through the 2000 miles of gutta-percha cover. In every electric telegraph a portion (it may be and generally is only a small portion) of the energy of combination of oxygen, with the zinc if a battery is used, or with the operator's food if the magneto-inductive system is followed, actually appears first at the remote end of the wire as visible motions. Ultimately, through resistances to these motions, or subsidence of the sounds produced by the impacts of the needles, after they have told their tale, it becomes heat and is dissipated through space.

Many observations render it probable that an animal doing mechanical work does not allow the chemical combinations which go on between its food, more or less assimilated, and the oxygen inhaled in its breath, or otherwise introduced into its system directly or indirectly from our atmosphere, to generate their full equivalent of heat in its body as when resting, but directs a portion of their energy to be spent immediately in the muscular effort of pressing against external force. If this were the case, it would follow that dynamically the animal-engine is more like the electro-magnetic machine driven by the electric current from a galvanic battery, than a steam-engine or air-engine, which takes in all its energy in the form of heat from a fire. It seems even probable that it is actually through electric force that the energy of the food is placed at the disposal of that most inscrutable of finite, created, and subject agencies, a free will directing the motions of matter in a living animal. But whatever may be the true explanation of the means, it is, as regards the result, singularly noteworthy that the construction of the animal frame enables it to convert more of a given amount of potential energy into work than is procurable from the most perfect steam-engine.

The food of animals is, as we have just seen, by virtue of its chemical composition, and affinity (a true "attraction") for oxygen, a store of potential energy. Gunpowder or gun-cotton, by the arrangement of its constituents, is possessed of tremendous potential energy, which a single spark resolves into a kinetic form as heat, sound, and the kinetic energy of a cannon shot. For sound is a motion of air, air is matter, and thus sound is merely a form of kinetic energy. In a bayonet charge, then, the soldier's rations are the potential energy of war; in a cavalry charge, we have in addition that of the forage supplied to the horses; and when artillery or small arms are used, the potential energy of a mixture of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal is the tranquil antecedent of the terrible kinetic effects of noise and destruction.

But we now come to the grandest question of all, or at all events to a preliminary stage of it. Whence do we immediately derive all those stores of potential energy which we employ as fuel or as food? What produces the potential energy of a loaf or a beef-steak? What supplies the coal or the water-power, without which our factories must stop? The answer, going one stage back, is quite satisfactory. To the Sun we are indebted for water-power, coal, and animal and vegetable food. The sun's heat raises the water of seas and lakes as vapour in the air, to be precipitated as rain above its original level, and thus to form the store of potential energy known as a "head" of water. Kinetic energy, radiated from the sun, enables plants to separate carbon from oxygen, and so to become stores of potential energy which, as coal or vegetable food, may have been treasured for ages in the earth, or may be consumed annually as they are produced. And while the sheep and ox convert part of the potential energy of their grass or turnips into animal heat and energy, the rest, stored up as the potential energy of beef and mutton, becomes in its turn a source of human energy.

Now, to go yet a step back. Whence does the sun procure the energy which he thus so continually and so liberally distributes? To this question

several answers have been given, one of which may be disposed of at once, and another will be found merely to shift, not to resolve the difficulty. The first of these supposes the sun to be the site of a great combustion or production of kinetic from potential energy by chemical combination. But it has been shown that, even supposing the mass of the sun to be made up (in the most effective proportions) of the combination of known bodies which would give the greatest potential energy, the whole could scarcely be adequate to produce 5000 years' radiation at the present rate; whereas there is abundant geological proof that the present state of things, if not a higher rate of distribution of energy from the sun, must have lasted already many hundreds of thousands of years. The second supposes the sun to be a white-hot liquid mass, but does not account for its heat. A third allows that the sun, all round his surface, if not throughout his mass, is most probably composed of melted matter, of a temperature not very many times greater than can actually be produced in our laboratories, but accounts for the original production, and the present maintenance of that state in spite of losses through radiation, by what is called the meteoric theory. A fourth, which is probably the true explanation, agrees with the third as to the origin of the sun's heat, but supposes the loss by radiation at present not to be compensated by fresh influx of meteoric matter. According to this theory, matter, when created, was diffused irregularly through infinite space, but was endowed with the attractive force of gravitation, by virtue of which it gradually became agglomerated into masses of various sizes, and retaining various amounts of kinetic energy in the shape of actual motion, which still appear in the orbital and axial revolutions, not only of the bodies composing the solar system, but of those in stellar systems also. The temperature produced by collisions, etc., would not only be in general higher for the larger bodies, but they would, of course, take longer to cool; and hence, our earth, though probably in bygone ages a little sun, retains but a slight amount of its original heat, at least in its superficial strata, while the sun still shines with brilliance perhaps little impaired. Supplies of energy are, no doubt, yet received continually by the sun, on its casual meeting with masses traversing space, or the falling in of others revolving about it, just as, on an exceedingly small scale, the earth occasionally gets a slight increase of kinetic energy by the impact of a shooting star or aerolite. In this sense it is easily calculable that the direct fall of the earth to the sun would supply the latter with energy equivalent to ninety-five years' loss at the present rate. But it is not probable that the sun receives in this way more than a very small proportion of the heat which he emits by radiation. He must therefore at present be in the condition of a heated body cooling. But being certainly liquid for a great depth all round his surface, if not throughout, the superficial parts must sink by becoming heavier as they contract through cooling. The currents thus produced, bringing fresh portions from below to the surface, and keeping all the liquid thoroughly stirred up, must distribute the loss of heat very equably throughout the whole liquid mass, and so prevent the surface from cooling quickly, as it certainly would do if the superficial stratum were solid. So vast is the capacity of such a mass for heat, when under the influence of the enormous pressure produced in the interior by mutual gravitation of the parts, that if the sun is liquid to his centre, he may emit, as it has been estimated, from seven to seven thousand years' heat at the present rate before his average temperature can go down by one degree Fahrenheit.

This view of the possible origin of energy at creation is excessively instructive. Created simply as difference of position of attracting masses, the potential energy of gravitation was the original form of all the energy in the universe; and as we have seen that all energy tends ultimately to become heat, which cannot be transformed without a new creative act into any other modification, we must conclude that when all the chemical and gravitation energies of the universe have taken their final kinetic form, the result will be an arrangement of matter possessing no realizable potential energy, but uniformly hot—an undistinguishable mixture of all that is now definite and separate—chaos and darkness as "*in the beginning.*" But before this consummation can be attained, in the matter of our solar system, there must be tremendous throes and convulsions, destroying every now existing form. As surely as the weights of a clock run down to their lowest position, from which they can never rise again, unless fresh energy is communicated to them from some source not yet exhausted, so surely must planet after planet creep in, age by age, towards the sun. When each comes within a few hundred thousand miles of his surface, if he is still incandescent, it must be melted and driven into vapour by radiant heat. Nor, if he has crusted over and become dark and cool externally, can the doomed planet escape its fiery end. If it does not become incandescent like a shooting-star by friction in its passage through his atmosphere, its first graze on his solid surface must produce a stupendous flash of light and heat. It may be at once, or it may be after two or three bounds, like a cannon-shot ricochetting on a surface of earth or water, the whole mass must be crushed, melted, and evaporated by a crash generating in a moment some

thousands of times as much heat as a coal of the same size could produce by burning.

Thus we have the sober scientific certainty that heavens and earth shall "wax old as doth a garment;" and that this slow progress must gradually, by natural agencies which we see going on under fixed laws, bring about circumstances in which "the elements shall melt with fervent heat." With such views forced upon us by the contemplation of dynamical energy and its laws of transformation in dead matter, dark indeed would be the prospects of the human race if unillumined by that light which reveals "new heavens and a new earth."

We have not made in the foregoing pages any but the slightest allusions to the remaining known forms of energy, such as light, electric motion, etc. Nor have we examined into the nature and effects of the so-called vital force. All that we need at present say of them is, that, as far as experiment has yet taught us, nothing known with regard to them can modify the preceding conclusions. For, as we may show in a future paper, light, electric motion, and all other forms of energy, ultimately become heat, and, therefore, though the progress of energy through these various stages may modify the course of events, it cannot in the least affect their inevitable termination.

BOHEMIAN PROTESTANTS.

Who has not heard of the cruel martyrdom of John Huss and Jerome of Prague in the flames of Constance in 1415? Yet who knows that these martyrs spoke a language as different from German as Welsh is from English, or Gaelic from Lowland Scotch? Who has not heard of the Winter King, once the Elector-Palatine, the husband of the beautiful Elizabeth, daughter of James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, of his disgraceful flight from his throne, of the miseries of his family, of his sons Rupert and Maurice, and of the final extinction of Protestantism in Bohemia by the mission of Jesuits and soldiers through the length and breadth of the land, and the reduction of the number of its inhabitants from four millions to eight hundred thousand? Yet who does not suppose that here persecution has had her perfect work, and that the candlestick of the once celebrated Utraquist Church was so quenched in blood, that its brightness faded away, and "left not a rack behind?" Who knows that when the German Emperor, Joseph II., the son of the great Maria Theresa, issued an edict of religious toleration in 1781, no less than one hundred thousand persons registered themselves as Protestants in the two districts of Bohemia and Moravia? Who knows, too, that last year, in the month of April, the disabilities still burthening the Protestants in the Austrian empire were removed, and a new and free constitution given to the Protestant churches, under which elections and other movements have been going on most vigorously? Who knows, lastly, that next year, 1863, is the thousandth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into the kingdom of Great Moravia, of which both Bohemia and the neighbouring district of Moravia were provinces, by the two Græco-Slavonic brothers of Thessalonica, Mathodius and Cyrillus, and that the Protestants are nerving and preparing themselves for a first passage of arms with the peaceful weapons of pen and tongue, against their numerous, wealthy, and dominant Roman Catholic rivals?

See how the Lord has turned to his own good and wise purposes the necessities of statesmen and rulers! When the aid of Russia had rendered the Hapsburg dynasty safe, apparently, on the throne of Vienna, had crushed the Hungarian rebellion, and rendered the Austrian Government for the time master of the situation, the Jesuits and the agents of Popery had it all their own way, and were able to obtain the celebrated Concordat, which was intended to put a stop to the progress of Protestantism for ever. But suddenly a new actor, the French Emperor, Napoleon III., appeared upon the scene, and the mighty army, on which the Austrian Government had relied, broke, like a reed, at the battles of Magenta and Solferino, and there was nothing left for the Emperor to do but to call new statesmen to his councils, and grant both liberal institutions and religious freedom to the whole community. And now, though but little is being done in the world of politics in Austria, owing to the refusal of the Hungarians to send deputies to the Reichsrath, yet a great deal is being done in the religious world.

The old Utraquist Church of Bohemia was Episcopalian in will, though not in deed, for the Pope never would confirm the election of their Archbishop, Rokycana; but the more genuine Hussites and their legitimate descendants, the Bohemian Brethren, were always Presbyterian, both in will and deed. It is mainly from the remnants of the latter, that the present Bohemian

Protestants appear to spring. These are divided into two grand branches, the Lutherans, Evangelicals, or adherents of the Confession of Augsburg, and the Helvetians or Reformed. The great mass of German Protestants belong to the former, and they only number about 15,000 real Slavonic Bohemians in their ranks. The great body of Slavonic Protestants, both in Bohemia and Moravia, belongs to the Reformed, Helvetian or Zwinglian branch, which numbers almost 60,000 adherents in Bohemia alone. And though in Germany there is bitter strife and quarrelling between those two scions of the Reformation, yet, thanks be to God, in Bohemia there is nothing but peace, good-will, and friendly co-operation between them.

But many will no doubt be glad to know the outward difference between these Evangelical and Reformed Protestant Christians. Go into a Lutheran church, and, with the exception of the fact that there are no side altars, you might think that you were in a Roman Catholic church. The high altar is adorned with a crucifix and with massive candlesticks, which are always ornamented with white ribbons and lighted at the celebration of the Holy Communion. Go into a Reformed church in Bohemia, and you will see no ornament of any sort or kind save a cup or chalice sculptured in wood over the pulpit, indicating that it was for the restoration of the cup in the communion to the laity that the first occasion of disruption with the Church of Rome arose. You will also see a massive wooden altar or table standing in the body of the church and covered with a plain white cloth, at which the minister stands during prayers, and when he is not in the pulpit.

But let me give some little account of the new constitution, which is common to both the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. Every man twenty-five years old, who has paid his quota towards the expenses of the congregation, pastor, schoolmaster, repairs, and everything included, possesses a vote. These voters first elect a *Vybor* or committee, varying in number according to the size of the congregation. At the village of Leschitz the committee consisted of one hundred and two persons, who again chose twenty *Starzi* or elders, with whom lay the election of the *Fararz* or minister, the *Proni starzi* or curator, a kind of permanent chairman, and the *Pocetoedoucé* or treasurer. The curator attends the synod of the district, when it takes place, as lay member, as well as the clergyman. The clergy choose the superintendent and district seniorate. The old Consistory at Vienna, which was presided over by a Roman Catholic, is abolished, and the Protestant churches are managed by an evangelical supreme ecclesiastical council, chosen by the Emperor, of which no Roman Catholic may be a member. A third of each presbytery resigns every third year, but every individual member thus resigning is capable of re-election.

Mr. Kaspar, the Reformed clergyman of Leschitz, has received 449 Roman Catholics into his flock during his ministry there. As every convert has to be registered, there can be no doubt as to the numbers. In thirteen years the Helvetian congregation at Prague has increased from 800 to 1600. As regards the Lutherans, I can bring forward one fact which will speak volumes: the inhabitants of the little village of Spaloo have joined the Evangelical Church *en masse*, and that without any missionary exertions among them, but spontaneously and through their own self-formed convictions.

One word more and I have done. In attending the services and hearing the sermons of these Slavonic Protestants, I was much struck with the knowledge of Scripture which the preachers evidently presupposed on the part of the congregation. Everybody must have known their Bibles well to have listened to and drunk in with such breathless silence the word of life that was addressed to them. An agent of the great German Gustavus Adolphus Society, who made a tour in Austria on its behalf, remarks upon the entire freedom from Rationalism among the Slavonic Protestants;—nothing but Biblical doctrine is heard in their pulpits, and he who dared to propound anything else would soon be driven out of the village in which he had done so.

O that the Protestants of our favoured land would take an interest in the welfare and prospects of these long-suffering and much-tried brethren in the faith! It was from Britain—from Wycliffe's pulpit at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire—that the light came which was caught and set on high by Huss, and defended by his countrymen against five crusades, carried on by the whole might of Roman Catholic Europe; which was quenched for a time in blood at the fatal battle of the White Mountain in 1620, but which is now again on its candlestick, and promises by God's grace to be a mighty agent in the evangelization of Eastern Europe. Next year is the jubilee of both Protestants and Romanists in Bohemia and Moravia; next year the Slavonic pulpits will resound with appeals to the past history of Bohemia, and to the Scriptures, with which all its glories are connected. May our brethren there find sympathy and aid in that Britain which 450 years ago sent them light, for which she was not then prepared herself!

A. H. WRATISLAW.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XXI.

It was not a cheerful morning on which to be married. A dense, yellow, London fog, the like of which the Misses Leaf had never yet seen, penetrated into every corner of the parlour at No. 15, where they were breakfasting drearily by candle-light, all in their wedding attire. They had been up since six in the morning, and Elizabeth had dressed her three mistresses one after the other, taking exceeding pleasure in the performance. For she was still little more than a girl, to whom a

wedding was a wedding, and this was the first she had ever had to do with in her life.

True, it disappointed her in some things. She was a little surprised that last evening had passed off just like all other evenings. The interest and bustle of packing soon subsided—the packing consisting only of the travelling trunk, for the rest of the *trousseau* went straight to Russell Square, every means having been taken to ignore the very existence of No. 15; and then the three ladies had supper as usual, and went to bed at their customary hour, without any special demonstration of emotion or affection. To Elizabeth this was strange. She had not yet learnt the unspeakable bitterness of a parting where nobody has any grief to restrain.

On a wedding morning, of course, there is no time to be spared for sentiment. The principal business appeared to be—dressing. Mr. Ascott had insisted on doing his part in making his new connexions appear "respectable" at his marriage, and for Selina's sake they had consented. Indeed, it was inevitable: they had no money whatever to clothe themselves withal. They must either have accepted Mr. Ascott's gifts—in which, to do him justice, he was both thoughtful and liberal—or they must have stayed away from the wedding altogether, which they did not like to do "for the sake of the family."

So, with a sense of doing their last duty by the sister, who would be, they felt, henceforward a sister no more, Miss Leaf attired herself in her violet silk and white China shawl, and Miss Hilary put on her silver-grey poplin, with a cardinal cape, as was then in fashion, trimmed with white swan's-down. It was rather an elderly costume for a bridesmaid; but she was determined to dress warmly, and not risk, in muslins and laces, the health which to her now was money, life—nay, honour.

For Ascott's creditor had been already paid: Miss Balquidder never let grass grow under her feet. When Hilary returned to her sisters that day, there was no longer any fear of public exposure; she had the receipted bill in her hand, and she was Miss Balquidder's debtor to the extent of eighty pounds.

But it was no debt of disgrace or humiliation, nor did she feel it as such. She had learned the lesson which the large-hearted rich can always teach the poor, that, while there is sometimes, to some people, no more galling chain, there is to others—and these are the highest natures, too—no more firm and sacred bond than gratitude. But still the debt was there; and Hilary would never feel quite easy till it was paid—in money, at least. The generosity she never wished to repay. She would rather feel it wrapping her round, like an arm that was heavy only through its exceeding tenderness, to the end of her days.

Nevertheless, she had arranged that there was to be a regular monthly deduction from her salary; and how, by retrenchment, to make this monthly payment as large as she could, was a question which had occupied herself and Johanna for a good while after they retired to rest. For there was no time to be lost. Mrs. Jones must be given notice to; and there was another notice to be given, if the Richmond plan were carried out; another sad retrenchment, foreboding which, when Elizabeth brought up supper, Miss Hilary could hardly look the girl in the face, and, when she bade her good-night, had felt almost like a secret conspirator.

For she knew that, if the money to clear this debt was to be saved, they must part with Elizabeth.

No doubt the personal sacrifice would be considerable, for Hilary would have to do the work of their two rooms with her own hands, and give up a hundred little comforts in which Elizabeth, now become a most clever and efficient servant, had made herself necessary to them both. But the two ladies did not think of that at the moment; they only thought of the pain of parting with her. They thought of it sorely, even though she was but a servant, and there was a family parting close at hand. Alas! people must take what they earn. It was a melancholy fact that, of the two impending losses, the person they should miss most would be—not their sister, but Elizabeth.

Both regrets combined made them sit at the breakfast-table—the last meal they should ever take together as a family—sad and sorry, speaking about little else than the subject which presented itself as easiest and uppermost, namely, clothes.

Finally, they stood all completely arrayed, even to bonnets; Hilary looking wonderfully bewitching in hers, which was the very pattern of one that may still be seen in a youthful portrait of our gracious Queen—a large round brim, with a wreath of roses inside; while Miss Leaf's was somewhat like it, only with little bunches of white ribbon, "for," she said, "my time of roses has gone by." But her sweet faded face had a peace that was not in the other two—not even in Hilary's.

But the time arrived; the carriage drew up at the door. Then nature and sisterly feeling asserted themselves for a minute. Miss Selina "gave way," not to any loud or indecorous extent, to nothing that could in the least harm her white satin, or crumple her laces and ribbons; but she did shed a tear or two—real honest tears—kissed her sisters affectionately, hoped they would be very happy at Richmond, and that they would often come to see her at Russell Square.

"You know," said she, half apologetically, "it is a great deal better for one of us at least to be married and settled. Indeed I assure you, I have done it all for the good of my family."

And for the time being she devoutly believed she had.

So it was all over. Elizabeth herself, from the aisle of St. Pancras Church, watched the beginning and ending of the show; a very fine show, with a number of handsomely dressed people, wedding guests, who seemed to stare about them a good deal, and take little interest in either bride and bridegroom. The only persons Elizabeth recognised were her mistresses,—Miss Leaf, who kept her veil down and never stirred; and Miss Hilary, who stood close behind the bride, listening with downcast eyes to the beautiful marriage service. It must have touched her, more than on her sister's account, for a tear gathered under each eyelash, silently rolled down the soft cheek and fell.

"Miss Hilary's an angel, and he'll be a lucky man that gets *her*," meditated her faithful "bower-maiden" of old; as, a little excited by the event of the morning, she stood by the mantelpiece, and contemplated a letter which had come after the ladies departed; one of these regular monthly Indian letters, after which, Elizabeth was sharp enough to notice, Miss Hilary's step always grew lighter and her eye brighter, for many days.

"It must be a nice thing to have somebody fond of one, and somebody to be fond of," meditated she. And "old-fashioned piece of goods" as she was—according to Mrs. Jones (who now, from the use she was in the Jones's *ménage*, patronized and confided in her extremely)—some little bit of womanly craving after the woman's one hope and crown of bliss crept into the poor maid-servant's heart. But it was not for the maid-servant's usual necessity—a "sweetheart"—somebody to "keep company with;" it was rather for somebody to love, and perhaps take care of a little. People love according to their natures; and Elizabeth's was a strong nature; its principal element being a capacity for passionate devotedness, almost unlimited in extent. Such women, who love most, are not always, indeed very rarely, loved best. And so it was perhaps as well that poor Elizabeth should make up her mind, as she did very composedly, that she herself should never be married; but after that glorious wedding of Miss Hilary's to Mr. Lyon, should settle down to take care of Miss Leaf all her days.

"And if I turn out only half as good and contented as my mistress, it can't be such a dreadful thing to be an old maid after all," stoically said Elizabeth Hand.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when her attention was caught by some one in the passage inquiring for her; yes, actually for her. She could hardly believe her eyes when she perceived it was her new-found old acquaintance Tom Cliffe. He was dressed very well, out of livery; indeed, he looked so extremely like a gentleman, that Mrs. Jones's little girl took him for one, called him "Sir," and showed him into the parlour.

"All right. I thought this was the house. Uncommon sharp of me to hunt you out, wasn't it, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth was a little stiff, flurried, and perplexed. Her mistresses were out; she did not know whether she ought to ask Tom in, especially as it must be into the parlour; there was no other place to take him to.

However, Tom settled the matter with a conclusive, "Oh, gammon!"—sat himself down, and made himself quite comfortable. And Elizabeth was so glad to see him—glad to have another chance of talking about dear old Stowbury. It could not be wrong; she would not say a word about the family, not even tell him she lived with the Misses Leaf, if she could help it. And Tom did not seem in the least curious.

"Now, I call this quite a coincidence. I was stopping at St. Pancras Church to look at a wedding; some old city fogie who lives in Russell Square, and is making a great splash; and there I see you, Elizabeth, standing in the crowd, and looking so nice and spicy; as fresh as an apple and as brisk as a bee. I hummed and hawed and whistled, but I couldn't catch your eye; then I missed you, and was vexed above a bit, till I saw some one like you going in at this door, so I just knocked and asked; and here you are! 'Pon my life, I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Tom," said Elizabeth, pleased, even grateful for the trouble he had taken about her; she had so few friends; in truth, actually none.

They began to talk, and Tom Cliffe talked exceedingly well. He had added to his natural cleverness a degree of London sharpness, the result of much "knocking about" ever since childhood. Besides, his master, the literary gentleman, who had picked him out of the printing-office, had taken a deal of pains with him. Tom was, for his station, a very intelligent and superior young man. Not a boy, though he was still under twenty, but a young man: that precocity of development which often accompanies a delicate constitution, making him appear, as he was indeed in mind and character, fully six or seven years older than his real age.

He was a handsome fellow, too, though small; dark-haired, dark-eyed, with regular and yet sensitive and mobile features. Altogether Tom Cliffe was decidedly interesting, and Elizabeth took great pleasure in looking at him, and in thinking, with a certain half-motherly, half-romantic satisfaction, that but for her, and her carrying him home from under the horse's heels, he might, humanly speak-

ing, have been long ago buried in Stowbury churchyard.

"I have a 'church-yard cough' at times still," said he, when speaking of this little episode of early life. "I don't think I shall ever live to be a middle-aged man." And he shook his head, and looked melancholy and poetical; nay, even showed Elizabeth some poetry that he himself had written on the subject, which was clever enough in its way.

Elizabeth's interest grew. An ordinary baker or butcher-boy would not have attracted her in the least; but here was something in the shape of a hero, somebody who at once touched her sympathies and roused her admiration. For Tom was quite as well-informed as she was herself; more so, indeed. He was one of the many shrewd and clever working men who were then beginning to rise up and think for themselves, and educate themselves. He attended classes at mechanics' institutions, and young men's debating societies; where every topic of the day, religion, politics, political economy, was handled freely, as the young do handle these serious things. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the new movement, which, like all revolutions, had at first its great and fatal dangers, but yet resulted in much good; clearing the political sky, and bringing all sorts of hidden abuses under the sharp eyes of that great scourge of evil-doers—public opinion.

Yet Elizabeth, reared under the wing of the conservative Misses Leaf, was a little startled when Tom Cliffe, who apparently liked talking and being listened to, gave her a long dissertation on the true principles of the Charter, and how Frost, Williams, and Jones—names all but forgotten now—were very ill-used men, actual martyrs. She was more than startled,—shocked indeed,—until there came a reaction of the deepest pity,—when he confessed that he never went to church. He saw no use in going, he said; the parsons were all shams, paid largely to chatter about what they did not understand; the only real religion was that which a man thought out for himself, and acted out for himself. Which was true enough, though only a half truth; and innocent Elizabeth did not see the other half.

But she was touched and carried away by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the lad, wild, fierce iconoclast as he was, ready to cast down the whole fabric of Church and State; though without any personal hankering after lawless rights and low pleasures. His sole idol was, as he said, intellect, and that was his preservation.

Also, the fragile health which was betrayed in every flash of his eye, every flush of his sallow cheek, made Tom Cliffe, even in the two hours he stayed with her, come very close to Elizabeth's heart. It was such a warm heart, such a liberal heart, thinking so little of itself or of its own value.

So here began to be told the old story, familiar in kitchens as parlours; but, from the higher bringing-up of the two parties concerned, conducted in this case more after the fashion of the latter than the former.

Elizabeth Hand was an exceptional person, and Tom had the sense to see that at once. He paid her no coarse attentions, did not attempt to make love to her; but he liked her, and he let her see that he did. True, she was not pretty, and she was older than he; but that to a boy of nineteen is rather flattering than otherwise. Also, for there is a law even under the blind mystery of likings and fallings in love—a certain weakness in him, that weakness which generally accompanies the poetical nature, clung to the quiet, solid, practical strength of hers. He liked to talk, and be listened to by those silent, admiring, gentle grey eyes; and he thought it very pleasant when, with a motherly prudence, she warned him to be careful over his cough, and gave him a flannel breastplate to protect his chest against the cold.

When he went away, Tom was so far in love, that, following the free and easy ways of his class, he attempted to give Elizabeth a kiss; but she drew back so hotly, that he begged her pardon, and slipped away rather confounded.

"That 's an odd sort of young woman; there 's something in her," said he to himself. "I 'll get a kiss though, by and by."

Meanwhile Elizabeth, having forgotten all about her dinner, sat thinking, actually doing nothing but thinking, until within half an hour of the time when her mistresses might be expected back. They were to go direct to the hotel, breakfast, wait till the newly-married couple had departed, and then come home. They would be sure to be weary, and want their tea.

So Elizabeth made everything ready for them, steadily putting Tom Cliffe out of her mind. One thing she was glad of, that talking so much about his own affairs, he had forgotten to inquire concerning hers, and was still quite ignorant even of her mistresses' name. He therefore could tell no tales of the Leaf family at Stowbury. Still, she determined at once to inform Miss Hilary that he had been here, but that, if she wished it, he should never come again. And it spoke well for her resolve, that while resolving, she was startled to find how very sorry she should feel if Tom Cliffe never came again.

I know I am painting this young woman with a strangely tender conscience, a refinement of feeling and a general moral sensitiveness, which people say is seldom or never to be found in her rank of life. And why not? Because mistresses treat

servants as servants, and not as women; because in the sharp hard line they draw, at the outset, between themselves and their domestics, they give no chance for any womanliness to be developed. And therefore since human nature is weak, and without help from without, a long degraded class can never rise, sweethearts will still come crawling through back entries and down at area-doors; mistresses will still have to dismiss, helpless and fallen, or brazen in iniquity, many a wretched girl who once was innocent; or, if nothing actually vicious results, may have many a good respectable servant who left her to get married, return, complaining that her "young man," whom she knew so little about, has turned out a drunken scoundrel of a husband, who drives her back to her old comfortable "place" to beg for herself and her starving babies a morsel of bread.

When, with a vivid blush that she could not repress, Elizabeth told her mistress that Tom Cliffe had been to see her, the latter replied at first carelessly, for her mind was pre-occupied. Then, her attention caught by the aforesaid blush, Miss Hilary asked—

"How old is the lad?"

"Nineteen."

"That's a bad age, Elizabeth. Too old to be a pet, and rather too young for a husband."

"I never thought of such a thing," said Elizabeth warmly,—and honestly, at the time.

"Did he want to come and see you again?"

"He said so."

"Oh well, if he is a steady, respectable lad, there can be no objection. I should like to see him myself next time."

And then a sudden sharp recollection, that there would likely be no next time, in their service at least, made Miss Hilary feel quite a hypocrite.

"Elizabeth," said she, "we will speak about Tom Cliffe—is not that his name?—by and by. Now, as soon as tea is over, my sister wants to talk to you. When you are ready, will you come up-stairs?"

She spoke in an especially gentle tone, so that by no possibility could Elizabeth fancy they were displeased with her.

Now, knowing the circumstances of the family, Elizabeth's conscience had often smitten her that she must eat a great deal, that her wages, paid regularly month by month, must make a great hole in her mistress's income. She was, alack! a sad expense, and she tried to lighten her cost in every possible way. But it never struck her that they could do without her, or that any need would arise for their doing so. So she went into the parlour quite unsuspiciously, and found Miss Leaf lying on the sofa, and Miss Hilary reading aloud the letter from India. But it was laid quietly aside, as she said—

"Johanna, Elizabeth is here."

Then Johanna, rousing herself to say what must be said, but putting it as gently and kindly as she could, told Elizabeth, what mistresses often think it below their dignity to tell to servants, the plain truth—namely, that circumstances obliged herself and Miss Hilary to retrench their expenses as much as they possibly could. That they were going to live in two little rooms at Richmond, where they would board with the inmates of the house.

"And so, and so—" Miss Leaf faltered. It was very hard to say it with those eager eyes fixed upon her.

Hilary took up the word,—

"And so, Elizabeth, much as it grieves us, we shall be obliged to part with you. We cannot any longer afford to keep a servant."

No answer.

"It is not even as it was once before, when we thought you might do better for yourself. We know, if it were possible, you would rather stay with us, and we would rather keep you. It is like parting with one of our own family." And Miss Hilary's voice too failed. "However, there is no help for it; we must part."

Elizabeth, recovered from her first bewildered grief, was on the point of bursting out into entreaties that she might do like many another faithful servant, live without wages, put up with any hardships, rather than be sent away. But something in Miss Hilary's manner told her it would be useless; worse than useless, painful; and she would do anything rather than give her mistress pain. When, utterly unable to control it, she gave vent to one loud sob, the expression of acute suffering on Miss Hilary's countenance was such that she determined to sob no more. She felt that for some reason or other, the thing was inevitable; that she must take up her burden, as her mistress had done, even though it were the last grief of all,—leaving that beloved mistress.

"That's right, Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary softly. "All these changes are very bitter to us also, but we bear them. There is nothing lasting in this world, except doing right, and being good and faithful and helpful to one another."

She sighed. Possibly, there had been sad tidings in the letter which she still held in her hand, clinging to it as we do to something which, however sorely it hurts us, we would not part with for the whole world. But there was no hopelessness or despair in her tone, and Elizabeth caught the influence of that true courageous heart.

"Perhaps, you may be able to take me back again soon, Ma'am," said she, looking towards Miss Leaf.

"And meantime I might get a place; Mrs. Jones has told me of several," and she stopped, afraid lest it might be found out how often Mrs. Jones had urged her to "better herself," and she had indignantly refused. "Or," (a bright idea occurred), "I wonder if Miss Selina, that is Mrs. Ascott, would take me in at Russell Square?"

Hilary looked hard at her.

"Would you really like that?"

"Yes, I should; for I should see and hear of you. Miss Hilary, if you please, I wish you would ask Mrs. Ascott to take me."

And Hilary, much surprised,—for she was well acquainted with Elizabeth's sentiments towards both Mr. Ascott and the late Miss Selina,—promised.

CHAPTER XXII.

And now I leave Miss Hilary for a time; leave her in, if not happiness, great peace. Peace, which after these stormy months was an actual paradise of calm to both herself and Johanna.

Their grief for Ascott had softened down. Its very hopelessness gave it resignation. There was nothing more to be done; they had done all they could, both to find him out, and to save him from the public disgrace which might blight any hope of reformation. Now the result must be left in higher hands.

Only at times fits of restless trouble would come; times when a sudden knock at the door would make Johanna shake nervously for minutes afterwards; when Hilary walked about everywhere with her mind pre-occupied, and her eyes open to notice every chance passer-by; nay, she had sometimes secretly followed down a whole street, some figure, which in its light jaunty step and long, fashionably-cut hair, reminded her of Ascott.

Otherwise they were not unhappy, she and her dearest sister. Poor as they were, they were together, and their poverty had no sting. They knew exactly how much they would receive, monthly, and how much they ought to spend. Though obliged to calculate every penny, still their income and their expenses were alike certain; there was no anxiety about money matters, which of itself was an indescribable relief. Also there was that best blessing—peace at home. Never in all her days had Johanna known such an easy life; sitting quietly in her parlour while Hilary was engaged in the shop below: descending to dinner, where she took the head of the table, and the young people soon learnt to treat her with great respect and even affection; then waiting for the happy tea in their own room, and the walk afterwards, in Richmond Park or along the Thames banks towards Twickenham. Perhaps it was partly from the contrast to that weary year in London, but never in any spring had the air seemed so balmy, or the trees so green. They brought back to Hilary's face the youthful bloom which she had begun to lose; and, in degree, her youthful brightness, which had also become slightly overclouded. Again she laughed and made her little domestic jokes, and regained her pretty way of putting things, so that everything always appeared to have a cheerful, and even a comical side.

Also—for while we are made as we are, with capacity for happiness, and especially the happiness of love, it is sure to be thus—she had a little private sunbeam in her own heart, which brightened outside things. After that sad letter from India which came on Selina's wedding-day, every succeeding one grew more cheerful, more demonstrative, nay, even affectionate; though still with that queer Scotch pride of his, that would ask for nothing till it could ask, and have everything, and give everything in return,—the letters were all addressed to Johanna.

"What an advantage it is to be an old woman," Miss Leaf would sometimes say mischievously, when she received them. But more often she said nothing: waiting in peace for events to develop themselves. She did not think much about herself, and had no mean jealousy over her child; she knew that a righteous and holy love only makes all natural affections more sacred and more dear.

And Hilary? She held her head higher and prouder; and the spring trees looked greener, and the river ran brighter in the sunshine. Ah, Heaven pity us all! it is a good thing to have love in one's life; it is a good thing, if only for a time, to be actually *happy*. Not merely contented, but *happy!*

And so I will leave her, this little woman; and nobody need mourn over her because she is working too hard, or pity her because she is obliged to work; has to wear common clothes, and live in narrow rooms, and pass on her poor weary feet the grand carriages of the Richmond gentry, who are not a bit more well-born, or well-educated, than she;—who never take the least notice of her, except sometimes to peer curiously at the desk where she sits in the shop-corner, and wonder who "that young person with the rather pretty curls" can be. No matter, she is happy.

How much happiness was there in the large house at Russell Square?

The Misses Leaf could not tell; their sister never gave them an opportunity of judging.

> "My son's my son till he gets him a wife,
> But my daughter's my daughter all her life."

And so, most frequently is "my sister." But not in this case. It could not be; they never expected it would.

When on her rare visits to town, Hilary called at Russell Square, she always found Mrs. Ascott handsomely dressed, dignified, and gracious. Not in the slightest degree uncivil or unsisterly, but gracious; perhaps a thought too gracious. Most condescendingly anxious that she should stay to luncheon, and eat and drink the best the house afforded, but never by any chance inviting her to stay to dinner. Consequently, as Mr. Ascott was always absent in the city until dinner, Hilary did not see him for months together, and her brother-in-law was, she declared, no more to her than any other man upon 'change, or the man in the moon, or the Great Mogul.

His wife spoke little about him. After a few faint, formal questions concerning Richmond affairs, somehow her conversation always recurred to her own: the dinners she had been at, those she was going to give; her carriages, clothes, jewellery, and so on. She was altogether a very great lady, and Hilary, as she avouched laughingly—it was, in this case, better to laugh than to grieve—felt an exceedingly small person beside her.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Ascott showed no unkindness—nay, among the various changes that matrimony had produced in her, her temper appeared rather to have improved than otherwise; there was now seldom any trace of that touchy sharpness which used to be called "poor Selina's way." And yet Hilary never quitted the house without saying to herself, with a sigh, the old phrase, "Poor Selina!"

Thus, in the inevitable consequences of things, her visits to Russell Square became fewer and fewer; she kept them up as a duty, not exacting any return, for she felt that was impossible, though still keeping up the ghostly shadow of sisterly intimacy. Nevertheless, she knew well it was but a shadow; that the only face that looked honest, glad welcome, or that she was honestly glad to see, in her brother-in-law's house, was the under-housemaid, Elizabeth Hand.

Contrary to all expectations, Mrs. Ascott had consented to take Elizabeth into her service. With many stipulations and warnings never to presume on past relations, never even to mention Stowbury, on pain of instant dismissal—still, she did take her, and Elizabeth stayed. At every one of Miss Hilary's visits, lying in wait in the bed-chamber, or on the staircase, or creeping up at the last minute to open the hall-door, was sure to appear the familiar face, beaming all over. Little conversation passed between them—Mrs. Ascott evidently disliked it; still Elizabeth looked well and happy, and when Miss Hilary told her so, she always silently smiled.

But this story must tell the whole truth which lay beneath that fond acquiescing smile.

Elizabeth was certainly in good health, being well-fed, well-housed, and leading on the whole an easy life; happy too, when she looked at Miss Hilary. But her migration from Mrs. Jones' lodgings to this grand mansion had not been altogether the translation from Purgatory to Paradise that some would have supposed.

The author of this simple story having—unfortunately for it—never been in domestic service, especially in the great houses of London, does not pretend to describe the ins and outs of their "high life below stairs," to repeat kitchen conversations, to paint the humours of the servants' hall—the butler and house-keeper getting tipsy together, the cook courting the policeman, and the footman making love successively to every housemaid and lady's-maid. Some writers have depicted all this, whether faithfully or not, they know best; but the present writer declines to attempt anything of the kind. Her business is solely with the one domestic, the country-girl who came unexpectedly into this new world of London servant-life; a world essentially its own, and a life of which the upper classes are as ignorant as they are of what goes on in Madagascar or Tahiti.

This fact was the first which struck the unsophisticated Elizabeth. She, who had been brought up in a sort of feudal relationship to her dear mistresses, was astonished to find the domestics of Russell Square banded together into a community which, in spite of their personal bickerings and jealousies, ended in alliance offensive and defensive against the superior powers, whom they looked upon as their natural enemies. Invisible enemies, certainly; for "master" they hardly ever saw; and, excepting the lady's-maid, were mostly as ignorant of "missis." The housekeeper was the middle link between the two estates; the person with whom all business was transacted, and to whom all complaints had to be made. Beyond being sometimes talked over, generally in a quizzical, depreciatory, or condemnatory way, the heads of the establishment were no more to their domestics than the people who paid wages, and exacted in return certain duties, which most of them made as small as possible, and escaped whenever they could.

If this be an exaggerated picture of a state of things perhaps in degree inevitable—and yet it should not be, for it is the source of incalculable evil, this dividing of a house against itself,—if I have in any way said what is not true, I would that some intelligent "voice from the kitchen" would rise up and tell us what is true, and whether it be possible on either side to find means of amending what so sorely needs reformation.

Elizabeth sometimes wanted Tom Cliffe to do this—to "write a book," which he, eager young malcontent, was always threatening to do, upon the

evils of society, and especially the tyranny of the upper classes. Tom Cliffe was the only person to whom she imparted her troubles and perplexities: how different her life was from that she had been used to; how among her fellow-servants there was not one who did not seem to think and act in a manner totally opposed to everything she had learnt from Miss Hilary. How consequently she herself was teazed, bullied, threatened, or at best "sent to Coventry," from morning till night.

"I'm quite alone, Tom; I am, indeed," said she, almost crying, the first Sunday night when she met him accidentally in going to church, and, in her dreary state of mind, was exceedingly glad to see him. He consoled her, and even went to church with her, half promising to do the same next Sunday, and calling her "a good little Christian, who almost inclined him to be a Christian too."

And so, with the vague feeling that she was doing him good, and keeping him out of harm,—that lad who had so much that was kindly and nice about him,—Elizabeth consented, not exactly to an appointment, but she told him what were her "Sundays out," and the church she usually attended, if he liked to take the chance of her being there.

Alack! she had so few pleasures; she so seldom got even a breath of outside-air; it was not thought necessary for servants. The only hour she was allowed out, was the church-going on alternate Sunday evenings. How pleasant it was to creep out then, and see Tom waiting for her under the opposite trees, dressed so smart and gentlemanlike, looking so handsome and so glad to see her,—her, the poor, countrified Elizabeth, who was quizzed incessantly by her fellow-servants on her oddness, plainness, and stupidity.

Tom did not seem to think her stupid, for he talked to her of all his doings and plannings, vague and wild as those of the young tailor in *Alton Locke*, yet with a romantic energy about them that strongly interested his companion; and he read her his poetry, and addressed a few lines to herself beginning—

"Dearest and best, my long familiar friend,"

which was rather a poetical exaggeration, since he had altogether forgotten her in the interval of their separation. But she never guessed this; and so they both clung to the early tie, making it out to be ten times stronger than it really was, as people do who are glad of any excuse for being fond of one another.

Tom really was getting fond of Elizabeth. She touched the higher half of his nature—the spiritual and imaginative half. That he had it, though only a working man, and she too, though only a domestic servant, was most true: probably many more of their class have it than we are at all aware of. Therefore, these two being special individuals, were attracted by each other; she by him, because he was so clever, and he by her, because she was so good. For he had an ideal, poor Tom Cliffe! and though it had been smothered and laid to sleep by a not too regular life, it woke up again under the kind, sincere eyes of this plain, simple-minded, honest Elizabeth Hand.

He knew she was plain, and so old-fashioned in her dress, that Tom, who was particular about such things, did not always like walking with her: but she was so interesting and true; she sympathized with him so warmly; he found her so unfailingly and unvaryingly good to him through all the little humours and pettishnesses that almost always accompany a large brain, a nervous temperament, and delicate health. Her quietness soothed him, her strength of character supported him; he at once leaned on her, and ruled over her.

As to Elizabeth's feelings towards Tom, they will hardly bear analysing; probably hardly any strong emotion will, especially one that is not sudden but progressive. She admired him extremely, and yet she was half sorry for him. Some things in him she did not at all like, and tried heartily to amend. His nervous fancies, irritations, and vagaries she was exceedingly tender over: she looked up to him, and yet took care of him; this thought of him, and anxiety over him, became by degrees the habit of her life. People love in so many different ways; and perhaps that was the natural way in which a woman like Elizabeth would love, or creep into love without knowing it, which is either the safest or the saddest form which the passion can assume.

Thus things went on, till one dark, rainy Sunday night, walking round and round the inner circle of the square, Tom expressed his feelings. At first, in somewhat high-flown and poetical phrases, then melting into the one, eternally old and eternally new, "Do you love me?" followed by a long, long kiss, given under shelter of the umbrella, and in mortal fear of the approaching policeman; who, however, never saw them, or saw them only as "a pair of sweethearts,"—too common an occurrence on his beat to excite any attention.

But to Elizabeth the whole thing was new, wonderful; a bliss so far beyond anything that had ever befallen her simple life, and so utterly unexpected therein, that when she went to her bed that night, she cried like a child over the happiness of Tom's loving her, and her exceeding unworthiness of the same.

Then difficulties arose in her mind. "No followers allowed," was one of the strict laws of the

Russell Square dynasty. Like many another law of that and of much higher dynasties, it was only made to be broken; for stray sweethearts were continually climbing down area railings, or over garden walls, or hiding themselves behind kitchen doors. Nay, to such an extent was the system carried out, each servant being, from self-interest, a safe co-conspirator, that very often when Mr. and Mrs. Ascott went out to dinner, and the old housekeeper retired to bed, there were regular symposia held below-stairs—nice little supper-parties, where all the viands in the pantry and the wines in the cellar were freely used; where every domestic had his or her "young man" or "young woman," and the goings-on, though not actually discreditable, were of the most lively kind.

To be cognizant of these, and yet to feel that, as there was no actual wickedness going on, she was not justified in "blabbing," was a severe and perpetual trial to Elizabeth. To join them, or bring Tom among them as her "young man," was impossible.

"No, Tom," she said, when he begged hard to come in one evening—for it was raining fast, and he had a bad cough—"No, Tom, I can't let you. If other folk break the laws of the house, I won't—you must go. I can only meet you out-of-doors."

And yet to do this surreptitiously, just as if she were ashamed of him, or as if there were something wrong in their being fond of one another, jarred upon Elizabeth's honest nature. She did not want to make a show of him, especially to her fellow-servants: she had the true woman's instinct of liking to keep her treasures all to herself; but she had also her sex's natural yearning for sympathy in the great event of a woman's life. She would have liked to have somebody unto whom she could say, "Tom has asked me to marry him," and who would have answered cordially, "It's all right; he is a good fellow: you are sure to be happy."

Not that she doubted this; but it would have been an additional comfort to have a mother's blessing, or a sister's, or even a friend's, upon this strange and sweet emotion which had come into her life. So long as it was thus kept secret, there seemed a certain incompleteness and unsanctity about even their happy love.

Tom did not comprehend this at all. He only laughed at her for feeling so "nesh" (that means, tender, sensitive,—but the word is almost unexplainable to other than Stowbury ears) on the subject. He liked the romance and excitement of secret courtship—men often do; rarely women, unless there is something in them not quite right, not entirely womanly.

But Tom was very considerate, and though he called it "silly," and took a little fit of crossness on the occasion, he allowed Elizabeth to write to her mother about him, and consented that on her next holiday she should go to Richmond, in order to speak to Miss Hilary on the same subject, and ask her also to write to Mrs. Hand, stating how good and clever Tom was, and how exceedingly happy was Tom's Elizabeth.

"And won't you come and fetch me, Tom?" asked she shyly. "I am sure Miss Hilary would not object, nor Miss Leaf neither."

Tom protested he did not care two straws whether they objected or not; he was a man of twenty, in a good trade,—he had lately gone back to the printing, and being a clever workman, earned capital wages. He had a right to choose whom he liked, and marry when he pleased. If Elizabeth didn't care for him, she might leave him alone.

"Oh, Tom!" was all she answered, with a strange gentleness, that no one could have believed would ever have come into the manner of South Sea Islander. And quitting the subject then, she afterwards persuaded him, and not for the first time, into consenting to what she thought right.

There is something rather touching in a servant's holiday. It comes so seldom. She must count on it for so long beforehand, and remember it for so long afterwards. This present writer owns to a strong sympathy with the holiday-makers on the grand gala-days of the English calendar. It is a pleasure to watch the innumerable groups of family folk, little children, and 'prentice lads,

—"Dressed in all their best,
To walk abroad with Sally."

And the various "Sallys" and their corresponding swains can hardly feel more regret than she when it happens to be wet weather in Easter week or at Whitsuntide.

Whit-Monday, the day when Tom escaped from the printing-office, and Elizabeth got leave of absence for six hours, was as glorious a June day as well could be. As the two young people perched themselves on the top of the Richmond omnibus, and drove through Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, and over Kew Bridge,—Tom pointing out all the places, and giving much curious information about them,—Elizabeth thought there never was a more beautiful country, or a more lovely summer day: she was, she truly said, "as happy as a Queen."

Nevertheless, when the omnibus stopped, she, with great self-denial, insisted on getting rid of Tom for a time. She thought Miss Hilary might not quite like Tom's knowing where she lived, or what her occupation was, lest he might gossip about it to Stowbury people; so she determined to pay her visit by herself, and appointed to meet

him at a certain hour on Richmond Bridge, over which bridge she watched him march sulkily, not without a natural pleasure that he should be so much vexed at losing her company for an hour or two. But she knew he would soon come to himself;—as he did, before he had been half-a-mile on the road to Hampton Court, meeting a young fellow he knew, and going with him over that grand old palace, which furnished them with a subject at their next debating society, where they both came out very strong on the question of hypocritical priests and obnoxious kings, with especial reference to Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey.

Meanwhile Elizabeth went in search of the little shop—which nobody need expect to find at Richmond now—bearing the well-known name "Janet Balquidder." Entering it, for there was no private door, she saw, in the far corner above the curtained desk, the pretty curls of her dear Miss Hilary.

Elizabeth had long known that her mistress "kept a shop," and with the notions of gentility which are just as rife in her class as in any other, had mourned bitterly over this fact. But when she saw how fresh and well the young lady looked, how busily and cheerfully she seemed to work with her great books before her, and with what a composed grace and dignity she came forward when asked for, Elizabeth secretly confessed that not even keeping a shop had made or could make the smallest difference in Miss Hilary.

She herself was much more changed.

"Why, Elizabeth, I should hardly have known you!" was the involuntary exclamation of her late mistress.

She certainly did look very nice; not smart—for her sober taste preferred quiet colours—but excessively neat and well-dressed. In her new gown of grey "coburg," her one handsome shawl, which had been honoured several times by Miss Hilary's wearing, her white straw bonnet and white ribbons, underneath which the smooth black hair and soft eyes showed to great advantage, she appeared—not "like a lady," a servant can seldom do that, let her dress be ever so fine—but like a thoroughly respectable, intelligent, and pleasant-faced young woman.

And her blushes came and went so fast; she was so nervous, and yet so beamingly happy, that Miss Hilary soon suspected there was more in this visit than at first appeared. Knowing that with Elizabeth's great shyness the mystery would never come out in public, she took an opportunity of asking her to help her in the bedroom, and there, with the folding-doors safely shut, discovered the whole secret.

Miss Hilary was a good deal surprised at first. She had never thought of Elizabeth as likely to get married at all—and to Tom Cliffe.

"Why, isn't he a mere boy; ever so much younger than you are?"

"Three years."

"That is a pity; a great pity; women grow old so much faster than men."

"I know that," said Elizabeth somewhat sorrowfully.

"Besides, did you not tell me he was very handsome and clever?"

"Yes; and I'm neither the one nor the other. I have thought all that over too; many a time; indeed I have, Miss Hilary. But Tom likes me—or fancies he does. Do you think"—and the intense humility which true love always has, struck into Miss Hilary's own conscious heart a conviction of how very true this poor girl's love must be. "Do you think he is mistaken? that his liking me—I mean in that sort of way—is quite impossible?"

"No indeed, and I never said it; never thought it," was the earnest reply. "But consider; three years younger than yourself; handsomer and cleverer than you are—"

Miss Hilary stopped; it seemed so cruel to say such things, and yet she felt bound to say them. She knew her former "bower-maiden" well enough to be convinced that if Elizabeth were not happy in marriage, she would be worse than unhappy—might grow actually bad.

"He loves you now; you are sure of that; but are you sure that he is a thoroughly stable and reliable character? Do you believe he will love you always?"

"I can't tell. Perhaps; if I deserved it," said poor Elizabeth.

And, looking at the downcast eyes, at the thorough womanly sweetness and tenderness which suffused the whole face, Hilary's doubts began to melt away. She thought, how sometimes men, captivated by inward rather than outward graces, have fallen in love with plain women, or women older than themselves, and actually kept to their attachment through life, with a fidelity rare as beautiful. Perhaps this young fellow, who seemed by all accounts superior to his class—having had the sense to choose that pearl in an oyster-shell, Elizabeth Hand—might also have the sense to appreciate her, and go on loving her to the end of his days. Anyhow, he loved her now, and she loved him; and it was useless reasoning any more about it.

"Come, Elizabeth," cried her mistress, cheerfully. "I have said all my say, and now I have only to give my good wishes. If Tom Cliffe deserves you, I am sure you deserve him, and I should like to tell him so."

"Should you, Miss Hilary?" and with a visible brightening up, Elizabeth betrayed Tom's where-

abouts, and her little conspiracy to bring him here, and her hesitation lest it might be "intruding."

"Not at all. Tell him to come at once. I am not like my sister; we always allow 'followers.' I think a mistress stands in the relation of a parent, for the time being; and that cannot be a right or good love which is concealed from her, as if it were a thing to be ashamed of."

"I think so too. And I'm not a bit ashamed of Tom, nor he of me," said Elizabeth—so energetically, that Miss Hilary smiled.

"Very well; take him to have his tea in the kitchen, and then bring him up stairs, to speak to my sister and me."

At that interview, which of course was rather trying, Tom acquitted himself to everybody's satisfaction. He was manly, modest, self-possessed; did not say much—his usual talkativeness being restrained by the circumstances of the case, and the great impression made upon him by Miss Hilary, who, he afterwards admitted to Elizabeth, "was a real angel, and he should write a poem upon her." But the little he did say gave the ladies a very good impression of the intelligence and even refinement of Elizabeth's sweetheart. And though they were sorry to see him look so delicate, still there was a something better than handsomeness in his handsome face, which made them not altogether surprised at Elizabeth's being so fond of him.

As she watched the young couple down Richmond street, in the soft summer twilight,—Elizabeth taking Tom's arm, and Tom drawing up his stooping figure to its utmost extent, both a little ill-matched in height as they were in some other things, but walking with that air of perfect confidence and perfect contentedness in each other, which always betrays, to a quick eye, those who have agreed to walk through the world together,—Miss Hilary turned from the window, and—sighed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Following Miss Hilary's earnest advice that everything should be fair and open, Elizabeth, on the very next day after that happy Whit-Monday, mustered up her courage, asked permission to speak to her mistress, and told her she was going to be married to Tom Cliffe: not immediately, but in a year's time or so, if all went well.

Mrs. Ascott replied sharply that it was no affair of hers, and she could not be troubled about it. For her part, she thought if servants knew their own advantages, they would keep a good place when they had it, and never get married at all. And then, saying she had heard a good character of her from the housekeeper, she offered Elizabeth the place of upper housemaid, a young girl, a *protégée* of the housekeeper's, being substituted in hers.

"And when you have sixteen pounds a year, and somebody to do all your hard work for you, I daresay you'll think better of it, and not be so foolish as to go and get married."

But Elizabeth had her own private opinion on that matter. She was but a woman—poor thing! and two tiny rooms of her own, with Tom to care for and look after, seemed a far happier home than that great house, where she had not only her own work to do, but the responsibility of teaching and taking charge of that careless, stupid, pretty Esther, who had all the forwardness, untidiness, and unconscientiousness of a regular London maid-servant, and was a sore trial to the staid, steady Elizabeth.

Tom consoled her, in his careless but affectionate way; and another silent consolation was the "little bits of things," bought out of her additional wages, which she began to put by in her box; sticks and straws for the new sweet nest that was a-building: a metal tea-pot, two neat glass salt-cellars, and—awful extravagance!—two real second-hand silver spoons—Tom did so like having things nice about him. These purchases, picked up at stray times, were solid, substantial, and useful; domestic rather than personal; and all with a view to Tom rather than herself. She hid them with a magpie-like closeness, for Esther and she shared the same room; but sometimes when Esther was asleep she would peep at them with an anxious, lingering tenderness, as if they made more of an assured reality what even now seemed so very like a dream.

—Except indeed on those Sunday nights when Tom and she went to church together, and afterwards took a walk; but always parted at the corner of the square. She never brought him in to the house, nor spoke of him to her fellow-servants. How much they guessed of her engagement she neither knew nor cared.

Mrs. Ascott, too, had apparently quite forgotten it. She seemed to take as little interest in her servants' affairs as they in hers.

Nevertheless, ignorant as the lower regions were in general of what was passing in the upper, occasionally rumours began to reach the kitchen that "Master had been a-blowing up Missis, rather!" And once, after the solemn dinner, with three footmen to wait on two people, was over, Elizabeth, passing through the hall, caught the said domestics laughing together, and saying it was "as good as a play; cat and dog was nothing to it." After which "the rows up-stairs" became a favourite joke in the servants' hall.

But still Mr. Ascott went out daily after break-

fast, and came home to dinner; and Mrs. Ascott spent the morning in her private sitting-room, or "boudoir," as she called it; lunched, and drove out in her handsome carriage, with her footman behind; dressed elegantly for dinner, and presided at her own table, with an air of magnificent satisfaction in all things. She had perfectly accommodated herself to her new position; and if under her satins and laces beat a solitary, dissatisfied, or aching heart, it was nobody's business but her own. At least, she kept up the splendid sham with a most creditable persistency.

But all shams are dangerous things. Be the surface ever so smooth and green, it will crack sometimes, and a faint wreath of smoke betray the inward volcano. The like had happened, once or twice, as on the day when the men-servants were so intensely amused. Also Elizabeth, when putting in order her mistress's bedroom, which was about the hour Mr. Ascott left for the city, had several times seen Mrs. Ascott come in there suddenly, white and trembling. Once, so agitated was she, that Elizabeth had brought her a glass of water; and instead of being angry or treating her with the distant dignity which she had always kept up, her mistress had said, almost in the old Stowbury tone, "Thank you, Elizabeth."

However, Elizabeth had the wisdom to take no notice, but to slip from the room, and keep her own counsel.

At last one day the smouldering domestic earthquake broke out. There was "a precious good row," the footman suspected, at the breakfast table; and after breakfast, Master, without waiting for the usual attendance of that functionary, with his hat and gloves, and a Hansom cab, had flung himself out at the hall-door, slamming it after him with a noise that startled the whole house. Shortly afterwards, "Missis's" bell had rung violently, and she had been found lying on the floor of her bedroom in a dead faint, her maid, a foolish little Frenchwoman, screaming over her.

The frightened servants gathered round in a cluster, but nobody attempted to touch the poor lady, who lay rigid and helpless, hearing none of the comments that were freely made upon her, or the conjectures as to what Master had done or said, that produced this state of things. Mistress she was, and these four or five women, her servants, had lived in her house for months, but nobody loved her; nobody knew anything about her; nobody thought of doing aught for her, till a kitchen-maid, probably out of former experience in some domestic emergency, suggested, "Fetch Elizabeth."

The advice was eagerly caught at, everybody being so thankful to have the responsibility shifted to some other body's shoulders; so in five minutes Elizabeth had the room cleared, and her mistress laid upon the bed, with nobody near, except herself and the French maid.

By and by, Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes.

"Who's that? What are you doing to me?"

"Nothing, ma'am. It's only me—Elizabeth."

At the familiar soothing voice, the poor woman—a poor wretched forlorn woman she looked, lying there, in spite of all her grandeur,—turned feebly round.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so ill; take care of me." And she fainted away once more.

It was some time before she came quite to herself, and then the first thing she said, was to bid Elizabeth bolt the door, and keep everybody out.

"The doctor, ma'am; if he comes?"

"I'll not see him. I don't want him. I know what it is. I—"

She pulled Elizabeth closer to her, whispered something in her ear, and then burst into a violent fit of hysterical weeping.

Amazed, shocked, Elizabeth at first did not know what to do; then she took her mistress's head on her shoulder, and quieted her by degrees almost as she would a child. The sobbing ceased, and Mrs. Ascott lay still a minute, till suddenly she clutched Elizabeth's arm.

"Mind you don't tell. *He* doesn't know, and he shall not; it would please him so. It does not please me. Sometimes I almost think I shall hate it, because it is his child."

She spoke with a fierceness that was hardly credible either in the dignified Mrs. Peter Ascott, or the languid Miss Selina. To think of Miss Selina's expecting a baby! The idea perfectly confounded poor Elizabeth.

"I don't know very much about such matters," said she deprecatingly, "but I'm sure, ma'am, you ought to keep yourself quiet, and I wouldn't hate the poor little baby, if I were you. It may be a very nice little thing, and turn out a great comfort to you."

Mrs. Ascott lifted her heavy eyes to the kindly, sympathetic, womanly face—thorough woman, for as Elizabeth went on, her heart warmed with the strong instinct which comes almost of itself.

"Think, to have a tiny little creature lying here beside you; something your very own, with its pretty face looking so innocent and sweet at you, and its pretty fingers touching you." Here Elizabeth's voice quite faltered over the picture she had drawn. "Oh, ma'am, I'm sure you would be so fond of it."

Human nature is strong. This cold, selfish woman, living her forty years without any strong emotion, marrying without love, and reaping, not in contrition but angry bitterness, the certain

punishment of such a marriage, even this woman was not proof against the glorious mystery of maternity, which should make every daughter of Eve feel the first sure hope of her first-born child to be a sort of Divine annunciation.

Mrs. Ascott lay, listening to Elizabeth. Gradually through her shut eyelids a few quiet tears began to flow.

"Do you mind me talking to you this way, ma'am?"

"No, no! Say what you like. I'm glad to have anybody to speak to. Oh, I am a very miserable woman!"

Strange that Selina Ascott should come to betray, and to Elizabeth Hand, of all people, that she was a "miserable woman." But circumstances bring about unforeseen confidences; and the confidence once given, is not easily recalled. Apparently the lady did not wish to recall it. In the solitude of her splendid house; in her total want of all female companionship—for she refused to have her sisters sent for—"*he* would only insult them, and I'll not have my family insulted,"—poor Selina clung to her old servant as the only comfort she had.

During the dreary months that followed, when, during the long, close summer days, the sick lady scarcely stirred from her bedroom, and, fretful, peevish, made the very most of what to women in general are such patiently borne and sacred sufferings, Elizabeth was her constant attendant. She humoured all her whims, endured all her ill-tempers, cheered her in her low spirits, and was, in fact, her mistress's sole companion and friend.

This position no one disputed with her. It is not every woman who has, as Miss Leaf used to say of Elizabeth, "a genius for nursing;" and very few patients make nursing a labour of love. The whole household were considerably relieved by her taking a responsibility for which she was so well fitted, and so little envied. Even Mr. Ascott, who, when his approaching honours could no longer be concealed from him, became for the nonce a most attentive husband, and succumbed dutifully to every fancy his wife entertained, openly expressed his satisfaction in Elizabeth, and gave her one or two bright golden guineas in earnest of his gratitude.

How far she herself appreciated her new and important position; whether her duties were done from duty, or pity, or that determined self-devotedness which some women are always ready to carry out towards any helpless thing that needs them, I cannot say, for she never told. Not even to Miss Hilary, who at last was permitted to come and pay a formal visit; nor to Tom Cliffe, whom she now saw very rarely, for her mistress, with characteristic selfishness, would hardly let her out of her sight for half an hour.

Tom at first was exceedingly savage at this: by degrees he got more reconciled, and met his sweetheart now and then for a few minutes at the areagate, or wrote her long poetical letters, which he confided to some of her fellow-servants, who thereby got acquainted with their secret. But it mattered little, as Elizabeth had faithfully promised that, when her mistress's trial was over, and everything smooth and happy, she would marry Tom at once. So she took the jokes below stairs with great composure; feeling, indeed, too proud and content to perplex herself much about anything.

Nevertheless, her life was not easy, for Mrs. Ascott was very difficult to manage. She resisted angrily all the personal sacrifices entailed by impending motherhood, and its terrors and forebodings used to come over her—poor weak woman that she was!—in a way that required all Elizabeth's reasonings to counteract, and all her self-control to hide the presentiment of evil, not unnatural under the circumstances.

Yet sometimes poor Mrs. Ascott would take fits of pathetic happiness; when she busied herself eagerly over the preparations for the new-comer; would make Elizabeth take out, over and over again, the little clothes, and examine them with childish delight. Sometimes she would gossip for hours over the blessing that was sent to her so late in life—half-regretting that it had come so late; that she should be almost an old woman before her little son or daughter was grown up.

"Still, I may live to see it, you know: to have a pretty girl to take on my arm into a ball-room, or a big fellow to send to College: the Leafs always went to College in old times. He shall be Henry Leaf Ascott, that I am determined on; and if it's a girl, perhaps I may call her Johanna. My sister would like it; wouldn't she?"

For more and more, in the strange softening of her nature, did Selina go back to the old ties.

"I am not older than my mother was when Hilary was born. She died, but that was because of trouble. Women do not necessarily die in childbirth even at forty; and in twenty years more I shall only be sixty—not such a very old woman. Besides, mothers never are old; at least not to their children. Don't you think so, Elizabeth?"

And Elizabeth answered as she best could. She too, out of sympathy or instinct, was becoming wondrous wise.

But I am aware all this will be thought very uninteresting, except by women and mothers. Let me hasten on.

By degrees, as Mrs. Ascott's hour approached, a curious tranquillity and even gentleness came over her. Her fretful dislike of seeing any face about her but Elizabeth's became less. She even endured her husband's company for an hour of an evening;

and at last humbled her pride enough to beg him to invite her sisters to Russell Square from Saturday to Monday, the only time when Hilary could be spared.

"For we don't know what may happen," said she to him, rather seriously.

And though he answered, "Oh, nonsense!" and desired her to get such ridiculous fancies out of her head, still he consented, and himself wrote to Miss Leaf, giving the formal invitation.

The three sisters spent a happy time together, and Hilary made some highly appreciated family jokes about the handsome Christmas box that Selina was going to be so kind as to give them, and the small probability that she would have much enjoyment of the Christmas dinner to which Mr. Ascott, in the superabundance of his good feeling, had invited his sisters-in-law. The baby, blessed innocent! seemed to have softened down all things—as babies often do.

Altogether, it was with great cheerfulness, affectionateness, and hope that they took leave of Selina: she, with unwonted consideration, insisting that the carriage should convey them all the way to Richmond.

"And," she said, "perhaps some of these days my son, if he is a son, may have the pleasure of escorting his aunts home. I shall certainly call him 'Henry Leaf,' and bring him up to be in every way a credit to our family."

When the ladies were away, and Mrs. Ascott had retired to bed, it was still only nine o'clock, and a bright moonlight night. Elizabeth thought she could steal down stairs and try to get a breath of fresh air round the square. Her long confinement made her almost sick sometimes for a sight of the outer world, a sight of—let me tell the entire truth—her own faithful Tom.

She had not seen him now for fourteen days, and though his letters were very nice and exceedingly clever, still she craved for a look at his face, a grasp of his hand, perhaps even a kiss, long and close and tender, such as he would sometimes insist upon giving her, in spite of all policemen. His love for her, demonstrative as was his nature, had become to this still, quiet girl inexpressibly sweet, far sweeter than she knew.

It was a clear winter night, and the moon went climbing over the fleecy white clouds in a way that made beauty even in Russell Square. Elizabeth looked up at the sky, and thought how Tom would have enjoyed it, and wished he were beside her, and was so glad to think he would soon be beside her always, with all his humours and weaknesses, all his little crossnesses and complainings; she could put up with all, and be happy through all, if only she had him with her and loving her.

His love for her, though fitful and fanciful, was yet so warm and real, that it had become a necessity of her life. As, he always told her—especially after he had had one of his little quarrels with her—hers was to him.

"Poor Tom, I wonder how he gets on without me! Well, it won't be for long."

And she wished she could have let him know she was out here, that they might have had a chat for just ten minutes.

Unconsciously she walked towards their usual trysting-place, a large overhanging plane-tree on the Keppel Street corner of the square.

Surely, surely, that could not be Tom! Quite impossible, for he was not alone. Two people, a young man and a young woman, stood at the tryst, absorbed in conversation: evidently sweethearts, for he had one arm round her, and he kissed her unresisted, several times.

Elizabeth gazed, fascinated, almost doubting the evidence of her own senses. For the young man's figure was so excessively like Tom's. At length with the sort of feeling that makes one go steadily up to a shadow by the roadside, some ugly spectre that we feel sure, if we stare it out, will prove to be a mere imagination, she walked deliberately up to and past these "sweethearts."

They did not see her; they were far too much occupied with one another: but she saw them, and saw at once that it was Tom, Tom's own self, and with him her fellow-servant, Esther.

People may write volumes on jealousy, and volumes will still remain to be written. It is, next to remorse for guilt, the sharpest, sorest, most maddening torment that human nature can endure.

We may sit and gaze from the boxes at our *Othellos* and *Biancas;* we may laugh at the silly heart-burnings between Cousin Kate and Cousin Lucy in the ball-room, or the squabbles of Mary and Sally in the kitchen over the gardener's lad; but there the thing remains. A man cannot make love to two women, a woman cannot coquet with two men, without causing in degree that horrible agony, cruel as death, which is at the root of half the tragedies, and the cause of half the crimes of this world.

The complaint comes in different forms; sometimes it is a case of slow poisoning, or of ordeal by red-hot irons, which, though not fatal, undermines the whole character, and burns ineffaceable scars into the soul. And people take it in various ways; some fiercely, stung by a sense of wounded self-love; others haughtily;—

"Pride's a safe robe, I'll wear it: but no rags."

Others, again, humble, self-distrustful natures, whose only pride came through love, have nothing left them except rags. In a moment, all their thin robes of happiness are torn off; they stand shiver-

ing, naked, and helpless, before the blasts of the bitter world.

This was Elizabeth's case. After the first instant of stunned bewilderment and despair, she took it all quite naturally, as if it were a thing which she ought all along to have known was sure to happen, and which was no more than she expected and deserved.

She passed the couple, still unobserved by them; and then walked round the other side of the Square, deliberately home.

I am not going to make a tragic heroine of this poor servant-girl. Perhaps, people may say, there is nothing tragic about the incident. Merely a plain, quiet, old-fashioned woman, who is so foolish as to like a handsome young swain, and to believe in him, and to be surprised when he deserts her for a pretty girl of eighteen. All quite after the way things go on in the world, especially in the servant-world; and the best she can do is to get over it, or take another sweetheart as quickly as possible. A very common story after all, and more of a farce than a tragedy.

But there are some farces, which, if you look underneath the surface, have a good many of the elements of tragedy.

I shall neither paint Elizabeth tearing her own hair, or Esther's; or going raging about the Square in moonlight, in an insane fit of jealousy. She was not given to "fits" under any circumstances, or about anything. All she felt went deep down into her heart, rooted itself, and either blossomed or cankered there.

On this night she, as I said, walked round the Square to her home; then quietly went up stairs to her garret, locked the door, and sat down upon her bed.

She might have sat there for an hour or more, her bonnet and shawl still on, without stirring, without crying, altogether cold and hard like a stone, when she fancied she heard her mistress's bell ring, and mechanically rose up and went down stairs to listen. Nothing was wanted, so she returned to her garret and crept to bed, in the dark.

When soon afterwards Esther likewise came up to bed, Elizabeth pretended to be asleep. Only once, taking a stealthy glance at the pretty girl who stood combing her hair at the looking-glass, she was conscious of a sick sense of repulsion, a pain like a knife running through her, at sight of the red young lips which Tom had just been kissing, of the light figure which he had clasped, as he used to clasp her. But she never spoke, not one word.

Half-an-hour after she was roused by the nurse coming to her bed-side. Mrs. Ascott was very ill, and was calling for Elizabeth. Soon the whole establishment was in confusion, and in the sharp struggle between birth and death, Elizabeth had no time to think of anything but her mistress.

Contrary to every expectation, all ended speedily and happily; and before he went off to the City next day, the master of the house, who in the midst of his anxiety and felicity, had managed to secure a good night's sleep and a good breakfast, had the pleasure of sending off a special messenger to the *Times'* office with the notification, "The Lady of Peter Ascott, Esq., of a son and heir."

A SOCIAL RIDDLE.

A CAREFULLY nurtured, elegantly-dressed child is taken from the nursery by its own pressing request, to look upon the little, grimy, red-lipped boy engaged in sweeping the drawing-room chimney.

"Nurse," inquires the child, "why isn't that boy as clean as I am? Why does he sweep dirty chimneys?"

"My dear," replies the nurse, rather shocked and bewildered by the question, "we are not all born alike. Providence has ordained that some people shall attend upon some other people. Give him a penny, and let us go up-stairs."

The child becomes a bright-eyed, open-hearted youth. He sits in his father's library, looking out upon a spacious square, and learns a certain portion of the love of antiquity every day, under the able guidance of a private tutor, Mr. Horatius Flaccus, B.A. The boy's eye wanders restlessly from Euclid to the shouting dustmen who occasionally pass the window, or to the cat's-meat man and pot-boy holding a conversation at the area railings. Each of these men is a problem to his young mind that he cannot solve with a pencil, a ruler, and a pair of compasses.

"Tutor," inquires the youth, "why do men become dustmen?"

"Why?" responds Mr. Flaccus, B.A.—"Well, ah—this question is connected with—ah—another branch of study, called political economy, supply and demand, wages and labour, and several other divisions of the same subject. We must not load the mind too much at one time. Go on with the geometry."

The boy passes through the hands of Mr. Flaccus, B.A., and is declared ready to have the university stamp placed upon his knowledge. He goes out into the great world, without a guide to direct his steps, without a voice near him to clear up his doubts and difficulties. He cannot understand

the tailor who comes to measure him for clothes, nor the footman who condescends to wait upon him at table. His mind wanders back beyond Mr. Flaccus, B.A., to his nurse and the little sweep, and he wonders if one class is really pre-ordained to attend upon another. He looks at large orchestras, and is astonished to find that men are willing to be stationed at kettle-drums and cymbals, to play upon trombones and serpents, instead of rushing to the first violins, or flutes, or clarionets. He observes men sitting upon coach-boxes in the pouring rain, and driving other men who are snugly reclining in broughams. He observes men standing upon door-steps in ridiculous beadles' liveries; men filling scavengers' carts with mud; postmen delivering letters at every hour of the day; policemen parading the dull streets at every hour of the night; and men engaged in painting sign-boards, instead of qualifying for the Royal Academy.

This youth may grow up into manhood—may pass over the hill, and descend into the valley of old age and death, without becoming much wiser in his generation. He may have full faith in the teachings of his nurse, or he may be satisfied with the empty phrases uttered by Mr. Flaccus, B.A. The constant demands of his personal comfort will teach him to fear the extinction of the lowest class of labourers, without revealing to him the laws which regulate their supply and existence. Even if he learns the operation of wages and self-interest, and how a labourer will refuse to do that for a shilling, which he will gladly undertake for two, he will seldom rise to that full height of knowledge which will teach him the true dignity of universal work. He may never see the harmony of that life around him, in which every man—footman, shoe-black, and dustman—accepts his allotted place, and in which all the mean and repulsive details of labour are melted, purified, and united, coming out perfect and beautiful in the universal mass.

J. H.

ON THE CLIFFS.



GARIBALDI.

THE Lion is down, and how the Dogs will run ;
  Something above the level is their delight
  For insult ; Asses lift the hoof to smite ;
The Birds of darkness hoot, "His day is done."

"Would he had kept his attitude sublime !"
  Cry some ; "With crossed arms held his heart at rest,
  And left us his grand likeness at its best ;
High on a hill up which the world might climb !"

"Better for all had he been sooner shrined ;
  The old true heart, and very foolish head !
  A model Man—especially if dead—
Perfect as some Greek statue—and as blind !"

Friends talk of failure ; and I know how he
  Will slowly lift his loving, cordial eyes
  And look them through, with mournful, strange surprise,
Until they shrink and feel 'tis Italy

Has failed instead. The words they came to speak
  Will sink back awed by his majestic calm.
  His wounds are such as bleed immortal balm,
And he is strong again ; the friends are weak.

It is not failure to be thus struck down
  By Brothers who obeyed their Foe's command,
  And in the darkness lopped the saving hand
Put forth to reach their country her last crown.

He only sought to see her safely home ;
  The tragic trials end ; the sufferings cease,
  In wedded oneness and completing peace ;
Then bow his grey old head and die in Rome.

It is no failure to be thus struck back—
  Caught in a Country's arms—clasp to her heart—
  She tends his wounds awhile, and then will start
Afresh ! Some precious drops mark out her track.

No failure ! though the rocks may dash in foam
  This first strength of a nation's new life-stream,
  'Twill rise—a Bow of Promise—that shall gleam
In glory over all the waves to come.

We miss a footstep, thinking "Here's a stair,"
  In some uncertain way we darkly tread ;
  But God's enduring skies are overhead,
And spirits step their surest oft in air.

His ways are not as our ways ; the new birth,
  At cost of the old life, is often given.
  To-day God crowns the Martyrs in his heaven ;
To-morrow whips their murderers on our earth.

You take back Garibaldi to his prison !
  Why, *this* may be the very road to Rome ;
  They would have said, "She croucheth to her doom,"
If Italy, in some shape, had not risen !

I say 'twas God's voice bade him offer up
  Himself for Aspromonte's sacrifice ;
  So, to that height, his countrymen might rise :
For them he freely drank his bitter cup.

It is a faith too many yet receive,—
  Since the false prophecy of old went forth—
  "The tribe of Judas yet shall rule the earth."
But he is one that never would believe.

His vision is most clear where ours is dim.
  The mystic spirit of eternity
  That slumbers in us deep and dreamingly,
Was ever quick and more awake in him.

And so he fixed his look across the night :
  His face, though bright as sunshine, often told
  How the soul's underworld in darkness rolled,
And what he saw with sorrow's second sight :

But, like a lamp across some dismal heath,
  A light shone through his eyes no night could quench ;
  The winds might make it flicker, rains might drench ;
Nothing could dim it save the dark of death.

And if his work's unfinished in the flesh,
  Why, then his soul will join the noble dead
  And toil till it shall be accomplished,
And Italy hath burst this Devil's mesh.

Easier to conquer kingdoms than to breed
  A man like Garibaldi, whose great name
  Doth fence his country with his glorious fame,
Worth many armies in her battle-need.

His is the royal heart that never quails,
  But always conquers ; wounded, pale and low,
  He never was so dear as he is now ;
They bind him, and more strongly he prevails.

Greater to-day than Emperor or King,
  There, where, for throne, they seat him in the dust,
  The express image of sublimest Trust,
And consecrated by his suffering.

A sovereignty that overtops success !
  Nothing but heaven might crown his patriot-brow,
  And lo, a Crown of Thorns is on it now,
With higher guerdon than our world's caress.

The vision of all his glory fills our eyes,
  And with one heart expectant nations throb
  Around him—with one mighty prayer they sob,
And wait God's answer to this sacrifice.

GERALD MASSEY.

A RAMBLE OVER THE AMERICAN SIERRA NEVADA.

California, or that part of it which lies between the head waters of its two great rivers, "The Sacramento" and "San Joaquin," and extending about 500 miles from north to south, is divided into three narrow bands or strips, running parallel to the coast, and of about equal width. First, there is the coastwise region, comprising sometimes two, three, and often four parallel tiers of mountains varying from 500 to 10,000 feet in height. Next, advancing inwards, there is a strip from 50 to 70 miles wide of almost dead plain, which is called "The Great Valley," along which, from north to south, run the two great rivers whose waters join about the middle of the valley, and pass off to the ocean.

The third long strip is the slope of the Sierra Nevada Chain, which bounds the Great Valley on the east, and contains in its foot-hills those stores of gold-bearing rocks from which the valleys and lowlands have received their deposits; the higher portions of this range are bare granite, the higher summits being covered with perpetual snow. With such a topographical arrangement, the scenery is varied and grand; mountain and plain, plain and mountain, make up the surface. Sometimes the mountains are bare, or nearly so, and, in the distance, wear a mottled appearance, where the sun, glancing down the sides, burnishes the points, and casts a sombre shade on the hollows; sometimes they are covered with a dense chaparral of an intense transparently green colour, showing summits that, beneath the sun-ray, look like huge piles of emerald; again, the distant peaks are seen to be covered with a dense growth of red pines, that stand like giant sentinels, giving to the landscape a peculiar look of spirit and majesty. Then, again, the mountains are seamed from their tops downwards by ravines or water-courses, often cut miles deep in the mountains, and becoming immense chasms, gorges, or caverns, out of which the earth has been swept by the winter torrents, and carried into the rich valley below.

Few countries are richer in scenery than California. There, in quiet beauty, sleeps the rich valley of Sonoma, or, as the Indians call it, "The Valley of the Moon;" and, in the background, towers, in rough grandeur, Mount Diabolo. Here, again, in a deep chasm or valley that foots the "Yo-Hamite Falls," a river is seen leaping from a mountain summit, nearly three thousand feet above you, like a stream from 'neath the footstool of Deity, a type of Heaven's mercy pouring from the sky; added to which, the loftiest pine-trees in the world tower proudly towards heaven, catching the first golden sun-ray of the morning, and, like the stately minarets of Nature's glorious temple, filling the soul with awe and wonder at the very magnitude of the *all-pervading Life-principle*.

One word on the floral grandeur of California. February is the gay month for flowers; after that "the sun riseth with a burning heat; it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth." In England a bunch of wild violets or a brook-side primrose is thought sufficient reward for a diligent search; but in California, the month of February will supply flowers, not shy, but rampant, as if nothing else had a right to be; flowers by the acre; flowers by the square mile; flowers as the bright, visible carpet of a mighty mountain barrier; you may gather them from clumps, a dozen varieties at a pull; you might fill the laps of one hundred children in a few minutes; you can reap them into mounds. And then their varied colours. Yellow, purple, orange, violet, pink, and pied, are spread around you; now in separate level masses; now two or three combined in a swelling knoll, and now intermixed in a gorgeous confusion. Just imagine looking across 500 acres of wild meadow, stretching to the base of hills nearly 2000 feet high, the whole expanse swarming with little straw-coloured wild sun-flowers, orange scholzias, squadrons of purple beauties, battalions of pink, and then the mountain, unbroken by tree or rock, glowing with the investiture of all these hues, softened and subdued by distance. The orange and purple flowers predominate in this gorgeous floral mountain robe; but on the lower slopes is a strange sprinkling of blue lupin, gathered here and there into stripes, and running here and there into sharp points, as though over the general basis of purple, orange, and yellow there had fallen a violet snow, which lay tenderly around the base, but in a few places on the side had been blown into drifts and points.

But leaving California, with all its attractions, we commenced our ascent of the Sierra Nevada mountains, the stern rocky barrier or snow-chain that separates the Golden State from the territory of Utah. Leaving Placerville, the last mountain city of California, the road for a few miles was good, and the air singularly pure and bracing. At intervals, varying from fifty yards to half a mile, streams of water, of crystal clearness and icy coldness, burst from the mountain-sides, making a pleasant music, and losing themselves in the moun-

tain-gorge, a fathomless depth, on our right. Our road was a continual ascent, and the effects of the mountain air and scenery strangely delightful.

There was a glorious sense of freedom and independence; the fresh mountain air odorous with the scent of pine-forests and wild-flowers, the craggy rocks overhung with the wild grape, the merry shouts of the Mexican vaqueros, mingled with the wild dashing of the river down the cañon on our right; the free exercise of every muscle; the consciousness of exemption from all the conventional habits of city life, were absolutely inspiring. Every faculty seemed invigorated to the highest pitch of perfection. Who would be a slave to conventionalism, when all Nature called upon him, with trumpet-tones, to be free? Who would not be alive to the true dignity of labour, enrol himself among the aristocracy of industry, earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and breathe the fresh air of heaven without stint or limit?

As we gradually ascended the foot-hills, the road began to be exceedingly bad and difficult, the snows on the lower summits had begun to thaw, and in many places it seemed practically impossible for any wheeled vehicle to pass; but with a Californian it is an article of faith, that where a horse can go a waggon can follow. However, there were some exceptions to this rule, for the road was literally lined with broken-down stages, waggons, and carts. Wheels had taken rectangular cuts to the bottom, broken poles projected from the mud, and loads of dry goods and flour-barrels lay wallowing in the general wreck. Whole trains of pack-mules struggled frantically to make the transit from one dry spot to another, asses heavily laden were frequently buried up to the neck, and had to be hauled out by main force, and now and then an enterprising mule would emerge from the mud, and, by attempting to keep the edge of the road, lose his foothold, and go rolling to the bottom of the cañon, pack and all.

The first night overtook us at a place called "Dirty Mikes;" and the name was no libel, unless indeed truth be a libel. After a supper of pork and beans, fried potatoes, and coffee served up in very dirty plates and cups, we turned in on our blankets, and slept soundly till morning. To any traveller on that road who may like very dirty forks, filthy plates, and a landlord who probably washes his face only on the four quarter-days of the year, and, perhaps, by way of patriotism, on the 4th July, this house will prove a comfortable resting-place. Early on the next morning we again started. An almost continuous string of pilgrims to the Silver Shrine of the Nevadas stretched, "like a great snake dragging its slow length along," as far as the eye could reach. It was a striking and almost painful spectacle to see in full competition with youth and strength, the most pitiable specimens of age and decay;—white-haired old men gasping for breath, as they dragged their palsied limbs after them in the exciting race of avarice; even sick men from their beds stark mad for silver. Evening was closing fast around us, and we had still four miles to traverse before we could find a night shelter; four miles of slush and snow, up hill nearly all the way, across rickety bridges, over roaring cataracts, slippery rocks, stumps of trees and brushwood, through acres of black oozy mire, and this with almost an Egyptian darkness. The rain now poured heavily, mingled with a cutting sleet; a doleful sound came moaning through the pines; our blankets were wet through, not a stitch upon our backs was dry. At length a light glimmered through the forest, at first faint and flickering, then a full blaze; then half a dozen brilliant lights, that proved to be camp-fires under the trees; and at length we stood before the great log-house in Strawberry Valley, the last resting-place on the western foot of the Sierra Nevadas.

Dark and stormy as it was, there were, nevertheless, crowds scattered around the house, and within was gathered one of the most extraordinary crowds that ever could happen together. Here were dilapidated gentlemen with slouched hats and big boots, jew-pedlars dripping wet, red-shirted miners, teamsters, Mexican vaqueros, packers, gamblers, traders, and merchants; some drinking at the bar, others warming themselves before a tremendous wood-fire that sent up a reeking steam from the conglomerated mass of wet and muddy clothes, to say nothing of the boots and socks that lay simmering near the embers. A few bare and foot-sore outcasts crouched down in the corners, trying to catch a nap, completed this wild scene. For the payment of one dollar, we were permitted to spread our blankets on the floor, and sleep till morning. We were now prepared, with a pair of horses and a sleigh, to attempt the ascent of the western slope, and morning broke only to reveal a heavy snow-storm and a most threatening appearance of the sky. Our journey on this day was only eight miles, but it was eight miles of continuous, precipitous climbing. Two miles from our starting-point we crossed a crazy bridge across a mountain torrent that ran one hundred feet beneath us—a perfect rush of dark winterly water—and here we had need of all our powers of endurance; it was a constant struggle through melted snow and mud, slipping, sliding, grasping, rolling, and climbing up again, and still up, till we verily seemed to be nearing the clouds. In many places the mule pack-trains had broken through the old snow, leaving deep holes, which, being partially covered with recent snow, proved to be regular man-traps, often

bringing us up all standing, the sudden wrenching of the feet in the smaller holes was an occurrence of every ten or twelve steps. All along the route we continued to meet pack-trains, and, as everybody had to give way to them, the tumbling out and plunging in the snow presented a very lively scene.

After nine hours' incessant toil we reached the summit; the sun was sinking red and fiery behind the dark pine-forest beneath us; masses of black cumulus clouds were closing out the day, and our horses were giving signs of weariness that could not be disregarded; it was not without feelings of pleasure, therefore, that we found a solitary bog-hut perched upon the summit. The view from this spot was strikingly beautiful. Away to westward lay the great valley of the Sacramento in California, more than one hundred miles distant; to the north rose endless snow-peaks, range upon range of snow mountains, here and there in their lower gorges and ravines showing a thick growth of dark purple pine-forests, miles in extent, but looking only as small patches in the boundless universe of white; but above all in beauty, like a rich blue gem set in a framework of frosted silver, lay the lovely Lake Bigler. Daybreak in the morning saw us again in motion, and, anxious to effect the descent of the eastern slope before the night frost had been dissipated by the sun, we started without our breakfast. The descent of this grade into Lake Valley is very perilous; the pathway is only wide enough to admit of a single vehicle; on the right, is a wall of perpendicular rock, and, towering far away into cloud-land, are the sloping fields of everlasting snow, and on our left was an almost perpendicular precipice more than 4000 feet deep, so that one false step would have been instant destruction.

The trail on the grade was slippery with sleet, and it was more by a series of runs, jumps, and slides, than by walking, that men and horses at length reached the bottom. Here then we were in Lake Valley, in the centre of which stood a good-sized wooden shanty or hut, in which a large party was assembled, taking their ease as they best could, in a place where there was not much to eat, and but little to drink, except poisonous whisky. Crossing the valley, which is here about two miles wide, we commenced the ascent of the second summit, and descending its eastern slope, struck the head of Hope Valley. Every yard of the trail was now honeycombed to the depth of two or three feet, but in the middle of the valley we came upon a log-hut. Upon entering, however, we found its domestic arrangements anything but promising. An old wooden bench was the only seat, a bunch of wolf-skins hung from the central beam, and yielded a remarkably strong gamey odour, and the clay floor was unswept. A couple of rifles hung from two pegs, and a fearful array of bowie-knives gave evidence of being prepared for any adventure. The owner of this mansion was a Mormon, and the local agent of Brigham Young; his reputation was none of the best, for in the streams and ravines of the neighbourhood many whitening human bones suggested fearful suspicions. Battered and bruised as we were, and hungry into the bargain, it became a matter of vital importance to secure lodgings, and, if possible, food; upon broaching the subject, however, the gentleman's brow darkened, and we got a most unqualified denial; his style had certainly one great merit, it was exceedingly terse and forcible. Nothing now remained but to push on to the next station before entering the great valley of "the Carson," and seven miles added to the end of a day's journey such as ours had been was no joking matter. The snow was soft, and at least five feet deep; darkness was coming on, and a piercing wind and driving sleet made it most difficult to walk. Three miles on the road we entered a rift in the mountains called "Luther's Pass;" the entrance was narrow, and huge rocks beetled overhead. Once through the gorge the pass opened out into a stony amphitheatre, through which rolled the angry waters of the Carson. This spot is awfully wild,—the very temple of desolation; the vision is bounded by cold, grey rocks, piled up by the very demon of confusion, until, climbing over huge, bare rocks, the trail takes a sudden turn, and here the river, issuing from a narrow channel, plunges into a stony basin some hundred feet below.

"By the edge of this chasm is a slippery track,
The torrent beneath and the mist hanging o'er thee:
The cliffs of the mountain, huge, rugged, and black,
Are frowning like giants before thee:
Far down in the jaws of the gloomy abyss,
The waters are boiling and hissing—for ever will hiss."

About half a mile farther on we came to the rift through which we issued on the eastern side—

"A gate through the rocks as darksome and drear,
As if to the region of shadows it carried."

We emerged, however, into a beautiful valley, so sheltered that the snow had already begun to disappear, and, late at night, foot-sore and weary, we arrived at our night's resting-place. We had now entered the great valley of the Carson: on our right lay the forty-five mile desert, a dreary broken plain covered with white saline incrustations, and abounding with hot sulphur springs, some of which were in a violent ebullition, and by the thermometer indicated a temperature of 201° Fahr.; this valley led us directly to Carson City, the central city of the Sierra Nevada mining re-

gion. On our arrival, the only place of shelter to be obtained was a half-finished shanty. To say that it rained hard, stormed, and snowed, would be ridiculously tame in comparison with the real state of the case. The wind whistled through the cabin in a manner that scarcely left a hope of roof and sides standing till morning; through the crevices came little hurricanes of snow-drift, and our fragile tenement creaked and groaned as though its last hour was come. Two weeks passed with incessant snow and tempest; at length provisions began to run short, the fate of the provision-trains caused great apprehensions, nothing could be heard from them. A party of us started out to endeavour to open the trail, but we were driven back by the severity of the weather. The snow-drifts were in many places forty feet deep, the cattle were dying of starvation, and anxiety was depicted on every face. Flour was 100 dollars per sack of 100 lbs., or 4s. 2d. per lb.; barley was 3s. per lb.; hay, 2s. 6d.; horses were dying from want, and we began to calculate that we must soon use them for food. Still the storm continued; hope of success had wellnigh left us, when one morning a scout came running in with the joyful news that a mule train was approaching—cheer followed cheer as the train hove in sight. On it came, at first like a row of ants creeping down the mountain sides, then nearer and larger until the short quick hoof-clatter was distinctly audible. One by one the jaded animals reached the plaza; but, alas! for human hopes, barrels of rum, whisky, gin, brandy, bottled ale, Californian wine, crates of bar fixtures, boxes of cigars, but no bread: for the first time that day I heard Californian miners heap curses long, loud, and deep on whisky.

A rift in the mountains called the "Devil's Gate," led from Carson Valley to Gold Hill: the whole aspect of the country indicates that it must have been burned up in hot fires ages ago. Virginia City, the capital of the mining region, lies in the direct road to the Salt Lake City of the Mormons; its elevation is from eight to ten thousand feet above the sea, and it presents a scene of fearful demoralization: what with the blasted and barren appearance of the country, the wretched hovels, the horrible confusion of tongues, the roaring, raving drunkards drinking fiery liquids from morning to night, the gambling saloons filled with desperadoes of the vilest sort,—the place is fitly entered through the "Devil's Gate." The atmosphere of this region of the Sierra Nevada is most highly charged with electricity, so much so that if the hair be combed with an india-rubber comb, it will give out distinct electrical light, accompanied with the characteristic crackling sounds. An interesting phenomenon occurred on the 4th June 1860. The morning opened bright and fair, but the heat was intense. About the hour of ten A.M. a slight shock of earthquake was felt, but not of sufficient severity to cause alarm. At twelve o'clock, with an almost cloudless sky, the thermometer on the sides of the Gold Hill rock registered 110°, and every one experienced an unusual difficulty in breathing; presently two small clouds were observed almost directly over head, one having a fleecy whiteness, and the other a black stormy appearance; they slowly approached each other from two opposite points, evidently under the influence of two directly opposite currents, but when within what appeared to be a few yards of one another, they commenced a circular movement, at the same time gradually nearing each other until they suddenly rushed together with a noise, or rather a succession of noises, so exactly resembling the discharges of heavy artillery, as to cause the whole population to rush into the open air in alarm and consternation.

The whole region of the Sierra Nevada is one of stern and romantic interest, and the fact that the wild and savage Indians of that district give evidence of the possession of strong poetic feelings, which often manifests itself in the most striking imagery, is an evidence of the soul-stirring character of its scenery. The scene of the following chaste and beautiful legend is laid in the Yoh-Hamite Valley, into which descends probably the highest waterfall in the world; it makes its leap at one bound from the summit of a mountain 1395 feet before it strikes a table-rock, from which it takes its second leap into the valley, 2900 feet from its highest point:—

THE LEGEND OF TOCH-AU-NU-LAH AND TIS-SA-ACK.

It was in the unremembered past that the children of the sun first dwelt in Yoh-Hamite; then all was happiness, for Tu-toch-ah Nu Lah sat on high on his rocky throne, and cared for his people whom he loved. Leaping over the upper plains, he herded the wild deer, that his people might choose the fattest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cabin in the mountains that he might hunt. From his lofty rock he prayed to the Great Spirit, and brought the soft rain upon the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air, and the golden sun breathed warmly and ripened the crops, that the women might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the golden river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the winds swept sadly through the stately pines. If he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract; and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge, echoed from mountain to valley.

His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic like the bow; his foot was swifter than the red-deer, and his eye was strong and bright like the rising sun. But one morning as he roamed, a bright vision came before him, and the soft colours of the west were in his lustrous eye. A maiden sat upon the southern granite dome, that raises its grey head among the highest peaks; she was not like the dark maidens of her tribe below, for the yellow hair rolled over her dazzling form, as golden waters over silver rocks.

Her brow beamed with the pale beauty of the moonlight, and her blue eyes were as the far-off hills before the sun goes down. Her little foot shone like the snow-tufts on the winter pines, and its arch was like the spring of a bow. Two cloud-like wings waved from her shoulders, and her voice was as the sweet sad tone of the night bird of the woods. Gently she whispered the name, "Tu-toch-Ah-Nu-Sah," and then gliding up the rocky dome, she vanished over its rugged top. Keen was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the foot of the noble youth as he sped up the stony path in pursuit; but the soft down from her snowy wings was wafted into his eyes, and he saw her no more. Every morning now did he leap the rocky barriers, and wander over the mountains to meet the lovely "Tis-sa-Ack." Each day he laid sweet acorns and wild-flowers upon her dome. His ear caught her footstep, though it was light as the falling leaf; but never did he speak before her, and never did her sweet-toned voice fall upon his ear. Thus did he love the fair maiden, and so strong was his thought of her, that he forgot the crops of the Yoh-Hamite, and they, without rain, wanting his tender care, quickly drooped their heads and shrunk. The winds whistled mournfully through the wild corn; the wild bee stored no more honey in the hollow tree, for the flowers had lost their freshness, and the green leaves became brown. Tu-toch-Ah-Nu Sah saw nought of this, for his eyes were dazzled by the shining wings of the maiden.

But Tis-sa-Ack looked with sorrowing eyes over the valley, when, early in the morning, she stood upon the grey dome of the mountain; so, kneeling on the cold hard rock, she besought the Great Spirit to bring again the bright flowers, delicate grasses, green trees, and nodding acorns. Then, with an awful sound, the dome of granite opened beneath her feet, and the mountain was riven asunder, while the melting snows of the Nevada glided through the wonderful gorge. All then was changed; the birds dashed their little bodies into the pretty pools among the grasses, and fluttering out again sung for delight; the moisture crept slowly through the parched soil, the flowers sent up a fragrant incense of thanks, the corn gracefully raised its drooping head, and the sap with velvet footfall ran up into the trees. But the maiden for whom the valley had suffered, and through whom it had again been clothed in beauty, had vanished as strangely as she had come, yet, that all might hold her memory in their hearts, she left the quiet lake, the winding river, and yonder half dome which still bears her name, "Tis-sa-Ack." Every evening it catches the last rosy rays that are reflected from the snowy peaks above. As she flew away, small downy feathers were wafted from her wings, and where they fell on the margin of the lake, you will see thousands of little white violets.

Such is the local Indian legend of the Yoh-Hamite—an inspiration of the visible creation, full of beautiful imagery; and amid the grandeur of mountain scenery it is impossible for man to feel other than a strange mysterious sympathy existing between the seen and the unseen—the Finite and the Infinite—for "the beauty of the material world is just bright and fair enough to stimulate that imaginative faculty, the creations of which could never be acclimated to earth. In front of Alpine altitudes, with their vast upheaved masses, commingled cloud, rock, glacier, cataract, there is excited not simply admiration and awe, but there is a feeling that these terrestrial marvels are samples only shown off upon this planet, in order to suggest to man the idea of scenes in some other world still more stupendous. If earth has its Alps, and its Andes, and its Himalayas, what shall be the spectacle of awe which a world unknown might open to our gaze?" All these mental emotions and sympathies springing out from a contemplation of the visible material creation, make man conscious of higher spiritual relationships; of closer connexion with the unseen and infinite: their tendency is upward towards that which is intellectual, not sensual; and towards that which is moral, not degrading. Some grand lessons do these grand old mountains teach. There is their stern, patient endurance; "they speak to us from the repose of self-centred character; the ocean speaks from the heavings of unappeasable passion." All the hard conditions of our human lot are typified by the great hills. "What a stern experience they undergo, yet, they do not babble, or roar, or moan, like the discontented, melancholy sea. The powers of the air bring all their batteries against them; lightnings blast and rive them; torrents plough them to the bone; sunshine scorches them; frosts gnaw away their substance, and roll it down into the valleys, but they utter no cry. After thunder and hail and whirlwind, their peaks look out from above the baffled clouds, and take the sunshine with no bravado, but as though it was

their mission 'to suffer and be strong.' Calm patience in trouble, persistent fortitude, these are the moral lessons that the mountains teach to man." "For the truth of Nature is part of the truth of God; to him who does not search it out, darkness; to him who does, infinity." It was a calm, clear evening in the month of November, that we camped down for the last time amid these mountains upon the banks of a small tributary of the river Truckee. The sky stretched out above us like a "star-spangled banner," and near to us a mountain torrent descended, leaping, rolling, and rejoicing, until it plunged into the channel of the river, and there was the sound of many waters. From this point the mountains presented a most interesting appearance, as morning, with its breath of incense and cheek of bloom, came bounding over the eastern ridges. Near the base of the mountains, and rising upwards, is seen a belt of oak and other familiar trees, the line very distinctly marked in consequence of the different tints of foliage. Rising above this bright cheerful green, is the dark purple of the mountain-pine, then at a higher elevation the brown and seared rusty mosses and ferns, and crowning all, the bright sheen of perpetual snow. Ascending to this upper belt to take our farewell view of the grand scenery of the Nevadas, we gazed far down upon the gloomy pine forests into whose dark embrace we were about to descend. To the north, gleaming bright and blue as the eye of an angel, lay the beautiful Lake Bigler; the sun shone out in all his glory—an unbroken silence reigned. Anxiously we waited for the morning breeze that rises regularly as day advances. Presently a sound, faint as the dying cadence of an evening hymn, broke upon our ears, and in a moment the dark forests were instinct with life. There is no sound in nature or in art hat can compare with the deep-rolling voice of a pine-forest.

One may listen with rapture to the solemn music of the cathedral as the swelling intonations of the organ have died away, and the holy strain has been seized by a single voice almost seraph-like in sweetness, and carried up to heaven; or to full bands of wind and stringed instruments sounding in harmonious unison.

One may have stood awe-struck as the live thunder of heaven's artillery leaped roaring and crashing from mountain peak and summit; or at the distant moan of the coming storm, as it crept over the sea with its dismal forebodings; or to the deep boom of the ocean, as it broke madly upon a sounding shore,—but not one or all of these sounds can awaken half the emotion within the soul, that does the melancholy wail, the ghostly sigh, or the unbroken thunder of a sea of mountain-pines! At first the silence is so deep and overpowering as to produce a sort of gasping for relief, but as the sounds increase in volume, the dark aisles of the forest and every glen peal forth the solemn war, and it bursts upon the ear in the full tide of its strength, and rejoicing in its power. 'Twas like the roll of ten thousand chariots, like the tread of countless armies, as they march in the triumph train of a mighty conqueror; 'twas Nature's mightiest anthem, her noblest hymn,—an anthem fit to usher in the dawn of the grandest day in this world's history.

Down the cañons and the gorges of the mountains it surged,—swept like a whirlwind over the surface of the beautiful lake,—rushed up the rugged sides of the lightning-scathed mountains, till from their savage battle-front they hurled back the deep bass of the forest hymn, and it fell upon the soul as the far-off voice of God speaking in sympathy with that in man that is deathless.

"So, by a sense attuned to God-meant strains,
I caught earth-music on its way to heaven.
On these grand mountains signs are writ—
God's autograph in cipher.
Others, by parchment right, may hold the soil
Of this champaign. I take my spirit-dues of all I see,
By right from heaven."

H. C. PAWLING.

THE BANDS OF LOVE.

Founded on a Lancashire superstition, that a person cannot die in the arms of any one who wishes strongly to retain the parting soul in life.

Oh, let my soul go free, mother!
Oh, let it rise above;
All cords are loosed from me, from me,
All, all except thy love.

But thy tears and prayers have bound me—
She said—within a net;
I can feel the meshes round me,
That I cannot break through yet;—

I can feel their tendrils creeping
All around and over me;
They are clasping, holding, keeping,
Oh, let my soul go free!

There is One at the door would take me,
He waits till I am free;
I loved one that did forsake me,
But One in heaven loved me.

When the Master calls, to greet him
I would not be the last;
I would go on the way to meet him,
If you did not hold me fast.

There is a wound in my breast, mother!
A wound both wide and deep;
By day it will not let me rest,
By night I cannot sleep.

And the last of all wert thou, mother!
That I had told of my woe;
And I had not told it now, even now,
But to make you let me go.

Oh! let my soul go free, mother!
I will come with the birds again;
I will wake you at morn from the old plane-tree
With a song that knows not pain.

When you think what you cannot speak,
At evening, a kiss will steal,—
A kiss to dry the tears on your cheek,
A kiss that you will not feel.

And I know I can scarce be dearer
To your heart than I have been;
Yet, perhaps, I may then be nearer
With nought to come between;

With no shadow from the grieving
That walks on earth with love;
Its footsteps never leaving,
For it knows they must part above.

Oh! let my soul go sleep, mother;
Why, why should love's excess
Still strive within its hold to keep
What it can no longer bless?



It is but the vain, vain yearning
Of an eye that follows still,
On a step no more returning,
That it cannot shield from ill.

And such hath been thy love, mother,
Thy mother-love; but *there*,
In my Father's house above—above,
There is bread enough and to spare.

We part from one another
In grief, but we meet in bliss;
We part with the kiss and the tear, mother!
We meet with the smile and the kiss.

And the dark will grow to light,
But the light will not pass away.
We part, we part in the mirk midnight,
But we shall meet i' the day. . .

There is a sore strife for my breath,
But on it rest begins;
Oh, love is strong—is strong as death,
But it is not *now* it wins!

And thine, and thine is my love, mother!
But I should not pray *to thee;*
I would speak with One above, mother!
Oh, let my soul go free!

D. G.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF OCTOBER.

FIRST EVENING.

CHRIST THE SPIRIT OF RELIGIOUS ORDINANCES GENERALLY.

"The Lord is that Spirit."—2 Cor. iii. 17.

When it is said that the Lord Jesus alone is "the spirit" of all religious ordinances, the announcement does not condemn as useless the body which in these ordinances has been prepared for him. Men are in the body,—men whom he loved and came to ransom: in order to reach them he must be in the body too. No man hath seen God at any time; but God became man and dwelt among us, that we might behold his glory, and obtain eternal life. Christ had a body like our own in all but sin. The period of his ministry on earth was brief. He manifested himself the Saviour before he became incarnate, and after he had ascended to heaven. On both sides of the cross were sinners suffering, and love from the face of Christ crucified beamed in gracious offer either way, reaching earth's utmost ends,—penetrating to Adam upward, and down to his latest child. In order that Christ, before and after his sojourn on earth, might manifest himself to men in the body, it behoved him to adopt a body too. Accordingly, before he was born in Bethlehem, and after he ascended from Olivet, he presented himself to faith clothed in certain revelations and institutes that touched human senses, and so made way into human souls.

He knows what we are, and what we need. He has compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way. He not only filled the fountain of saving grace on high; he prepared suitable channels for conveying it to the needy. Divine truth revealed for the salvation of men, must have respect to its object as well as its author. It is necessary that in its essence it be like God; but it is also necessary that in its form it be like man. It is easy to object to particular details in the Bible, and say they seem far removed from the divine. They are; and that because it was necessary to bring them down to the human. Our knowledge comes to us, in the first instance, through the bodily senses, and how shall God, a spirit, be made known to us that we may become partakers of the Divine nature? The method adopted in the covenant of mercy, and manifested in the Scriptures throughout,—the method is, in order to bring us up to his nature, he bowed down to ours. In order that we might know and receive the Lord the Spirit, God has from the beginning prepared for that spirit a body, which brings saving truth within the reach of embodied men.

While God in his ordinances bows down to our low estate, there is ever manifest a tendency in the Divine dispensations to advance from the lower to the higher. The more carnal ordinances came first; afterwards the more spiritual. The New Testament is an advance upon the Old; and yet a greater advancement awaits the Church. Things are prepared for them that love God, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. But, in the meantime, it is only what the eye can see or the ear hear that can be made known to us. Revelation must assume some bodily shape ere it can be intelligible to men in the body.

Such, accordingly, were all the ordinances of the ancient Church, and such all the revelations that were made under the ancient dispensation. Christ, their spirit and life, was in them, but they were bodily things.

The bondage in Egypt, and the redemption thence by the blood of the lamb; the open way to Israel through the Red Sea, and the burying of their oppressors beneath its flood; the journey through the wilderness, and the rest that lay beyond; the manna from heaven, and the water from the rock; the deadly wound by a serpent's bite, and the healing by a look; all these had Christ in them, and all were employed to make Christ known to Israel in those days of old. The permanent institutes, as well as the passing events, were bodies prepared for conveying that one blessed Spirit. The unblemished lamb and its blood on the door-post; the one fair mitre on the high priest's brow, and the twelve precious stones on his breast,—that signifying Christ's holiness before God, and these Christ's imperishable love to his people; all the sacrifices and types that were written in the laws of Moses, and reverently observed throughout the generations of Israel, were *bodies* prepared for the purpose of bringing Christ near to men. All these were handles let down from heaven for perishing men to hold their Saviour by. Christ put these garments on in those ancient days that his people, bowed down by disease, might be enabled to touch him, and so live. Christ was within these bodies, their quickening spirit in those days of old. Believers, like Abraham, saw and felt him in those bodily manifestations long before he came in the flesh. Christ, the living spirit, dwelt in those ordinances, and through them earnest seekers found him all their salvation and all their desire. It was his delight so to reach *them* to *give* life; and their delight so to reach *him* to *get* life. The song, "My beloved is mine, and I am his," is very ancient.

But, though these bodies were designed and

fitted to contain and manifest Christ their Spirit, they were worthless wanting him. A body with the life is very good. While the spirit animates the body, the body clothes the spirit, and enables it to act on its object. But a body when the spirit has fled is useless, and worse. It is a carcase, and becomes corrupt. Itself is dead, and it kills others. Such are ordinances even of Divine appointment, when Christ the Spirit is not in them, or is not owned. It is no disparagement to God's wisdom in the construction of the human body, that it becomes a corrupt and corrupting lump when the soul has fled. The human body is a most wonderful work of God; but it is as the home of a living soul. When its soul has departed, it is of no more use: we are fain to bury it out of sight, God's work though it be. Such are the ordinances of religion, when Christ is not in them; their deadness and loathsomeness, when their life is lost, is no disparagement to the wisdom of God in their appointment. They were never meant to be, for their own sakes and in themselves, either beautiful or good. They are obedient and loyal: they let go all their glory when the King goes away.

There is a strong tendency in our nature to cling to the mere body of a religious ordinance and let its spirit go.

The disciples of Jesus, though men of true faith, were in the days of his flesh men of weak faith. They beheld the Saviour with the bodily eyes. Their life was real, but it was feeble. He knew that it would be profitable for them that he should go away. They felt it hard to let go their hold by sense, and begin to walk by faith. But they speedily grew stronger men, when Christ embodied was withdrawn, and Christ in spirit filled for them the word and ordinances. Peter did not deny his Lord any more. If left to themselves, they would have kept their Lord always in their eyesight, and so continued weaklings in the faith. They were weaned against their will.

The same tendency in a far more dangerous form appeared early in the Churches of Galatia, when they turned away from Christ, who is the spirit of ordinances, to the old ordinances destitute of Christ. They returned to the elements of the world, and sought salvation in circumcision. How vehemently Paul cried out to them, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you . . . . having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" Look to the strain of the Epistle and you will see that their error lay in leaving Christ, and betaking themselves to circumcision; or at least in taking circumcision along with Christ, as if he alone were not able to save. He was able to estimate the consequences of the transition they had made. They were leaving the word and sacraments of the New Testament, in which Christ dwelt as the animating spirit; and going back to a dead letter which had now to them no animating spirit at all.

The tendency appears in its grossest form in modern Rome. They gravitate like lead, from Christ the spirit of ordinances, to Christless forms. The same thing do we, except in as far as the Holy Spirit quickens and elevates us. The sacrifice of the mass, as they call it, is a well-defined example of this tendency, running to its utmost length. Their wafer and their wine cup they say have become the body and blood of Christ,—the very body that hung on the cross, and the blood that flowed from its wounds. It is the most adventurous lie that ever human heart invented. But even although it were true, what gain would accrue from it? Although that wafer which the Papist swallows were the body and blood of Christ, which it is not, what better would he be of swallowing it? It is the Spirit which giveth life: the letter killeth. The Lord himself is the Spirit that dwells in the sacrament to be life to the receiver, and the Lord the Spirit is not there. He has gone away offended, and left the dead for the dead—dead idols for dead souls.

SECOND EVENING.

CHRIST THE SPIRIT SPECIALLY OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"The Lord is that Spirit."—2 Cor. iii. 17.

As the ordinances of the Old Testament were precious while they were a body to hold, and hold forth Christ their living spirit, but useless when they became a body and no more; such also are the word and sacraments of the New Testament dispensation. As sensible ordinances were appointed for communicating Christ to faith before the incarnation, so also after the Lord has ascended into heaven, ordinances remain in which he will dwell, and where his people will find him. The Scriptures of the New Testament, like those of the Old, are bodily things, suited to bodily senses. They are words and letters. If they have not a spirit in them they are dead; and the dead cannot give life. The Christ of God is the soul that animates their body, and if we do not find him in the Bible, we find nothing there. As a human body with the life in it is the most beautiful object in nature; and a human body when the life has gone the most forbidding; so, I suppose, the Bible is to one class the most pleasant of all books, and to another the most tasteless, because to the one it is a dead letter, and to the other it is the body all glowing with Christ its life. The Jewish scribes of our Saviour's day spent much time in handling the Scriptures; but their schools had all the air of a dissecting room: the letter in their hands was a body dead. Ye search the Scriptures, said the Lord, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me: and ye will not come to me that ye might have life. They stolidly manipulated the carcase, and rejected him who came to be its spirit and life. They embraced the dead; because the look of the living reproved them.

But the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is in a peculiar manner the body whereof Christ is the inner living spirit. As men often missed the spirit of the ancient dispensation, so they may miss the spirit of the Lord's Supper in the new. If we do not by faith realize Christ in the Supper, it will be no more to us than a Jewish passover would be.

In the remarkable discourse reported in the 6th chapter of John's Gospel, Jesus taught clearly and fully that himself is the bread on which alone a soul can live. That discourse does not contain the institution of the Lord's Supper,—does not contain an allusion to the ordinance. It is an exposition by the Lord himself, while he stood among the disciples, of the central saving doctrine which the sacrament afterwards expressed and commemorated. It is not his body but himself that he represents as the bread of life. Although, in reference to the question put by the Jews, he spoke of his flesh and blood, he had said at the beginning, "I am that bread of life;" and he said at the close, "He that eateth me shall live by me."

In the light of this exposition observe the relation between our text and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper as instituted in the Scriptures. This is my body; this is my blood: take, eat; drink ye all of it: this do in remembrance of me. Behold the body; but to eat bread and drink wine will not save,—will not profit a soul. Where is the spirit of this material sign? "The Lord is that Spirit,"—the Spirit of one religious ordinance, and of all. The Supper is indeed a body, a sort of channel divinely appointed for containing and conveying Christ to faith, but it cannot by itself contribute an atom of influence to the procuring of pardon, or the purifying of the heart. The Lord is the Spirit, and if they who come to the body do not seek and find by faith that Spirit, the body will profit them nothing, Divine institute though it be.

This question is entirely independent of the right administration of the Sacrament. Suppose it to be administered by apostles, and in exact conformity to the Lord's will; still, it can impart nothing to the unworthy receiver. His evil heart of unbelief has, by the supposition, refused Christ, and there is no other to be the spirit of the ordinance. The bread and wine are but beggarly elements. As the lead of a water-pipe, although most perfectly fitted for conveying water, cannot in any measure contribute to allay the traveller's thirst; so, the Supper, although perfectly administered, can do nothing for a sinner who bars the door of his heart against the Saviour Christ.

The institution of the Sacrament was not intended to put sense in the place of faith. It was not intended that tasting of bread and wine should do instead of "Christ in you the hope of glory." This would have been to accommodate the ordinances of the New Testament to carnal minds; and in that form carnal minds do pervert them. But the Supper of the Lord is not therefore useless. We do not deny it a place, when we refuse to give it the place of the Saviour. The body, which is nothing when dead, is a great thing when living. Nor is it only that the soul inhabiting the living body is great: the *body* is great when a soul inhabits it. So, it is not enough to say that though a Christless sacrament is nothing, Christ himself is great. That is true; but more than that is true. While the ordinance as a body is dead and worthless, if Christ be not apprehended in it by faith, the ordinance is most precious when the believing partaker seeks his Lord there. To eat bread and drink wine according to Christ's own command, at once to show forth his death, and to receive his life into the soul, is a help to faith, like manna to the hungry Hebrews in the desert, or the water that flowed from the smitten rock. When he makes himself known to a longing heart, that heart loves him, and loves the channel that he comes in. The words of the Bible are not thought of as dead letters; but felt to be living, because in them the believer gets Christ his life. The Lord's Supper, though it be a thing of sense, is felt to be a deep refreshment to the soul, because the soul's Saviour is found and tasted there.

Recal to mind the design of Christ's departure from the disciples, and the process of weaning through which they were put. They loved the Lord with a fond adoring love. When they were tossed on a tempestuous sea and ready to perish, the one want they felt was the absence of their Lord: "It was now dark, and Jesus had not come unto them." But while their love was grateful to his heart, he knew that sense in the disciples was growing too rank, and was choking the more feeble and more precious faith. Carried away in a flood of personal love that lay in the senses, Peter passionately opposed the dying of the Lord Jesus for the sins of men: "Far be this from thee, Lord." Satan got an advantage over Peter; but Peter's love to the person of Christ, as seen by his bodily eyes, was the cover under which the old serpent lurked in order to give his faith so deep a wound. Knowing what was in man, the Lord prepared to leave them as soon as his work was done: "It is expedient for you that I go away." Yea, verily. The faith of these Galileans would have been smothered outright under the ample folds of their love for the man Christ Jesus, their personal friend. When he departed, they continued as if glued to the ground, gazing up into heaven. The ministry of angels was needed, and employed to tear them from the spot, and turn their minds another way. The ministry of angels, though fitted to take them away from their needless look into the sky over Olivet, was not fitted positively to bring them to Christ. Their commission ceased, and a more glorious ministry was given for that end. The Holy Ghost came upon them. His mission was to glorify Christ. His office was not to take them to another saviour, but to lead them to the same Saviour through other channels. They were wrenched away from the personal human friendship with Jesus, as infants are torn from the breast. They were directed by the Spirit to Christ their Saviour; but although he was personally removed beyond the reach of their senses, they were not left altogether to internal meditation on the unseen. A body was prepared where Christ might be, and through which they might reach him, without being so glued to the body, as to miss the spirit. The Scriptures were given as a body, and the Lord became in them the animating Spirit.

The disciples lived on Christ more, when they received him by the Spirit's ministration from the Scriptures, than when a tumult of passionate love perturbed their hearts at his personal appearing. So, in the sacrament of the Supper, they found Christ, and in him they lived by faith, with less distraction of mind. As the result of the Lord's ascension and the Spirit's ministry, we learn (Acts ii. 46) that, in mutual love, and solemn sacramental communion, they did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart. This is my body,—this do in remembrance of me,—it is expedient for you that I go away. The Lord became the *Spirit* in the body of their ordinances: they lived on the same Redeemer, but now their life in him was more purely a life of faith. This body which he has left—whether word or sacrament—this body, when the Lord is its Spirit, is as fit to nourish our souls as his personal presence on earth would be. Indeed we may now give him praise for weaning his Church in the person of his apostles. He has done all things well. Let our gracious Lord be the Spirit of our sensible sacrament, and we shall enjoy more faith's feeding on him, than we would do if he should return to show us either the marks of his suffering, or the display of his present glory. By his bodily presence, we in the body would be flooded by tumults of sense, crying out, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord;" or falling at his feet as dead; but in these tumults flickering faith would be overlaid and quenched.

He gives us this sensible sign, that in it and through it we may receive him by faith as our Saviour, with less distraction than if his eyes as a flame of fire were opened and bent upon our company. Hear the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Anybody that he chooses to employ, we should love; and, if there be less in these symbols themselves to carry us away, than there would have been in the transfigured presence of the Lord descending on our mount, all the more complete should be the inner worship of the soul, while we cleave to the *Lord* the *Spirit* in these symbols of his death.

Tell me the sweetest scene, of mingled moral and material beauty, that may be seen on earth? It is an infant satisfying itself abundantly from a loving mother's breast. Tell me now the saddest sight that eye hath seen or ear heard? It is that which they say has sometimes been seen in the wake of war or pestilence—an infant unconsciously sucking a mother dead. Ah! if that process continue long, the child will draw death from the corruption.

The letter of the word or ordinance is dead, if Christ be not known and recognised. The letter, when the Spirit has departed, is not only dead, but deadly: "the letter killeth."

But the same letter—when the Lord becomes its Spirit—*is* life and *gives* life. "In him was light, and the light was the life of men."

The second clause of the verse intimates that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." There is not room for an exposition of it here; but it is right to notice it in a few sentences, that we may guard against partial and one-sided views of the Scripture.

I do not know any shorter or surer method of illustrating the liberty that prevails, wherever the Lord himself is owned in faith as the spirit of all his ordinances, than to point out the bondage which crushes the people wherever the spirit of the ordinance is lost, and its dead body resorted to as a charm. The converse of the clause is strictly true, and eminently suitable to the times,—"Where the Spirit of the Lord is not, there is slavery." Human spirits are too high in nature and too capacious for worshipping another than God a Spirit. When men as individuals or as communities let Christ slip from the grasp of their own faith, and fasten on some corporeal thing, whether a superstitious ceremony or a fellow-man, farewell to liberty. It becomes on the one side an iron tyranny, and on the other the cringing of a slave. The Pharisee would lose peace of conscience if he should eat with unwashen hands. A modern bondsman, a sincere worshipper in his way, will think he has committed a sin against God which must be atoned for by heavy penance, if by some accident he has tasted a sort of food on one day of the week which he might lawfully eat on another day. There is no imaginable depth of degradation which the master of a soul will not impose, which a soul enslaved will not endure. Woe to human spirits when they let go Christ and submit to a fellow!

Take all the advantage that can be obtained, and it is very great, from the union and organization of Christians; take instruction and fellowship from a brother wherever you can obtain them pure and useful, but submit your soul to Christ alone. When in reading the Scriptures, in prayer secret or social, in the worship of the great assembly, or in the act of showing forth the Lord's death, you seek and get communion in spirit with a present Saviour, you enjoy a wondrous liberty. You walk at liberty before God, as a dear child consciously at peace through the blood of the cross; you walk at liberty in the world, knowing that one is at your right hand who is able to keep you from falling; you will walk at liberty even in the valley of the shadow of death, for the Shepherd of Israel is with you there, and will abide with you to the end.

THIRD EVENING.

CHRISTIANS A MIRROR IN WHICH CHRIST IS REFLECTED—AN EXPOSITION.

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

For all who are familiar with the Scriptures, this is a remarkable and memorable verse. The greater part of it is as plain as it is precious; and yet a certain measure of obscurity or ambiguity hangs, like a cloud, persistently over the spot. Light indeed shines through,—a light practically

sufficient for the purpose of the pilgrim; but the outline of the object is, at certain parts, hidden as by a haze. In short, this is one of a class of texts in Scripture which yield readily the substance of their meaning to the simplest reader who knows the taste of the truth, and yet retain in their core a knot of matter "hard to be understood" even by competent and patient inquirers. The subject is in its own nature interesting and attractive: if we examine it reverently we shall be sure to obtain from it the spiritual edification which it freely supplies to the unlearned; and perhaps, in addition, be able to advance a step in the solution of its exegetical difficulty.

We shall endeavour, *first*, to elucidate what is obscure to the understanding; and, *second*, to enforce what is obvious upon the conscience. Our object, under the first head, is mainly, though not exclusively, exposition: our object under the second head is mainly, though not exclusively, practical application.

In the EXPOSITION, the chief difficulty lies in the clause, "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord:" if we succeed in ascertaining the meaning of these terms, the rest will be found comparatively easy.

First of all, we advertise the reader of the English Bible, as a piece of information on a matter of fact, that the five words, "beholding as in a glass," represent only one in the original Greek. Nor is that single term in an extraordinary measure compound or complicate; it is a verb formed by the junction of a noun and a preposition, one of the simplest and commonest resources in the development of language. In the Greek verb there are three forms: the first active, as "I see;" the second reflective, as "I see myself;" the third passive, as "I am seen." In some of their parts, including that which is employed in the text, the two latter are in spelling, and, as far as we know, in sound identical. It is only by the context and the sense that we can determine whether a certain collocation of letters means I see myself, or I am seen. But this is not a difficulty peculiar to the Scriptures or the language in which they were written: it occurs more frequently in our own tongue, and seldom occasions any practical inconvenience. It is one of the imperfections of human speech.

In the case before us, the participle translated beholding as in a glass, may, as far as the written letters are concerned, mean either, I behold myself in a mirror, or, as a mirror seen or looked into by another, I receive his image on my bosom. We must determine, by the sense of the passage, whether of the two meanings the word is designed to express, even as in multiplied instances we easily and even unconsciously determine in our own tongue. Whether does the word mean, I see myself in a mirror, or, I, as a mirror, receive and exhibit the image of the person or object to which my surface is turned? For the latter of the two, all the sense of the passage, and all the circumstances of the context, seem unanimously to declare.

The apostle represents a Christian not as a person turned towards a mirror, but as a mirror turned toward Christ. If I stand before a mirror and look into it, I see myself; but if I am a mirror, turned with open face to look unto Jesus, then the likeness of the Lord is seen upon me.

The recorded effect of the beholding serves to determine the nature or kind of the beholding. The grand moral principle—By their fruits ye shall know them—serves well also as a logical rule. The result or fruit of this act is expressly said to be, that "we are changed into the same image." The same persons who "beheld" were then and thereby "changed;" and they were changed into the image of the object whom they beheld or looked upon. Now, this change takes place, obviously, not on the person who looks upon the mirror, but on the mirror that looks upon the person. In this analogy the disciple of Christ is represented by the glass, and not by the person who stands before it. The person who stands before the glass is Christ in the glory of his redemption. And when a believer is turned to the Lord in faith and love, he receives upon his character, in lines more or less distinct, the image of his Saviour, and his neighbours forthwith take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

If the mirror were covered with a veil, although it were turned towards a person's countenance, it would not be changed into that person's image. Accordingly, it is intimated that when we "with open face" behold, as a mirror does, the glory of the Lord, we receive the impression and are changed into its likeness.

"The glory of the Lord,"—the object to which the glass is turned, is seen, as we learn from chap. iv. 6, "in the face of Jesus Christ." This is the "glory that excelleth." There, in the act of freely forgiving sin, the righteousness of God is more vividly displayed than it could have been by the punishment of sinners. Past all the shining worlds of space, and away from the flaming-fire services of unfallen creatures, to "the face of Jesus" do angels desire to look in order to see, as fully as their faculties will permit, "the glory of the Lord." On this glory, divine and infinite, a believer's faith is permitted to fasten, even in the body; for it is softened down to the limit of our power, by dwelling in the person of our Brother.

Nor is the object corporeal, although the terms in which it is described are necessarily borrowed from the affairs of time. "The Lord is that (or the) Spirit" (ver. 17). It is not Christ in the words and syllables of the Bible; it is not Christ in the transubstantiation of Rome; it is not Christ as an image made by human hands; it is not in any such "corporal or carnal manner" that a believer's eye is turned to the Lamb of God, so as to receive upon itself his likeness. The Lord is the Spirit: "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." A Christian's communion, when he lies down, and when he awakes, is "with the Father, and with the Son Jesus Christ."

Interesting corroborations of the exposition which we have given, lie scattered over the context; compare with it, for example, the analogy which is introduced in the third verse. There the apostle represents true disciples as epistles of Christ, written by the Spirit, known and read of all men! The conception is, that people may read Christ from the life of Christians. Expressly the hearts

of the faithful are compared to tablets on which the character and doctrine of the Lord have been legibly written, not with ink, but by the Spirit. Now this analogy, and that of our text, are precisely parallel. It is most natural that they should both flow from the same mind, in the same argument. In the one case, the disciple is a receptive tablet on which Christ is, spiritually, written like a letter which all may read; in the other case, the disciple is a sensitive mirror in which, when it turns in that direction, Christ's image may be seen.

The two analogies, when that of the mirror is understood as we have represented it, are of one class, and constitute a pair, each exhibiting a special and distinct feature of the regeneration. The conception of a tablet on which Christ is engraved, indicates the sure, permanent character of the new life. Graven deep in souls by the Spirit's ministry, many waters will not wash the meaning out. Violence will not deface the legend, and time will not waste it. Known and read of all men, it may be, through life on earth; known and read of all men it will be, when they assemble round the judgment-seat. The cognate analogy of our text suggests another view of the same renewing: we do not produce, we only receive it; it is secret, instantaneous, and in outline complete; it depends wholly on looking unto Jesus; and it is marred by every admitted defilement. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." As a mirror in the light receives and exhibits the likeness of an object to which it is turned, so a simple, trustful, receptive soul, looking unto Jesus, receives his image upon itself, and displays his image to the world.

A parallel example from the Old Testament will serve still further both to elucidate and to confirm this view. Believers in ancient times were exhorted by the prophet Isaiah in these terms:—"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising" (lx. 1-3). There is no beauty in Israel although they are the chosen people of God; especially there is no light in them until they receive it from heaven. They might say, as Paul said long afterwards, "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." The people were prostrate. They lay in the dust. But their Saviour pitied them. He appeared as their light; but while they lay so low, the light from his countenance did not reach them. Here the invitation of Isaiah comes in,—"Arise, shine." The Sun of righteousness is in the heavens, but their faces were not shining yet. They must arise and look upon the light. Then and thereby they will be enlightened. Thus shall they become witnesses in the world. When Israel receives and displays the light of peace and holiness, the Gentiles will be attracted by its beauty, and will come to worship at Jerusalem.

It is the same principle that is more fully developed in the gospel, and reduced to practice in the conduct of Christians. When they commune with their Redeemer, and grow in spirit like him, strangers are attracted to the truth as it shines sweetly in a brother's conversation.

In this view the expression, "from glory to glory," occupies an appropriate place, and is charged with a definite and transparent meaning. Although John and Paul, in their style of thought and expression, present a contrast rather than a similarity, such is the unity of the fountain whence both apostles draw, that it is in the tender story of John that you find a close parallel to this conception in the complicated intellectual argument of Paul: "And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace" (John i. 16). As the mirror has no image of its own, but presents its empty surface to receive feature by feature the likeness of him who stands before it; so an empty but earnest soul, turning to the Lord, takes in from him, and obtains for itself, the various graces of the Spirit which have their home in Christ. The result in the renewed man, although in measure it is always dim, and sometimes also distorted—the result is, that the love, and truth, and faithfulness, and courage, and gentleness, which dwell in the Head as in their fountain, may be seen also in the member. Grace in the Christian stands opposite to grace in Christ, from whom it came; for we have nothing that we have not received; from glory native and divine in the Mediator, to glory human and limited, but beautiful in its measure in the believing man, the process of regeneration proceeds; until that blessed time when "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

It is added that this spiritual transfiguration in the new creature is effected "as by the Spirit of the Lord." The work is accomplished, not by a corporeal but by a spiritual presence of the Saviour, realized through faith; and ministerially it is accomplished by the agency of the Holy Ghost the Comforter, according to the Lord's own express testimony,—He shall glorify me, for he shall take of mine and shall show it unto you.

The exposition now submitted, accords perfectly too with the fact in the Old Testament history, which suggested the conception to the apostle's mind. Moses in the mount looked face to face on the glory of the Lord, and, as a mirror, received the impress so brightly upon himself, that even when he had descended to the plain, it was necessary to cover his face with a veil in the presence of the people. So the apostle intimates, that if we, without intervening obstructions, turn toward the glory of God, as it is now mildly displayed in Christ, we shall as mirrors receive his likeness; our hearts will take in such spiritual beautifying from the altogether lovely one we look upon, that even when we come down to the level of life and the company of our kind, it will be known and felt by our look, and tone, and temper, that we have been in converse and in union with the Well-Beloved of the Father, who is full of grace and truth.

FOURTH EVENING.

CHRISTIANS A MIRROR IN WHICH CHRIST IS REFLECTED—AN APPLICATION.

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

The two terms, "we all," in the beginning of the text, when viewed in relation to the context, suggest a double contrast, and contain a direct personal appeal. "We" who enjoy the full light of the gospel under the ministry of the Spirit, have gotten from the Lord much, in comparison with Israel under the earlier dispensation. To us more has been given, and therefore from us more shall be required. It was far to look unto Jesus in Abraham's day, and distance dimmed the view: but before our eyes he has been evidently set forth crucified. We are permitted to come near; the veil is rent; the shadows have disappeared. He that is least in the kingdom of heaven since Christ came, is greater, in point of privilege conferred, than the prophets of the Old Testament: it remains to be seen whether we lay out our Lord's large gifts so as to bring in much glory to him, and much grace to ourselves.

A distinct additional unit in the inventory of our privileges is indicated, when it is said that we *all* behold the glory of the Lord. The term suggests the freedom of access into the holiest which every believer enjoys now through the blood of the covenant, in contrast with the exclusion of the multitude during the period of the Mosaic dispensation, while Moses alone, and the high-priest afterwards, was admitted within the veil. The way has been opened, and every worshipper has right of entrance to the mercy-seat; whereas in the ordinances of the ancient dispensation, a material curtain hid the Holiest from the people's view. We have one Mediator between God and men, who has passed into the heavens as the high-priest of his people; under him, in respect of the privilege of approach, all Christians are kings and priests. "We all behold;" it is not a privileged one that goes in to present our case and bring the answer out. No mortal man has any right to bid the humblest disciple stand back, or to undertake the case of another before the throne of God. We repudiate as anti-Christian all such priestly pretensions; and therein we do well. We all—not some favoured persons—we all behold the glory of the Lord now, when we have faith in Jesus. The Master beckons us forward, and who shall dare to keep us back? Come unto me; we recognise there the Master's voice; "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He addresses all the weary without distinction, and invites every one to come to himself. He does not bid any sinner retain and fee a fellow-man to conduct his case. On the clear authority of the Scriptures we claim our right, and resist the intrusion of self-constituted mediators between the Saviour who seeks the lost, and the lost when they seek the Saviour. Faithfulness in the maintenance of this liberty is right and necessary; but we ought to approach this subject also on the other side. The citizens of this free commonwealth are justly intolerant of those possessors who claim to the uttermost the rights of property, and fail to fulfil its obvious duties. What shall be said of those political Christians who sturdily claim the privilege of coming personally to the throne of grace, and yet seldom or never come? To these the Master himself has spoken, perhaps the severest word that ever fell from his lips: "I will spue thee out of my mouth" (Rev. iii. 16). Ah, it will avail us little in that day, that we have been fervid Protestants, if we have not been fervent in prayer: it will avail us little that we successfully resisted another man's claim to undertake our affairs with God, if we neglect to transact that necessary business ourselves. The simple intimation from the Sovereign Dispenser of mercy, that we are permitted personally to come near and ask, should be sufficient to crowd the court with suppliants. That the door is open is sufficient reason why we should go instantly in. If mercy's door had been shut ere we were born; or if an edict had been displayed above it, that the common herd of the sinful were not permitted to approach, there would have remained some semblance of excuse for neglecting the great salvation; but now that "we all" are invited, what shall any one answer at last if he do not come? The Lord Jesus takes it ill when the door that he has opened to save the perishing is not thronged with the fugitives from the flood: the Lord Jesus is glad when he sees the sinful hastening to escape lest the door be shut. It is when many come and seek, and find pardon, that he sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

Several distinct lessons, all springing from the subject, claim our notice now.

1. Every man is like a mirror, and in some measure receives upon his heart the image of the object which he often or earnestly looks upon. A human soul is sensible and receptive; beware; it will receive and retain the likeness of that to which it is frequently opened and turned. When with open face, and unchecked desire we look upon an idol, the likeness of the idol is secretly stamped upon our souls, in colours that will not out by all our washings. We are changed into the same image from shame to shame, from vile feature in the idol to corresponding vile feature in the character of its worshipper. Dagon, the deity of the Philistines, was a fish-god,—an abominable object, partly man and partly fish. The idolaters took after their idol; a more besotted race do not appear in history. They could not discharge that stupid brutality from their nature. When Dagon lost his head and hands by a fall on the floor, they lifted the stump, propped it against the wall, and adored it still.

Idols are extant still; although in this country we do not construct them of wood or stone. Covetousness, for example, is idolatry, and the covetous are idolaters. When a human soul turns toward the world, and doats on the world as its portion — its god, that soul silently, helplessly receives and displays the image of its idol. Other lusts, which cannot be so easily named and described, transfuse also their loathsome likeness so deeply into men's hearts, that it may be seen staring from their eyes. Covetousness is, in some respects, a cleanlier word; and because it is more easily handled in society, it is more frequently mentioned as a specimen of its class; but if other objects are so vile that they cannot even be named among us, there is the stronger reason why an immortal soul should not open to them, and face them like a mirror, and so receive their likeness. It is a law of nature, imposed in righteous judgment by the Author of being, that moral intelligent creatures grow like the persons or the practices that they look upon with love. Ah! how many mirrors are made loathsome by the vile images which they bear. Open your heart only to the pure in its conceptions, desires, and pursuits, so shall pureness dwell in your heart and shine in your life, like a lovely countenance that has pictured itself on a mirror's surface.

2. The glory of God, as it appears in the face of Jesus, is a gentle light; it is divine, for all the fulness of the Godhead is there; but it is human, for it dwells bodily in the man Christ Jesus. It is the light of that God who is a consuming fire; and yet it is so soft that a human eye unveiled may safely look upon it. It is not a visible bodily glory. Such a display would not serve our Redeemer's gracious design. Glimpses of such a light, given in anticipation of his second coming, served only to make his dearest disciples fall at his feet as dead. In the present dispensation the cry, "Lo here, or lo there," leads the inquirer on a false scent. His appearance in the clouds of heaven is not a sight that will draw the eye of the wicked to itself. When he appears in glory, the wicked will not come to his bosom; they will flee before his presence like smoke before the wind.

As Christ comes now in the reign of grace, his coming is like the morning. Nothing is more lovely than the dawn; and there is no burning in its beams. The feeblest may look upon it with open face.

We may unfold our inmost soul to the glory of God, as it appears in the face of Jesus, as the tenderest flower spreads out its bosom to the light, bathing all its being in the flood. Fellow-sinner, what have you seen forbidding in the face of Jesus, that you wince whenever you look upon him, and for comfort quickly turn away? There is a beautiful fable of the ancient mythology, to the effect that Apollo, who represents the sun, killed a huge poisonous serpent, by arrows surely aimed and shot from afar. It intimates that sunbeams darting straight from heaven, destroy many deadly things that crawl upon the ground, and so make the world a safer habitation. The parable is, in this respect, a stroke of truth, and it coincides with a feature of the eternal covenant. Light from the face of Jesus, when it is permitted to stream right into a human heart, destroys the noisome things that haunt it, as Apollo's arrows slew the snake. In this respect, and to this effect, the look unto Jesus makes a sinful heart shrink; but, brother, do not therefore turn away. That light-beam burns not you, but your own enemies within you, according to that remarkable expression in the Psalms,— "Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God: thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions" (Ps. xcix. 8).

3. When your heart has been conclusively turned to the Lord, and his likeness sensibly impressed upon your character, beware of those things that dim its beauty and distort its features. The reflection of a person, though his face be beautiful, in a mirror blotted with mud, may be, in effect, an unsightly or ludicrous caricature. Alas, in this way, Christians misrepresent Christ, to their neighbours and to the world! Every blot allowed to remain on the mirror's surface, and every twist in its grain, distorts the countenance of the altogether lovely one, in as far as people look in that glass for his likeness. Thus is Christ wounded today in the house of his friends. Pride, fretfulness, dishonesty, falsehood, and similar sins in a Christian's life, exhibit to the world an unlovely, ungainly Christ. The duty of disciples is expressed in these terms: "Among whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life." This means not so much giving evidence, as being evidence. It is required of us not that we should explain to the world what light is, but that we should be lights in the world. Christians are like mirrors turned, with open unveiled surface towards Jesus, both to receive and exhibit his likeness. Christians, those who are strangers to our Redeemer look to us that they may learn his character: "What manner of persons ought we to be?"

W. ARNOT.

ON THE BIOGRAPHY OF CERTAIN HYMNS.

WORDSWORTH'S Peter Bell was a pedlar, and there have been pedlars of a better character than Peter. But the real Peter—the personality of Peter, as our German neighbours would say—must have been highly respectable.

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

These lines are an honourable scutcheon. They elevate him to the great body of respectable, well-to-do, steady people. Nine-tenths of our excellent acquaintance subscribe to them as the creed of plain common sense. Why make a fuss about a yellow flower? Why not be thankful that it has got a name to separate it from other yellow flowers? Are there not thousands of them out in the fields, and have been since we were born? And are they not all primroses, and is not that enough? Of course, it is a prosaic view of the world; but then, there are a great many worthy and good people to whom poetry is a bore, who are thankful to find the world already carefully labelled, who placidly accept everything about them as a fact, to whom a primrose is a primrose. There is a poem in the telegraph wire; yet thousands of messages are sent every day without an inkling of it. De Quincey could not think of the stars without feeling their mystery and awe; a sailor may class them with lighthouses as helps to navigation. A quarry was a mine of wonder and scientific truth to Hugh Miller; to the quarryman it is represented by a rock and a shilling a day. Millions of years ago sunbeams may have been turned into coal; Faraday can make a fairy tale out of the flame of a candle; but we may put coal on the fire without thinking of sunbeams, and our thoughts of a candle used seldom to rise above the vexation of snuffing it. And why should coal not be coal, and a primrose a primrose? Really, I do not know. It is perfectly proper that they should be what they are; and if any one persists in seeing more in them, perhaps it is perfectly proper that he should be voted a bore. And if any one is satisfied that a hymn is a hymn, and nothing more, this paper will probably bore him, and he is requested to pass over it without delay. The *Biography of a Peal of Bells* would be as intelligible to him as the *Biography of a Hymn*. And a very pretty biography it might make. Sitting in the village churchyard, while the children play with flowers upon the sodded grass, and the slow gossips saunter past the gate, and the evening sunshine breaks in through the golden shower of the laburnums and rests peacefully on the worn head-stones, the chiming of the bells trembles through the air like speech of living voices. What histories of human life have they not witnessed up in that grey tower among the ivy! What fears and jealousies, what greed and passion and awful sins, handed down in whispers of dark tradition, have they not rung in and out at baptism and wedding and funeral! What mysteries are sealed under these tombs, but no mysteries to them! How they have chimed for every one that is buried round, and mixed with their thoughts, and wandered with them through other lands, and come to them in dreams; dying children have heard them call to heaven; they have lingered sweetly in the ears of happy brides; lonely fathers have wept with them for the dead; they have softened the prodigal's heart in a far country; they have rung like the voice of peace through the din of battle; they have startled the wicked thought and palsied the wicked hand, and there they peal still, out of the past into the present, over the dead and over the living. It is only a peal of bells, and we have heard them a thousand times, and nobody thinks of them; but yet all this, and a great deal more is in them. It is only hymns, common hymns, that are in penny books, that everybody knows, and yet they have biographies; they have a life pierced all through, like ours, with joy and sorrow; linked on, like ours, to other lives; they have their birth and story, eventful sometimes, sometimes calm and even; biographies that are written in the surest place—in the secrets of many hearts.

Perhaps every hymn has its history; but it would be cruel to suggest to any possible reader that every hymn should have its biography. Some hymns, like some people, have biographies; the rest, like the majority of the world, occupy just so much space and that is all. Some have been mere untimely births; some have died after a year or two of struggling infancy, and been buried in the British Museum or Stationers' Hall; a vast number are simply labelled hymns, and exist in hymn-books; of a few it may be said, they have lived. Some, no doubt, live on a precarious reputation, an accident of birth, the favour of a past generation, an incident in which they played an exaggerated part. Some would not bear a rigid scrutiny into their antecedents; some have won their place by barefaced impudence and plagiarism; many turn out shallow, and commonplace, and wearisome. But even here their lives will compare advantageously with other biographies, and there is not one of them guilty of having kept a diary. Most of them are democratic; their story, their power, belong to the people. The select

aristocracy of hymns is not fertile in memoirs. They are well dressed, well printed, well bound; they lie on the prettiest tables, and are welcome in cathedral closes: but they are uninfluential; the pleasantest companions, friends even, but treated as such, as a charming addition and solace to life, and no more. It is in the penny hymn-books that the sense of power is felt. Probably the hymn is essentially democratic. It must seize the common thoughts of many, translate the feeling of some religious movement, meet the deep and often but half-conscious craving of the people. If it appeals to an intellectual audience by its thoughts, or images, or play of pious fancy, it strips itself of power. And it is in the penny hymn-book that the fact of a biography of hymns has been recently recognised. Some of these books may have been noticed to be printed with a painful irregularity; large, bold type, starting abruptly out from a crowd of small verses, sometimes a word, sometimes a line or a stanza. It is disagreeable reading, but it is only a rough way of stating a genuine truth. For every line in large type there is a story by which that line has connected itself with a human heart, with its burden, or sorrow, or longing, or sudden light, or eternal peace. It is a rough, ugly way of putting it, and probably, over-hasty; but it indicates where the truest biographical interest will be found; it suggests also the difficulty of procuring biographical details. For the hymn is its secret autobiographer, and only by some casual accident is a page of that writing brought to light.

Yet even detail is not wanting. There is a memoir, now unhappily out of print, devoted to one hymn, *My Mother dear, Jerusalem!*—a hymn that has been a great favourite by Scottish firesides, and wandered far and wide with Scottish emigrants. Others have not been so fortunate. But let any one stand in some old German church—for Germany is pre-eminently the land of Christian hymns—and listen to the hymn that is lifted up with such strong and hearty voices, and think how the same words have been sung by perhaps ten generations; how the people have heard them from childhood; how they have been met by them in every conceivable circumstance of life and in the brightest and darkest days of Christendom; what struggles of the soul they have roused, and witnessed, and shared; in what strange and often tragic scenes they have mingled; what they have been to successive mourners, to widows and orphans, and the sick and dying, and hypocrites and plotters, to all that shifting group of worshippers,—let any one do this, and the hymn seems already to have received its memoir. A Jew passing by a church with his sister, steps in while the people are singing; he cannot resist the hymn; his sister rouses and scolds him in vain; it goes singing on in his heart, though she calls it an abomination of the Gentiles; and in the same church he is baptized. Luther writes a hymn, and soon after a poor clothworker walks through the streets of Magdeburg singing it: the mayor lays hands on him, and throws him into prison; but the hymn has done its work, and two hundred sturdy Magdeburghers march up against the mayor and demand their singer. It must have been a heroic song, for Luther, shut up among doubts and fears at Coburg, took it for the comfort of his own heroic soul, saying to his servant, "Come, and let us sing it against the devil." And the crowd that followed Luther's body through Halle on its way to Wittenberg, strove to raise the same heroic measure through their tears. One would like to know more of this noble paraphrase of the 130th Psalm; but the only other record seems to be this, that it was the last Protestant hymn sung in Strasburg Cathedral, now wellnigh two hundred years ago. Another hymn has had a singular fate. It was a favourite of Luther's; entitled by him *A Song of the Law and of Faith, marvellous well furnished with Holy Scripture;* and the story goes that a beggar lad from Prussia sung it one day at Luther's door. Handing him a crown of St. George, his last piece of money, with the words, "Come here, my St. George, the Lord Christ is there," he asked him to sing it again. And when it was finished he asked him where he had learned it; and he said, In Prussia, where they used to sing it in church; and Luther's eyes filled with tears of joy that God had spread his word so far. Afterwards the people sung mass and priest out of the churches with it in many parts of Germany; and now, strange change of fortune, there are villages in Austria, where it is regularly sung at the close of the Romish worship, a last, and, in the circumstances whimsical relic of the once prevalent evangelical faith. Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school-children marched across the market-place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, the fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate; for we read of a certain rough captain who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the archdeacon summoned the people together, saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men; let us plead with God;" and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergy-

man marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pegan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue; and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off. And another story of the same hymn I make no apology for quoting entire. "In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant of German extraction, by name Dobry. Without his fault he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to evict him; and it was winter. He went to him three times in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat there in sorrow, the church bell pealed for evening prayer; and Dobry kneeled down in their midst, and they sang—

'Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.'

And as they came to the last verse—

'When Thou wouldst all our need supply
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?'—

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would bring it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. And the king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath, this verse—

'Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.'"

Of another hymn, we read that a countess once sung it in a public-house. For, as she was travelling in Austria, she stopped at a village inn, and found the parlour full of Austrian peasants. The law forbade Christian assemblies, but it allowed any drinking assembly, so they met, and had beer-jugs on the table, but in reality came to share the Lord's Supper. And having asked permission to join them, as also a servant of Christ, she raised the hymn. Yet the singularity of this incident is surpassed. A Christian nobleman put up on his journey at a little village inn, where there was one of those wild immoral dances that still disgrace some parts of the country. Having obtained permission to look on at the dance, he went up to the musicians, and asked if he would be allowed to have any tune he wished played for his money. And being told that he would, he asked them in one of the lulls of the dance to play a hymn, and sung it with them. Some ran away, but most stayed and he prayed with them, and this was the beginning of a singular awakening in the neighbourhood.

Hymns have sometimes been curiously used in stirring times, especially about the Reformation period. More than once the Romish preachers have been compelled to abandon the pulpit by the vigorous singing of one of Luther's. They have played their part in battle. At the famous battle of Leuthen, one of Heermann's hymns was raised by a regiment before going into the fight, and one after another took it up, until all the columns were singing it as they advanced. "Shall I silence them?" the general asked, as he rode up to stern, tobacco-loving, heroic King Fritz. "No; with such soldiers God will give me the victory;" and leaping down among the ranks and crying, "Now, children, in God's name," he led them into battle. When the battle was won, the field was strewn with dead and wounded, it was night, and the soldiers were weary. Then one began to sing a hymn of thanksgiving, the bands joined in, and presently it rose from the army in a full and mighty chorus that reached and greatly moved the king, who turned round exclaiming: "What a power there is in religion!" It was at the great battle of Leipzig that Gustavus Adolphus sang, with his army, Luther's *Carmen Heroicum*, and after it that kneeling on the field he thanked God for the victory in a stanza of the same hymn. The *Te Deum* won the fight at Liegnitz; it was a "poor sinner's song" of Luther's that the peasant raised before the battle of Frankenhausen; and brave Earl Oldenburg triumphed at Drakenburg by the song of Simeon.

So curiously are the lives of these hymns interwoven with fiercest human struggles and profoundest human joys, with kings and politics, and famous battles that determined the fate of kingdoms, with poor peasants and lonely and nameless households, with crimes that leave the reddest stains in history,

and softening of rugged and wild hearts. And it is pleasant to take up a hymn that has connected itself with past events, and can be traced into many a house and heart by its comfortable thoughts. Herbert's Hymn on Sunday gains a certain mournful delicacy when we know that he sung it himself upon his deathbed; that

"Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies."

Gerhardt, himself, died repeating one of his own hymns, and even with the very words,

"Him no death has power to kill."

And there is a touching legend by which as King Christian of Denmark lay sick at Christmas time, an angel came to him in a dream, and told him he would live but eight days. And on New Year's Day his chaplain preached him a farewell sermon; but when his courtiers would not sing death-songs over him, he cried: "Then will I sing myself, and you with me, and it shall be said the King of Denmark sung himself to the grave." And he lifted up his voice, clear and strong, and they sang the Song of Simeon; but as they sung he fell asleep in Jesus.

There is now a common hymn in German village churches that strengthened Queen Elizabeth in her last moments. Luther's *Eine feste Burg* gains something by the pretty story of Melanchthon; how as he stood in Weimar with his banished friends Jonas and Creuzieger, a little maid sung it in the street, and he cried, "Sing on, my little girl, you don't know what famous people you comfort." We read our old favourite

"God moves in a mysterious way."

with a new interest and sympathy when we remember Cowper composed it during a solitary walk in the fields, and under presentiment of an attack of his cruel malady. Even the *Te Deum* wears a grander air when we think of it as so old that its origin is lost in one of the most curious of church legends: how that on the Easter night of the year 387, when Augustine was baptized by Ambrose, the two Church fathers stood before the altar, and the Spirit came upon them, and they sang it through in alternate strophes to the congregation, and the pious Monica cried out: "I had rather have thee Augustinus and Christian, than if thou wert Augustus and emperor!" That same *Te Deum* has accompanied many a martyr to the stake in Flanders, and Bavaria, and London; Augustinian monks and stout-hearted laymen have sung it high above the flames; it was our English Bishop Fisher's farewell as he stood beside the block. And once it was lifted up where no lesser hymn would have been fitting; when Columbus discovered the first grey outline of the new world, and the crew threw themselves into each other's arms, weeping for joy.

But of all the stories that hymns can tell of themselves, there are none more quaint and touching than those of Mende and Novalis. Mende was a night-watchman in Berlin before the poetry of night-watching was banished by police regulations, while the watchman's pious chant was still heard in the streets, and chorales were blown on long horns from the church spires. Mende was a living hymn-book, whose leaves were turned over by the night winds, and to many a sick room and troubled spirit Bible verses and stray stanzas would be borne in from the silent street. He had a verse for every house, and a hymn for every sorrow, and for five-and-twenty years the cheery voice of the old man rang through the dark, bringing more comfort and peace than all the ministers from their pulpits. "A glorious profession," he used to say; "by day I sleep or walk, but all night long I am alone with my Lord." Now, Mende, passing one evening by a worthy shoemaker's, overheard eager discussion and heated denunciations of his beloved church, and began to fear that the honest Christian soul had fallen into the hands of some wandering demagogue. So, lifting up his voice, he chanted certain well-known lines of Gerhardt on the simplicity and unity of faith, and these, falling through the still air into the little parlour, so confounded the shoemaker's guest, that he was fain to make his escape, while his host, full of joy, bade him adieu in the words of Paul, *Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.* Novalis, poet and philosopher, wrote some hymns of a wonderful and gracious beauty, intelligible to all, moreover, and singularly distinct from those speculations that ranked him chief of mystic thinkers. His father, a business-like, prosaic, working man, troubled himself little about either poet or philosopher, considered rhyming, indeed, purely mischievous; but having a theory that boys would be boys, neither interfered with Novalis, nor, it is believed, read a line he ever wrote, unless it was in the ledger. Novalis died in his bright youth, and soon after, his father attended the Moravian Church on Sunday, as his custom was. The congregation sang words that he had never heard before, so thrilling, so full of Christian passion, so mournfully sweet, that he was deeply moved, and on leaving the church, asked a neighbour how they had come by so glorious a hymn, and if he knew the author's name? "Why," he replied, starting back, "don't you know? It was your own son." Curiously, too, have some hymns been born, the merest accident seemingly presiding at the birth. An air floats pleasantly down from an old church tower into the pastor's study, and the pastor writes to the melody the sweetest of all even-songs. A poet is brought into such straits that he must pawn his violoncello; with better times the violoncello is redeemed, and, as his fingers stray over it,

his eyes full of happy tears, he sings what he calls with bare truth "a comfortable hymn,—for, that God in his own time will deliver every one that trusts in Him." During the plague, a clergyman follows 740 parishioners to the grave in nine weeks; his own house remains untouched, "as if an angel stood on the threshold, and waved off the pestilence with his bare sword;" and in that solemn loneliness he writes a farewell to the world, that has been faintly uttered by innumerable dying lips as their own. The very finest hymns of the sixteenth century sprung likewise from the plague: the poet watching for weary days the ceaseless funerals that wound past his door to the village *God's Acre;* and so absorbed was he in the thoughts it suggested, that he remained in his room from morning till evening, and left it only when the hymn was finished. One is written to comfort a sick friend; a few simple words at a death-bed are the origin of another; a third grows out of a mighty sore wrestling with the devil; a fourth springs from the watchword of a famous battle; the ancient hymn, *In the midst of life we are by death surrounded*, was begun while watching some masons building a dangerous bridge. Standing on the neck of Land's End, Charles Wesley's thoughts run into the memorable stanza commencing, *Lo, on a narrow neck of land;* the quarrymen at Portland suggest two striking lines; riding from Cork to Barrow he composes "a hymn of eighty-eight lines for the conversion of Irish Roman Catholics;" and when the rough tars struck into one of his services with *Nancy Dawson*, he sung at the next service to the same air a hymn beginning—

> "Listed into the cause of sin,
> Why should a good be evil?
> Music, alas! too long has been
> Prest to obey the devil."

Curiously, moreover, these hymns are linked with their author. King Robert of France wrote what Trench calls "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry." The wife of the great Prussian Elector wrote the well-known resurrection hymn *Jesus my Redeemer Lives.* Ziegenbalg heard it before he died, and said it was as bright before his eyes as if the sun were shining in his face. One of the best of hymn-writers was an ancient Duke of Brunswick; one of the tenderest was a ribbon manufacturer at Mülheim. Thomas of Celano wrote only two hymns beside the *Dies iræ;* Bishop Ken left three; Nicolai wrote but the two finest—in structure and majesty and devoutness of thought—in his tongue. A single hymn has conferred immortality. Wearing but this one decoration, a man goes down to posterity and outlives the most famous of his time. The *Dies iræ* has been oftener translated than any book except the Bible. The precentor of a country church is remembered in more hearts than the poet of a nation. The biography of a hymn will often reverse and confound the judgments of Letters. It is not the great poet but the obscure pastor who writes these "heavenly lays." In no country which possesses a hymnology have the great poets shared in its construction. Three of our greatest poets, Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth, are essentially religious poets. You cannot read a page of their writings without being struck by the deep, pervading, religious feeling. Yet all the service Milton rendered that way (for the magnificent "Ode on the Nativity" is scarcely a hymn) was versifying, poorly enough, a few of the Psalms, while Wordsworth wrote some agreeable stanzas, which he called "The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn." It is not by its Schiller or Goethe that the great hymns of Germany have been sung, but by monks and country pastors, schoolmasters and humble men, whose names, if they were ever known, have long since been forgotten. And if we turn to the Bible, we find indeed the highest poetry in Job and the Prophets, the men who were poets and prophets by their calling; but we do not find in their writings a single lyric. It was David the warrior and king, Mary the young virgin-mother, Simeon the aged man, who waited in the temple; it was by them that those glorious hymns were written which have been sung these thousands of years, which will yet be chanted with holy joy in every land which the sun visits, from its rising till its setting.

What curious and subtle interweaving of these divine songs with the thoughts and plans and final purposes of countless beings! What a story of infinite love under a thousand varying phases, what adventure and chequered life in that one Twenty-third Psalm, a pilgrim, as a recent writer pictures it, "commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one hears he straightway forgetteth whatever sorrow he hath." What a history, to be partially revealed at the last day, and for ever unfolding in heaven, in some solitary word of Christ, like that sweetest of lullabies sung to the weary. *Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!* And every word that catches up the echoes of these that are divine, will have its tale to tell. And every true hymn from the legendary past, or struck out of some pause in the hurry of the present, with a great name, or no name, be it "common as the commonplace," even soiled in well-thumbed penny books, is writing its own life and yours as you sing it, or read it, or recall it in some low half-murmur to the melody it went by at your mother's knee.

WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON.

THE LAND OF CHOICE: A PARABLE.

A GENTLEMAN of high position in a large city was drawing near to the end of his earthly life. During his illness his friends had always complained that he was not as strong as usual. When he was just about breathing his last, the physician whispered to a lady at the bed-side: "His looks do not please me." The patient himself avoided the thought of his danger up to the last moment. At last, when he felt death approaching, he confessed to himself that his illness was serious. Then the thought flashed across his soul with lurid vividness, It is death, and he was startled. For a while he struggled with his horror, and sank into the deep unconsciousness of death, imagining that he was gliding into non-existence. His friends stood by amazed and stunned, and now only they ventured to speak of his departure.

Over the fresh mound in the church-yard the winds of night were moving. The dead body lay in the grave, but above it, visible only to spirits, was a human image; it was the shade of the departed, the soul formed of the most subtle ether-essence of creation, emancipated but newly from the last ties which bound it to the body. Into the spirit of the departed, consciousness had returned, and he imagined he had passed through a profound dream. At first he thought he had only dreamt about dying, but soon he recognised great and frightful changes. "Is it possible," he said, "there is another life after all? I never believed it. But all the better, as I made the best of the first world." His thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of a spirit, in whose countenance sublime solemnity blended with sorrow and love. "Thou hast left earth, O son of Adam," he said, "and God has transplanted thee into the spiritual world; whither wouldst thou be led?" For a moment the worldling felt disconcerted, but soon, with pretended calmness, he replied, "I am most pleasantly surprised by your polite address. Formerly I heard persons threaten people of my disposition with the punishments of hell, and I am glad now that I never gave way to their vulgar and clumsy superstitions. You ask me to choose the place of my abode. If I am allowed to choose, I would remain on earth. I should like to look after my estate; to see my old friends; but it would be cruelty to them after all to torment them at their parties; besides, it would not do at all. I am too generous to inflict an unwelcome presence, and therefore lead me into the better world."

The Genius replied: "The better world is large. In the Father's house are many mansions. You must be more definite." "Well," was the somewhat hesitating reply, "bring me into the most cheerful and joyous heaven." But to this the Spirit answered: "The most joyous and glorious heaven is above, in the eternal city of God, in the new Jerusalem, where Jesus dwells, and the perfect just praise his name." "No," said the worldling, with the expression of decided aversion, "I never liked to hear about Jesus; and as for the sentimental mystics who can find pleasure in hymn-singing, they were always my detestation. No, Spirit; it would be frightful to spend an eternity with the saints. May I suggest the abode of artists?" "There above is the highest perfection, of which all art is but a symbol: they see God with a pure heart; they are filled with his love in the glory of Christ, in fellowship with the blessed, and the contemplation of his works." "I don't mean such artists," interrupted, somewhat impatiently, the departed; "I mean men of high rank and spiritual cultivation." The Genius said: "There above is true nobility—purity. All who lived as servants of God upon earth, are princes and kings in the new world. But the godless are regarded by us as the true mob, the base sediment of humanity. Nor do we regard as spiritual the people who gained the admiration of mortals by their proud and glittering words, but all who were poor in spirit, and obtained the Spirit of God through Christ, who was anointed with the Spirit for the humble. They lived not in the flesh, did not lose themselves in mere words; they found life in the deepest fountains of life. With Jesus you will find noble and spiritual men!" "How is it you do not understand me?" again asked the Christless soul. "I want educated men; men of culture, polish." The guide looked at him calmly and said: "Educated, cultivated, polished! We mean by this, men in whom the image of God is restored, who reflect his righteousness, love, and peace; who have been educated by him, and delivered from all selfishness and impurity." "I think you just want to annoy me; but I won't enter into your mysticism. To be quite plain, I want men of honour." But the solemn voice was lifted up: "What is honour? Honour is the splendour of the Lord. Whoever has received aught of his glory; whoever, in the brightness of God's truth sees the truth, in the brightness of God's love returns his love, in the brightness of his holiness hates sin, he is a man of honour. On earth we see the rays of God's glory scattered; here they are gathered together, and God's honour rests as a crown of glory upon all who ascribe glory to him and the Redeemer. In the New Jerusalem are the

men of honour; their countenances shine as the sun; they have love, truth, and joy."

The worldling began now to give vent to his indignation: "Narrow-minded clique! Priest-ridden mystics! Hierarchical despotism! Bring me to people of my stamp!" The Spirit again addressed him: "You are excommunicating yourself from every circle of blessedness. But if you want to see narrow-minded people, look down, and follow me to your own place."

Now the dead man noticed, that they were soaring through the space between earth and the stars. His own native city appeared to him as a dwarfish village, with a few miserable huts, and it seemed almost ludicrous that he should have spent his life in the merest trifles and externalities on such a petty platform. They were now passing a golden star, and he saw sublime, transfigured beings, fair children of men, full of life and majesty; and he heard music, which reminded him of the music of the great old masters, and yet was quite different, hymns full of quiet peace and intense love. But he recoiled from it, and as if driven by an inward force of repulsion, he sank into a deeper, darker region. "Whither are we going?" he asked his mysterious companion. "I am not guiding you; you are driven as a bird by his instinct to the land of your choice."

They had now come into a place of darkness, and the good Spirit was about to return. Two misshapen spirits saluted the new arrival, and calling him by a name significant of his former sins, claimed his acquaintance. "No," cried the stranger, "I never was such a character; these are libels; is there no protection here against such calumnies?" But the Genius explained: "The righteousness of the law on earth was founded on the morality of the honest, and their morality had its foundation in the godliness of the pious, whom you despised. The sources of morality and righteousness on earth are the hearts who have received the blessings from above, and become the salt of the earth. They cannot follow you into your night. You would hate and mock them as you used to do. Do not expect quietness and order in the region of selfishness unrestrained."

"Now you speak plain," blasphemed the godless soul; "you evangelical, ethereal, white, seraphic abomination, I have come to the regions of hell, but do you mean, that these vile criminals are my equals?" "They are your equals," was the answer. "The spirit, who claimed thee, was a coarse pleasure-seeker. You were a refined pleasure-seeker. Here we lay stress on the substantive not the adjective, the substance not the form. Here are all who sought, loved, and served self, and not God."

"What is the use of arguing with you that this is not the land of my choice? What am I to do in this darkness, this miserable wilderness? What parched ground! What a wretched climate! What a place for a man accustomed to parks and drawing-rooms and beautiful ladies!" But the good Spirit interrupted his wild exclamations, and said in a tone, in which sublime indignation was blended with the saddest meekness: "All beautiful places in the Father's house are occupied by good spirits. They praise the Lord. You do not choose their company. Therefore you have come to this uttermost darkness, where there is howling and gnashing of teeth. Do you ask, Why the godless have not a better place? As the heart is, so the man; as the man, so his abode. Is your heart like a beautiful valley, where God's planting prospers, a valley of humility basking in the sunshine of his love? Your heart is dark and restless, so is your abode without light and full of tempest. Do you not see the reason of this? On earth blessing and curse dwell together, light and darkness; God's people and the wicked are in conflict. The sun shines on the just and the unjust; the influence of light and love pervades the whole. But here is the land of separation. Heaven is the earth freed from evil. And evil is absent, because the evil ones are banished. In hell is earth delivered from the good, it is the sediment of earth; the blessings which resulted from the existence of the heavenly-minded on earth, have departed with them. Even your small earth had its Siberias; you might have inferred thence larger realms of banishment. As a man of science, you knew of planets covered with dense cloud-masses and swept by fierce hurricanes; you might have inferred that God had prisons and dungeons for the despisers of his majesty—that prisons and punishments on earth were types of higher and more fearful relations. Men punish not from cruelty, but justice; but men are not more just than the Lord. According to the sentence of the majesty of God, go to your own place!"

The good Spirit soared aloft into the region of light. But the worldly man fell into deep darkness, and was surrounded by sounds, which were now like laughter, now like moaning, now like shrieks of despair and rebellion, now like a murmur of mockery and scorn. It was like the tumult of war, the confusion of angry crowds, the wild excitement of intoxicated voluptuaries—and yet like the silence of death.

When we hear and speak of eternal life, let us first see that we understand what life is. He that believeth in Jesus hath life, and he that believeth not, is dead while he liveth.

THE TRIAL SERMON.—By M. C.

CHAPTER III.

During the many days of his mother's illness, Kenneth never once thought of the work that was lying undone; the work which, if not done within this week, must cost him so dear!

At last, in the quiet evening, after a long day of hopeless suffering, they heard the words spoken that have so often thrilled with joy through sinking hearts, and brought back the brightness to households whose light seemed to be extinguished for ever,—"The worst is over; she will live." Then, as, hour after hour, Kenneth sat holding his mother's hand, scarcely daring to move lest he should waken her from the sleep that was bringing her back to life and health, he remembered, for the first time since that night when he had laid down his pen to tell her of his pleasant news, that his time of preparation was almost over. Only two days were left to him; if he were not ready then, his hopes of future success were all gone;—he could not pass his examination; he could not receive license; and in addition to the loss of the only living that for years would in all probability be offered to him, his ill-paid work of teaching must support his family for another year. Besides all this, he knew well that a stigma most difficult to get over always rested on the name of any student who, from any cause except severe illness, failed to come forward at his appointed time; that this stigma was always coupled with that name, whenever it was mentioned for preferment. In short, he felt that to lose the year, or to come forward with his preparations imperfectly and hurriedly got over, would be almost certain ruin to all his hopes; and yet he saw that from the long delay which had occurred, the anxiety which still weighed him down about his mother, the nervous and worn-out state in which he was, amounting to positive illness; with the utter confusion and absence of quietness at present in the house, his task was almost, if not entirely, beyond his power.

His anxiety, which had been so entirely put aside for the last five or six days, was, when the truth burst upon him, almost more than he could bear. He could not, even for those days, give up his teaching. He had been only too neglectful of his pupils lately. No; he must go to each one, and give each his full time. His hours for study then were very few. Poor fellow! could it be wondered at that he even grudged the hours spent in watching his mother's long, long sleep? It was true he had, as all students have, several sermons already written; but I have mentioned his morbid dissatisfaction with all his own work, and in his rather peculiar circumstances, his sermons, he felt, ought to be much better than those ordinarily delivered. He could not deliver any of these rude juvenile productions. It was quite impossible.

Then, sitting in the darkened room, he tried to think over his subject, but it was in vain. His thoughts immediately wandered to the pale sleeping form beside him, and the very anxiety he was in distracted his attention. How long she slept! How rapidly the striking of one hour seemed followed by another! How few would soon be left to him! At last the nervous irritation became so great, that almost unconsciously he said aloud,—"She would not have wished me to stay by her if she had known my difficulty."

His sister, Bessie, from the chair beside the fire, where she had thrown herself to try to get a little sleep to fit her for the next day's duty, roused by the words so distinctly heard in the still room, stood instantly by his side.

"Wished what, Kenneth?" she said in a startled voice.

"I did not mean to disturb you, poor Bessie; but I cannot remain here longer. You know how important my work is just now for all of us; and how much time I have lost. Do you think you could take my place without wakening her?"

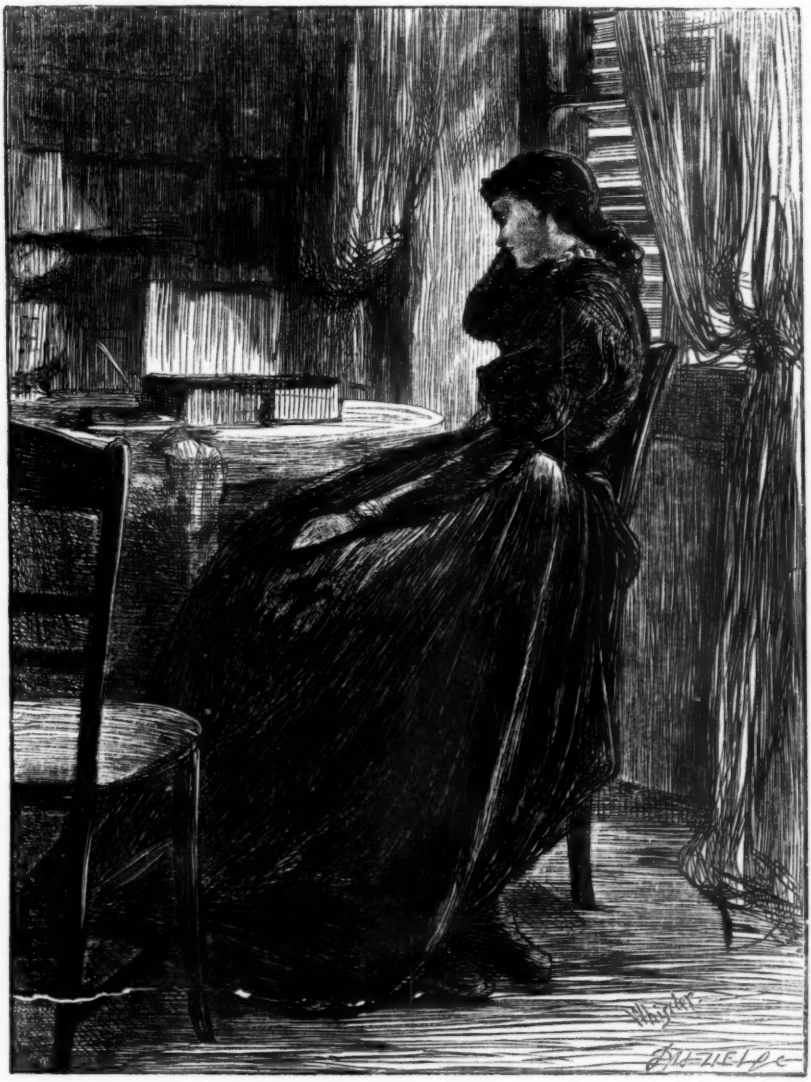
"I'll try, Kenneth," said the wearied girl; and gently she tried to unloose the clasp of her mother's hand,—who at the touch started, moved uneasily, and whispered her boy's name, "Kenneth, Kenneth;" then the hand was gently folded over Bessie's, and the quiet sleep returned.

Poor Kenneth! he felt almost sorry, as he looked at Bessie's anxious face, pale as the one she was watching so tenderly, but it could not be helped; he was doing what he felt to be best for all of them. Then thinking how much more than ever his mother would need all the comforts he could give her, he sighed, and turning away, shut himself up in his room and began his task. But how hard he found it! His head throbbing, his pulse beating feverishly, and his whole body trembling; he could not think. He felt as if his brain were wandering: he remembered that horrible feeling once before in the height of the delirium of a fever. No wonder, he had not slept or tried to sleep for more than forty-eight hours, and, never very strong, he was now really ill from long-continued want of rest and agitation of mind.

When the morning broke, his task was scarcely begun, and yet he must leave it. His round of

teaching must begin. This was the morning of the day which finished by his being kept two hours later than usual at Mr. Huntly's house. He had snatched an hour or two at noon, and shutting himself up, he had written a part of his sermon. His hand trembled as he wrote; and very haggard and worn he looked when he came into his mother's room, before he set out for his evening's work.

It has been necessary to tell all this to account



for Kenneth's exceeding desire to be home early on this special night. But he had been disappointed; for it will be remembered that when we parted from him it was long past eleven o'clock, and he had not yet reached his own home.

Knowing all these circumstances, it will not be wondered at that the sound of music and dancing which he heard as he entered the street was not congenial to his present state of mind; we may even forgive the impatience of his manner to

his sister, who, at the first sound of his footstep outside on the pavement, had started up, and holding the door open in her hand, eagerly asked him how he had been detained so very late.

Poor Bessie, she was a good sweet-tempered girl, and her brother was very fond of her; but there were times when, from a want of tact, she ruffled him sadly.

On an occasion like this Lena would have understood far better what would be pleasant to him. Anything she did for him would have been done quickly and silently; and seeing, as she would have done by a glance, that he wished for nothing so much as quiet, she would immediately have left the room.

But Bessie, on the contrary, overwhelmed him with questions which he could not answer; pressed him to take food which he felt would have choked him; and received all his somewhat impatient answers with imperturbable good temper; only following up each with some new question. To-night, poor thing, she felt so happy at the thought of her mother's convalescence, that she was even more talkative than usual, and she seemed quite to have forgotten that Kenneth had anything to do except to talk to her.

"What has kept you so late, Kenneth?" she began. "You must be thoroughly worn out."

"I am, indeed, Bessie, and I haven't a moment's time for rest either. I must work this whole night."

"You can't do that; you must go to bed."

A smile passed over Kenneth's face—not a pleasant smile, as he impatiently repeated her words, "Must go to bed, Bessie; you don't know what you are saying. It is simply impossible for me to go to bed to-night."

"You would have been better not to have remained so late out."

"You talk, Bessie, as if I had stayed out from choice."

"Oh, I don't mean that you were doing any wrong by staying out."

The unpleasant smile passed again over Kenneth's lip, as he coldly replied, "I should rather think not."

"But you might have told them you were busy," persisted Bessie.

"Told who I was busy? It isn't my way to tell anybody much about myself."

"I could not help you, could I, Kenneth? I am not tired. If I could do anything."

Kenneth was touched by this, and by the sight of the gentle, anxious face of his sister. "No, dear, you could do nothing. Poor Bessie, you are thoroughly worn out, I'm afraid. You are not required to sit up to-night, I hope?"

"No; at least only for an hour or two."

"Well, dear, good-night; we must hope for better times. I wish I could see you looking stronger." He hoped her next words would be "good-night" too.

"I cannot go, Kenneth, till you have had some food. I do not think you have almost tasted anything to-day."

"I couldn't, Bessie; don't bring it; it would be impossible."

She looked so vexed that he added, "Unless, dear, you could bring me a strong cup of tea; but it would be troublesome to get that just now, wouldn't it?"

"Not in the least; I'll get it instantly;" and she left the room to prepare the tea, thinking, poor thing, in her innocence, that she was preparing some nourishment for her brother.

In a few minutes she returned with it; but still she would not leave him till she had seen him, much against his will, force some more solid food down his throat. Then she had a good many little preparations to make for his comfort—coals to heap on the fire, books and papers to arrange, etc., etc., all of which she went through with considerable noise and bustle.

At last, to his great relief, mingled with regret for feeling relieved, she came up and interrupted him in the middle of a somewhat elaborate sentence to say, "Good-night."

In two minutes more he had the satisfaction of hearing the door close behind her, and her footsteps retreating in the direction of her mother's room.

Then he was alone, and his work began in earnest. All that night he wrote. In the morning, there was scarcely strength in his fingers to grasp the pen; but the sermon lay finished on his desk before him; and Bessie found him, when she entered the room early in the morning, still sitting in the position in which she had left him; only now his head lay resting on his folded arms on the desk, and he had fallen asleep with utter exhaustion.

Without waking him, she began to employ herself in putting the room in order, gathering up the papers, and the numerous books that lay scattered about.

An accidental touch of her hand awoke him. He started up, and on first seeing her a look of alarm crossed his face. Then he called out impatiently, almost angrily, "What have you done with all my books? You have confused everything. Oh, Bessie, can't you let things alone?"

Poor Bessie! she had wanted to make the room more comfortable for him, and a tear started to her eye, partly caused by the unkind tone of her brother, and partly by a shadowy, indistinct wonder, why all her efforts to make people comfortable often only resulted in making them angry.

Kenneth saw the tear, and it went to his heart. He had not meant to be unkind; but in his sudden annoyance at not seeing his books, which he particularly wished untouched this morning, he had spoken harshly.

"Bessie," he said, "I forgive me, I am afraid I often speak to you unkindly. God knows I don't mean it. But I scarcely know what I am doing just now; I feel so ill,—so worn out. Oh, if I could only get one day of quietness!"

Bessie was far too good-tempered and unselfish to keep up any remembrance of the harsh words to herself. She forgot them all as she looked on the tired face of her brother. She only whispered, "Never mind, Kenneth, what you say to me. You have enough to think of and to harass you without that;" and as she turned sadly from him, and left the room to prepare the family breakfast, her thought was not of herself but of him. "Only twenty-eight! poor Kenneth! what hard work he

must have had! How very grey his hair has become lately!"

Bessie had too much charge—too much to do for other people just now to think of herself or her own feelings. It supplied her for the time with all the tact she needed.

Kenneth's trial sermon lay, as I have said, finished on the desk before him, and it needed only a little more time to complete his preparations; but as he went out, after a pretence of taking breakfast, and a hurried visit to his mother's room, to begin his day's work by keeping his appointment with Mr. Huntly's boys, he looked even more troubled and uneasy than he had been the day before.

His manner was nervous and agitated; his eye restless and sunken, and his whole appearance gave evidence of some deep anxiety weighing on his mind. Added to this there was an expression about the mouth that was not usually there—a hardness and an obstinacy very unlike his true character. When the little boys met him in the school-room they were almost frightened by his look, and exchanged looks of alarm as they thought of their unprepared lesson. They had just turned out of bed when the servant announced that Mr. Graeme had come.

They need not have been afraid. Whatever expression was in his face, Mr. Graeme was very patient, very gentle with them during the hour that followed. "Not the least cross whatever we said," as the boys confidentially agreed afterwards. It was a sore trial of temper—that hour—to both teacher and scholars; but Kenneth's skill and patience conquered at last, and the lesson was satisfactorily finished.

Fred and George were saved a severe beating by their tutor's kindness; and they were taught another lesson this morning besides the Latin verb—a precious heart-lesson, which, let us trust, they did not soon forget. Verily, Kenneth Graeme, you will have your reward.

How slowly the hours passed this day! How irksome to Kenneth was his daily round of duty! How he longed for a little rest from the ceaseless labour! Very pale and wearied he looked as he hurried along the brightly-lighted streets at the close of his busy day; yet there was a lightness in his step now that carried him quickly on.

Occasionally a gleam of happiness stole over his troubled face; but it was only for a moment; the restless, anxious look kept always returning, and became more and more fixed there as he drew near the end of his walk.

His way lay through some of the worst streets of the city, and Kenneth was too anxious to escape from the horrid sights and sounds that met him on every side, not to walk as rapidly as possible.

But there was something else than this that quickened his steps now, and made him grudge every moment he spent on the way. Where was he going? To his own home? No; to a home even smaller and poorer than that—the home of her whom he loved beyond all the world—her whom he thought of, watched over, and prayed for, as his future wife.

How short a time had he been able to snatch from all his duties to spend with her! How quickly it always passed! yet what rest and hope and strength her presence gave him! She would be waiting for him now,—thinking of him,—longing for his coming. No wonder that he hurried on. And yet look at his face again; he is not happy? Even the thought of her cannot banish that expression of pain.

Once only on his way he stopped. Passing by an old book-stall, where he had spent many a stray five minutes in the too often vain search for some necessary addition to his scanty library, he remembered that he owed some trifling sum of money to the old man to whom the stall belonged, and unwilling to allow even so small a debt to stand, he went up to him, saying, "Here, Jacob, I think I owe you five shillings; there it is."

"Was't five shillins, are ye sure, maister? I thocht it had been threepence mair nor that?"

"Perhaps it was," said Kenneth, anxious to get on; "there 's threepence more. It is right now isn't it?"

"I dinna ken for certain; it's no right gin it wis just the five shillins, and I'm no sure but what it was just the five shillins nate."

"Well, never mind, take the threepence, I have no time to wait."

"Na, na, maister," said the cautious old Scotchman; "I'll no tak but what's my ain; but gin ye'll wait a minute, I'm thinkin' I suld hae a bit note o't." And, so saying, the old man got down slowly from his seat, and deliberately putting on a pair of spectacles, disappeared in search of the important document.

This was more than Kenneth's patience could stand, and he was turning away hastily from the stall, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a young, fair-haired boy, in very shabby clothes, who was standing eagerly turning over the leaves of a well-worn Greek Testament. Apparently the book satisfied him, for he laid it down with a bright smile, and putting his hand into his pocket drew out a few coppers which he counted anxiously, and then held in his hand till the old man returned.

"I've got sixpence, will that do?" he called out as soon as he appeared.

"For yon book in the furrin tongue? Na, yon's no gaun for less nor a shillin'."

Poor boy, his countenance fell as he heard the hopeless price that was expected. How long it had taken him to save even the small sum he possessed! Perhaps he had had dealings at the same stall before, and knew the uselessness of any attempt to bring down the sum named; at any rate he did not try; he did not speak at all, but as he laid down the book, and turned away, Kenneth noticed him quickly brush away a tear with his threadbare jacket sleeve.

"I *should* feel for you, poor fellow," thought Kenneth. "I wonder what he wanted with that Testament. I'm poor enough myself, God knows, and miserable enough; but if sixpence will make that poor child rich and happy, he shall have it;" and he laid his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, as he passed him, saying, "Here, my boy, did you want that book? take it, if you like, and pay for it with that." Then hastily he threw the sixpence on the counter and hurried off, vexed even at the momentary delay.

Kenneth Graeme, you have brightened another young heart to-day, and that when your own heart was very heavy—when your own thoughts, and your own pressing cares for yourself and those dearest to you, were almost more than you could bear. In your time of trial, when you "would do good" but "evil is present" with you—when in the struggle to do right your spirit faints and is ready to sink, then may some guiding hand be sent to help you, even as you have lent a helping hand this day.

Kenneth Graeme and Joanna Douglas had been engaged for three years. Since the hour when Kenneth first told her his love in the simple words, "Will you wait for me, Joanna, my love, my friend?" how faithfully and lovingly true these two had been to each other!

Through all the troubles and anxieties of their lives, this love had flowed on clear and bright, like a silvery moonlighted stream through a landscape of shadowy hills; separate from all else, yet interwoven with the very being of each—hidden, it might be, at times, by the dark shadows surrounding it, but never lost—always flowing on, pure, deep, and quiet, and suddenly and surely gleaming out again—gladdening, and making the whole inner life beautiful with its soft, trembling light.

Eagerly, and often hopefully, they looked together into the future, trying to picture to themselves a time when, all difficulties cleared away, they should reach the end for which each was striving, each was working, each was living; for hard as Kenneth's work and life had been, and still was, it was equalled, if not surpassed, by Joanna's. It would have been far indeed beyond her strength, had it not been the supporting power of her deep, passionate love for him—more self-sacrificing than his, because of her woman's nature—more undivided, because she had neither father, mother, nor sister to share it with him.

"What a foolish engagement! it can never come to anything," so the world would have said, had it known of this one, or thought it worth a remark; but the world knew nothing of it—nobody knew anything of it except Kenneth's mother and sisters.

Joanna had been the only child of a poor professional man. At the age of seventeen she was an orphan, with no means of living except by work, and no relation whose assistance she felt a right to claim.

Since then she had lived alone, and worked constantly, patiently, and conscientiously, without envy of others, without repining at her own lot—a pure, honourable, independent, but at times a sad enough life for any woman. It had once been so to Joanna. Now the sadness was gone; she had something to live for.

On this evening she was sitting alone in her little parlour. She had returned, as her custom was, from the school where she was employed all day, to a small lodging where she lived, in a quiet, suburban street, away from any of the fashionable thoroughfares of the city.

She preferred the short time this gave her of uninterrupted solitude and freedom, to the more comfortable but also more dependent plan of living with her employer. These evening hours were very precious to her, brightened as they often were by thoughts of *him*, sometimes even by his presence and companionship.

A very small and shabbily furnished room it was when first she took possession of it; but she had occupied it now for several years, and it was beginning already—from her taste in arranging the few unexpensive ornaments she possessed, the little bookcase, Kenneth's gift, at a time when actual poverty had not pressed on him so hardly—her old and well-used piano—and the white muslin curtains giving an air of lightness and freshness to the whole—to wear something of the pleasant home look, in which lies all the charm of a room, and of which none, however plain, need be destitute, if a lady is the occupant.

Let us for a moment look at Joanna as she sits there. She is evidently too intently occupied just now to observe us. From her appearance her age must be about twenty-four. A slender girl of middle height, with a slight stoop—that stoop which gives an effect of langour, not of heaviness. It is scarcely observed just now, for she is bending over a well-worn, old-fashioned desk, busily engaged in writing; but in a few minutes, at the sound of a step outside, she will rise from her seat, and then it will be well seen, telling too plainly of days and nights of far harder work than the poor girl has strength for. Still there is a certain grace about the figure in spite of this defect, and in spite of the very moderate display of all such fashionable disguises as rank under the comprehensive name of crinoline. On most people the old and well-worn black silk dress she wore, with its plain, untrimmed skirt hanging in soft loose folds about her, and the little frill of lace round her throat, fastened with a small mosaic brooch (her only ornament), would have been pronounced decidedly shabby and unbecoming. On her by some magic influence, I know not what unless it was the complete harmony of every feature, every expression, and every movement, this dress seemed more becoming, more in character with the style and position of the wearer than any she could have chosen. Her head was small and well formed, and the soft fair hair sloped gracefully back from her forehead, and was twisted up and fastened behind without any ornament.

The face, like Kenneth's, would at first sight have been called rather plain, for it was colourless and thin; and the features, though far from coarse, certainly irregular—some decidedly bad. Yet it was a sweet face, with its large dreamy eyes—its thoughtful, ever-changing expression—a face, if once seen, not easily forgotten—very easily loved. Wanting as it was in all beauty of form or colour, I have seen it look strikingly beautiful. It was not difficult to perceive, from the quiet strength of will that was written in every line of it, what was the attraction that drew Kenneth Graeme, with all his more brilliant talent, so closely to this young girl. She has always rather an anxious expression, but at this moment she looks even more than usually careworn. Kenneth's difficulties and troubles are lying heavily on her mind. She is exhausted, too, by her work. Since she came in at seven o'clock she has had no rest. Her evening hours are too precious to lose; she

is too eager about what she is at present occupied with to let them pass unemployed. It is nearly nine o'clock now, and for the last two hours she has been writing on rapidly, without stoppage or interruption. She has been engaged for months at this tale. It is now nearly finished; but it is almost her first attempt—she is as yet unknown as a writer—it is the production of the few hours only that she could spare from her regular hard day's work—she feels painfully how ignorant she is of much that would have made her task more easy—and, as it draws to a close, the high hopes with which she began it are fast dying away. She feels that there is scarcely a chance of its success.

And yet at times the thought would come—Perhaps she might succeed;—some one might like the tale;—she had put out all her strength, and much wearing thought on its creation;—every feeling it expressed she knew was real. If she did, what a reward for all the labour would be the joy of telling him!

Wearily the little white hand moved over the paper. Her cheek had become pale and thin, and the soft dreamy eyes sunken and dim with the excitement of the long-continued mental strain; but still she wrote on, unconscious of all the toil, —unconscious of everything, except the absorbing interest that carries her on in her work, and an occasional thrill of wondering joy and gratitude that even the slightest touch of such a power had been given to her. Very, very slight indeed she felt it to be, as compared with the gifts of others.

How valueless in itself, yet how precious to her, was that pile of manuscript! What would Kenneth think of it? By means of the little talent, was it not possible that she might make something that would help him—that would bring the time nearer, when, the lonely working over, they might begin at last to work together?

As she looked at it, a flush of innocent triumph brightened for a moment the anxious face, her pen was laid down, and resting her head on her hand, she gave herself up for a minute to the thought of that time and the quiet happy life that would lie before them.

Then she began to wonder whether he would come that night. He had half promised, but this was his last night for preparation, and she feared he could not have time. She knew how sorely pressed and agitated he had been during the past week, and how much more than ordinarily anxious he was about the next day. He had looked ill the last time she saw him. Then as he did not come, as it became too late to expect him, she grew uneasy about him. She remembered that he had promised to come and read his sermon to her, and he had not appeared. Could it be that he was not ready —that he was still struggling on at his work—surrounded by confusion and noise in the house, and that inward vexing confusion of mind that made thought an impossibility?

So Joanna was sitting in her room, her head shaded by the position of the lamp, bent down, listening for some signal of his coming, when Kenneth Graeme reached the end of his walk, and, with a rapid glance up at the little window that he knew was hers, passed from the street into the long dark close.

In a minute more she has heard the step on the outside, and the anxious expression is gone. She never mistakes that quick, nervous tread; and as she started up to meet him, a gleam of joy lighted up the quiet colourless face. She looked almost beautiful then, standing waiting for him, with that soft light in her eyes. Kenneth thought so at least, as, when they met, he bent for a moment over the slight drooping figure, and, as he felt his love and his relation to the lonely girl gave him right, once gravely and tenderly kissed her.

She glanced up anxiously at his troubled face, saying eagerly, "Kenneth, have you finished it? Is everything ready?"

"Yes, I am quite ready, love. But I was up very late last night," he added quickly. "Don't wonder that I look a little worn out; it's only my last week's anxiety."

He wished to get this said at once; he could not bear that Joanna should question him about the trouble he feared was in his face.

She saw at once that he wished no remark to be made upon it, and, trying to look cheerful, said, "Have you brought it? You said you would."

"Yes. I thought, perhaps, Joanna, you would like to hear it."

"I should, very much. Is that it? Give it me for a moment in my hand."

He slightly hesitated, then gave it to her. She took it from him, holding it lovingly and proudly. How secure she felt that she should admire it. How she longed to hear him read it!

He watched her for a minute, smiling somewhat sadly at her trusting innocent admiration; then he held out his hand to take it from her; but not observing the movement, she continued turning over the leaves of the little manuscript.

"Surely, Kenneth," she said, suddenly, "you have been dreadfully worn out when you wrote it. How your hand has shaken. Even I could scarcely read it. I cannot bear it, dearest. You are hurting yourself with this extreme anxiety. It is not necessary. How I wish it was over!"

Kenneth's face flushed deeply as he said, in an impatient tone, "Not more than I do, Joanna; but give me the sermon if you want to hear it read. I do not see really that the writing is more indistinct than usual."

Joanna looked up, surprised at the tone of his voice; and without speaking, at once handed the manuscript to him. He had never spoken to her in that tone, but she put aside the momentary vexation it had caused her, by the thought of how much he had to irritate and annoy him. It was no wonder that he spoke impatiently; and quietly pushing aside her desk, she drew the lamp close to Kenneth's side, and taking a little piece of work in her hand, she seated herself opposite to him and listened.

It was truly a striking sermon—high and pure in conception, and beautiful in language. Very soon the neglected work fell from Joanna's hand, as, bending eagerly forward, she gazed with an earnest, loving, wondering delight into the face of the reader.

And how well Kenneth read it. How deeply he seemed himself to feel; how clearly and fully to impart the meaning and importance of what he

said. How brightly the fire of intellect flashed from his eyes. Joanna had never seen him look like this before. How the dark rough face lighted up with expression, showing the deep feelings that were being stirred in him. Rapidly its changes came and went, now flushing to crimson and next moment fading to a deadly paleness, till, as the reading drew near the close, she was almost frightened by the intense depth of feeling it revealed.

CHAPTER IV.

At last the end came—the concluding sentence was read; with a hand trembling from excitement, Kenneth folded his manuscript, and, throwing himself back exhausted on his chair, silently, almost breathlessly, waited for Joanna to speak.

The contrast was strong between these two at that moment. She, with her quiet fair face flushed with happiness and pride, looking up reverentially and lovingly into his. How very pale and weary it was!

For a minute or two after he had finished she sat still, leaning forward on the table, her hands folded loosely together, speechless with delighted surprise, entranced with the powerful eloquence of his words; then, as if speaking half to herself, she said in a low tremulous voice, "It 's very fine—very beautiful."

"You like it then, do you, Annie?" he said, wearily.

"Kenneth, you need not ask me that. There's only one thing I do not like about it. What work it must have cost you! It is far too good. No wonder that you are feeling ill. Writing a few more such sermons under the difficulties you had last week would kill you."

"You are right in that, Joanna," he answered bitterly. "It has cost me hard work."

Without noticing the change in his tone, she went on cheerfully, "It won't be necessary though to preach such sermons always; something simpler and plainer would even be better understood by the country people. But, oh, I am so glad that one will be fully understood and appreciated, I can scarcely grudge your labour."

His look of trouble and annoyance increased as he said, coldly, "I see you are determined to believe that I am unable to write another sermon as good. I did not expect you would have shown so much surprise at this one being passably well written."

Joanna started. "Kenneth," she said, gently, "you don't mean that?"

Poor girl, she was very much hurt by the unkind words. This was the second time to-night she had unconsciously vexed him. For him to speak harshly to her! She could not understand it; it was so unlike Kenneth.

As she glanced up again timidly to the face that till now had never looked on her but with tenderness and love, that in every sorrow had always brightened at her presence, she was struck at once by the extreme suffering written in every feature. It was not, she felt sure, either overwork or anxiety which had so altered its expression, so deeply lined the forehead, and given such a sunken yet restless look to the eyes. No, it could not be. She was convinced that some positive heavy trouble lay on his mind at this very moment; something he was concealing from her. She could be deceived no longer; the truth was forced on her mind more strongly the longer she looked at him. Suddenly starting up, forgetful of his harsh words to herself, remembering nothing but that *he* was suffering, desiring nothing but to help him, to lift at least a part of its weight from him to herself, she said earnestly, "Kenneth, what is it you are concealing from me? There is something. Tell me, dearest; surely I have a right to know. Oh, let there be no secret between us two."

Kenneth's brow darkened; but his voice was still cold and constrained, as he answered, "I do not understand you, Joanna? Why do you suppose I have anything to conceal from you? You seem bent to-night on saying things to irritate me. Everybody has little trifling annoyances that one never thinks of mentioning. If there were anything you could help me with, or that would do you any good to know, I would tell you at once; but there is nothing."

Poor Joanna! what was it that, while he spoke, made the slight colour fade from her cheek, and filled her eyes with such bitter tears? What was the dim shadow that she saw slowly rising up between them, separating them from each other's love, holding them back from their old heart companionship? What was the thought that was gathering like a cloud, hiding from her the sunshine of all her life? Was it that he was now so immeasurably above her, that he could not even stoop to teach her! Was the difference between them so great, that for her even to understand him was impossible? She knew how far he was her superior in intellect; but could his love for her indeed be growing cold—was it changing to mere protecting friendship and pity for her loneliness?

Poor lonely girl! There is a shadow coming between you, but this is not its form.

As Kenneth finished speaking he rose to go away, adding, "I had no idea how late it was. Good-night, Joanna."

Impatiently pushing the lamp aside, its light happened for a moment to fall full on Joanna's face; and as he caught its sorrowful expression, noticed how dark the circles under her eyes had become, and thought of how lonely, how separated she was from all love but his, and how little he had showed her of it just now, his voice changed, and, holding her hand tenderly in his, he said, "Annie, dearest, try not to think of what I have said to-night. Surely I cannot be quite myself, when I vex you; but I am sorely troubled, Joanna. You are right that between us there should be no secrets; there will, I trust, be no other, but this must remain with me."

"Could I do nothing to help you? Oh, Kenneth, I think if I knew it I could do something to make the trouble lighter, if trouble it be."

His answer came very tenderly, but still very firmly, "Joanna, no one could help me."

He took her hand again before he left her. As she looked up before they parted, their eyes met, and his fell before the earnest, truthful gaze of the woman he loved.

For a moment he hesitated. Must it be henceforward always so? Will he never again be able to meet without shrinking that pure, innocent face—to look fearlessly into the depths of those candid eyes?

Yes; so it must be now, for he has gone too far and risked too much to turn back.

But is there no possible way? Might he not tell her his secret, and still not turn back? He could—or in his present wild dream he thought he could—act a lie before all the world; he had made up his mind to that; but to her?

There is no safeguard for a man so strong as the love of a pure and true woman. Kenneth Graeme found it so this day; prepared to deceive all others, his whole nature recoiled from the thought of deceiving this young, simple girl.

Her hand was still clasped in his. He made her promise that his secret should be between them two for ever; then he told her.

It is over—the words are spoken—the confession made, and again Kenneth and Joanna stand facing one another.

He has told her of his temptation that night; of his struggle to resist it, of his utter failure; of the determination then formed to carry out his sinful plan—to rest his worldly success on a lie; to claim the honour and reputation which he had not toiled for—had not fairly gained, and to purchase worldly goods and worldly position by the sacrifice of honour, conscience, and all inward purity and truth. The sermon he had read, and which Joanna had listened to with such delight, was in all its thought and labour the work of another. Nothing but the words in which he gave it was his own. Could there be a meaner robbery, or a darker deceit than this?

All this story Joanna heard from the lips of the man whom already she had promised to love, obey, and honour, and whom, till now, she had most fully honoured—almost worshipped in her love; and bravely she bore it. Though it fell like a heavy weight, crushing and bruising her, he needed not to fear that she would shrink from him. No; far, far above the sorrow, and the shame, and the bitter disappointment, rose the strong, all-enduring woman's love. That was still unchanged. He had erred, most grievously erred, but it was over. To her he was the same, even nobler than before, for he had wandered to the very mouth of the dark cavern of sin; but there he had stopped. From entering in and following its deceitful windings he had recoiled. Else, surely he would not have told her.

So to Kenneth there was no change in her voice or manner when she first looked up and spoke. Only she was very pale, and her hand shook nervously. Perhaps there was a slight degree more of firmness than usual in the tone in which she said the simple words,—"Kenneth, it must be destroyed at once."

Kenneth let go her hand quickly. "Joanna, what do you mean? What must be destroyed?"

Her voice trembled now. "Kenneth, don't let me have to ask you to do this. Oh, Kenneth, of yourself, of your own will, do it now."

He was first startled, then touched by her beseeching earnestness, but only for a moment.

"Joanna, I will not destroy it—no, not even for you. You do not know what you are asking. Besides, it would make no difference. I know the sermon by heart. I can make use of it without any manuscript, and I will." And as he said the words, his face was very hard and stern.

Bravely had Joanna borne all that had gone before—all her disappointed hopes—the thought of Kenneth's failure—of another year at least of weary waiting—of the small chance he now had of success in his profession, and, worse than all, of the weakness that had led him on so far in sin;—but for these last words she was not prepared. They sank like a cold dead weight on her heart, foretelling a struggle and a sorrow of which she had not dreamed. But once again she tried. Whatever might be his anger, she felt that she could not give up yet.

"Not for my sake, but for the sake of right! Oh, Kenneth, you will do it?"

"It is impossible; the consequences would be utter ruin. Besides," he added, in a gentler tone, "you are looking on it too seriously, Annie, love; it is a common thing. I have only borrowed a few ideas, being myself pressed for time. I know I could do good were I in this position,—good far beyond any little ill which, were it not from being over-scrupulous, we would not have thought of at all. Now, Annie, don't fret about it any more."

How unlike this was to the words she had been used to hear from him!

"I cannot understand you, Kenneth. It is not a light thing. Sin is sin, and deception is deception. However you disguise it, to preach that sermon will be preaching, acting a lie."

"A lie!" he repeated angrily.

"Yes. And the man I love—my Kenneth, could not, will not do that. Oh, it would be horrible! I entreat you—give me the sermon, and promise not to use it."

His face had darkened as she spoke. Impatiently he turned back and moved to the door. "Joanna, I wish this matter not spoken of again. You will agree with me, when you have thought of it longer, that I am right in adhering to my plan."

His hand was on the lock; her last chance of saving him was gone. Before he entered that room again, the act would be beyond recal. Has she strength for what must come now? It would be easier, oh, much easier, to give up life itself, than what she gave up by her next words.

"Then, Kenneth, you are not my Kenneth; and we cannot see each other any more."

Kenneth heard the words, but, in his anger and his feverish confusion of mind, their full import was not understood. He was startled by them for a moment, but it was rather the tone than the words themselves that arrested him, that made him turn at once and go back to his place by her side. It was not till he had caught hold of her hand again—how cold it was, the little hand he had so often pressed lovingly in his,—not till he had looked at the quiet face, as full of love as of despair, that the whole truth broke on his mind. Then he seemed to hear the words echoed again and again in his ear, "We cannot see each other any more,"—these words, and nothing beside.

He could have borne Joanna's anger, her upbraiding, even her scorn of his meanness; but this, to be parted from her for ever, this he could not bear. His hand was on the manuscript; he took a step towards the fire; his love was about to conquer after all; but, alas! the demon whisper came again. She cannot be in earnest. It is ruin for yourself and for all that are dear to you if you fail to-morrow. She cannot love you as you love her, if her love does not stand this trial.

"Joanna, let there be no trifling between us. Once for all, Did you mean those words you said just now? You wish me to leave you. Will your love not stand this slight sacrifice of feeling?"

Sadly and wearily she looked up at his face.

"Kenneth, I cannot change my mind. You may not consider that a sin. I do. If you will not give it up, we must part—nay, we are parted—for ever."

The answer roused all the anger of his nature. He only heard the words. He did not see the passionate love that was breaking her heart as she said them. He exclaimed, bitterly, "Then, Joanna, you cannot love me as I have loved you. It was for your sake I did it. You are not worthy of my love. We had better part indeed." And, roughly letting her hand drop, he hurried from the little room down the long stone stair, through the dark passage, and out into the cold, black, stormy night.

Joanna was alone. She heard the door close; she heard the last faint echo of the retreating footsteps, and then she knew that the love, the hope, the joy of all her life was gone from her; gone, never to return.

How cold, how dark, how dreary the little room felt! She looked dreamily round it. There was the chair where he had sat when he had read IT. What? Surely he read something when he sat there. Yes, she remembers it now; and as she remembers, a quiver passes through her frame.

There, in that corner, is the little worn desk, with the written pages of her work beside it. She need work at it no longer. Of what use is it now? There is nobody to care for it or for her. It was done all for him, and he is gone. She will lock it away with that heap of treasured letters. Some day, when years have passed, she will look at it. Perhaps it will remind her that she once was happy.

Hush! What a storm outside! The wind is driving and beating against the window. How it rattles over the roofs of the houses, and sends stones, and chimneys, and railings crashing on the pavement!

It is quieter now; but still the rain falls heavily and pitilessly. She cannot help listening to it.

"Are there many out in this wild night? Where is he? O God, protect him; bring him safe through this and every storm.

"Oh, was it necessary to do this; by my own deed to thrust from me my one love, my only friend, and he so loving, so true, so good; in all but this very good—so far above me."

Were he here again, would she be able to repeat the words? Not by her own strength, for it is all gone. Nothing remains now but the love and the misery. Perhaps if you came back now, Kenneth, you would conquer. Bodily pain and weariness have mastered the strong will that would have hidden her grief; and now, with her head sunk on the table before her, the poor lonely girl is weeping bitter, hopeless tears; weeping, as if she would "weep her whole heart away."

So all through the night Joanna sat, motionless, except for a shiver that passed over her at times, and a start of nervous pain, as the striking of each hour fell sharply on her ear. Every stroke she counted; longing for the morning to come; something to break the horrid stillness; work—anything, would be better than this dull, lonely, heavy misery.

Seven o'clock struck sharply; at eight she must be in her place in her employer's school-room. No allowance was made there for grief and sleepless nights.

Slowly and wearily she rose. As she looked at her face, she was startled by the change that night had made. How wan and aged it had become!

Her hands trembled, as mechanically she fastened the little mosaic brooch in the place where she had so long worn it; it was Kenneth's first gift three years ago. She cannot part with it yet. Just this one day she will wear it; then she must put it away where she can never see it again. She tied on the white straw bonnet with its scanty black trimming, and wrapping the old checked plaid round her, she went down to begin her daily work; the work that must now continue for ever.

She had walked nearly the whole length of the street, when she became aware that some one was coming at a distance behind her. Another footstep besides her own echoed along the pavement. She listened, for the sound seemed to dissipate the oppressive loneliness that surrounded her.

Whoever it is, he is walking rapidly—will pass her soon—he—for it is the quick regular step of a man. All this she notices unconsciously, as one lying in a fever takes note of passing sights and sounds.

But suddenly she stops. Why? What is it that makes her heart beat so wildly; that almost takes away her breath as she listens? The sound has come very near her now. Surely she knows that step. Ay, she has listened and waited, and longed for its approach too often, to mistake it now. It is Kenneth Graeme's step she hears, his strong arm that in another moment is tenderly supporting her, and there is but one voice that could utter the whispered words that now fall on her ear, "Joanna, I have burnt the sermon. Oh, Annie, my love, my darling, can you give me back your love?"

In the gleam that passed over her worn face, he read the answer, "Kenneth, it has never been taken from you; no, not for a moment."

. . . . . .

Kenneth's entrance into the ministry was hardly won, and long delayed, but it came at last. What better preparation for it could he have had than that one night's struggle with temptation—a struggle that made him very tender afterwards with many an erring human soul.

At last, Kenneth Graeme and Joanna Douglas began their work together; they are working still. They have worked long and well. Now they wait together for the time of rest.

OUT AMONG THE WILD-FLOWERS.

BY A POLICE CONSTABLE.

Ye flowers, that are our silent monitors
At every turn along the changing vale,
From spring-time till the waning of the year;
Ye sweetly tinted pictures that illume
The pleasant chapters of the varied book
Wherein the story of man's life is told;
Ye comely playmates of love's tenderlings
When beauty leads them to the smiling fields
Where mirth grows great of heart: ye miniatures
That bring the absent home, and in their sight



Tone down the tribulations of to-day
By speaking of the yesterday of youth,
When all life's glories in the future shone,
And love ne'er looked behind; ye emblems meek
Of all that 's good and glorious in man,
The innocence of infancy, the bloom
And bravery of youth, the graciousness
Of man made just, and resolute, and wise
By light divine, the soul's full eloquence:
Oh! look me in the face, like pleading friends,

That I may read sweet poetry once more,
And dream my sorrows down, while summer draws
My soul towards God in weeping gratitude!
Ye were of Eden in the prime of days,
When innocence and beauty owned the world;
When Adam walked with angels, and sweet Eve
Hushed her glad soul to make love's meaning out.
Through that calm wooing-time in clusters bright,
Ye graced each spot where woman pressed her foot
Upon the grateful earth, as if ye felt
The touch of heaven, and grew quick with soul.
Since then, all through the rolling centuries,
On rugged heaths, on plots of common land,
Far up bleak mountain-paths, and down the lanes
That lead to mill and market, church and school,
Ye come and go, like darlings in our dreams,
Telling us of the grace and bravery
Our parents owned before the tempter came.
How like a child I've yearned to be with you
Out in the wilds where smiling Nature pleads
With more than mother's fervid earnestness,
For me to come and feast with her a while,
To try my power of soul in song and prayer,
And gain a foretaste of far braver life
Than washing earth for gold. She is so good,
So sweetly gracious to the toiling poor,
That in her presence they forgive the rich
And covet wealth no more: they make resolve
That labour shall be honoured in the land,
Nor yet resign his tools; that poverty
Shall learn to frown defiance in the face
Of whining indolence, and exercise
His strength of arm and manliness of mind,
In such wise that all people shall applaud
His growth of dignity. Now, through my tears,
The blessed rain-drops after sorrow's frost,
I'll read those lessons childhood loved so well
And learned so quickly in the merry days
When thoughts were sportive as the squirrels were,
When brown abundance weighed the branches down.
Ye darlings, how my life is changed since then!
What bitter sufferings have come to pass
Through rebel waywardness; and how the weeds
Of sin and sloth have stifled my few flowers!
No more dear mother leads me by the hand
To sunny spots where bees make wealth amain;
No more she sings to me where laughing brooks
Shine bright as virtue's pathway through the world:
She never calls me home at twilight now,
To hold me in the soul-warmth of her love,
And wrap me in her beautiful belief,
And lift me heavenwards, the while her soul
Pleads hopefully, "Oh, Father! make the lad
In goodness resolute, in meekness great."
I feel her fingers 'mongst my hair no more;
Nor hear her chide my disobedience;
She 's gone to rest, and I am grown a man:
But, Heaven help me! I forget the prayers
She taught me kneeling on our cottage hearth.
No more my sisters, coming home from school,
Try races with me up the winding lanes,
That are more beautiful to memory
Than any gardens that I gaze on now:
Their loving-kindness never reaches me;
I cannot catch the burden of their songs.
I never see them when the sun breaks out,
Nor feel them near me when the world goes hard.
In sudden flashes, as loud-laughing Mirth
Plays off the summer sunbeams from his toy
In manhood's wrinkled face, ye flowers reflect
Love's blooming May-time to my memory.
Ye still restore the maiden whom my pride
Crowned queen of beauty in those quiet haunts
That seemed the suburbs of life's capital.
What sweet replies her blushes made to me
The while in playful mood she plucked the flowers
That graced the banks where we made dalliance;
And when I gained her lips, partly by stealth,
Partly by force, that half enraged both hearts,
How pettishly she frayed the flowers to waste,
Making her lap, the while she chided me,
With ruined beauty eloquent as life;
How charmingly her colour went and came,
And what a power of sweetness wrapped her round;
She felt the precious secret was revealed:
And then the love-bird in her bosom raged,
And for a while her soul seemed looking out
To learn my true intent, and so she wept
Delighted with my earnestness of heart.
From then till now, and ever while in life
Her worth and beauty fill the world with flowers.
Now after all the converse of kind looks,
And noble thoughts, and generous desires
That I have held with Beauty, till her soul
Gave silent things the voice of harmony,
And made life leap, for pride, to glorious heights,
Wherefore must I go grieving through the land
For lack of power to make my feelings known?
Ye answer not, but flutter in the breeze,
As lovely fancies charm the damsel's mind
Whose bridal day draws nigh. Ye try by stealth
To pilfer kisses from each other's lips,
And then you hide your faces in the grass,
As petted children in their playfulness,
'Gainst mother's bosom hide their chubby cheeks;
Anon, you seem to hearken for low sounds,
As if some unseen spirit, hovering near,
Were blessing you with promises of showers;
Then, as you turn your faces to the sun,
I see my comely daughter's eyes once more,
She smiles—my heart runs over—how it rains!
My darling, lead me home ere night comes on!
Sweet preachers to the poor and meek of heart,
We owe you deeper thanks, and sweeter songs
Than all the love of genius can frame.
Nought but the earnest purpose of kind hearts,
That in lone places plant forget-me-nots,
Can understand your gentle services:
We bind you on our merry playmates' brows;
Enclose you in our letters to dear friends,
To modulate the harshness of our mood,
And give a tinge of nature to the theme:
We cull you for the bosoms of the Fair
Who hold us captive with their worthiness:
Our sisters shower you on the hero's path,
And weave you into bridal coronals
When bells a-ringing make the vale rejoice:
We bring you from green fields in summer's prime
To place you in the coffins of our dead:
Affection plants you on the narrow mound
'Neath which her treasures lie, and never more
Can aught of earth her aching heart restrain
From tending you in tears, to her you preach
Of Immortality—the prime belief of man.
Darlings, I weary for you when the war
Of dark-browed winter desolates the land
And cheapens labour's strength, when poverty,
Feeble and thinly clad, crawls on his way
Of bygone feasts, when widowed age,
Empty of heart, leans o'er her evening fire
Reading fantastic features, laughing grim,
Among the embers glowing in her grate,
Or watching anxiously the fitful freaks
Of stranger-sign that flutters 'twixt the bars,
And wondering who shall come, so few there are,
Except frail neighbour-folk, to lift the latch
And creak the hinges of her rath-blanched door:
Still, while the soot-flake silently denotes
An early visit from some absent friend,
The poor frail solitary toils and trails
Through dismal scenes of bitter penury
Wherein the constant strife for daily bread
Stifles in human hearts all hopes save one,
The best and latest-born. Now through the gloom
Of want and suffering, the widow sees
Faith's shining Pharos at the harbour mouth,
And, as she nears the haven of repose,
The strength of resignation bears her on
Triumphant o'er the hardships late bewailed;
As children's glances reach their father's face,
Anticipate his goodness, smile expressed,
Accept his promises, and trust his love,

So does the widow's soul approach her God,
And gain a foretaste of the life to come.
Soon as these thoughts o'er weeping grief prevail,
The mirth and greenery of length'ning days
Burst out all beautiful; the brooks get loose,
And scour adown the vale with lusty din
That makes dead things rejoice; bright sunbeams flash
Through grey clouds dancing to the roaring glee
That March makes in the woodlands; then I learn
That Love does Frailty service, as of yore,
Along the byways of this troubled world;
While Patience, with calm looks and purpose clear,
Fosters those buds that spite the howling winds,
The swirling snow-drift, and the withering frost,
Smile where the rays of time-defying Faith
On green slopes fall aslant. Ye cheerful friends,
Let me delighted nurse the flattering thoughts,
Which tell me that the darlings of my heart,
Whom I have laboured for with all my strength,
And fondled till my gladness wept like woe,
Will plant you all around my resting-place
When my day's work is done. Let me hold fast
The sweet assurance that my sufferings
Are good for growth of soul, and give me strength
To labour like a brother for the weal
Of them who lift the tools when I lie down;
So shall their kindness keep my name alive,
Commend my work, and speak of me with pride,
As one who planted flowers in his days.
While human progress marks revolving years,
Continue yet your peaceful influence;
Bid men and maidens love the beautiful,
And emulate each other in those walks
Where loving thoughts flash out in noble deeds;
Uplift your loveliness, serenely sweet,
Above the undergrowth of trailing weeds
That thrives on land neglected.
Farewell! my darlings, night is setting in,
The vespers of the woodland birds are hushed,
The bats are sporting round the abbey walls,
And owlets hoot where lately stockdoves cooed:
Now homely Comfort trims her cottage hearth,
Prepares the evening feast, and trains her thoughts
To welcome Labour coming home to rest.
Farewell! awhile, I'll wander down the vale,
To where my true love waits solicitous,
Straining her heart until it aches again,
Contriving pleasures never found from home.
I'll tell her how you brought life's bygones back,
How bright the waters were, how fresh the fields,
And what a glow of heaven lit the land.
In song and laughter, lusty as of yore,
I'll fling my gladness out, till those I love
Shall stare in mute surprise, as if sweet home
Were brightened by our tenderlings returned,
To tell us of the beautiful domains
Wherein they serve an ever-gracious Lord,
Who gives them leave to visit us in love,
And speak to our vexed spirits of repose.
When wearied beauty falls away to sleep,
I'll make mute record of the faded day,
Its labours and delights; and while I mourn
My having left undone much needful work
The Master bade me do; I'll praise his name,
And thank Him for the sorrows I have known,
Not less than for the joys, which took me forth
To journey in the wilderness where man
Fights for the better life, and works to win
The might of soul which ever magnifies
Our Father's goodness and our Brother's grace.
I'll pray that I may gain in his good time,
A longer and far brighter holiday
In fairer lands than these, 'mongst sweeter flowers.
Where those loved darlings of my manhood's morn,
Who faded as the early blossoms fade
In weeping April's lap, shall welcome me;
That these, for whom I am grown clamorous,
As if God stood far off and saw us not,
Shall follow me when their day's work is done.
There we shall hear the poor made perfect, praise
The mighty wisdom that conceived all good;
The wondrous justice that like vengeance smote;
The yearning mercy that subdued to save,
The love divine that suffered to redeem!
There we shall share the sweet society
Of patriarchs, and prophets, and wise kings
Who laboured to regenerate their race,
And let the promised Christ into men's souls.
There we shall hear the loved of later days,
The saints, and martyrs, patriots, and bards,
And women who went nobly through the world,
Sing loud hosannas to the Prince of peace,
Who could forego those realms of perfect life,
To bear the cross and wear the crown of thorns,
And yield to die a malefactor's death
Between two thieves on bloody Calvary;
And yet, with love too vast for human ken,
Bless them who mocked his awful agony!

W. S. F.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO BARBARY.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

From Gibraltar, a fair wind, in a few hours, carries one from the civilisation and comforts of "the Rock," into the barbarism and dirt of a true Moorish city. The transition is perhaps in no part of the world so rapid or so marked. A forenoon may suffice to enable you to visit the two extremes of civilisation: the highest, as seen in the rocky English camp on the northern side of the Straits; and the lowest in the cities and desolate fastnesses of the wild and lawless sons of the desert on the southern. Hence it is that few tours are more relished by an Englishman.

On a splendid morning at day-break, just as the sun began to display that glorious effulgence of light and beauty which he only unfolds to the sojourners in a southern clime, I started from Gibraltar in a large war steamer, along with one or two companions, on an expedition to the Barbary coast.

Crossing the Straits obliquely amidst a multitude of boats of every description,—from the picturesque lateen to the unpoetical dodger, we entered the Bay of Tangiers, and anchored abreast of the landing-place. The square-built, flat-roofed houses, white-washed to the highest polish, gives one an idea of great cleanliness,—an impression soon to be effaced, for

"Hut and palace show like filthily,
Their dingy denizens are reared in dirt."

This deceptive appearance, however, with the gay and many-coloured consular flags flying at all points, conveys to one a pleasing impression on looking at the town from the water. We lost no time in disembarking.

Once ashore, the first thing to be done was to pass the ordeal of the custom-house, which was as mild an imitation of that bugbear of travellers as I ever had the honour to encounter. The building had little of that magnificence of architecture which we are in the habit of seeing so lavishly bestowed on such structures. It consisted of a wooden shed

thrown up against the town wall, open on two sides, and having, as its only ornament, a venerable Moor, resplendent in turban and hayke of the purest white. He was squatted on a mat at the far end, smoking, with the apathetic countenance of the true oriental, a long pipe, whose immense bowl slowly emitted a white wreath of smoke at a distance of some yards from his person. Before this functionary we were marshalled with our baggage; but, to our surprise, no less than satisfaction, when we gave our keys—the flourish premonitory to a general opening—he graciously waved his hand in token of satisfaction, and permitted us to proceed. Several of the passengers, I suppose in return for the anticipated enjoyment of a few smuggled cigars, went up and saluted him. I was much struck then, as frequently afterwards, with the extreme dignity of deportment manifested by the higher class Moors. Their whole manner and appearance, with their mode of dress, bespeak self-respect, and seem to point to the remembrance of better days. We were next conducted through the gate into the town, passing the walls, on which a few old brass guns were mounted, many of them without carriages, and several touch-hole downwards, but made to show their mouths through the embrasures.

The only hotel in the town available, is a nice clean place—a perfect oasis of purity amidst a desert of dirt—kept by two old Scotch women, whose circumstances at one time, I understood, had been much better. Here we were all comfortably accommodated; and after undergoing the ordeal of examination as to who and what we were—for the discovery of which the worthy hostesses have a peculiar talent, carrying on their researches with a degree of scientific acumen worthy of greater results—we sallied out to inspect the town. Town, I suppose, it must be called, though it presented but few features by which even an analogy to what we are in the habit of terming a town could be established. Streets there were, no doubt; but such streets! Three persons abreast, in most cases, rendered them impassable to a fourth. They possessed almost no paving, unless a succession, at uncertain intervals, of large round stones—whose arrangements seemed to have been intrusted to such movements of ice and water as are supposed to have paved the Highland glens with boulders—could be called such. The houses were so low, that a walking-stick might be made to touch their summits. These dwellings have flat cement roofs, and doors in most cases not over four feet and a half high, out of which, on every side, to your astonishment, the most immense men, by some curiously complicated and but ill-understood mechanical movement, managed to extricate themselves. The Regent Street of this aristocratic city differed little from the smaller thoroughfares, except in being slightly broader, and, if possible, worse paved, and having larger mounds of filth on its surface. In the centre, however, stands an oblong space, called the market-place, where the most heterogeneous collection of human beings it is possible to picture are always to be found. Here also are the principal shops, which differ as essentially from these repositories in more civilized parts of the world as can be conceived. Imagine a small *hole* about six feet square, having its floor raised about four feet from the ground, communicating with the street by a door, the under half of which is kept closed, while the upper serves as window and as means of exit. Hang round this, morocco leather slippers of the brightest hues, pouches of parti-colours, shot-belts, cushions, and pieces of Moorish needlework in the most striking colours and greatest variety of patterns,—all mixed in the most scientific confusion; place in the centre of this space a man of large size, and the darkest olive complexion, seated, as we say, "tailor-ways," and robed in turban and hayke, with white or blue slippers of brightest yellow, and rejoicing in a profusion of beard, which gave him a most sedate and venerable aspect; and, finally, coil a large pipe by his side, from which he ever and anon draws a long cloud, to be expelled in wreaths through the aperture which he faces,—and you have the picture of a Tangiers shop and its contents. But who can convey even an idea of the *omnium gatherum* appearance which the whole contents of these shops have, or the solemn gravity of the owner, who sits all day long in a broiling temperature, and in an atmosphere of smoke, contemplating the small and edifying prospect of filth which his door affords, or the no less sedate countenance of his opposite neighbour, with that air of philosophic meditation which you might have supposed Diogenes to have assumed when in the morning he took his station in his tub? I question whether, from their apathetic appearance, the stimulus of a pin-point entering their flesh (by the way, one of our severest European pains!) would produce in them a greater amount of excitement than would be necessary to request its removal? Nor does this coolness disappear when a purchaser approaches, for they hand youw hat you ask for without moving,—the contracted dimensions of their establishments enabling them, with the aid of a short stick, to reach the utmost limits of their grand saloon; and they smoke away till you examine it and ask the price, which they tell you with an air which too plainly intimates their total indifference to your patronage. As to bringing them down in their prices, that is too ridiculous to attempt, as they will slowly shake their heads, replace the articles, and smoke on. If you offer for nothing more, and move away, you generally get a grunt of recall to inspect the contents of a tin canister, which they produce with great care and submit to your approval, evidently impressed with the idea, that it is impossible for you to resist their charms. These much-prized articles consist of diminutive bottles of otto of roses, of pure Turkish manufacture; so pure, that it is said many thousand roses are necessary to produce *one drop*. These little bottles generally are so great a temptation, that they fetch their own price, which is no trifle.

In the market-place, a perfect world presents itself for study and amusement. First of all comes the diversity of men and costumes. Men (for few women are there seen) of every clime and complexion wade about in the mud on their several avocations.

> "The Turk, the Greek, the Spaniard, and the Moor,
> Here mingled in their many-hued array."

Jews, in their skull-caps, and long, brown close-

made gowns down to their heels, shuffling along with the most sheepish, sneaking gait conceivable, saying little, but always having the best of a bargain. Moors of every shade of complexion, from the coal-black of the interior to the warm, delicate brown of the coast, in every colour of costume. Haykes of the finest white, yellow, brown, blue, green, and striped, with a sprinkling of many other tints, according to the various social positions held by the owner, or the number of journeys he had made to Mecca. Yellow slippers and white turbans, having a red or green centre, complete the Moors' costume. Greeks in their no less picturesque wide red trousers, loose jackets, and red caps. Riff boatmen, with their wild free look, and their long plaited hair-tails like Chinamen. Arabs from the interior, in white kilt and deep cape, having their waists surrounded by a broad red scarf, and holding their long rifles ever ready in their hand. The Spaniard with his round hat, silver filagree buttons, and tight smart look; these, together with English and French, ever the same as at home, and acting amidst the wild mass as landmarks of civilisation, or ballast amidst the tossings of the passion-led rabble, made up the crowd. These persons were all ostensibly assembled for the transaction of the usually peaceful business of buying and selling, yet nearly all were heavily armed. Most had a pistol and knife in their sash, and a long rifle slung on their backs, bespeaking the lawless state of the country, and the want of well-administered laws. The roar of so many maniacal salesmen, all shaking their commodities in one another's faces, together with their warlike arms and wrathful demeanour, led me to suppose that a riot was afoot, out of which I thought it was as well for me to keep; but my guide told me it was a simple and loving process of barter. No less different from our manners were theirs when the market was over; for then every man mounted his barb, and careered away with that majestic appearance which seems so natural to the Arab, while he left his wife to trudge along with her child on her back, and the bundle of purchases in her hand. In no land is the "lord of the creation" so exalted in his own estimation as in Barbary.

In the evening I had an invitation to be present at two Jewish marriages, which it required little pressing to make me accept. Our whole party was invited; so in a body we visited the houses of both brides. We were led through one of the low doors I before spoke of into a square centre court, where an immense assemblage of Beni-Israel were congregated. As soon as it was known we were English, way was made for us to where the bride was sitting, which was in a small room leading off one side of the court. Here we found her surrounded by a crowd of handmaids, any one of whom might have sat for a Rachel. "Such a collection of transcendent beauty!" we all exclaimed together. And such, certainly, we had never before seen. Most of them were very young; for in this climate they are women almost from childhood, and old age sets in when maturity would be barely attained in our northern latitudes; and all surpassed in loveliness my utmost ideal of romance. Not the drooping noses, meaningless eyes, and awkward figures so often seen among the wives and daughters of Israel in England; but the most exquisite aquiline features, enlivened with all the fire of a sunny clime, and outlines so symmetrical and flowing, that no pen can convey any impression of them. Their hair, too, of the darkest raven, falling in long tresses over their shoulders, together with the profusion of costly jewels with which they were adorned, gave them an appearance so celestial, that we were at no loss to understand the reason why the Jews are so scrupulous in keeping their daughters from the public gaze. The young married females were seated more immediately round the brides. In Barbary, it is the custom to shave the heads of the females as soon as they enter wedlock, and substitute a wig for their beautiful hair, which, it may be readily believed, is no improvement; but as they conceal this defect by a skilfully contrived head-dress, studded with enormous brilliants, they continue to present charms little inferior to their unmarried sisters. The brides themselves were lovely, and decked, as they were, in gold and silver embroidered robes, crowned with a diadem all set with jewels, they shone even amidst the surrounding galaxy. I could not but recall the allusions in the Old Testament to the Eastern bride, "adorning herself with jewels," and having "her clothing of wrought gold;" and more especially the description given in Ezekiel of the Church, under the figure of the bride, when God says: "I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and ear-rings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head" (Ezek. xvii. 11, 12). The bride sits with her eyes fast closed and covered with a veil, thus to be admired for several days; and as she is not allowed to look about her on any pretence whatever, or to smile, or even appear cognizant of anything that is passing around, she was the only one of the party not to be envied. After a time she was led by the hand through the crowd, that all might see her, and a perfect buzz of admiration followed her triumphant progress. Previous to our arrival, a large wine-jar, out of which the bride and bridegroom had drunk, was broken to pieces in the centre of the court, in accordance with some old rite.

After remaining some time we came away, when one of the most absurd scenes occurred I ever remember to have witnessed. Sounds of strife had for some time been heard to proceed from one of the corners of the patio, where a Moorish servant of the Consul's and a Jew were engaged in a very animated discussion. No sooner had we emerged from the house than from words they came to blows, and before long a regular "set-to" commenced between the Jews and Moors, among whom little love is at any time lost. Fortunately none of the combatants were armed, and as neither side had evidently studied boxing, it was by no means so scientific an exhibition as would have pleased "the fancy." The war soon became general. The mode of warfare consisted, so far as I could see, in two principal manœuvres,—the Moors endeavouring to seize the Jews by their long beards, which, when effected, appeared to place them completely *hors de combat*, as they then gave up

all attempts at fighting, and roared at the highest pitch of their voice, calling on all the prophets for aid; while their Moorish assailants, with evident pleasure, hauled them about, singing bass to the high notes of the poor Jews. The tactics of the Jews, on the other hand, appeared to be to expose the Moors' well-oiled heads by uncoiling their turbans, which, if one might guess from the enraged exclamations when such a feat was accomplished, implied a most serious insult. As soon as a Moor was seen having an unfortunate Jew "goated," another of the tribe was sure to come up behind, and getting hold of the loose end of the Moslem's turban, begin to unreel it with the utmost assiduity. This proceeding seemed, in most cases, completely to paralyse the Mohammedan, as he stood stock still with spread-out hands, quivering limbs, and flashing eyeballs, roaring in one prolonged yell till the final *exposé*, when he turned with his head all shining in the moonlight to charge his triumphant antagonist. The whole scene was one of the most ludicrous it was possible to form an idea of.

Great as the rumour of war was, little injury, however, was done on either side; so that, after a period of vehement roaring, a truce was concluded by the Vice-Consul's interposition, and we proceeded quietly to our hotel.

I awoke early next morning after dreams in which dark-eyed maids and brilliant fairy-like scenes of old castles and lofty halls, together with cheating Jews, and fierce murderous Moors with ponderous heads and wide mouths, were strangely and unaccountably mingled; and as I lay listening to the disjointed sounds that betokened the city's awakening, I was startled by a loud and shrill voice near at hand, which rose high into the clear air, repeating some words which I could not follow. This I afterwards found to be the Muely Muezzim, calling from the minaret of the neighbouring mosque, "There is no God but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great." The cry was repeated, and then all was again still. As I was not included among the "faithful," I was satisfied with strolling over, after having dressed myself, to see the building from whose top the summons had been given. There are two large mosques in Tangiers; but there is nothing remarkable in the external appearance of either. High square towers were attached to each, adorned with many-coloured tiles, all reflecting the sun's rays in their various hues, and crowned with gaily painted minarets. No profane foot is permitted, as in Egypt, to enter these sanctuaries; and even the gaze of the curious, if directed too markedly to the entrance, is resented by the half-naked groups who always loiter about the doors. The Moors remove their shoes when passing them, as they imagine the precincts to be holy ground. The door was open as I repassed; but nothing was revealed to my stealthy glance but an empty court, which seemed to be an entrance-court to the main building.

By the time I returned from my morning walk, I found one of the leading Jews of the place, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction, waiting to invite me to breakfast. This I gladly accepted. My Jewish friend led me through many narrow lanes to his house, which entered by a low portal from the street, and looked in no way different from its filthy neighbours; but when I got into the internal quadrangle, I found myself surrounded by the utmost cleanliness and elegance. Seated on chairs and mats around, were numerous relations of my host, all of whom got up on my entrance, and returned my salutation with much politeness; and all seemed desirous of showing me every attention. The females looked, if possible, better than when I saw them last evening; and to each and all, it would have been difficult to have found matches even among the far-famed beauties of Spain. The richness of their dress, though rather out of place at that time of day, added much to their romantic beauty. We soon adjourned to an inner room, where breakfast was prepared, which appeared to consist solely of rich sweetmeats, pastry deluged with syrup, and liqueurs of a green colour, and very sweet taste. I was seated by the host, who soon loaded my plate with all the delicacies, which, however, were not of a description to tempt one to eat at so early an hour of the day. Besides, my appetite was not much stimulated when I saw that I alone, of all the company, partook of the feast,—it being now, as of old, contrary to Jewish principle to eat with a Gentile. The host apologized for this when he saw I observed it; and, of course, I endeavoured to appear unconscious of the implied inferiority.

When sitting here in a room, whose furniture and general appearance was truly oriental, looking down the long range of speaking faces, surrounded by the eastern dresses of my entertainers, with the gestures and signs by which they endeavoured to atone for their want of English, together with the style of the whole affair, I could have imagined myself living in the distant past, or in places and times which now only exist in the pages of the traveller. I did not, however, remain long, as I easily saw that, though anxious to be civil, sundry glances were being directed by the younger members of the party, with watering eyes and lips, to the sweetmeats before them; and as their inability to attack them arose from my presence, I left, after having shaken hands all round, and hurried back to appeal to the hostess of our hotel for a more substantial breakfast than that I had left, and to arouse the envy of my companions by a recital of the scene which I had enjoyed without their participation.

After breakfast we set out to visit the castle of Tangiers, which stands on a rugged eminence on the north side of the bay, and to reach which we had to traverse the whole length of the town. The ascent was somewhat steep; but when attained, the superb view well repaid our labour, as it extended not only over the town, but far into the country, and also up the Straits, which rippled in the golden light as far as the eye could reach. We saw, too, clearly defined, the vineyard-crowned knolls on the Spanish shore winding away till abruptly ended by the bold stern rock of Gibraltar,—the Herculean pillar itself, like a mighty beacon, glittering in the sunlight, and standing out amidst the shining waves.

Seated on stone benches by the entrance to the castle, was one of the military musical bands of the Emperor, playing some martial strains. No

words can convey an impression of the ludicrous contrast presented by these wretched fellows and their regiment (which bivouacked close by) to the troops of our European states. They possessed no uniform; but each man, lank and lean from starvation, was clothed as he pleased, and armed himself as his necessities or his fancy led him. Haykes of many colours shone in their ranks; but the taste of every man seemed the rule of his accoutrements. Some had the long gun, some swords, and others pistols; but hardly in two instances were they alike in anything but filth and misery. Little better than rags covered the limbs of the majority, while a few exhibited all the splendour which colours and bullion could impart. In hardly any case was there a man upon whom a civilized soldier would draw his sword. And are these the representatives, one involuntarily asks, of that valiant and conquering horde, whose prowess and magnificence at one time was the terror of Europe; of bands whose indomitable courage and martial daring repulsed and held at bay the united chivalry of Christendom; and who, unaided, carried the crescent in proud triumph over the prostrate followers of the blood-red cross? Verily in no historical parallel can we find so great a fall!

When I gazed on their features, supremely handsome in their contour, but lit up with a savage fire, and at their tattered raiments, sunken eye, and squalid beards matted on their broad breasts, and then thought of those knights whose gleaming spears, gay pennons, and gorgeous panoply, were the admiration of the world, and who for years alone withstood the shock of united Europe, rolling back, scathed and broken, each mighty wave of heroes who went to conquer or die on their eastern shore; and who, too, amidst the mountains of the Peninsula, alone retained the germs of civilisation and knowledge in spite of the darkness and ignorance of a degenerate age; and when I also reflected, that among this people much of our science was born and reared, and with them refinements and elegancies, such as still eclipse the grandeur of our noon-day, were to be found,—I could scarce believe that these men before me were the descendants of that race whose history dwelt in my recollection. The Arab heroes of the middle ages have indeed passed away, and left hardly a trace behind. The place that once knew them bears now only faint footprints of their existence, and, as a broken and withered branch, their descendants have been drifted on a barren and desolate shore!

But to return. The music played by these performers was of a sad and wailing kind,—a lament, it seemed, for their past and brighter days. I could trace but little of an air in their several melodies; but all had the same mournful cadence. Six old men, with white locks and sober mien, played a sort of long clarionet, and four others occasionally, at long intervals, beat a few strokes on drums. The character of the music, the aged and sad look of the performers, and the teeming memories of the olden time, made me deeply melancholy; and I was glad to seek within the building something to remove the impression. On entering the main gate, I found myself in a large square court, with others leading off it, all of which, in filth and abomination, resembled nothing but a huge ill-kept farm-yard. Mud, ankle-deep, paved every pass, and ruins of stonework blocked up much of the space. In galleries of a kind, the wretched guards were huddled together, all bearing, in their lacklustre eyes and listless mien, the stamp of want and wretchedness. Soldiering is here evidently not a game of pleasure.

We went through the different apartments, where there was little to attract attention, if I except some few specimens of that elegant Arabesque work, and delicate lace-like carvings, with which the Moors were wont to adorn their palaces. A little of that beautiful blending of colours—each of the brightest and most permanent hue, but so chastened and shaded into one another, as to present to the admiring eye the most exquisite elegance for which the Morisco-Spaniards were so celebrated—is to be traced in some of the chambers, but only faint rays of that effulgence which lights up, with its gorgeous, but, alas! departing beauty, the stately halls and corridors of the Alcazar and Alhambra. Dainty suites of rooms for the members of the Emperor's seraglio, halls of audience, and a garden of trees loaded with golden oranges, whose tempting ripeness gratified the parched mouth as no oranges can do in our icy clime, filled up the area of the royal stronghold.

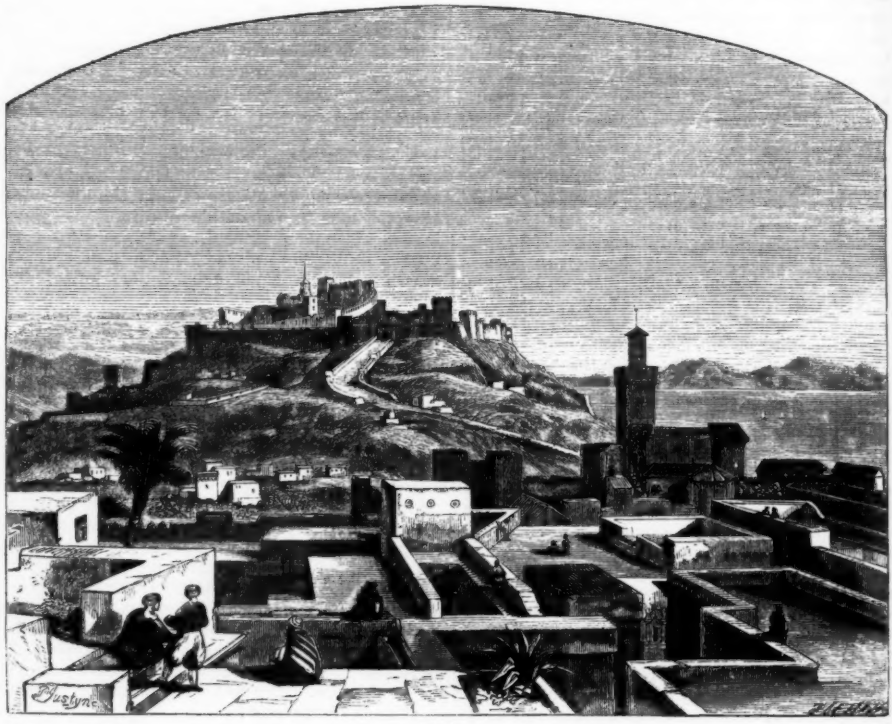
A few old pieces of artillery, on outworks, form the defence that, worked by a handful of determined savages, withstood so long the assault of the French fleet in 1844,—a defence that proved the breasts of the poor Moors not to be entirely bereft of their ancient spirit of freedom and manhood.

In speaking to my guide—a Moor—of the number of wives which their religion permits them to marry, he gave me a very succinct account of their mode of wooing. The suitor never sees the lady before marriage, but conducts the whole affair with her parents. "See papa and mamma, and if agree, then go see miss; if he no like her, send her back and pay great deal," was his description of the proceedings. "How much is he compelled to pay in the event of his sending her back?" I inquired. "Oh! great deal; one, two, three hundred dollar," he replied; at least enough to prevent many changing their minds. The matrimonial felicity in such cases must be enviable!

The jail in connexion with the castle is a specimen of those horrors, the bare existence of which, in our age of civilisation, one almost looks upon as impossible. Having paid sixpence, as a gratuity to the captain of the royal guard, (!) I was allowed to approach a small square grating, over which a wooden door was suspended, which, on being removed, permitted a stench so horrid and powerful to escape, that we fell back almost overpowered. In a moment, a dozen pale, haggard faces, on which disease and death had written their presence in ghastly characters, presented themselves at the opening, imploring alms, as they depend entirely upon charity for their subsistence. We threw them a small contribution, which gave rise to so deadly a struggle for its possession, that we were sorry we had, however innocently, been the cause of it.

There, in *one* large court, having a piazza running round it, were confined hundreds of prisoners, of both sexes, in one common compartment, which, I was told, was seldom or never cleaned, and in which murder and death held such sway, that frequently in a morning several dead bodies were dragged forth by the guards. Chained to the walls around were some of the most daring criminals. The maddened shouts and piercing cries of despair and misery, with the hoarse murmurs of the imprisoned multitude, which struck the ear and sickened the heart, conveyed to one's mind no resemblance to anything in existence, but to that region "where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

Robbery and murder are the great crimes. During my short stay I saw seven brought in from the country at various times for these offences. As to punishments, decapitation is seldom had recourse to, although it would be mercy if it were more frequently substituted for imprisonment in this dungeon of horrors. The bastinado, which is one of the most refined tortures known to us, is the chastisement reserved for the most guilty. It is inflicted on the soles of the feet with a double piece of rope, and several executioners belabour the wretched culprit at once,—the force with which the blows are applied soon tiring them out. Shortly before my visit, one man, of whose guilt there could be no question, received first one thousand stripes



Tangiers.

twice repeated, and finally seven hundred, at which point they had to desist, he was so nearly dead; yet so stoical was he, that he neither could be got to confess, nor utter one groan. This I was informed of by the English Vice-Consul, whose humanity made him intercede on his behalf.

As we left the castle and descended the height, we passed an idiot by the roadside, to whom all the people did reverence. These "unfortunates" are here, as in many other countries, looked on as being peculiarly under the guardianship of God. It is a merciful superstition.

In the town, the wells alone exhibit any trace of architectural taste. Here, as in all warm, arid countries, these cooling reservoirs are peculiarly appreciated, and around them you are always sure of meeting the most picturesque groups.

I should have mentioned before a curious coincidence in superstitious credulity, which holds almost universally over the world, and which, in Tangiers, meets your eye everywhere,—viz., a hand painted on the door-posts of the houses, as a protection against the "*ain ara*," or evil eye. In Italy the hand is doubled up, and only the forefinger and thumb extended; but here the whole fingers are stretched. It is curious that this protective emblem should be so widely recognised as it is. I have failed, as yet, to obtain a satisfactory explanation of it.

On passing again through the swaying mass in

the market-place, where the din and clamour were as deafening as yesterday, we came on a curious scene, which greatly interested us. In a corner, a little apart from the fierce rabble, was seated on the ground a large group of men, women, and children, listening to a story-teller from the desert. On a small space of ground allotted to him stood the reciter; and a more striking picture than he and his audience presented cannot be conceived. He was a grey-bearded ancient, with an eye of fire, clothed in a full white turban, and having his striped robe disposed in graceful folds around him. He held in his hand a small timbrel, on which he struck, at intervals, short and abrupt notes, when he wished to give additional emphasis to his story. Walking hurriedly up and down, he enunciated his tale, with peculiar clearness of diction, in the guttural accents of his Arab race. Sometimes standing on tip-toe, with up-turned face and burning eye, pointing, with uplifted finger, to the blue sky overhead, like some old seer appealing to his Great Inspirer, and elevating his voice to its utmost stretch, he vehemently poured forth some part which told of brave men and warlike daring; and anon crouching on the ground, and suppressing his accents to a whisper, which, though of the lowest, was distinctly audible above the tumultuous shouts of the market-place, he related, in tones of no less fervency, some passage of cunning or deadly revenge. Never did I see such speaking eloquence as that displayed in this man's gestures or burning accents, or more intelligent expression than that traceable in the countenances of his hearers. The men forgot their stoicism, and shed a tear; the women, unmindful of the strangers' presence, let the folds of their cloaks fall from their pale but lovely faces; and all, by their shouts and tears, showed their sympathy with the tale. Each, with parted lips and "dark eyes flashing fire," gazed intently on the speaker, their wild spirits chained and softened while the old man held them captive with his glittering eye and living eloquence. There they sat, unmindful of the surrounding tumult which swept around them, wholly wrapped up in the account of other scenes, which for a time rendered them oblivious of their present misery in the dream-like recollections of their people's paradise.

When he finished, his hearers drew a long breath, as if relieved from some trance under which they had been held, and fearfully glancing round, gathered up the folds of their long robes, and passed amidst the crowd with a sigh.

We were glad, with the others, to contribute our mite to the leathern purse of the story-teller, as we left the spot with feelings which sympathized with the scene. Some of the residents informed us, that these tales were identical with those romantic stories which must have delighted all readers of the *Arabian Nights;* and that listening to their recital forms one of the most favourite sources of amusement to the Arabs.

At dinner, we had some of the famous country dish, the "*cuscuscu,*" which is made of the finest part of wheat. It is extremely pleasant to the taste, and, I have no doubt, highly nutritious. They use it in soup, in curry, and many other forms.

The same evening we wandered out in the moonlight, when the streets were deserted and not a sound abroad, to trace the landscape from a neighbouring height. As we passed along, we were every now and then startled by a shrouded figure emerging from the deep shade, or turning quickly round a near corner, and stalking past us with long strides, never deigning to turn an eye upon us. Their spectral appearance and suspicious movements would have annoyed us, had not the red cap showed them to be soldiers, whose duty it was to patrole the streets. On our return through the town, these guards were coiled up in their sentry-boxes, which were large hogsheads laid on their sides, with stones inserted under their lee-side, to prevent them from rolling down the streets. In such dog-kennels, on a little straw, lay the soldiers, with the barrels of their long rifles projecting in the moonlight. As our footsteps met their ear, a swarthy face was protruded, and a challenge passed between its owner and our Moorish guide. At night we heard, at short intervals, the long-drawn "All's well!" passing in quiet cadence up the moonlit street, sometimes swelling full as it was borne to the ear by the passing breeze, and anon declining into a far-off and melodious whisper,—the same sound of safety which, heard in whatever language, conveys so pleasant a feeling to the wakeful listener.

Next forenoon we obtained an escort (without which you dare not go into the country, in so lawless a state are its inhabitants), and made an excursion to the neighbourhood. We visited several gardens belonging to the consuls, in which oranges and lemons hung in tempting clusters from the trees, reminding one of the celebrated golden apple of discord, which, it is said, was obtained of yore in this very spot; for here tradition has placed the renowned garden of the Hesperides. In no place does one suffer more than here from that undefined feeling, which involuntarily springs up in the mind when brought to visit spots over which classic legend has shed a lustre, and then finds, alas! how little such spots differ from those of our everyday life. Some unromantic, bare tract of land, it may be, presents itself, when the imagination expects Elysian gardens; or a muddy pool, degraded to the dreadfully prosaic requirements of ordinary existence, is found where some lovely nymph has left her name, and around which the poets of old have thrown a halo of romantic story. The groves and streams are bereft of their presiding deities. The fox and wild bird alone are encountered in those sylvan glades, when you are prepared to behold a fantastic dance of Dryads, and the clear rivulets murmur on uncontrolled by the sway of the gentle Naiad. It certainly required no common credence to believe that this desolate and wild burning landscape, where the foot hardly treads on aught but sand, could be the favoured land in which that garden was situated, whose very name is yet the symbol of all that is luxurious, and where, of old, Juno stored her golden apples; to steal which from their ever-wakeful custodier, was accounted a feat not unworthy of the great Hercules. But so it is; and the dull reality banishes, in spite of us,

"The consecration and the poet's dream!"

The country is extensively but wretchedly

cultivated, though, I believe, it is capable of producing great abundance. The people are very wild, and, like their reputed forefather, their hand is against every man's. The French, from their recent attempts on the country, are their great personifications of evil; and I am told no Frenchman could, on any pretence, go beyond the gates. The English are great favourites, and the Arabs, in their own rough way, if they recognise them, often show them kindness. The scenery, towards the interior, is very mountainous,—peak soars above peak, and dark green valleys stretch away under their deep shadows. Long strings of camels with their burdens, and mounted or led by their turbaned conductors; and wild horsemen, mounted on their fleet and nimble barbs, were every now and then seen winding round a knoll, or displayed in lengthened lines in the valleys, adding much to the picturesqueness of the scene. Some of the country villages we passed were solitary and lone. When we were seen approaching, few of the inhabitants failed to retire within the doors of their flat-roofed huts.

The same afternoon, I left Tangiers with some regret, having engagements in Gibraltar which necessitated my return; and after leave-taking of my kind hostesses and companions—none of whom returned with me—I set sail, with a fresh and favouring breeze, in a Spanish lugger, about one o'clock. It blew hard, and the tide being favourable, we made good way on our passage. A more deceitful ferry cannot be crossed than this. I have known parties set out with every prospect of accomplishing their object in six hours, and be four days and four nights on the passage. But that was *from* Gibraltar *to* Tangiers, in which direction the tide is always contrary, and all depends on the permanency of the gale. I was, however, so far fortunate, as the breeze, instead of falling, increased, and we had several times to take in a reef, which, in these lateen sails, is no easy matter.

My fellow-passengers were not of the most choice description—they were chiefly Jews and Moors—and the cargo consisted of fruit and innumerable coops of fowls. The cabin was at my disposal; but it was so dirty and small, that I was glad to return on deck, and lie down on the hard boards below the shelter of a barrel. To my dismay, just as we got into Gibraltar harbour, the evening gun at half-past five fired, and we were prevented landing for the night. The prospect was not very pleasant, as it was bitterly cold, and my companions none of the most cleanly. However, there was no help for it, throwing niceness to the wind, I lay down behind a big Moor, and soon fell into that waking sleep, in which every ripple of the tide on the sides of our craft sounded like thunder, and the hoarse whispers of our captain, who spent the night in making up his accounts, were heard like the croakings of some malicious sea-monster.

As the sun rose, all the cocks—and there were dozens—in our coops began to crow most lustily, and those whose freedom enabled them clapped their wings with joy. It is a curious—but probably an electric influence—which thus compels cocks to crow when they feel the sun. These birds all crew, and yet some of them were so uncomfortably situated that it defied me to understand what pleasure they could have had in the act. Some were standing on their heads, or rather necks, with their large red eyelids winking on the deck; others on their backs formed the pedestals of innumerable feet, the bodies belonging to which were again the points of support for another living layer. Placed in every imaginable posture and ungraceful attitude, cramped and crushed to the utmost limits of endurance, and many in the centre totally excluded from a ray of light, these gallant trumpeters sounded their peal of joy as if they exulted in the thought that the time of their liberation was drawing near. At times the first note, which was uttered with good emphasis, seemed as if it comprised the utmost exertion of which its author was capable,—the succeeding prolongation, on which the whole effect depended, being totally wanting, or dwindling down into an insignificant rattle. At other times a bravura was expelled in short, disjointed, but determined accents, as if the taste of the performer had led him to execute it in staccato, while every now and then some poor aspirant in the centre of the crowd, vainly endeavouring to balance himself on others during his *début*, produced a dreadful tumult in the community by the living props giving way, and his putting the whole mass in commotion by his fall, while his own chivalric effort prematurely died away in choking accents,—some violent neighbour having apparently made fierce attempts to garrotte him.

Never, I think, was melody produced under more disadvantageous circumstances. Their chanticleeric endeavours, moreover, were not received with due encouragement by the crews of the ships around. At daylight our anchor had been raised to allow us to drift in with the tide; and as we passed through the shipping, innumerable red cowls from the bulwarks anathematized our concert in every language under the sun.

At eight o'clock the pratique boat inspected us, and I was glad to seek, in a hot bath, a solace for my bitten skin; but when, after some hours' rest, I rose quite refreshed, I looked back with undivided pleasure to my trip in Barbary.

WORDS OF LIFE FROM A ROMAN CATHOLIC PULPIT.

It is the object of this paper to bring before the reader the teaching of a Roman Catholic priest of the present time, whose writings exert a very wide influence in Germany and Switzerland. Very probably he would not allow us to infer from his words that he holds justification by faith, in our sense, and were we to enter into a theological discussion on the subject, we should soon find that we belong to different camps. But whether he allow us to do so or not, we regard him as one to whom flesh and blood hath not revealed it, but the Father which is in heaven, that Jesus is the Christ; and we willingly hear Christ speaking in him words of life and love.

HOW NEAR CHRIST IS.

I once visited a person in a wild, desolate, mountainous place, who had grown up in great ignorance, and led a very wicked life, and who was now dying. I tried to show her the state of her soul, that after death she had to expect the judgment of a holy God, and that there was no way of escape, unless some one was willing to suffer as a substitute for her. I asked whether she knew of any one who would consent to suffer in her stead. . . . And when I told her that the punishment was extremely great, and that her mother and sisters would have to think of their own sins, she appeared to be quite at a loss, and said, Then there is no way of escape.

I declared unto her the joyous heavenly message of Jesus Christ, that he had shed his precious blood on the cross, and that if she turned to him in repentance, faith, and love, his sufferings would atone for her sins, even as the dying thief turned to him, and found mercy. Then the poor anguished creature revived, and I saw how, through the dark-black clouds of her soul, there broke forth, like heaven-blue, hope and love to Christ. Yes, there is nothing more wondrous and great in heaven or earth, than the mercy and love of God, which came in Jesus Christ to a sinful world.

There is a large, ancient city in France—Toulouse—and they keep there an old chronicle which contains a record of memorable events. In this record we are told about a very wicked and godless youth, who went out one evening into an open field, and there, in the mad excess of his impiety, began to utter fearful imprecations and blasphemies. In his excitement he went so far as to lift his sword and brandish it in the air, and challenge the most High to show his existence and power by smiting him down.

And, behold, what happened? Slowly there descended from heaven a snow-white leaf, and alighted gently at the young man's feet. Astonished, he lifted it up, and saw written on it with golden letters, *Miserere mei* (the commencement of the great penitential psalm, Have mercy on me, according to thy loving-kindness). Amazement seized the young man at the clemency of God to send to such a sinner as himself a declaration of mercy. Repentance, hope, tears, and love broke forth out of his soul. He knelt down, thanked and praised God for his unfathomable compassion, returned home, was converted, and led a beautiful, godly life to his calm and blessed death.

This is no fairy tale, but an actual history which has truly happened, and on a grand scale. The youth is the human race, with all its sins and godlessness; and the white leaf is the Son of God, whom the Father sent down from heaven; not with gold, but with his own blood, sin is blotted out and pardon announced.

[After describing the sufferings of Christ in Gethsemane and on the cross, he continues—]

Never forget that it is impossible for you to find salvation except in Jesus Christ. If there could be forgiveness of sin in any other way, it would have been cruelty in God to allow such suffering and shedding of blood. God in his infinite wisdom saw this as the only way, the way of infinite sorrow, from heaven down to earth, from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, and to the cross of Golgotha. His own Son went this way. Therefore it is a great misery to live and die a heathen, Jew, or Turk, and still worse to be a nominal Christian, without having obtained salvation by faith in Christ and union with him. For this reason the apostles left all, and willingly endured hardship, to declare the grace of Jesus to Jew and Gentile; and for this reason do missionaries of our own day go to distant countries, learn foreign languages, and often risk health and life, to preach the faith to the ignorant.

There were once two malefactors crucified with Christ. The one, who had sought Christ and hoped in him, entered Paradise that same day. The other was without faith, and only thought about saving his body, and he was lost. Do you ask whether Christ, who is now in heaven, is accessible? I will tell you how near he is. There lived once a wicked, sinful woman, and she came to herself, and felt heavily the burden of her past guilty life. And when she did not know where to look and turn, and how to get rid of her anxiety and trouble of soul, it struck her, whether she might not find help with that man who had helped so many sick people, and spoken with love to so many troubled hearts, and she knew that some of them had been very wicked and godless; and she thought, Surely he will remember the lovely saying he himself uttered, "There is greater joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons," and he will act according to his own word, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So she thought, and took heart, and, as there is no greater trouble in the world than to feel the burden of sin, she regarded not the criticism of people, but overcame all pride and shame, and as she heard that Jesus was a guest in the

house of a rich gentleman, she went in straight and kneeled down at Jesus' feet and kissed them, and shed over them bitter tears. But Jesus looked at her and said, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven;" and she went away in peace, and had peace during her life, and in peace and blessedness she departed.

THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

What the sun effects with regard to the earth, the Spirit of God produces in the world of souls; and just what a cold dark winter's night is to a beautiful summer landscape, with its fresh verdure and lovely flowers, a soul without the Spirit is to a heart in which the Holy Ghost hath taken up his abode with his enlightening and vivifying influence. Notice this in the case of the disciples of Jesus. What strange people they were, and how one is astonished at the patience and long-suffering with which the Saviour bore them. Every moment they get some ambitious fancy of being great lords, and impatience seizes them, that the glorious kingdom should come quickly; now they ask what reward are we to receive for having given up our fishing trade? now they quarrel among themselves, who is the greatest, and what gradations of honour there were to be among them; now they allow their anger to blaze up, and desire fire to come down from heaven to burn up the unmannerly Samaritans; often they show extraordinary want of thought and understanding; at one time they get into a womanish state of fear, because they had forgotten to provide themselves with bread for the journey, another time they are in great trepidation and terror of sinking and faring like the prophet Jonah, *minus* the whale. When the Lord was taken captive, they all ran away, and Peter, who had almost broken the head of Malchus, if his sword had gone a little more to the left side, soon afterwards in a most cowardly manner professed himself, before a maid, that he had never known Jesus Christ. In short, it seemed as if the Lord's teaching and intercourse were to produce very little result. But when Pentecost came, and the Spirit of God descended upon the little congregation assembled in that upper room, what a glorious summer appeared in the souls of the disciples, changing them into apostles! Peter, formerly so timid, stood now before the people, and spake of the Lord Jesus Christ, and told the Jews that salvation could not be found in any other than in the very Saviour whom in their blindness they had crucified. And when afterwards the high priests and other gentlemen in Jerusalem caused the apostles to be imprisoned on account of their "disturbing the public peace and safety," and afterwards dismissed them with the sharp injunction, never to speak again of Christ, but like decent Hebrews to lead a quiet and peaceable life, Peter replied, "that they must obey God rather than man." Yes, these poor unlettered Jews stood before governors and princes, and spoke to their consciences, and whole provinces were converted through them from heathenism to Christianity, and at last they offered cheerfully their lives for Christ and his cause; they endured suffering and martyrdom, and rejoiced, and were indifferent to the world with its glory and honours.

See, this is the influence, the omnipotence and act of the Holy Ghost. And this power is as little defunct, as the power of the sun with every returning summer. We can see this on a mission station, and in other places, "For the Spirit bloweth where he listeth." This Spirit converted a woman who was a sinner in Judea into a penitent believer; this Spirit changed Monica's son, sunk in heresy and impurity, into a great church father, the holy Augustine. There are about forty or fifty saints, marked by the Church for every day; but there may be many thousands for each day, who died saints, though the world knew nothing about them, and their life has nowhere been noticed, yet not one of them became a saint except by the influence of the Holy Ghost.

Strange it is, that although all Christendom confesses that the Holy Ghost is God, and equal with the other two Divine Persons, yet you may ask in many a house, what they know about the Holy Ghost, and they will not be able to give any other answer than they have learned by rote off the paper: He is the third Person in the Trinity. It may therefore interest some of my readers, if I tell them something further about the Spirit. I was once in Carinthia, and saw a neighbourhood, which had suffered fearful devastation. Where a few months ago there had been good useful land and beautiful plantations, you could now see nothing but stones, uprooted trees, sand and mud. There had been an inundation. True, the heaven was blue and peaceful again, and the little brook was flowing past lazily, and looked most harmless; it seemed scarcely to know whither to turn, because all around it appeared to be just the place for such thin meandering little brooks. Another time I visited the scene of a conflagration, black beams, burned tiles, and I don't know what mass of half-burnt rubbish lay about; even the trees near the houses were singed, and the leaves looked an unearthly black-brown like dirty rags. A bare-footed woman stood against the bleak wall and cried. I could not see a spark of the fire, only here and there the smoke came thinly, and as if exhausted, out of the heaps of rubbish.

This is an illustration showing us the nature of sin. Many people think that because they have given up some sinful practices, that they have done away with sin. Sin burns and ruins the soul, and makes it black and bleak and corrupt, and this corruption remains, though the fiery passions have been cooled, and life progresses slowly and languidly through the sand of old age. The hurricane has passed, but the tree, rooted out of the earth, lies on the ground. Who and what can be of help here? There is no human remedy. As little as you can replace an eye that has been cut out, or a head that has been cut off, or change back into paper a manuscript that has been burned to ashes, so little is it possible for us to give to a dead soul, life, health, and beauty. If you go in this state to the Lord's Supper, it would not only be of no avail, but you would sin against the Saviour, and eat to your condemnation. When a man comes to know that this is his state, he must be filled with horror; he reminds one of those men in old times, of whom we read, that they were tied to dead bodies, so that day and night they had before them the ghastly

sight of corruption. Who can give help here? Answer: None can help here, save God the Holy Ghost. It is He, who works in the sinner that his eyes are opened, that he feels his sin, and longs after help. And then, when the sinner humbles himself and confesses his sin, looking with hope to the merits of Christ, and he hears the absolution pronounced, the Holy Ghost effects a miracle in the soul of the sinner, as he did once in baptism; he infuses life and beauty, and the lifeless corrupt man is converted into the image of God. The Christian pastors, and especially the missionaries, often witness this miracle. The minister notices often, with amazement, how men, who have been slaves to vice, youths and girls sunk low in sin and wild manners, quarrelsome and selfish people, are changed into contrite and docile child-like hearts, asking in sincerity with Saul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Behold, this is the Holy Ghost, the finger of God touching the soul, and raising it out of corruption to life! It is of Him that you hear the Pentecostal Hymn: "Veni, Creator Spiritus!" etc.

It would lead me too far were I to attempt an exposition of this hymn. I must hasten to give some practical advice. I read once of a poor, lonely girl, who lived in a narrow lane of Paris. The girl possessed a rose in a little flower-pot; it was her only joy. But the houses in the lane were so high, that the whole year round no sunbeam entered her little chamber, and therefore she took her flower-pot into the open square, and placed it on the ground, and stood by, while it drank in the light and heat of the sun! Do thou likewise with thy poor soul. You may be living in the din of varied occupations, in the smoke and dust of daily cares, in the tumult of crowded busy life; though the light from above is always shining down, yet the soul is too troubled and disquieted to allow it to enter deeply. You require solitude, be it in your own chamber, or in the house of God, or in the quiet night, in the wood, or the secluded glen. Seek often to be alone, and then open thy soul in prayer, that the Spirit may shine in as the ray of the sun into the opening flower-bud. Thoughts, feelings, rebukes will come, which are not born of thy soul, but which descend from above, even as the flower receives its beautiful hues not from the earth, but the heavenly sunlight.

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

Daily you offer up the petition, "Thy kingdom come." Now, it would be great insincerity and most injurious untruthfulness, to pronounce such a prayer every day, and yet to move neither hand nor foot in this great cause. Let me give a few hints as to what we are to do in order to bring about the fulfilment of this desire. But to do this I must classify people, in order to give separate counsel to men of different position.

And who deserves the first place, when we speak of the coming of Christ's kingdom? (Ex te perditio, Israel!) Evidently the minister of the gospel. True, such a gentleman knows himself what is his duty, but as he never hears a sermon except his own, he won't object to find here something which may serve him as a mirror. Were I to leave him out, the laymen might object to it as partial. And who knows, but some minister with a right aim and a modest heart may receive my word kindly, and, by the grace of God, it may lodge in his mind, and produce fruit? This would be extremely valuable, for what a pastor receives becomes a benefit to hundreds, to whom God has appointed him a light-bearer and shepherd. I shall try to avoid all offensive and prickly words, and all uncharitable thoughts.

When a servant is intrusted with the care of two horses, and he is careless, and allows them to drink when they are heated, or instead of giving them oats, sells the oats, or instead of attending to them, runs about for his pleasure, such a rogue is hunted away with ignominy, and it is quite right it should be so. And yet it is only about horses, which sooner or later must find their way to the tanner. But you, O pastor, have been intrusted with the care of God's children, the precious souls of men. What an awful charge it is to have a single soul to watch, and guide, and feed; and perhaps you have several hundreds, and every week some are added, and every week some leave and go to that other country, and may complain if they have been neglected or badly treated. Let me lay a few things before you, and urge them on your conscience and heart.

It is no trifle to have every Sunday a congregation before you, which comes to you waiting to be roused, fed, strengthened, and comforted by the word of God, according to their various and changing circumstances. The time of preaching is a precious seed-time, a sacred hour, in which one ought to give the very best thing one can possibly produce. Well, what is your way and practice in the pulpit? Have you a good memory and a sonorous voice, and are you able also to get on extempore, and do people say, especially when you preach as a visitor in some neighbouring congregation, He is a beautiful preacher? All this does not strike me or weigh much with me; and even though a few of the women-folk apply their pocket-handkerchiefs or aprons to their eyes, I don't care much about it. A few watery women's tears are easily brought out, and are often shed more as a pleasant way of filling up the time. The great, the first question is: Who preaches; is it you, or the Spirit of God in and through you; is your sermon your own word, or the word of the Lord? See, my brother, thou oughtest to ask and pray our Lord from day to day in thy own room, "Lord, what am I to preach? Give me the right spirit, and provide me with the right word." Press and urge this prayer with all importunity, and then, like a spiritual miner, dig long and earnestly in the holy word of God, and in your own soul, and out of the Scriptures and meditation bring out gold and precious stones, and then enter your pulpit as a man who hath authority, and leave your own self at home, and seek nothing else but God's honour and God's kingdom. And when thus you stand there in the name of your Divine Master, and the power of the Spirit is upon you, and love to God and love to human souls beam in your eyes, like two heavenly stars, and when the word of God streams, and flows out of your mouth strong as fire, strong as a hammer, that breaks the rock in pieces, and, sharper than a two-

edged sword, penetrates into the souls of your hearers—then people will not say, as they go out, "What a beautiful or eloquent sermon!" as they often said before, and just went home and remained unaltered; but fear comes upon the people, and an awe as if it had thundered, or as if there had been an earthquake; they go home in quietness and in serious thought. And many on their way home avoid conversation, and would much rather walk alone, and in many a house there is one, who is silent that day at dinner, and the others do not understand the reason. And when you preach thus in the Spirit, you yourself are moved in your soul, and feel that it is not you who are speaking, but that it is given you of the Father, and you would fain fall down and worship and weep before God—is it from joy or sorrow, fear or hope?

See, O pastor, or whatever your title may be, were you to preach thus every Sunday, the Spirit would begin to kindle gradually in your congregation and to break through, and the kingdom of God would be in it as when a woman taketh leaven, and hideth it in three measures of meal till the whole is leavened. Yes, it cannot be otherwise, it must kindle and burn, and if you do not live to see it on earth, you will see it on that day when you behold your risen parish-children at the right hand of the Great Shepherd, peace and joy in their countenances. True, it is not always possible to preach in this way, and it is not given thus to every one; the gospel may come also without thunder and sound of trumpet, as a still light, and quiet word, and yet have a deep and powerful effect. But it would be a grievous sin for a man to trust to his ready utterance, and enter a pulpit without earnest prayer and meditation, or to study florid and graceful phrases, and oratorical effectiveness, to please and amuse the sentimental, and to be praised on account of his rhetoric, instead of preaching the gospel to the poor. Let it not be so with you, or if it has been so, let it be so no longer.

LIVING TO GOD DAY BY DAY.

I once knew a student who had been very ill for a long time; he had no rest day or night, he suffered much pain, anguish of body and mind, and the doctors, in order to provide the evil with a name, said it was enlargement of the heart. The youth knew that he was dying, but he had a strong longing after one enjoyment, ere he left this world. For weeks and months he thought of it, and hoped and consoled himself with the idea of this one pleasure; and when his fellow-students came to see him he told them of it, and asked them whether they thought he might hope that he would obtain his wish before his death, and looked eagerly and inquiringly into their compassionate eyes, as they said to him gently and soothingly, "Yes, dear friend, you will surely get it."

But, alas! the poor student died, and never obtained the wish of his heart in this life. And do you know what it was that he desired so eagerly? Well, I'll tell you, and if you are a soft-hearted man you will almost cry, it was such an innocent wish. But wait, I'll let the poor invalid tell you himself: "I am quite ready to die, if I could only have, what I have known many people have before their death—one day—one single day—without agonizing pain—to be able to think quietly for a little."

But he never got it, what appeared to him such a great and precious boon—a single day without pain. And you, my hearer, have it just now, and you had it yesterday and the day before, and day upon day has been given you, days of health and strength, that you may think quietly and meditate on eternity. Do you not see what a great gift is a day, a day of health and freedom?

Even if you do not abuse this day by filling it with sin, you may yet lose it most miserably. A Russian Empress caused, one severe winter, an extraordinary building to be reared on a great frozen river. She built a palace of ice; great pieces of ice were cut into squares, water was poured between them, and the frost cemented the whole. It was very beautiful; it shone like pure silver in the sunlight, and like polished crystal and precious stones of all colours. But when the thaw came it melted away and vanished. Thus your day's work may be cold waterwork, glittering and beautiful in the eyes of man, but without value and substance in the light of eternity.

What a day is before God, let me just show you. Every Friday you hear the bells ring, to remind you that Jesus Christ suffered and died on that day, and during the Passion Week millions of men all over the world remember his death, and many of them with tears and repentance and good resolutions; and thousands and thousands in sorrow, in poverty, in sickness, in death, have looked to the Crucified One, and their souls have beheld his wounds, and found there peace and consolation; and innumerable souls have gained forgiveness of sin, and eternal salvation through the sufferings and death of Jesus; nay, all the souls who shall stand on that day at the right hand of the Saviour, would have been lost, had not Christ shed his blood for them. And yet it was only one single day, which remains so precious throughout eternity, and which brought such unspeakable blessedness and salvation. It is nearly 2000 years ago, but this day can never pass away. To-day it is still as powerful and living as it ever was, and when eternity has dawned on this world it shall still be a living day; it is an immortal, eternal day, bearing fruit constantly, even souls saved out of death to eternal life.

Would you like to make your to-day, and every to-day which God in his mercy gives you, a precious and incorruptible day, remember what the Church teaches, that everything done in the state of sin is dead and without value before God; good and pleasing to God is only that which is done in a state of grace and of love towards God. Without Christ you can neither be converted nor live in the state of grace. Christ alone can work in you what is good, and only in so far as he by his Spirit is in you, thinking and speaking, working and suffering, is your life pleasing to God. Therefore he saith, "Without me ye can do nothing." Your soul must be united with Jesus Christ, as the branch is grafted into the vine.

The new spirit teaches and guides man to spend

his to-day to God's honour, and in love to him. You will *think* to God's glory; when a sinful thought rises, you will turn away from it, and seek to remember God; you will pray even when you feel languid in your mind, and thus accustom your soul to discipline; you will learn to *forget* to the glory of God; you will bury in oblivion the injuries and trespasses which people have committed against you, and the acts of kindness and benevolence which you have shown to others. You will learn to *speak* to God's glory, when God's truth is lightly spoken of, when your neighbour is maligned or judged uncharitably, when evil men try to seduce the weak to unbelief, unkindness, or other sins, when you can bear witness to the innocence of him who is falsely accused or unjustly punished. You will learn to be *silent* to God's glory, keeping secret the faults of others, and the good you have done yourself, and not reviling when reviled. You will learn to *work* to God's honour. The holy Vincent de Paul said of a mason, in every stroke of his hammer he worshipped God. He was so penetrated with the Spirit of God, that it was Christ who lived and worked in him, and he performed his mason work with the greatest possible care and diligence, with the single aim of pleasing God and doing His will. You will also *cease from work* to God's glory, on Sundays and holy days, or when people propose to you poaching and smuggling, or when a man poorer than yourself is anxious to get the employment. You will learn to *suffer* to God's glory. In the toil of earning his daily bread the Christian does not murmur against God, for the spirit of Jesus, who bore meekly the heavy load of the cross, is in him. In poverty and destitution the Christian complains not with bitterness, because the spirit of Jesus, who had not where to lay his head, is in him. When sickness gnaws and pains burn the Christian despairs not. The strong hand of Him who suffered in Gethsemane upholds his soul. You will learn to *deny yourself* to the glory of God, to give up money, when it brings with it lawsuits and discord, to give up a good situation, when it brings with it sin and prevents you from keeping the Lord's day; and to get rid of some expensive old habit, when you see that it is a waste of money and time, and an offence to your neighbour. You will live, in short, as Christ would have lived in your place. In such a life your days will follow one another, as precious pearls are strung together to a royal ornament.

Every parish consists of two divisions. You are living at present in the one, and the time is coming when you shall inhabit the other. In the first place people require much room, in the other, man requires only room—for a man. The rent in the former is considerable, in the latter you get secure lodgings for a few shillings. In the one you hear much noise of carts and carriages and men, and you see much smoke; in the other is neither smoke nor chimney, but instead of the chimney there is a cross over every grave. Some rich people have besides also a gravestone, as you have often seen, but I am going to describe one which you may never have beheld.

Imagine then a gravestone, with four equal sides, each of which has an inscription. On the first I read: "He has performed very few good works during his life, and these he did to get praise from men or to avoid their censure; to satisfy a momentary impulse, or for the sake of reward!" The second inscription runs thus: "He has committed a thousand sins in thought, in word, and deed; neglected often his duty, and given place to envy and selfishness; his sins are as the leaves in autumn, and as the dust of the road in summer." Go, now, and look at the third side: "When any person offended him, or he imagined that he was not treated properly, he got angry and hated his neighbour; he wished his enemy evil, and was displeased at his success; for days and weeks he cherished anger in his heart, and never wished his neighbour good morning, but rather spoke to his disadvantage, and gladly listened to bad reports concerning him; also when opportunity offered 'rendered evil for evil,' and only after a long time was he persuaded to change his behaviour." Now, we must see what is written on the fourth side: "He prayed every day, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

What is a stuffed nightingale or a painted rose? What is your prayer and attendance at church, if you have not in your heart love and obedience? There is no melody, there is no fragrance. But if you hate your brother you have no love, and no obedience, for the Saviour says: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another;" and again, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Wherever the Spirit of God enters, he brings with him the spirit of love and forgiveness. He moves men, not merely to forgive men their trespasses, but also to pray on their behalf, that God also may pardon them. Many signs are enumerated, by which people may know whether their conversion is genuine, but none can be more certain than the test given by the Saviour—that from the heart we forgive those who have done, are doing, or are about to do, aught against us.

HOW THE OLD ARE TO BECOME YOUNG.

I pity you, that you are getting old, and yet you would like to be young, and to live a long while. I know, however, of something—do not think I am joking, I am quite serious—something that I think you would like very much, viz., a prescription for becoming young again, and if you use it properly, you will find I have not been deceiving you. But is it in your body or your soul, that you would like to become young again? Don't be ashamed to say "in your body," if that is your feeling. Well, I have no remedy to accomplish that;—God has reserved it for a future time, and at the great resurrection, the grand Easter-feast, he will accomplish the wondrous work. But the renewal of the soul is another thing, and I have something to say about it. The soul has a mysterious nature, and it is unfathomable what may become of it, an angel or a devil, and an old soul may even become a child.

You believe the Son of God. He said once to his disciples, some of whom were rather advanced in years (Peter, I think, was already bald at the

time): "Unless ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." And if this was an utter impossibility, it is clear the Saviour would not have mentioned it. If you think of the old people in your neighbourhood, you will find a great variety among them. Some remind one of old cats. I don't mean that they are dry and withered up, but I refer to their mind. They are obstinate and envious, and deeply interested in food and ready to grumble, whether you are silent or talkative, and all the day long they look discontented, and nothing pleases them. But you know some old men and women who are quite different. After speaking to them one feels as if one had tasted old sweet wine, and one would like to be with them every day, and almost falls in love with them. And though their face is full of lines, and looks so parched, it delights you to look at them. Their mouth has no teeth, but it is beautiful when words of piety and kindliness flow from it; and though their cheeks are hollow, their eyes make up for it, they beam with love, humility, meekness, and happiness in God; and this beaming look is gentle and calm, like the quiet sheen of glow-worms in a still summer night. And withal, they are so patient, and bear so much without complaining, and yield so readily to other people, and have so few claims, and are so anxious to be of no trouble to any one; they think so little of themselves, and pray so much for other people, and follow so readily what one suggests, and are always so calm, that you think their old bodies are inhabited by the soul of a dear angel-like pious child. These people are of the class whose youth has been renewed.

Do you not agree with me, that such youthfulness is a very precious thing, for, in the first place, it renders old age pleasant, and people like such an aged companion, and like to keep him among them as long as possible. Secondly, there are no old people in heaven, and never shall be. For heaven is made to suit only children. Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." But how can a soul become young and childlike, a fragrance to God and to angels? I will tell you something about it.

You have seen beautiful images of saints. When you look into one of those faces, do you not feel your heart moved, and forget your old annoyances and petty cares, and almost fancy you also should like being a saint? And even when the artist has not been very clever, and when very little money has been spent on it, it is the expression and memento of a God-devoted life. Now, what have the images of saints to do with my subject? Just wait a moment. Our Lord God, who can paint most beautifully, even as he is the source of all that is truly good and beautiful, has himself made some lovely images; and because you cannot be always in a church, he has placed them in your house or that of your neighbour, that you may see them daily, and learn of them. These are little children. Look at them well, and mark them carefully; you must become their pupil. When you are gloomy and depressed with thought, and sit down with care boring into your heart like a woodpecker into an old tree, then just look at a child, how merrily it jumps about and sings, and leaves all care to father and mother! Could you not do likewise, and leave your care and trouble in the hands of your Father in heaven, and be content, and make a cheerful face? And when covetousness is attacking you, and whenever any one asks of you a favour, your soul growls and barks inwardly like an ill-natured dog, and you are thinking always longingly about money; look at the child, how willingly it gives, and how little it thinks about laying up, though it has got a long life before it, while you are not far from the grave, where money and possessions are of no avail. Or if you are tempted with thoughts of impurity, look at a child, look into its clear eye, and think of its innocence and its utter unconsciousness of the existence of such evil. Or if you are tempted with vanity and self-consciousness and pride, look again at a child; it is humble, and does not know of its humility; the very angels of God, who behold the Father's face, are round it, and it never knows of its value and preciousness and beauty. Or if you are passionate, and not willing to forgive your friend who has offended you, and after any one has done you wrong, your heart remains a dark blank, like a clouded sky in autumn—look at a child, it is not easily provoked, it soon forgives and smiles again in a few minutes, and loves again as before, just as the brook in the rocky mountain soon becomes again clear and silvery when it has been disturbed.

The child in thy house is the saint image, which God has placed there for thy contemplation and imitation; a living sermon telling you what you are to be and do.

But looking at a child is not enough to create within you the desire of becoming like a child, nor will it give you strength to accomplish this change. You must lay the foundation not in yourself, but in Another, who himself was once a child, and remained a child to his death, and remains so throughout eternity, the Son of God, Jesus Christ. Cleave to him, and seek in every possible way to learn from him in doctrine and life. Read his word diligently, and meditate on it day and night; go often to the Lord's Supper, but with earnest preparation as if it was the first or last time; and pray every day for a pure heart and a childlike soul, and throw thyself into God's arms, as if you had died already, and had no longer any share in the things of earth.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XXIV.

A FORTNIGHT'S time rather increased than diminished the excitement incident on the event at Russell Square.

Never was there such a wonderful baby, and never was there such a fuss made over it. Unprejudiced persons might have called it an ugly weakly little thing; indeed, at first there were such apprehensions of its dying, that it had been baptized in a great hurry, "Henry Leaf Ascott," according to the mother's desire, which in her critical posi-

tion nobody dared to thwart. Even at the end of fourteen days, the "son and heir" was still a puling, sickly, yellow-faced baby. But to the mother it was everything.

From the moment she heard its first cry, Mrs. Ascott's whole nature seemed to undergo a change. Her very eyes—those cold blue eyes of Miss Selina's, took a depth and tenderness whenever she turned to look at the little bundle that lay beside her. She never wearied of touching the tiny hands and feet, and wondering at them, and showing—to every one of the household who was favoured with a sight of it—"my baby," as if it had been a miracle of the universe. She was so unutterably happy and proud.

Elizabeth, too, seemed not a little proud of the baby. To her arms it had first been committed; she had stood by at its first washing and dressing, and had scarcely left it or her mistress since. Nurse, a very grand personage, had been a little jealous of her at first, but soon grew condescending, and made great use of her in the sick-room, alleging that such an exceedingly sensible young person, so quiet and steady, was almost as good as a middle-aged married woman. Indeed, she once asked Elizabeth if she was a widow, since she looked as if she had "seen trouble;" and was very much surprised to learn she was single and only twenty-three years old.

Nobody else took any notice of her. Even Miss Hilary was so engrossed by her excitement and delight over the baby, that she only observed, "Elizabeth, you look rather worn out; this has been a trying time for you." And Elizabeth had just answered "Yes,"—no more.

During the fortnight she had seen nothing of Tom. He had written her a short note or two, and the cook told her he had been to the kitchen-door several times asking for her, but being answered that she was with her mistress upstairs, had gone away.

"In the sulks, most like, though he didn't look it. He's a pleasant-spoken young man, and I'm sure I wish you luck with him," said Cookie, who, like all the other servants, was now exceedingly civil to Elizabeth.

Her star had risen; she was considered in the household a most fortunate woman. It was shortly understood that nurse—majestic nurse, had spoken so highly of her, that at the month's end the baby was to be given entirely into her charge, with, of course, an almost fabulous amount of wages.

"Unless," said Mrs. Ascott, when this proposition was made, suddenly recurring to a fact which seemed hitherto to have quite slipped from her mind, "unless you are still willing to get married, and think you would be happier married. In that case I won't hinder you. But it would be such a comfort to me to keep you a little longer."

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Elizabeth softly, and busied herself with walking baby up and down the room, hushing it on her shoulder. If in the dim light tears fell on its puny face, God help her, poor Elizabeth!

Mrs. Ascott made such an excellent recovery, that in three weeks' time nobody was the least anxious about her, and Mr. Ascott arranged to start on a business journey to Edinburgh; promising, however, to be back in three days for the Christmas dinner, which was to be a grand celebration. Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary were to appear thereat in their wedding-dresses; and Mrs. Ascott herself took the most vital interest in Johanna's having a new cap for the occasion. Nay, she insisted upon ordering it from her own milliner, and having it made of the most beautiful lace—the "sweetest" old lady's cap that could possibly be invented.

Evidently this wonderful baby had opened all hearts, and drawn every natural tie closer. Selina, lying on the sofa, in her graceful white wrapper, and her neat close cap, looked so young, so pretty, and, above all, so exceedingly gentle and motherly, that her sisters' hearts were full to overflowing. They acknowledged that happiness, like misery, was often brought about in a fashion totally unforeseen and incredible. Who would have thought, for instance, on that wretched night when Mr. Ascott came to Hilary at Kensington, or on that dreary heartless wedding-day, that they should ever have been sitting in Selina's room, so merry and comfortable, admiring the baby, and on the friendliest terms with baby's papa?

"Papa" is a magical word, and let married people have fallen ever so wide asunder, the thought, "my child's mother," "my baby's father," must in some degree bridge the gulf between them. When Peter Ascott was seen stooping, awkwardly enough, over his son's cradle, poking his dumpy fingers into each tiny cheek in a half-alarmed, half-investigating manner, as if he wondered how it had all come about, but, on the whole, was rather pleased than otherwise—the good angel of the household might have stood by and smiled, trusting that the ghastly skeleton therein might in time crumble away into harmless dust, under the sacred touch of infant fingers.

The husband and wife took a kindly, even affectionate leave of one another. Mrs. Ascott called him "Peter," and begged him to take care of himself, and wrap up well that cold night. And when he was gone, and her sisters also, she lay on her sofa with her eyes open, thinking. What sort of thoughts they were, whether repentant or hopeful, solemn or tender, whether they might have

passed away and been forgotten, or how far they might have influenced her life to come, none knew, and none ever did know.

When there came a knock to the door, and a message for Elizabeth, Mrs. Ascott suddenly overheard it and turned round.

"Who is wanting you? Tom Cliffe? Isn't that the young man you are to be married to? Go down to him at once. And stay, Elizabeth, as it's such a bitter night, take him for half-an-hour into the housekeeper's room. Send her upstairs, and tell her I wished it, though I don't allow 'followers.'"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Elizabeth once more, and obeyed. She must speak to Tom some time, it might as well be done to-night as not. Without pausing to think, she went down with dull heavy steps to the housekeeper's room.

Tom stood there alone. He looked so exactly his own old self; he came forward to meet her so completely in his old familiar way, that for the instant she thought she must be under some dreadful delusion; that the moonlight night in the square must have been all a dream;—Esther, still the silly little Esther, whom Tom had often heard of and laughed at; and Tom, her own Tom, who loved nobody but her.

"Elizabeth; what an age it is since I've had a sight of you!"

But though the manner was warm as ever—

> "In his tone
> A something smote her, as if Duty tried
> To mock the voice of Love, how long since flown,"

and quiet as she stood, Elizabeth shivered in his arms.

"Why, what's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me? Give me another kiss, my girl, do!"

He took it: and she crept away from him and sat down.

"Tom, I've got something to say to you, and I'd better say it at once."

"To be sure. 'Tisn't any bad news from home, is it? Or"—looking uneasily at her—"I haven't vexed you, have I?"

"*Vexed* me," she repeated, thinking what a small foolish word it was to express what had happened, and what she had been suffering. "No, Tom, not vexed me exactly. But I want to ask you a question. Who was it that you stood talking with, under our tree in the square, between nine and ten o'clock, this night three weeks ago?"

Though there was no anger in the voice, it was so serious and deliberate that it made Tom start.

"Three weeks ago; how can I possibly tell?"

"Yes, you can: for it was a fine moonlight night, and you stood there a long time."

"Under the tree, talking to somebody? What nonsense! Perhaps it wasn't me at all."

"It was, for I saw you."

"The devil you did!" muttered Tom.

"Don't be angry, only tell me the plain truth. The young woman that was with you was our Esther here, wasn't she?"

For the moment Tom looked altogether confounded. Then he tried to recover himself, and said crossly, "Well, and if it was, where's the harm? Can't a man be civil to a pretty girl without being called over the coals in this way?"

Elizabeth made no answer, at least not immediately. At last she said, in a very gentle, subdued voice,—

"Tom, are you fond of Esther? You would not kiss her if you were not fond of her. Do you like her as—as you used to like me?"

And she looked right up into his eyes. Hers had no reproach in them, only a piteous entreaty, the last clinging to a hope which she knew to be false.

"Like Esther? of course I do. She's a nice sort of girl, and we're very good friends."

"Tom, a man can't be 'friends' in that sort of way, with a pretty girl of eighteen, when he is going to be married to somebody else. At least, in my mind, he ought not."

Tom laughed, in a confused manner. "I say, you're jealous, and you'd better get over it."

Was she jealous? was it all fancy, folly? Did Tom stand there, true as steel, without a feeling in his heart that she did not share, without a hope in which she was not united, holding her, and preferring her, with that individuality and unity of love, which true love ever gives and exacts, as it has a right to exact?

Not that poor Elizabeth reasoned in this way, but she felt the thing by instinct without reasoning.

"Tom," she said, "tell me outright, just as if I was somebody else, and had never belonged to you at all, do you love Esther Martin?"

Truthful people enforce truth. Tom might be fickle, but he was not deceitful; he could not look into Elizabeth's eyes and tell her a deliberate lie; somehow, he dared not.

"Well, then—since you will have it out of me—I think I do."

So Elizabeth's "ship went down." It might have been a very frail vessel, that nobody in their right senses would have trusted any treasure with, still she did; and it was all she had, and it went down to the bottom like a stone.

It is astonishing how soon the sea closes over this sort of wreck; and how quietly people take—when they must take, and there is no more disbelieving it—the truth which they would have given their lives to prove was an impossible lie.

For some minutes, Tom stood facing the fire, and

Elizabeth sat on her chair opposite, without speaking. Then she took off her brooch, the only love-token he had given her, and put it into his hand.

"What's this for?" asked he suddenly.

"You know. You'd better give it to Esther. It's Esther, not me, you must marry now."

And the thought of Esther, giddy, flirting, useless Esther, as Tom's wife, was almost more than she could bear. The sting of it put even into her crushed humility a certain honest self-assertion.

"I'm not going to blame you, Tom; but I think I'm as good as she. I'm not pretty, I know, nor lively, nor young, at least I'm old for my age: but I was worth something. You should not have served me so."

Tom said, the usual excuse, that he "couldn't help it." And suddenly turning round, he begged her to forgive him, and not forsake him.

She forsake Tom! Elizabeth almost smiled.

"I do forgive you; I'm not a bit angry with you. If I ever was, I have got over it."

"That's right. You're a dear soul. Do you think I don't like you, Elizabeth?"

"Oh yes," she said sadly, "I daresay you do, a little, in spite of Esther Martin. But that's not my way of liking, and I couldn't stand it."

"What couldn't you stand?"

"Your kissing me to-day, and another girl to-morrow: your telling me I was everything to you one week, and saying exactly the same thing to another girl the next. It would be hard enough to bear if we were only friends, but as sweethearts, as husband and wife, it would be impossible. No, Tom, I tell you the truth, I could not stand it."

She spoke strongly, unhesitatingly, and for an instant there flowed out of her soft eyes that wild, fierce spark, latent even in these quiet humble natures, which is dangerous to meddle with.

Tom did not attempt it. He felt all was over. Whether he had lost or gained; whether he was glad or sorry, he hardly knew.

"I'm not going to take this back, anyhow," he said, "fiddling" with the brooch; and then going up to her, he attempted, with trembling hands, to refasten it in her collar.

The familiar action, his contrite look, were too much. People who have once loved one another, though the love is dead (for love *can* die) are not able to bury it all at once, or if they do, its pale ghost will still come knocking at the door of their hearts, "Let me in, let me in."

Elizabeth ought, I know, in proper feminine dignity, to have bade Tom farewell without a glance or a touch. But she did not. When he had fastened her brooch, she looked up in his familiar face, a sorrowful, wistful, lingering look, and then clung about his neck:

"O Tom, Tom, I was so fond of you!"

And Tom mingled his tears with hers, and kissed her many times, and even felt his old affection returning, making him half oblivious of Esther; but mercifully—for love rebuilt upon lost faith is like a house founded upon sands—the door opened, and Esther herself came in.

Laughing, smirking, pretty Esther, who, thoughtless as she was, had yet the sense to draw back when she saw them.

"Come here, Esther," Elizabeth called imperatively; and she came.

"Esther, I've given up Tom; you may take him if he wants you. Make him a good wife, and I'll forgive you. If not"—

She could not say another word. She shut the door upon them, and crept up stairs, conscious only of one thought—if she only could get away from them, and never see either of their faces any more!

And in this fate was kind to her, though in that awful way in which fate—say rather Providence—often works; cutting, with one sharp blow, some knot that our poor, feeble, mortal fingers have been long labouring at in vain; or making that which seemed impossible to do, the most natural, easy, and only thing to be done.

How strangely often in human life "one woe doth tread upon the other's heel!" How continually, while one of those small private tragedies that I have spoken of is being enacted within, the actors are called upon to meet some other tragedy from without, so that external energy counteracts inward emotion, and holy sympathy with another's sufferings stifles all personal pain. That truth about sorrows coming "in battalions" may have a divine meaning in it,—may be one of those mysterious laws which guide the universe,—laws that we can only trace in fragments, and guess at the rest, believing in deep humility that one day we shall "know even as we are known."

Therefore I ask no pity for Elizabeth, because ere she had time to collect herself, and realize in her poor confused mind that she had indeed said goodbye to Tom, given him up and parted from him for ever, she was summoned to her mistress's room, there to hold a colloquy outside the door with the seriously perplexed nurse.

One of those sudden changes had come which sometimes, after all, seems safe, strike terror into a rejoicing household, and end by carrying away, remorseless, the young wife from her scarcely tasted bliss, the mother of many children from her close circle of happy duties and yearning loves.

Mrs. Ascott was ill. Either she had taken cold or been too much excited, or in the over-confidence of her recovery some slight neglect had occurred—some trifle which nobody thinks of till after-

wards, and which yet proves the fatal cause, the "little pin" that

"Bores through the castle wall"

of mortal hope, and King Death enters in all his awful state.

Nobody knew it or dreaded it; for though Mrs. Ascott was certainly ill, she was not at first very ill; and there being no telegraphs in those days, no one thought of sending for either her husband or her sisters. But that very hour, when Elizabeth went up to her mistress, and saw the flush on her cheek, and the restless expression of her eye, King Death had secretly crept in at the door of the mansion in Russell Square.

The patient was carefully removed back into her bed. She said little, except once, looking up uneasily,—

"I don't feel quite myself, Elizabeth."

And when her servant soothed her in the long familiar way, telling her she would be better in the morning, she smiled contentedly, and turned to go to sleep.

Nevertheless Elizabeth did not go to her bed, but sat behind the curtain, motionless, for an hour or more.

Towards the middle of the night, when her baby was brought to her, and the child instinctively refused its natural food, and began screaming violently, Mrs. Ascott's troubled look returned.

"What is the matter? What are you doing, Nurse? I won't be parted from my baby,—I won't, I say!"

And when, to soothe her, the little thing was again put into her arms, and again turned from her, a frightened expression came into the mother's face.

"Am I going to be ill?—is baby"—

She stopped; and as nurse determinately carried it away, she attempted no resistance, only followed it across the room with eager eyes. It was the last glimmer of reason there. From that time her mind began to wander, and before morning she was slightly delirious.

Still nobody apprehended danger. Nobody really knew anything about the matter, except nurse, and she, with a selfish fear of being blamed for carelessness, resisted sending for the doctor till his usual hour of calling. In that large house, as in many other large houses, everybody's business was nobody's business, and a member of the family, even the mistress, might easily be sick or dying in some room therein, while all things else went on just as usual, and no one was any the wiser.

About noon, even Elizabeth's ignorance was roused up to the conviction that something was very wrong with Mrs. Ascott, and that nurse's skill could not counteract it. On her own responsibility she sent, or rather she went to fetch the doctor. He came; and his fiat threw the whole household into consternation.

Now they knew that the poor lady whose happiness had touched the very stoniest hearts in the establishment, hovered upon the brink of the grave. Now all the women-servants, down to the little kitchen-maid with her dirty apron at her eyes, crept up stairs, one after the other, to the door of what had been such a silent, mysterious room, and listened, unhindered, to the ravings that issued thence. "Poor Missis," and the "poor little baby," were spoken of softly at the kitchen dinner-table, and confidentially sympathized over with inquiring tradespeople at the area gate. A sense of awe and suspense stole over the whole house, gathering thicker hour by hour of that dark December day.

When her mistress was first pronounced "in danger," Elizabeth, aware that there was no one to act but herself, had taken a brief opportunity to slip from the room and write two letters, one to her master in Edinburgh, and the other to Miss Hilary. The first she gave to the footman to post; the second she charged him to send by special messenger to Richmond. But he, being lazily inclined, or else thinking that as the order was only given by Elizabeth, it was of comparatively little moment, posted them both. So, vainly did the poor girl watch and wait; neither Miss Leaf nor Miss Hilary came.

By night Mrs. Ascott's delirium began to subside, but her strength was ebbing fast. Two physicians—three—stood by the unconscious woman, and pronounced that all hope was gone, if, indeed, the case had not been hopeless from the beginning.

"Where is her husband? Has she no relations, no mother or sisters?" asked the fashionable physician, Sir —— ——, touched by the sight of this poor lady dying alone, with only a nurse and a servant about her. "If she has, they ought to be sent for immediately."

Elizabeth ran down stairs, and rousing the old butler from his bed, prevailed on him to start immediately in the carriage, to bring back Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary. It would be midnight before he reached Richmond; still it must be done.

"I'll do it, my girl," said he, kindly; "and I'll tell them as gently as I can. Never fear."

When Elizabeth returned to her mistress's room, the doctors were all gone, and nurse, standing at the foot of Mrs. Ascott's bed, was watching her with the serious look which even a hireling or a stranger wears, in the presence of that sight which, however familiar, never grows less awful—a fellow-creature slowly passing from this life into the life unknown.

Elizabeth crept up to the other side. The change, indescribable yet unmistakable, which comes over a human face when the warrant for its dissolution has gone forth, struck her at once.

Never yet had Elizabeth seen death. Her father's she did not remember, and among her few friends and connexions none other had occurred. At twenty-three years of age, she was still ignorant of that solemn experience which every woman must go through some time, often many times, during her life. For it is to women that all look in their extreme hour. Very few men, even the tenderest-hearted, are able to watch by the last struggle and close the eyes of the dying.

For the moment, as she glanced round the darkened room, and then at the still figure on the bed, Elizabeth's courage failed. Strong love might have overcome this fear—the natural recoil of youth and life from coming into contact with death and mortality; but love was not exactly the bond between her and Mrs. Ascott. It was rather duty, pity, the tenderness that would have sprung up in her heart towards anybody she had watched and tended so long.

"If she should die, die in the night, before Miss Hilary comes!" thought the poor girl, and glanced once more round the shadowy room, where she was now left quite alone. For nurse, thinking with true worldly wisdom of the preservation of the "son and heir," which was decidedly the most important question now, had stolen away, and was busy in the next room, seeing various young women whom the doctors had sent, one of whom was to supply to the infant the place of the poor mother whom it would never know.

There was nobody left but herself to watch this dying mother, so Elizabeth took her lot upon her, smothered down her fears, and sat by the bedside, waiting for the least expression of returning reason in the sunken face, which was very quiet now.

Consciousness did return at last, as the doctors had said it would. Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes; they wandered from side to side, and then she said feebly,

"Elizabeth, where's my baby?"

What Elizabeth answered she never could remember; perhaps nothing, or her agitation betrayed her, for Mrs. Ascott said again,—

"Elizabeth, am I going to—to leave my baby?"

Some people might have considered it best to reply with a lie—the frightened, cowardly lie that is so often told at death-beds to the soul passing direct to its God. But this girl could not and dared not.

Leaning over her mistress, she whispered, as softly as she could, choking down the tears that might have disturbed the peace which, mercifully, seemed to have come with dying,—

"Yes, you are going very soon—to God. He will watch over baby, and give him back to you again some day, quite safe."

"Will He?"

The tone was submissive, half-inquiring; like that of a child learning something it had never learned before—as Selina was now learning. Perhaps, even those three short weeks of motherhood had power so to raise her whole nature, that she had now gained the composure with which even the weakest soul can sometimes meet death, and had grown not unworthy of the dignity of a Christian's dying.

Suddenly she shivered. "I am afraid; I never thought of—this. Will nobody come and speak to me?"

Oh, how Elizabeth longed for Miss Hilary, for anybody, who would have known what to say to the dying woman; who perhaps, as her look and words implied, till this hour had never thought of dying. Once, it crossed the servant's mind to send for some clergyman; but she knew none, and was aware that Mrs. Ascott did not either. She had no superstitious feeling that any clergyman would do; just to give a sort of spiritual extreme unction to the departing soul. Her own religious faith was of such an intensely personal silent kind, that she did not believe in any good to be derived from a strange gentleman coming and praying by the bedside of a stranger, repeating set sayings with a set countenance, and going away again. And yet with that instinct which comes to almost every human soul, fast departing, Mrs. Ascott's white lips whispered, "Pray."

Elizabeth had no words, except those which Miss Leaf used to say night after night in the little parlour at Stowbury. She knelt down, and in a trembling voice repeated in her mistress's ear,—"*Our Father which art in heaven*,"—to the end.

After it Mrs. Ascott lay very quiet. At length she said, "Please—bring—my—baby." It had been from the first, and was to the last, "*my*" baby.

The small face was laid close to hers that she might kiss it.

"He looks well; he does not miss me much yet, poor little fellow!" And the strong natural agony came upon her, conquering even the weakness of her last hour. "Oh, it's hard, hard! Will nobody teach my baby to remember me?"

And then lifting herself up on her elbow, she caught hold of nurse.

"Tell Mr. Ascott that Elizabeth is to take care of baby. Promise, Elizabeth. Johanna is old—Hilary may be married—*you* will take care of my baby?"

"I will—as long as I live," said Elizabeth Hand.

She took the child in her arms, and for almost another hour stood beside the bed thus, until nurse whispered, "Carry it away, its mother doesn't know it now."

But she did; for she feebly moved her fingers as if in search of something. Baby was still asleep, but Elizabeth contrived, by kneeling down close to the bed, to put the tiny hand under those cold fingers; they closed immediately upon it, and remained so till the last.

When Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary came in, Elizabeth was still kneeling there, trying softly to take the little hand away; for the baby had wakened, and began its piteous wail. But it did not disturb the mother now.

"Poor Selina" was no more. Nothing of her was left to her child except the name of a mother. It may have been better so.

CHAPTER XXV.

"IN MEMORY OF
SELINA,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF PETER ASCOTT, ESQ.,
OF RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON,
AND DAUGHTER OF
THE LATE HENRY LEAF, ESQ.,
OF THIS TOWN.
DIED DECEMBER 24, 1839,
AGED 41 YEARS."

SUCH was the inscription which now, for six months, had met the eyes of the inhabitants of Stowbury, on a large dazzlingly white marble monument, the first that was placed in the churchyard of the New Church.

What motive induced Mr. Ascott to inter his wife here; whether it was a natural wish to lay her, and some day lie beside her, in their native earth; or the less creditable desire of showing how rich he had become, and of joining his once humble name, even on a tombstone, with one of the oldest names in the annals of Stowbury—nobody could find out. Probably nobody cared.

The Misses Leaf were content that he should do as he pleased in the matter: he had shown strong but not exaggerated grief at his loss; if any remorse mingled therewith, Selina's sisters happily did not know it. Nobody ever did know the full history of things except Elizabeth, and she kept it to herself. So the family skeleton was buried quietly in Mrs. Ascott's grave.

Peter Ascott showed, in his coarse fashion, much sympathy and consideration for his wife's sisters. He had them staying in the house till a week after the funeral was over, and provided them with the deepest and handsomest mourning. He even, in a formal way, took counsel with them as to the carrying out of Mrs. Ascott's wishes, and the retaining of Elizabeth in charge of the son and heir, which was accordingly settled. And then they went back to their old life at Richmond, and the widower returned to his solitary bachelor ways. He looked as usual; went to and from the City as usual; and his brief married life seemed to have passed away from him like a dream.

Not altogether a dream. Gradually he began to wake up to the consciousness of an occasional child's cry in the house; that large, silent, dreary house, where he was once more the sole, solitary master. Sometimes, when he came in from church of Sundays, he would mount another flight of stairs, walk into the nursery at the top of the house, and stare with distant curiosity at the little creature in Elizabeth's arms, pronounce it a "fine child, and did her great credit," and walk down again. He never seemed to consider it as *his* child, this poor old bachelor of so many years' standing; he had outgrown apparently all sense of the affections or the duties of a father. Whether they ever would come into him; whether, after babyhood was passed, he would begin to take an interest in the little creature who throve and blossomed into beauty,—which, as if watched by guardian angels, dead mothers' children seem often to do,—was a source of earnest speculation to Elizabeth.

In the meantime, he treated both her and the baby with extreme consideration, allowed her to do just as she liked, and gave her indefinite sums of money to expend upon the nursery.

When summer came and the doctor ordered change of air, Mr. Ascott consented to her suggestion of taking a lodging for herself and baby near baby's aunts at Richmond; only desiring that the lodging should be as handsome as could be secured, and that, every other Sunday, she should bring up his son to spend the day at Russell Square.

And so, during the long summer months, the motherless child, in its deep mourning—which looks so pathetic on a very young baby—might be seen carried about in Elizabeth's arms everywhere. When, after the first six weeks, the wet nurse left—in fact, two or three wet-nurses successively were abolished—she took little Henry solely under her own charge. She had comparatively small experience, but she had common sense, and the strong motherly instinct which comes by nature to some women. Besides, her whole soul was wrapped up in this little child.

From the hour when, even with her mistress dying before her eyes, Elizabeth had felt a strange thrill of comfort in the new duty which had come into her blank life, she took to this duty as women only can whose life *has* become a blank. She received the child as a blessing sent direct from God; by unconscious hands—for Mrs. Ascott

knew nothing of what happened; something that would heal her wounded heart, and make her forget Tom.

And so it did. Women and mothers well know how engrossing is the care of an infant; how each minute of the day is filled up with something to be done or thought of; so that "fretting" about extraneous things becomes quite impossible. How gradually the fresh life growing up and expanding puts the worn-out or blighted life into the background, and all the hopes and fancies cling around the small, beautiful present, the ever-developing, ever-marvellous mystery of a young child's existence! Why it should be so, we can only guess; but that it is so, many a wretched wife, many a widowed mother, many a broken-hearted, forlorn aunt, has thankfully proved.

Elizabeth proved it likewise. She did not exactly lose all memory of her trouble, but it seemed lighter; it was swallowed up in this second passion of adopted motherhood. And so she sank, quietly and at once, into the condition of a middle-aged woman, whose life's story—and her sort of women have but one—was a mere episode, told and ended.

For Esther had left, and been married to Tom Cliffe, within a few weeks of Mrs. Ascott's funeral. Of course, the household knew everything; but nobody condoled with Elizabeth. There was a certain stand-off-ishness about her which made them hold their tongues. They treated her with much respect, as her new position demanded. She took this, as she took everything, with the grave quietness which was her fashion from her youth up; assumed her place as a confidential upper servant; dressed well, but soberly, like a woman of forty, and was called "Mrs." Hand.

The only trace her "disappointment" left upon her was a slightly bitter way of speaking about men in general, and a dislike to any chatter about love-affairs and matrimony. Her own story she was never known to refer to, in the most distant way, except once.

Miss Hilary—who, of course, had heard all, but delicately kept silence—one night, when little Henry was not well, remained in the lodgings on Richmond Hill, and slept in the nursery, Elizabeth making up for herself a bed on the floor close beside baby and cradle. In the dead of night the two women, mistress and maid, by some chance, said a few things to one another which never might have been said in the daylight, and which, by tacit consent, were never afterwards referred to by either, any more than if they had been spoken in a dream.

Elizabeth told briefly, though not without emotion, all that had happened between herself and Tom; and how he was married to Esther Martin. And then both women went back, in a moralizing way, to the days when they had both been "young" at Stowbury; and how different life was from what they then thought and looked forward to,—Miss Hilary and her "bower-maiden."

"Yes!" answered the former with a sigh, "things are indeed not as people fancy when they are girls. We dream, and dream, and think we see very far into the future, which nobody sees but God. I often wonder how my life will end."

Elizabeth said, after a pause, "I always felt sure you would be married, Miss Hilary. There was one person—Is he alive still? Is he ever coming home?"

"I don't know."

"I am sure he was very fond of you. And he looked like a good man."

"He was the best man I ever knew."

This was all Miss Hilary said, and she said it softly and mournfully. She might never have said it at all; but it dropt from her unawares in the deep feeling of the moment, when her heart was tender over Elizabeth's own sad, simply-told story. Also, because of a sudden and great darkness which had come over her own.

Literally, she did not now know whether Robert Lyon were alive or dead. Two months ago his letters had suddenly ceased, without any explanation: his last being exactly the same as the others—as frank, as warmly affectionate, as cheerful and brave.

One solution to this was his possible coming home. But she did not, after careful reasoning on the subject, believe that likely. She knew exactly his business relations with his employers; that there was a fixed time for his return to England, which nothing except the very strongest necessity could alter. Even in the chance of his health breaking, so as to incapacitate him for work, he should, he always said, have to go to the hills, rather than take the voyage home prematurely. And in that case, he certainly would have informed his friends of his movements. There was nothing erratic, or careless, or eccentric about Robert Lyon; he was a practical, business-like Scotchman,—far too cautious and too regular in all his habits to be guilty of those accidental negligences by which wanderers abroad sometimes cause such cruel anxieties to friends at home.

For the same reason, the other terrible possibility—his death—was not likely to have happened without their hearing of it. Hilary felt sure, with the strong confidence of love, that he would have taken every means to leave her some last word—some farewell token—which would reach her after he was gone, and comfort her with the assurance of what, living, he had never plainly told. Sometimes, when a wild terror of his death seized her,

this settled conviction drove it back again. He must be living, or she would have heard.

There was another interpretation of the silence, which many would have considered the most probable of all—he might be married. Not deliberately, but suddenly; drawn into it by some of those impelling trains of circumstance which are the cause of so many marriages—especially with men; or, impelled by one of those violent passions which occasionally seize on an exceedingly good man, fascinating him against his conscience, reason, and will, until he wakes up to find himself fettered and ruined for life. Such things do happen—strangely, pitifully often. The like might have happened to Robert Lyon.

Hilary did not actually believe it; but still her common sense told her that it was possible. She was not an inexperienced girl now; she looked on the world with the eyes of a woman of thirty; and though, thank Heaven! the romance had never gone out of her—the faith, and trust, and tender love—still it had sobered down a little. She knew it was quite within the bounds of possibility that a young man, separated from her for seven years, thrown into all kinds of circumstances and among all sorts of people, should have changed very much in himself, and, consequently, towards her. That, without absolute faithlessness, he might suddenly have seen some other woman he liked better, and have married at once. Or, if he came back unmarried—she had taught herself to look this probability also steadily in the face—he might find the reality of her—Hilary Leaf—different from his remembrance of her; and so, without actual falseness to the old true love, might not love her any more.

These fears made her resolutely oppose Johanna's wish to write to the house of business at Liverpool, and ask what had become of Mr. Lyon. It seemed like seeking after him,—trying to hold him by the slender chain which he had never attempted to make any stronger, and which, already, he might have broken, or desired to break.

She could not do it. Something forbade her; that something in the inmost depths of a woman's nature which makes her feel her own value, and exact that she shall be sought; that, if her love be worth having, it is worth seeking; that, however dear a man may be to her, she refuses to drop into his mouth like an over-ripe peach from a garden wall. In her sharpest agony of anxiety concerning him, Hilary felt that she could not, on her part, take any step that seemed to compel love—or even friendship—from Robert Lyon. It was not pride,—she could hardly be called a proud woman; it was an innate sense of the dignity of that love which, as a free gift, is precious as "much fine gold," yet becomes the merest dross—utterly and insultingly poor—when paid as a debt of honour, or offered as a benevolent largesse.

And so, though oftentimes her heart felt breaking, Hilary laboured on; sat the long day patiently at her desk; interested herself in the young people over whom she ruled; became Miss Balquidder's right hand in all sorts of schemes which that good woman was for ever carrying out for the benefit of her fellow-creatures; and at leisure times occupied herself with Johanna, or with Elizabeth and the baby,—trying to think it was a very beautiful and happy world, with love still in it, and a God of love ruling over it,—only, only—

Women are very humble in their cruellest pride. Many a day she felt as if she could have crawled a hundred miles in the dust—like some Catholic pilgrim—just to get one sight of Robert Lyon.

Autumn came—lovely and lingering late. It was November, and yet the air felt mild as May, and the sunshine had that peculiar genial brightness which autumnal sunshine alone possesses;—even as, perhaps, late happiness has in it a holy calm and sweetness which no youthful ecstasy can ever boast.

The day happened to be Hilary's birthday. She had taken a holiday, which she, Johanna, Elizabeth, and the baby, had spent in Richmond Park, watching the rabbits darting about under the brown fern, and the deer grazing contentedly hard by. They had sat a long time under one of the oak-trees with which the Park abounds, listening for the sudden drop, drop of an occasional acorn among the fallen leaves; or making merry with the child, as a healthy, innocent, playful child always can make good women merry.

Still, Master Henry was not a remarkable specimen of infanthood, and had never occupied more than his proper nepotal corner in Hilary's heart. She left him chiefly to Elizabeth, and to his aunt Johanna, in whom the grandmotherly character had blossomed out in full perfection. And when these two became engrossed in his infant majesty, Hilary sat a little apart, unconsciously folding her hands and fixing her eyes on vacancy; becoming fearfully alive to the sharp truth, that of all griefs a strong love unreturned or unfulfilled is the grief which most blights a woman's life. Say, rather, any human life; but it is worst to a woman, because she must necessarily endure passively. So enduring, it is very difficult to recognise the good hand of God therein. Why should He ordain longings, neither selfish nor unholy, which yet are never granted; tenderness which expends itself in vain; sacrifices which are wholly unneeded; and sufferings which seem quite thrown away? That is, if we dared allege of anything in the moral or

in the material world, where so much loveliness, so much love, appear continually wasted, that it is really "thrown away." We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the Great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; and those three words, "God is love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things.

As Hilary rose from under the tree, there was a shadow on her sweet face, a listless weariness in her movements, which caught Johanna's attention. Johanna had been very good to her child. When, do what she would, Hilary could not keep down fits of occasional dulness or impatience, it was touching to see how this woman of over sixty years slipped from her due pedestal of honour and dignity, to be patient with her younger sister's unspoken bitterness and incommunicable care.

She now, seeing how restless Hilary was, rose when she rose, put her arm in hers, and accompanied her, speaking or silent, with quick steps or slow, as she chose, across the beautiful park, than which, perhaps, all England cannot furnish a scene more thoroughly sylvan, thoroughly English. They rested on that high ground near the gate of Pembroke Lodge, where the valley of the Thames lies spread out like a map, stretching miles and miles away in luxuriant greenery.

"How beautiful! I wonder what a foreigner would think of this view? Or any one who had been long abroad? How inexpressibly sweet and home-like it would seem to him!"

Hilary turned sharply away, and Johanna saw at once what her words had implied. She felt so sorry, so vexed with herself; but it was best to leave it alone. So they made their way homeward, speaking of something else; and then that happened which Johanna had been almost daily expecting would happen, though she dared not communicate her hopes to Hilary, lest they should prove fallacious.

The two figures, both in deep mourning, might have attracted any one's attention; they caught that of a gentleman, who was walking quickly and looking about him, as if in search of something. He passed them at a little distance, then repassed, then turned, holding out both his hands.

"Miss Leaf; I was sure it was you."

Only the voice; everything else about him was so changed that Hilary herself would certainly have passed him in the street, that brown, foreign-looking, middle-aged man, nor recognised him as Robert Lyon. But for all that it was himself; it was Robert Lyon.

Nobody screamed, nobody fainted. People seldom do that in real life, even when a friend turns up suddenly from the other end of the world. They only hold out a warm hand, and look silently in one another's faces, and try to believe that all is real, as these did.

Robert Lyon shook hands with both ladies, one after the other, Hilary last, then placed himself between them.

"Miss Leaf, will you take my arm?"

The tone, the manner, were so exactly like himself, that in a moment all these intervening years seemed crushed into an atom of time. Hilary felt certain, morally and absolutely certain, that, in spite of all outward change, he was the same Robert Lyon who had bade them all good-bye that Sunday night in the parlour at Stowbury. The same, even in his love for herself, though he had simply drawn her little hand under his arm, and never spoken a single word.

Hilary Leaf, down, secretly, on your heart's lowest knees, and thank God! Repent of all your bitternesses, doubts, and pains; be joyful, be joyful! But, oh, remember to be so humble withal.

She was. As she walked silently along by Robert Lyon's side, she pulled down her veil to hide the sweetest, most contrite, most child-like tears. What did she deserve, more than her neighbours, that she should be so very, very happy? And when, a good distance across the park, she saw the dark, solitary figure of Elizabeth carrying baby, she quietly guided her companions into a different path, so as to avoid meeting, lest the sight of her happiness might in any way hurt poor Elizabeth.

"I only landed last night at Southampton," Mr. Lyon explained to Miss Leaf, after the fashion people have, at such meetings, of falling upon the most practical and uninteresting details. "I came by the Overland Mail. It was a sudden journey. I had scarcely more than a few hours' notice. The cause of it was some very unpleasant defalcations in our firm."

Under any other circumstances, Hilary might have smiled; maybe she did smile, and tease him many a time afterwards, because the first thing he could find to talk about, after seven years' absence, was "defalcations in our firm." But now she listened gravely, and by and by took her part in the unimportant conversation which always occurs after a meeting such as this.

"Were you going home, Miss Leaf? They told me at your house you were expected to dinner. May I come with you? for I have only a few hours to stay. To-night I must go on to Liverpool."

"But we shall be sure soon to see you again?"

"I hope so. And I trust, Miss Leaf, that I do not intrude to-day?"

He said this with his Scotch shyness, or pride, or whatever it was; so like his old self, that it

made somebody smile! But somebody loved it. Somebody lifted up to his face eyes of silent welcome; sweet, soft, brown eyes, where never, since he knew them, had he seen one cloud of anger darken, one shadow of unkindness rise.

"This is something to come home to," he said in a low voice, and not over lucidly. Ay, it was.

"I am by no means disinterested in the matter of dinner, Miss Leaf; for I have no doubt of finding good English roast beef and plum-pudding on your sister's birthday. Happy returns of the day, Miss Hilary!"

She was so touched by his remembering this, that, to hide it, she put on a spice of her old mischievousness, and asked him if he was aware how old she was?

"Yes: you are thirty; I have known you for fifteen years."

"It is a long time," said Johanna, thoughtfully.

Johanna would not have been human had she not been a little thoughtful and silent on the way home, and had she not many times, out of the corners of her eyes, sharply investigated Mr. Robert Lyon?

He was much altered; there was no doubt of that. Seven years of Indian life would change anybody; take the youthfulness out of anybody. It was so with Robert Lyon. When coming into the parlour, he removed his hat, many a white thread was visible in his hair, and besides the spare, dried-up look which is always noticeable in people who have lived long in hot climates, there was an "old" expression in his face, indicating many a worldly battle fought and won, but not without leaving scars behind.

Even Hilary, as she sat opposite to him at table, could not but feel that he was no longer a young man, either in appearance or reality.

We ourselves grow old, or older, without knowing it, but when we suddenly come upon the same fact in another, it startles us. Hilary had scarcely recognised how far she herself had left her girlish days behind, till she saw Robert Lyon.

"You think me very much changed?" said he, guessing, by his curiously swift intuition of old, what she was thinking of.

"Yes, a good deal changed," she answered truthfully; at which he was silent.

He could not read — perhaps no man's heart could—all the emotion that swelled in hers as she looked at him, the love of her youth, no longer young. How the ghostly likeness of the former face gleamed out under the hard, worn lines of the face that now was touching her with ineffable tenderness. Also, with solemn content came a sense of the entire indestructibleness of that love which through all decay or alteration traces the ideal image still, clings to it, and cherishes it with a tenacity that laughs to scorn the grim dread of "growing old."

In his premature, and not specially comely middle age, in his grey hairs, in the painful, anxious, half-melancholy expression which occasionally flitted across his features, as if life had gone hard with him, Robert Lyon was a thousand times dearer to her than when the world was all before them both, in the early days at Stowbury.

There is a great deal of sentimental nonsense talked about people having been "young together." Not necessarily is that a bond. Many a tie formed in youth dwindles away and breaks off naturally in maturer years. Characters alter, circumstances divide. No one will dare to allege that there may not be loves and friendships formed in middle life as dear, as close, as firm as any of those of youth; perhaps, with some temperaments, infinitely more so. But when the two go together, when the calm election of maturity confirms the early instinct, and the lives have run parallel, as it were, for many years, there can be no bond like that of those who say, as these two did, "We were young together."

He said so when, after dinner, he came and stood by the window where Hilary was sitting sewing. Johanna had just gone out of the room; whether intentionally or not this history cannot avouch. Let us give her the benefit of the doubt; she was a generous woman.

During the three hours that Mr. Lyon had been with her, Hilary's first agitation had subsided. That exceeding sense of rest which she had always felt beside him—the sure index of people who, besides loving, are meant to guide and help and bless one another — returned as strong as ever. That deep affection, which should underlie all love, revived and clung to him with a child-like confidence, strengthening at every word he said, every familiar look and way.

He was by no means so composed as she was, especially now when, coming up to her side and watching her hands moving for a minute or so, he asked her to tell him, a little more explicitly, of what had happened to her since they parted.

"Things are rather different from what I thought;" and he glanced with a troubled air round the neat but very humbly furnished parlour. "And about the shop?"

"Johanna told you."

"Yes; but her letters have been so few, so short—not that I could expect more. Still—now, if you will trust me—tell me all."

Hilary turned to him, her friend for fifteen years. He was that, if he was nothing more. And he had been very true; he deserved to be trusted. She told him, in brief, the history of the last year or two, and then added:

"But after all, it is hardly worth the telling, because, you see, we are very comfortable now. Poor Ascott, we suppose, must be in Australia. I earn enough to keep Johanna and myself, and Miss Balquidder is a good friend to us. We have re-paid her, and owe nobody anything. Still, we have suffered a great deal. Two years ago; oh! it was a dreadful time."

She was hardly aware of it, but her candid tell-tale face betrayed more even than her words. It cut Robert Lyon to the heart.

"You suffered, and I never knew it."

"I never meant you to know."

"Why not?" He walked the room in great excitement. "I ought to have been told; it was cruel not to tell me. Suppose you had sunk under it; suppose you had died, or been driven to do what many a woman does for the sake of mere bread and a home—what your poor sister did—married. But I beg your pardon."

For Hilary had started up with her face all a-glow.

"No," she cried; "no poverty would have sunk me as low as that. I might have starved, but I should never have married."

Robert Lyon looked at her, evidently uncomprehending, then said humbly, though rather formally,—

"I beg your pardon once more. I had no right to allude to anything of the kind."

Hilary replied not. It seemed as if now, close together, they were farther apart than when the Indian seas rolled between them.

Mr. Lyon's brown cheek turned paler and paler; he pressed his lips hard together; they moved once or twice, but still he did not utter a word. At last, with a sort of desperate courage, and in a tone that Hilary had never heard from him in her life before, he said:—

"Yes, I believe I have a right, the right that every man has when his whole happiness depends upon it, to ask you one question. You know everything concerning me; you always have known; I meant that you should—I have taken the utmost care that you should. There is not a bit of my life that has not been as open to you as if—as if —. But I know nothing whatever concerning you."

"What do you wish to know?" she faltered.

"Seven years is a long time. Are you free? I mean, are you engaged to be married?"

"No."

"Thank God!"

He dropped his head down between his hands, and did not speak for a long time.

And then, with difficulty, for it was always hard to him to speak out, he told her, at least he somehow made her understand, how he had loved her. No light fancy of sentimental youth, captivated by every fresh face it sees, putting upon each one the colouring of its own imagination, and adorning not what is, but what itself creates: no sudden, selfish, sensuous passion, caring only to attain its object, irrespective of reason, right, or conscience; but the strong deep love of a just man, deliberately choosing one woman as the best woman out of all the world, and setting himself resolutely to win her. Battling for her sake with all hard fortune: keeping, for her sake, his heart pure from all the temptations of the world: never losing sight of her: watching over her so far as he could, consistently with the sense of honour (or masculine pride, which was it? but Hilary forgave it anyhow) which made him resolutely compel himself to silence: holding her perfectly free, while he held himself bound. Bound, by a faithfulness perfect as that of the knights of old, asking nothing, and yet giving all.

Such was his love; this brave, plain-spoken, single-hearted Scotsman. Would that there were more such men, and more such love, in the world!

Few women could have resisted it, certainly not Hilary, especially with a little secret of her own lying perdu at the bottom of her heart; that "sleeping angel" whence half her strength and courage had come; the noble, faithful, generous love of a good woman for a good man. But this secret Robert Lyon had evidently never guessed, or deemed himself wholly unworthy of such a possession.

He took her hand at last, and held it firmly.

"And now that you know all, do you think in time—I'll not hurry you—but in time, do you think I could make you love me?"

She looked up in his face with her honest eyes. Smiling as they were, there was pathos in them; the sadness left by those long years of hidden suffering, now for ever ended.

"I have loved you all my life," said Hilary.

THE MERCHANT OF THE FAR WEST.

(A FIRESIDE NARRATIVE FOR BOYS.)

BY THE EDITOR.

It was a magnificent autumnal evening. Our ship was covered with canvas towering to the very truck; her studding-sails spreading outwards like the wings of an immense sea-bird, and herself "staggering," as the sailors say, under a fresh quarter-wind, with as much as she could carry, neither less nor more. The horizon was clear—a rare thing at sea—and gave promise of a glorious sunset. We were in the middle of the Atlantic, and not a sail in sight; so that we seemed to be the living centre of the whole visible world,—of the ocean which swept around us, and the blue dome of the cloudless sky that descended over us, resting its huge rim upon the circumference of the plain of waters. The passengers had finished dinner, and were pacing the deck; or, broken up into little parties, were singing, telling stories, reading, or gazing over the bulwarks upon the ruddy rays of light becoming more intense in the western clouds that gathered round the setting sun. Such delightful evenings on shipboard always spread a happiness throughout the whole vessel. Sickness and moroseness are both banished; and those who ordinarily "dwell apart," become frank, affable, and communicative.

It was so with one of the passengers, whose appearance and manners had arrested my attention ever since we had left harbour. He was a man of ordinary stature, and of a light wiry make. There was something peculiarly striking in his countenance, yet one could hardly tell what that something was. The features were all small and well formed; the complexion dark and swarthy; the hair lank and jet black; the eye—yes, therein lay the mysterious *something*.

For four days I never heard that man open his lips. He sat during meals at the corner of the table near the door of the saloon, nearly opposite to me, and separated always by a considerable gap from his next neighbour. He seldom raised his head while eating; never partook of more than one dish, and of that very sparingly, eating very rapidly, and never drank anything stronger than water; so that his meal, begun always late, and taken in silence, was over in a few minutes, and his seat again empty. When on deck he paced up and down from morning till night, speaking to no one, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. His step was as peculiar to himself as were his other manners; short and rapid, and noiseless, like a wild beast speeding onwards towards its prey, he seemed to glide along the deck. But no one could look at that face without feeling there was something behind it "out of the common." That eye! How quickly it glanced round, and seemed to fasten on everything and everybody; now changing to calm sadness, brooding in deep thought; or suddenly—one knows not why—becoming fixed with a sharp piercing glance of fire, beneath the contracted eyebrows, as if it gazed upon a spirit; while the nostrils were distended, the lips compressed, and the features lighted up with deep emotion.

A total stranger myself to all the passengers, I could not make the inquiries which I felt prompted by curiosity to make, about this unknown person. But one day after dinner—on that beautiful autumnal evening I have described—two passengers beside me, while conversing about the great emigration then taking place from the United States to the shores of the Pacific, happened to forget the name of some dangerous pass. "What *is* the name?" exclaimed a Yankee, stamping his foot with irritation, and knitting his brow. "Jonada del Muerto between Chihuahua and Santa Fè," said the unknown one, without lifting his eyes or speaking another word; then rising from his seat, he proceeded to the deck as if he had uttered something in a dream.

"Queer chap, that!" remarked one of the speakers, as he gazed after him; "I knew *he* knowed it, if man did."

"Who is he?" I inquired.

"Well, I expect," said the Yankee, "that he does some business in the far west. I heard a St. Louis man—that tall, red-haired fellow at the other table—say, that his life would be one of the *loudest* in any language, if it were in print."

This description, peculiar though it was, made me desire a closer acquaintance with the stranger; and, accordingly, I was soon on the quarter-deck beside him, and after a few distant and cautious approaches, based upon the state of the weather, the appearance of the ship, and prospects of the voyage, etc., I managed to come so near him as to ask, alluding to his remark in the cabin, whether he had travelled far in the west? His answer, expressed in quiet and courteous language, prompted other questions; and these led to replies and counter-questions, until hour followed hour, and the gorgeous sunset was hardly noticed, and the rush of the waves was unheard, and the heave and pitch of the vessel unperceived, and the whole scene around me became as a dream.

My companion was one of those characters to which an island like ours can no more afford room than a crib in the zoological gardens can afford scope to the camel or antelope for the display of their endurance or swiftness. His life, in its several features, may be very briefly stated. He was a German, well born, and connected with at least one noble family in Scotland. He had early left Europe to "push his fortune" in America. Partly from a love of adventure, and partly from the hope of opening up a new line of trade, he had, soon after landing, travelled across the continent, and penetrated north to the Columbia River, and south to Mexico and California. He ended by purchasing some mules, loading them with merchandise suited for sale or barter; and taking a few intrepid spirits with him to share the dangers and profits of his enterprise, he commenced a regular

business, which had increased upon his hands, until at last—after fourteen years of great success and singular endurance—he was eminently "the merchant of the wilderness."

His plan of operations was this:—He had thirty waggons, each waggon having attached to it ten to twelve mules, guided by two men, dead shots, armed with rifles. Their caravan, therefore, consisted of about 350 mules and 60 men.

"Now, suppose these waggons loaded with merchandise, purchased chiefly in Manchester, and worth many thousand pounds," I asked the merchant, "what was the journey which they pursue?"

"Why, I'll tell you," was his reply. "It's *rather* a long one. Starting from New York or Philadelphia, I go right across to Ohio—sail down the river to the Mississippi—up the Mississippi to St. Louis—from St. Louis up the Missouri to Fort Independence, four miles inland; and there we all meet and begin our real journey *in earnest* to the west."

"Pray, how far must you travel before beginning what you call your *real* journey?"

"Oh! not far—only across the United States, and down one river and up another—let me see—perhaps about two thousand miles." A pretty long introductory start, thought I.

"But whither," I asked, "after your start from Fort Independence?"

"Twenty miles," he replied, "bring us across the Indian lines, and then we are clear of the settlements. Our course lies almost due west by south, for about a thousand miles across the prairie, until we strike the river Mora, ninety-five miles east from Santa Fè. Passing a spur of the Rocky Mountains, called Taos, I divide my company; sending thirty of my best men with the half of the goods along the Rocky Mountains, and as far as the Columbia, to trade with Indians and trappers for their furs. This journey occupies about six months. I proceed myself with the second division due south for about twenty-one hundred miles more to Durango and Zacatecas."

"And how long does this journey take?"

"I leave Fort Independence in the month of April, and reach Santa Fè in about three months; and in six months more I am back to Santa Fè from the south on my way home. For fourteen years I have been altogether only about three years in the settlements. I have constant travelling each year at the rate of about six hundred miles a month."

Such was the route of the merchant of the wilderness. Perhaps some of my young readers may endeavour to trace it on a map? It is something like a journey!

Space would fail me to recount a tenth of his strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The mere physical strength required for such a journey is immense. He and his men, during the twenty-four hours, had never more than two and a half hours of sleep; and were obliged to supply themselves with food by hunting the buffalo, or killing any game they chanced to meet. They cooked on fires made from the dry dung gathered from the grassy prairie, and lived for months without bread or vegetables. It is seldom that such visitations can be provided against. Two or three years before I met the merchant, he had been placed in circumstances which demanded all his courage and decision of character. They occurred somewhere near the Rocky Mountains, and during one of those sudden and heavy falls of snow which he has once or twice encountered in his journey, and which lasted for *five weeks* at a time. The cold at this time was extreme. After toiling some days through the snow to reach a river, the whole company got so benumbed and downhearted, that a halt was called by one of his men, who had, on more than one occasion, exhibited a tendency to rebellion. They all refused to go farther, though the river was within marching distance before sunset, if they put forth all their energies to gain it. The plan of the mutineers was probably to desert the waggons, and go off with the mules. I forget now the details of the story. But I well remember the description he gave of his feelings, when he found himself hundreds of miles from any settlement, in the presence of sixty determined men with loaded rifles, and on the verge of mutiny. He knew that not a moment was to be lost. So, going up to the ringleader, he commanded him to mount and proceed. On his refusal, the merchant drew a pistol and shot him dead! He then went to the next, and gave the same command. The mesmeric power of fearless determination and authority was felt, and the whole band proceeded. He took the first opportunity of explaining all his reasons to them; and while they admitted, after their danger and sufferings were over, that he was right, and had saved their lives, he insisted upon giving himself up to justice when he reached the States. Being freed from blame, he then petitioned Congress for a law to regulate such authority as his in the wilderness.

"Were you not afraid of your life?" I asked.

"With sixty rifles against me," he replied, "my life was easily taken. Either of us must succeed. If they did so, we must all have perished; if I did so, we were safe: I was like the captain of a mutinous crew at sea." What firmness, courage, and self-reliance from a sense of right!

One of the most singular escapes he had was during his last journey home. From some unknown cause, probably the flooding of distant rivers—the prairies often become like a shoreless sea, full of scattered green islands, which mark the more elevated knolls. One morning, he and his band found themselves on such an island.

"We had just reached," he said, "Prairie Fork,—two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest settlement at Fort Independence. The creeks were full. To proceed with our mules, for even a few miles, was impossible. Most of my men would have been drowned. Fortunately, they had a large quantity of buffalo meat, and from the space of ground which was dry, and the probability of the water somewhat abating, food could be obtained for the mules. But the settlements *must* be reached to get assistance, or all might perish. I resolved to make the attempt on foot. Taking a small quantity of buffalo meat with me, I started alone, committing myself to the care of God,—for it was a terrible journey, such as I never had to encounter before, and never can again. I once rode with three mules eight hun-

dred and twenty miles in eight days, yet that was nothing to this journey! The water had risen forty feet in some places. After almost every mile of dry ground or shallow water, where I could wade, I was obliged to swim some creek or deep gully. One night I swam six large creeks. The cold was also great; yet, by God's help, I travelled the two hundred and fifty miles in twelve days. I could not have slept more than two hours in the twenty-four, and then it was a sort of feverish dose in my wet clothes, on a prairie knoll. For the last four days I had not a particle of food, and was compelled to eat, or rather to gnaw, my leather *mocassins* and braces. My clothes were almost all torn from my back. To add to my sufferings, I strained my ankle, and for the last hundred and ten miles—wet, naked, famished—I dragged myself along with great agony. I at last reached the end of my journey, dreadfully swollen; and for six weeks I was confined to bed. Assistance was sent my men by a large escort with light canoes. With the loss of many of my mules, they at last arrived, but took *five weeks* to perform the journey. Thank God, I saved them! But it was worse than even the Jonada del Muerto." I was told that this adventure had attracted great notice in the United States at the time, though I never met any account of it. I believe it was strictly true.

Another "peril in the wilderness" is from the Indians. The Blackfeet and Raphoes are the deadliest enemies to the white man: no distance will weary them. The merchant arranged his camp every night in preparation for an attack. The waggons were drawn up in a double van; the mules and men in the centre; while a watch was placed outside. If the alarm was given, his men with loaded rifles ranged themselves under the protection of the waggons, and thus their position was almost impregnable. Often, however, in a desperate attack, they came to hand-and-hand struggle; but though occasionally some one of his men were killed, they came off always conquerors in the end. A ludicrous incident occurred in one of these engagements. One of his men had been scalped by the Indians some years before, and survived, as very few have ever done the terrible operation. He procured a wig when at the settlements, and again was in a *scrimmage* with the savage foe; and again the knife was ready to encircle the head whose hair was seized by the Indian, when, lo! the whole scalp came away of its own accord, and the bald head lay shining on the grass! The Indian looked horror-struck. Expecting to meet a foe, he was persuaded that he had met a magician, and dropping both the wig and his tomahawk, he fled with a yell from the field of battle, leaving the enemy in possession of his precious life, and of his precious peruke, with the tomahawk to the bargain, as a trophy!

Some of the Indian tribes are all cavalry regiments. The *Cumanchoes* are a splendid race, numbering many thousands. They are all beautiful riders, women as well as men, and their hair being permitted to grow until it reaches far down their back, waves gracefully in the wind as they charge at full gallop. Their ease on horseback, the singular rapidity and agility of their movements, can only be equalled by the most practised riders. This moment they sit erect, in the next they are invisible. While charging, they stoop down, and draw the bow on the right side of the horse's neck, but, suddenly stopping, the horse is wheeled round, and nothing is visible but a part of the foot of the rider; his whole body is now hanging down on the other side of the horse, and his existence is discerned only by the arrow that comes whizzing from the unseen foe. The practised rifleman often shoots through the horse's neck to hit the Cumanchoe's head, which he knows to be on the other side. So chivalrous are these Arabs of the western desert, that they often give warning of their intended attack, that there may be a fair stand-up fight. I may add, that they are all teetotallers, a virtue which, in the absence of charity in the Indian, may yet by some be thought capable of covering a multitude of sins in themselves, though the warriors deem it essential as a means of inflicting severer chastisement on others.

But the Blackfeet! These are the black snakes in the grass. The poor trappers have singular escapes from them. Unless I had perfect confidence in my informant, the facts which he related, and which others have since confirmed, of what some men are capable of enduring while effecting their escape from these wolf-like pursuers, seem altogether incredible.

"Well," said the merchant, "it *is* wonderful! Such a fellow as Kidcarstens, for instance—"

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Oh! a famous half-bred, who all his life was among those wilds. Kidcarstens was once roused up by four warriors of the Blackfeet, who had vowed to kill him, as he had scalped one of the tribe in battle. They came on him as he was trapping on the North Fork, more than two hundred miles from Taos. I know the spot well. He had nothing for it but to throw away his precious rifle and traps, and run for his life. He did so, and Jack *could* run, I assure you; he was all small bone, with muscle like whip-cord. He never stopped, ate, or slept, till he reached Taos; and then he was only a few miles ahead of his foe. He stopped to drink in crossing the streams; that was all he had during the terrible race!"

"A race of two hundred miles! impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Longer, sir,—longer, I believe; I have taken three days to the same journey on horseback, at the rate, I calculate, of more than seventy miles a day. No man who knows the Blackfeet and Kidcarstens would doubt it. *They* beat most runners; but Jack beats all!" "Talking of escapes from Indians," he continued, while he burst into a hearty laugh—a rare thing for my singularly grave friend, who seemed often to have caught the statue-like composure of the Redskin,—"the best I ever knew was old *Peg-leg Smith*. We called him Peg-leg because he had a wooden leg. He trapped along the Rocky Mountains, and sold to me, or to the Hudson Bays, at the mouth of the Columbia. Peg had a white horse—his only companion for many a long day. His weapons were a long bowie-knife, and a rifle that never missed; but powder and shot were more precious to him than gold or diamonds. He knew the haunts of the Indians, and their habits so well,

that he managed generally to keep out of the way of unfriendly tribes. But once on a time either Peg was out of his way, or some roving Blackfeet were out of theirs, and so they spied him, and he fortunately spied them. Well, I need not tell you that the white horse was soon put to his paces, to gain the nearest but yet distant settlement of friendly Indians. Away went Peg, and after him went the Blackfeet, with a yell that might have made any man but an old trapper give up in despair. Miles were soon passed, until the savages were a good way behind, and sometimes out of sight; but he knew well that, once on his trail, they would run along it, without a halt, like bloodhounds, ay, weeks after he had passed; for these fellows can follow up the trail of a deer even six weeks after he has gone over the ground, and can detect his track however frequently crossed by others; and, in the end, run him down! Poor Peg's horse left a surer impression behind than the deer! The enemy was coming on. Once dark, he thought he would cheat them, and arrive among his friends before daybreak. But the old horse was becoming wearied. The sun had yet a good yard or two to descend. On he went, however, for some miles farther, always keeping a good look-out towards his rear, till, on reaching a height, he saw two of his enemies far off, but other two very close upon him, in full cry; so that it was evident they must very soon come up with him, more especially as he had entered on a mountain path. What was to be done? A few minutes more and they must be on him! He first unslung his rifle. He must risk one shot at all events, though but one more remained in his pouch. He made another preparation, which I shall tell you of immediately. Halting on a rising knoll, he dismounted, made his obedient horse stand like a statue, and calmly waited the approach of the two Indians, who must suddenly appear round a sharp turn, towards which he pointed his unerring rifle. Suddenly one of the enemy rushed on the path with a cry of surprise, and, in a moment, lay dead. The other appeared in a second after, when Peg-leg, having unstrapped his wooden leg, flourished it over his head; then presenting the stump to the foe, he flung the wooden leg at the Indian's head! But the savage, seeing his companion dead at his feet, and seeing, too, as he fancied, a *real* leg coming towards him, he stood for a moment panic-struck by this exhibition of witchcraft, and, springing out of sight, was seen no more! Peg reached the settlement in safety, with his leg under his arm. The other Indians, he afterwards learned, had been warned by their companion to retire with all speed from the great wizard. Poor Peg-leg! The last time I saw him was at Jack Nolans', the tavern-keeper at Fort Independence. He had come in to sell his skins, and spend his money on drink, as he did every three or four years, for he had no other way of spending it. Banks are few, and securities uncertain, among the Raphoes and Blackfeet! Peg drank more than he could pay for, and Nolans seized the old horse for the debt, and told its master to die when and where he pleased, but he would get neither liquor nor horse till he paid for both. Alas! there was no trapping at Fort Independence. Peg could as well have paid your national debt. The horse was accordingly locked up in an outhouse, the door being fastened with a huge padlock, the key of which hung as an ornament near Mr. Nolans' bed. Early in the morning, Peg rose, stepped a few paces back from the padlock, covered the lock with his rifle, blew it open, limped in, and in a trice was mounted on the old horse. Mr. Nolans, alarmed by the shot, had come out in his night-dress to see what was the matter, but only got a peep of Peg, with his leg projecting like a bowsprit between him and the sky, on the top of a prairie knoll, waving his hand as he and his old horse retired once more to live, and I suppose to die, among the Rocky Mountains!"

"What a life!" said I.

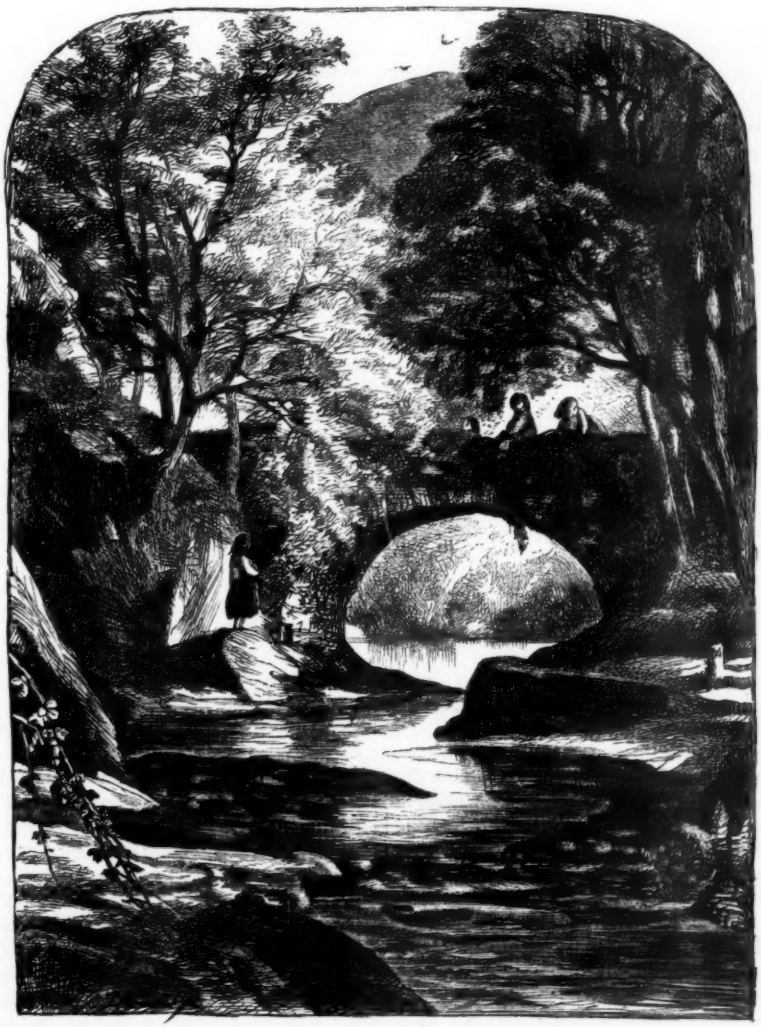
"Ah! my friend, you have never tried it! Once begun, it has a charm which acts like spirits to a confirmed drunkard; you may suffer from it, but habit prevents you from giving it up. I begin to fear I myself could never live in the settlements. As for such a man as Peg-leg Smith doing so, you might as well try and get an eagle to strut along the streets of New York."

The last time I saw the merchant was in Liverpool; and after a long chat, he wished to give me, as a parting gift—will the reader guess what?—a scalp of an Indian whom he had slain in battle! I begged he might not take the trouble of searching for the relic. But a chord had been touched by the very mention of the scalp, and he fell into a reverie staring at the fire, while he slowly smoked his cigar. At last the puffs of smoke got quicker and quicker—the stern expression came to the eye—till, stamping with one foot on the floor, and clenching his hands, he said with intense energy, "I shall yet do for him!" "For whom?" I inquired. "That scoundrel Raphoe Indian who shot my brother!" In the rich and populous "settlement" of Liverpool he was dreaming of the far west, and arranging, in his own mind, for his next attack upon the Raphoes, to revenge the death of a brother whom they had killed!

The last accounts I received of A. S., the merchant of the wilderness, were lately from an old friend who now resides in Mexico. On asking him whether he had ever heard of such a person, he replied: "His name has been well known in Mexico and the Far West for nearly thirty years as a very remarkable, honest, enterprising, and daring man. But I have lost sight of him for years. He returned, I believe, to Germany, after having made money in California, but could not resist the attractions of the wilderness, and so he went back again to the Far West. The last thing I heard about him was an incident very characteristic of the man. A diligence in which he was travelling near Mexico was attacked by a strong party of banditti, and robbed. The only one of the passengers who showed fight was a little, athletic, black-eyed man, who sat on his luggage with a loaded revolver in each hand, gazing with a stern look on the banditti. 'I know,' he said, 'you cowardly scoundrels, that you can kill me and rob me, but not before two of you, at least, are first shot by me, for I never missed. So keep off!' They did keep off; and the merchant of the wilderness thus saved his life and property. I have not heard of him since." Such a strange life of energy and courage is worth knowing about.

AUTUMN.

HAPPY Tourist, freed from London,
The planet's murmur in the *Times*—
Seated here with task-work undone,
I must list the city chimes
A fortnight longer. As I gaze
On Pentland's back, where noon-day piles his
Mists and vapours; old St. Giles's
Coronet in sultry haze;



A hoary ridge of ancient town
Smoke-wreathed, picturesque and still,
Cirque of crag, and templed hill,
And Arthur's lion couching down
In watch, as if the news of Flodden
Stirred him yet—my fancy flies
To level wastes and moors untrodden,
Purpling 'neath the low-hung skies.

I see the burdened orchards, mute and mellow,
I see the sheaves; and girt by reaper trains,
And blurred by breath of horses, through a yellow
September moonlight roll the swaggering wanes.

While in this delicious weather
The apple ripens, row o'er row,
I see the bunches of the heather
Purpling ledges. To and fro
In the wind the restless swallows
Turn and twitter. On the crag
The ash with all her scarlet berries
Dances o'er a burn that hurries
Foamily from jag to jag:
Now it babbles over shallows
Where great scales of sunlight flicker;
Narrowed 'gainst the bank it quicker
Runs in many a rippled ridge;
Anon in sullen pools and hollows
It slumbers; and beyond the bridge,
On which a troop of savage children clamber,
The sudden ray comes out,
And scuds a startled trout
O'er burnished pebbles and through chasms amber.

To-day one half remembers
With a sigh,
In the yellow-mooned Septembers
Long gone by,
Many a solitary stroll
With an overflowing soul:
When the moonbeam, falling white
On the wheat fields, was delight;
When the whisper of the river
Was a thing to list for ever;
When the call of lonely bird
Deeper than all music stirred;
When the restless spirit shook
O'er some prophesying book,
In whose pages dwelt the hum
Of a life that was to come;
When I, in a young man's fashion,
Longed for some excess of passion—
Melancholy, glory, pleasure
Heaped up to a lover's measure,
Some unshaped experience
To o'er-leap the spirit's fence;
When I dreamed that youth would be
Blossomed like an apple-tree,—
That fancy, in extremest age,
Would bloom within the spirit sage,
Like the wall-flower on a ruin,
The brighter from the wreck it grew in.
So I dreamed. Aye one remembers
With a sigh those dear Septembers;
And I start, as well I may:
I have wasted half-a-day.
The west is red above the sun,
The reverie is over, and the task-work is undone.

O mellow, mellow, orchard bough!
O yellow, yellow, wheaten plain!
Soon will reaper wipe his brow,
Gleaner glean her latest grain;
October, like a gipsy bold,
Pick the berries in the lane;
And dark November, woodman old,
Trudge through wind and rain.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

AT THE LAND'S END.

Just a quarter of an hour ago, an aged man, the most intelligent and pleasant of ostlers, zealous in Methodism, and skilled in the characteristics of horses, said to the present writer, "Stand on that rock." And as he said the words, he pointed to a little flat expanse of granite, three or four feet square. The present writer obeyed. And then the aged and intelligent man added, emphatically and solemnly, "Now, sir, you are standing on The Land's Hend."

When I used continually to read the life of that great and good man, Dr. Arnold (to whom, and to whose biographer, many thousands of human beings owe some of the most healthful influence that ever went to ameliorate their heart and life), I remember thinking, a good many times, that one subject in a list of subjects for English verses to be prescribed to the boys of the sixth class, was a most suggestive one. It was, as the intelligent reader has anticipated, *The Land's End.*

One had a vague idea, that a great many fine things were to be said upon that subject. But if I ever thought what they were, I am sorry to say that they have quite vanished from remembrance now. At present, I can only look and feel, in a very confused fashion. For this is the Land's End. Here I am, on the extreme verge of England: this paper is laid on a rough granite rock, in a little recess which keeps off the wind. All this little headland is granite, shattered and splintered as if by lightning. The granite is in many places covered with lichens: and here and there a bright sprig of heather looks out from a little nook in which it has been able to root itself. The sea is roaring

eighty feet below. Eighty feet make all the elevation: of course the mere height is very poor when compared with that of many bits of the Scotch coast. The descent to the sea is perpendicular: the sea below is not deep just at this point. Out, a mile and a half, from shore, you might see the Longships Rocks: detached islets rising in a line, very sharply out of the sea; and running up almost into spires. On one of them is a lighthouse. Three men live in it. A few years ago, a young man who had been absent from his family for twelve years, came back to visit his old home hard by. His father was one of the keepers of the lighthouse; and as it was his turn to take charge of the lights that month, he could not come ashore to see his son till a few days should pass. The morning after the son's arrival, it was too stormy to go out to the lighthouse to visit his father: and he came to this spot, to have as near a view as might be of the place where his father was. He fell over the rocks, and was killed. It is a touching story: if you cannot see why, I need not attempt to show you.

Off on the right, at three miles' distance, is a black-looking promontory, called Cape Cornwall. When you visit the place, my reader, the old man will tell you it is the only cape in England. There are heads: there are points: there is a ness: but there is no other cape. You would think that Cape Cornwall reaches into the sea farther than the Land's End itself: but your eye deceives you. It falls short of its more famous neighbour by several hundred yards. Looking down from this recess, you may see a number of rocks, greater and less, rising out of the sea: each with a ring of white foam at its base. Far out, you may just trace the outline of Scilly: for the day is not very clear.

When you come to this spot, my friend, you will have all the sights shown you by that most intelligent old man already mentioned: that is, of course, if he and you are spared to meet. You will see, very near the End, the deep marks of a horse's hoofs in the turf, within two feet of the verge. A stupid and blustering idiot once made a bet that he would ride on horseback to the Land's End: meaning to the very extremity of the little rocky headland. He forced his horse down the steep and rugged descent from the heathery plateau above, and upon the neck of turf-covered rock that joins the headland to the shore. But when the horse reached this slippery neck, he testified how much more sense he had than the blustering idiot who rode him, by refusing to go any farther. The blustering idiot goaded him with whip and spur: and slipping upon the short turf, the poor creature fell; and clung by his forefeet in the marks you see before making the awful plunge below. The fall was not into water, but upon sharp rocks; and the poor horse miserably perished. I lamented the horse's fate: and I could not but conclude that had his master been smashed instead of himself, the nobler creature of the two would have been saved; and the loss to mankind would have been inappreciably small. It is fifty-five years since the horse's hoofs clung to that last hope: but the deep marks have been diligently kept clear, and they remain as when the horse was wickedly killed: serving as a monument of his sad fate, and of what a brainless fool his master was. After standing on the rocky table which is emphatically styled the HEND, you will clamber down a rough path; and lie down at all your length on a very overhanging crag. Here your head will project much over the sea; and the intelligent old man will keep a tight hold of your feet. And now, looking away to the right, you will discern the reason why you were brought to this precarious position. You will see that the rocky neck joining the End to the shore, is penetrated clear through by a lofty Gothic arch, through which the waves fret in foam. You will be told of another lesser arch, which you cannot see. These have been worn in the lapse of ages: and some day, if the world stands, the superincumbent rock will fall, and the Land's End will become a little rocky islet. You can see many traces in the rocks near, of the like having happened before. Doubtless the Cornwall coast once reached at least as far seaward as those Longships Rocks. And coming up from this spot, you will reach the neck once more: and here the old man (skilful ostler and zealous Methodist), if he thinks you a fit person so to distinguish; if he sees you are a man or a woman who can sympathize with him and understand him; will point with reverence to a square block of granite that looks through the turf: and tell you that a good man whose memory *he* holds very dear, and whose memory can be indifferent to no human being who reverences simple-hearted devotion to the best good of his fellow-creatures, has been before you here. "John Wesley stood on that stone, and made verses of poetry," said the old man to me: and I am glad to say that he then went on, with much simple solemnity, to repeat the verses from end to end. I doubt not you know them. They are the verses in which the good man tells us how, standing physically "between two seas:" standing on this narrow neck with the Atlantic chafing on either hand beneath; he remembered that he, and every human being with him, stands morally and spiritually between two oceans more solemn than that; and prayed humbly that the pilgrimage might end well for all. The writer is a churchman: churchman both by head and by heart: but when he heard again the simple lines (which he confesses struck him as extremely poor when tried by merely æsthetic rules), he could not but stand reverentially on the stone

where Wesley's feet had stood; and think of the old man, with his white hair, his kindly face, his warm heart, and his beautifully starched bands; and heartily ask, in a fashion very familiar to us all, for more of Wesley's single-minded spirit.

And now I have sent the old man away, thanking him very much for the intelligent and interesting way in which he told his story: and I wait here by myself. I have written these lines which you have read, since he departed. At a spot like this, a party of visitors along with you is fatal to your feeling the genius of the place: and after the most intelligent guide has told you all he can tell, it is a relief to get rid of him. I want to feel that I am here. And first, I am aware that I am not disappointed. I went many miles round to-day to see the Logan Rock. The Logan Rock is an imposition. It is a delusion and a snare. You are told it is a mass of granite weighing eighty tons: and that it is so balanced by nature on a pivot of stone, that a touch from the hand can make it rock back and forward. To rock back and forward is apparently an idea conveyed in Cornish speech by the verb *to log:* and the Rock, though its name be spelled as above, is called the *Loggin Rock*, to describe its nature. You drive or walk ten miles from Penzance, by fearfully steep roads the last miles, till you come to a very dirty little village at the top of a hill. I have seldom seen more squalid cottages. I wish I knew the name of the proprietor of the estate on which they are built. A man, who has been lounging about on the road to the village, approaches as you stop at the door of the neat little inn; and the driver of the vehicle which has borne you from Penzance introduces him as your guide. You follow him along a well-defined path, through fields of ripening grain, for about half-a-mile. Then you come upon a rocky height, from which you discern the sea below you on two sides, within two hundred yards. You can indistinctly trace the outline of the walls of an ancient fortress upon that rocky height. Then you scramble down upon a little isthmus, as at the Land's End: the isthmus spreads into a little headland, made of huge blocks of granite. On either hand below you can see a beach of silvery white sand. As you are scrambling down the descent to the isthmus, you observe a man leisurely walking up the opposite ascent: and you become aware of the extent to which the division of labour is carried in that little Cornish village. One man is your guide to the Rock: his business is to conduct you along a path you could not possibly miss, even without a guide. A second man waits your arrival at the Rock: his business is to give it a push with his shoulder, and set it *loggin*. The Rock is a large mass, which may possibly weigh eighty tons: it certainly does not look as if it did. It lies on the landward slope of the headland which you reach by the isthmus. And when the man puts his shoulder to it, and gives it a push, you may, if you shut one eye, and look very sharply with the other, see the rock move a distance of perhaps one inch: possibly two. Let me strongly advise the reader to spare himself the trouble of going to see that sight.

But sitting on a rock at the Land's End, you will not feel disappointed. The interest here is not the factitious one of seeing a large stone moved an inch or two. It is the interest of looking at a wild piece of rocky coast, round whose name there clusters a crowd of associations. How familiar the name is: how often, when a child, you pointed this place out on the map: how many times you have wondered what it would be like; and wondered if you would ever see it! A quarter of a mile out to sea, just below, there is a black-looking rock: on that rock at this minute there are sitting twelve cormorants. Now and then one of them skims off over the sea. The day has become overcast: there is not a soul near. You cannot help having an eerie kind of feeling. You think it wonderful to find yourself here.

Sitting here, I think of a passage in the works of the most pleasing of English essayists, whom the writer is so happy as to call his friend. You will find the passage in *Friends in Council*. In it, mention is made of an old lady, who firmly believed that three pounds given by her were equal to about five pound ten given by anybody else. Her money had cost so much thought and so much rigid saving to get it together. Sixpence by sixpence had been got together through patient self-denial: each separate shilling had formed the matter of long consideration. And the old lady felt it hard that the result of all this should be hardly and unsympathetically expressed by such words as three pounds. Of course the philosophic reader knows that it was merely that the poor old lady felt an interest in what was her own, which she could not feel in what belonged to anybody else. Had she been a person of greater enlightenment, she would have read in all her own little anxieties and schemings, the reflection of what was passing in the minds of those around her: and she would have concluded not that three pounds of her own were equal to six pounds of a neighbour's; but rather that three pounds, no matter to whom belonging, made a serious and important thing. But the poor old lady's feeling was natural. I am not able, at the present moment, quite to repress a feeling entirely like it. It seems to me a far stranger thing that I should be here, than it would be that any one of a great many people I know should be here. They are venturesome folk. They go about a great deal. Nothing strikes them as very remarkable. When Mr.

Smith said in my hearing, that something or other happened when he was going into Jerusalem, I could not but look at Mr. Smith with great respect. But Mr. Jones, who has been everywhere himself, was quite free from any such feeling. You would hear or read quite coolly, my friend, that A or B had been at the Land's End. It is no great matter. But come yourself to this very spot where I am sitting: look round on this scene on which I have cast my eyes since I wrote the last sentence: and if you be a homely person who have never been beyond the limits of Britain, and who lead a quiet life from day to day somewhere in a quiet rural parish in Scotland, you will feel it curious to find yourself here. And if you be a sensible person, you will not think it a fine thing to pretend that you do not feel it so.

You remember what Sydney Smith said of Scotland. He said, no doubt, many things on that subject: but the thing to which I refer is the statement that Scotland is "the knuckle-end of England." There is a certain degree of truth in the statement. After you have spent a little while in Surrey, or Sussex, or Wiltshire, in a very richly wooded part of either county: if you get into an express train on the North-Western Railway on the morning of a summer day, and travel on by daylight through Staffordshire and Lancashire, through Cumberland and Lanarkshire, till you arrive at Glasgow, you will be aware that Sydney Smith's metaphor corresponds with your own feeling. You will be aware that as you travel towards the North, the trees are gradually growing smaller, the fields less rich, the whole landscape barer and bleaker: you will remember that nightingales do not sing north of Leeds, and you will think of other little traces of something like a physical decadence. But the impression made upon you will vary according to the line of country you pass through. I could take you to tracts in Scotland where the trees and hedges and fields are as rich, and the air as soft and pleasant, as anywhere in Britain: and where you add to the charms of the sweet English landscape, the long summer twilights which England wants. The true knuckle-end of England is here. And you will feel *that*, if you come to this place through the rich plains traversed by the Great Western Railway; or (better still) by that railway which comes by Salisbury, Sherborne, and Honiton to Exeter, through a country where at every turn you feel you are looking on a landscape which is your very ideal of beautiful England: and where churches and churchyards abound, so incomparably lovely in architecture and situation, that on a pleasant summer day one could hardly wish for better than to sit down on an ancient tombstone, and look for an hour at the fair piece of grey Gothic, at the green ivy, and the great elms. And the churches come so frequently, that one cannot but think of the happy life of duty and leisure which may well be led by the unambitious country parson there. His population is probably so small that he is free from that constant sense of pressure under which the clergy in many places are now compelled to live. He may write his sermon without being worried by the thought of a dozen things waiting to be attended to; and he may sit down under a large tree in the churchyard and meditate, without knowing that meditation is a luxury in which he has not time to indulge. But come on towards the West, and you will find the gradual approach to the knuckle-end. The juiciness and richness of the leg of mutton, pass slowly into tendon, skin, and bone. In Devonshire, you have Scotch irregularity of outline in the landscape; but there is English luxuriance in the hedges and wild-flowers; and more than English softness in the air. You enter Cornwall, over Brunel's wonderful but remarkably ugly suspension bridge at Saltash; and you very soon feel that you have reached a tract entirely different from the ideal English country. The land is remarkably diversified in surface: steep, ups and downs everywhere: and now and then, as you fly along in the railway train, you pass over a deep narrow gorge, spanned by the flimsiest wooden bridge that ever formed part of a line of railway. Sometimes these gorges are of vast depths. They occur perpetually: and they are always crossed by the like unsubstantial structures. For many miles after entering Cornwall, the country is very richly wooded. You may see all kinds of forest trees growing luxuriantly; and many orchards, thickly crowded with apple-trees. But after you have passed Truro, there is a total change. The engine pants and struggles, as it hardly draws the train up inclines of extraordinary steepness: and you begin to see all round you heather and granite: great bare stretches of country with tin mines here and there, and rare woods of stunted pine. The railway brings you to Penzance, a pretty little town ten miles from the Land's End, which has the advantage of a climate of wonderful mildness. Granite is the stone here: almost every building is formed of it. The town is situated at one side of a considerable bay. Across the bay, three miles off, is St. Michael's Mount, rising out of the sea. St. Michael's Mount, it will be remembered, was in former days the residence of the Giant Cormoran, whose destruction formed the first recorded exploit of Jack the Giant-Killer. You leave Penzance and journey westward: probably in a phaeton drawn by a black horse. There is a rich country for the first two or three miles: then you enter a district very bleak and desolate. The

cottages are rude and squalid: the churches, all of granite, are rare and large; and look as if they were accustomed to be battered by heavy storms. You pass through the last village, which is about a mile from the sea: and then you go along a lane, through a great field whose surface is made of granite, heather, and yellow furze as short as heather. You see the sea before you, stretching far away: but the ground over which you are going swells so much, that it hides the rocky shore. Passing through that final large field, you might expect to come upon a sandy beach at last. At length you stand before a little cottage, an inscription on which tells you that it claims to be THE LAND'S END HOTEL: and here you will find the intelligent ostler, who guides you down a rough slope, not very steep, of granite, furze, and heather, till, after two hundred yards, you come upon the blunt promontory, whose extremity is by pre-eminence the End. The End does not reach into the sea so much as a hundred yards beyond the regular coast line. And the End is not the boldest portion of that rocky coast. Its height, as has been said, is about eighty feet perpendicular; while the rocks on either hand must be in many places at least a hundred and fifty. And now, looking back on the way you have come, you feel how gradually the scene around you grew barer, as you came on. It was like a bad man growing old. Trees and hedges were left behind: corn-fields and cottages with little gardens: for the beautiful churches of Somersetshire, you have only that rude and stern erection which you passed a little since: and now you have come to this, that you have no more than granite, and furze, and desolate sea. It is a most interesting spot to come to visit for a little while: but it would be a terrible thing to be condemned to live here for the remainder of your life. I cannot but think here of the unloved and unhonoured later days of some hoary reprobate: who, in a moral sense, has had his Somersetshire, then his Cornwall, and last his Land's End. And even though a man be not a reprobate, I believe that all life, apart from the presence of religion, is a going down hill. It is leaving behind, from year to year, the trees and flowers: leaving the soft green fields and the rich hedgerows: till you come at length to wastes of furze and heather; and end at last in stern rocks and pathless sea.

It was of this that the writer thought longest, sitting at the lonely Land's End; and this was something, let me confess, that never once occurred to me when reading Arnold's life, and musing on his theme for English verses. Another thing which will probably occur to the reader, when he shall visit the same place, will be, what a solitary and small being he himself will be there. The writer's home, at this moment, is seven hundred and forty miles away. Probably it is a good deal less, if you could go in a direct line; but such is the tale of the miles which he has traversed to reach this spot. And you will know, my friend, how misty and how far away your daily life and your home will seem, when you sit down by yourself in any lonely place, with all your belongings hundreds of miles distant. Going away alone, you truly leave great part of yourself behind. Your mere individuality is a very small thing in size. Great men, such as kings and nobles, have occasionally had this truth disagreeably impressed upon them. A man with a magnificent estate must feel as though those green glades and magnificent trees were a portion of himself, and as if you must see all these things, and add them to himself, before you can understand how big an object he really is. But small men feel that too. They feel as though, to reckon what they are, you must add to the little object that sense reveals to you, the path they have come through life; the labour they have come through: the griefs and joys they have felt: the atmosphere and the surroundings amid which they live at home. I thought of this, one afternoon last winter. The ground was covered with snow: it had grown almost dark: going down a steep street, in which were a good many passers-by, I beheld the dim form of a poor fellow who has but one arm. There he was, a little figure, walking along as fast as he could, going home. You would have said, a more thoroughly insignificant atom of humanity could hardly be. But I knew all about that man's humble home: and I knew how much depended on him there. Not many weeks before, his poor, careworn wife had died: and at that minute, he was going home to his children, four little things, the eldest but seven years old, to whom he now had to be all. Anything befalling that insignificant man, would be to those four children an infinitely more important event than the separation of the Northern and Southern States of America. If we knew more about our humblest fellow-creatures, my reader: if we knew what they have borne and done, and what they have yet to bear and do: if round the unnoted little personality there were even the dim suggestion of its cares and belongings: we should feel more sympathy for every man;—we should regard no mortal as insignificant. I sometimes find people who talk of the great majority of their fellow-creatures as CADS: people who, in another country, would doubtless stand up vigorously for slavery. Let me say, that when I call to mind what I have known of those whom some heartless fools would call so;—when I think of their sufferings, their cares, their patience, their resignation,

their sacrifices for one another;—my feeling towards the fools to whom I have alluded, passes from contempt, and turns to indignation. Would that we had all some of the truly Christian spirit of the heathen poet, who told us how much of sympathy with everything human he felt as incumbent upon him, forasmuch as he himself was a man!

But now, my friend, I must go. I shall never see the Land's End any more. But I have had it all to myself for these two hours; and it has become a possession for ever. Yesterday, it was a vague name: now, it is a clear picture, and it will always be so. It is not in the least like what I had expected. No person nor place you ever saw, is the least like what you expected. But now, I seem to have known it for a long time. And it is like parting from a friend to bid it good-bye. But the black horse has rested, and has been fed: and I have far to go to-day.

Good-bye!

A. K. H. B.

A DIALOGUE.

"And what news have you got to-day, neighbour?" "Why, the Prince is going to be wed
To the Princess-Royal of Denmark." "Ay, so I hear it is said;
And she'll be a grand young lady, there's no doubt at all; but you see
I never set eyes on the Prince in my life, and he knows nought about me."

"And what other news have you got, neighbour?" "Oh, terrible news! Abroad,
The great Garibaldi's taken and wounded." "Was he some lord,
Or king? But I know so little of those countries over the sea;
They seem to be always fighting; it's a pity they cannot agree."

"Why, then, if you come to fighting, the Yankees are at it still,
As hard as ever they were at the first." "Well, they must, then, if they will.
I suppose they're a sort of cousins of ours; but then they're so very far
Removed, that it doesn't much matter to us how long they go on with the war."

"Now there you are out for once, neighbour; for it's neither more nor less
Than their keeping up of this war so long that's causing our great distress:
They've given up growing their cotton, and sending us any to spin;
And that's the way things keep going wrong, you see, when once they begin.

"You're not a reader, like me, neighbour, or you wouldn't soon forget
The things that they tell in the papers: my word, but they're sharply set
In Lancashire now! and it's my belief, if things don't soon work through,
They'll be taking to dying off pretty fast, if there's nothing else left them to do.

"Why now, how would *you* like it, neighbour? I think you would look rather blank,
If you hadn't a shilling left in the house, nor a guinea left in the Bank;
If first you'd to part with your silver watch, and then with your handsome clock,
And then with your quilt and blankets and bed, till at last you came to the stock.

"Until when you looked about your room there was nothing to see at all,
But just a table, perhaps, and a chair, and the floor, and the roof and the wall;
And how would you like to pawn your best black coat that you've worn so long,
Or your wife to have to go out to sell her good Sunday cloak for a song?"

"I shouldn't like it at all, neighbour; and as to my wife, why, she
Would take on maybe if all were known, a great deal worse than me."
"And then, you see, when there's nothing to do, there's always so little to eat,
And only think of the children, neighbour, how they must be missing their meat!

"Now there's that curly Jem of yours, that likes nothing he gets so well
As what he gets with his granny and you, as I've heard you so often tell,
That just when you're sitting down to your meat, he's sure to be peeping in;
You wouldn't like it so well, neighbour, to see him growing thin."

"I shouldn't like it all, neighbour, I tell you; but where's the good
Of talking when folks are starving, sure I'd help them if I could."
"Well, there's nothing so easy as that, neighbour, you haven't got far to send,
It's only like taking a bit of your dinner across to an ailing friend."

"Why, not quite so easy as that, neighbour, for if things are as bad as you say,
It's little to better them that one could do by giving them once in a way."
"Well, giving just once in a way, perhaps, *would* come rather short, but then
There is nothing to stop us that I can see from giving them once and again."

"Why, that's very pretty talk, neighbour, but then to be always giving,
Doesn't come quite so easy to folks like us that have to work hard for our living."
"Well, as to the matter of that, neighbour, if we have but little to spare,
There'll just be the less to send, but still there may always be something to share;

"We might all of us give far more than we do, and not be a bit the worse,
It was never yet loving that emptied the heart, or giving that emptied the purse.
We must be like the woman our Saviour praised, and do but the best we can."
"Ay, that will be just the plan, neighbour, that will be just the plan!"

DORA GREENWELL.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF NOVEMBER.

FIRST EVENING.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SPIRIT, SUPREME.

"Quench not the Spirit."—1 THESS. v. 19.

CHRIST the Son of God is himself the Saviour of sinners. He revealed the Father; gave himself the just for the unjust; rose from the dead; ascended into heaven, and ever liveth to make intercession for us. The prophecy, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," although originally spoken in reference to a particular case, is not "of any private interpretation." It is a rule absolutely universal; it is true for all persons, in all times.

But when his work was done on earth, the Saviour of men ascended into heaven. It was, in his own judgment, expedient for his disciples that he should go away from their sight. Before his departure he promised to bestow the Holy Spirit the Comforter; and after his departure he fulfilled his promise. When the Son ascended to plead with God for men, the Spirit came to plead with men for God. We have an advocate with the Father; the Father has an advocate with us. The office of the Spirit, as explained by the Lord himself, is effectually to apply Christ's redemption, and so glorify Christ. The Church is placed under the ministry of the Spirit, until the Lord come again in power.

In the beginning of the Gospel the Spirit was bestowed in two distinct forms;—one, extraordinary and miraculous, for a limited time and a special purpose; another, ordinary, not miraculous, for all times and all places. Let it be observed, however, that the ministry of the Spirit, which is not miraculous, is not on that account less divine. To provide bread through the ordinary processes of nature is as great a work as to feed five thousand on a few small loaves. The two are distinguished not by their magnitude, but by their form. Both alike require and imply omnipotence; but in the one case the Omnipotent works in an

ordinary, and in the other in an extraordinary way. One form of the Spirit's ministry was needed eighteen hundred years ago to establish Christianity in the world; and another form of the Spirit's ministry is needed to establish Christ on the throne of a human heart to-day; "there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are differences of administration, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all" (1 Cor. xii. 4, 6).

The miraculous gifts of the Spirit, such as interpretation of tongues and the power of healing, were conferred upon the first apostles, for the purpose of enabling them to get a footing for Christ's kingdom in the world; when that object was gained, the miracles ceased. This is the representation given in the New Testament, and this is the fact as it may be gathered from the history of the infant Church. If any one is disposed to look with a sceptical eye on the supernatural gifts attributed to the apostles, we invite him to approach the facts from the opposite side, and observe the conclusion to which his inquiry must lead. The religion of Jesus spread. The Galilean fishermen prevailed over Greece and Rome. In point of fact, the feeblest mission that ever went forth, triumphed over all the powers of the world, and rose on their ruins. How do you account for the fact? Those who reject one miracle, immediately stumble over a greater. Concede the primary miracles according to the statement of the inspired record, and you obtain an adequate cause for an otherwise inexplicable fact; set aside the miracles of the New Testament history, and you thereby create a miracle which neither Scripture nor reason can explain.

Besides, we are accustomed, in other departments, to observe phenomena which owe their origin to one species of power, and their continuance to another. The motion of the planets, for example, is *preserved*, but was not *produced*, by the law of gravitation. The planetary system in motion is a present fact; but this fact, by its very existence, demonstrates that a force has at some remote period been put forth which does not now continue to act. An analogy, sufficient for our purpose, may be gathered from the ground as well as drawn from the sky. We are familiar with the laws which regulate the growth and reproduction of vegetables; but those forces which keep the machinery going, did not and could not set the machinery agoing at first. The growth and ripening of a wheat-stalk is not a miracle; but the existence of that wheat-stalk is proof that a miracle has once been wrought. When once it is there, we understand easily how it continues; but how did it begin to be?

The Scripture testifies, and reason countersigns the evidence that a miraculous ministry set the gospel agoing in the world, and that another ministry of the Spirit, not miraculous, but still divine, keeps it up.

The injunction, Quench not the Spirit, was applicable in Paul's day to both ministries; in our day it is applicable only to one. It is the personal and private ministry with which we are concerned—the ministry of conversion. To this practical aspect of the subject we invite the reader's attention now. With our limited space and our humble aim—charged to supply from the Scripture thoughts suitable to inquiring spirits on the evening of the day of rest—we must turn away from fields of speculation, however inviting, and point our arrow directly to the heart. "What must I do to be saved?" is, after all, the greatest question for a creature that is at once sinful and immortal; and he who helps his brother to an answer is the best benefactor to his kind.

Take these lessons from a brother's lips, and may the Holy Spirit bring them home with power.

The Spirit as a convincing, quickening, converting power is offered,—is pressed upon men. This is obviously implied in the apostolic precept. The Giver of all good beseeches us not to spurn away his benefits; when he pleads with us not to throw the boon away, the plea is proof that he is freely bestowing the boon. But is it true that the Divine Spirit is even now touching the conscience of the writer and the reader of these lines, to convince of sin, and to commend Christ as the Saviour? It is. It is proved in the first place by the promises, the precepts, and the threatenings of Scripture. The warning that we should not resist the Spirit, implies that the Spirit strives with us. In some cases, an appeal to the consciousness of men might elicit a confession that in doing evil they knowingly crushed the opposition of a heavenly monitor who counselled better things. But as a general rule, the striving of the Spirit of God in the conscience for good is not observed or acknowledged as long as it is resisted. Consequently we must mainly depend for practical evidence on the testimony of converted men. They who resisted long and boldly, detect and confess that resistance, after it has ceased. The same rule may be observed in matters that are material and palpable. From your window you observe a little vessel with white sails spread, lying on the bosom of a river or an inland lake. It stands still, either aground or frozen in. While it stands still you cannot certainly determine whether the wind is beating on it or not. The breath of heaven may be pressing on its sails, but you have no evidence of the fact.

When it is set loose, and begins to move, you know the pressure of the wind by its effect; all the more decisive is the evidence if the ship under that impulse moves upward against the stream. It is thus in conversion. It is when the Spirit of God overcomes the resistance, that both the resistance and the power that overcomes it becomes known to yourself and your neighbours. Although the pressure is constant, it is not noticed until the effect reveals it. As Paul never confessed himself carnal, until he ceased to be carnal; so a human soul never rightly knows its own sinful striving against the Holy Spirit, until that striving has ceased.

The convincing work of the Spirit in the human heart is, in some respects, like concentrated sunrays, at once a shining light and a burning fire. It is the process of showing to a man both himself and God. Evil thoughts as well as evil deeds love the darkness and hate the light. Thieves are disturbed when their den is opened to the day: hence the cries that accompany first convictions of sin. Possessing demons start at the inroad of light from heaven. To Jesus still at his approach they cry, "Art thou come to torment us?" In the processes of grace, as well as in those of nature, where there is a shining light there is also a burning fire. When the Holy Spirit comes in power into a human heart, the lusts of the flesh are consumed as fuel, and love to the Saviour rises toward heaven like a flame.

Men may, and often do, try to quench the good Spirit of God in their own hearts. The express command of the text clearly implies the probable effort, and, in a certain sense, its possible success. Hating the pain of admitted entertained convictions, a man may, like Felix, banish the preacher when he becomes too pointed. The deed is generally done, as that Roman ruler did it, in the form of resenting the word of a fellow-man: but if the word of a brother be divine truth, to stifle conviction is to quench the Spirit. It is easier when you lie down on your bed at night to think that you have quarrelled with a man or a book, than to own to yourself that you are fighting against God. When Saul of Tarsus persecuted the disciples, Jesus from heaven said, "Why persecutest thou Me?" So those who put away the word of a true preacher because it disturbs an unclean conscience, will find here or hereafter that they have been putting away the Christ whom he preached. His own words are, "He that receiveth you receiveth me."

If any should inquire, How can puny man quench the Spirit of God? let him reflect that while a man cannot pluck the sun from the sky, he may put out his own eyes, and so as effectually leave himself in darkness; or extinguish the spark which the sun has once kindled, and so leave himself without warmth. It is part of God's plan both in Providence and in Redemption to make our co-operation necessary to the success of his own work. He makes us fellow-workers with himself in our own salvation. The gospel would not be so glorious as it is, if men were not left free to receive or reject it.

It is a special prophetic characteristic of the Messiah, that "the smoking flax he will not quench." When a spark of true conviction is deposited in the conscience, and is feebly, slowly endeavouring to spread and occupy for God the whole inner man, Christ looks on with tenderness, and will not impatiently extinguish feeble beginnings of grace because in their beginnings they are feeble. The Lord graciously fans the spark: but often the man himself madly stamps it out. There are many Antichrists: but the Antichrist that each man has most cause to fear is himself.

SECOND EVENING.

THE MINISTRY OF MEN, SUBORDINATE.

"Despise not prophesyings."—1 Thess. v. 20.

Throughout the course of Divine Revelation, from its commencement to its close, Prophecy was of two kinds. One branch of it was the enforcement of God's present will, and another the revelation of his future purpose. The word both in the Old and New Testaments is ordinarily used as a generic term, including Prophecy specifically so called, and Preaching. Some of the prophets, such as Elijah and Elisha, were preachers of present duty rather than foretellers of future events. Some, like Ezekiel and Hosea, mingled the two departments together throughout their ministry. Some, such as Isaiah and John, considered as a prophet in the Apocalypse, were mainly occupied with predictions, and yet interspersed at intervals some specimens of preaching, all the more bright because of the affluent imagery in which they were set.

The gift of Prophecy in its specific sense re-

mained in the Church of the New Testament, like the other extraordinary exercises of the Spirit's ministry, till the kingdom of Christ had obtained a footing on the earth. Then prediction disappeared, but preaching continued. This department of prophesying will be exercised till the Lord come again. There are prophets in the world still. They are the gifts of the exalted Saviour to his suffering Church. They have no power to foretell the future: they are occupied in a greater and more necessary work. They make no new revelations; they apply the revelation already made for the salvation of themselves and their fellows. The prophets of our day are the successors not of Isaiah, but of Elijah, and his counterpart the Baptist. Their office is, like the first Elias, to rebuke sin in the high places of its power, and, like the second, to proclaim to all comers, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

To the Preaching of the Gospel, then, as the department of scriptural prophesying which remains permanently in the Church, the brief precept of the text applies. Despise it not. This command has, in the nature of the case, two sides, and both should be alternately exposed to view. Its under side, as it lies here, silently demands a true and earnest preacher: its upper side expressly claims true and earnest hearers. The preaching should be worthy of respect, and the listeners should show respect to the preaching. This should not be despicable: these should not be despisers.

1. The preaching should not be such as to provoke contempt. Failure here is as fatal as failure on the other side; and counsel here as needful. If wanton worldly contempt of preaching slays in our day its tens of thousands, preaching that provokes contempt slays its tens of thousands too. I could not venture to affirm whether the larger portion of the existing evils comes in by this breach or by that.

First of all, the matter of our New Testament prophesying must be the gospel of the grace of God. He who, treading in Paul's footsteps, preaches Jesus Christ and him crucified, as only Saviour of sinners, need not be ashamed, in as far, at least, as his theme is concerned. In this respect, God will honour him, and if men despise him it is at their peril. But, further, the true gospel must be truly preached. The Master's name must be published by a real disciple. In the morning within his own house, the sower receives for himself as bread of his life that same grain that in public throughout the day he spreads in the field. So the public preacher of the word secretly lives on the word which he preaches. Although the doctrine proclaimed be scriptural, if its proclaimer toil through his task as the exercise of his profession and the condition of his reward, the word will certainly be despised. If he has not caught fire, he will not communicate it. Nor will it suffice to repeat with laborious accuracy the prophesyings of a former and much revered age. Every generation and every individual should be original, in as far as to draw direct from the fountain in the Scriptures, and not take all at second-hand from the lowest reach of the ecclesiastical stream. Ancient confessions may be both clear and scriptural: they may be the work of greater and better men than ourselves; and yet, to hand down these in lumps as the spiritual food of our own generation, is a method of prophesying which, if it do not altogether deserve contempt, will in point of fact assuredly be met by a cold neglect. The theological terms and disquisitions of a former day, when served up whole to a section of this present human kind, is like fossil food taken from a quarry. The organization has been preserved complete in every part; but in effect the presentation becomes the offering of a stone instead of bread to hungry men. Give them not the manna that somebody gathered long ago, but the manna that God sent from heaven, that you gathered this very morning round your tent. The amount of talent with which the truth is presented may be indefinitely varied. There may be ten talents, or there may only be one. This is not the hinge on which honour or contempt of the preaching turns. Let it be taken from the Bible, and made your own. Taste it yourself, and offer it to your neighbours. If good sense and God's grace be in the preaching, fair minds will not despise it; and unfair minds would find some ground for despising it, although it were spoken by an angel from heaven.

2. Despise not prophesyings. The injunction has not yet become superfluous, although the present generation is, in this respect, an improvement on the one that immediately preceded it. The rule is transgressed in various forms and degrees, by various classes and persons, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously. In as far as the preaching of the place and the day is the true, honest proclamation of the revealed will of God applied to the need and the duty of men, they who despise it, despise it to their own hurt. The position of the writer, as himself a minister, should scarcely weaken the force of his warning here. As a Protestant and a Presbyterian, his prejudices do not lean to the side of clerical authority. His sympathies go with the universal brotherhood of Christians: his stand-point is on their level and in their midst. He thinks and writes at this moment, not as a minister, but as a man, while he catches from an apostle's lips, and reduplicates the warning note, "Despise not prophesyings."

Literally the term signifies to make light of any thing, or count it nothing serious or practically important. This error may be committed in different forms. One may treat the preaching of the gospel with open contempt, and another with silent neglect; but the result in both cases is substantially the same. The use of all preaching is to propose Christ the Saviour to sinners for their acceptance; they who hear the proposal and do not close with it are guilty of despising the prophesying, despising the Christian preacher, and rejecting the Christ crucified whom he has preached.

On this count Rome is found guilty. The system leaves little room for prophesying by the lips of living men. Without the Bible indeed, preaching, although it were encouraged, could not be of much value. Those who withhold the word of God deserve no thanks for offering the comments of men in its stead. Accordingly, although some real preachers have arisen at intervals in the com-

munion of Rome, the gospel is not proclaimed to the multitude. The ministers of the Reformation were descriptively denominated preachers as distinguished from the priests of the ancient *régime*. The same characteristics distinguish the two systems at the present day; the one makes much of preaching, and the other little. The one honours, and the other despises it.

In this field, as elsewhere, extremes meet. The class whose tastes gravitate to the pole opposite to that of the Romanists, unconsciously in this matter, follow in their wake. Sceptics and freethinkers of all degrees scorn and slight preachers and preaching. Politicians who practically ignore religion go to the same lobby with infidels, who theoretically reject it. Together, it need not be denied, they constitute a goodly number. But the unkindest cut of all is given by those who value and support the preaching as a necessary instrument to rule the vulgar, but consider it unnecessary for themselves.

It is not difficult to discern, and is indeed very generally acknowledged, that Protestant nations owe much of their freedom and greatness to the practice of preaching which was universally diffused after the Reformation, and has long been consolidated into habit. Among Protestant countries it might further be shown that the freedom and intelligence of the people run parallel with the abundance, the soundness, and the power of the preaching which they enjoy. Nor does it detract from the value of this remark, that the advancement of the people may in some measure be a cause as well as a consequence of a high degree of excellence in the gospel ministry. It is enough that the two affect each other's company, and doubtless they act reciprocally and alternately as cause and effect.

But while we gladly acknowledge these secondary and subordinate benefits which result to a people from possessing and esteeming an evangelic ministry, we warn our fellow-citizens faithfully, on the other hand, that the secondary benefits will not long continue to flow if the primary are neglected. Persons, families, or communities who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, may expect to obtain individual liberty and national greatness as an additional boon; but where the higher end of preaching is neglected, the lower is not obtained. They who in this matter aim high, get the high objects which they desire, and all that hangs beneath them: they who aim low, miss the low things to which their regard is directed, and all that lies above them.

If you employ the gospel and its ministers as a political engine, it will soon become powerless in your hands; but if you seek through them in simplicity to give glory to God in the highest, and spiritual peace to men on earth, you will gain your object, and more. Count and make the ministry a ministry of reconciliation between God and man through the death of Christ; this is the purpose for which it is bestowed; and the giver is displeased when we turn it to any meaner use. The vessels are earthen vessels, but the treasure which they bear is the word of eternal life. Despise not prophesying; take heed how ye hear; for though the words are uttered by a brother's lips, the message is mercy from God to man.

THIRD EVENING.

FAITH GETTING IN AND GIVING OUT.

"Take heed to yourselves: If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again unto thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him. And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."—LUKE xvii. 3-5.

WE select as the subject of our exposition the brief prayer of the apostles, "Increase our faith;" but we shall look upon it throughout in the light of the Lord's lesson on forgiving injuries recorded in the two preceding verses.

Faith in the Christian life is, as to its place and functions, like the heart in the animal economy. Alternately it draws in, and sends forth. It is continually receiving and continually giving. Because it must put forth energy, it must take in supply; and because it takes in supply it is able to put forth energy. This heart within a living body is always busy beating. Its ceaseless activity is not play: it is work,—necessary, productive labour. Every throb draws in the necessary life-blood at one side, and forces out at the other side an all-pervasive impulse to the farthest extremities of the frame. It is because it gives out much that it is obliged to take in much: and because it takes in much that it can afford to give much away.

Thus Faith lives and labours in the vitals of the new creature. It is in the regeneration, the organ which draws in a constant supply of life, and gives out a constant stream of energy. The spiritual is like the material instrument in this, that it does not depend for healthful action on an accurate reflective knowledge of its own constitution and methods. As a heart may carry on vigorously all the functions of nature while its possessor scarcely knows that he has a heart; so a true disciple, a member of Christ's mystical body, may draw life in a great continuous volume from the fountain-head on high, and send forth a man-loving, God-glorifying stream of beneficent effort on the world, while he could not logically define, or even intellectually comprehend, the nature and operation of faith.

Faith, then, in its exercise and increase, is the working of the new life in regenerated men. Something in the soul, as mysterious in its origin as the beginning of natural life, moves like an instinct, and being in contact with the upper spring of grace in God, draws in life at every movement, satisfying all the new creature's wants. The sense of spiritual need, while the needy consciously cleaves to Christ, is like the expansion of the heart, which by the very act of emptying the place, fills it; and the insatiable desire of a saved satisfied soul to serve the Saviour is like the contraction of the heart's cavity, whereby the invigorating life-blood is forced through all the frame.

Hence it follows, that if a Christian is to any extent straitened in receiving supply, he will be proportionately straitened also in contributing effort. He who gets little, gives little. The less that a Christian enjoys of his Redeemer's forgiving love, the less can he bear or do in the trials and duties of life. Based upon this law of the kingdom is that apostolic precept, "Save thyself, and them that hear thee." It is he who obtains and retains faith's fast hold of Christ for his own steadfastness, that is able to stretch out a helping hand to a fainting, falling brother. In the same sense the Master introduced into the commission of the twelve, when he first sent them forth, the clause, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Where great faith opens its mouth wide, and receives a "plenteous redemption," there faithfulness labours unwearied, unceasing, in bearing and doing the will of God.

Obviously the receiving side of faith lies uppermost and acts first. "What must I do to be saved?" is the earliest inquiry of an awakened man. In us there dwelleth no good thing; the good that may be found in the fallen is not indigenous, it has been imported. We must get good ere we can be good or do good.

Except a man be born again he cannot even see the kingdom, how then can he do effective work in the service of the King? We must beware lest we spoil all by beginning at the wrong end. With the "poor and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked," receiving comes in the order of nature before giving. Pardon of sin through the blood of the Lamb is the first necessity for the fallen. For those who have not been reconciled to God through the death of his Son, the word in season is not an exhortation to issue forth upon an appointed task of religious activity: for these the first and great commandment is, Be ye reconciled unto God; and the second is, Serve the Lord that bought you. When you are charged with such an inflow of forgiving love, the question then legitimately rises, How much of obeying love will the great but softly plying pressure cause to flow in your life and conversation? They who are full by faith's indrawing, are strong to bear and to do in the miscellaneous labour of life. Conversely, those who are called to much active work or much patient endurance, thirst for larger experience of redeeming love, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks.

When an additional demand is made on the giving side, either for doing or bearing, loving faith instantly instinctively makes an additional demand on the receiving side for the necessary supply. In the text, we see the new creature opening its mouth wide to draw more from the Lord's fulness. "Increase our faith," is the sudden, short, strong cry of the disciples to their Master at a pause in his discourse. Why did those simple Galilean believers interrupt their Teacher in his lessons, then and there, with this specific request? The immediate cause of the demand made by the servants on the receiving side, was a large demand which had, in the course of his address, been made upon them by their Master on their giving side. To forgive an injury seven times, or, as it is expressed elsewhere (Matt. xviii. 21, 22), until seventy times seven, is the formula for an absolutely limitless endurance. Such was the draft suddenly made at that moment upon their love; and, poor men, they felt that it instantly absorbed all their capital without being satisfied. It exhausted their stock of brotherly kindness and charity, extending as far as seven faults, and counted ample in Pharisaic computation, as the fire that fell from heaven licked up the water in the trench round Elijah's sacrifice, and fiercely craved more fuel to feed its flame. In their occasional quarrels with neighbours they had allowed some measured, counted drops of forgiveness to flow from their hearts. These they considered respectable in amount, and creditable to their profession. A very small quantity received was sufficient to supply such a diminutive outlay. But now, much more is required than they had ever given, or ever considered due. The old resources were utterly inadequate to meet the new claim. Forgive your brother till seventy times seven: that is, let your forbearing, forgiving love be not like a little water in a vessel, but like a river in its flow, constant, resistless, exhaustless. So much more machinery has now been put upon the shaft, that with the former power the movement cannot continue, and the whole stands still; the needy men, accordingly, cry for a broader, deeper, more fully charged reservoir, which may discharge a volume sufficient to carry all actual or possible obstacles away.

Faith works by love. Through faith from God his Saviour a believer's own heart is filled; then and thereby, through love, he exerts a beneficent influence on the world. Standing in the midst between God and his neighbour, a Christian—not himself a motive power, but only a receptive vessel—gets on the upper side, and so gives on the lower side. By faith he receives, and by love he labours; thus, his life on earth alternates, like the heart that is beating in his breast, until, with the heart's last throb, the life leaps over into a larger place—a life free, full, eternal.

Love's labour consists of two parts, *doing* and *bearing*. These two are different but inseparable, like the two confluent sources of a river, or the two diverging stems of a bifurcate tree. Still more exactly, perhaps, both in their distinction and their union, they may be compared to the right and left hands of a living man. In the body, sometimes the right hand and sometimes the left bears the chief strain, while the corresponding member is for the moment left comparatively at ease; at other times the weight is distributed equally between them. In like manner the Christian life is sometimes mainly a laborious activity, sometimes mainly a patient enduring, and sometimes both at the same time and in equal measure.

I could not venture to determine whether is the greater Christian, the man who bears injuries patiently in a forgiving spirit, or the man who labours heroically in some department of active duty, bearing down by sheer force all the obstacles that stand in his way. The Doers, as a general rule, are better known in the church and the world than the Bearers. The results of active love bulk more largely in history than those of passive love; but perhaps in the inherent merits of the case, and in the judgment of the Omniscient, faith has borne as much and as precious fruit in enduring evil as in doing good. Those ancient warriors who were

left-handed, and could sling stones at an hair's-breadth and not miss, contributed as much to the prowess of the army in the day of battle as their fellow-soldiers who grasped broadswords in strong right hands. The meek Christ-like bearer of evil is as much needed and as much used in the work of the kingdom, as the active, Christ-like doer of good.

In the particular case which is now under consideration, it was on the side of bearing injury that the heavy demand was made. Assuredly those early disciples of the Lord found the duty as difficult as any positive work in which they had ever been engaged. In trying to fulfil it, they speedily reached the bottom of their own resources; finding that they possessed not the sufficient supply for meeting and satisfying this new demand, they "said to the Lord, Increase our faith." If the city were suddenly doubled in size, and consequently a double quantity of water drawn from the ever-increasing multitude of openings in its water channels, the inhabitants, feeling some faintness and fearing more, would raise a united cry for a larger supply from the fountain-head. It is thus that the disciples of Christ are kept from falling. Their confidence rests not on the sufficiency of their own attainments, but on the fulness and freeness of their Saviour's love. Although it seem paradoxical in form, it is, nevertheless, strictly true in fact, that their security in great emergencies, lies not in their fulness but in their emptiness, according to Paul's sharply-defined, experimental antithesis, "when I am weak, then am I strong."

FOURTH EVENING.

INCREASED TRIALS DEMAND INCREASED FAITH.

"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."—LUKE xvii. 5.

TRULY to forgive an injury implies, either as essential constituent elements, or necessary effects, these three things at least:—1. A full, frank forgiving from the depths of the forgiver's heart, pure and free like that which he receives from God. The small pardons which man bestows upon his fellow, must be moulded on the pattern of the great pardon which a believing man obtains through the blood of Christ. The manner as well as the matter is the subject of express scriptural precept; "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. iv. 32). 2. The absolute suppression of desire and effort to hurt the injurer in the way of recompense. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Wisely and kindly the father snatches that sharp sword from the child's hands; the child, if he were permitted to wield it, would wound both his adversary and himself. Retaliation, both in the appetite and the act, must be conclusively abjured. As you hope, and because you hope, that God, reconciled in Christ, will not inflict deserved punishment on you for your sin against him, you cast away from your heart and hand all desire and effort to inflict deserved punishment on a brother for his sin against you. 3. The improvement of every offered opportunity to do the injurer good. Bless them that persecute you; bless and curse not. It is not a matter of choice which may either be done or left undone. The tendency to forgive works like a law in the members of the forgiven man. He who casts a penitent fellow-servant into prison for a debt of a hundred pence, has really not received remission of the debt of ten thousand talents which he owed to his Lord. Goodness gotten from God impels the receiver to impart goodness to his brother as steadily as the stream of water turns the wheel on which it falls. To render good for evil to a fellow-man is an effect of receiving good for evil from God in the gospel, so necessary and so constant, that where the resulting fruit is wanting, you may confidently conclude that the producing cause is wanting too.

But duty here has two sides, and we must not forget the one in our zeal to establish the other. To forgive an injury does not mean, and does not imply, that you shall permit the injurer to do you as much harm as he pleases, without remonstrance and without defence. To abandon either your property or your character to the will of a man who is dishonest or false, is, in point of fact, to do him evil and not good. For his sake as well as your own, bring his wicked deeds and words to a close as early as you can. By all lawful means preserve your property from his grasp, and your good name from his slander. These things are not your own. They belong to the Lord, and to his church: you are not at liberty to abandon them as a prey to robbers. Discrimination is needed here as well as patience. The wisdom of the serpent should enter as a constituent into the character of a Christian, as well as the harmlessness of the dove. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally."

In cases where much of self-denial is required, either you must have great faith, or you will come miserably short of your duty. Either you must get great grace from the Lord, or you will bring great disgrace upon his cause. Here lies great need; but here also opens a grand opportunity. It is in such pressing emergencies that true epistles of Jesus Christ become legible to friends and foes. If we be much with Jesus in secret, receiving increase of faith from his fulness, our neighbours in public will take knowledge of us where we have been.

All things work together for good to them that love God, and the injuries which they suffer may be reckoned in the long inventory of profitables with the rest. Much injury endured, calling for large measures of patient, forgiving love, gives an empty disciple another and another errand to the fulness of his Lord. This is by itself a boon beyond all price.

Trials are an essential element in the discipline of our Father's family. In the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews their necessity is logically vindicated, and their usefulness tenderly explained. "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he

whom the father chasteneth not?" To be allowed to grow up without correction, getting every wish fully gratified, is the greatest misfortune that can befall the son of an earthly parent. Through the imperfection of parental rule, such calamities are by no means rare in human history; but in the family of the regenerate, during the period of their education here, blunders of the kind do not occur. Our Father in heaven is watchful and wise; he doeth all things well. He will not deny to the children any of the children's rights; in particular, the trial of their faith, which is much more precious than that of gold, he has pledged himself to impart. Accordingly it finds a place in a remarkable inventory of a disciple's privileges recorded in Mark x. 30: "He shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, *with persecutions;* and in the world to come eternal life."

These "persecutions" could not be wanted: they constitute one of the promises of God. Without them, faith, never exercised, would, on one side, remain always feeble. Nor is it necessary, in order to obtain this species of discipline, that the blood of martyrs should again be shed as the seed of the Church. Here, as in other departments, there are diversities of administration. God can literally make "flaming fire his minister" to test and exercise the faith of his children in one age, and accomplish the same beneficent operation by much gentler means in another. How willingly and joyfully should Christians of our day bear the sufferings that overtake them in the world, when they reflect that the Master is conducting for them, through the light stroke of a neighbour's slander, that education which for others, in a former age, was only attained through imprisonment and death? Ask and ye shall receive: the apostles asked, and doubtless they obtained what they asked from the Faithful Promiser. But, incidentally, they owed increased faith for bearing evil, to the evil which in the world they were called to bear. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience" (James i. 2, 3).

In your garden there is a well from which you have drawn water, sufficient for the wants of your family for many years. The wants have been comparatively few, and the supply has been always abundant. Every time you have come to the well with your vessel, you have obtained as much water as you desired; but you have never yet on any one occasion desired very much. The resources of the well, in short, have never been severely tested.

But one day your house takes fire. Your family at first, and then your neighbours afterwards, combine their utmost efforts to extinguish the flames. Many hands bear many vessels to the well. An hour—two hours, the pump is driven without intermission by relays of labourers, that a constant stream may be poured upon the burning beams. The hope begins to spring, and the word begins to pass that if this process can be continued a little longer, the fire will be subdued, and the property saved. At this crisis a cry is heard that the supply of water in the well is failing. At first what had formerly been clear comes up muddy; next gravel is thrown out, mixed with scanty drops; and at length the water wholly ceases to flow. Empty air resounds through the valves, as the eager hands continue to ply the appropriate machinery. After this the well will be deepened, and so the supply increased; but, oh that it had been deepened before, or could have been deepened in a moment! It was the increased demand that revealed the deficiency, and produced the cry for a deeper piercing to reach a larger vein.

In the exigencies of life, a similar draft is often made upon the graces of a Christian; and in the day of trial he is often found at fault. In ordinary times he seemed to have enough: he went out and in with credit among his neighbours; he trusted in God, and did good to men. But suddenly a great demand arose,—a demand especially for patience to bear injury and love to forgive it. By the extraordinary draft upon the well for water to quench the fire, its supply was soon exhausted. Even a true disciple may be caught at fault, and put to shame, by great sudden emergencies of trial. Instead of true Christian forgiveness flowing pure and free from his heart, spurts of human passion come out, foul and fitful, hurting the man himself, and disappointing his friends. It is well, if such a disciple, instead of justifying his own wrath by arguments, shall supply his wants by prayer. It is well if, conscious of emptiness, and confiding in Christ, he turn and plead, Lord, increase my faith. If he act thus, he will live yet to bless the tempest that drove him deep into the Refuge and Rest of his soul. Everything, friendly or hostile, good or evil, is good for a Christian that brings him, conscious of his need, nearer the fulness of Christ.

FIFTH EVENING.

MEN OF GREAT FAITH, MEN OF LITTLE FAITH, AND MEN OF NO FAITH.

"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."—LUKE xvii. 5.

THERE is a class expressly recognised and described in Scripture who have faith, but are not strong in faith,—who believe, but have not peace and joy in believing. The Lord himself addressed them in the memorable terms, "O ye of little faith," at once determining for their comfort that they had a place among the children, and intimating for their reproof that their place was low and their attainments feeble. To acknowledge the substantial safety of those who have made the least progress in the spiritual life, does not, when rightly apprehended, weaken the motive to exertion. It is of the nature of feeble life, if there be life at all, to strain after greater strength. He who sits down satisfied with "little faith," on the ground that it places him safe at least within the gate of heaven, has not attained even a little faith. A little life strives for more; it is death that lies silent and still. It is good to be of little faith, but it is better to be of great faith; and he

who does not desire to be a man of great faith, is not a man of little faith but a man of no faith.

The disciples were at this time weak in faith, for they prayed to the Lord for an increase of its strength: but the same prayer that proves that their faith was feeble proves that they had faith. "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." "Ask, and ye shall receive." Here we must beware lest we should confound two things that are widely different—a great man who has faith, and a man of great faith. Great men are comparatively few: but there is no reason why great faith should be a rare attainment. The greatness of the man who has faith, and the greatness of faith in a man, do not necessarily go together. They may coincide in the same person, but they may also be, and in point of fact often are, separated. He who is not a great man, may be a man of great faith. It is even a characteristic of the Divine government to hide from the wise and prudent what is revealed unto babes. A poor Joseph whose intellectual faculties are barely sufficient to constitute the basis of moral responsibility, may be "strong in faith, giving glory to God." Some of the sublimest characters known to history have been constituted by the union of moderate intellectual power, and fervent faith in God.

As a reason why Christians should forget the things that are behind, and reach forth unto greater attainments in the spiritual life, let them remember that great demands may in providence be suddenly made upon them, especially on the side of suffering with patience. Poverty may overtake you; pain and sickness may fall to your lot; you may be forsaken or bereaved; your good name may be undermined, and your confidence betrayed; those to whom you looked as leaders may make shipwreck of the faith, and bring shame upon that holy name by which you and they were called; in these or in other forms your faith may be tried by a greater strain than it has ever hitherto been called to bear: in prospect of such emergencies, cleave to Christ now, and be ready to draw from his fulness in the time of need. Some living creatures that swim under water are provided with air vessels; and when their specific gravity increases so that they would sink like clods to the bottom, they seem endowed with the power of rising to the surface, and drawing in an additional supply of air to increase the buoyancy of their bodies. Thus when the faithful are feeble, and ready to sink under the burden of their temptation, it is their instinct and their wisdom to rise into contact with the source of their life, and draw from his fulness such measures of faith as will sustain their spirits under every weight.

The principle that severe exercise invigorates life, although true, must be employed with caution both in the material and spiritual departments. The fire is low: let a gust of wind sweep through the dying embers; what then? The fire grows lower. What next? Another blast? Nay: hold your hand: another blast upon this smoking flax may quench the spark outright. The thing that is wanted in such a case is more fire: then the blast which would have extinguished a feeble spark will make a strong fire stronger. I have seen a youth who had enjoyed a religious education, and made sincerely a religious profession, venturing into the company of the licentious and profane, and in consequence of the contact becoming himself licentious and profane. The feeble flickering spark that was indeed a light in the mind, and seemed also a life in the soul, was extinguished by the rude blast to which it was exposed. I have also seen a youth, full of faith and love, going in among the licentious and profane, doing a noble saving work among the perishing, and emerging with his spiritual life fanned into a keener flame, even by the foul breath that circulated in that house which is the gate of hell. The Christian who cleaves to Christ will increase in faith; and increased faith will enable him meekly to bear injury, and safely to pass through temptation. A faith made strong through the disciple's prayer to Christ, and Christ's prayer for the disciple (Luke xxii. 32), imparts to the spirit, as it were, a charmed life, so that "they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them" (Mark xvi. 18). New supplies obtained in secret communion from the Lord enable them to resist the temptations of the world, and the temptations that assail them make their strong life still more strong. Thus, "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

In conformity with the text we have all along spoken of those who, though men of little faith, are still men of faith; the question naturally rises now in the close, what of those who are not men of faith at all? What of the sinful who do not close with Christ? Or, to adopt the simple interrogation of the Scriptures, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" The question rings forth from the Bible in the hearing of the generations as they pass, but no answer to it is supplied,—no answer to it can be given by God or man. There is no way of escape for those who, needing this salvation, neglect it to the last.

It is strange in the nature of the case, although not rare in human experience, that men should get up a sort of general confidence in the gospel, while they do not personally cleave to the Saviour of sinners. Redemption provided by God does not save, if it is not accepted by men.

Among the mountains there is a lake, broad and deep, containing practically exhaustless supplies of the purest water. One city has formed a channel between itself and the lake. The channel is full; the water is flowing, and the inhabitants are abundantly supplied. A neighbouring city makes a song about the lake, celebrating, in classic strains, the vastness and purity of its supply, but it digs no channel, and effects no connexion between that reservoir and itself. The drought comes; and the people perish.

Ah, woe is me for those who set mercy to music in their songs, and shut the doors of their hearts against the Merciful One! Plenteous Redemption! Yea, brothers, it is Redemption, and it is plenteous; but it does not redeem those who take the world's pleasures warmly into their hearts, and leave the world's Saviour standing at a distance in the cold dead letter of their creed.

W. ARNOT.

ON VAGABONDS.

A BEGGAR who should carry in his person the traditions of his race would be a sight to strike terror into a parish beadle. His rags should flutter to the wind like banners that have flapped for centuries over knights' stalls. His grizzled locks should tell of ancient fortunes. His form should be the wreck of fallen greatness. His whine should be the song of "blind Mæonides." The thin palm outstretched for an alms should be the hand that smote the Vandal hordes at Carthage. His head-gear should be the battered emblems of a crown. His staff should have propped his tottering steps before the deluge. He should have received largess from Augustus, and prowled about the kitchen of Semiramis, sat at the gate of Baalbec, and filled his wallet from the tent of Achilles. What *Bumble* would thrust the *Beggar of Bethnal Green* into the casual ward? What Board of Guardians would not throw open the doors to King Cophetua's beggar-maid? Is there a policeman who would dare bid Homer move on, or lay but the point of his baton on Lear? Polyphemus, eyeless and unshapely, groping round the world for bread, Diogenes snarling in his tub, Ulysses fed with scraps by his own cook,—even the parish of —— would bend before such greatness, and the tub might be rolled to the corner of Tyburnia. The Mendicity Society would not unseat Belisarius from his corner, nor stay the hand that slipped a coin to Edie Ochiltree. The royal "gaberlunzie man" in the stocks; Timon's headstone over a workhouse grave!—who does not smile at the absurdity? Let the beggar pass, "the only free man in the universe." As well arrest the flying sand of the desert.

He belongs to the oldest of corporations; yet no party man, but a citizen of the world. Climate and soil are alike to him; he does not avoid tropic heats, polar frosts do not chill his blood; but he affects the society of his kind, and abounds most in temperate zones. "The world goes up, and the world goes down," but not he; like Humility, he walks safe in the valley. He is so long in the world that it is his by prescriptive right; the green lanes, and heaths, and shady copses; the broken meats, and bones, and all the coppers; and that antique division between *meum* and *tuum* is abolished in his favour. He is conservative of ancient customs, and has not changed either his dress or his habits these thousands of years.

With all this he is a vagabond; of the lineage of heroes it may be, but of the corporation of vagabonds. Charles Lamb will have it, that beggars are "standing morals, emblems, mementoes, dialmottoes, Spital sermons, books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry;" he has a grudge against the poor-laws—"scrips, wallets, bags; staves, dogs, and crutches; the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage, are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution;" he sighs over the "*bellum ad exterminationem* proclaimed against a species;—much good might be sucked out of these beggars." He will not recognise them to be vagabonds. "If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar." Society sees them to be vagabonds and nothing else; wages war on them as such; shuts her door upon them; builds poorhouses, and drives them in through the stern gates; gives them over to policeman Z; holds them in suspicion and abhorrence. And I am afraid that Society is right, and Charles Lamb is wrong. Perhaps she would be the better for something of his gentleness; if even she would sometimes say to herself with him: "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny." Human life is too living to be gauged by rigid theories of political economy, the more rigid the less likely to be true; and those who button up their pockets at the distant prospect of an alms, may be violating the very science they profess, and which in its highest form is, *thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* It was only the other day the papers told of some lone woman among those brave suffering artisans of Lancashire; how in the depth of her need and almost despair she went out to sing a ballad in the streets, a sweet old plaintive ditty that her mother had often sung to her, and how she sung it in her low, modest, tremulous way, till, as she finished and looked round and saw by the group of faces she was in public, she burst into tears; and how a Lancashire lad stepped up, and took round his hat, and brought it to her well stored with coppers, and sent her home. Who would not wish to have stood in that Lancashire lad's place? who would not have dropped a penny into the hat? who would be so unfeeling as have met her with a surly *Go to the workhouse?* If the kind soul that warmed to little carol-singing Martin Luther had handed him to the constable for a noisy young beggar, what might have been the fate of modern Christendom? The theory is good, but life requires we should sit loosely to it; that we should not read the second and great commandment as if it was in the second table, and ran, thou shalt *not.* Perhaps, also, Society is over-confident in her work-houses and poor-laws, and that they are not the very best system that can be devised; that the way has

to be found yet for helping the poor out of their poverty without crushing them down into mere alms-takers; that the poor-house bears too much of the same relation to the poor as the jail to the criminal, punitive and not preventive; the simple acknowledgment of poverty as a fact, and the effort to keep it within bounds and prevent it obtruding on the susceptibilities of the public. Nor may this same Society be altogether guiltless of a comfortable satisfaction in having her duties done vicariously, by boards and officials, within dreary stone walls, out of sight, and, by the old proverb, out of mind. But upon beggars the judgment is sound. They are vagabonds, and vagabonds make war upon Society, and Society must make war upon them even in self-defence. They are the universal parasites, to be found wherever society is found. They prey upon her, draw their strength from her, and assail her in return. It is a parricidal war of the offspring upon the parent; a struggle between the rogues and the honest men;—the determined effort to pasture their leanness upon their neighbour's fatness. The vagabond in this light ceases to meet with any sentimental pity. We can hardly be patient with Goldsmith for telling such a charming story, under the title of *The Philosophic Vagabond*. Lamb's love for mendicants seems a crime. Wordsworth, of course, might make heroes of one-legged tramps, and heroines of evil-looking gipsy-women; but it is too bad that Vincent Bourne could find no better subject for "the sweetest of his poems" than a blind beggar's dog. Do we not know that the dogs are of a piece with their master? Do we not know that when Gerard's Italian hound followed Dr. Burgess, and that simple-minded divine took him up, it was only, to his horror, to have the dog picking everybody's pocket in the street, and sneaking with the booty to his new master? War to the knife, we cry, against the whole crew; and fetch down Mr. Mayhew's ponderous volumes; and gaze with a horrid fascination on those statistics, lists of vagabonds, beside which Homer's Catalogue of Ships is a bagatelle,—vagabonds that must be classified with the Roman alphabet, and the Greek alphabet, and numerals large and small; armies of vagabonds who march over successive pages until we fancy them all on the march against our slender purse and unbarred doors.

Now without exaggeration this Vagabondage is an alarming evil, and one that has reached such proportions as almost to dishearten those who are eager for social reform; one, too, which needs be mastered in its history and bearings before fairly grappling it. For it has a history stretching back to the very farthest antiquity, till the shadow of Cain—first of vagabonds, arch-vagabond of the race—falls darkly across it; a history that is preserved in the crime and pauperism of every nation; the history of a distinct, comprehensive, and well-organized system, which employs against society more than three hundred kinds of roguery, and against which society in its turn employs poor-laws, prisons, reformatories, Magdalens, and those other punitive and curative measures that take up so large a space in modern social studies. And the beggar, with his *Give a poor man a penny, Sir*, crouches there in the street as the representative of Vagabondage and its history. For out of Beggardom does our modern Vagabondage seem to have sprung, carrying with it, as it widened down the centuries, certain clear indications of its origin.

Out of beggardom born, and in the old, heroic Middle Ages. It grew up on fat abbey lands, and round the great cathedrals; and the gallant, gay crusaders had it for retinue as they rode to Palestine—*post equitem sedet atra cura* in a literal and very terrible sense. For eleven centuries the Church had fostered and petted beggars; and Ambrose's remonstrance of the year 400 only marked the beginnings of a begging plague. In time the inert mass of beggary received an impulse. The great orders of mendicant friars sprang up, and the monk with his wallet was met in every street and on every road. The lesson was easily learnt. Mock orders went out on plea of Church penance: *Flagellants* whipped themselves, and stole from their neighbours; the Dancing devotees whirled through great part of Europe, and sucked up numbers of idle fellows in their course; groups of beggars slipped themselves from the great body like the small puffs of foam that scud away from large patches; and before long Beggardom was up in organized vagrancy. During this time the crusading spirit had died out, but not without leaving behind it a restless spirit of adventure. The Crusades themselves, like all wars, swelled the number of idlers and poor; and when this chivalry had lost its finer and nobler elements it became mere vagrant knight-errantry. The old feudalism provided it with organization, and bands of men wandered over the country at large,—the 30,000 "Devils," and lesser bodies,—plundering as they went, and leaving a thirst for plundering in their route. And as if this had not been enough to set all Beggardom in motion, the fifteenth century witnessed the advent of the Gipsies, from where no one could tell, from Egypt they said themselves. "Counting from the birth of Christ fourteen hundred and seventeen years," says old Sebastian Munster, "were there first seen in Germany the *Zigeuner*,* an un-

* From which come the modern *Gauner* and *Gaunerthum*, resembling, but more significant than our Vagabond and Vagabondage.

formed, black, wild, and filthy people, greatly given to stealing. They have a count and some knights among them, well clothed, and truly honoured. They give out that they are on penance, and that they set off from Lower Egypt. But these are stories. They have no fatherland; wander idly about; support themselves by thieving; live like dogs; and have no religion." They even showed honest Sebastian a letter from Emperor Sigismund in which it stood that their forefathers had apostatized from the Christian faith, and that they were to journey on penance as many years as the years of their unbelief. In ten years accounts came from Paris that twelve mounted Gipsies, with eighty women and children, had passed through the streets, saying that the Pope had sent them on pilgrimage, and that every bishop was to give them ten francs. A hundred years later an English statute was made, rehearsing that "many outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor faict of merchandise, have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire and place to place in great company, and used great subtle, and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in hand, that they, by palmistry, could tell men's and women's fortunes, and also have committed many and heinous felonies and robberies." The Gipsies were fairly loose upon Europe; vagrants by descent and profession; incapable of either rest or honesty; with the low cunning and subtlety of Asiatics; systematic thieves; a vagabond knight-errantry. The beggar assumed a more distinct and formidable type—part gipsy, part soldier, part monk. The land was full of low adventurers, wandering priests, barefoot friars, discharged soldiers, schoolmasters and their scholars, artisans out of work, streaming vagrantly hither and thither, setting all the loose population afoot. And when the Reformation came and closed the monasteries, and swept clean round the church doors, Vagabondage received a final accession, and the convent pauper became an unwilling tramp.

Meanwhile for two centuries there was a Golden Age of beggars. They grew into corporations with corporate rights. Permission to beg was granted with legal forms. They had certain citadels, like the Kohlenberg in Basel; free quarters, from which they rushed out to prey upon the town. They rose to the dignity of a profession, and paid income-tax. The beggar who had begged his five pounds' weight of coppers had entrance to the infirmary. In Lubeck he paid sixpence a year to the town dues. Poetry stooped down, and painted him in the hues of romance. In a restless and unsettled age men turned vagrants in the same spirit of adventure that had led their fathers to the Holy Sepulchre, and the Knights of the Round Table in quest of the Sangreal. Robin Hood and Rob Roy were no better than they should be, plain vagabonds and thieves, but that the one wore Lincoln green, and the other the kilt, and the Muses dealt kindly with them both. Prince Hal, with all respect to his friend Falstaff, was a highwayman. And long after, a certain low and shabby romance clung to the vagabond. A century ago he was the pet of fine ladies. They visited him in prison, kept mementoes of him from Tyburn, pressed round his scaffold for farewell of a hero. The thief became the property of the story-teller; our worthy ancestors crowded to see *The Beggar's Opera;* there were even noble marriages contracted with the slums. And through Schiller's *Robbers* we can see the same feeling, as it existed at the close of last century, when Buckler overran the Netherlands, and made his name of *Schinderhannes* almost historic; and Picard with his "tangled coal-black beard and flaming eye" proclaimed himself *king of the midnight*, and the village of Mersen on the Maas was only a robber's den.

The Golden Age has passed away. The beggar's immunities have perished. The highwayman has disappeared from our roads. The poetry has faded; and thieves' stories are only chaunted in thieves' haunts. But Vagabondage survives, and has grown into a riper system and a deeper wrong. It has been slowly perfecting itself; gathering strength from various quarters, wisdom from the lore of centuries. It sprang from the dead Church of the Middle Ages; it was moulded by a Judaism as dead, and by Asiatic heathenism. It grew up under the shadow of Christian forms; masked itself in Christian phrases; copied ecclesiastical orders; imaged out on the side of evil what the Church strove to represent on the side of good. It is an orderly structure of disorder, an organization of all the elements of disorganization. The old kingdom of Beggardom is but a minor province in the present kingdom of the vagabonds. They have become a mighty power, arrayed against social order; swarming in the purlieus of our great cities, and lurking in quiet country districts; set to do wrong as the calling of their life; existing in despite of law and police and Christian churches; sullen, determined, on the whole increasing. They stand out, a dark huge mass; that is, to those who see it. For there are some, too far off, too easy and pleasant in their lives, to know what it is, to whom faint tidings of it are borne, but as of something vague and dreamlike. And there are many who see it, and ignore it; leave it in the hands of the Government and police, and go their way. And it is not a pleasant thought. But it is reality; a reality that must be faced as boldly as it faces us, to which the Chris-

tian turns as to the saddest and darkest of unsolved problems, and yet a problem for which he, if any, should have the solution.

Most curious perhaps of its characteristics is, that it is a corporation based upon imposture; a corporation of various trades, which are filled up as professions are in common life, and every trade a cheat. Mr. Mayhew mentions about a hundred and twenty-six varieties of persons who will not work. An author of a hundred years ago specifies three hundred ways of getting a dishonest living! The classic authority on the subject, and to which Luther has added a singular fame by writing a singular and characteristic preface—the *Liber Vagatorum* of 1527—betrays the very same feature, and reveals the antiquity of the imposition, and the conservative reverence with which it has been handed down. This book mentions the *Lossners*, "knaves who say they lay in captivity among the infidel," and answering to our shipwrecked mariners. There are the *Klenkers*, who "sit at the church-doors with sore and broken legs, and all the while as little ails them as other men." "At Schlestad one was sitting at the church-door. This man had cut the leg of a thief from the gallows. He put on the dead leg, and tied his own leg up. He had a quarrel with another beggar. This one ran off, and told the town-serjeant. When he saw the serjeant coming he flew, and left the sore leg behind him—a horse could hardly have overtaken him." There are the *Salvers*, who "besmear themselves with salve, and lie down before the churches, looking as though they had been ill a long time." Of these and the like the author says warmly, "Give them a kick if thou canst." *Scaldrum* and other "dodges" are still practised in London. Mayhew was informed of a man who had pricked the flesh of his leg all over to draw pity; and reports another "whose right sleeve hung loose at his side, and there appeared to be nothing left of his arm but a short stump. On being examined at the police-office, his arm was found strapped to his side, and the stump turned out to be a stuffing of bran." There are the *Dobissers*, "who beg alms to repair a ruined chapel," and two of whom drove a great trade in Ireland some months ago; the *Strollers*, "exorcisers of the devil for hail, storm, and witchcraft" (also not uncommon in some English counties); the *Schleppers*, abounding in the Black Forest, false priests who collect for an altar-cloth, and release souls out of purgatory at a penny a piece; the *Dallingers*, who have been hangmen, and who whip themselves with rods before the churches; and "when they have practised for a while, and cheated many people, they become hangmen again as before;" the *Süntwegers*, who "say they have taken a man's life away in self-defence, and, unless they bring back a sum of money at the right time, their heads will be cut off;" there are pretended noblemen and mercers, "clothed prettily and with neatness;" "baptized Jewesses, who can tell people whether their fathers or mothers are in hell or not;" those who borrow children; *Genssscherer*, or distressed mechanics, who are ashamed to beg, *Sefeldiggers*, who can find hid treasures; tinkers, who "mayhap will break a hole in thy kettle with a stick or a knife, to give work to a multitude of others;" and *Grunterers*, "who fall down before the churches with a piece of soap in their mouths, whereby the foam rises as big as a fist, and they prick their nostrils with a straw, causing them to bleed, as though they had the falling sickness."

Some of these tricks are disappearing; others have been developed with greater skill. Begging letters were in their infancy then; but Czapolinski, our contemporary, makes from £20 to £60 a day. The Mendicity Society found the writer of a "most touching letter" crouching in a miserable London garret; and found again that he lived handsomely with his wife and family in another part of the town. The romantic "Kaggs" family lived for years "in a sort of vulgar luxury, at no cost but invention, falsehood, and a ream or so of paper." An old man about Russell Square "will pick up a small piece of bread which has been thrown out to the sparrows, wipe it on his velveteen coat, and begin to eat it. I followed him one day," says Mr. Mayhew, "into a low beer-shop in St. Giles's, and found him comfortably seated with his feet up on a chair, smoking a long pipe, and discussing a pot of ale." There are men who throw themselves into the Serpentine on the chance of a glass of brandy when they are pulled out. In 1816, a Commons' committee reported of children let out by the day at half-a-crown: of a woman that sat ten years at a corner with twins that never grew older; of beggars who paid 50s. a week for their board; and of one negro beggar who retired to the West Indies with a fortune of £1500. "The personal appearance of the vagabond," says one writer, "is itself a bodily lie." The body is altered in height and character. In one instance alteration of height was made at six different times, varying from three to four inches. Another lived seventeen months at Lubeck with a high shoulder and a stiff finger, and would have been arrested afterwards at another place, but for having neither. The face and hands are often marked with lunar caustic. More recently a skilful tattooing has been discovered, which presently disappears on the colouring stuff being absorbed by the lymphatic glands. Even dumbness has been feigned successfully for many years. A Berlin Jew once robbed a grave Canon in his hotel, and among the ducats in his strong-box he found the apparatus for housebreaking.

Imposture is the universal sign from the beggars' dependant (for there is even lower than the beggar) to the ticket-of-leave man. All Vagabondage is a swindle. But yet it is true to itself. In no other way would its coherence and persistence be explicable. It is held together by rigid and careful bonds, by mutual trust and mutual interest. It is worked on a definite plan; a huge secret society issuing its edicts and passwords, distributing its forces, maintaining its communications with all the capitals of Europe, passing its members from place to place, on the alert for every crime, in universal watchfulness of every police. One close bond is their relationship; what passes for marriage with them being in most cases intermarriage. Another is secrecy. No pains are spared to keep it. Prisons have been stormed for no other reason than to relieve prisoners who might have betrayed

their fellows, or even their crime. A comrade of Picard began to inform. Picard freed him, went to a robbery with him, and shot him on the way. One of a robber's gang concealed two crowns of the common plunder, and his companions tortured him to death. Wichern has observed the same darkened honour in Berlin. If a thief, he says, has stolen 2500 crowns, and reports only 2000 to his companions, woe to him! They are sure to find out the true sum from the police reports. The least punishment is a brand in the cheek to make the traitor known; and the informer has often to be transported for safety, a questionable safety when this underground *Vehmgericht* compasses the world.

A third bond they owe to the Gipsies; besides giving Beggardom the vagabond impulse, the Gipsies gave it speech, and taught it the use of a secret tongue. Stragglers who joined them were unacquainted with the so-called *Egyptian*, but seem to have gathered its vocabulary with that quickness of cunning which belongs to evil. The *Egyptians*, in turn, picked up words from the countries through which they passed. Fresh words were being continually coined; and little rivulets of speech were always flowing into the great stream, from the Church mendicants of the Middle Ages, with their religious slang, the Jew *fences*, with their Hebrew-German, and the *Lingua Franca*, down to the modern *Cadger's cant*. A composite language was thus formed, by which vagabonds in every part of Europe, and possibly in the parts beyond Europe, communicate with each other, which none but vagabonds understand, commonly a traditional, rarely a written speech, in which their secrets are lodged, beyond the ken of keen-sighted policemen, and hitherto of keener sighted philology. Its basis would seem to be oriental. Many of the primitive words have been traced to Hebrew and Sanscrit. In a page or two of the vocabulary of the *Liber Vagatorum* occur the Hebrew words for priest, bread, flesh, house, God. The various orders of thieves in Germany have Hebrew names; the two classes of thieves' implements are called *Great and Little Purim*. An Indian friend, looking over Mr. Hotten's dictionary the other day, recognised a crowd of words that are still used in Gujerati slang. The Latin of the friars survives in such common words as "patter" (*paternoster*) and "fake" (*facere*); and there are names of common coins that sprung up under the classic shade of Rome. Dr. Latham declares that "the thieves of London are the conservators of Anglo-Saxonisms;" there are phrases of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, to be heard now only at the Seven Dials or the New Cut. Each country appears to have grafted its own vocabulary on the old stock, and the English, by virtue of our insulation, is the most distinct of any. It is peculiar also for its variety-slang that must be read backwards, slang that is merely euphonious, cant by multiplication of consonants, and cant by transposition of consonants. Lascars and Malays, Genoese and Danes, have contributed their quota; there are odd words selected for their unmeaningness, words that have been coined in some brilliant vagabond inspiration, and words that have been transmitted through the various grades of society until both usage and spelling have made them new. This outer region of the vagabond's tongue is marked by great fluctuation, by the same alteration of sense in words that are retained, and the same dropping of words once popular, that characterize our English itself. The subject is one which cannot be pursued here; it demands, by its importance and extent, separate treatment. But the fact of a secret language is clear; a language spoken in our own streets, yet unintelligible to us; spoken in every great capital, yet unintelligible in each; the thieves' and beggars' *vade mecum;* the sign of a people that in this aspect resemble only the Jews, scattered through every nation, and combining with none. And this language reveals the degradation of that people in the most appalling form; turning the holiest words to the basest uses, inverting every principle of honour and morals, laughing at sin through some whimsical cant, twisting all social order and Christian life into a satanic burlesque, *making a mock at sin;* the very language of sin itself, where every phrase conceals an assault upon virtue, without a word for goodness, or purity, or honour.

A society constructed out of such elements as this, maintaining its unity by such a tongue, and yet holding together for centuries undecayed, is surely as awful a proof as need be of the mystery of evil. But it has still another bond of secret communication. A clergyman whose pastoral work led him for two years through a thieves' quarter, tells us, that "a gesture which may seem unmeaning to the passer-by would make him quake with fear if he knew its significance." "Every movement of the eye and mouth," says another writer, "every shuffling of the feet, the touching of the neck or mouth or hair, a cough, a hem, a sneeze, let it seem never so accidental, is a sign." There is a finger alphabet, commonly practised with one finger; words are traced by the finger in the air, or, in the dark, on the hand of a comrade; the finger letter C carelessly made as the hand lies carelessly on the table announces one of the order; a peculiar wink conveys a mystery. There is a vagabond heraldry by which every vagabond has his crest, and every profession its coat of arms; and the vagabond who should assume his neighbour's quarterings would atone for it in blood. His crest may be either out of the world of animals or Euclid, a horse or a parallelogram; sometimes a cross wound round with a serpent; perhaps a visor over a fox. As inviolable as his heraldry is his *nom de plume;* the Jews having the manufacture of this article, and furnishing to the world of vagabonds at least one apiece. The thieves' arms are a key pierced by an arrow; in the beggars', the arrow pierces a heart; it figures also in the gamblers' through three dice. The arrow, surmounted by a black globe, signifies fear of capture; a stroke with a twisted line about it signifies an exploit; a line attached to this points out the way the writer has gone; the hooks above the line are for men, those below for the women; the cipher above for the leader's children—he being marked by his crest; those below for the children of the rest; even the date may be as openly written as 1/12/62. In 1724, Gipsies are described as "sticking up boughs

of divers kinds, that one company may know which way another is gone;" in 1852, they are described performing the same office by "strewing handfuls of grass at a foot lane or cross roads, by a cross made on the ground with a stick or knife, and by a cleft stick placed in a fence. The marks are always placed on the left-hand side." The hieroglyphics are as old as the fifth century, and once we find them there, who can say how much older? They are made with coal, or chalk, or pencil; sometimes in the sand or snow. They are found on churches, public buildings, inns, mile-stones, solitary trees. A Government report from Hampshire speaks of them as "on corners of streets, on door-posts, and on house-steps. The murderer's signal is even exhibited from the gallows; as a red handkerchief held in the hand of a felon about to be executed, is a token that he dies without having betrayed any professional secrets." Few notice these secrets, though they are common enough on the ways into any town; the country peasants who see them are superstitious enough to preserve them.

These are but some of the characteristics of this strange world. Many as curious might be noticed; their superstitions and the connexion these have with Talmudical writings; their mystical and cabalistic letters; their class distinctions and rigid etiquette; their peculiar science; their common physical type; the adaptation of their industries to the seasons and fashions; their knowledge of the polite world and its movements; their schools for teaching their language and craft; their haughty contempt of all the world beside, as a Jew might speak of a Gentile, or a German student of the *Philister*. But they are there before our doors; stealing up our streets; plotting against our property; darkening our feasts; a kingdom of darkness, of which we learn by police reports, at which we shudder when some more evil and daring spirit glides out of it—some Williams, or Dumollard, or Karl Maasch, or Catherine Wilson—smiting down a score of victims with a single hand, but which men turn to wearily and unwillingly, as to the inevitable. What is to be done with it? Repression has been tried, and it may be said, failed. Before Luther's time, a beggar that was caught in theft was incontinently drowned. Whipping and burning, the stocks and the gallows, earslitting, and even slavery, were abundantly used by our forefathers, and Henry VIII. has the credit of hanging 72,000 rogues and vagabonds. Yet beggars and thieves flourished apace, and made it a savage war of reprisals; "burnt carts laden with charcoal, set fire to heaps of felled wood, barked apple and pear trees, and cut out the tongues of cattle and the ears of the king's subjects." Master Franz of Nuremberg, relates, that from 1573-1615 he put 361 to death, and tortured 375 others in that district alone. At Giessen in 1726, five were broken on the wheel, nine hanged, and eleven beheaded. At Gotha a *lunatic* vagabond was slowly butchered by seven sword-strokes. In France, forty were shut up in a house that was then mined, and blown into the air. Schinderhannes was guillotined with nineteen of his band at Mayence. And still the evil grew under the very hands of justice; in apparent subsidence in one century, but only to rise with greater force in the next. Repression of the severest was ineffectual, and with our present time there came milder measures.

A more humane and comprehensive Poor-Law was established, on the principle that it was as much the duty of the nation to care for its poor as to have an army or a fleet; that the poor could not be banished; that the vagrant must have at least the option of shelter. Poor-houses rose up over the country; poor-rates were levied; and men were content. It was a contrast to the older time when the magistrate fixed the days a beggar should take from place to place, and if they were exceeded, the unfortunate tramp was whipped through every village on the rest of his route. Prison discipline was revised, and based upon juster views. It was made correctional as well as punitive. The prisoner might be a vagabond; but he was treated like a human vagabond, not like an evil beast. And the theory of correctional prisons and reforming prisoners by discipline, was pushed far enough, so far that the vagabond prefers the prison to the workhouse, and the worst of all criminals is a ticket-of-leave man. Yet somehow Vagabondage increases, and is almost as daring and terrible in 1862 as in the days of the Mohawks, and the gentlemen of the road. If the mendicant has slunk away, the mendicant spirit is rife. And in spite of the Poor-Laws, there are beggars, and perhaps not altogether by their own fault. Vagabondage is there, and what is to be done?

From the Huguenot wars up till now there have been a million professed vagabonds in Germany: their families and auxiliaries have been at least three millions more. Take an English county like Yorkshire, or two like Hereford and Berks. People them with vagabonds as thick as they are peopled now with honest men. Put the inns and public-houses into their hands. Let the children in the streets be vagabond children; let the green lanes be walked by vagrants and thieves; let them fill every town. Let their speech be as different from ours as Dutch from English; their history and traditions purely criminal; their instincts against order; their secrecy and organization perfect; their morals, immorality; their knowledge of God derived from oaths; without sense of either sin or righteousness. That is something like the evil that faces us; that has grown up as part of our social life and system; that is in the very heart of a Christian nation. Are detectives and constables and jailers the best missionaries to send into such a region? Is there any likelihood that they will change it? Is it seemly that this work should be given over to them? Nay, as long as that is our only remedy, we may be hopeless of anything but mere safety from this Vagabondage, if even that. And, is it not to be held as a reproach on a Christian nation that this Vagabonds' Kingdom should exist in it at all; a reproach on a Christian Church that has not used the remedies within its reach; that has not acted by faith in the mighty power of God for the overthrow of sin? It is peculiarly a question for the Christian Church. There, if anywhere, men will look for the redress of social wrongs, and the remedy for social evils. If the

Church gives it over, is it likely that philanthropy or law will succeed? Christian effort—of the Church, of the individual—is the last hope; but by faith there is more than hope in it. There are points of contact which any honest, hearty Christian will find enough.

"The Vagabond," says Dr. Ave-Lallemant, with every right to speak, "is not incurable; it is hard to improve him, but no genuine Christian work is easy." He has strong affections. Marriage scarcely exists for him, though sometimes the form is gone through in mockery, with one vagabond for clergyman and another for sexton; their so-called wives are exchanged as a matter of business for a poodle or five crowns; a long sentence authorizes a temporary divorce; and their union is always dissoluble by considerations of policy and selfishness. Yet there is affection, capable of much sacrifice, celebrated in some of their ballads, revealing some hidden softness and purity. A mother has been known to carry the dead body of her child for days, and would not leave it in her flight. "I should just like to make one last theft," said a cruel Dutch robber to his confessor, as they went to the block. "What?" replied the Capuchin, confounded. "Just that; and then I would take the money, and give it to the Ursuline nuns, and they would bring up a certain poor child I know, that must otherwise perish." Schinderhannes was always very tender to his father; and Hans to the last honoured with all obedience the parent who ruined him. Their callousness arises as much from ignorance as from deliberate criminal purpose. "What religion are you?" was asked of a robber in 1812. "One about as much as the other. My mother taught me as many prayers as got me confirmed; but I am certainly no Jew." "You know that robbery and stealing are forbidden?" "Yes, I knew that, but I *never knew it was sin*." Some Würtemberg pastors visited a certain notorious Constanzer Hans in prison. He, too, had never been taught of sin, and when he learned it from their lips, it was like scales falling from his eyes. He died a thoroughly changed man.

It may look at first like a blind groping in a dark world, but these rays of tenderness and conscience throw some light and hope into it. And they throw light upon the remedy. Whose fault is it but the fault of the Christian Church that these men know nothing of sin? Who is to teach them that, if Christians will not? And what hope is there of a thief giving up theft merely because law forbids it? The police and the prisons are on the one side, but balanced on the other by excitement, adventure, the outlaw's revenge upon society, and the difficulty of an honest calling. Let the vagabond be smitten with the sense of sin, dealt with in a patient manful spirit by those whom God has taught both of sin and redemption; and there is hope to see him "clothed and in his right mind." But we dare not approach him as the only guilty one. Whatever in us and in our social life has helped to make him what he is, has made us guilty likewise. Nor dare we come with anything like dead sermonizing, like that old preacher of last century, who put 128 questions to every convict, and made him repeat as many printed answers. It must be in the power of a living faith, and with the keen perceptions of a Christian conscience, and a love that can endure all things. And the work is but begun when the single soul is rescued. It is not enough to reclaim the vagabond, and then leave him to the mercies of a suspicious public. That same Gospel which is preached to the solitary sinner is good for the order of the world. Social reform is not even to go hand in hand with the gospel, but it is part of it. For the spiritual and personal relations of man are not given over to Christians; the social and material to legislators and philanthropists; but the entire man is the domain of God's work, and of every Christian as fellow-worker with God, and the work must go on until society is set upon a righteous basis, built up in purity, truth, unselfishness, and sympathy.

Reformatories and Ragged Schools are admirable; in a time when vagabondage is signalized by its juvenile crime, they are above all needed. But it is not enough to *have* them. Least of all is it seemly for the Christian Church to stand by, and let others work them, or throw them with every other heavy burden upon the Government. They are the direct concern of every Christian man and woman; they will be effectual just in proportion as Christian men and women work them; they will never get beyond the awkwardness of an experiment until we recognise them as a personal Christian duty. Workhouses and poor-laws are also admirable; institutions that mark more than any other the progress and humanity of our century. But they will not make an end of mendicancy. Luther saw towards the right way when he wrote that "every town and village should know their own paupers, as written down in the registry, and assist them." Falk saw it more clearly at Weimar. Chalmers proved it in the great cities. In Erlangen, in Bavaria, the poor are managed on the principle that the Church is their proper caretaker and administrator of the highest and most authoritative poor-law; and Pastor Schunk's reports are of singular interest and encouragement. The great experiment at Elberfeld is as vigorous as ever. And it is in this direction that we must move upon Beggardom. It is a Christian enterprise in which none but Christians can thoroughly overcome. It is peculiarly the business of the Church, of the Christian congregation, of the individual. It is only by personal Christian contact with it that Vagabondage can be lessened and finally cured. Otherwise it will be a perpetual tax upon the State, a constant apprehension, a fearful reproach.

S. W.

THE COUNTRY SURGEON.

BY REV. J. DE LIEFDE.

I.

I DO not wish to intrude myself as a judge between the theorists and the practitioners when they quarrel upon the question which is preferable, learning or skill. But this much I am sure of, that when I am ill, I prefer a physician who, with a prescription in my own language, restores me to health, to another who, with a Latin one, hurries me to the grave. In this opinion, the inhabitants of the pretty village of S—— agreed to the full, for though they were but two miles distant from the town of Utrecht, where there were then, and are still, a University, and many learned professors and practitioners of medicine, yet they never went to it to get a limb taken off, or a disease cured. They were perfectly satisfied with their own country surgeon, Mr. Henry Morgenop, though he could not tell what Hippocrates used to call the liver when he spoke his native Greek. His good wife, whom old and young called "Mother Susanna," was of opinion that our Saxon word *liver* was the best name that could be given to that part of our body, since it was obvious that nobody could live without it. Indeed, Mother Susanna was, in her own way, also a connoisseur of the human system, and of the medicines that were required for curing its diseases. Only she called everything by a name of her own invention. Thus she could not comply with the custom of calling the dandelion *taraxacum;* she thought *grass-candle* was a much more appropriate name for it, and as she prepared all the prescriptions for her husband, he never wrote *Extr. Tarax.*, but *Extr. grassc.*

Mr. Morgenop's youthful years had fallen in with that period of civilisation, when every blacksmith was a veterinary surgeon, and every barber a medical man. In those days, Hungarian quacks, with their long blue cloaks and broad-brimmed hats, used to visit the villages of Holland at regular times of the year to sell a powder which cured all diseases, from epilepsy to toothache, and, at the same time, was a *probatum* for killing rats and mice; and German dentists were seen at every fair, sitting in their gigs, and getting their patients to climb up under tears on one side, to slide down with smiles on the other. Mr. Morgenop accordingly had begun his career in life as a barber, but being by nature endowed with a rare talent for medical science, he gradually acquired such a profound knowledge of the human frame, and of the various herbs furnished by the benevolent Creator for its benefit, that he became known throughout the whole district as one of the ablest surgeons within thirty miles round. It so happened that his good wife likewise seemed to be born with a bump for therapeutics. Already, before her husband had acquired his fame, the mothers of the village used to consult her about a sick child, a scald, wound, or bruise. It was acknowledged that no one in the world could spread a better plaster or roll a nicer pill, and in serious cases she was always called to the sickbed, for a better nurse could not be got than good Mother Susanna.

Their marriage was blessed with the birth of a son, who, to the great joy of his parents, soon proved to have inherited their talents to an extraordinary degree. Already, as a boy of six, young William Morgenop showed amazing skill for dissecting a flower, or anatomizing a dead mouse. Whatever came under his little fingers, if capable of disjunction, was sure to be reduced to the very atoms it was composed of, and, if reunion were possible, he did not rest till he had restored the whole to its pristine condition. The latter feature of his character showed that destruction was not the end he aimed at, but only the means to arrive at knowledge. Indeed, he always manifested a great aversion to destruction for the mere pleasure of destroying. In this respect, he betrayed an extraordinary tenderness of feeling. He never killed a living creature to satisfy his desire for anatomy. And however gladly he would like to dissect a flower in the garden, he never attempted it if he thought that any one in the house would like to see its colours or to smell its fragrance.

William had reached his eighteenth year, when events took place in the political world, which brought about a considerable change in the social administration of the country. Among the many alterations and improvements that were introduced by the Government, was a law regulating the medical practice. The body of practitioners was henceforth divided into two classes, one for the towns and another for the country. Nobody was permitted to practise in a town without his having obtained a doctor's degree at a University. To get this, a classical training of five years at a College was necessary. For the country surgeon an easier course was prescribed. Of him no knowledge of Greek or Latin was required, but he had to go through a course of three years at one of the clinical schools established by the Government, and to pass an examination at the close of the curriculum. This law at once deprived William of the right of continuing his medical practice. His father happily had reached the age at which that law was not applicable. The old surgeon would fain have sent his son to the University to make an M.D. of him, but his means did not admit of such expenditure. Besides, William lacked the required preparatory training; he scarcely knew a mouthful of Latin or Greek. So nothing was left but to send him to one of the clinical schools. Nor was he sent there in vain. After studying for three years with indefatigable zeal, he passed a most creditable examination, and returned home with the highest recommendations of his professors.

This being gone through, William could henceforth undisturbedly continue his profession by the side of his father. His fame grew with every day, and soon equalled that of the old man, if it did not surpass it. God was with the young man, who feared Him with a sincere heart, and, as it was said of the patriarch Joseph of old, so it might be said of him, "that which he did the Lord made it to prosper." Even from Utrecht and other neighbouring

towns such invalids as were able to move about came to consult him, and many of those who were bed-ridden deeply regretted the law which prevented him from paying them a visit.

Thus three happy years passed, when a sad affliction befel this amiable family. Old Mr. Morgenop, one morning, felt unable to rise. A paralytic stroke had lamed him during the night. That same day another shock struck him, and before the sun set he was dead.

The whole village mourned when the sad news was known, and so did the whole country round about. But there was a consolation left, with which each one comforted his neighbour, "Thank God that the old doctor has left us a son who is worthy of such a father."



II.

I MUST request my readers to follow me to the grey-headed town of Utrecht. We enter the splendid house of the rich Baron van Berkendam. It is evident that disease has here taken up its abode. Disease and death, as you know, spare neither wealth nor title. The pavement of the street is thickly covered with sand, to deaden the rattling of the carriages. A bill pasted at the door tells you that the sick one has passed an uneasy night, and is in a very precarious state, and that you are requested, without urgent necessity, not to ring.

A magnificent marble flight of stairs leads up to a richly carpeted passage on the *bel étage*, at the

end of which a door opens into a spacious bedroom. It is nearly ten o'clock at night. A thin wax candle, placed upon a small mahogany table at a distance from the invalid's bed, affords the only light for this gloomy apartment. At the little table two ladies are seated, talking in a whispering voice. The one is the Baron's only child Clara, the other, a middle-aged woman, is Miss Bronkhorst, formerly Clara's governess, now her bosom friend, and for many years an inmate of the house. Clara is not a brilliant beauty. Though scarcely twenty years old, the paleness of her countenance gives her the appearance of a lady of thirty. Still there is an unmistakable beauty manifest in her face. It is the beauty of the spirit, the beauty of high intellect combined with tenderness of feeling, which shines from those bright blue eyes, and speaks in every motion of those delicate, finely-carved features. A royal air is cast over the tall, slender frame, whose upright, almost manly attitude bespeaks the nobleman's daughter. Yet nothing of pride or haughty conceit mars the beauty of her presence. Perhaps in former days, when a child, she would lift her head higher than humility permitted, but an exceedingly winning expression in her eyes and round the corners of her mouth, seems to indicate that in later years she has learned to submit that natural propensity to the control of a nobler power.

The two ladies were so seated that they could keep their eyes upon the invalid, who was lying in a state of unconsciousness.

"I really do not know what to do," said Clara, folding her hands on her knees. "I never felt the loss of my dear mother so much as now. How can I, an inexperienced girl, decide in this case? Suppose it turns out badly, will not everybody cast the blame upon me?"

"But, my dear," replied Miss Bronkhorst, "it scarcely can turn out worse than it will do if you go on with Dr. Ceder. I am fully persuaded he has failed in his diagnosis. He takes your dear father's illness for something quite different from what it is. Besides, I don't know, I may be mistaken, but it appeared to me that he smelled of strong drink again this afternoon, and—"

"Dear Miss Bronkhorst!—"

"Undoubtedly I smelt it. In short, however highly your father may think of him, I have no confidence in that man. If I were you, I should call in Mr. Morgenop, and—to speak it out at once, dear—I should send for him without a moment's delay."

"You don't mean to-night!"

"Of course I do. If you wait till to-morrow it may be too late. You see your poor father is getting worse and worse."

"But let us rather call for Professor ——."

'No professor, dear. The professor will not come without Dr. Ceder. They are friends, as you know, and the Professor may be a clever physician, but he is a man of very pliable character. Somebody is wanted here to take the bull by the horns, and such a man is Mr. Morgenop."

"But Mr. Morgenop cannot possibly come. The law prohibits him under the penalty of a heavy fine."

"Very well, we'll pay the fine for him."

"I do not know Mr. Morgenop," said Clara, after a pause. "I never saw him. Are you sure he is an able doctor?"

"There is not an abler one in the whole of the province of Utrecht, dear. Everybody knows that, from the children on the street to the old woman at her spinning-wheel. It is not for nothing that every day numbers of people of this town walk out to the village to get his advice. They even come from Amsterdam, which is thirty miles distant, as you know. I advise you to send Dick, the gardener, with the gig. Dick is a faithful fellow. He will do the thing quietly, and tell nobody about it. I will go and order Dick."

With these words Miss Bronkhorst left the room. No sooner was she back than Clara, looking through the window, saw the gig start in the direction of the village of S——.

III.

It was far beyond midnight when William returned home. Mother Susanna opened the door.

"Well, how have you found the Baron?" she asked in an urgent tone.

"It is a serious case, mother, but more so from wrong medicines than from the complaint itself. I cannot make out how Dr. Ceder could take such a foolish course. He has treated for congestion of the brain, while he should have treated for inflammation of the bowels."

"Then write down your prescription, and I will prepare it quickly," said Mother Susanna, taking a step towards the dispensary shop.

"No, that's not necessary," answered William, "we'll rather go to our beds. I wrote the prescription at the Baron's, and they have sent it to the apothecary's. No time was to be lost. The poor man might have died before I could be back with the medicine."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! exclaimed Mother Susanna, wringing her hands, "Only that was needed; only that, I say. You foolish boy! So you have left evidence behind in your own handwriting that you practised in town. To-morrow you will have the officer summoning you before the judge."

"Not so soon as that, mother," replied William, with a smile. "If no prosecutor turns up, no charge will be made."

"No prosecutor?" cried Mother Susanna. "Plenty of them, sir. Ten to every finger. The whole band of the town doctors will grasp you by the throat, and Dr. Ceder at the head of them. They are as fond of you as a green-grocer is of a rotten cabbage. How they will rejoice to have an opportunity at last of plucking the feathers out of your tail."

"Ah, well, come need, come help," rejoined William. "If the Baron recovers, he, of course, will pay for me, and if he does not recover, his daughter will. She repeatedly assured me that she took all responsibility upon herself. And she is such a lovely, intelligent, kind-hearted creature, mother. You have no conception of her kindness and affability. She is one of the most interesting girls I ever met. Her face is just—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Mother Susanna, not a little amazed at the fervent eloquence with which her son began to give Clara's portrait. "What

will be the use of that if, after all, they leave you in the lurch? I have known those folks for forty years. They are the stingiest misers in the world. Our cousin Jane's mother-in-law has for twelve years served them as a laundry maid, and can tell you stories about their niggardliness, which make one's heart turn upside down in one's body. The Baron allows his beard to grow every second day, to save the expense of a barber, and his late wife expressly hired popish servants to be free from giving them butcher's meat on Friday. You may be sure they will leave you alone when necessity comes."

"Well, never mind," said William, taking a candle and proceeding towards his bedroom. "I know I have done my duty, though it was against the law of the country. A saved life is worth more than an unbroken human law. Whatever may be the penalty, I will bear it with joy; I only hope that the Baron may recover. Good-night, mother."

"Good night, Willie dear. May God bless you, my darling."

IV.

One evening, shortly after William's visit to the Baron, Dr. Ceder, his wife, and Charles, were sitting in the drawing-room taking tea. The two eldest daughters were away from home on a visit at the Hague; and the three others were taking tea with a friend. The conversation of the party ran upon the recent and truly remarkable recovery of the Baron.

"It is very extraordinary, indeed," said Mrs. Ceder, "that that young Morgenop's practice should always be attended with such wonderful success. He must have been born under a lucky star. I heard this morning that he has also cured that poor widow in the Tadel-street, whom you gave up, Albert."

"Hem!" answered the doctor, "I don't care. Sometimes a quack by a daring throw of the dice may gain the game. But soon his good luck will leave him in the lurch, and then you will see what comes of the miraculous wonder-doctor."

"I beg your pardon, father," said Charles, in a respectful tone, "it appears to me that you are ill informed about the character and the ability of young Morgenop. I never saw him; but from what my friends, who know him, have told me about him, I have a high respect for him. Even Professor Van Stegen, who saw his prescription for the Baron at the apothecary's the other day, acknowledged that it was anything but a quack's production. At any rate, the Baron got better from using it."

"Stop a moment, sir!" exclaimed the doctor, rather in an animated tone; "it is true that the Baron became better *after* he had taken that young chap's medicine; but *post hoc* is not always *propter hoc*. I have also seen those grand prescriptions, but I call them a piece of reckless temerity. I at least told the Baron that he might be thankful to have come safe out of it, and he now fully believes with me that he has recovered not *by*, but *in spite of* that young desperado's novelty."

Charles was silent, but it was clear from the blush that rose to his cheek, that only filial reverence withheld him from bursting into indignation at such monstrous ingratitude. Even Mrs. Ceder felt that such a view of the matter was too absurd to be tenable.

"I do not wish to cast a stain on a clever young man's character," said she, "nor do you, dear Albert, I'm sure," added she with a gentle smile. "Still, dear Charles, there is truth in what your father has been saying just now. It is not *proved*, at any rate, that the Baron would not have recovered without Mr. Morgenop's draughts. This much, at least, appears to me to be plain, that the young man is greatly to be blamed for having broken the law of the country. This is a proof of a revolutionary spirit, which, if left to its free course, would upset social order, and end in total anarchy."

"But, dear mother, a man's life was at stake," rejoined Charles quickly, "and—"

"At stake?" cried the doctor angrily, "at stake, sir? Not at all. The Baron was just lying in his critical sleep, which would have terminated in a beneficial perspiration had he been left alone, I'm sure."

"Well, but even suppose his life had been at stake," interrupted Mrs. Ceder, "yet it was not Mr. Morgenop's business to interfere. There are so many lives at stake every day, that Mr. Morgenop ought to be gifted with the talent of ubiquity, were he to save all of them. But certainly all patients whose lives are at stake are not rich Barons."

"Oh, dear mother!" said Charles, rather warmly, "if such were Mr. Morgenop's motives, he surely would not have visited the poor widow at the Tadel-street in the dead of night."

"Well, then," resumed Mrs. Ceder, "if covetousness has not impelled him, pride may. A young man surely must deem himself something wonderful, to step in where a physician, who far surpasses him in years, experience, and learning, declares the case to be hopeless."

"After all, he has shown that it was *not* hopeless," observed Charles, in a half audible voice. Fortunately the doctor did not hear it, otherwise a painful scene might have ensued.

"Still it is my firm conviction," resumed Mrs. Ceder quickly, "that the medical men of this town should at once put a stop to the absurd proceedings of that presumptuous youth. What will be the end of it, if they allow matters to go on in this way? The whole medical faculty will be put to scorn in the sight of the public. I fully believe, dear Albert, that it is your duty to bring in a charge."

"Yes, I think I must," answered the doctor. "This is the second time that young fellow has come across me. My character as a man of order and duty does not allow me to let such irregularities pass by unnoticed. I will see my lawyer about it to-morrow."

The next day Dr. Ceder spoke to his lawyer. William was soon summoned to the bar. Dr. Ceder was his prosecutor. He was fined in a considerable sum—a sum far surpassing the means of the young country physician and his widowed mother. It is true the extraordinary increase in his practice had also increased his income. But as the fees of a country surgeon were very moderate, and nearly the half of his patients belonged to the

poorest class, his balance, though quite sufficient to meet the costs of his profession and household, was not equal to an expensive law-suit. Besides, the greater portion of that balance was to come in the next year, and he had to pay down the fine within four weeks from the time the verdict was pronounced.

V.

Nearly three of the four weeks had elapsed. Clara was sitting in her room, her head leaning on her hand, her thoughts leaning upon nothing at all. Those thoughts were roving about in all directions through a universe of fancy, but could find no spot to alight upon. She reviewed the whole circle of her friends both in and beyond the town; and she mustered them over and over again to pick out such as might be suitable for her plans, but she could not discover a single one. She wanted to slay a terrible Goliath, but among the whole army of her acquaintance she knew no David. She was in a fearful perplexity, poor girl. She had not been forgetful of her promises to the young country surgeon, so repeatedly and decisively uttered on the evening of his first visit to her father. No sooner was the verdict of the court known than she had reminded the Baron of his duty to the saver of his life; but the old miser proved as deaf as a beetle on that subject. He was of opinion that the young man was more than fairly paid by the twenty-five gilders (£2, 2s.) he had ordered to be sent to him. Besides, he was told that it was not so much on account of his visit to him as of his visits to the poor widow that Mr. Morgenop had been fined. Had he stopped practising in town after his first transgression, Dr. Ceder would have winked at it, on account of his youth and inexperience. But now that he had interfered with the doctor's practice a second time, the Baron could not but fully approve of the doctor's proceeding against him. When, thereupon, Clara assured him that she had pledged herself for all the consequences, and besought him with tears not to compel her to break her solemn promises, the Baron turned angry, scolded her for a foolish girl, who, in a moment of nervous confusion, might have called in all the barbers, Hungarians, and conjurors of the neighbourhood to crowd his bedroom, and might have promised each of them a new suit of clothes, a carriage-and-four, and a dinner to boot.

Thus poor Clara, quite at a loss what to do, was sitting in great distress in her lonely room. She had poured out her heart to God, whom she knew as the friend and helper of the grateful. The first thought that occurred to her mind was to sell her watch, her trinkets, and all she could possibly dispense with. But after the highest estimate of their worth, she found that their price would scarcely cover one-fourth part of the required sum. It is true she was possessed of many jewels and precious stones, bequeathed to her by her mother, or presented by kind relatives, and she would gladly have sold them, but they were locked up in a chest, the key of which was kept by her father. She then thought of appealing to the liberal sympathy of her numerous rich relatives, but she knew only a few among them who would be likely to help her without her father's cognizance, and she hesitated to speak to those few about the matter, as by so doing she would expose her father's unworthy and ungrateful conduct.

In these and similar reflections she was deeply absorbed when the door was opened, and Miss Bronkhorst entered.

"Have you arrived at any solution?" asked she, taking her place opposite her young friend.

"Unfortunately I have not," answered Clara, without lifting her head from her hand. "Look where I will, I see no opening."

"It is frightful," said Miss Bronkhorst; "I wish I could lay hold of my Austrian state bonds, but unfortunately, as you know, they are kept by your father. This is a time of great trial for us, my dear."

"I would be quite at peace," answered Clara, "if the present trouble only regarded myself; but the heaviest part of the stroke will come down upon that noble man and his good mother."

Tears gathered in Clara's eyes, and her quivering lips showed the deep emotion that agitated her mind.

"The Lord will also prove *his* consoler," quoth Miss Bronkhorst, after a pause. "I could not help admiring his calmness and cheerful submission to the will of the Lord when I saw him last night. You perceive it was a hard task to me to tell him that, as far as we could see at present, scarcely any help could be afforded on our part. He took it very kindly, and appeared not at all surprised. He said he had expected nothing else, as he was informed of your father's disposition in the matter, and knew that Dr. Ceder had succeeded in fully regaining his confidence."

"Noble young man," exclaimed Clara, with enthusiasm, "he stands in every respect alone among the children of men, as if he were a being from a higher world than this miserable one of ours. Did you ever meet with such a complete combination of ability, humility, and grandeur of spirit? What a keen intellect, and yet what a simplicity of heart! What a deep feeling of dependence upon God's assistance, and yet what a power of will and decision did he display when he stood by my father's sickbed, and, without the slightest air of arrogance or self-complacency, showed that he was the master, and the disease his obedient servant! Then, again, take that perfectly gentlemanlike behaviour of his, that tender discretion, mixed with manly dignity, those easy and refined manners, unblended with the least pretension whatever, and yet accompanied with a firmness of character which commanded the deepest respect. Did you ever in your life, Miss —"

Here Clara lifted up her shining eyes, which met those of her friend, who, with a smile almost threatening to burst out into a loud laugh, looked at her with perfect amazement. She at once stopped her eloquent encomium, and, casting down her eyes, hid her blushing face in her handkerchief.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Miss Bronkhorst, joyfully, "I almost believe you could be cruel enough to wish your father ill again, in order to have another visit from the young physician."

"For shame!" exclaimed Clara, without uncovering her face. "You cannot possibly find fault

with the feelings of gratitude which impel a loving daughter to acknowledge the high qualities of the saver of her father's life ?"

"If it was only the 'loving daughter' who uttered that praise about our young friend, I could not admire it too much," said Miss Bronkhorst, archly, "but I cannot help suspecting, dear, that poor Charles's cause has now become more hopeless than ever."

"Miss Bronkhorst," answered Clara, raising her head with dignity, "Mr. Charles Ceder's cause is not more hopeless now than it was before. Or rather, let me frankly tell you, that there cannot be a comparative or superlative of hopelessness in his cause, since it never had any hope whatever. I know no one for whom I feel a higher respect than for that excellent young man. I almost think he is too good, too amiable for this world. I wish he were my brother, I really should be proud of him, but as for any closer relationship, it can never be."

"Poor fellow," sighed Miss Bronkhorst. "Did you ever indicate this disposition of yours towards him ?"

"Of course not," resumed Clara. "How could I ? You know he never spoke out his heart to me. I wonder whether he knows that I have the slightest idea of his inclination towards me. Whenever his timidity allowed him to betray anything of the kind, I always appeared not to take the least notice of it. I am sure he thinks his passion is only known to himself—that it is a perfect secret to me. And I believe that he never will gain enough of confidence to tell me that he wishes to be more to me than a friend."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door of the parlour. The servant announced Mr. Charles Ceder, who wanted to see the young Baroness.

"What ? me ?" asked Clara, in a voice of the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the servant. "The gentleman told me that he particularly wanted to see yourself."

"That will do," replied Miss Bronkhorst, beckoning the servant to retire.

"What am I to do ?" exclaimed Clara. "Should he really—"

"You see," interrupted Miss Bronkhorst, with a waggish smile, "you have not yet completely studied Mr. Charles's character. He seems to evince more courage than you ever deemed him capable of."

"But it is too absurd," answered Clara, with an expression on her face in which perplexity seemed to wrestle with humour. "He is not capable of making such a blunder. At this late hour of the day ! Without my father's notice ! Without any preparatory introduction whatever ! He is too discreet and well educated a young man to be able to commit such a *faux pas*."

"Of course he is," replied Miss Bronkhorst, lowering her face to its usual earnest expression ; "and therefore you may be assured that he comes to speak to you upon quite a different subject. Perhaps he wants your charitable assistance for some poor patient of his father's."

Apparently tranquillized, though not yet quite sure about the matter, Clara opened the door, and with slow, nearly trembling steps, descended the staircase, and gently entered the front parlour, where Charles was waiting for her. Surely, if he had come to utter his solemn declaration now, a worse time could hardly have been chosen. The two parties were scarcely able to discover one another in the hollow space of the big, high-ceiled room in which their forms, by the shimmering flame of a little candle, cast ghostly shades on the oil-painted walls.

"I hope you will forgive my boldness in disturbing you at such an untimely hour," commenced Charles, in a scarcely audible voice, "but an important object, in which my peace of mind is deeply concerned, impels me to call just now, and I trust I shall find, madam, that you are taking an equal interest in the matter."

Here the speaker stopped to draw a breath. Clara was silent. It was fortunate that the dim glare of the candle rather concealed than revealed the expression of her face. Had Charles been able at this moment to feel her pulse, he most certainly would have ordered her a dose of *eau de carmes*.

"I suppose," continued Charles, "that you are aware, as well as I am, of the painful predicament in which Mr. Morgenop finds himself at this moment."

"Yes, I am," answered Clara, quickly, while a deep sigh audibly escaped her, evincing the relief she experienced upon hearing that Mr. Morgenop, and not Charles himself, was to be the subject of their conversation.

"I am very sorry to find," proceeded Charles, "that both our fathers are equally prejudiced against that excellent young man. And so, in fact, is the whole aristocracy of the town."

"Indeed !" said Clara, "I was not aware of that. How do you know it is so ?"

"Though I have not the pleasure of Mr. Morgenop's personal acquaintance," answered Charles, "yet I am bound to him by ties of gratitude, as well as by feelings of high respect and admiration. I cannot but consider him as the saver of your father's life, madam, and this of itself would be sufficient to command my highest esteem and gratitude. Now, when I was informed that he was unable to pay the heavy fine which the court, backed and goaded by the jealousy of the doctors of the town, has inflicted upon him, I in secret tried to move the hearts of several wealthy members of the aristocracy to come to his rescue. But I am sorry to say I everywhere met with the cold shoulder. His transgression of the law is imputed to him as an unpardonable crime, as a monstrous evidence of a seditious and revolutionary spirit. Had Mr. Morgenop allowed himself to be led by such financial calculations, madam, your father, humanly speaking, would be in another world now, and mine would be—"

Charles did not finish the sentence, but Clara fully understood him.

"Sir," she said, after a pause, "I have no words to express my admiration of your conduct in this affair. How could I ever suppose that the very son of Mr. Morgenop's prosecutor should be his most faithful friend ?"

"Pray do not speak of admiration," rejoined Charles, "I am only trying to do my duty."

"Noble soul!" thought Clara. The dim glare of the candle prevented Charles from observing the expression of admiration on her face. Indeed, had he at this moment been able to declare his heart's affection towards her, he would have had a better chance of success than even Clara could have thought possible.

"I am fully prepared to suffer with our excellent friend," said she; "indeed I should bless the hour in which I might be favoured with an opportunity of taking up a part or even the whole of the burden that is now pressing upon him. But, alas! I cannot see how I can be of any service to him. I have tried every way and means within my reach, but all in vain. You perceive, dear sir, that since my father refuses to do anything in the matter, my power must come far short of meeting such a case as this."

"I fully understand that," replied Charles, "and you perceive, madam, that *my* power must come further short still. But it occurred to me the other day that a union of many little powers might produce a great one. You know that Mr. Morgenop has many friends among the middle and lower class of the town. In fact the sympathy of those people with his case is all but general. I suggested to a fellow-student, who is a good fellow, and a great admirer of Mr. Morgenop's, that a private collection in the houses of those people might go a great length towards the amount required. I would fain have begun canvassing myself, but my relationship to my father of course put it out of the question. My friend, however, joyfully took it up, and the result has fairly answered my expectation —three quarters of the required amount being made up. Now, permit me to ask you, whether"—

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Clara, before Charles could finish his sentence. "Then we are at once in smooth water. Do call upon me the day after to-morrow, and I shall be delighted to hand you the remainder of the amount. But, dear sir, how shall I find words to express to you my feelings of gratitude for your generous and magnanimous conduct!"

Poor Charles! He only rejoiced at learning that the required sum was made up, and he thought that no other feeling than that same joy caused the ardent enthusiasm with which Clara uttered those words. Had he been able to read the pages of her heart, of which those words were only a few faint sentences, he would have returned home with the distressing apprehension, that while taking off the cross from his neighbour's shoulders, a much heavier one had for ever come down upon his own.

VI.

William Morgenop was sitting in his consulting-room on the second evening after Charles's interview with Clara. He thought of Clara, whose image had never disappeared from his mind since he had seen her at her father's sickbed. Little knowing that she thought as much of him, and that full many a time they were meeting at the throne of grace, he allowed his mind to be buried in all the dark shades which the consciousness of a hopeless love, together with the expectation of an approaching bankruptcy, threw round about him. A foolscap ledger, in which he used to write the visits he had paid, and the amount of the fees he had received from his patients, was lying open before him, but his pen, instead of moving over the red-lined pages, was drawing all sorts of fanciful figures, such as triangles, squares, trapezia, and parallelopipeds, on a slip of paper, while every now and then he threw it down, and leaning his head on both his hands, he wandered in fancy to Utrecht, entered the Baron's sick-room, where Clara was standing by his side, left it again to return to the village, where he saw his furniture and library sold, his mother taking refuge into a neighbour's house, and himself carried off to prison.

The door was opened, and his mother came in.

"Again that big book before you," said she, taking a seat opposite him. "I wish you threw it out of the window. What is the use of all that calculating? Only four days, and we shall be as lonely sparrows on the roof."

The good woman covered her face with her apron, and indulged in sobbing.

"Dear mother," replied William, "I know quite well that figures on paper are not cash in hand, but I only want to be able to show that I am an honest man, and that if everybody had dealt honestly with me, I should have been able to meet all my obligations."

"Yes," answered Mother Susanna, wiping the tears from her cheeks, "if that niggard of a Baron had paid you as he ought to have done, you would be as free as a swallow in the air. But you now see that it has happened just as I foretold you. As long as king Death was knocking at their door, that young girl smiled you in with everything your heart could desire; but no sooner could her father blow a feather from his lips, than she scowled you out again, and locked the door upon you."

"Mother, don't speak in that way, I beseech you," said William, in a supplicating voice; "I have repeatedly told you that the young Baroness is as guiltless in the matter as a new-born babe. You know that Miss Bronkhorst assured me the other day that her young friend suffers beyond expression from her father's hardness. I am sure, if she could help me, no other person would be required to do so. But let us not look to the creature, dear mother. Did you not yourself often exhort me, when a child, only to put my trust in God? Now do not wipe off those words from my heart with tears of unbelief and fear."

"You are right, William," answered Mother Susanna, altering her countenance from an expression of anger into one of submission. "My flesh had the better of me just now. I am ashamed of myself. But mind, child, I am a widow, and you are my only staff and strength under God. What is to become of me if you are taken away from me, and the staff of our bread is broken? Oh, I know the Lord will prove a husband, and more than ten sons to me, but my flesh is weak, and when ruined for this life, surely my grey hairs will go down with sorrow into the grave. You know, William, how I have loved you with a mother's love. To see you happy has been my only delight and comfort since your dear father's death. But oh, could I ever think that I should ever be spared to witness your shame and misery!"

Good Mother Susanna again burst out into tears,

and William, not able to check his heart's emotion, knelt down at her knees, and buried his face in her lap. "Oh, mother," he whispered, "look up to Jesus! look up to the cross. Oh, mother, speak a word of consolation to thy poor, guilty son!"

They continued speechless in this position for a few minutes, when a knock at the street door was heard. William hastily resumed his seat, and Mother Susanna opened the door. She announced a young gentleman, most likely a patient from the town.

"Are you Mr. Morgenop?" asked the stranger, "the physician of this place?"

"I am," answered William, drawing the oil-lamp to the corner of the table, to be the better able to look the supposed patient in the face. "Can I be of any service to you, sir?"

"Yes, of great service," answered the young man, with a gentle smile. "I have for a long while been carrying a burden that pressed heavily upon me, and you will oblige me by taking it off."

With these words the young man drew a parcel from his bosom, which he, with a courteous bow, handed to William. It contained nothing but bank-notes.

"What is the meaning of that?" asked William, with amazement.

"If you count these notes at your leisure," replied the stranger, "you will find that they are equal to the amount you were fined at the court. Your friends in town are thankful to make you this present, and I am glad to say that the Baroness Clara of Berkendam is the first among them."

"Oh, I thought so!" exclaimed William, with eyes beaming from joyful surprise and grateful admiration. "I thought it *must* be so."

"I am requested to add," continued the young man, "that you will oblige by never telling anybody that she was among those who came to your assistance. You perceive that it would put her in an awkward position with regard to her father."

"But I must tell my dear mother," cried William. "*She*, at least, may know it; may she not?"

Mother Susanna being quickly called in, seemed not to have sufficient eyes in her head to assure herself that really the money was lying there on the table.

"That is from the Lord our God," whispered she, looking down in astonishment. "Truly the Lord is a loving God, hearing prayer and answering prayer."

The young man must now, of course, tell them his name. He would, on the one hand, have fain kept it secret, but he perceived that they would soon recognise him on the street. On the other hand, he longed too much to make William's acquaintance, not to embrace this opportunity of introducing himself to him. I need not say that the surprise of Mother Susanna and her son went beyond description when they learned that the bearer of this glad intelligence was the very son of that same Doctor Ceder, who prosecuted them so severely. Charles, however, gave them as much explanation as was consistent with his reverence for his father. He frankly acknowledged that he differed from his father as to the value and efficacy of the medicines which William had administered to the Baron, but he only put it in the form of a mere matter of opinion, sparing his unhappy father as much as filial love was capable of doing. The two young men now entered into an interesting conversation upon medical subjects, which soon convinced them that their opinions perfectly agreed as to the chief questions of their trade. Mother Susanna, for whom this talk became too learned, soon left them to prepare a simple supper, which Charles gladly consented to partake of. The more the two young men revealed their minds to each other, the more they felt that ties of cordial friendship were being wound round about them; and soon the strains of their conversation passed over into that sort of confidential familiarity, which evinces the absence of all selfishness, and the removal of every barrier between two souls that are destined to be united in perfect love.

From this time Charles spent many an evening at William's house; in fact, a visit to his friend, whom he loved more the more he saw him, was the only thing that afforded him comfort amidst the many sorrows he had to suffer at home.

VII.

CLARA took ill. Her disease proved to be of such a serious nature that her father and friends became greatly alarmed. It was an epidemic of unknown character, which had recently been raging in the town. It seemed that the medical men could as little trace its origin or ascertain its seat in the human system, as they could discover any means of cure. Some ascribed it to a miasma in the atmosphere, some to certain supposed injurious substances in the water, some called it a nervous affection, and some a derangement of the blood. Whatever it was, this much was certain, that none of them knew any way to cure it, for out of ten cases eight or nine proved fatal. One can picture to one's-self the anxiety with which the Baron and Miss Bronkhorst saw the object of their tenderest affections approaching the brink of the grave with rapid strides. Dr. Ceder this time was faithful at his post, and so was Charles, who often spent hours at the bedside of the beloved invalid. How often did he wish William by his side! Indeed, he had several times already consulted him, and tried to persuade his father to administer the medicines which William had suggested. Of course, he broached them without naming the prescriber. Dr. Ceder, however, stubbornly declined having anything to do with them. In this fearful predicament poor Charles a hundred times resolved boldly to take the bull by the horns, and frankly confess that he entertained serious misgivings about his father's treatment. But every moment he was about to speak out his mind in this way, his courage forsook him, and all his determination exploded in a deep sigh. One evening, however, Clara was lying in utter prostration from a hot fever, which for a moment seemed to pause as if to gather fresh power for a new attack. Dr. Ceder, while feeling her pulse, said with a sigh: "If such a fever comes upon her again, then may God have mercy upon us!" At this the Baron rose, in a spasmodic fit of despair, placed himself before the doctor, and said to him, "Then, doctor, I beseech you to call in somebody else for consultation."

"Most gladly," replied the doctor; "but really

I do not know whom to call. We are all of us at our wit's end."

Here Clara, who had heard this conversation, which despair had raised to a louder tone than prudence might have allowed, turned her head towards her father, and with a power of voice which astonished every bystander, said, "Call in Mr. Morgenop."

Half an hour had not elapsed when the Baron entered William's study.

"Can you forgive the evil I have done to you?" asked he, spasmodically grasping both William's hands, while tears gushed down his cheeks. "Come with me, I beseech you, my daughter is at the point of death. But perhaps God will make you her restorer as He made you mine."

William uttered not a word, but taking his hat, flung himself into the gig, and, *ventre à terre*, galloped the horse into town.

It was not too late. The fever had not again set in. A smile of delight lit up Clara's face when he entered the room.

"God has sent you in time," she whispered.

The result confirmed this prediction of the invalid, although six weeks elapsed before Clara was fully restored to health. During that period William visited her every day, but, in the latter half of it, less as her doctor than as her lover.

Doctor Ceder this time had not the courage to bring an action against William. Nor had any other physician in the town. Indeed there was but one opinion spoken out in all circles: What a pity that young man is prevented from settling down amongst us!

This turn in the course of affairs at once settled a strife which had long agitated Charles's mind. If any one rejoiced at the success that had crowned his friend's intervention at the Baron's, it was he, and no task more difficult was ever prescribed to him, than he had to perform now,—that of concealing his joy in the presence of his parents.

The noble young man, now fully convinced that all desired William's promotion to the rank of a town physician, resolved to offer him his services as a teacher. He accordingly proceeded one evening to S—— with the intention of revealing his plan to his friend. While walking along the road he amused himself by anticipating the joyful surprise he would cause in William's heart and house; and in the expectation of this delightful enjoyment he entered his friend's study with a cheerful glow on his face. He was not a little surprised, however, to find that William's face shone as brightly as his.

"You seem to be in extremely good spirits to-night," exclaimed William, joyfully, while shaking his friend's hand with extraordinary cordiality.

"I may return the same compliment," replied Charles. "Has anything wonderful happened to make you smile so cheerfully?"

"Yes," answered William, assuming a humorous air of mock mysteriousness. "Something very extraordinary. It is a secret though, but I will tell you if you promise me to be silent as the grave."

"Of course, of course," rejoined Charles, taking a seat.

"Well, then," said William, little aware that he was taking up a dagger to plunge into his friend's heart, "I will tell you at once. I am betrothed to Clara. She is mine! She is mine, Charles! Her father has at length given his consent, provided I pass my examination as an M.D."

I shall not venture to describe the effect of this communication upon the poor victim. William saw him turning pale as a sheet, and shaking all over.

"Good heavens, what ails you?" cried he in a voice of alarm.

But Charles kept silent as a corpse. William ascribing this unexpected indisposition to some bodily cause, hurried into his shop for some medicine. "I should have been more cautious," he said to himself.

Meanwhile Charles had time to come to himself, and when William returned, he said "I feel better now. Happy man, may God bless your love."

Then rising, he begged to take leave, as he thought a walk in the open air would do him good. William accompanied him as far as the gate of the town; when there he was so far recovered as to be able to go home alone, and William returned full of admiration for such tender-hearted friendship. Clara had never told him her surmise as to Charles's passion, nor did she tell him, when he, the next day, described to her the scene of the night before.

Again a heavy struggle rose in Charles's mind. The Baron, it is true, had given his consent, upon finding that Clara had made up her mind, and was immovable in the matter. To put an obstacle in the way, however, he had made the condition of the examination, expecting that William would never be able to fulfil it. Consequently no hope could be entertained of obtaining any help from the rich but stingy nobleman, to assist William in this matter. "If he truly loves my daughter," he would say, "let him try to get her."

Again a heavy struggle rose in his mind. But burying his secret sorrow in his bosom, he visited William a few days after the last-mentioned interview; and upon learning how matters stood with regard to the condition made by the Baron, cordially offered his friend his service. Never had abler teacher abler pupil. The distance from *mensa* and *mousa* to Cicero and Xenophon melted away under their rapid strides.

But the joy of Charles's life was gone. His delicate system could not stand the shock it had sustained. A chronic disease soon began undermining its vital power. He lived just long enough to congratulate his friend on his successfully gained doctor's title.

Two months after his death, a marriage took place, at which a seat was left empty next to the bridegroom. "Thus," he whispered into his happy bride's ear, "a place in our hearts will be left which nobody ever shall occupy."

Doctor Ceder shortly after his son's death followed him into the grave. His wife and daughters removed to a distant village down the country. Nobody could tell what they were living upon, as the doctor had left no means. But every year, on the anniversary of Charles's death, the widow received a parcel of bank-notes, with the inscription: "In memory of a never-to-be-forgotten friend."

TRUE OR FALSE?



So you think you love me, do you?
Well, it may be so;
But there are many ways of loving
I have learnt to know.

Many ways, and but one true way,
Which is very rare;
And the counterfeits look brightest,
Though they will not wear.

II.

Yet they ring, almost, quite truly,
Last (with care) for long;
But in time must break, may shiver
At a touch of wrong:
Having seen what looked most real
Crumble into dust;
Now I choose that test and trial
Should precede my trust.

III.

I have seen a love demanding
Time and hope and tears,
Chaining all the past, exacting
Bonds from future years;
Mind and heart, and joy and sorrow,
Claiming as its fee:
That was Love of Self, and never,
Never Love of me!

IV.

I have seen a love forgetting
All above, beyond,
Linking every dream and fancy
In a sweeter bond;
Counting every hour worthless,
Which was cold or free:—
That, perhaps, was—Love of Pleasure,
But not Love of me!

V.

I have seen a love whose patience
Never turned aside,
Full of tender, fond devices;
Constant, even when tried;
Smallest boons were held as victories,
Drops that swelled the sea:
That I think was—Love of Power,
But not Love of me!

VI.

I have seen a love disdaining
Ease and pride and fame,
Burning even its own white pinions
Just to feed its flame;
Reigning thus, supreme, triumphant,
By the soul's decree;
That was—Love of Love, I fancy,
But not Love of me!

VII.

I have heard—or dreamt, it may be—
What Love is when true;
How to test and how to try it,
Is the gift of few:
These few say (or did I dream it?)
That true Love abides
In these very things, but always
Has a soul besides.

VIII.

Lives among the false loves, knowing
Just their peace and strife;
Bears the self-same look, but always
Has an inner life.
Only a true heart can find it,
True as it is true,
Only eyes as clear and tender
Look it through and through.

IX.

If it dies, it will not perish
By Time's slow decay,
True Love only grows (they tell me)
Stronger, day by day:
Pain—has been its friend and comrade;
Fate—it can defy;
Only by its own sword, sometimes
Love can choose to die.

X.

And its grave shall be more noble
And more sacred still,
Than a throne, where one less worthy
Reigns and rules at will.
Tell me then, do you dare offer
This true Love to me? . . .
Neither you nor I can answer;
We will—wait and see!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

A WINTER IN CANADA.

CANADA is invariably associated in the mind of an Englishman with snow, and something like a shiver creeps over him when the name of the country is mentioned. It was, therefore, with feelings of much surprise, that we listened to the speculations of the people as to the coming winter. It was with no feelings of dread that they looked forward to the winter's shroud that was to wrap up all nature in the stillness of death. They longed for it, as the husbandman for a plenteous harvest, or the Israelites for the wonted fall of manna. They were as fastidious, too, about the proper timing of the fall as the husbandman is in reference to a shower of rain. The snow may fall very inopportunely. Great is the disappointment when it comes before the ground is sufficiently indurated by frost, or the lakes and rivers have acquired a sufficient crust of ice. In that case, the snow acts as a warm covering, the ice beneath ceases to increase in thickness, and a treacherous footing, during the whole winter, is the necessary consequence. Great is the joy, on

the other hand, when no snow falls till the ice is able to bear the skater or the sleigh, and the earth is hard as iron.

This kindly feeling towards the snow can be accounted for on various grounds. The sudden sinking of the temperature, along with the fall of snow, produces a wonderful exhilaration of spirits. The languor induced by the extreme heat of summer is at once banished; and men and animals seem intoxicated with the new and bracing conditions of the atmosphere. The small Normandy horses prance with delight, and can hardly be reined in. The Newfoundland dogs roll in ecstasy in the snow, and everything that can move abroad seems as if awakening from a long sleep. The more remarkable effects are not seen, except when the temperature sinks considerably below zero. The sudden access of new life and spirits is usually accounted for by the dryness of the atmosphere. But it is doubtful whether this is a satisfactory explanation. It is more probably due to the fact, that, with every inhalation of the air into the lungs, there is a greater proportion of oxygen. This may also account for the beneficial effects of the climate in certain diseased states of the lungs. It is not unusual for a catarrh to disappear, as if by magic, when the temperature suddenly drops below zero. A similar effect is witnessed in the churches on Sunday. There is no coughing to disturb the preacher—all tendency to bronchial irritation being subdued. The beneficial effect of the atmosphere of Canada, in certain pulmonary ailments, is now so well understood that invalids are frequently sent to spend the winter there. We returned from Canada, in the Spring, with a young naturalist of great promise, who has prolonged his life for several years by spending his winters in Canada, and his summers in Europe. His valuable collections showed that science as well as his own health benefited by this necessity.

The dryness of the atmosphere accounts for a Canadian feat, which at first looks like a traveller's story, viz., the lighting of gas by merely pointing the finger to the burner. The performer first shuffles with his feet along the carpet; and, in presenting his finger to the burner, a spark of electricity is emitted which is sufficient to produce the effect. The friction of the foot develops the electricity, which is conducted by the body to the point of emission. This feat, however, can be performed only in very low temperatures, and when the room is heated by a stove. Sometimes the difference between the temperature of the room and that of the external atmosphere is 100°, so that the most favourable conditions are afforded for the development of electricity.

Another reason for welcoming the snow is the important consideration, that the country becomes a universal highway. Nature macadamizes the whole country, and the settlers, shut up in the back woods, have now free access to the towns and cities. The lumberers can now drag their logs to the railway or the river, and fire-wood sinks in price as soon as the carriage becomes easy. Wheeled carriages disappear from the roads and streets; and the sleigh, which is the peculiarly national vehicle of the Canadians, takes their place. The sleigh is seen in every variety of form; but it essentially consists of a shallow, oblong body set upon a pair of skates or runners. That of the farmer is of the rudest form, with buffola skins upon the cross seats. The more affluent citizens decorate their sleighs with gay trappings and bear-skins, which flaunt over the back of the vehicle. The wheeled carriages are generally inelegant and inconvenient, but all the resources of the coach-builder are employed to render the sleigh both elegant and luxurious. To a stranger, a drive in a sleigh is a new and delightful sensation. The rapid pace, the smooth and noiseless motion, the bright sunshine, the joyous excitement of the horses, the bracing atmosphere, all combine to refresh and exhilarate. The Canadian goes out for a pleasure drive at a temperature far below zero, and that in his open vehicle, while in England nothing but dire necessity would warrant one to go abroad in similar circumstances. This does not arise from the superior hardiness of the Canadian, for he is much more sensitive to cold than the Englishman who has newly arrived in the country. It is due altogether to the peculiarities of the climate. One never feels in Canada the raw, chilling cold which pierces through the whole frame in England. This is also ascribed to the dryness of the air, but it is more probably owing to the highly oxygenated state of the atmosphere—a given amount of inhalation assimilating a greater amount of oxygen, and thus producing a greater degree of animal heat. It may be thought that life would be unendurable in an atmosphere 30° or 40° below zero. And such would be the case, if the physiological indications of the temperature corresponded with those of the thermometer. But this is far from being the case. The variation of 10° about the freezing point produces an incalculably greater physiological effect than a similar variation below zero. One can hardly guess the temperature by his feelings within 10°, when the thermometer stands at the extreme cold of Canada. The natives and old residents usually wear fur caps and gloves, but the Englishman, when he first goes out, feels no necessity for any change in his apparel. In a few years, however, he is glad to adopt the customs of the country. At first, the temperature of the rooms is intolerable, but he gradually comes to acknowledge their comfort. The popular explanation of this change is, that the blood is thinned by the summer heat, and that, in consequence, it is less able to resist the cold of winter. The explanation may be doubted, but the fact is not the less true.

Though the sensations indicate but imperfectly the degree of extreme cold, there are other natural indications which cannot be mistaken. When the thermometer is about zero, the snow emits a peculiar creaking sound under the foot, and the pitch of the note increases as the temperature falls. The smoke from the chimneys also serves as a rude thermometer. When the temperature is moderate, it is hardly visible, as it proceeds generally from wood fires, but when the temperature is very low, it is white like steam issuing from the escape-pipe of a boiler. This is caused by the condensation of the warm vapour mingled with the smoke.

There is still a third reason for the glad welcome of winter, viz., that it is the great holiday season of Canada. Agricultural labour ceases, the

navigation is closed, and commerce is no longer active. The winter is devoted to social entertainments and outdoor amusements. In these amusements the snow and ice are turned to excellent account. As soon as the margins of the lakes are frozen, the ice is thronged with skaters. This amusement is not confined to the male sex. The Canadian ladies are seen in equal numbers on the ice, and often excel the stronger sex in rapidity of movement and gracefulness of evolution. Great distances are often accomplished during a morning's exercise. A favourite feat is to circle round some of the group of the thousand islands at the lower end of Lake Ontario, and explore the winter aspects of this the most striking scenery of Canada. One of the finest sights is to witness the setting of the sun upon the frozen lake while the skaters crowd the ice. The red glare of the sun communicates a peculiar hue to the ice, and as the group of skaters, with glancing steel, glide between you and the fiery ball, you feel that you have a truly Canadian scene presented to you. In the sunsets of Canada there is a tint which is never seen in England. It is a deep apple green. It is seen in its greatest intensity only in the lower St. Lawrence, and it is worth while taking this route from England, notwithstanding its hazardousness, were it only to enjoy the gorgeous sunsets in autumn.

It is not often that the Canadians can enjoy skating on their lakes and rivers. The opportunities are much fewer than in England. In Canada, when the snow falls, the ice is spoiled for the rest of the winter, as the covering remains the whole season. In England, successive thaws present opportunities of forming new surfaces. With so strong a passion for skating, it was not to be supposed that the Canadians should submit to have their amusements suddenly curtailed by a fall of snow. They have therefore resorted to the device of artificial rinks. An extensive piece of ground is levelled and covered in by a wooden shed. The area is flooded with water at night, and a smooth surface is formed by the morning. A thin sheet of water is added every day to obliterate the roughening effect of the day's exercises. The rink is lighted up at night, so that the amusement may be continued after sunset. By constant practice, the feats performed are very wonderful. The rink is often crowded, and many a sharp turn is necessary, but each glides smoothly in his own orbit, and collisions are rare. The most intricate movements of the dance are also successfully imitated. Such a resource is very valuable in a country where the snow renders walking exercise very difficult. The children, instead of being cooped up in heated rooms, are sent to take a few hours' exercise in the skating rink, to which the family subscribes.

It is only in the shallower part of the great lakes that the water freezes. The depth of water is so great, that it is only at the margin a crust is formed. The St. Lawrence, however, is frozen through nearly its whole extent, so that, in the case of an invasion from the American side, the attacking force could readily advance on foot against all the great cities and fortresses of Canada. The rigour of winter, however, will always prove a formidable barrier to an advancing enemy.

Snow-shoeing is also a favourite amusement, though a stranger cannot well understand the source of the pleasure it affords. To the Indian and the backwoodsman it is often useful, as without the broad support which the snow-shoe gives, it would be impossible to move across the country; but when snow-shoeing is resorted to as an amusement, it is more for the difficulty than the ease of walking it is employed. Instead of easily moving along the beaten track with ordinary shoes, a snow-shoe walker seeks the untrodden snow, that he may display his agility encumbered by serious clogs to his movements. The movement is very ungainly, as the feet require to be so far apart, and this awkwardness is greatly increased when an attempt is made to run; and snow-shoe races are common during the winter. Snow-shoeing forms a regular part of military drill. It is quite conceivable, that the use of snow-shoes, in certain military movements, would give one body of men a great advantage over another, and, in former military operations in Canada, the advantage has been tested.

Taboganing is an amusement borrowed from the Indians. The tabogan consists simply of a light board, or the bark of a tree, shaped somewhat like a sleigh. It is brought to the top of a slope, the party sits upon it, and he immediately glides down with a rapidity proportioned to the steepness of the incline. At Quebec, the cone of ice formed by the spray of the Montmorency falls is employed for this purpose. Grave senators, as a relaxation from the duties of parliament, resort to the cone to enjoy this exciting and bracing exercise. The only disadvantage is, that at every trip the party must carry both the tabogan and himself to the summit of the cone; but the rapid descent seems to be an ample compensation for the requisite labour. The Scotch have brought with them to Canada the national game of curling, and it is enjoyed, like skating, under cover. The curling-stone, though retaining the name, is made of iron, as stone, in low temperatures, is found to be a material much too brittle. Though introduced by the Scotch, the game is a favourite one with all the nationalities.

The most remarkable device of the Canadian to gain amusement in his winter fetters is the ice-boat. We had not heard of the contrivance when we first saw one. It was startling in the extreme to see it glide with railway speed across the ice like a phantom ship. At a distance, it appears precisely like a small yacht with its sails set. It is simply a boat set upon a pair of long skates or runners. It is managed much like an ordinary boat, and, so smoothly does it glide, that in a side wind it actually goes faster than the wind itself. When there is only a light breeze blowing, one is surprised to see the boat shooting across the lake as if impelled by a stiff gale. She can sail nearer to the wind than if in water, and the bite of the skate prevents her making any lee-way. This device is not turned to any practical account; the object aimed at is simply to enjoy the sensation of rapid locomotion, which, in all forms, seems to be very grateful to a Canadian's feelings. A stranger, on first landing in Canada, is at once struck with the more rapid rate at which all vehicles move.

Even waggons, heavily laden, are drawn by horses at a trotting pace. The leisurely walk of the cart-horse of the old country is unknown in Canada.

The only exception to the rule of rapid locomotion is the railway. The Grand Trunk, which runs along the whole length of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, is both slow and safe, and the safety is due to the slowness. Accidents frequently occur, but they are not very destructive to life or property. One train may run into another, or get off the track, but the injury is comparatively slight when the speed is only fifteen or twenty miles an hour. When the speed is increased, the destructive power increases in a much higher ratio. When it is doubled, the destructive power is increased fourfold; or, in other words, the destructive power increases as the square of the velocity. This law accounts for the appalling character of the late collision on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. The combined velocities of both trains would probably be not less than eighty miles an hour, which represents a crashing energy sixteen times greater than that of a Canadian train running into a stationary object at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The danger on English railways arises from the demand of the people for speed. In Canada, the safety is due to the financial necessities of the line, it being much more economical to run slow than fast trains. In winter, the difficulty of railway travelling is so great that the sleigh frequently asserts its superiority. In Toronto and Montreal, the street railway system is adopted, but the snow drives the cars off, and large sleighs are employed instead, so that, for a considerable part of the year, the rails are practically useless. An ingenious Yankee, resolving to baffle the climate, strewed with salt the whole line of railway in Toronto, expecting that the rails would be thus cleared of snow, but the device failed, as the gritty compound was not suitable for either rail or sleigh.

It was found, on sending troops to Canada, last winter, that the real difficulty began with the railways. Under the admirable management of General Lumley, the transport of the forces by sleigh from Halifax to Quebec was accomplished with the greatest ease, though at first it appeared a most perilous undertaking. The officers and men enjoyed the journey as they would a holiday. When the troops reached Quebec, it was thought that every difficulty was over, as there was now railway communication with the interior. But here the difficulty began. The railway, unlike the sleigh, was not intended, in its original construction, to struggle against the rigour of an almost arctic climate. In a snow drift, the locomotive is like a maddened bull charging its enemy with the greatest impetuosity. It plunges into the snow, then backs out; and, with deep-drawn breath, renews the charge; but frequently its rage is impotent, it gives up the task in despair, and the slow process of the shovel must be resorted to. The engine carries in front a snow-plough for clearing the rails, but this is effectual only when the drift is not formidable. Sometimes three or four engines come to the rescue of a train buried in the snow, and, with their united strength, charge through the opposing drift.

It is one of the common incidents of Canadian travel to be snowed up in a cutting on a railway. The snow of Canada, almost invariably, falls in the form of fine, white dust, consisting of separate gritty crystals. The large flakes of England are almost never seen. This dry form of snow is much more liable to drift, and, with the slightest wind, it comes pouring over the edge of a cutting in the railway like sand pouring down from a sand-glass. It is one of the most unpleasant things in travel, to be caught in one of these drifts. You may be in the midst of a forest, far from help; and the Canadian railways do not carry provisions, like those of their more provident neighbours in the United States. The firewood may fail while you are under the snow at a temperature below zero, and you may have the prospect of being snowed up for days in this miserable plight. We had the misfortune of being snowed up, along with many others, on one occasion last winter, when we had an unexpected rescue from our impending fate. We stuck fast in the wreath, after the usual attempts to push through. We could not even back out, and retreat to some spot where there was less chance of being buried up. When all the usual expedients were tried and failed, an American volunteered to go under the machinery, and shovel out the snow that clogged its movements. He worked on with a hearty good will, but it was all in vain; besides, the feed-pipe was frozen, so that the boiler could not be supplied with water from the tender. All the passengers had now given themselves up to blank despair. Night was fast coming on, and there was every prospect of spending it in the train, without food, and without the ordinary comfort of a sleeping car. The snow began gradually to rise around the carriages. It reached the windows, and then the light began to be gradually shut out by the ever-rising stratum. All looked wistfully through the narrowing chinks of the windows, and each had his speculations as to the dreary night coming on, and the thoughts of anxious friends at home. The situation was, however, not so miserable as to prevent one from admiring the beautiful forms assumed by the snow as it rose around the carriages. At first sight, its surface appeared quite uniform, but a little attention showed that there was great diversity. Sometimes it was ribbed with parallel lines, drawn with great exactness; at others, it was diversified with minute conical elevations. Then there were concentric wavy lines, and all the various forms blended together. The process of formation was all visible before you by looking minutely into the structure. With the aid of a glass, you could see the minute particles rolling over and taking their allotted place, so as to fit in to the general pattern. Some of the forms were not unlike the spiral nebulæ which Lord Rosse's telescope has revealed to us; and the great laws which pervade the universe can as well be illustrated by the play of atoms as by the revolution of worlds. The wisdom with which the Great Architect has planned all things is stamped as vividly upon the little as upon the great. The formulæ expressive of the laws of the universe are altogether independent of magnitude. Our snow studies were soon curtailed by the closing in of night, and the pangs of hunger began to assail the whole company, with no hope of having them appeased. It was like an angel's visit when a boy, with a Scotch accent, stepped

into the carriage with a pitcher of hot tea, and a basket full of bread and cheese. This was sent by his mother, and he was told not to take anything for it. Many were the blessings on the good woman for her timely supply. Her kindness, however, did not end here. She sent down her eldest son to the train with the instruction, that if he saw any "kent body," he should ask him to spend the night at her house. Her heart was large, but her house was small, and she could afford only limited hospitality. Her son, on looking round the train, soon recognised the son of a Scottish minister with whom we were travelling, and who is known throughout Canada for his labours of love in behalf of religious and philanthropic enterprise. We were fortunate in sharing the invitation; but it was with no little difficulty we reached the settlement in the cleared forest. The snow, thawed by the sun, and subsequently frozen, forms a treacherous crust, which now bears you up, but the next moment allows you to sink to unknown depths. The deer is, from the same cause, easily killed in winter, as its small foot sinks through the crust, while the broader foot of the hunter bears him up. When we arrived at the farm-house, we were first ushered into the large kitchen, where we found the patriarch of the family sitting by the stove, with his daughter, son-in-law, and numerous grandchildren, all intent on showing hospitality to the rescued strangers. The grandfather, well stricken in years, belonged to the parish of Lesmahagow, in Scotland, and now that he had little more to do than sit by the stove and revive the scenes and stories of olden times, many were the questions he put us about the present and former ministers of his native parish and surrounding district, showing that fifty years of exile could not eradicate the love of his native soil. There could not be a finer picture than this homestead, of the successful career of a Canadian settler. And it is the rule for the industrious settler to achieve similar success. This family enjoyed an abundance of the comforts of life. The children were intelligent and well educated. The house was equal in extent, comfort, and elegance to the ordinary farm-houses of England; and, above all, the house and the extensive farm around were their own property. It may be said that their lot was, after all, but a moderate one; but it ought to be remembered, that the successful settler is, most frequently, the farm-servant who would probably have never risen above that position had he remained at home. The probability that the farm-servant will become in Canada a well-to-do proprietor, is as great as that he will continue to be a farm-servant to the end of his days should he remain in England. It was not merely the material prosperity of the above family that arrested our attention. We found that the religious training of the young was carefully attended to, and that their sympathies were awakened for missionary enterprise. Our companion in misfortune happened to be secretary to a society for the support and Christian training of orphan children in India; and it was discovered that some of the family were collectors and contributors to the same society, which had strongly enlisted the interest of the neighbours in the district. There was much gladness when the discovery was made, and some of the young people in the neighbouring settlement were called in to enjoy the meeting. The secretary produced photographic portraits of the orphan children, who were all known by name to the Canadian girls who contributed to their support. It seemed to give them no ordinary delight to gaze on the swarthy features of the children about whom they had often talked. How marvellous the power of that faith that could blend in one the hearts of children in the snows of Canada and on the plains of Hindostan. As the evening advanced we withdrew to the parlour, which had now been heated and lighted for our reception. Before retiring for the night, the head of the family took down the "big ha' Bible," as was evidently his wont, and after the singing of a psalm and the reading of a chapter, we joined in prayer at the throne of grace. Long will that forest home, with its hospitality and devotions, be gratefully remembered. As to the train left in the cutting, it was released during the night, several engines having come to the rescue. In the morning the settlers turned out, and cut the snow wreaths on the turnpike road, so that we might be sent on by sleigh in time to keep our engagements.

It was not always that we were so fortunate in receiving aid in our difficulties. On another occasion, we had, as we supposed, the good fortune to get, by special favour, a seat in an express train, which was conveying a British regiment to Toronto. The journey, which ought to have been performed in ten hours, took altogether three days,—the whole of the time being spent by the officers and soldiers in the cars, and that, too, without sleeping berths. The officers filled one car, and the privates the others. The men were fortunately provided with three days' rations, but the officers had nothing, as they trusted to their wants being supplied at the different stations. They were, during one part of the journey, without any food for twenty-four hours. We admired much the good humour with which they bore it all. The long weary hours were whiled away by various methods. The older officers chaffed the younger, and all told stories of their adventures in many lands. Among the number, there were some excellent mathematicians and classical scholars, and their stores of knowledge furnished themes for graver conversation. The pangs of hunger seemed to be greatly subdued by smoking tobacco, of which they had an abundant supply. It was matter of surprise that English officers should have so few resources in such an emergency as this. Instead of attempting to scour the country for food, they patiently endured hunger, smoked their cigars, and stuck by the train immovably fixed in the snow.

The good points of the Canadian cars are all borrowed from those of the United States, and, certainly, no people excel the New Englanders in ingenious contrivances for domestic and travelling comforts. The great feature of these cars is their sleeping-berths. In a few minutes, a day car is converted into a sleeping car; and when thus changed, it presents the appearance of a long passage, with three tiers of shelves on each side. These shelves form the berths of the passengers who choose to pay for this luxury. One learns to

sleep in course of time with wonderful soundness. It is also an economy of time, for the traveller can often so arrange as to do his travelling and sleeping at the same time. It is also possible, in this way, to evade the equality system of the States, by which all classes travel in the same carriage. A higher rate is charged for these convertible cars, and consequently the company is more select. In long journeys, a car in the States is set apart for refreshments, so that meals may be had as on shipboard. Iced water, a stove, and retiring rooms, are found in every car; so that, in long journeys, the inconveniences of English railways are much felt by those who have been accustomed to travel in America. Another great advantage of the American system is, that the passenger may move about from car to car while in motion, and speak to any one of several hundred people whom he may wish to meet. He can also at pleasure take an airing outside of the train, instead of being imprisoned for hours together in the car. In the short distances of English railway travel, the necessity for such conveniences is not so much felt, but in Switzerland and other parts of the continent, the American plan is being gradually adopted.

There is a popular notion in England, that frost-bites are so dangerous and frequent, that mutilations are very common, and that it is not unusual to meet unfortunate martyrs to the climate deprived of ears and noses. A frost-bite, however, does not infer any mutilation or serious inconvenience. The effect is simply to arrest the circulation in the part, but it is readily brought back by gentle friction with the glove. On entering a warm room it is advisable to apply snow to the affected part, that the warmth may not be too sudden. No bad effect is left except when the circulation is long arrested. The parts most liable to be bitten are the ears, the nose, and across the temples. The party may not be aware of a frost bite, but the whiteness of the part arrests the attention of others, and it is held courteous to stop a stranger on the road and tell him of the danger. The part blisters if frozen for a considerable time, but we have never met with a case in which any part of the face was mutilated. In the hospitals, however, there are occasional cases where the feet are so badly bitten as to require amputation. Such cases frequently arise from intoxication, and subsequent sleeping in the snow.

Let us now turn from the climate to the people of Canada. Perhaps the most frequent inquiry in England at present, refers to the loyalty of the Canadian; but no one can reside in Canada, for however short a period, without being convinced of their devoted attachment to the British throne. There are keen political parties, violently differing on local matters, but loyalty is a universal sentiment, and it is much deeper than mere self-interest. There is even a warmth of feeling on the subject which one does not find so strongly expressed at home. The most tangible expression of loyalty was given last winter, when the whole population rose as one man to drill in volunteer corps. The proximity to the United States does not at all tend to enlist their sympathies in favour of American institutions or American alliance. The effect is the very opposite, and when any anti-American feeling exists at home, it is sure to be found in Canada in an intenser form. A strong patriotic feeling is rising everywhere, but, instead of tending towards a severance from the mother country, its aim is to secure a closer alliance in feeling and interest. Not the least loyal of Her Majesty's subjects are the Red Indians. They look upon the Queen, whom they style their "Great Mother," as a bounteous female deity, supplying them with blankets and ammunition. They listen with indignation to all questioning of her right to universal dominion. It is told of a Scotch divine, that, wishing to enlighten an Indian tribe on the subject of co-ordinate jurisdiction, he ventured in his address to question the Queen's authority in spiritual matters. This was treading on perilous ground, and the address was brought to a sudden close by an angry flourish of the Erastian chief's tomahawk over the head of the speaker.

Whether it be the effect of climate, or of the concourse of different nationalities, it is undoubted that the native Canadian youths display great precocity in their manners and early education. In the common and grammar schools, the pupils display a greater degree of quickness and intelligence than in similar schools in the old country. Time is not yet given to see whether this early promise is to result in future greatness. The names best known in Canada, are those of men who have been imported from the mother country. There is, however, one man, a native of the country, of whom the Canadians are justly proud, and whose name is not unknown in England. We refer to Dr. Ryerson, the founder and Chief Superintendent of the educational system of Canada. No man has done so much to mould and develop the character of the people. He travelled in Europe, and carefully studied the educational systems of different nations. The system which he planned, and which has been adopted by the Legislature, is substantially that of the United States, in which the educational activity of the various religious bodies is entirely ignored. As a necessary consequence, the teaching is exclusively secular. In a new country, this system is the one most generally acceptable, as the various churches have to struggle for their existence, and are glad that the state should take upon itself the burden of education. When, however, society is better organized, and the churches gain an easier position, educational life is inevitably awakened; and whether with or without the aid of the state, they will engage in the work of educating the people. Dr. Ryerson saw this tendency, and, at an early period, was constrained to give separate grants to the Roman Catholics. This anomaly could not long be continued; and last winter a bill was introduced to give separate aid to all Protestant denominations that choose to engage in the work of national instruction. Canada thus practically abandons the system of the United States, and adopts that of England, in which aid is given to all denominations, if they impart a due amount of secular knowledge. Evidence is afforded even in the United States, that the common-school system is only provisional, and that the state must yield to the educational activity of the people acting through their various churches. Already, almost

every denomination has begun to erect schools for itself, though as yet no aid is derived from the State. The first demand for separate aid is always made by the Roman Catholics; and the next step of aiding other denominations, is inevitable. We found it to be the opinion of a high educational official in the State of New York, that in less than ten years the common-school system would begin to disintegrate, from the necessity of giving separate grants to the Roman Catholics. He clearly saw that the system of England was the only one that could satisfy the educational activities of a highly developed state of society; and that the mechanical uniformity of the common school was suited only to the early periods of a new country.

Although the educational system of Canada is only in a transition state, it has worked, so far, admirably. There is, perhaps, no country where the advantages of a common school and academic education are so accessible to the mass of the population. The result of this is shown in the very large proportion of the youth of Canada who devote themselves to learned professions. The aptitude usually displayed by the youths at the university augurs well for future achievements in literature and science.

The winter of Canada is prolonged into spring, or rather the spring is altogether sunk as a distinct season, and the winter is terminated by the commencement of summer. It is well on in June before vegetation makes any marked progress, and then nature advances with a bound. The days are, however, often very hot before there is any symptom of spring; and one wonders that nature should not take a start with such heat, but the cold nights are an effectual check to vegetation. Even in the coldest days of winter, the direct rays of the sun are hot, the latitude of Upper Canada, to which we chiefly refer, being considerably lower than that of England.

In returning from Canada, we selected the route by Boston. In passing through the New England States we saw few signs of the war. The aspect of things was very different from that of last year, when we travelled along the same line. It was then the romance of war, and the whole country resounded with war songs and martial music. Now it was the terrible reality of war, and little outward demonstration was visible. There seemed to be no lack of prosperity, and many insisted that war was very profitable. It is not difficult to understand how the manufacturing or commercial towns of New England, and Boston in particular, should derive substantial benefit in the meantime. The immense sums spent upon army stores have enriched a numerous class, and stimulated to an unhealthy prosperity various branches of manufacture.

While in Boston we visited the workshop of the distinguished optician, Mr. Alvan Clarke. Our chief object was to inspect the great telescope, of which we gave an account in a previous number of *Good Words*. On our former visit it was only in the process of construction, and it was uncertain how the optician would succeed on a telescope of such unwonted dimensions. It was now completed, and mounted in a temporary tube, swung against the tower of the observatory. The focal length is 23 feet, and the diameter of the object-glass is 18½ inches. It was executed for the University of Mississippi; the contract price of the object-glass being £2237. On account of the war it was impossible for the Southern University to fulfil its part of the engagement, so that the telescope is now in the market. It was with tremulous anxiety that Mr. Clarke first tested the telescope, by turning it upon the stars; for, however well it stood the other tests applied, there is none so trying as the fixed stars. It was first turned to the most conspicuous star in the heavens, viz., Sirius; and we may well imagine his satisfaction when he instantly discovered a companion star, which had hitherto eluded the search of the most powerful telescopes in the world. This companion was not only seen, but seen with ease, in all conditions of the atmosphere. Mr. Bond, whose observatory is only about half-a-mile distant, on learning the discovery, turned his great equatorial upon Sirius, and also detected the companion,—thus illustrating the fact, that an inferior telescope may descry an object previously undiscernible when once its existence is made certain by a superior telescope. The discovery is interesting, not only as testing the power of the telescope, but as throwing light upon a physical phenomenon which long puzzled astronomers. The proper motion of Sirius has long been an enigma, and it was supposed that there was a dark body in its vicinity disturbing its motion. This bright companion will probably solve the difficulty. It is only four seconds' distant from Sirius. The telescope was next tested by directing it to the great nebula in Orion. Twenty new stars were discovered in a small space around the trapezium, which has been often explored by the most powerful telescopes. These tests clearly establish the superiority of Mr. Clarke's over all existing telescopes. The process by which such satisfactory results were obtained was minutely explained by Mr. Clarke. He claims merely the merit of working the glass into the requisite shape; the glass itself being supplied by Mr. Chance of Birmingham, which was of faultless excellence. The glass must be worked into a convex shape to form an image; but the difficulty lies in giving to a large lens that exact degree of convexity to every part which is necessary to form a well-defined image. The object-glass is made large, so as to secure brightness in the image, but brightness is of little value unless distinctness or definition is also secured; and, in order to secure definition, each portion of the glass must have precisely the same focus as every other part. The object-glass may be regarded as a compound eye, consisting of innumerable constituent eyes, each of which forms an image of the object. The vision is not satisfactory unless all the images perfectly coincide to form a single image. If one eye be of longer focus than another, the resulting compound image is indistinct, as if the object were seen through a fog. If the hand be placed over the object-glass of a telescope, so that only a small part of its surface is left uncovered, that part will give a distant image, if the instrument is well executed. If successive parts be left uncovered, the same result will be obtained. If, however, the glass is not

well figured, one part may give a good image, while another will give an imperfect one with the same adjustment of the eye-piece. The object of Mr. Clarke was, therefore, in the course of the working, to test every part successively. For this purpose, he divided the object-glass into rings or zones, like the target of a rifleman, and each zone was worked so as to bring it to a given focus. To secure this object, he formed a long tunnel, leading from his workshop through his garden, which had its termination in the wall fronting the road. This end was filled up with a board, having a small hole in the centre. The hole served as a star, the image of which was to be formed by the lens. The lens was mounted on small wheels, so as to admit of being moved backwards and forwards to catch the exact focus. When any particular ring was to be tested, the rest of the lens was covered up, and if the focus was found to be too long or too short, the glass was removed to the workshop, and there subjected to the requisite manipulation. Innumerable trials were necessary to give the lens a faultless figure. The difficulty was increased by the circumstance that the glass was compound, one part being flint-glass and the other crown, so that four surfaces required to be accurately figured. This compound structure is necessary to render the glass achromatic. There is much unwillingness to part with this noble instrument to foreigners, and efforts are making to retain it in the States.

On our former visit we sought refuge from the tumult of war in the workshop of Mr. Clarke, but now we found that our friend had also caught the war furor, and could with difficulty speak on any other subject. His art was also turned to war purposes. Astronomical instruments were abandoned, and he was busily engaged in making small telescopes, to be fixed on the barrels of rifles, which probably proved more lucrative than the astronomical telescopes. This affords an illustration of the manner in which the war, while it injures one branch of trade, improves others. Mr. Clarke is the inventor of a new rifle, which did much execution in the rifle pits at Norfolk. It is short, and very heavy—the metal of the barrel being half an inch thick. The bullet is a solid cone, without any cavity, and is loaded at the muzzle by the aid of a ring, which is put on before loading. The barrel recoils upon a spring, so that the shock is not felt till the ball has left the piece. Greater steadiness of aim is thus secured. We explained the contrivance to Southern officers, who afterwards crossed the Atlantic with us, but they were unwilling to allow that there was any novelty in this Northern invention. They held that they were far ahead of the North in all munitions of war, having now factories in which all modern refinements are executed. These officers had run the blockade at Charleston, and joined the Cunard steamer at Halifax. During the whole voyage they had an eager circle of listeners around them, as they gave thrilling details of their exploits in the South. The Southern versions of the Northern victories were listened to with keen relish by the English passengers. The Northerners, though largely preponderating in numbers, were dumb before the more fluent and fiery Southerners. They, however, took the opportunity of muttering, in private, deep imprecations against their foes. One of the most atrocious was that of an apparently pious New Englander. "If it be necessary, but only if it be necessary for the maintenance of the Union, we shall exterminate man, woman, and child, as the Lord commanded the Israelites to exterminate the Canaanites." The mission to England of the Southern officers was not, of course, divulged, but we afterwards learned that they manned the war steamer, No. 290, which eluded the pursuit of the *Tuscarora*. It was attempted to console a Northerner by saying, that he ought to be proud that the glorious Union should have nurtured such brave soldiers in the South, but his reply was—"What would you think of a son who slapped his father on the face?" With such combustible elements, an explosion was at one time feared, but a lady of Boston acted as mediator between the parties, and, thanks to her persuasive powers, she charmed down the rising storm, and succeeded in keeping the peace.

On our visit to the observatory of Albany last year, we found the astronomer Mr. Mitchell on the eve of starting for Washington to join the army. Since that time he has been promoted to the rank of general, and is now one of the popular heroes of the North. Though advanced in years, he has been distinguished for his brilliant and rapid movements. His name is, however, connected with one of the greatest atrocities of the war, viz., the outrage on the boarding-school in Alabama, to which the aristocracy of the South sent their daughters to be educated. Those who know Mr. Mitchell best, are persuaded that every means in his power would be used to restrain his soldiers; but in the American army the best officer can exercise only the feeblest discipline. Science will have reason to lament, should his fame be tarnished by so foul a deed.

WILLIAM LEITCH.

MECHANICS OF NATURE.

BY MRS. RYMER JONES.

During the past summer we have had in that gigantic building devoted to the display of the greatest efforts of man's industry and genius, an opportunity of inspecting a variety of machines admirably designed to diminish human toil; and an infinite diversity of tools and implements, more or less adapted to facilitate the labour of the mechanic.

After such a display, it cannot but be interesting to compare with these the mechanical contrivances of nature, which far exceed them in ingenuity and completeness.

We will begin with some of the simplest illustrations of these.

One of the most useful implements of the artisan is the *saw*, with which he is enabled to cut in pieces the hardest timber or stone. The principle upon which the saw is constructed is familiar to every one, but in order the better to understand the difference between the saws of nature and those of art, it may be as well to remind the reader what that principle is: saws of human manufacture are made of the hardest steel, their cutting edge is divided into sharp teeth pointing in the same direction, by means of which the fibres of wood are torn into minute pieces, and thus solid timber is gradually worn through. The saw made use of by the human artisan is but a bungling contrivance when compared with those employed in the economy of nature. The saw-fly, one of a remarkable race of insects, as a means of preserving its eggs from destruction, and of providing a proper supply of food for the young to which they give birth, is instructed to deposit its eggs in the leaves or tender shoots of the growing branches of trees. To enable it to effect this, the female saw-fly is provided with a very remarkable apparatus, which consists of two saws, placed back to back, and so arranged that they can alternately be pushed forward and backward. One only of these saws is first driven forward, and, while it is retracted, its fellow is pushed out, and this is continued until an aperture of sufficient size has been made. These saws, however, are not only furnished with teeth at their edge, but have smaller ones distributed over their whole surface, so that they perform the office of files as well as saws, and not only cut a slit in the wood, but enlarge the opening until it is sufficiently capacious to receive the eggs into its interior. To protect this delicate instrument when not in use, it is enclosed in a case formed by two hinged flaps, one on each side of the saw. The eggs, deposited with so much skill, are not left to chance. Immediately after the puncture has been made, the part of the stalk around it begins to swell, and an excrescence is formed, such as we frequently see on the stem of a rose-tree, or the leaf of a willow. In a few days the eggs produce young grubs, which, after undergoing a change into a chrysalis state, finally assume the form of their parent, a four-winged fly. It is related of the female of one kind of saw-fly, that she will remain on the leaf within which she has deposited her eggs till they are hatched, that she feeds them carefully, and, resting with her wings stretched over them, protects them from the heat of the sun, or from the attacks of enemies; and that she continues to do so for several weeks, until her young ones no longer require her maternal care.

A still more wonderful piece of instinct is exhibited by the ichneumons or cuckoo flies, a race of insects to whom is intrusted an important department in the police of nature. The common butterfly will lay, perhaps, 500 eggs in the course of a single summer; and, although butterflies themselves are not generally regarded as dangerous enemies, a very little reflection will show, that if not rigidly watched over they would become exceedingly formidable. The butterfly, be it remembered, produces as its progeny, not butterflies like the parent animal, but active, hungry caterpillars, with ravenous appetites and horny jaws. If, therefore, a garden was, at any time, during a single season, visited by 500 of these pretty flutterers, which is by no means improbable, the consequence would be a progeny of 25,000 caterpillars; a number obviously quite sufficient to cause serious injury to the garden. If each of these in its turn was to lay 500 eggs, it is evident that the country would soon be rendered uninhabitable by the overwhelming increase of butterflies. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that if the supply of caterpillars was to be diminished to any considerable extent, vast numbers of birds and other animals would be deprived of food. The consequences under either supposition would be equally detrimental to the harmony of Nature. The agents employed by the Creator to insure an adequate supply of caterpillars, and, at the same time, to prevent a too rapid multiplication of butterflies, are the little ichneumons above alluded to. The apparatus employed for this purpose resembles in some respects that of the saw-flies, before described, but instead of a cutting instrument, it is in this case converted into an awl, the end of which is flattened and sharp. By the assistance of this the cuckoo-fly is enabled to deposit her eggs in the back of the caterpillar, which, unconscious of its injury, feeds and enjoys its life, regardless of the brood of young ichneumons feeding upon the very nutriment on which it is dependent for its existence. It lives on apparently unharmed, but when the time arrives for undergoing its metamorphosis, too feeble to make the usual change into a chrysalis, it dies.

Shears and scissors it might naturally be supposed would require human hands to guide them, but long before mankind possessed such useful in-

struments, they were busily at work in the depths of the sea, and that with as unerring fatality as the fabled shears of Atropas. The rocks and grottoes of the ocean are as richly carpeted with a verdure of their own, as our hills and valleys. Seaweeds and corallines, exquisite in colour and beautiful in form, clothe them in rich profusion. But though away from the view of man or of those animals with whom he is more familiar, there are creatures formed to revel in this luxuriant growth, and to whom it affords a continual banquet. The Tritonea, a kind of marine slug, is one of these, and it is furnished with scissors to clip off the living flowers which serve it for sustenance. The mouth of the Triton is of a most singular construction. Enclosed within two fleshy lips which form the external part of this organ, lie two flat horny jaws, united at one end by an elastic joint; a strong muscle brings together the sharp jaws, which pass one over the other like the blades of shears, and are enclosed again by the spring which connects them. Within this destructive mouth is a tongue covered with sharp hooks, all bent in the direction of the throat, to which they convey the ample supply of food prepared by the jaws.

One of the most useful of the tools of the carpenter, is a chisel, and efficiently enough it does its work, so long as it can be kept sharp; but even with the utmost care it is apt to become dull and blunted. Could some ingenious mechanician produce a set of these useful instruments, that would always retain a sharp cutting edge, and never need grinding, they would certainly be classed among the most ingenious and useful inventions. Now in the animal creation such sets of tools are constantly at work, in the mouth of every rat and mouse and squirrel. Hour after hour will a rat continue its patient gnawing at the hardest board, day after day, and week after week, will it pursue the same employment; and yet its teeth never appear to be worn in the least. We say appear, because this constant gnawing does wear away even the teeth of a rat, but provision has been made for this constant attrition. The teeth of the Rodents, or gnawing animals, never cease growing. Fresh matter is added from behind to the tooth, as it is gradually pushed up in front, and thus no obvious diminution of size takes place. Still it would seem impossible but that the sharp edge should become blunted, even though the tooth should retain its proper length. So it would be, indeed, were the tooth of the same material throughout. But these gnawing teeth are formed of two different substances. The bulk of the tooth is of ivory, which of itself would not be hard enough for the work that has to be done. Its front is therefore covered with a thin plate of enamel, extremely hard and durable, and as this wears away much more slowly than the ivory, a sharp cutting edge is always maintained. But in order to estimate properly the efficiency of these chisels of Nature's contrivance, we ought to know what amount of work they are capable of performing, and of this the structures erected by the beavers will give us some idea.

The beavers are a race of animals inhabiting the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America, but now fast disappearing from the earth, in consequence of the unrelenting persecution to which they have been subjected, in order to obtain their skins, so much employed in the manufacture of hats. These industrious creatures have long been celebrated for their skill in erecting their dwelling; but as some readers may be unacquainted with their manner of building, it may not be superfluous to recount it. The beavers, who always work in companies, assemble together in the months of June and July to establish their settlement. They congregate in numbers of two or three hundred on the bank of some river, and the place of meeting is usually the spot on which they commence their operations. The object of these united labours is twofold; first to form a species of pond in which the water may be always retained at the same height; and secondly, to construct an assemblage of secure dwellings for the whole colony of labourers. On the bank of some running stream, at a part where the water is shallow, and shaded by poplars or overhanging willows, these four-footed engineers begin their work. Their first object is to select some large tree conveniently overhanging the river, and, seating themselves around it in sufficient number, they begin to cut it down with their sharp chisel-like teeth, enjoying meanwhile the morsels of fresh wood and tender bark, which are their favourite food. The tree, although often as thick as a man's body, is soon cut down by their joint efforts; it falls across the stream, and forms the principal beam in their building. They cut the branches from the top to make it lie evenly, while others fell trees of smaller girth, and divide them into stakes of a proper length. These they convey to the edge of the river, and then bring them by water to their building-place. There they have to begin the task of pile-driving, without the mechanical contrivances to which human engineers have recourse. With their ever-ready teeth some of the beavers uplift the stakes and drive them into holes, which others of their party, plunging below the water, have already made for their reception. Many rows of these piles are driven, and the intervening spaces filled up with branches, which the intelligent creatures weave in between them. Others go in search of earth, which they beat with their tails, and temper with their feet until it is of a proper consistence to fill up all the crevices in their building. The dam erected in this manner across the river is a construction of no small labour, being often from 80 to 100 feet long, and from eight to ten feet wide. It is formed of numerous piles of equal height, planted close together. These piles, which are perpendicular on the outer side of the dam, are placed in a sloping direction on the inner side; thus giving all the solidity necessary for supporting the weight of the water, and for preventing its overthrow. On this dam, the top of which is flat and smooth, the beaver village is erected, the huts of which it consists are sometimes ten feet in diameter, having walls two feet in thickness, which are usually built to the height of a few feet, and then covered in by a vaulted roof. Sometimes, however, a second, or even a third storey is added. These huts have each two apertures, one of which gives admission from the general causeway, and the other a window looking upon their pond. It sometimes

happens that the water is frozen over below the level of their window, and their entrance to the bathing-place precluded. In this case, they make another opening beneath the ice; for access to the water is essential to their well-being. The houses are neatly plastered throughout with mortar, which they beat and temper with their feet. To assist them in their work, they have been provided with a most excellent trowel; the tail of the beaver is flat, and covered with scales; with this they plaster the walls of their houses, to render them quite impervious to rain, and effect it with such mason-like skill, that it is difficult to imagine that human hands have not been employed in the work. Each hut serves for the abode of several pairs of beavers; and close to each dwelling is a store-house for the food of the family. This consists of stems and branches of trees cut into short lengths. The beavers have only recourse to this stock when fresh green wood, their favourite aliment, cannot be procured. Thus furnished with commodious habitations and a plentiful supply of provisions, the beavers pass a happy and a busy life. Great care is taken to keep their village and the dam upon which it is built in good repair, and general harmony prevails. Part of their time is passed in the water, and for this they have been well fitted by nature. Their hinder feet, which serve to row them along in the water, are webbed, and their broad flat tails serve as a rudder to direct their course, and thus these singular quadrupeds are enabled to occupy a situation in which an animal without such various adaptations would not be able to exist. To creatures so circumstanced the possession of chisel-like teeth, which no wear can blunt, is obviously indispensable; and it would be difficult to imagine any contrivance more perfect than that adopted to secure the lasting efficiency of the inimitable tools with which they are furnished.

COOKING DEPOTS FOR WORKING PEOPLE.

WHILE the pleasures of the table are not to be too eagerly sought after by those who desire to see man's faculties wisely used, a generous hospitality cannot be censured, nor improvement in the art of cookery be condemned, seeing that health and sociality are promoted by well-prepared and well-served dinners. But when the reasonable and pleasurable satisfaction of our natural wants gives place to ostentation and expense in feeding, important duties are too often neglected, in order that one inordinate appetite may be unduly gratified. The old Roman gourmands, who feasted their friends on peacocks' brains and nightingales' tongues, sacrificed health and pleasure to ostentation: and Cleopatra, when she quaffed dissolved pearls, acted more like a silly self-willed queen, than a sensible and modest woman. Apicius spent in good eating, if we are to believe ancient chroniclers, a million and-a-half sterling, and then committed suicide, fearing he should die of starvation because he had only £50,000 left. This may be mere folly, but it may be said that there is something approaching to *wickedness* in the culinary art, if we are to take literally what we read of as necessary in connexion with the cooking and preparation of the meats served up at many of the best modern tables. Crimped cod, we are told, only possesses half its virtue if the steaks are not cut whilst the fish still lives. And that famous artist of the kitchen, Ude, has laid it down as a fact proved by long practice, that eels should be thrown on the fire alive before they are skinned, so that the oil may pass into the skin, and be removed with it. Calves have to be bled gradually to death to secure veal white enough for respectable tables; whilst the *foies gras* of Strasburg is only attained in perfection by cramming geese with food, nailing their feet to a plank, fixing them near a great fire and denying them drink, that their livers may become of the right size and quality to please the palates of modern epicureans.

But in providing for the working portion of our population no such arts can be required. Bread, porridge, potatoes, and a little broth and meat, furnish the chief part of their food; and they only require that these be of good quality, sufficient quantity, passingly well cooked, and served in a cleanly and comfortable manner.

How these things are attended to in the homes of the working people forms no part of the subject of this paper; though it may be said, in passing, that in that which constitutes good housewifery they are often sadly lacking. With all its drawbacks, however, there is no place either for eating or drinking so fit for any man as his home. It is more economical, more natural, and if anything like a right spirit prevails amongst those who form the family circle, the reunions at meals in the intervals of labour will strengthen domestic affections, and invigorate life. In the large cities and towns of the empire, however, there are, necessarily, large numbers of the working people who cannot, without great inconvenience, pass from their employment to their homes at the ordinary meal hours; and it is a matter of considerable moment that some plan should be devised and carried out to provide accommodation for persons so situated,

in which shall be combined the comforts, the cleanliness, and the economy which are characteristics of decent and happy homes amongst our working population.

The best attempt that has yet been made to do this, that we are aware of, is that which Mr. Corbet has set on foot in Glasgow; and as it is not only singular in the mode of its operation, but successful in realizing the objects in view, we shall give a general outline of its history and operations.

In July 1860 Mr. Corbet first conceived the idea of trying this experiment; and, in September of the same year, the first establishment was opened at the Sailors' Home in that city. The working people generally were offered breakfast, dinner, and tea, at a price so low as to create some degree of astonishment amongst all who had inspected or partaken of the rations furnished. To attain this cheapness, it was decided to have a continued and never-varying uniformity in the articles furnished, that each day's work should be a mere repetition of what had gone before, and that the articles purchased should to the last ounce be capable of consumption. This arrangement made large purchases almost imperative, and as cash payments to tradesmen from the first were decided on, it will at once be seen that everything was bought at the lowest possible price. Meal, milk, tea, coffee, bread, butter, and eggs are the only things used for breakfast. If it is necessary to any person's comfort or health to have something not named here, he or she must go somewhere else to procure it. Hence the cooking is all one job, the service is easy and simple, and waste is almost impossible. At dinner there are soup, broth, potatoes, bread, meat, and pudding. Nothing else can be had for dinner; and if a mutton chop, a little fish, or a slice of any other kind of meat is required, the answer is, that it is not kept, and cannot be served. In the evening, tea or coffee can be had, with an egg if required, and then the service of the day is done, and the business of the one day is the business of the year. Cheapness has secured abundance of custom, whilst custom, being so constant as to prevent waste of food, or waste of time on the part of those employed in these establishments, secures and makes permanent the cheapness. The best proof of the success of these establishments is the rapidity with which they have spread throughout Glasgow. There are now thirteen large establishments doing an amount of business, which at first could not have been calculated on. The average consumption per month, before the last large establishment was opened, was as follows:—55,000 bowls of broth and soup, 52,000 plates of beef, 33,000 plates of potatoes, 14,500 bowls of porridge, 54,000 cups of tea and coffee, 82,000 rolls and slices of bread and butter, 7000 boiled eggs, 14,000 rations of milk, making a monthly total of rations of 311,500.

That these rations are excellent in quality, and, for the price charged most satisfactory, is undeniable; and that they are served respectably and consumed with a quietness and decorum creditable to those who frequent these establishments, must be at once admitted by all who may have had the curiosity to drop in and take pot-luck at the ordinary meal hours. One man quietly unfolds the bread packed up by his wife when he left home for work, calls for a basin of broth or soup, as the case may be, and a large steaming basin being laid before him, he eats his bread with this for a relish and departs, his whole entertainment having cost him one penny, in addition to the before-mentioned bread. Another, whose finances it may be are in happier condition, orders first his broth, then his potatoes and meat—the potato supply being abundant—and having made a good meal, finds that his bill amounts to fourpence. It may be remarked, that what is here said as applying to the service of the dinners, applies also to what is served at breakfast time, and in the after part of the day; the penny ration is the rule, and for threepence a man may make a breakfast such as would be pleasant to think of as being within the reach of all our working men.

The class of people to be seen at these places is unmistakably the working class. Many evidently belonging to the more comfortable classes may be seen amongst them; but whether they are drawn by curiosity or a love of economy it is difficult to say, as during the hours of business there is silence and despatch, and the customers come and go so rapidly that there is little time or opportunity for gratifying an idle curiosity.

In opening these establishments the founder has kept three things in view as regards the situations in which to place them. First, poor neighbourhoods—so that those who need most to get comfortable, well-cooked, and wholesome food at the lowest cost, may be served. Next, in the neighbourhood of large works—that the working men employed in them, instead of walking a long distance to their meals, or instead of their wives being under the necessity of bringing their meals to them, may without any trouble have a comfortable room, obtain what they require, for a few pence, read the daily papers, and return to work without suffering the annoyance or discomfort to which so many of the working people are otherwise liable. And thirdly, public thoroughfares,—where large numbers of people continually pass and repass, and where pedestrians from the outskirts of the city, as well as visitors from the towns of the district, may without much trouble

find what they want in the way of cheap refreshment.

That Mr. Corbet's plans have been well arranged is proved by their success, every new place he has opened having been at once filled to overflowing with customers; and that the mode of conducting them was well matured before any practical step was taken, is made evident by the fact, that from the first, no alteration has been made either as to the price charged for any article of food or as to the quantity given.

A new plan like this so extensively carried out must, of course, be carefully managed, or much confusion and great loss will attend its workings. Mr. Corbet did not feel it necessary to call in the assistance of managers, head-cooks, head-waiters, or other clever officials. He required no abstruse potages, no tortured poissons, no luscious rôts, no puzzling relevés or entremets. The waiters in his establishments are young women, quiet in their manners, and simple and cleanly in their dress, who have been taken from all sorts of employments, with no other recommendation beyond that of good character. For the work they perform they are paid from £12 to £14 a year, are provided with food, and lodging if required, and are under the superintendence of the more matured persons who are over them as managers or matrons.

By laying down a system as to time, and simple methods as to boiling and preparing plain household dishes, Mr. Corbet has succeeded in placing before those who visit these establishments good beef, well boiled; and good broth and soup, plainly but well made; indeed, in regard to all the articles in his bill of fare, there is a household look and odour which cannot but be satisfactory to those who partake of them. The meat is boiled and the broth made at a central cooking place, and sent from thence to the various branches for consumption; but the tea and coffee are prepared at each branch, and so also are the potatoes.

To secure carefulness in these matters, a general superintendent moves continually about from one place to another; not to reprimand or find fault, should he see reason to do so, but to note in his diary what he does see, and this is brought daily under the eye of the proprietor, who promotes or displaces those in his employment as circumstances may require. Thus a quiet efficiency is secured, and the work goes forward without bungle or dispute.

A most interesting question in connexion with this experiment is as to whether it will pay; and here it may be said that little information can be given in the absence of an authenticated balance sheet, beyond the general assurance of the proprietor that he started the scheme to a certain extent as a commercial speculation, and that it has answered its purpose. About this he declares that he wishes no disguise, he does not desire that it should go before the world as a philanthropic effort made for the benefit of the working classes, through any kind of enthusiastic zeal on their behalf. What there is in it of benefit to a class, he wishes to be attributed to the excellence of the scheme, and not to any disposition to sacrifice money or time in the interest of those who benefit by it; at the same time it would be wrong not to acknowledge a claim to the gratitude of the public, simply because that claim is not openly and pertinaciously urged. In doing what he has done, Mr. Corbet has conferred a very great benefit on a class of his fellow-citizens who stood in need of it; and the acknowledgment of this is a duty which ought not to be omitted here. But, although without formal recognition of his services, Mr. Corbet, after two years of experiment, declares that he has already received sound practical recognition of the most satisfactory kind, in the conviction that his money is invested in a scheme which will bring him a satisfactory profit.

It would appear that the public notice which has been taken of these cooking depôts in Glasgow, has led to a desire to have the same sort of establishments opened in other large cities and towns in the kingdom. In attempting this, however, it would be well if those who contemplate such a thing would take steps to make themselves practically acquainted with the working of these Glasgow establishments. The principles of management are few and simple,—plain but comfortable rooms, plain, wholesome, unvarying dishes,—simple and intelligent plans,—and such business arrangements with those who supply the articles consumed as prevent indebtedness, and secure the articles needed at the lowest cost. These things being attended to—if in Manchester or its neighbourhood they seek to start such establishments as a means of mitigating the distress felt by the working people, the best plan to insure success would be to send some intelligent man of practical good sense to Glasgow, who, on the spot, and in the presence of what is done, could become fully acquainted with the whole working of the system; and to an arrangement of this kind Mr. Corbet, it is said, is quite willing to accede.

Having stated very frankly the various points of excellence about these new restaurants, we must point out just as frankly what would, we think, be improvements. It is well known that the great working-day luxury of large numbers of our operatives is a smoke after meals. Those who move constantly amongst them know how intensely a "blast of the pipe" is enjoyed in the interval

between the close of the meal and the resumption of work. This almost universally felt want ought to be provided for; a well-ventilated smoking-room, to which smokers could adjourn and enjoy the fragrant weed, would be a real improvement worthy the consideration of the proprietor, and most certainly worthy the attention of those who may contemplate starting such establishments elsewhere. Smoking may be a weakness, a great injury to the health, and a great waste of money that might be better spent. The world, however, has decided otherwise. At present tobacco smoking is a luxury as tyrannical almost as any natural want, and its comfortable enjoyment ought to be provided for. And the same may be said of a glass of wholesome beer. If Mr. Corbet could enable the working-man to wash down his dinner with an imperial half-pint of beer for a penny, he would confer a real boon on his customers. In Scotland this is not so much required as in England, but in either country, if such a want could be satisfied in such a place, it would do away with all excuse for adjournment to the public-house, and in many ways would be a real benefit to the working people. The penny ration of beer, like the other penny rations, might be made the maximum supply, and if so, such places could never become the haunt of the drunken and improvident. On the contrary, the decent regularity of a clean, cheap, and comfortable dinner, accompanied by a half-pint of sound beer, might in multitudes of cases, by making plain the use as distinguished from the abuse, beget temperate habits, and cause a wise discrimination which would be most beneficial to the working men of Great Britain.

L. J.

HONESTY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy, "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me; and you must be very hungry. I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat." "Thank you, father, but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy, but eat it I shall not—I have abundance; and let us thank God for His great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies!" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours." "But whose is it father, if it is not ours?" "I know not as yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire: run!" "But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and——" "I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; but that is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O let us share also His goodness and his trust in God! We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, *Trust God, and walk in His ways, and you will never be put to shame.* Now, run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and——" "Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which

lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbour David, the flaxdresser, spoke but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou



wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure—and certes, it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LET us linger a little over this chapter of happy love; so sweet, so rare a thing. Ay, most rare: though hundreds continually meet, love, or, fancy they do, engage themselves, and marry; and hundreds more go through the same proceeding, with the slight difference of the love omitted—Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. But the real love, steady and true: tried in the balance and not found wanting: tested by time, silence, separation; by good and ill fortune; by the natural and inevitable change which years make in every character,—this is the rarest thing to be found on earth, and the most precious.

I do not say that all love is worthless which is not exactly this sort of love. There have been people who have succumbed instantly and permanently to some mysterious attraction, higher than all reasoning; the same which made Hilary 'take an interest' in Robert Lyon's face at church, and made him, he afterwards confessed, the very first time he gave Ascott a lesson in the parlour at Stowbury, say to himself, "If I did marry, I think I should like such a wife as that brown-eyed bit lassie." And there have been other people, who, choosing their partners from accidental circumstances, or from mean worldly motives, have found Providence kinder to them than they deserved, and settled down into happy, affectionate husbands and wives.

But none of these loves can possibly have the sweetness, the completeness of such a love as that between Hilary Leaf and Robert Lyon.

There was nothing very romantic about it. From the moment when Johanna entered the parlour, found them standing hand-in-hand at the fireside, and Hilary came forward and kissed her, and after a slight hesitation, Robert did the same, the affair proceeded in most mill-pond fashion:

> "Unruffled by those cataracts and breaks,
> That humour interposed too often makes."

There were no lovers' quarrels; Robert Lyon had chosen that best blessing next to a good woman, a sweet-tempered woman; and there was no reason why they should quarrel more as lovers than they had done as friends. And, let it be said to the eternal honour of both, now, no more than in their friendship days, was there any of that hungry engrossment of each other's society, which is only another form of selfishness, and by which lovers so often make their own happy courting-time a season of never-to-be-forgotten bitterness to everybody connected with them.

Johanna suffered a little: all people do when the new rights clash with the old ones; but she rarely betrayed it. She was exceedingly good: she saw her child happy, and she loved Robert Lyon dearly. He was very mindful of her, very tender; and as Hilary still persisted in doing her daily duty in the shop, he spent more of his time with the elder sister than he did with the younger, and sometimes declared solemnly that if Hilary did not treat him well he intended to make an offer to Johanna!

Oh, the innumerable little jokes of those happy days! Oh, the long, quiet walks by the riverside, through the park, across Ham Common—anywhere—it did not matter—the whole world looked lovely, even on the dullest winter-day! Oh, the endless talks; the renewed mingling of two lives, which, though divided, had never been really apart, for neither had anything to conceal; neither had ever loved any but the other.

Robert Lyon was, as I have said, a good deal changed, outwardly and inwardly. He had mixed much in society, taken an excellent position therein, and this had given him not only a more polished manner, but an air of decision and command, as of one used to be obeyed. There could not be the slightest doubt, as Johanna once laughingly told him, that he would always be "master in his own house."

But he was very gentle with his "little woman," as he called her. He would sit for hours at the "ingle-neuk"—how he did luxuriate in the English fires!—with Hilary on a footstool beside him, her arm resting on his knee, or her hand fast clasped in his. And, sometimes when Johanna went out of the room, he would stoop and gather her close to his heart. But I shall tell no tales; the world has no business with these sort of things.

Hilary was very shy of parading her happiness: she disliked any demonstrations thereof, even before Johanna. And when Miss Balquidder, who had, of course, been told of the engagement, came down one day expressly to see her "fortunate fellow-countryman," this Machiavellian little woman actually persuaded her lover to have an important engagement in London! She could not bear him to be "looked at."

"Ah, well! you must leave me, and I will miss you terribly, my dear," said the old Scotchwoman. "But it 's an ill wind that blows nobody good,

and I have another young lady quite ready to step into your shoes. When shall you be married?"

"I don't know—hush; we 'll talk another time," said Hilary, glancing at Johanna.

Miss Balquidder took the hint and was silent.

That important question was indeed beginning to weigh heavily on Hilary's mind. She was fully aware of what Mr. Lyon wished, and, indeed, expected; that when, the business of the firm being settled, in six months hence he returned to India, he should not return alone. When he said this, she had never dared to answer, hardly even to think. She let the peaceful present float on, day by day, without recognising such a thing as the future.

But this could not be always. It came to an end one January afternoon, when he had returned from a second absence in Liverpool. They were walking up Richmond Hill. The sun had set frostily and red over the silver curve of the Thames, and Venus, large and bright, was shining like a great eye in the western sky. Hilary long remembered exactly how everything looked, even to the very tree they stood under when Robert Lyon asked her to fix definitely the day that she would marry him.

"Would she consent—there seemed no special reason to the contrary—that it should be immediately? Or would she like to remain with Johanna as she was, till just before they sailed? He wished to be as good as possible to Johanna—still"—

And something in his manner impressed Hilary more than ever before with the conviction of all she was to him; likewise, all he was to her. More, much more than even a few short weeks since. Then, intense as it was, the love had a dream-like unreality; now it was close, home-like, familiar. Instinctively she clung to his arm; she had become so used to being Robert's darling now. She shivered as she thought of the wide seas rolling between them; of the time when she should look for him at the daily meal and daily fireside, and find him no more.

"Robert, I want to talk to you about Johanna."

"I guess what it is," said he, smiling; "you would like her to go out to India with us. Certainly, if she chooses. I hope you did not suppose I should object?"

"No; but it is not that. She would not live six months in a hot climate; the doctor tells me so."

"You consulted him?"

"Yes, confidentially, without her knowing it. But I thought it right. I wanted to make quite sure before—before— Oh, Robert"—

The grief of her tone caused him to suspect what was coming. He started.

"You don't mean that? Oh, no, you cannot! My little woman—my own little woman—she could not be so unkind."

Hilary turned sick at heart. The dim landscape, the bright sky, seemed to mingle and dance before her, and Venus to stare at her with a piercing, threatening, baleful lustre.

"Robert, let me sit down on the bench, and sit you beside me. It is too dark for people to notice us, and we shall not be very cold."

"No, my darling;" and he slipped his plaid round her shoulders, and his arm with it.

She looked up pitifully. "Don't be vexed with me, Robert, dear; I have thought it all over; weighed it on every side; nights and nights I have been awake pondering what was right to do. And it always comes to the same thing."

"What?"

"It 's the old story," she answered, with a feeble smile. "'I canna leave my minnie.' There is nobody in the world to take care of Johanna but me, not even Elizabeth, who is engrossed in little Henry. If I left her, I am sure it would kill her. And she cannot come with me. Dear! (the only fond name she ever called him) for these three years—you say it need only be three years—you will have to go back to India alone!"

Robert Lyon was a very good man; but he was only a man, not an angel; and though he made comparatively little show of it, he was a man very deeply in love. With that jealous tenacity over his treasure, hardly blamable, since the love is worth little which does not wish to have its object "all to itself," he had, I am afraid, contemplated not without pleasure, the carrying off of Hilary to his Indian home; and it had cost him something to propose that Johanna should go too. He was very fond of Johanna; still—

If I tell what followed, will it for ever lower Robert Lyon in the estimation of all readers? He said coldly, "As you please, Hilary;" rose up, and never spoke another word till they reached home.

It was the first dull tea-table they had ever known; the first time Hilary had ever looked at that dear face, and seen an expression there which made her look away again. He did not sulk; he was too gentlemanly for that; he even exerted himself to make the meal pass pleasantly as usual; but he was evidently deeply wounded, nay, more, displeased. The strong, stern man's nature within him had rebelled; the sweetness had gone out of his face, and something had come into it which the very best of men have sometimes: alas for the woman who cannot understand and put up with it!

I am not going to preach the doctrine of tyrants and slaves; but when two walk together, they *must* be agreed, or if by any chance they are not agreed, one *must* yield. It may not always be

the weaker, or in weakness may lie the chiefest strength; but it must be one or other of the two who has to be the first to give way; and, save in very exceptional cases, it is, and it ought to be, the woman. God's law, and nature's, which is also God's, ordains this; instinct teaches it; Christianity enforces it.

Will it inflict a death-blow upon any admiration she may have excited, this brave little Hilary, who fought through the world by herself; who did not shrink from traversing London streets alone, at seemly and unseemly hours; from going into sponging-houses and debtors' prisons; from earning her own livelihood, even in a shop;—if I confess that Robert Lyon being angry with her, justly or unjustly, and she, looking upon him as her future husband, her "lord and master," if you will, whom she would one day promise, and intended, literally to "obey"—she thought it her duty, not only her pleasure, but her *duty*, to be the first to make reconciliation between them? Ay, and at every sacrifice, except that of principle.

And I am afraid, in spite of all that "strong-minded" women may preach to the contrary, that all good women will have to do this to all men who stand in any close relation towards them, whether fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers; if they wish to preserve peace, and love, nd holy domestic influence; and that so it must be to the end of time.

Miss Leaf might have discovered that something was amiss; but she was too wise to take any notice, and being more than usually feeble that day, immediately after tea she went to lie down. When Hilary followed her, arranged her pillows, and covered her up, Johanna drew her child's face close to her, and whispered—

"That will do, love. Don't stay with me. I would not keep you from Robert on any account."

Hilary all but broke down; and yet the words made her stronger, firmer; set more clearly before her the solemn duty which young folks in love are so apt to forget, that there can be no blessing on the new tie, if for anything short of inevitable necessity they let go one link of the old.

Yet, Robert— It was such a new and dreadful feeling to be standing outside the door, and shrink from going in to him; to see him rise up formally, saying, "perhaps he had better leave;" and have to answer with equal formality, "Not unless you are obliged;" and for him then, with a shallow pretence of being at ease, to take up a book and offer to read aloud to her while she worked. He—who used always to set his face strongly against all sewing of evenings—because it deprived him temporarily of the sweet eyes, and the little soft hand. Oh, it was hard, hard!

Nevertheless, she sat still and tried to listen; but the words went in at one ear, and out at the other—she retained nothing. By and by her throat began to swell, and she could not see her needle and thread. Yet still he went on reading. It was only when, by some blessed chance, turning to reach a paper-cutter, he caught sight of her, that he closed the book and looked discomposed; not softened, only discomposed.

Who shall be first to speak? Who shall catch the passing angel's wing? One minute, and it may have passed over.

I am not apologizing for Hilary the least in the world. I do not know even if she considered whether it was her place or Robert's to make the first advance. Indeed, I fear she did not consider it at all, but just acted upon impulse, because it was so cruel, so heart-breaking, to be at variance with him. But if she had considered it, I doubt not she would have done from duty exactly what she did by instinct—crept up to him as he sat at the fireside, and laid her little hand on his.

"Robert, what makes you so angry with me still?"

"Not angry; I have no right to be."

"Yes, you would have, if I had really done wrong. Have I?"

"You must judge for yourself. For me—I thought you loved me better than I find you do, and I made a mistake; that is all."

Ay, he had made a mistake; but it was not that one. It was the other mistake that men continually make about women; they cannot understand that love is not worth having, that it is not love at all, but merely a selfish carrying out of selfish desires, if it blinds us to any other duty, or blunts in us any other sacred tenderness. They cannot see how she who is false in one relation may be false in another; and that, true as human nature's truth, ay, and often fulfilling itself, is Brabantio's ominous warning to Othello—

> "Look to her, Moor! have a good eye to see;
> She has deceived her father, and may thee."

Perhaps, as soon as he had said the bitter word, Mr. Lyon was sorry; anyhow, the soft answer which followed it thrilled through every nerve of the strong-willed man—a man not easily made angry, but when he was, very hard to move.

"Robert, will you listen to me for two minutes?"

"For as long as you like, only you must not expect me to agree with you. You cannot suppose I shall say it is right for you to forsake me."

"I forsake you? oh, Robert!"

Words are not always the wisest arguments. His "little woman" crept closer, and laid her head on his breast; he clasped her convulsively.

"Oh, Hilary! how could you wound me so?"

And, in lieu of the discussion, a long silence

brooded over the fireside; the silence of exceeding love.

"Now, Robert, may I talk to you?"

"Yes. Preach away, my little conscience!"

"It shall not be preaching, and it is not altogether for conscience," said she, smiling. "You would not like me to tell you I did not *love* Johanna?"

"Certainly not. I love her very much myself, only I prefer you, as is natural. Apparently you do *not* prefer me, which may be also natural."

"Robert!"

There are times when a laugh is better than a reproach; and something else, which need not be more particularly explained, is safer than either. It is possible Hilary tried the experiment, and then resumed her "say."

"Now, Robert, put yourself in my place and try to think for me. I have been Johanna's child for thirty years; she is entirely dependent upon me. Her health is feeble; every year of her life is at least doubtful. If she lost me, I think she would never live out the next three years. You would not like that?"

"No."

"In all divided duties like this, somebody must suffer; the question is, which can suffer best. She is old and frail, we are young; she is alone, we are two; she never had any happiness in her life, except, perhaps, me,—and we, oh, how happy we are! I think, Robert, it would be better for us to suffer than poor Johanna."

"You little Jesuit," he said; but the higher nature of the man was roused; he was no longer angry.

"It is only for a short time, remember; only three years."

"And how can I do without you for three years?"

"Yes, Robert, you can." And she put her arms round his neck, and looked at him, eye to eye. "You know I am your very own, a piece of yourself, as it were; that when I let you go it is like tearing myself from myself; yet I can bear it, rather than do, or let you do, in the smallest degree, a thing which is not right."

Robert Lyon was not a man of many words; but he had the rare faculty of seeing a case clearly, without reference to himself, and of putting it clearly also, when necessary.

"It seems to me, Hilary, that this is hardly a matter of abstract right or wrong, or a good deal might be argued on my side the subject. It is more a case of personal conscience. The two are not always identical, though they look so at first; but they both come to the same result."

"And that is"—

"If my little woman thinks it right to act as she does, I also think it right to let her. And let this be the law of our married life, if we ever are married,"—and he sighed,—"that when we differ, each should respect the other's conscience, and do right, in the truest sense, by allowing the other to do the same."

"Oh, Robert! how good you are!"

So these two, an hour after, met Johanna with cheerful faces; and she never knew how much both had sacrificed for her sake. Once only, when she was for a few minutes absent from the parlour, did Robert Lyon renew the subject, to suggest a medium course.

But Hilary resolutely refused. Not that she doubted him,—she doubted herself. She knew quite well, by the pang that darted through her like a shaft of ice, as she felt his warm arm round her, and thought of the time when she would feel it no more, that after she had been Robert Lyon's happy wife for three months, to let him go to India without her, would be simply and utterly impossible.

Fast fled the months; they dwindled into weeks, and then into days. I shall not enlarge upon this time. Now, when the ends of the world are drawn together, and every family has one or more relatives abroad, a grief like Hilary's has become so common that nearly every one can, in degree, understand it. How bitter such partings are, how much they take out of the brief span of mortal life, and therefore, how far they are justifiable, for anything short of absolute necessity, Heaven knows.

In this case it was an absolute necessity. Robert Lyon's position in "our firm," with which he identified himself with the natural pride of a man who has diligently worked his way up to fortune, was such that he could not, without sacrificing his future prospects, and likewise what he felt to be a point of honour, refuse to go back to Bombay, until such time as his senior partner's son, the young fellow whom he had "coached" in Hindostanee, and nursed through a fever years ago,—could conveniently take his place abroad.

"Of course," he said, explaining this to Hilary and her sister, "accidental circumstances might occur to cause my return home before the three years were out, but the act must be none of mine; I must do my duty."

"Yes, you must," answered Hilary, with a gleam lighting up her eyes. She loved so in him this one great principle of his life—the back-bone of it, as it were—duty before all things.

Johanna asked no questions. Once she had inquired, with a tremulous, hardly concealed alarm, whether Robert wished to take Hilary back with him, and Hilary had kissed her, smilingly saying, "No, that was impossible." Afterwards, the subject was never revived.

And so these two lovers, both stern in what they thought their duty, went on silently together to the last day of parting.

It was almost as quiet a day as that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday at Stowbury. They went a long walk together, in the course of which Mr. Lyon forced her to agree to what hitherto she had steadfastly resisted, that she and Johanna should accept from him enough, in addition to their own fifty pounds a year, to enable them to live comfortably without her working any more.

"Are you ashamed of my working?" she asked, with something between a tear and a smile. "Sometimes I used to be afraid you would think the less of me because circumstances made me an independent woman, earning my own bread. Do you?"

"My darling! no. I am proud of her. But she must never work any more. Johanna says right; it is a man's place and not a woman's. I will not allow it."

When he spoke in that tone, Hilary always submitted.

He told her another thing, while arranging with her all the business part of their concerns, and to reconcile her to this partial dependence upon him, which, he urged, was only forestalling his rights,—that before he first quitted England, seven years ago, he had made his will, leaving her, if still unmarried, his sole heir and legatee, indeed in exactly the position that she would have been had she been his wife.

"This will exists still; so that in any case you are safe. No further poverty can ever befall my Hilary."

His—his own—Robert Lyon's own. Her sense of this was so strong that it took away the sharpness of the parting; made her feel up to the very last minute, when she clung to him—was pressed close to him—heart to heart and lip to lip—for a space that seemed half a lifetime of mixed anguish and joy—that he was not really going; that, somehow or other, next day or next week he would be back again, as in his frequent reappearances, exactly as before.

When he was really gone—when, as she sat with her tearless eyes fixed on the closed door—Johanna softly touched her, saying, "My child!" then Hilary learnt it all.

The next twenty-four hours will hardly bear being written about. Most people know what it is—to miss the face out of the house; the life out of the heart. To come and go, to eat and drink, to lie down and rise, and find all things the same, and gradually to recognise that it must be the same, indefinitely, perhaps always. To be met continually by small trifles—a dropped glove, a book, a scrap of handwriting that yesterday would have been thrown into the fire, but to-day is picked up, and kept as a relic; and, at times, bursting through the quietness which must be gained, or at least assumed, the cruel craving for one word more—one kiss more—for only one five minutes of the eternally ended yesterday!

All this hundreds have gone through; so did Hilary. She said afterwards, it was good for her that she did; it would make her feel for others in a way she had never felt before. Also, because it taught her that such a heart-break can be borne and lived through, when help is sought where only real help can be found; and where, when reason fails, and those who, striving to do right irrespective of the consequences, cry out against their torments, and wonder why they should be made so to suffer,—child-like faith comes to their rescue. For, let us have all the philosophy at our fingers' ends, what are we but children? We know not what a day may bring forth. All wisdom resolves itself into the simple hymn which we learned when we were young—

> "Deep in unfathomable mines
> Of never-failing skill,
> He treasures up His vast designs,
> And works His sovereign will.
>
> Blind unbelief is sure to err,
> And scan His work in vain:
> God is His own interpreter,
> And He will make it plain."

The night after Robert Lyon left, Hilary and Johanna were sitting together in their parlour. Hilary had been writing a long letter to Miss Balquidder, explaining that she would now give up, in favour of the other young lady, or any other of the many to whom it would be a blessing, her position in the shop; but that she hoped still to help her—Miss Balquidder—in any way she could point out that would be useful to others. She wished, in her humble way, as a sort of thank-offering from one who had passed through the waves, and been landed safe ashore, to help those who were still struggling, as she herself had struggled once. She desired, as far as in her lay, to be Miss Balquidder's "right hand" till Mr. Lyon came home.

This letter she read aloud to Johanna, whose failing eye-sight refused all candle-light occupation, and then came and sat beside her in silence. She felt terribly worn and weary; but she was very quiet now.

"We must go to bed early," was all she said.

"Yes, my child."

And Johanna smoothed her hair, in the old, fond way, making no attempt to console her, but only to love her—always the safest consolation. And Hilary was thankful that never, even in her sharpest agonies of grief, had she betrayed that

secret which would have made her sister's life miserable, have blotted out the thirty years of motherly love, and caused the other love to rise up like a cloud between her and it, never to be lifted until Johanna sank into the possibly not far-off grave.

"No, no," she thought to herself, as she looked on that frail old face, which even the secondary grief of this last week seemed to have made frailer and older. "No, it is better as it is; I believe I did right. The end will show."

The end was nearer than she thought. So, sometimes—not often, lest self-sacrifice should become a less holy thing than it is—Providence accepts the will for the act, and makes the latter needless.

There was a sudden knock at the hall door.

"It is the young people coming in to supper."

"It's not," said Hilary, starting up, "it's not their knock. It is—

She never finished the sentence, for she was sobbing in Robert Lyon's arms.

"What does it all mean?" cried the bewildered Johanna, of whom, I must confess, for once nobody took the least notice.

It meant that, by one of these strange accidents, as we call them, which in a moment alter the whole current of things, the senior partner had suddenly died, and his son, not being qualified to take his place in the Liverpool house, had to go out to India instead of Robert Lyon, who would now remain permanently, as the third senior partner, in England.

This news had met him at Southampton. He had gone thence direct to Liverpool, arranged affairs so far as was possible, and returned, travelling without an hour's intermission, to tell his own tidings, as was best,—or as he thought it was.

Perhaps, at the core of his heart lurked the desire to come suddenly back, as, it is said, if the absent or the dead could come, they would find all things changed: the place filled up in home and hearth,—no face of welcome,—no heart leaping to heart in the ecstasy of reunion.

Well, if Robert Lyon had any misgivings—and, being a man and in love, perhaps he had—they were ended now.

"Is she glad to see me?" was all he could find to say, when, Johanna having considerately vanished, he might have talked as much as he pleased.

Hilary's only answer was a little, low laugh of inexpressible content.

He lifted up between his hands the sweet face, neither so young nor so pretty as it had been, but, oh! so sweet, with the sweetness that long outlives beauty,—a face that a man might look on all his lifetime, and never tire of—so infinitely loving, so infinitely true. And he knew it was his wife's face, to shine upon him day by day, and year by year, till it faded into old age—beautiful and beloved even then. All the strong nature of the man give way; he wept almost like a child in his "little woman's" arms.

Let us leave them there, by that peaceful fireside; these two, who are to sit by one fireside as long as they live. Of their further fortune we know nothing—nor do they themselves—except the one fact, in itself joy enough for any mortal cup to hold, that it will be shared together. Two at the hearth, two abroad; two to labour, two to rejoice; or, if so it must be, two to weep, and two to comfort one another: the man to be the head of the woman, and the woman the heart of the man. This is the ordination of God; this is the perfect life; none the less perfect that so many fall short of it.

So let us bid them good-bye: Robert Lyon and Hilary Leaf, "good-bye; God be with ye!" for we shall see them no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Elizabeth stood at the nursery window, pointing out to little Henry how the lilacs and laburnums were coming into flower in the square below, and speculating with him whether the tribes of sparrows which they had fed all winter from the mignonette boxes on the window-sill, would be building nests in the tall trees of Russell Square; for she wished, with her great aversion to London, to make her nursling as far as possible a "country" child.

Master Henry Leaf Ascott was by no means little now. He would run about on his tottering fat legs, and he could say "Mammy Lizzie," also "Pa-pa," as had been carefully taught him by his conscientious nurse. At which papa had been at first excessively surprised, then gratified, and had at last taken kindly to the appellation as a matter of course.

It inaugurated a new era in Peter Ascott's life. At first twice a week, then every day, he sent up for "Master Ascott," to keep him company at dessert; he even changed his dinner-hour from half-past six to five, because Elizabeth with her stern sacrifice of everything to the child's good, had suggested to him, humbly but firmly, that late hours kept little Henry too long out of his bed. He gave up his bottle of port, and his after-dinner sleep, and took to making water-lilies and caterpillars out of oranges, and boats out of walnut-shells, for his boy's special edification. Sometimes when, at half-past six, Elizabeth, punctual as clock-work, knocked at the dining-room door, he heard father and son laughing together in a most jovial manner, though the decanters were in their places, and the wine-glasses untouched.

And even after the child disappeared, the butler declared that master usually took quietly to his newspaper, or rang for his tea, or perhaps dozed harmlessly in his chair till bed-time.

I do not allege that Peter Ascott was miraculously changed; people do not so change, especially at his age; externally he was still the same pompous, overbearing, coarse man, with whom, no doubt, his son would have a tolerably sore bargain in years to come. But still the child had touched a soft corner in his heart, the one soft corner which in his youth had yielded to the beauty of Miss Selina Leaf; and the old fellow was a better old fellow than he had once been. Probably, with care, he might be for the rest of his life at least manageable.

Elizabeth hoped so, for his boy's sake, and little as she liked him, she tried to conquer her antipathy as much as she could. She always took care to treat him with extreme respect, and to bring up little Henry to do the same. And, as often happens, Mr. Ascott began gradually to comport himself in a manner deserving of respect. He ceased his oaths and his coarse language; seldom flew into a passion, and last, not least, the butler avouched that master hardly ever went to bed "muzzy" now. Towards all his domestics, and especially to his son's nurse, he behaved himself more like a master and less like a tyrant; so that the establishment at Russell Square went on in a way more peaceful than had ever been known before.

There was no talk of his giving it a new mistress; he seemed to have had enough of matrimony. Of his late wife he never spoke; whether he loved her or not, whether he had regretted her or not, the love and regret were now alike ended.

Poor Selina! It was Elizabeth only, who, with a sacred sense of duty, occasionally talked to little Henry about "mamma up there"—pointing to the blank bit of blue sky over the trees of Russell Square, and hoped in time to make him understand something about her, and how she had loved him, her "baby." This love—the only beautiful emotion her life had known, was the one fragment that remained of it after her death; the one remembrance she left to her child.

Little Henry was not in the least like her, nor yet like his father. He took after some forgotten type, some past generation of either family, which reappeared in this as something new To Elizabeth he was a perfect revelation of beauty and infantile fascination. He filled up every corner of her heart. She grew fat and flourishing, even cheerful; so cheerful that she bore with equanimity the parting with her dear Miss Hilary, who went away in glory and happiness as Mrs. Robert Lyon, to live in Liverpool, and Miss Leaf with her. Thus both Elizabeth's youthful dreams ended in nothing, and it was more than probable that for the future, their lives and hers being so widely apart, she would see very little of her beloved mistresses any more. But they had done their work in her and for her; and it had borne fruit a hundred-fold, and would still.

"I know you will take care of this child—he is the hope of the family," said Miss Leaf, when she was giving her last kiss to little Henry. "I could not bear to leave him, if I were not leaving him with you."

And Elizabeth had taken her charge proudly in her arms, knowing she was trusted, and inwardly vowing to be worthy of that trust.

Another dream was likewise ended; so completely that she sometimes wondered if it was ever real, whether she had ever been a happy girl, looking forward as girls do to wifehood and motherhood; or whether she had not been always the staid middle-aged person she was now, whom nobody ever suspected of any such things.

She had been once back to her old home, to settle her mother comfortably upon a weekly allowance, to 'prentice her little brother, to see one sister married, and the other sent off to Liverpool to be servant to Mrs. Lyon. While at Stowbury, she had heard by chance of Tom Cliffe's passing through the town as a Chartist lecturer, or something of the sort, with his pretty, showy London wife, who, when he brought her there, had looked down rather contemptuously upon the street where Tom was born.

This was all Elizabeth knew about them. They, too, had passed from her life, as phases of keen joy and keener sorrow, do pass, like a dream and the shadows of a dream. It may be, life itself will seem at the end to be nothing more.

But Elizabeth Hand's brief love-story was not so to end.

One morning, the same morning when she had been pointing out the lilacs to little Henry, and now came in from the Square with a branch of them in her hand, the postman gave her a letter, the handwriting of which made her start as if it had been a visitation from the dead.

"Mammy Lizzie, Mammy Lizzie!" cried little Henry, plucking at her gown, but for once his nurse did not notice him. She stood on the door step, trembling violently; at length she put the letter into her pocket, lifted the child, and got up stairs somehow. When she had settled her charge to his mid-day sleep, then, and not till then, did she take out and read the few lines, which, though written on shabby paper, and with more than one blot, were so like—yet so terribly unlike—Tom's caligraphy of old.

"Dear Elizabeth,—I have no right to ask any kindness of you; but if you would like to see an

old friend alive, I wish you would come and see me. I have been long of asking you, lest you might fancy I wanted to get something out of you; for I'm as poor as a rat; and once lately, I saw you, looking so well and well-to-do. But it was the same kind old face, and I should like to get one kind look from it before I go where I shan't want any kindness from anybody. However, do just as you choose.—Yours affectionately,

T. Cliffe.

"Underneath is my address."

It was in one of those wretched nooks in Westminster, now swept away by Victoria Street, and other improvements. Elizabeth happened to have read about it in one of the many charitable pamphlets, reports, etc., which were sent continually to the wealthy Mr. Ascott, and which he sent down stairs to light fires with. What must not poor Tom have sunk to before he had come to live there? His letter was like a cry out of the depths, and the voice was that of her youth, her first love.

Is any woman ever deaf to that? The love may have died a natural death: many first loves do: a riper, completer, happier love may have come in its place: but there must be something unnatural about the woman, and man likewise, who can ever quite forget it,—the dew of their youth—the beauty of their dawn.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" sighed Elizabeth; "my own poor Tom!"

She forgot Esther; either from Tom's not mentioning her, or in the strong return to old times which his letter produced; forgot her for the time being, as completely as if she had never existed. Even when the recollection came, it made little difference. The sharp jealousy, the dislike and contempt, had all calmed down; she thought she could now see Tom's wife as any other woman. Especially if, as the letter indicated, they were so very poor and miserable.

Possibly, Esther had suggested writing it? Perhaps, though Tom did not, Esther did "want to get something out of her"—Elizabeth Hand, who was known to have large wages, and to be altogether a thriving person? Well, it mattered little. The one fact remained: Tom was in distress; Tom needed her; she must go.

Her only leisure time was of an evening, after Henry was in bed. The intervening hours, especially the last one, when the child was downstairs with his father, calmed her: subdued the tumult of old remembrances that came surging up and beating at the long-shut door of her heart. When her boy returned, leaping and laughing, and playing all sorts of tricks as she put him to bed, she could smile too. And when, kneeling beside her in his pretty white night-gown, he stammered through the prayer she had thought it right to begin to teach him, though of course he was too young to understand it,—the words "Thy will be done;" "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;" and lastly, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," struck home to his nurse's inmost soul.

"Mammy, Mammy Lizzie's 'tying!"

Yes, she was crying, but it did her good. She was able to kiss her little boy, who slept like a top in five minutes: then she took off her good silk gown, and dressed herself; soberly and decently, but so that people should not suspect, in that low and dangerous neighbourhood the sovereigns that she carried in an under-pocket, ready to use as occasion required. Thus equipped, she started without a minute's delay for Tom's lodging.

It was poorer than even she expected: one attic room, bare almost as when it was built. No chimney or grate, no furniture except a box which served as both table and chair: and a heap of straw, with a blanket thrown over it. The only comfort about it was that it was clean: Tom's innate sense of refinement had abided with him to the last.

Elizabeth had time to make all these observations, for Tom was out; gone, the landlady said, to the druggist's shop round the corner.

"He's very bad, ma'am," added the woman civilly, probably led thereto by Elizabeth's respectable appearance, and the cab in which she had come—lest she should lose a minute's time. "Can't last long and Lord knows who's to bury him."

With that sentence knelling in her ears, Elizabeth waited till she heard the short cough and the hard breathing of some one toiling heavily up the stair.

Tom, Tom himself. But oh, so altered! with every bit of youth gone out of him; with death written on every line of his haggard face, the death he had once prognosticated with a sentimental pleasure, but which now had come upon him in all its ghastly reality.

He was in the last stage of consumption. The disease was latent in his family, Elizabeth knew: she had known it when she had belonged to him, and fondly thought that as his wife, her incessant care might save him from it: but nothing could save him now.

"Who's that?" said he, in his own sharp fretful voice.

"Me, Tom. But don't speak. Sit down till your cough's over."

Tom grasped her hand as she stood by him, but he made no further demonstration, nor used any expression of gratitude. He seemed far too ill. Sick people are always absorbed in the sad present; they seldom trouble themselves much about the past. Only there was something in the way Tom

clung to her hand, helplessly, imploringly, that moved the inmost heart of Elizabeth.

"I'm very bad, you see. This cough; oh, it shakes me dreadfully, especially of nights."

"Have you any doctor?"

"The druggist close by, or rather the druggist's shopman. He's a very kind young fellow, from our county I fancy, for he asked me once if I wasn't a Stowbury man, and ever since he has doctored me for nothing, and given me a shilling too now and then, when I've been a'most clemmed to death in the winter."

"O Tom, why didn't you write to me before? Have you actually wanted food?"

"Yes, many a time. I've been out of work this twelvemonth."

"But Esther?"

"Who!" screamed Tom.

"Your wife."

"My wife? I've got none! She spent everything, till I fell ill, and then she met a fellow with lots o' money. Curse her!"

The fury with which he spoke shook him all over and sent him into another violent fit of coughing, out of which he revived by degrees, but in a state of such complete exhaustion that Elizabeth hazarded no more questions. He must evidently be dealt with exactly like a child.

She made up her mind in her own silent way: as indeed she had done ever since she came into the room.

"Lie down, Tom, and keep yourself quiet for a little. I'll be back as soon as I can, back with something to do you good. You won't object?"

"No, no; you can do anything you like with me. You always could."

Elizabeth groped her way down stairs, strangely calm and self-possessed. There was need. Tom, dying, had come to her as his sole support and consolation; thrown himself helplessly upon her, never doubting either her will or her power to help him. Neither must fail. The inexplicable woman's strength, sometimes found in the gentlest and apparently weakest character, nerved her now.

She went up and down, street after street, looking for lodgings, till the evening darkened, and the Abbey towers rose grimly against the summer sky. Then she crossed over Westminster Bridge, and in a little street on the Surrey side she found what she wanted—a decent room, half sitting, half bedroom, with what looked like a decent landlady. There was no time to make many inquiries; anything was better than to leave Tom another night where he was.

She paid a week's rent in advance; bought firing and provisions; everything she could think of to make him comfortable; and then she went to fetch him in a cab.

The sick man offered no resistance; indeed, he hardly seemed to know what she was doing with him. She discovered the cause of this half-insensibility when, in making a bundle of his few clothes, she found a packet labelled "opium."

"Don't take it from me," he said pitifully. "It's the only comfort I have."

But when he found himself in the cheerful room, with the fire blazing and the tea laid out, he woke up like a person out of a bad dream.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so comfortable!"

Elizabeth could have wept.

Whether the wholesome food and drink revived him, or whether it was one of the sudden flashes of life that often occur in consumptive patients, he seemed really better, and began to talk, telling Elizabeth about his long illness, and saying over again how very kind the druggist's young man had been to him.

"I'm sure he's a gentleman, though he has come down in the world; for, as he says, 'misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and takes the nonsense out of him.' I think so too, and if ever I get better, I don't mean to go about the country speaking against born gentlefolks any more. They're much of a muchness as ourselves—bad and good; a little of all sorts; the same flesh and blood as we are. Aren't they, Elizabeth?"

"I suppose so."

"And there's another thing I mean to do. I mean to try and be good like you. Many a night, when I've lain on that straw, and thought I was dying, I've remembered you, and all the things you used to say to me. You are a good woman; there never was a better."

Elizabeth smiled, a faint, rather sad smile. For, as she was washing up the tea things, she had noticed Tom's voice grow feebler, and his features sharper and more wan.

"I'm very tired," he said. "I'm afraid to go to bed, I get such wretched nights; but I think, if I lay down in my clothes, I could go to sleep."

Elizabeth helped him to the small pallet, shook his pillow, and covered him up, as if he had been a child.

"You're very good to me," he said, and looked up at her,—Tom's bright, fond look of years ago. But it passed away in a moment, and he closed his eyes, saying he was so terribly tired.

"Then I'll bid you good-bye, for I ought to have been at home by now. You'll take care of yourself, Tom, and I'll come and see you again the very first hour I can be spared. And if you want me, you'll send to me at once? You know where?"

"I will," said Tom. "It's the same house, isn't it, in Russell Square?"

"Yes." And they were both silent.

After a minute, Tom asked, in a troubled voice,

"Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, Tom, quite."

"Won't you give me one kiss, Elizabeth?"

She turned away. She did not mean to be hard, but somehow she could not kiss Esther's husband.

"Ah, well; it's all the same! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Tom."

But as she stood at the door, and looked back at him, lying with his eyes shut, and as white as if he were dead, Elizabeth's heart melted. He was her Tom, her own Tom, of whom she had been so fond, so proud; whose future she had joyfully anticipated, long before she thought of herself as mixed up with it; and he was dying, dying at four-and-twenty; passing away to the other world, where, perhaps, she might meet him yet; with no cruel Esther between.

"Tom," she said, and knelt beside him, "Tom, I didn't mean to vex you. I'll try to be as good as a sister to you. I'll never forsake you as long as you live."

"I know you never will."

"Good-bye, then, for to-night."

And she did kiss him, mouth to mouth, quietly and tenderly. She was so glad of it afterwards.

It was late enough when she reached Russell Square; but nobody ever questioned the proceedings of Mrs. Hand, who was a privileged person. She crept in beside her little Henry, and as the child turned in his sleep, and put his arms about her neck, she clasped him tight, and thought there was still something to live for in this weary world.

All night she thought over what best could be done for Tom. Though she never deceived herself for a moment as to his state, still she thought, with care and proper nursing, he might live a few months. Especially, if she could get him into the Consumption Hospital, newly started in Chelsea, of which, she was aware, Mr. Ascott, who dearly liked to see his name in a charity list, was one of the governors.

There was no time to be lost; she determined to speak to her master at once.

The time she chose was when she brought down little Henry, who was now always expected to appear, and say, "Dood morning, papa," before Mr. Ascott went into the city.

As they stood, the boy laughing in his father's face, and the father beaming all over with delight, the bitter, almost fierce thought, smote Elizabeth, Why should Peter Ascott be standing there, fat and flourishing, and poor Tom dying? It made her bold to ask the only favour she ever had asked of the master whom she did not care for, and to whom she had done her duty simply as duty, without, until lately, one fragment of respect.

"Sir, if you please, might I speak with you a minute, before you go out?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Hand. Anything about Master Henry? Or perhaps yourself? You want more wages? Very well. I shall be glad, in any reasonable way, to show my satisfaction at the manner in which you bring up my son."

"Thank you, sir," said Elizabeth, curtseying; "but it is not that."

And in the briefest language she could find, she explained what it was.

Mr. Ascott knitted his brows, and looked important. He never scattered his benefits with a silent hand, and he dearly liked to create difficulties, if only to show how he could smooth them down.

"To get a patient admitted at the Consumption Hospital is, you should be aware, no easy matter, until the building at Queen's Elm is complete. But I flatter myself I have influence. I have subscribed a deal of money. Possibly the person may be got in in time. Who did you say he was?"

"Thomas Cliffe. He married one of the servants here, Esther" —

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about the name; I shouldn't recollect it. The housekeeper might. Why didn't his wife apply to the housekeeper?"

The careless question seemed hardly to expect an answer, and Elizabeth gave none. She could not bear to make public Tom's misery and Esther's shame.

"And you say he is a Stowbury man? That is certainly a claim. I always feel bound, somewhat as a member of Parliament might be, to do my best for any one belonging to my native town. So be satisfied, Mrs. Hand; consider the thing settled."

And he was going away, but time being of such great moment, Elizabeth ventured to detain him till he had written the letter of recommendation, and found out what days the application for admission could be received. He did it very patiently, and even took out his purse, and laid a sovereign on the top of the letter.

"I suppose the man is poor; you can use this for his benefit."

"There is no need, thank you, sir," said Elizabeth, putting it gently aside. She could not bear that Tom should accept anybody's money but her own.

At her first spare moment she wrote him a long letter, explaining what she had done, and appointing the next day but one, the earliest possible, for taking him out to Chelsea herself. If he objected to the plan, he was to write and say so; but she urged him as strongly as she could not to let slip this opportunity of obtaining good nursing and first-rate medical care.

Many times during the day the thought of Tom alone in his one room,—comfortable though it was, and though she had begged the landlady to see that he wanted nothing,—came across her with a sudden pang. His face, feebly lifted up from the pillow, with its last affectionate smile—the sound of his cough, as she stood listening outside on the stair-head—haunted her all through that sunshiny June day; and, mingled with it, came ghostly visions of that other day in June,—her happy Whitsun holiday,—her first and her last.

No letter coming from Tom on the appointed morning, she left Master Harry in the charge of the housemaid, who was very fond of him, as indeed he bade fair to be spoiled by the whole establishment at Russell Square, and went down to Westminster.

There was a long day before her, so she took a minute's breathing space on Westminster Bridge, and watched the great current of London life ebbing and flowing—life on the river and life on the shore; everybody so busy and active and bright.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" she sighed, and wondered whether his ruined life would ever come to any happy ending, except death.

She hurried on, and soon found the street where she had taken his lodging. At the corner of it was, as is too usual in London streets, a public-house, about which more than the usual number of disreputable idlers were hanging. There were also one or two policemen, who were ordering the little crowd to give way to a group of twelve men, coming out.

"What is that?" asked Elizabeth.

"Coroner's inquest; jury proceeding to view the body."

Elizabeth, who had never come into contact with anything of the sort, stood aside with a sense of awe, to let the little procession pass, and then followed it up the street.

It stopped; oh no! not at that door! But it was; there was no mistaking the number, nor the drawn-down blind in the upper room—Tom's room.

"Who is dead?" she asked, in a whisper that made the policeman stare.

"Oh! nobody particular; a young man, found dead in his bed; supposed to be a case of consumption; verdict will probably be, "Died by the visitation of God."

Ay, that familiar phrase, our English law's solemn recognition of our national religious feeling—was true here. God had "visited" poor Tom; he suffered no more.

Elizabeth leaned against the doorway, and saw the twelve jurymen go upstairs with a clatter of feet, and come down again, one after the other, less noisily, and some of them looking grave. Nobody took any notice of her, until the lodging-house mistress appeared.

"Oh, here she is, gentlemen. This is the young woman as saw him last alive. She'll give her evidence. She'll tell you I'm not a bit to blame."

And pulling Elizabeth after her, the landlady burst into a torrent of explanation; how she had done her very best for the poor fellow, how she had listened at his door several times during the first day, and heard him cough, that is, she thought she had, but towards night all was so very quiet; and there having come a letter by post, she thought she would take it up to him,—

"And I went in, gentlemen, and I declare, upon my oath, I found him lying just as he is now, and as cold as a stone."

"Let me pass; I'm a doctor," said somebody behind; a young man, very shabbily dressed, with a large beard. He pushed aside the landlady, and Elizabeth, till he saw the latter's face.

"Give that young woman a chair and a glass of water, will you?" he called out; and his authoritative manner impressed the jurymen, who gathered round him, ready and eager to hear anything he could say.

He gave his name as John Smith, druggist's assistant; said that the young man who lodged upstairs, whose death he had only just heard of, had been his patient for some months, and was in the last stage of consumption. He had no doubt the death had ensued from perfectly natural causes, as he explained in such technical language as completely to overpower the jury, and satisfy them accordingly. They quitted the parlour, and proceeded to the public-house, where, after a brief consultation, they delivered their verdict, as the astute policeman had foretold, "Died by the visitation of God," took pipes and brandy all round at the bar, and then adjourned to their several homes, gratified at having done their duty to their country.

Meantime, Elizabeth crept upstairs. Nobody hindered or followed her; nobody cared anything for the solitary dead.

There he lay—poor Tom!—almost as she had left him; the counterpane was hardly disturbed, the candle she had placed on the chair had burnt down to a bit of wick, which still lay in the socket. Nobody had touched him, or anything about him, as, in all cases of "Found dead," English law exacts.

Whether he had died soon after she quitted him that night, or whether he had lingered through the long hours of darkness, or of daylight following, alive and conscious perhaps, yet too weak to call any one, even had there been any one he cared to call,—when, or how, the spirit had passed away unto Him who gave it, were mysteries that could never be known.

But it was all over now; he lay at rest; with the death-smile on his face. Elizabeth, as she stood and looked at him, could not, dared not weep.

"My poor Tom, my own dear Tom," was all she thought, and knew that he was all her own now; that she had loved him through everything, and loved him to the end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Elizabeth spent the greatest part of her holiday in that house, in that room. Nobody interfered with her; nobody asked in what relation she stood to the deceased, or what right she had to take upon herself the arrangements for his funeral. Everybody was only too glad to let her assume a responsibility, which would otherwise have fallen on the parish.

The only person who appeared to remember either her or the dead man, was the druggist's assistant, who sent in the necessary medical certificate as to the cause of death. Elizabeth took it to the Registrar, and thence proceeded to an undertaker hard by, with whom she arranged all about the funeral, and that it should take place in the new cemetery at Kensal Green. She thought she should like that better than a close, noisy London churchyard.

Before she left the house, she saw poor Tom laid in his coffin, and covered up for ever from mortal eyes. Then, and not till then, she sat herself down beside him and wept.

Nobody contested with her the possession of the few things that had belonged to him, which were scarcely more than the clothes he had on when he died; so she made them up into a parcel and took them away with her. In his waistcoat-pocket she found one book, a little Testament which she had given him herself. It looked as if it had been a good deal read. If all his studies, all his worship of "pure intellect," as the one supreme good, had ended in that, it was a blessed ending.

When she reached home, Elizabeth went at once to her master, returned him his letter of recommendation, and explained to him that his kindness was not needed now.

Mr. Ascott seemed a good deal shocked, inquired from her a few particulars, and again took out his purse, his one panacea for all mortal woes. But Elizabeth declined; she said she would only ask him for an advance of her next half-year's wages. She preferred burying her old friend herself."

She buried him, herself the only mourner, on a bright summer's day, with the sun shining dazzlingly on the white grave-stones in Kensal Green. The clergyman appeared, read the service, and went away again. A few minutes ended it all. When the undertaker and his men had also departed, she sat down on a bench near, to watch the sexton filling up the grave—Tom's grave. She was very quiet, and none but a closely-observant person watching her face could have penetrated into the truth of what your impulsive characters, always in the extremes of mirth or misery, never understand about quiet people,—that "still waters run deep."

While she sat there, some one came past her, and turned round. It was the shabby-looking chemist's assistant, who had appeared at the inquest, and given the satisfactory evidence, which had prevented the necessity of her giving hers.

Elizabeth rose and acknowledged him with a respectful curtsey; for under his threadbare clothes was the bearing of a gentleman, and he had been so kind to Tom.

"I am too late," he said; "the funeral is over. I meant to have attended it and seen the last of the poor fellow."

"Thank you, sir," replied Elizabeth, gratefully.

The young man stood before her, looking at her earnestly for a minute or two, and then exclaimed, with a complete change of voice and manner,—

"Elizabeth! don't you know me? What has become of my aunt Johanna?"

It was Ascott Leaf.

But no wonder Elizabeth had not recognised him. His close-cropped hair, his large beard hiding half his face, and a pair of spectacles which he had assumed, were a sufficient disguise. Besides, the great change from his former "dandy" appearance to the extreme of shabbiness; his clothes being evidently worn as long as they could possibly hold together, and his generally depressed air giving the effect of one who had gone down in the world, made him, even without the misleading "John Smith," most unlikely to be identified with the Ascott Leaf of old.

"I never should have known you, sir," said Elizabeth, truthfully, when her astonishment had a little subsided, "but I am very glad to see you. O how thankful your aunts will be!"

"Do you think so? I thought it was quite the contrary. But it does not matter; they will never hear of me, unless you tell them,—and I believe I may trust you. You would not betray me, if only for the sake of that poor fellow yonder?"

"No, sir."

"Now, tell me something about my aunts, especially my Aunt Johanna."

And sitting down in the sunshine, with his arm upon the back of the bench, and his hand hiding his eyes, the poor prodigal listened in silence to everything Elizabeth told him; of his Aunt Selina's marriage and death, and of Mr. Lyon's return, and of the happy home at Liverpool.

"They are all quite happy, then?" said he at length; "they seem to have begun to prosper

ever since they got rid of me. Well, I'm glad of it. I only wanted to hear of them from you. I shall never trouble them any more. You 'll keep my secret, I know. And now I must go, for I have not a minute more to spare. Good-bye, Elizabeth."

With a humility and friendliness, strange enough in Ascott Leaf, he held out his hand—empty, for he had nothing to give now—to his aunt's old servant. But Elizabeth detained him.

"Don't go, sir; please, don't; not just yet." And then she added, with an earnest respectfulness that touched the heart of the poor, shabby man, "I hope you 'll pardon the liberty I take. I'm only a servant, but I knew you when you were a boy, Mr. Leaf; and if you would trust me, if you would let me be of use to you in any way,—if only because you were so good to *him* there."

"Poor Tom Cliffe; he was not a bad fellow; he liked me rather, I think; and I was able to doctor him, and help him a little. Heigh-ho; it's a comfort to think I ever did any good to anybody."

Ascott sighed, drew his rusty coat-sleeve across his eyes, and sat contemplating his boots, which were anything but dandy boots now.

"Elizabeth, what relation was Tom to you? If I had known you were acquainted with him I should have been afraid to go near him; but I felt sure though he came from Stowbury, he did not guess who I was; he only knew me as Mr. Smith; and he never once mentioned you. Was he your cousin, or what?"

Elizabeth considered a moment, and then told the simple fact; it could not matter now.

"I was once going to be married to him, but he saw somebody he liked better, and married her."

"Poor girl; poor Elizabeth!"

Perhaps nothing could have shown the great change in Ascott more than the tone in which he uttered these words; a tone of entire respect and kindly pity, from which he never once departed during that conversation, and many, many others, so long as their confidential relations lasted.

"Now, sir, would you be so kind as to tell me something about yourself? I'll not repeat anything to your aunts, if you don't wish it."

Ascott yielded. He had been so long, so utterly forlorn. He sat down beside Elizabeth, and then, with eyes often averted, and with many breaks between, which she had to fill up as best she could, he told her all his story, even to the sad secret of all, which had caused him to run away from home, and hide himself in the last place where they would have thought he was, the safe wilderness of London. There, carefully disguised, he had lived decently while his money lasted, and then, driven step by step to the brink of destitution, he had offered himself for employment in the lowest grade of his own profession, and been taken as assistant by the not over-scrupulous chemist and druggist in that not too respectable neighbourhood of Westminster, with a salary of twenty pounds a year.

"And I actually live upon it," added he, with a bitter smile. "I can't run into debt; for who would trust me? And I dress in rags almost, as you see. And I get my meals how and where I can; and I sleep under the shop-counter. A pretty life for Mr. Ascott Leaf, isn't it now? What would my aunts say if they knew it?"

"They would say it was an honest life, and that they were not a bit ashamed of you."

Ascott drew himself up a little, and his chest heaved visibly under the close-buttoned, threadbare coat.

"Well, at least it is a life that makes nobody else miserable."

Ay, that wonderful teacher, Adversity,

> "Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in its head,"

had left behind this jewel in the young man's heart. A disguised, beggared outcast, he had found out the value of an honest name; forsaken, unfriended, he had learnt the preciousness of home and love; made a servant of, tyrannized over, and held in low esteem, he had been taught by hard experience the secret of true humility and charity—the esteeming of others better than himself.

Not with all natures does misfortune so work; but it did with his. He had sinned; he had paid the cost of his sin in bitter suffering; but the result was cheaply bought, and he already began to feel that it was so.

"Yes," said he, in answer to a question of Elizabeth's, "I really am, for some things, happier than I used to be. I feel more like what I was in the old days, when I was a little chap at Stowbury. Poor old Stowbury! I often think of the place in a way that 's perfectly ridiculous. Still, if anything happened to me, I should like my aunts to know it, and that I didn't forget them."

"But, sir," asked Elizabeth earnestly, "do you never mean to go near your aunts again?"

"I can't say; it all depends upon circumstances. I suppose," he added, "if, as is said, one's sin is sure to find one out, the same rule goes by contraries. It seems poor Cliffe once spoke of me to a district visitor, the only visitor he ever had; and this gentleman, hearing of the inquest, came yesterday to inquire about him of me; and the end was, that he offered me a situation with a person he knew, a very respectable chemist in Tottenham Court Road."

"And shall you go?"

"To be sure. I've learned to be thankful for small mercies. Nobody will find me out, or recognise me: you didn't. Who knows? I may even have the honour of dispensing drugs to Uncle Ascott, of Russell Square."

"But," said Elizabeth, after a pause, "you will not always remain as John Smith, druggist's shopman, throwing away all your good education, and position, and name?"

"Elizabeth," said he, in a humbled tone, "how dare I ever resume my own name, and get back my rightful position, while Peter Ascott lives? Can you or anybody point out a way?"

She thought the question over in her clear head; clear still, even at this hour, when she had to think for others, though all personal feeling and interest were buried in that grave, over which the sexton was now laying the turf that would soon grow smoothly green.

"If I might advise, Mr. Leaf, I should say, save up all your money, and then go, just as you are, with an honest, bold front, right into my master's house, with the fifty pounds in your hand—"

"By Jove, you've hit it!" cried Ascott, starting up. "What a thing a woman's head is! I've turned over scheme after scheme, but I never once thought of any so simple as that. Bravo, Elizabeth! You're a remarkable woman."

She smiled, a very sad smile; but still she felt glad. Anything that she could possibly do for any creature belonging to her dear mistresses seemed to this faithful servant the natural and bounden duty of her life.

Long after the young man, whose mercurial temperament no trouble could repress, had gone away in excellent spirits, leaving her an address where she could always find him, and give him regular news of his aunts, though he made her promise to give them, as yet, no tidings in return, Elizabeth sat still, watching the sun decline and the shadows lengthen over the field of graves. In the calmness and beauty of this solitary place, an equal calm seemed to come over her; a sense of how wonderfully events had linked themselves together and worked themselves out; how even poor Tom's mournful death had brought about this meeting, which might end in restoring to her beloved mistresses their lost sheep, their outcast, miserable boy. She did not reason the matter out, but she felt it, and felt that, in making her, in some degree, His instrument, God had been very good to her in the midst of her desolation.

It seemed Elizabeth's lot always to have to put aside her own troubles for the trouble of somebody else. Almost immediately after Tom Cliffe's death, her little Henry fell ill with scarlatina, and remained for many months in a state of health so fragile as to engross all her thought and care. It was with difficulty that she contrived a few times to go for Henry's medicines to the shop where "John Smith" served.

She noticed that every time he looked healthier, brighter, freer from that aspect of broken-down respectability which had touched her so much. He did not dress any better, but still "the gentleman" in him could never be hidden or lost, and he said his master treated him "like a gentleman," which was apparently a pleasant novelty.

"I have some time to myself also. Shop shuts at nine, and I get up at 5 A.M.—bless us! what would my Aunt Hilary say! And it's not for nothing. There are more ways than one of turning an honest penny, when a young fellow really sets about it. Elizabeth, you used to be a literary character yourself; look into the ——, and the ——" (naming two popular magazines), "and if you find a series of especially clever papers on sanitary reform, and so on, I did 'em!"

He slapped his chest with Ascott's merry laugh of old. It cheered Elizabeth for a long while afterwards.

By and by she had to take little Henry to Brighton, and lost sight of "John Smith" for some time longer.

It was on a snowy February day, when having brought the child home quite strong, and received unlimited gratitude and guineas from the delighted father, Master Henry's faithful nurse stood in her usual place at the dining-room door, waiting for the interminable grace of "only five minutes more" to be over, and her boy carried ignominiously but contentedly to bed.

The footman knocked at the door. "A young man wanting to speak to master on particular business."

"Let him send in his name."

"He says you wouldn't know it, sir."

"Show him in, then. Probably a case of charity, as usual. Oh!"

And Mr. Ascott's opinion was confirmed by the appearance of the shabby young man, with the long beard, whom Elizabeth did not wonder he never recognised in the least.

She ought to have retired, and yet she could not. She hid herself partly behind the door, afraid of passing Ascott; dreading alike to wound him by recognition or non-recognition. But he took no notice. He seemed excessively agitated.

"Come a-begging, young man, I suppose? Wants a situation, as hundreds do, and think that I have half the clerkships in the city at my disposal, and that I am made of money besides. But it's no good I tell you, sir; I never give nothing to strangers, except—Here, Henry, my son, take tha person there this half-crown."

And the little boy, in his pretty purple velvet frock and his prettier face, trotted across the room, and put the money into poor Ascott's hand. He took it; and then to the astonishment of Master Henry, and the still greater astonishment of his father, lifted up the child and kissed him.

"Young man, young fellow—"

"I see you don't know me, Mr. Ascott, and it's not surprising. But I have come to repay you this"— he laid a fifty-pound note down on the table. "Also, to thank you earnestly for not prosecuting me, and to say"—

"Good God!"—the sole expletive Peter Ascott had been heard to use for long—"Ascott Leaf, is that you? I thought you were in Australia, or dead, or something."

"No, I'm alive and here, more's the pity perhaps. Except that I have lived to pay you back what I cheated you out of. What you generously gave me I can't pay, though I may some time. Meantime, I have brought you this. It's honestly earned. Yes"—observing the keen doubtful look, "though I have hardly a coat to my back, I assure you it's honestly earned."

Mr. Ascott made no reply. He stooped over the bank-note, examined it, folded it, and put it into his pocket-book; then, after another puzzled investigation of Ascott, cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Hand, you had better take Master Henry up stairs."

An hour after, when little Henry had long been sound asleep, and she was sitting at her usual evening sewing in her solitary nursery, Elizabeth learnt that the "shabby young man" was still in the dining-room with Mr. Ascott, who had rung for tea and some cold meat with it. And the footman stated, with undisguised amazement, that the shabby young man was actually sitting at the same table with master!

Elizabeth smiled to herself, and held her tongue. Now, as ever, she always kept the secrets of the family.

About ten o'clock she was summoned to the dining-room.

There stood Peter Ascott, pompous as ever, but with a certain kindly good-humour lightening his heavy face, looking condescendingly around him, and occasionally rubbing his hands slowly together, as if he were exceedingly well pleased with himself. There stood Ascott Leaf, looking bright and handsome in spite of his shabbiness, and quite at his ease,—which small peculiarity was never likely to be knocked out of him under the most depressing circumstances.

He shook hands with Elizabeth warmly.

"I wanted to ask you if you have any message for Liverpool. I go there to-morrow on business for Mr. Ascott, and afterwards I shall probably go and see my aunts." He faltered a moment, but quickly shook the emotion off. "Of course, I shall tell them all about you, Elizabeth. Any special message, eh?"

"Only my duty, sir, and Master Henry is quite well again," said Elizabeth formally, and dropping her old-fashioned curtsey; after which, as quickly as she could, she slipped out of the dining-room.

But long, long after, when all the house was gone to bed, she stood at the nursery window, looking down upon the trees of the Square, that stretched their motionless arms up into the moonlight sky—just such a moonlight as it was once, more than three years ago, the night little Henry was born. And she recalled all the past, from the day when Miss Hilary hung up her bonnet for her in the house-place at Stowbury; the dreary life at No. 15; the Sunday nights when she and Tom Cliffe used to go wandering round and round the Square.

"Poor Tom," said she to herself, thinking of Ascott Leaf, and how happy he had looked, and how happy his aunts would be to-morrow. "Well, Tom would be glad too if he knew all."

But, happy as everybody was, there was nothing so close to Elizabeth's heart as the one grave over which the snow was now lying, white and peaceful, out at Kensal Green.

. . . . . .

Elizabeth is still living;—which is a great blessing, for nobody could well do without her. She will probably attain a good old age; being healthy and strong, very equable in temper now, and very cheerful too, in her quiet way. Doubtless, she will yet have Master Henry's children climbing her knees, and calling her "Mammy Lizzie."

But she will never marry. She never loved anybody but Tom.

ABOUT TOYS.

I AM an old bachelor—quite a hopeless, hardened case of that social disorder—and have not yet learned to appreciate the graces even of the most precious of babies. To make amends, however, let me avow that I doat upon children; I mean, those little lads and lasses who have ceased, on the one hand, to be bald, goggle-eyed, and scarlet, whose noses have risen above the level of their countenances, and who can express themselves more intelligibly than by an inarticulate howl, and who, on the other hand, have not yet arrived at that other melancholy stage of existence—hobbledehoyism. Even if we did not love these little ones for their own sake, we should for the good we may gain from them. When one is tired of the make-believe ways, and weary, artificial communion of "society," how refreshing is the frankness of those open-hearted, outspoken prattlers, who have just words enough to say what they think, and ask for what they want, and not enough to cloak their feelings, and disguise their desires. Master Jack has no hesitation in straightway demanding sugar-plums, or in crying, "Hullo, mister, come and be my horse," if his desires lie that way; and Miss Jill puts her tiny arms round one's neck, and with the most touching candour and sincerity declares, unblushingly, "I do love 'oo so much!" It puts a new edge on one's worn-out appetite for amusement, to see how easily children are diverted, and how thoroughly they enjoy themselves. To the simple little souls, a go-cart, a climbing monkey, or a picture-book seems a joy for ever, and a joke or a story is none the worse for being told for the fiftieth time. Is it not quite exhilarating to see with what zest they give themselves up to their games? No playing at playing there, but real, earnest work, into which all the little heart and soul are hotly thrown. And then their faith and trustfulness, how precious they are to us, when we begin to grow sceptical and suspicious, as even the best men will at times, from much dealing with the world, and when we are tempted to wonder whether the Oxford scholar was far wrong when he said, there is nothing true or new, and it does not matter. One cannot have a child put its soft, little hand in ours (and look for comfort in our face), with implicit confidence in our guidance and protection, without feeling the charm that lies therein to melt the hardest heart, to make the veriest coward brave, to dethrone Self from its most cherished shrines. It is then one knows the might of trust and faith, and the power of the spirit of a little child. Before its fearless weakness the strong man, in his pride of thews and sinews, is abashed; but from its very helplessness he gathers a diviner and more enduring force—the force of calm, unwavering belief in the loving care of One in whose eyes the most mature amongst us is but a tottering babe—

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light;
> And with no language but a cry."

There is nothing like an occasional hour in the nursery for preserving those springs of fresh and tender feeling which are essential to true manhood, and should be set as much store by as the old Romans did by a well within the citadel. As long as the precious reservoir endures, the siege of evil may be defied, but when its waters begin to blacken and dry up, the triumph of the enemy is at hand. The society of children is, as it were, a fine moral shower-bath, into which one may go jaded, chilly, and torpid, but from which one is sure to come out refreshed and glowing with a brisker circulation and a lighter heart. Napoleon playing with the infant king of Rome is one of the few bright human touches in that stormful life, in which the blackest night only alternated with lurid day. In the recent biography of Edward Irving, I think there is no more touching portrait of the great preacher than that which shows him, when the most popular man in London, stalking through the streets of an afternoon, bearing his baby in his arms, with a superb pride in his burden.

I own I have my doubts whether the period of childhood be really so joyous as we afterwards picture it. At any rate I am satisfied that we never draw from it such pure and unalloyed enjoyment as when we re-live our own early days in the gambols and merry-makings of our little friends. Then the past comes back upon us, clothed with a halo of enchantment, appearing all the more splendid on account of the dark cares and sorrows of the present—

> "As when the sun, conceal'd
> Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
> Shines on a distant field."

A good game at romps will whisk one back to bygone days, and surround one with a phantom group of old familiar faces. "Round about, and round about, and round about we go!" and here come Archie and Willie, my bosom friends, with whom I used to quarrel and be reconciled half a dozen times in a day. There, too, I declare, is a certain bright little maiden, with large grave eyes,

who used to walk hand-in-hand with me, and share my sweetest goodies. She did not let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek, for she told me, and everybody else, how fond she was of me. It was decided that we were to be married to each other, but when, with the impetuosity of an accepted lover, I besought her to name the happy day, she suggested (for her prudence was beyond her years) serious doubts as to whether we could live respectably on half-a-crown, a doll's house, and a cricket bat. There also are—but ah! off fly two of my waistcoat



buttons with a crack; the charm is broken, and I return to the work-a-day world, where are headaches, and heart-aches, and corns. I grow fat and scant of breath, and I fear my romping days are over. A quiet game with toys is more suitable at my age. I prefer ring-taw to billiards, and though I have an aversion to tea-parties, I like to partake of that refreshment served out, by some young (very young) lady friends of mine, in the most diminutive of cups and saucers, even at the imminent risk of swallowing my spoon dissolved in the hot liquid. Nor am I ashamed to

confess (having therein the notable example of Socrates to fortify me) that I enjoy a ride on a high mettled hobby-horse, with a young gentleman of my acquaintance, the owner of the animal, who holds on by the mane, while I hold on by the tail.

Every one who has given any thought to the subject of toys must admit that it is worthy of more serious attention than is usually bestowed upon it. A great fuss was made about the appearance of Mr. Cremer's toy-trophy in the nave of the Great Exhibition; but in truth scarcely any branch of art or science deserved to be illustrated more conspicuously. The force and permanence of first impressions have passed into a proverb, yet how little regard do we bestow on those things from which our children receive their earliest and most vivid ideas. The infant goes to school as soon as it is born, and the rattle is its primer. Toys are its first text-books, and their uses are neither few nor insignificant. We all know that a valuable insight into the character of a child may often be obtained by watching it at play. Newton, at school, flew his kite in the spirit of a philosopher. He took pains to ascertain the figure and properties best adapted to it, and the proper mode of attaching the string. He devised lanterns of paper, which lighted him to school on dark winter mornings, and which at night he fastened to the tail of his kite, to the consternation of the bumpkins, who took them for comets presaging ill. His biographer also tells us that he invented diversions above the vulgar kind, to allure his school-fellows from trifling amusements, and to teach them to play philosophically. "I remember," says Goethe, "that as a child, I pulled flowers to pieces, to see how the leaves were inserted in the calyx, and dismembered insects in order to discover how the limbs were attached to the body." Have we not here a forecast not only of his eager spirit of research, but also of the cold, pitiless determination with which he pursued it? At school, Napoleon's favourite pastime was to form his companions into two parties, one of which attacked, while the other defended, a fortress of snow constructed under his direction, after the fashion of those of which he had read. We all know the game Watt played with a spoon and the steam from the tea-urn. George Stephenson's toys were a pipe-stalk and a lump of clay, out of which he fashioned model engine-houses. Telford gave early tokens of his engineering skill, in the construction of little pumps and wind-mills; and Chantrey's favourite recreation, as a boy, was to model figures out of butter, instead of spreading it on his bread, and to carve heads on the end of his stick. Such stories could be multiplied without number.

Then, again, there can be no question that playthings not merely reflect, but, in some degree, influence character. In some instances, the taste for particular toys is due partly, no doubt, to the latent disposition of the child, but perhaps equally to the fact that he is introduced to them at an early impressionable age, and is taught to take a deep interest in them. Hence, I think, something may be done for the young in the selection of their toys. National character, of course, influences the choice of toys in particular countries. Look, for example, at those which German children love—models of houses and shops, appropriately furnished, clock-work scenes, and figures. There were plenty of them in the Zollverein court of the Great Exhibition. One represented a landscape, with a railway train constantly darting in and out of a tunnel, and a regiment of soldiers marching across a bridge; another portrayed an old castle with a fountain, and a mill with a water-wheel; while a third showed a painted ship, for ever tossing on a painted ocean. There were also little shoemakers, who wagged their heads, and moved their arms; and grotesque barons, who made all sorts of queer gesticulations. Well, these things were very beautiful and artistic in their way—some of them being not without a dash of genuine humour. One might admire them or laugh at them once perhaps, but the defect of such things is that they are meant to be looked at only, and not touched. Eyes on, hands off, is the rule, and after the first examination they grow stale and wearisome. It is easy to conceive how the child, who can enjoy such playthings, is father to the dreamy, passive being who "evolves the philosophy of life from the depths of his moral consciousness," and not by practical work or active experience. Again, in France (especially under the present régime), military toys are most in vogue —tiny helmets, and swords, and guns. The Prince Imperial, with his body guard of boys, has set the fashion of juvenile soldiery; and young France is decked in a uniform almost before it is breeched. I hope it is not true, as I have been given to understand, that French girls soon lose a relish for their dolls, and show a disagreeable precocity for dress and coquetry; if so, it throws some light on various dark phases of Gallic life. With ourselves, ships and dolls are the popular playthings, as becomes a nation whose sons take to the ocean as naturally as ducks to a pond, and whose daughters make the best wives and mothers in the world. You find the partiality for these toys in every grade. The ragged little lass hugs her halfpenny wooden doll, wrapped in a piece of dirty calico as fondly as the more fortunate Miss does her grand *poupée*, which is clothed in purple and fine linen, and has a wax head, blue eyes that open and shut, and beautiful flaxen curls. St. Giles, the city Arab, is as proud of his walnut-shell rigged out with a mast and a main-sail of paper, as he floats it down the gutter, as St. James of his 24-gun ship, with flags, and forecastles, and jib-booms, and ever so many things which my limited nautical vocabulary does not enable me to catalogue.

Viewed in a proper light, an expedition to the German Fair or Lowther Arcade in search of a good set of toys becomes a mission requiring some thought, and involving not a little responsibility. As one passes in review the long array of brilliant stalls with their pretty fantastical stores, the embarrassment of selection is apt to increase at every step. There are some objects, however, which a moment's reflection enables one to condemn. Here, for instance, is a deceitful bon-bon box out of which, when one puts forth a hand to take a goody, springs an ugly little devil, with red glaring eyes and a hairy face; and here is a group of hideous masks. All such ugly repulsive toys (as well as those horrible legends about blood-

thirsty ogres, and the like, which somehow or other have obtained so large a space in our nursery literature) are objectionable in the extreme. I would have them all despatched into perpetual exile. We do not always find out, till after the mischief has been done, how injurious an effect such things have on tender, sensitive natures. Children have often too much pluck to disclose their fears in company; but it is more than likely that, when they get away to their silent cots, they will spend the night in a delirium of terror, and people the dark with all manner of appalling sights. Nothing weakens mind and spirit more than a childhood haunted by such horrors. Again, it is a mistake to have toys which are too fine and elaborate, because they are not only thrown away on the little ones, but do not yield a proper amount of fun. To this class belong those German toys of which I have already spoken—toys which are the same to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow, and are fit only to be looked at under a glass-case. A healthy English child has too much life and spirit in him to be satisfied with merely feasting his eyes in that style. It is essential to his enjoyment that he should have the object in his hands, and be able to pull it about, and turn it upside down or even inside about. I own I look upon the children who never break their toys, and who never have any desire to see what they are made of, as little monstrosities who will never do any good in the world. Of course, some check should be put on the destructiveness of children, but a little scope in the way of breaking and smashing is wholesome and necessary. It indulges a natural thirst after knowledge which ought not to be discouraged. It also helps to impress the all-important lessons, that many things are fair and pleasant to the eye which are mean and hollow in the core; and that it is easier to destroy than to create or repair. Drums and trumpets abound at some of the stalls, but these I hold in abhorrence. I recollect, however, that once upon a time I took much delight in them, and could scarcely forgive an exasperated relative who having no taste for music was, of course, fit for "treason and stratagem," and who, abusing the sweet confidence of childhood, incited me to make my drum a stepping-stone to reach some sweetmeats from the mantelpiece, with what result to my melodious instrument may readily be conceived.

Although toys should not be too elaborate, there is no reason why they should not be artistic. Those of us who can count the grey hairs in our moustaches, or the missing hairs on our pates, can bear testimony to the vast improvement which has taken place in this branch of art during the last score or two of years. Through the mist of years appears a vision of the wooden horse of my infancy. Its body was a mere spindle with flattened sides, having four posts for legs, and covered with an eruption of red spots as large as government wafers. Its mane—a scrap of fur—was nailed on to its neck, as the harness was to its sides, by big brass nails. Suppose I wanted a specimen of this strange beast now-a-days, where should I seek for it? It has gone the way of the Dodo and the Mastodon: it is an extinct species. It has been supplanted by a handsome figure of a Lilliputian horse, in which shape and colour are imitated with great success, and which has a hide and flowing mane of real hair and a real harness that you can take off and on. In Mr. Dickens's story, old Caleb the toy-maker begs leave to pinch a dog's tail, because he is making a "barking puppy," and "would like to go as close to natur' as he could for sixpence." Our toy-manufacturers of to-day all appear to be animated by a similar desire; and the anatomical accuracy and artistic finish with which animals of all sorts are portrayed in toy menageries and Noah's ark is really wonderful. Those fashioned out of brown unpainted pine-wood by the clever carvers of Nuremberg or the Black Forest are the best, I think, not only because they are the most spirited, but because they will survive a good deal of knocking about, and can be sucked with impunity. From the first dawn of recollection, children are thus familiarized with the forms of natural objects, and may be well up in natural history before they have mastered the A B C.

There is much sport and some philosophy in a child's game with a Noah's Ark. The following verses, which have been gracefully and skilfully translated from the German by a friend, depict a familiar episode of nursery life, which is as entertaining for the old as for the young:—

PICTURE OF THE MILLENNIUM IN THE NURSERY.

The Prophet's eye was opened
The golden time to see,
When wolf and lamb together
Shall dwell in unity;

When calf and royal lion
Are led by tiny hand,
And none shall hurt or injure
Within God's peaceful land.

Upon thy little table,
Thy childish play to me
Presents the golden era,
Earth's blessed jubilee.

When from thy ark thou takest
Beasts tame as well as wild,
And sheep and wolves together
Receive thy welcome mild.

The lamb, whose leg was broken,
Thou playfully dost chide,
And givest to the tiger,
That he may be its guide.

Thou feedest dove and martin
With crumbs of bread and cake;
The hungry bear and lion,
The same repast do take.

A cosy bed thou makest
The hen and heavy bear;
The timid hare and leopard,
How soundly they sleep there!

Thus on thy little table
Thy play reveals to me
The sacred, golden future;
Peace be, dear child, with thee!

Of course, it should never for a moment be forgotten that amusement is the chief end and aim of all toys, but I think some degree of instruction may generally be afforded, as a subordinate feature, and so contrived as not to lessen, but even to enhance and render more permanent, the amusement they afford. I protest altogether against the notion that "a dunce at syntax and a dab at taw," is at all a necessary or natural combination, and I hold with that eminent educational authority, Mistress Goody Two Shoes, that the teaching of little children should be made as like play as possible. I have also much admiration for the kindly philosopher who taught his boy the Greek alphabet by means of letters cut out of gingerbread. Such was the youth's affection for knowledge (in this form) that he got down to iota in an hour or two. I have heard that one Katz, a Dutchman, has written a long poem, in which he shows how the games of children may be employed to inculcate moral lessons; but as I don't include a knowledge of the melodious tongue in which it is written among my accomplishments, I can't give any account of it. It is easy, however, to see how truth, courage, self-denial, generosity, and other moral qualities, may be instilled while children are at play. And morals apart, it is certain that a great deal of valuable information, even on abstruse subjects, may be imparted easily and pleasantly by means of playthings.

Indeed, an infant school (Kinder-Garten) has been established by a German gentleman, in the north of London, where that system is adopted. Wooden bricks, dried peas, and moveable letters are the elementary school-books. In the spelling lessons, the pupils pick out the letters, and arrange them in words and sentences; and ciphering is performed with the peas. The wooden cubes serve to convey notions of various objects, and also assist in counting. "The Kinder-garten system," says one writer, "is nothing more than a continuation in the school-room of the training which the child has already been receiving on its mother's lap or at its father's knees. Many a good lady has been practising it, as M. Jourdain talked prose without knowing it. Herr Froebel (its great expounder) himself tells us he has invented nothing; he has merely called attention to the advantage of the natural free and easy method of teaching, over the strained and formal, and suggested that the governess and the schoolmaster should adopt, as far as possible, the mother's manner and the mother's spirit, developing and expanding the system of the nursery, instead of starting on a new, unnatural, and disagreeable tack of their own. Observe the behaviour of a child when left to himself to play with some new toy, and you will find that when he has turned it over and over, and looked at it in various lights, his next impulse is to take it to pieces, and see what there is in the inside of it. Satisfied on that score, he will then try to put the fragments together again. It serves him also as a sort of peg to hang his childish fancies upon, and to illustrate various expressions which he hears used. He soon learns to bestow numerous names on it, and to put it through a variety of motions. It is astonishing how much a child may learn in this way, how many questions the toy will suggest to him, how well he will remember the answers through force of association. "Well," says Froebel, "learn from the child himself how to teach him. Let his task-books be toys; provide him with occupations in which head and hand are alike active; and as in a young child the powers of action generally prevail over those of thought, let him advance by handling and forming objects to a knowledge of them. Don't fatigue and puzzle the child with vague abstract ideas; speak to him of the things he knows; put before his eyes or in his hands the object (or at least the image of it) about which you want to tell him. In Madame Rouge's 'Guide to the Kinder-Garten' great stress is laid on 'stick laying, plaiting, and pea-work,' as the means of exercising the youthful mind; but, in truth, these are mere dry, worthless bones, unless quickened and informed by an understanding heart and sympathetic spirit. Let the teacher only be in the right mood for the work, and oyster shells or dirt-pies may be turned to just as good account as cubes or spheres, coloured paper or wooden watches."

Much success is said to have attended this "humanistic system," as it is called; and there appears no reason why it might not be beneficially extended. Miniature printing-presses may also be turned to good account in teaching spelling and punctuation: and dissecting maps in imparting clear ideas as to the relative position and peculiar configuration of countries. To little girls, again, dolls and doll-houses may be made a good text for various lessons in domestic economy, especially the great clothes-philosophy, and the art and mystery of gussets, tucks, and herring-bone hems.

"Wisdom sits with children at her knee," says the poet, and as to the toys of the older children, Professor Faraday declares that they are the most philosophical things in the world. "Philosophy in sport," says Sir David Brewster, "never fails to become science in earnest—the toy which amuses the boy will instruct the sage, and many an eminent discoverer and inventor can trace the pursuits which immortalize them to some experiment or instrument which amused them at school. The soap bubble, kite, baloon, water-wheel, sun-dial, burning-glass, and magnet, have all been valuable in-

centives to the study of science." Among toys which have been the favourites of philosophers, a distinguished place has always been held by the kite,—

> "The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
> That, like a bird of Paradise,
> Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
> Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs."

We have seen how enamoured young Newton was of it, and we know to what results it led Franklin. Euler, the mathematician, did not think it beneath him to devote a special treatise to this "most strange wild-fowl;" and the principle which it illustrates, amongst others, of the composition and revolution of forces, is unquestionably very important. Again, the spinning of a top, Professor Airey tells us, is applicable to the elucidation of some of the greatest phenomena of nature, for it proves the power of whirling motion to support the axis of a body in an unaltered position. A lesson in optics may also be gathered from it, for, as it spins round, the spots and bruises on its surface vanish, and it presents the appearance of an elegant zone. A very ingenious top (Gorham's kaleidoscopic colour top) has been contrived for the purpose of explaining the phenomena of colour. Cards bearing variegated designs are placed on the top in such a way that as it spins, the most remarkable changes in appearance are produced. Colour and form are thus combined as if by a magic shuttle in a fairy web, in endless variety, and present patterns of the utmost novelty and beauty. There are whistling and humming tops too, which illustrate some of the curiosities of sound. A game at ball does not at first sight seem a very scientific occupation; yet Dr. Paris assures us, that it illustrates many interesting phenomena, such as elasticity, when it leaps from the ground; rotatory motion, when it runs along the surface; reflected motion and the angles of incidence and reflection, as it rebounds from the wall; and the principle of projectiles, as it is whirled through the air. A game at ring-taw is equally profound, if we only knew it, for it exhibits the collision of elastic and non-elastic bodies, their velocities, and direction after impact, and the composition and revolution of forces. The hoop reveals the nature of centrifugal force. A soap bubble is another childish toy to which science owes not a little, for it led Faraday to the discovery of new laws in regard to the magnetic character of different gases. From the iridescent colours which glitter on the bubble, we may also gather deep lessons as to optics. To speak to Master Jacky of such things in the abstract, and to call them by big learned names, would only be to bewilder the boy. But if you take the trouble to illustrate them by his favourite toys and his everyday experience, he can comprehend, not only without difficulty, but with pleasure. In fact, all the time he has been flying his kite, or trundling his hoop, or whipping his top, he has been studying certain great physical laws, though he did not know it, and all that is required is to point them out to him, and make him aware of the value of the knowledge he has unconsciously acquired. The more intelligent his playing becomes, the deeper enjoyment will he derive from it. The whirling of his top, or a victory at ring-taw, will be doubly gratifying when he knows that it is due to the scientific skill which taught him to hit the top on a certain spot, and at regular intervals, or to strike one marble against another at a certain angle.



If any youngster reads this, let him not take me for his enemy, and imagine that I would fain convert his sport into a weary task-lesson, which would be all the more aggravating from the mockery of the misnomer. Let him rather reckon me a sure ally in "barring" the pedagogue out of the play-ground. I prize fresh, spontaneous, thoughtless mirth too highly to countenance such an invasion. No, my desire is not to spoil sport, but to extend the empire of toys, and bring even the schoolmaster under subjection to it. There has been too long an angry divorce between amusement and learning, but I think there are cheering signs of a speedy reconciliation. Let us hope that before long we may see the academy invested with some of the attractions of the play-ground, and the first steps of the temple of learning strewn with tempting toys. I should like to see engrafted on the tree of knowledge some of the branches of that other tree, around which, with its bright little tapers and glittering fruit, I hope my young friends may have a merry dance this Christmas season.

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

At Home in the Scriptures.

A SERIES OF FAMILY READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY EVENINGS OF DECEMBER.

FIRST EVENING.

THE GREAT CONFLICT—ITS NATURE AND OBJECTS.

"For I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you, and for them at Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh."—COL. ii. 1.

HERE is a Christian in his element. The spiritual life is not indolent repose. In this respect the servant is like his Lord: wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? The life of the new-born is a life of labour; but in spite of this,—nay, because of this, it is a life of enjoyment. Life in earnest is the happiest life. Activity is a condition of wellbeing both in nature and in grace. If life had no burdens to bear, itself would become a burden. To cease from labour is both the symptom and the cause of sickness. This is the week of work: an everlasting Sabbath lies beyond it.

The text presents for our consideration the four following things:—

1. *The conflict*,—What it is.
2. *The objects* in whose behalf it is waged,—Who are they?
3. *The benefits* to be obtained for them thereby.
4. *The desire of the contender*, that those for whom he contended, should *know* of his contending.

I. *The conflict*,—What it is. It is an earnest outgoing energy; an effort that implies suffering as well as action. It is action so extended and intensified, that it runs into suffering. The whole being is on the stretch to the utmost of its capacity. The word in the original is *agony;* and it means what it says. It is the same term that is employed in that great commandment of the Lord, "*strive* to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall *seek* to enter in, and shall not be able." For the supreme example of this agony we must look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

In some of its aspects Paul's agony was like Christ's: in a certain sense and measure the disciple here is like his Lord. A shadow of the Redeemer's own doing and suffering is reproduced in every one who bears his image. As the one Mediator's conflict was double, with God for man, and with man for God: so a disciple is, in his own sphere, a mediator too, striving both *for* his brother, and *with* him. As to the dignity of the intercessors, and the power of the intercession, no comparison can be made between the finite and the infinite: but the direction and design of a disciple's conflict are borrowed from the conflict of the Head, as a shadow takes its shape from the substance. "Follow me!" was the formula of Messiah's call in the days of his personal ministry. As in other things, every true disciple follows his Saviour's footsteps; so in this, that the energy he exerts, the agony he undergoes, is a twofold twin life and growth, giving God no rest till he arise and show mercy, and man no rest till he arise and receive it.

Both these parts of the double conflict may be distinctly traced in the immediate neighbourhood of the text. For the conflict upward, see chapter i. 9-11. There is a man evidently straining with all his might. He is applying to the door of mercy that violence which the kingdom suffers, and the King loves to feel. Entering into that which is within the veil, and leaning on the worth of the forerunner who is already there, he is praying with all prayer and supplication. He is wrestling, like Jacob, with the same angel of the covenant, and refusing to let him go. For the other side of the double conflict, witness the whole of this letter to the Colossian people, with its manifold and various appeals: and, in particular, see the last two verses of the first chapter, in immediate grammatical connexion with the text. See the great wrestler as he has been taken in the act, and pictured on this page. He has twined himself round his neighbour, antagonist yet friend, friend yet antagonist;—friend of his neighbour's soul, but enemy of the old man in his neighbour. Bowing himself with all his might at once upon the brother whom he would save and the enemy whom he would destroy, every limb in motion, every muscle on the stretch, he wrestles like a Roman for the prize: "whom we preach, *warning* every man, and *teaching* every man in *all* wisdom: that we may present *every man perfect* in Christ Jesus: *whereunto I also labour*, STRIVING."

But who has quickened and inspired, and energized and strengthened this man of flesh and blood like ourselves, that he should be able to stand in the midst leaning on the one Mediator, and prevail both with God and with man? The answer is there: "according to his working which worketh in me mightily." It is the Spirit of Christ given to this man, and dwelling in him richly, that makes him bold and strong. Alone, he would be weak and like another man. The secret of his power lies in this, that he is strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man. He was infirm, but the Spirit helped his infirmities: he could not intercede, but the Spirit made intercession for him with groanings which meant more than was articulately uttered. There is only one way in which a member can be enabled to plead and strive like the Head, and that is by being in the Head. When you are "in the bowels of Jesus Christ," then will your compassion flow. The Spirit of Christ becomes in Christians the Spirit of prayer and supplication.

II. *The objects* in whose behalf the conflict is undertaken and carried on. As expressed in the

text, it is a conflict "for you, and for them at Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh." There they stand, tier upon tier, symmetrically and gracefully rising; first the Colossian people his friends, next the Laodiceans their neighbours, and last an outer, wider circle, stretching to earth's utmost end. We have here the full outgoing of a Christian's brotherly love, but not its beginning. The successive layers of the superstructure are visible, but the foundation is hid. In plain terms, Paul would never have had a conflict great or small for these people, if he had not first passed through a conflict for himself. The love that rises highest is a love that springs in the secret deeps of a soul: the charity that goes effectively farthest abroad, is a charity that begins at home. "Take heed to yourselves, *and* to all the flock." "Save thyself, *and* them that hear thee."

In buildings, the lowest layer is generally concealed, while all the rest of the structure is exposed to view. At certain times and for certain purposes, even that lowest line may of design be laid open, but ordinarily, while it lies beneath sustaining all, it is itself unseen. Paul's conflict for his own soul's life, lay underneath, and sustained all his efforts for other men, although he does not mention it here. It was the first spiritual agony which he endured. When he had a purpose to serve by the exposure, he was nothing loth to lay it bare, and invite the whole world to examine it; witness the grand act of spiritual self-dissection which is recorded in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans; but generally the things that bulk most in this Apostle's writings are prayers and pains for the conversion and edification of other men. These efforts fill up his writings—filled up his life.

Paul's agony for himself in secret was the root of all his out-branching and fruitful exertions for his neighbours. Wanting that root, these exertions might indeed have spread out over a large space, but they would have been withered branches, barren all.

The conflict is twofold in its root, as well as in its branches. Downward the struggle was with himself. At an early period of the contest he found a law in his own members which it behoved him to overcome and cast out, for it was enmity against God. Right eyes must be plucked out, and right hands cut off, that one's-self may not be cast into hell at last. This is a good fight as to the side you have espoused, and the victory that is already sure; but it is not an easy fight. It cannot be easy to nature, for your own heart is at once the ground on which the battle rages, and the enemy whom you must strike down.

The other side of this conflict reaches unto the heavens, and offers violence to the kingdom in faith's prevailing prayer to the king. He stands,—this warrior, beating on his breast, and pleading, God be merciful to me a sinner, until he is permitted to go down to his house justified. He who so fights wins, and bears off his own soul for a prey.

From the commotion of this conflict in the solitary centre of the soul, the wave of Christlike compassion rises, and rolls onward on all sides, and outward, touching indeed the nearest first, but ceasing not as long as it finds a brother's breast to beat upon.

First, Colossian brethren, "for you." Paul's family ties were all and only spiritual. He had no home but heaven; no child but the new-born who had been converted through his word; no brother but the heirs with himself of the grace of life. Nearest his heart for that time were these Colossian converts whom he had taught, and to these accordingly his love flows first: but its impulse overleapt the limits of that nearest brotherhood, and reached the men of another city that lay beyond. Thence onward to all men. Such is the instinct of the new creature, and such its operation in all the household of faith. Brother love once generated in a believing human heart, by the Spirit's application of Christ's love there, goes out like light or sound, nor stops until it strike on the farthest limits of this great human dwelling-place.

Reader, in your conflict, when like Jacob you weep and make supplication for the needy, begin with those who lie closest to yourselves in the body, but do not stop, as long as by geography and history and imagination, you feel a human being living without God and without hope in the world. When all the surface of the world is still and cold like a frozen sea, it is difficult to keep the several nations in mind and memory: but at the present time we could not forget them although we would. The surface of the earth is in violent commotion, as in a universal earthquake. First, and nearest ourselves, a very great company in our own city and our own land, who have hitherto been lying still in the deep sleep of spiritual death, but have lately begun to stir and heave, and start and cry with half intelligent terror, and half articulate words, "What must we do to be saved:" and next, France, Italy, and the neighbouring European nations, are held aloft and shaken in our sight; next, Syria and the other districts of Asia, where Mahomet, like a wounded lion, is dealing death around by his own last death-struggle; and next, India, where, though the great insurrection has been suppressed, the wound is not yet healed; and outmost, China, poor, multitudinous, childish, cruel, treacherous China, where the long-closed gates have at length been opened. Verily, a great conflict British Christians ought to maintain at the throne of the Eternal Majesty for Home, and France, Italy, Syria, India, and China, and as many of the human family as are still living without God in the world. Nor should America be excluded from the list. The two portions of the nation wage a bloody conflict with each other. They sin and suffer. It is the part of Christians in this land to pity and pray for them. Railing against them is a weed that grows readily in the breasts of rivals, and in some quarters among ourselves it has shot up thick and rank: praying for them springs from a heavenly seed in believing hearts, and is probably more rare. In this land at this day there should be a great conflict in secret and social prayer that peace and love, and purity and liberty may be restored to our kindred on the American Continent. We do not counsel indifference to their sin. Bathe the truth

in love, and then in fitting time and place, let it be frankly spoken. We do not bespeak flattery instead of faithfulness: but we desiderate that humble prayer for them in secret should be substituted for the supercilious criticism that has been freely flung in their faces.

SECOND EVENING.

THE GREAT CONFLICT—ITS AIMS AND RESULT.

"For I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you, and for them at Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh."—Col. ii. 1.

III. *The benefits* to be obtained for those needy objects through the conflict which Christians maintain. The benefits are not expressly specified in the text; nor was it needful that they should. They lie scattered over the whole surface of the Epistle, over the whole area of the Scriptures. This wrestler well knew and clearly tells what he wrestled for. Paul was the very last man to occupy himself in beating the air, for want of a precisely marked substantive design. Whenever you see this workman swinging his arms, you may be well assured that there is a nail near him to be driven, and that he is hitting it on the head.

We know already from whom he expects to get by this striving; it is from God the Father through the Son Jesus Christ. We know also for whom he expects to get the benefit; they are his own personal Christian friends, the people who lived near them, and those who lay beyond, the whole human race. If we now inquire *what* he expects to get from God for his brethren, we shall find an answer in almost any sentence of his letter: take for example the last clause of the 27th verse of the first chapter. What are the benefits which this man strives to obtain for those whom he loves? These three:—*Christ: Christ in you: Christ in you the hope of glory.*

Did you ever know, did you ever hear of such a man? Oh, Paul, you will not go away with little for want of courage to ask much! What has given him so great confidence? not great merits, but great faith. He knew in whom he had believed: and knew that "in Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Poor Abraham, who saw Christ's day afar off, and therefore saw it dimly; poor Abraham, he could not open his mouth so widely as Paul, and therefore he did not get it so liberally filled. Spare the city if it contain fifty righteous, if it contain thirty, twenty, ten! Hitherto went Abraham's confidence, and no farther. He asked little, and received little; the city was not spared. But the least in the kingdom after Christ came was greater than the greatest of the elder saints: and Paul was not the least in the new kingdom. Hear how he prays: hear what he asks; give me for my friends,—*Christ: Christ in them:* Christ in them their hope to-day, *their glory at his coming.* Oh man, great is thy faith!

Brother, do you feel reproof, do you see instruction here? You pray for others: well; but what do you ask, and what do you desire to obtain in their behalf? What shall determine the size and kind of the boon which you try to draw from heaven, and pour into the empty bosom of your brother? Will your request take shape from the greatness of the Giver's store or the urgency of your neighbour's need? No; your request for another takes the measure of what you have asked and gotten for yourself. As well might you expect water to rise spontaneously above the level of its source as that a suppliant should really ask in prayer for his brother a kind or quantity of grace which himself has never tasted. But, conversely, when we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and as far as we have so tasted we shall, by the laws of the new nature, ask also the same for other men. As well might you fear that water, duly confined in an impervious tube, would cease to rise at one extremity before it reached the level at which it stands in the other, as that a man in whose heart Christ dwells should ask less for his friend than he enjoyed himself.

IV. *The desire of the contender* that those for whom he contended should *know* of his contending. "I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you." The conflict is one thing, the knowledge of it by its objects is another.

First of all, God knows it, whether these Colossians shall ever know it or not. None of it shall be lost. Although those for whom the prayer is offered should neither know the request nor get the benefit, that upward outpouring of a trustful heart reaches the throne of heaven, and descends again in blessing to the earth. As the mists that rise, drawn by the sun's rays from the moistened ground, though they disappear, are never lost, but come back in showers to refresh the land from which they rose,—so prayers for needy men, near or distant, that ascend from full hearts to heaven, are never and in no measure lost. They will return in showers of grace upon the gracious souls that send them upward. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance. To pray for needy men, whether personally known or known only nationally at a distance, is pleasant work and profitable. As the husbandman's labour becomes a double blessing, healthfully exercising his bodily frame at the time, and securing the substantive boon of a ripened harvest afterwards, so the effort which a believing man puts forth in conflict for neighbours, makes his own faith more strong at the time, and also secures a separate subsequent answer. First of all, then, on this point, God knows the conflict, and therefore it cannot be made in vain.

The direct application of the lesson here, however, belongs to those who are the objects of such an agony. Would that *ye knew* what great conflict

I have for you. Why did he so earnestly desire that they should know it? Might he not have been contented with praying for them in secret, and waiting until, by the outpouring of his Spirit on Colosse, the Hearer of prayer should reward him openly? Yes, Paul will pray and wait; but his waiting was not of the indolent kind. He waited indeed; but he waited working. He cried to God to touch them with his Spirit sent down from heaven; and forthwith he proceeded to touch them on the tenderest place of their natures, and with the keenest instrument he could command. This is a true man, and a wise Christian. He will not for a moment separate *prayers for them* from *pains with them*. Love is inventive. He watches for an opening. He casts about for a weapon whose stroke may be felt. When people grow callous under methods to which they have long been accustomed, he will invent a new one, in the hope that its novelty may arouse and arrest. Here he has found a sharp point that ought to penetrate: If you knew how my spirit strives with God in prayer for you. Yea, if they knew it, how could they follow vanity?—how could they sell themselves to the world?

This knowledge is power. It has often touched a hard heart, and forced it to flow down. I think, if the unconverted of every age and name in this land really knew the conflict that God's remembrancers have for them, they could not hold out. If their eyes were opened, like those of the ancient prophet's servant, to see not a mountain full of chariots of fire and horses of fire, ready to fight on their behalf, but a houseful of single-eyed, meek, unobtrusive Christians, striving with God for them in prayer, that blow would probably break the flinty heart that had resisted a thousand public appeals. No wonder that Paul desired that the Colossians should know his conflict. His preaching was like repeated strokes in front, where the conscience, through the wiles of Satan, was encased in defensive armour; but if they should come to know of the strong cry that was rising to the throne for mercy to them, while they were not seeking mercy for themselves, that knowledge would be a stroke behind, where they were not armed against conviction; or rather a touch within underneath all defences, which would make the strong man spring in, trembling, and crying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

A youth has run the whole circle of sin. He has dishonoured his parents, quenched the Spirit, trampled the blood of the covenant under foot as an unholy thing. He has gone all lengths; and is now brought to a pause from mere lack of room within the limits of his nature to go farther away. During this breathing-time, in his darkness and distance, long after all other bands have been burst, one line reaches and gently touches him still. It is the knowledge—not the report, nor the suspicion, but the knowledge generated from early experience, and now sovereignly revived by the Holy Spirit of God—the knowledge flashing into his conscience like lightning, that his mother is at the moment in agony for him—drawing at God's mercy for her prodigal with all the energy of an ebbing life;—this knowledge grasps him as if by a bit in his mouth, and turns him from darkness to light. Listen to the prodigal's resolve: "I will arise and go to my father:" See, he goes as he is, straight to the father; see, the father falls on his neck and weeps!

But others not so openly prodigal need and get this tender touch, and this effective arresting. Some who read these lines may be living in vanity, though not in vice—living in the world, of the world, for the world: not in Christ, and not willing to go; not born again, and not wanting to be born again, lest present liberty should be curtailed; not very happy, and yet almost within reach of happiness, if God and Christ, judgment and eternity were out of the way. You, brothers, have not yet been broken, melted, brought to the cross, by the terrors of the Lord that may at times have thundered over you, or by the persuasions of a free Gospel that have often fallen on your ear. You are in a sad state,—not noted among men for a life of wickedness, but marked in the book of judgment as living without God, and lying under condemnation. Oh, if you knew what great conflict some friends of Jesus, and lovers of your souls, are maintaining this day—this hour, for you! If you knew it, you could not resist. If a faith, distinct and firm—like sight, should dart into your heart to-day, that some whom you have kept at a distance are cleaving to the throne of mercy now, that you may be plucked as brands from the burning—that knowledge might be the turning-point, and of you the report of ministering angels to-night might be, *Behold, he prayeth!*

But perhaps some cannot realize with anything like the certainty of knowledge that any Christian is agonizing in prayer for them. Perhaps it is partly a doubt of the Christianity of Christians, and partly a thought that though the faithful may be praying for others, they will not think of you. Ah, as even Elijah miscalculated by thousands the numbers who in his day sought and found communion with God, so you doubtless under-estimate the agony of intercession that is now drawing you by name to God's mercy, and drawing God's mercy down to you by name; but whatever the number of the suppliants who plead for you, brother, from the earth in the body, there is one intercessor who never wearies, and never forgets,—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He makes intercession for you.

Think of this; while you are following your vanity, He is thinking, speaking, pleading for you. If you knew what great conflict the Christ whom you are crucifying maintains to-day for you!—if you knew how the heart of the man of sorrows beats, bleeds for you to-day, you could not hold out another hour. This night that same Lord would hear from your sobbing breast the full surrender, "My Lord, and my God." He would see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

THIRD EVENING.

INSTRUMENTS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS—HOW THEY ARE FORMED.

"Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God."—ROM. vi. 13.

THAT God is, that he made all things, and that he continues to govern all things he has made, may be safely assumed as undisputed doctrines. Many frivolous people forget them, indeed, but few thoughtful people deny them.

God has a purpose in view, and a work in hand. He has not launched the world into being, and then left it to itself. He sees the end from the beginning; and from the beginning he makes all things work together to accomplish his design.

In the material department, the work of the Almighty now is not creation, but preservation. In the moral department, it is neither creation nor preservation, but restoration. The fine gold has become dim, and it must be purified in the furnace. The temple has fallen, and another more glorious must be erected out of the same material, and on the same foundation. The living have died, and the dead must be brought to life again. A short sentence from the Apocalypse might be adopted as the motto of the Divine administration: "He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."

The world, in the person of its intelligent head, has become a ruin. Christ has stood upon it, taught upon it, died upon it, in order to build again that which had been cast down. In the first Adam was the fall; in the Second shall be the rising again.

When a building has fallen, especially if it was originally great and high, the ruin presents an appalling and hopeless appearance. The heaps seem to defy every effort. It seems as if to rebuild it were impossible. There is no opening where a beginning can be made. But an architect undertakes, tries, and succeeds. When he begins his work, the onlookers imagine that he makes no progress: he is making progress, however; and he knows it. He is busy making the foundation sure. Many days and much labour have been consumed, and still the observers do not perceive one mark of advancement: to their eyes the confusion seems as great as at the first; in some places it may even seem to have been increased. But he who has planned and undertaken the work knows that his task is far advanced. The hardest portion has been done, and all the rest is easy now.

Such are the appearances, and such the fact in the fall and the rising again of the world. This being whom God made as his son and servant,—this being was great and high. The structure that towered in beauty to the heavens, fell, and its fall was great. The work of reconstruction has been undertaken by One who is mighty to save. In some portions of the world, and from some points of view, every effort seems to have proved fruitless; the confusion and corruption seem as great to-day as at any previous period of the world's history. In this case, however, we are incompetent to judge. Our stand-point is too near the ground, and the range of our view too limited. One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. If our eye were as searching, and our horizon as wide, we should be able to trace a progress, and predict a triumph. Much time may be taken up especially in laying a foundation; much time may be occupied in reaching through the rubbish to the spot where a solid foundation may be found. Thus many centuries were spent in preliminary institutions until Christ came; and many centuries have passed since, in work that is still preparatory. In all such cases, when the work is wisely managed, the progress towards an ultimate solution is greater than it seems. Such a work well begun is in effect half completed. In its later stages it may advance with greater rapidity: a nation may be born in a day.

The two chief points are: how the instruments are formed, and how the instruments are used. They must first be made fitting instruments, and then employed in the work. In human operations the first is ordinarily the more difficult of the two. To make the instrument demands more skill than to wield it after it is made. The most rare and curious of all machines, are machines for making machinery. From the dull, rude ore that is brought out of the mine, the skill of man must form the keen instrument, and then with that instrument perform the work.

Thus the Omnipotent Worker too: from the ruins of a lost world, he must construct instruments wherewith afterwards he may renew the world.

The blind cannot lead the blind: He opens the eyes of one, and then employs him to lead his brother by the hand. Expressly in the text the instruments are described as those that are "alive from the dead." All are dead spiritually; as is the iron ore when it is raised from the pit. As human art quickens and sharpens one piece of the dull ore, and then with that instrument cuts and fashions the rest into shapes of usefulness and beauty, so the Spirit in regeneration first quickens the dead, and then employs the living, to breathe upon the dry bones that lie in the valley.

The command to yield, indicates that resistance is expected. Alas! when a loving Saviour calls, those who hear his voice are generally glued, by their heart's affections, to farm or merchandise. By some more immediate and direct application of his love, the fishermen and publicans of Galilee came easily away from their nets and their tolls. They followed Jesus at the first word. They fell at a touch, like ripe fruit from the shaken branches into the owner's lap. But this is not the ordinary rule. Human hearts more commonly stick to what they grow on, even when the hand of the Lord is laid gently on to draw them, like green fruits that keep their hold

till the branch is rent. Suffer me first to go and bury my father; or suffer me to go and bid them farewell that are at home at my house. Such was the respectful and seemly language which the worldly mind adopted; but how much lay beneath these harmless petitions I know not. The son, after he has buried his father, will perhaps remain at home to possess the heritage: the friend who bids friends farewell, will perhaps be prevailed upon to remain at home. The reasons assigned for delay in these cases seemed good, and the delay requested seemed very short; but, for aught we know, these may have been only polite excuses given by those who had secretly determined that they would not become disciples of Jesus.

I have seen a sheep, when by its own folly its life was placed in danger, resisting as desperately the hand that was stretched out to save, as it would have resisted a hand stretched out to slay. The creature in its ignorance regarded its deliverer with as much terror as its destroyer. Thus in ignorance and enmity human hearts resist Christ, when, through convictions of sin in the conscience, he puts forth his hand to save. They cling with desperation to whatever portion of the world may lie nearest to their hand. They shrink from him who comes to save, as if he had come to destroy.

Nor is this instinct of resistance altogether destitute of truth. The flesh,—a Scriptural term for a sinful, self-seeking, unreconciled human heart,—the flesh entertains a secret presentiment that, if it surrender to the gospel, it will be crucified. It is quite true that Jesus has come to torment the evil spirit which possesses a man, and the evil spirit cries out accordingly. The old nature dreads the Redeemer's approach; and with reason, for it must be crushed in the agony of regeneration, and for ever cast away.

So far are we from being at first instruments fit to be employed by the Lord in his work of righteousness, we are actually busy, when he meets us, in the service of his adversary. The sentence immediately preceding the text is an express invitation to desert the service of the wicked one, in order that we may begin to work for a new Master: "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin; but yield yourselves unto God." When one has been long accustomed to do evil, it requires a great force to wrench him away. Saul of Tarsus has tasted Stephen's blood, and is off to Damascus, like a tiger, on the scent of more. This man will yet be made a chosen vessel, and employed in the accomplishment of another work, but a dreadful rending awaits him ere the change can be effected. He resists as much and as long as he can. He is seized at last against his will, and broken with violence from his old tastes. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

When Christ meets Saul, or any other sinful man, and saves him, the end is not yet. This saving work is not itself an end, but a means toward an end. The Redeemer uses saved men as instruments in saving men that are lost. If you are saved, you will be employed in some department, more high or more humble, of saving work.

Iron ore is brought up from the mine, and smelted and refined with great labour and at great expense. A vast capital in money, and a vast amount of human toil are represented by these furnaces that belch lurid flames at short steady intervals far into the sky throughout the long wintry night, as if they were emitted by the heart-pulses of some Titanic monster imprisoned in the pit. All this watchfulness, labour, and skill are not expended merely for the purpose of treasuring heaps of iron on the surface of the earth. The iron is raised from the mine and purified, not for idle accumulation, but for active use. It is converted into instruments of various kinds, for doing work withal. It is sought with so much care and labour, not for its own sake as an end, but for its usefulness as an instrument. In like manner wealth is accumulated, not to lie idle, but to be employed. No man who knows the value of money will allow it to remain unproductive for a single day. It must be laid out, and laid out in the most profitable investment.

Now, our Lord Jesus has laid out in toil and suffering more than finite mind can measure, that he may convert the lost into the saved, the sinful into saints. Of these, the fruit of his soul's travail, although he still complains that few are coming, he has a goodly number here in the body now. A multitude whom no man can number already walk with him in white on the path of life. These are his treasure. He rejoices over the wealth that he has obtained; but he does not permit it to lie unproductive. His coin he puts to usury. He is not satisfied unless one talent gain one, and five talents gain five.

It results that every one who hopes in Christ for pardon should report himself for work in some department of the kingdom. The master demands neither the same kind nor the same amount of work from all his servants. The diversities of gift and consequent requirement are all but infinite. According to what they have, and where they stand, true disciples gladly fall in with the Lord's universal law, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me."

FOURTH EVENING.

INSTRUMENTS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS—HOW THEY ARE USED.

"Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God."—Rom. vi. 13.

It is a bright, elevating thought, that every one who is saved is in some way employed to save others. The salvation of a sinner, through the pardon of his sin and the renewing of his heart, is not an end but an instrument.

To be saved is, I confess, very great. To those

who are awakened, and not yet at peace—who, in some measure, are aware of their need, but have not yet obtained its supply, this one question, What must I do to be saved? bulks so largely, that it fills up, and shuts in the view. The awakened seeking soul sees this, and sees no more.

But when safety, and the consciousness of safety have been attained, he who has attained them cannot rest, as if all were over. Safety, even from sin and condemnation, does not satisfy the saved. In this he becomes like his Lord. Jesus was holy and safe. He had no sin, and needed not to fear any condemnation; but he did not rest with these. It was his meat and his drink to do the Father's will, and to finish his work. The joy that he possessed was not enough. "For the joy that was set before him" he endured the cross. The corn of wheat must abide alone, unless it die; he will therefore die, for he cannot endure to be alone. He is safe; but he must be a saviour.

In their own feeble measure, the disciples are herein like their Lord. They are safe; but that does not satisfy them so as to make them lie down, and seek no more. When they are saved, they are eager to be saviours. When they have come to Christ, forthwith they endeavour to bring to Christ. They act as if their coming to Christ for pardon and life were not an end but a means,—a means of making them fit instruments for doing their Master's work, and helping needy neighbours.

Look around you in the world; you will find that all things are instruments. In earth and air and sea, nothing is an end; everything is an instrument working towards an end. The tree grows up, not for the sake of being a tree merely, but for the purpose of shedding seed whence other trees shall spring. See the water of a river. It is never at rest. Ceaselessly it rushes down, as if it were running a race. It seems eager not to lose a moment, and frets impatiently against every stick or stone that stands in its way. It is coursing down as quickly and as diligently to fill the sea, as if it feared the sea might be empty if it did not get there in time. But even this is not the end. It reaches the sea, only to rise from it again, as soon as it can, into the sky. And when it is poised aloft in the sky it does not rest a moment there, but flies on the wings of the wind across a continent, till it touches some mountain-summit. Thence it hastens down to run its race as a river again. Nothing is an end; all are instruments, and all the instruments are busy. The end is the Lord's. He alone sees it, and marshals all his instruments so as to work towards it every moment. These streams, and winds, and seas, are his angels, going his errands, doing his work.

Such, in a higher department of the Divine government, are saved men and all their faculties. Their salvation is not God's end, and should not be their own. It does well enough for an end, as long as it lies before you in the distance. Strive by all means to reach it. But when you reach it, you must not stop: if you reach it, you will not stop; and if you stop, the fact is evidence that you have not reached it. As the water when it gains the sky as a cloud does not remain there, but hastens down to refresh the thirsty ground; so a human spirit, as soon as it has obtained mercy, becomes impatient to go forth and show mercy.

In prosecuting his purpose of reclaiming and renewing the world, the Supreme Disposer employs two distinct classes of instruments in distinct stages of his work. In coarser operations he uses coarser instruments: for the finishing touch he grasps a more delicate tool. In breaking up his own way through the external incrustations that fence in a corrupt nation or a corrupt man from the light of saving truth, he scruples not to employ the powers of nature or the passions of men: but when an avenue has thus been opened, saved men must enter, and bear salvation to their brothers. In such a case, ye who are "alive from the dead," the Lord hath need of you. A work of righteousness, for example, must be performed in the heart and life of a Greek jailer at Philippi; and let us mark how the Omniscient Worker selects and wields the suitable instrument at each successive stage. A coarse tool will suit best to break through the outer defences: a finer edge would make no impression on the rugged mass. The gentle, inviting word of an apostle would have drawn only a jeer from the jolly, well-fed, well-contented official who had obtained a situation for life as the governor of a provincial prison. An earthquake rent the prison, and rent too the hard searing that encased the keeper's conscience, opening a way right into his soul. At this stage the Lord laid aside the powers of nature; they were not capable of carrying his message farther. Now is the time for employing that "chosen vessel" whom he had long ago prepared for this very end, to bear the name of Christ to the awakened sinner. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, said the apostle; the man believed and lived. That saving work, begun by a rending of the earth, was finished by the lips of a saved man pouring the balm of the Redeemer's mercy on the wounded conscience of his brother.

Man's wisdom, too, such as it is, becomes an important instrument in certain departments of the work. Railways, and steam-ships, and electric wires will not convert the world: but they bring its various peoples closely together, so that when the quickening Spirit pervades one country, the influence will more quickly penetrate to another.

The wrath of man as well as his wisdom is freely employed in subordinate operations, bearing on the accomplishment of the grand design. The Revolution in Italy affords an example. Those political earthquakes that have of late years shaken thrones from their foundations in the peninsula, and left gaping rents through the fabric of society, from its summit to its base,—those earthquakes cannot convert the Italians to the gospel, but they open a wide path for the entrance of other evangelists. By these openings other evangelists are now going in: the ruder instruments have done their part; the finer have now taken up the task. Political convulsions have battered down the fortifications within which the miserable captives were held; heralds from the King will enter now to lead the captives out to liberty. A deep narrow crevasse has been made through a mountain range by some primeval convulsion, and a stream of pure water is flowing in the prepared channel. The open-

ing through the rock seems to have been made for the purpose of admitting the water, although the engineering bears no mark of human skill or human hands; and the water has obediently taken the course prepared for it, as soon as it was prepared. It is thus that political commotions have rent the rocks and opened Italy for the gospel: it is thus that the gospel, hitherto kept out by insurmountable barriers, obedient to its nature is now rushing in. The first part of the work is done for us: the second must be done by us. By the providential administration of nations the operation is conducted in its earlier stages: but it has now reached a point, where the Omniscient Worker seems to stand still and call for other instruments. Yield yourselves, ye disciples of the Lord Jesus, Italian and non-Italian, in wise loving concert, yield yourselves as instruments at this critical but hopeful stage. The organizations of earthly kingdoms cannot do much more; Christ has need of Christians in Italy now—Christians with wise heads, and loving hearts, and tender hands, and unselfish views. As the water lay pressing on the mountain-side before the rock was rent, and rushed through as soon as the opening was made, Christian love in Christian hearts, long kept distant from that field by artificial barriers of persecution, flows in by the law of its nature, as soon as the barriers are removed.

During the present generation the Church of Christ has made considerable progress in realizing and reducing to practice the principle that every member should contribute his share of labour to evangelize the world. The positive work is not now so exclusively abandoned to ministers as it was in the last generation. In this respect we have advanced beyond the position of our fathers; but we ought to use the position which we have attained as a base for pushing our advantage still further. It is a cause worthy of an apostle, if one were sent to the church in these latter days, to carry this question forward and drive it home. When the whole community of believers shall have been leavened with the conviction that doing for Christ is co-extensive with getting from Christ, we may expect an outbursting of evangelic work on the right and left such as no previous age has witnessed. When every one who comes to Christ for pardon shall yield himself to Christ as an instrument to be employed in his work, a great enlargement will ensue. The kingdoms of this world will soon thereafter become the kingdoms of our Lord.

In our great cities, and on the busiest thoroughfares there, you may observe at all seasons, some of the Queen's soldiers, in full uniform, walking to and fro in the throng, and conversing from time to time with the passengers. You may observe them there as you pass in the morning, and find them still there when you return at night. What do soldiers in the throng of peaceful citizens? No fighting is needed there. They are not fighting; they are recruiting. This is a department of an army's duty, the most essentially and fundamentally necessary of all. Those who are already sworn, tried, faithful soldiers, are employed to entice others into the ranks. Soldiers of Jesus Christ, go ye and do likewise. "He that winneth souls is wise." No man is called out of his place: but every one is required, in his place, to be a faithful witness. Christians should study to be winsome in all their ways, that so they may entice those who are without to enter the service of the King.

Nor should a disciple's regard be all turned outward: his first duty and hardest task lies within his own heart. It is not that one Christian serves the Lord by bringing his own life into subjection, and another by bringing strangers nigh: both departments of the work must be simultaneously carried on. Unless both are prosecuted faithfully, neither will be prosecuted effectually. "The kingdom of God is within you;" within you, therefore, will its worst enemies also be found. If you yield yourselves as instruments unto God for the accomplishment of his work, the heaviest blows must be dealt upon the plagues of your own heart. When your own right arm offends, yourself must cut it off: when your own right eye offends, yourself must pluck it out. He who does not surrender himself unreservedly to God as an instrument to be employed in crucifying his own lusts, will not be of any use as an instrument in the external missions of the Church. Some other good things, besides charity, begin at home; and if they do not begin at home, they will never perform efficient service abroad. Set up Christ's throne, and strike down Christ's foes, within your own bosom, and along the line of your own life; if not, the blow which you deliver against external evil will fall powerless or recoil upon yourself. Home missions! It is a good and a needful work. It is a blessed thing for the Church in our land that the name and the idea are in the ascendant: but here, as elsewhere, unless we begin at the beginning we shall never reach a happy end. The true rule is, first, every man at once his own mission-field and his own missionary; thereafter and therewith other work may be safely undertaken, and efficiently done.

Besides the general surrender of the whole man as an instrument or operator in the work of righteousness, a clause of the text intimates that the "members" should be detailed singly, each to its appropriate place. In all moral duty, as well as in material toil, it is a precious rule to descend from wholesale generality to specific details. Enumerate and estimate the various members and faculties of your being, think of them as the gifts of God, polluted by your sin, but redeemed by the blood of Christ; and render them one by one willingly to the Lord that bought them. These lips,—let them speak no guile; let the truth in love ever flow from them as a pure rivulet trickles over the brink of a mountain spring, refreshing every living plant upon its border. These hands,—let them never hurt a brother; keep them busy doing good. These feet,—let them be swift to help the needy. It is a good method to go into detail when in secret we surrender ourselves to the service of our Lord. Name the faculties over, and enrol each in the ranks. Freely ye have received; freely give.

If a universal and permanent peace should suddenly succeed the wars and rumours of wars that now shake the nations, a vast quantity of warlike instruments would become useless. Fortifications and iron ships; rifled cannon and charged shells, would become antique curiosities. Suppose any

one should ask what shall become of Christians and their members, in their capacity of warlike instruments, when the war is finished, and Christ's reign established over all the earth; the answer is easy. In forming his new creation fit for war, the Lord did not form it unfit for other kinds of work. The same renewed men, and the same sanctified human faculties that served well as instruments to overthrow the kingdom of darkness, will find plenty of congenial employment in the administration of the kingdom of light. Those who are faithful as instruments in God's hand for the coarser work of contending against evil, will be fully employed for ever in the congenial work of being and doing good, when there shall no longer be any evil to contend against, either in themselves or their fellows. In the Father's house are many mansions, every child shall have an eternal home; in the Father's kingdom is much employment; every child will be permitted to serve. W. ARNOT.

NOTE TO ARTICLE ON COLONEL BAIRD SMITH IN SEPTEMBER PART.

[WE have much pleasure in presenting the following letter, correcting an error which occurred in the Sketch of Colonel B. Smith, recently published in *Good Words*.—ED. *G. W.*]

"*To the Editor of Good Words.*

"SIR,—In the Memoir of Colonel Baird Smith, given in the September Part of your Journal, there is an error concerning a matter of fact which, judging from my own feelings, I should imagine every friend of Colonel Baird Smith, and every friend of Lieutenant Taylor who is a reader of *Good Words*, would wish to see corrected.

"The writer of the memoir says,—'His (Colonel B. Smith's) wound prevented his carrying out personally his own share of the great achievement. The part which should have been his was ably performed by Lieutenant Taylor.' Now, this is quite inaccurate. The great reputation deservedly acquired by Lieutenant Taylor during the siege, was entirely due to the brilliant manner in which he performed his own subordinate duties, not, as is erroneously supposed by the writer of the memoir, to his having had an opportunity of temporarily supplying the place of Colonel B. Smith, and of performing during the latter part of the siege the higher duties of chief engineer.

"From the 2d July, the day on which Colonel B. Smith joined the besieging force, until the 20th September, the day on which the capture of the city was completed, no officer, excepting himself, performed even for a single day the duties of chief engineer.

"During the whole of that trying period, although latterly suffering not only from his wound, but also from ill health, he continued without interruption or relaxation, to perform the arduous and most responsible duties of his office.

"During that time no vital act was done, excepting at his suggestion and on his responsibility, and at one apparently desperate crisis, when the necessity of abandoning the attempt to capture the town was seriously contemplated by the general, his energetic resistance to the proposal was one of the main reasons which encouraged General Wilson to persist in the attack.

"The annexed extract from a letter to his wife, dated 29th March 1861, and written during a subsequent visit to Delhi, shows, that during the last days of the siege, so far from being disabled by his wound from performing his duties, or even being confined to his quarters, his toil was so great and unremitting as to deprive him of time to sleep, that on the day of the assault his post was in the midst of the battle, and that on the night of that day he slept within the walls of the city:—

"'On Sunday I went to church, where it was very curious to see the strange changes since I had been there last. I had my first sleep, for nearly seventy-two hours, under one of the church pillars; and where I saw a great congregation worshipping God on Easter Sunday, I recollected the dead and dying being scattered all about, and the round shot coming in through the walls and sweeping through the church, while the whole air was alive with musket-balls.'

"I have, Sir, the honour to be,
Your most obedient servant,
A. CUNINGHAM ROBERTSON,
Bt.-Lieut.-Col. 8th, the King's Regt.

"SHEFFIELD, *14th October* 1862."

By the Writer of the Sketch.

The inaccuracy here noted had been previously pointed out to me; and I had intended to ask the Editor's permission to insert a correction at the close of the volume, that is, in next number of *Good Words*. I deeply regret having fallen into the error, and beg leave to tender my best thanks to Colonel Robertson for his correction, and to the Editor for his insertion of it.—T. S.